

COMMODORE, Dawson Long

Dear Fellow Geechees,
The state of the Geechees is certifiably good. We are about to gather again for a June 5th party. This pandemic has been rough on social characters like me. We need people around us all the time.

Other driver types have been just fine with a little more distance between each other. For instance, a close family member of mine had a six-foot rule before the pan-

demic. She stepped up to a twelve-foot rule. Now, she is relaxing back to her six-foot rule.

One rule that we never break as Geechees is to “seize the day,” and second unto it is “seize the party.” Whereas the Bible says, “Love thy neighbor as thyself,” we stop short at seizing thy neighbor sometimes. Let it be said that it is the Geechee policy to not allow seizing without the implied

consent of the person being seized.

I hope that we can foster community sailing while always respecting each other’s space. There are many sailing activities as outlined in the following articles which include racing, cruising, and partying. Choose wisely and choose to join us often.

MEETINGS: Beginning Monday, July 12: Every second Monday of the month at Carey Hilliard’s, 3316 Skidaway Rd. Order dinner at 6:00; meeting at 7:00.

WEBSITE:
www.geecheesailingclub.org
EMAIL ADDRESS:
geecheesailingclub@hotmail.com
FACEBOOK:
Geechee Sailing Club

GEECHEE SAILING CLUB’S UPCOMING CRUISES & PARTIES

Cruises:
7/24-25 - St. Augustine Creek
8/13-15 - Beaufort
9/4-6 - Harbour Town
10/22-24 - Bluffton

(Please make your own reservations at Harbour Town)

(see Larry’s Article in March’s RL for details)

WE ARE RESUMING MEETINGS AT HILLIARD’S MONDAY, JULY 12!

THE SPEAKER IS GEORGIA BYRD, A YACHT BROKER FOR RJC YACHT SALES & CHARTERS

(We have made reservations with Hilliard’s on Skidaway Rd. for the remainder of the year. Although they no longer serve beer and wine, they said it is alright to bring your own.)



VICE COMMODORE, Mary Ellen Sprague

NO ARTICLE THIS MONTH

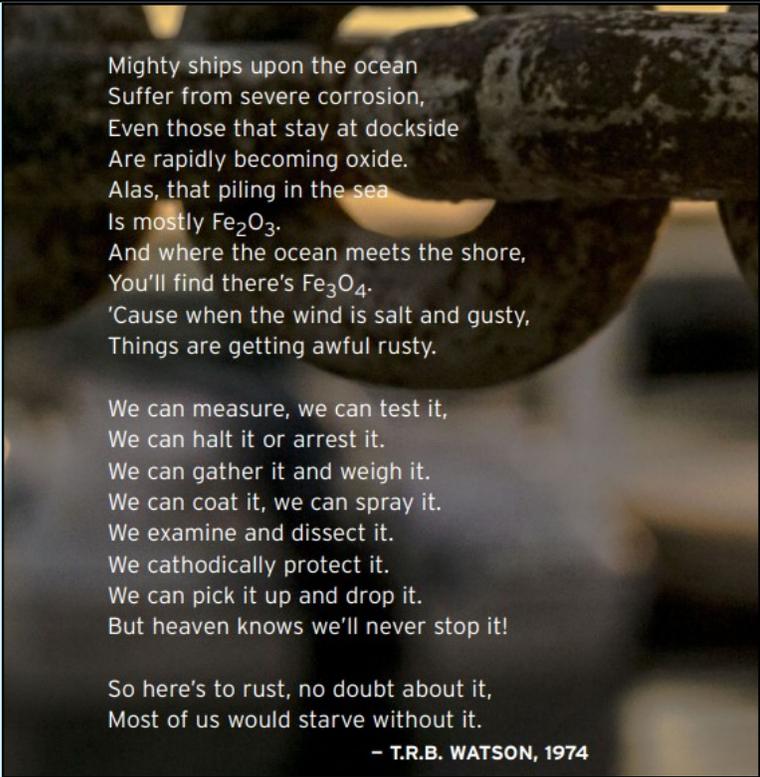
TREASURER, Pat Howard

\$\$ 2021 Financial Results \$\$

The financial results for the Geechee Sailing Club are favorable to plan year-to-date. Expenses remain on plan while the Vanguard investment has grown 5.6%.

We expect \$2,500 in expenses for June (insurance and socials), so we need to generate more new member activity in order to help offset these.

Please let me know if you have any questions.



Mighty ships upon the ocean
Suffer from severe corrosion,
Even those that stay at dockside
Are rapidly becoming oxide.
Alas, that piling in the sea
Is mostly Fe_2O_3 .
And where the ocean meets the shore,
You'll find there's Fe_3O_4 .
'Cause when the wind is salt and gusty,
Things are getting awful rusty.

We can measure, we can test it,
We can halt it or arrest it.
We can gather it and weigh it.
We can coat it, we can spray it.
We examine and dissect it.
We cathodically protect it.
We can pick it up and drop it.
But heaven knows we'll never stop it!

So here's to rust, no doubt about it,
Most of us would starve without it.

— T.R.B. WATSON, 1974

Written by a Marine Service Technician.

ALWAYS AVAILABLE!

These mugs and bottles are available whenever you want one. I will be bringing them to our meetings. If you want, you can call or text me (Linda Howard, 658-7398). Everyone loves them, so you won't be disappointed. The bottles are \$10/each and the mugs are \$12. It is now my "go-to" mug!



COMMUNICATIONS CHAIR, Linda Howard

Just like last year, I'm recapping our May trip south (check out May 2020's article). However, in boating you never know what each day is going to bring, and it's never what you plan. Sometimes it's worse... sometimes it's better.

Tim & Judy and Tommy & I left Wednesday, May 5, in 15-20 mph winds with gusts to 30 mph. After getting beat up crossing St. Catherine's Sound (our dog, Mindy, will attest to that!) we decided to anchor in a creek that afternoon before crossing Sapelo Sound that was equally rough. We already had to stop once due to an overheated engine, and we found it overheating again when we stopped. The bleeding valve was not closed properly and the water went out of the cooling system. It was a God-thing that we stopped since it would have been critical if we had continued on through Sapelo Sound. The next morning the generator wouldn't start and the engine almost didn't. I was beginning to worry about the future of this trip!

We did make it to Brunswick Landing Marina around 2:00 on Thursday, though. After passing the remnants of the Golden Ray in the Sound, we found that a huge segment was actually next to the marina. You could still see cars falling out of it.



That night we were chomping at the bit to get to Fox's Pizza (no pun in-

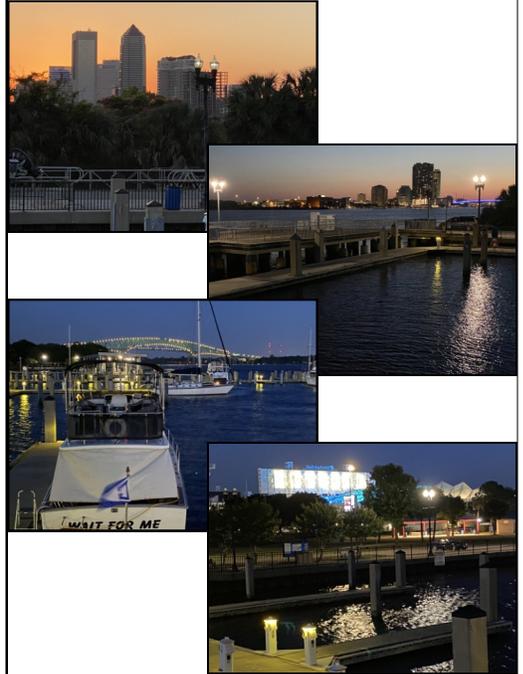
tended). The next day we had Interstate Battery deliver batteries to both our boats, and Tommy replaced a heat exchanger hose. It was a typical "boat day," but we were then "good to go."

We stayed another day in Brunswick to wait for the winds to die down before crossing St. Andrew's Sound. They were 15-20 with 30 mph gusts again. When we woke up the next morning, though, they were only 7 mph, so we left early and had an easy crossing. However, when we got to Fort George where we were going to anchor for the night, there were about 300 small boats coming out of the creek where they'd been rafted up and were heading to the boat ramp. It was a race and we were right in the middle of the racetrack! It felt like being in a bathtub with the wakes on both sides at the same time! We, of course, kept going to get out of the fray and ended up anchoring in a bay off of the St. John's River. That worked out well, although it did take us about an hour to realize that the funny sound we heard that night was fish eating the barnacles off the bottom of our boat.



Since we didn't have reservations at Ortega until Monday, we went up the St. John's to their free Metro Park and tied up about 10:00 a.m. to enjoy a lazy day. That is a great place that seems to

be a great secret as well. It had water and electricity, public restrooms, picnic tables, and a park. All free!



We went on into The Marina at Ortega Landing Monday. Tim & Judy got a slip at the beginning of the dock, but we were about a block's length down the dock. With the clubhouse a distance as well since we were on the last dock, we got our exercise! But it was great to finally get to the marina and go a few blocks on our bikes to Longhorn's for steaks. (By the way, Tommy and I had bought electric bikes. I'll never go back to the normal kind again!) Members Neal and Cindy Tutor got there at 3:00 and were able to join us. What would take us 4 days took them 8 hours in their new Pursuit!





I should have stayed in bed Tuesday! After spending all morning at the laundromat, I got back to the boat and placed my phone on the deck before I climbed on - in order to keep from dropping it into the water. However...I didn't realize that the scupper was right there, and I watched it slide through and go "kerplow!" Tommy had gone to the store, so he wasn't around. Tim and I tried to get it with a strong magnet on a string, but it didn't work. Finally, Tommy got back and dove under the boat, dug through 3 feet of mud, and finally found it. The iPhone was waterproof, but not mud proof. Yet, after washing it and digging the mud out of all the holes, it works perfectly. Whew! That same day I rode my bike to CVS, but didn't realize that I didn't have the lock in my basket. So I rode and walked that long dock back to the boat to get it. However...when I got back to CVS again, I found that I had the key, but I still didn't have the lock!!! Meanwhile, Tommy had gone to the store, but had forgotten his wallet!!! That was a day only worth a future story or two.

Wednesday we had fun in the pool. It was 90 degrees that day, but on Thursday, it was a high of 64 and rainy, so Tommy spent the day installing the thermostat. We reserved

an Uber and the six of us went out to eat at The Crystal River Seafood Restaurant. It's not much to look at, but the food is amazing! That night we taught Neal how to play Progressive Rummy and he won! Either he's really smart, or we're great teachers. Maybe both?



Neal and Cindy went back Friday morning and we moved our boat up to their slip across from Tim & Judy and close to the dock entrance. It was so much better there! It was much easier to walk Mindy. The day had it's drama, though, when Tommy and I went to Publix. Once again there was a panic! When I got back to the boat, I realized that I didn't have my purse. Tommy went back immediately and got it out of the grocery cart! I think we were so distracted by how we were going to carry all the groceries back on our bikes, that we didn't notice that it wasn't there. Praise the Lord no one took it!

The rest of our stay at Ortega was spent swimming, riding our bikes, eating, shopping at Publix, washing clothes, eating, playing cards, sitting up top and enjoying the breeze and sunsets, eating, cleaning the boat, visiting restaurants, eating, cooking, reading, fixing things on the boat, taking care of things back home via the internet, eating,.....

Finally left for Fernandina that Sunday morning and arrived around 3:00. We were docked across from a ship. It was a yacht,

but to us it was a ship. We looked like its dinghies! That evening we ate at The Marina Restaurant and "pigged out on" seafood. It was wonderful! The next night it was off to Mexican food. As my sister used to say, "We travel on our stomachs."



Anyway, it was Margaritaville that night! On the way to the Mexican restaurant I "blew out a flip-flop." Halfway there my sandal broke. I had to "cruise on" to the restaurant with one sandal off and one sandal on - where the waiter gave me Scotch tape so I could strap my foot to the shoe. Amazingly, it worked until I could get back to the boat.



Next was Jekyll Harbor Marina - not our favorite marina. We were sitting

COMMUNICATIONS, Linda Howard (continued)

in the mud on the outside dock! At least the low water let us watch several manatees cavorting by our boats. Someone showed me sea grass that they love growing off the fenders of the boats.

We borrowed the only golf cart at the marina and road to the beach, had lunch, and hurried back to swim in the pool. The problem was that the beach was too hot and the pool was too cold. Sigh.



Then we headed back to Brunswick. We were there one night - just long enough to get another battery, get a last glimpse of the Golden Ray, and get a pizza!



On the way to meet the club at Wassaw, we anchored in Cattle Pen Creek where we had a beautiful, quiet night. Actually, we had great weather with mild temperatures and great breezes the whole trip. I think there were only one or two hot days, but the nights always cooled down.



Once at Wassaw, we met with the club on the DNR dock for cocktails Saturday night and watched the sun go down. Sunday we had brunch on the dock again and great fellowship.



We then headed home Sunday to face reality! But we have great memories, and I'm sure our blood pressures went down a few notches.

Reminiscing on our senses:

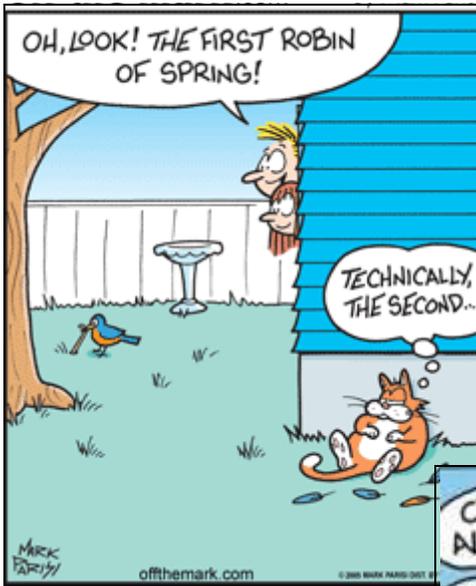
Sounds - the lap of water on the sides of the boat, marsh hens twittering and seagulls complaining, wind whistling through riggings, always-present trains near marinas, fish jumping...and silence.

Sights - dolphins swimming nearby, marsh grass swaying, pelicans and seagulls diving, cormorants popping up from under water, manatees feeding, horses and pigs foraging on islands, sunsets and sunrises, rows of boats at marinas, strange looking sailors (both men and women), tugboats pushing barges, shipyards, millionaires' homes...

Smells: salt marsh, seafood frying.... Did someone say food?!



JUST FOR LAUGHS



So technically Moses was the first man to download files from the cloud using a tablet.



CRUISE CHAIR, Larry Sprague

We had an excellent gathering of Geechee boats and members for the cruise to the south end of Wassaw Island over the Memorial Day Weekend. The weather was perfect, with highs in the mid 80's and a cool night of temperatures in the mid 60's accompanied by a good breeze.

Mary Ellen and I departed the Yacht Club shortly after the 12:00 noon high tide on Saturday. The wind was out of the SW at 10 to 15 knots, so we had a headwind most of the time going down the ICW. We fought the outgoing tide until shortly after passing Isle of Hope, and then picked up about another knot and a half for the rest of the trip.

When we got into Green Island Sound, we raised the sails and I tried to sneak along the shore to the deep water about a quarter mile away. The water depth on the GPS chart was a bald-faced lie, as I (gently) bumped along some hard ground. We immediately came about and backtracked to the deeper water. We started on a nice reach until making Red 10, and then made our way to the deeper water running along the shoreline that I had unsuccessfully tried to make earlier.

As we neared the entrance to Odingsell River, a rainstorm came over us. I put on my rain jacket, but I think I got just as wet due to the exertion from striking the sails as from the rain. The shoreline at the entrance to the Odingsell River was lined with boats enjoying the start of summer. Mary Ellen counted some 37 boats at anchor in the river or along the shore. We were the last to arrive around 4:00PM and anchored down from *Loon* past the DNR dock.

The Geechee membership was appar-

ently thirsty as no sooner had we anchored than I received a hail and a question about when we would be meeting for drinks and hors d'oeuvres. As five o'clock approached, a small flotilla of dinghy's began departing and making their way to the DNR dock. It was not quite the size of the Dunkirk evacuation, but the participants were every bit as eager to reach the far shore and the comforts of food and drink.

We had a total of five boats from the Geechees and were joined by AJ and Cheri from the *Loon*. AJ is a teacher at Country Day and Cheri teaches in the public schools. The *Loon* had joined us last year ago on this cruise.

Kevin and Elke on *SeaQuinns* had arrived early, and they were berthed on the inside of the DNR dock. Linda and Tommy on *Obedience* and Tim and Judy on *Wait for Me* had just arrived from their Florida trip of 26 days. Rounding out our merry band were Joy and Pat on *Southern Breeze*.

We had a wonderful time catching up with each other and enjoyed the remains of the day as the sun sank lower in the sky. Several people took refuge from the low rays of the sun by sitting in the shadow of the dock posts and, at one point, looked like birds on a line sitting along the shadow. The Howards (plural) filled us in on their Florida adventures, recently and in the past. Everyone enjoyed the excellent hors d'oeuvres and the various spirits that were conjured up from the bowels of our boats.

Our happy group broke up as the sun hovered over the horizon, and we repaired to our various boats for

the night. There was a kindly reminder over the radio to turn on our anchor lights. I went ahead and set out an additional lantern about midway to the first spreader to increase our visibility, especially as we were the first vessel a speeding boat would see coming from the north end of the creek. This is not strictly protocol, but my stern birth is most vulnerable to a nighttime collision, and I sleep better knowing we have more visibility than that provided by an anchor light high in the sky.

On Sunday morning we gathered again at the DNR dock for a brunch. The spread included French Toast, sausages, breakfast bars, grits and peach cobbler. Mimosas were also available. The morning sun had chased away the coolness of the night, and a slight breeze kept the sand gnats at bay. Conversation initially centered on the loud croaking of the Croakers near the dock for most of the night, and then veered and soared through various topics like a flock of starlings in flight. The party broke up near noon for the return trip home.

On an earlier trip, I had burned out my electric windlass motor for raising the anchor. To make it easier to weigh anchor, I tied a line to the rear of the anchor and attached a finder to the line. When we began the process of weighing anchor, I used a boat hook to grab the finder and then ran the line to a pulley on the mast and through a second pulley on the bow. Once we were over the anchor, I raised it up until it was snug at the bow. I then had only to bring the chain into the anchor locker. I was able to do all this while comfortably standing without putting too much pressure on my back. The fact that my plan actually worked was an ad-

CRUISE CHAIR, Larry Sprague (continued)

ditional thrill and well worth the incremental time it took to rig and unrig the system.

We weighed anchor about five minutes behind *Obedience* and *Wait for Me* and started chasing their stern as they began heading out into Green Island Sound. After about five minutes in the sound bucking the outgoing tide, Mary Ellen, who was at the helm, mentioned that we were only making one knot over the ground. One knot! It was obvious that returning down the ICW against the tide would be a very long trip, so we turned the wheel hard over and headed out to sea with the tide. Our speed over ground increased to over eleven knots! Much better.

The rest of the trip home was very relaxing with calm seas and a light breeze, again on our nose. When we reached the entrance to the Wilmington River, I raised the sails for a power assist and to dry them out from the rain of the previous day. The north end of Wassaw was packed with boats anchored off of the beach and the river was full of additional craft going to and fro. We struck our sails near the former Oglethorpe Hotel and headed to our slip at the packed docks of the Yacht Club. Many boats were decorated for the Blessing of the Fleet that was to take place shortly after our arrival.

I watched the proceedings of the Blessing of the Fleet, which included prayers for all the vessels and those who set upon the ocean's waters. A wreath was thrown into the river to commemorate all who have died at sea. Boats then passed by Father O'Brien standing on the outermost dock for an individual blessing.

At the end of the ceremony I turned to walk back to the pier and saw the row of American flags lining both railings. On this cusp of Memorial Day, I felt a great deal of gratitude: gratitude for those who have died in service to our country, gratitude for the members and friends of the Geechee Sailing Club who share a love of being on the water, and gratitude to our guardians in the Coast Guard who will always come when required to answer the cries of those in peril upon the sea.



MEMBERSHIP CHAIR, Linda Meyer

I am happy to report there are 35 membership renewals so far this year. That makes 60 members of our great Geechee Sailing Club.

We are also working on accepting a new member that will be coming

to our Fiesta Party, who will also be speaking to us about her job in Yacht Sales & Charters. Very interesting!!

We have started having socials and meetings again...and remember that our dues for a family are only \$60 for

this year. Please...invite people who enjoy boating to our meetings and get-togethers. You may get a prize if they join!!

RACE CHAIR, Angela Margolit

Several Geechee members attended the presentation by Donald Alexander on May 13th at the Savannah Yacht Club. For the last few months, I have been captain of the Sail Savannah charter boat and often go up the Skidaway River. There I see where Donald's boat, *Power of One*, is kept and the South African flag is flying on his dock.

It was so cool to hear about his recent participation in the 3,500 nautical mile **Route du Rhum** solo race from St. Malo, France, to Guadeloupe in the Caribbean. It's the biggest solo racing event in the world and attracts over 100 elite professional sailors. For the French, it touts the second largest audience – after the Tour de France!

This Speaker Event was part of the Wassaw Cup, a two-day regatta held over the weekend of May 15-16.

Upcoming events include the Summer Solstice Regatta (which is a national event: <https://summersailstice.com/>). Plans for a local race, raft-up, and/or overnigher are still underway, but feel free to contact me directly if you think you'll be interested.

If any of you want to participate in a race to the ocean, sign up for the SYC Grady Foster Long Distance Memorial Regatta to be held on Sunday, June 13th. To register, go to: <https://www.regattanetwork.com/event/22592>

I myself cannot race this because I will be representing the GEECHEES at the Women's Club Championship in Charleston, where we will be using the College of Charleston's fleet of J/22s. Check out: <https://sayra-sailing.membershiptoolkit.com/womenschamp>

2021 SAYRA WOMEN'S CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP June 13th CofC J22's

ELIGIBILITY AND ENTRY

3.1 The SAYRA Women's Club Championship is open to all clubs within SAYRA. Each

club is limited to submitting one Team of female sailors selected by criteria developed

within respective club.

3.3 As this event is limited to the use of 10 College of Charleston J-22s, it is strongly recommended for all clubs that wish to participate to register early.

2021 Registrations as of 5/5/21
Geechee Sailing Club - Angela Margolit
Hobcaw Yacht Club - Evy Silcox

**TIPS ON HOW TO
FALL ASLEEP IN A
LIVING ROOM CHAIR:**

- 1. BE OLD**
- 2. SIT IN A CHAIR**



2019 Women's Club Championship. See the dog licking my hand!

SECRETARY, Kim Breland

This past Memorial Day we launched from the Turners Creek ramp and headed northward with a destination of Daufuskie Island in mind. In attendance was our usual gaggle of teenage girls and parents. It was surprisingly chilly and I had to don a long-sleeved t-shirt.

We hoped everyone had gone boating on Saturday and Sunday and been too tired for a third day, but this was not the case. The sky was a brilliant blue and there was a light breeze. Who could resist? Boating was in full swing and everyone seemed to be in a hurry to get where they were going.

Arriving in short order at the public landing where Marshside Mama's used to be, we secured the boat and went for a walk to explore the interior of

Daufuskie Island. As a side note, you can dock there for free for up to three hours. Also, Marshside Mama's is now the Daufuskie Café and is open for business.



We walked well into the interior and were surprised at the number of cars and trucks roaming around. We knew about the golf carts, of course, but not the cars.

Returning to the boat in time for lunch, we cast off and began our return trip. By the time we returned to the ramp, the current was ripping and the wind had picked up making the conditions a bit of a challenge. The things you witness at a boat ramp on a day like that can be a real nail-biter, but before long, our boat was safely tucked away on her trailer without incident.

MEMBER AT LARGE, David Breland

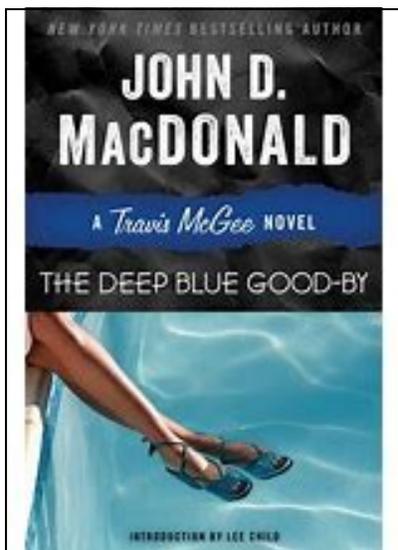
I've noticed my favorite character from my favorite author is getting mentioned a bit lately in the popular culture, even though the author has been deceased for 35 years. That character would be Travis McGee, the creation of author John D. MacDonald.

Recently at the fictional Sunday dinner table for the Reagan family from the TV series, *Blue Bloods*, Commissioner Reagan (played by Tom Selleck) sited Travis McGee's philosophy of taking his retirement in installments throughout his life. McGee's reasoning is to enjoy life while he can.

Dirty Jobs' Mike Rowe, also an unabashed fan of McGee, makes mention of him and the books often. Travis McGee describes himself as a salvage expert. When someone has lost something or was swindled or had something stolen from them, and the police are not an option, McGee will find and return such items to the owner for 50% of the item's value.

Throughout the 21 books in the series, from *The Deep Blue Goodbye* to *The*

Lonely Silver Rain, McGee has high adventure and run-ins with dangerous villains. Whenever McGee wraps up an adventure, he is usually in possession of a moderate sum of money which he then uses to finance another installment of his "retirement". When the money runs out, he drums up another case.



Most of the books are nautically based. McGee himself lives on a 52-foot barge-type houseboat, slip F-18, Bahia Mar. Kim and I stopped by Bahia Mar on the way back from Key Largo a couple of times. The marina has a pedestal and a plaque commemorating the books.

If you are looking for a great, watery, summer read, I highly recommend the series. Oh, Jimmy Buffett is also a fan, mentioning Travis McGee in at least two of his songs I can think of and selling the books in his Margaritaville store on Duval Street in Key West.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

Unscramble each word, then take the letters that are underlined and unscramble them to come up with the last name of one of our members:

E R G A N _ _ _ _ _

D R O W N W

T E V A R S H

L Y D I A

Answers to May's Scramble: **M E Y E R**

YELLOW

MANGO

PRANK

EASTER

FOR SALE

!For Sale! Catalina 38 'Southern Breeze' - \$35,000. Tell your friends to visit our ad on Boat Trader.com (<https://www.boattrader.com/boat/1985-catalina-38-7900082>)...Pat Howard

SUPPORT FOR OUR MEMBERS

This column is for club members to support other members "in need" (phone calls, visits, prayers, meals, etc.). Let me know of anyone you want to add. I won't go into a lot of detail on each here, but you can call them. I will also get approval before entering any names into this column. Please text me at 658-7398.

- Linda Meyer: Had removal of tumor in brain. Having treatments.
- Death of Richard Olson 6/4/21. (Will publish Linda's address in Tennessee when I get it.)

2021 OFFICERS

CommodoreDawson Long
Vice Commodore.....Mary Ellen Sprague
Past Commodore.....Stuart Gough
Secretary Kim Breland
Treasurer Pat Howard
Social Chair (Open)
Cruise ChairsLarry Sprague
Race Chair.....Angela Margolit
Membership Chair Linda Meyer
Communications Chair/Editor.....Linda Howard
Member at Large David Breland

For questions or comments, contact Linda Howard, Editor (912/658-7398)