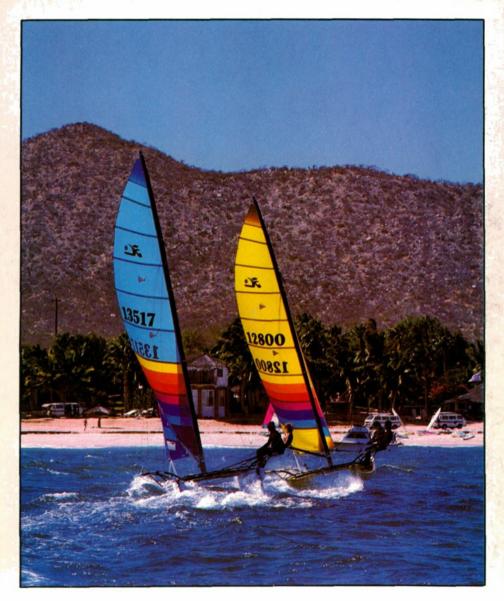


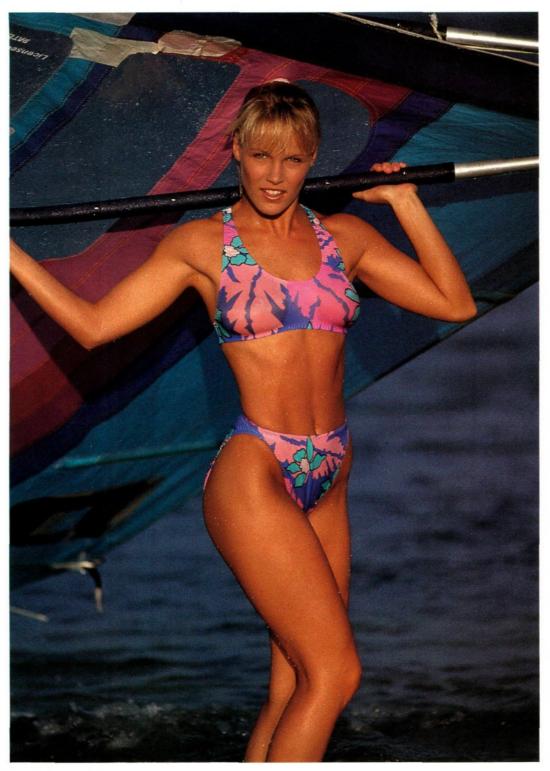
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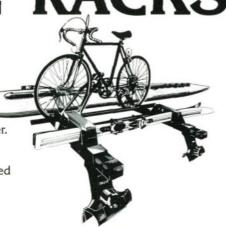
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HOTLINE

May/June 1987

Volume 16 Number 3



UV MOL

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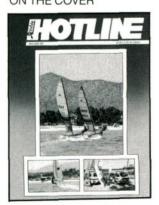
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It was Baja safari time for our intrepid group of sailors who risked all for the sake of art. Photos by Guy Motil.

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Our Photo Adventure

by Bonnie Jonas

In last issue's Hobietorial we talked about the America's Cup, an event that takes a great deal of planning and perfect execution for success. In this issue, you can see the results of another kind of adventure that requires planning and execution. Around here, we call it The La Paz Photo Shoot, an event that will live in infamy, (See "Burnin' Daylight" by Dick Blount in this issue.) The execution may not have been perfect, but the results were terrific. We hope you enjoy the great action and swimwear photos.

Of course, a project like this has to meet several criteria before HOTLINE can take it on. First, it's got to be cheap, er, inexpensive. After much consideration and a special welcome from the La Paz Tourism Bureau, we decided that the first condition had been met, so off we went to Mexico for our annual swimsuit-and-Hobie-product photo shoot.

The city of La Paz opened its arms and made us feel very welcome. And why not? La Paz is impressive. It's a clean, quaint town that looks like it came off a postcard. Plus the weather is perfect - sunny, 75 degrees and wind. Not bad for February.

Our host hotel, the Gran Baja, is the largest hotel in La Paz and sits right on the beach just 30 minutes from the airport and 5 minutes from the downtown area. Especially valuable to us was the hotel's restaurant, but time didn't permit a thorough exploration of the bar. Too bad!

We were very nervous about getting all of our equipment and supplies down to La Paz, but the Volkswagen Vanagons came through. Those little vehicles earned my respect. The road conditions were tough, they were pulling trailers with two boats and they were loaded to the max with other products and equipment. We even lived in them a few nights, but there was not a hitch. We learned a new meaning for the word togetherness but the Vanagons' comfort made it all bearable.

Our complimentary flight to La Paz via Mexicana Airlines aboard a brand new DC-9 was also a pleasant surprise. Arrival and departure flights were actually on time - a rarity on most airlines these days.

Flying time from Tijuana to La Paz was about 90 minutes and we enjoyed every

About 90 minutes south of La Paz is a place called Los Barriles. A short jaunt from that beach you'll find the Hotel Rancho Buena Vista. We found ourselves there somewhat unexpectedly and had another good surprise. Too bad we were working because this would be a great place to do nothing. Unless, of course you wanted to fish, sail, eat some great food or just lounge on the beach. Neither a telephone nor a TV in sight.

As for the crew, hard work, cooperation and a huge amount of patience were the requirements. Plus they had to endure some less-than-ideal conditions. No pampering at the Club Med for these people! To them I send my heartfelt thanks.

But our adventure and our rough conditions, cannot begin to compare with those of Tony Laurent and Daniel Pradel. If you don't read any other story in this issue, be sure to read "Across the Atlantic," the incredible story of how two top Hobie sailors did what has never been done before; they crossed the Atlantic Ocean from Africa to the French West Indies. Their story is one of great courage, amazing resolve, looming danger, and painful sacrifice. It's also a warning to other sailors: Don't try it. Still it is a great accomplishment. We believe it is the first time man has ever crossed the Atlantic on an open catamaran under 20 feet.

There's a lot packed into this issue, like advice on taking the whole family to a regatta, tips for sailing on crowded waters and for winning sailboard races, safety notes from northern California boardsailors, a profile of the Columbia River Gorge, a Hobie sailor's summer travel diary and more. Dig in! Summer's here.

Let's have fun!



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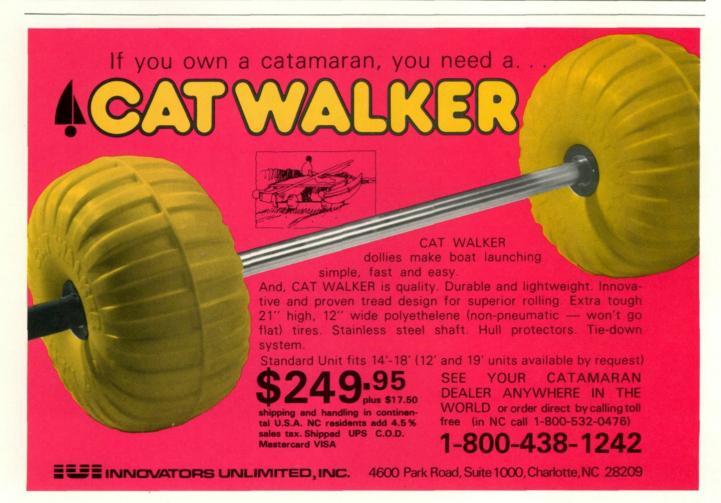
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LETTERS

Racks for Glass Tops?

I just finished reading your article on roof racks in the March/April HOTLINE. There is one situation which was not addressed and for which I have never found an answer. I'm one of the growing number of Hobie Cat sailors who also likes the thrill of an Alpha sailboard once in a while. The problem is that my love of being in the wind includes my car, a Nissan 300ZX with glass T-tops. There are days when I want to drive to the coast to sail only the Alpha, but I still have to take the entire Hobie and trailer to carry the board. Does anyone manufacture and sell a roof rack system for cars with T-tops that's safe for the car and the board?

Russell A. Colthorpe Fleet 97 Cary, North Carolina

Editor's Note: In our research for the article on roof racks, we did not run across any specific mentions of racks especially for glass T-tops. We suggest you contact your local dealer. In the meantime, we invite rack manufacturers, or car owners with glass T-tops, to write HOTLINE if they have any information on compatible racks.

That's Only 25 in Hobie Years

Most of your articles and picture stories feature young, well-tanned and athletic young men and women. But those beach boy and girl types are not your only Hobie Cat enthusiasts.

My grandfather, Herman Gross, now 70 years old, took up Hobie Catting at the age of 55 and is now wearing out his third Hobie 14 in the strong winds off his winter residence at St. Thomas in the United States Virgin Islands.

He tells me that he prefers the 14 (although he has sailed the 16) because he sails solo most of the time and righting a 16 by himself with only 155 pounds is not his idea of fun. However, he has rigged the 14 with trapeze wires and he will take a crew to hang out on the line when the winds exceed 25 knots.

He took up scuba diving at age 64 and since that time has taken over 1000 dives all over the world. He does a very professional slide show to large audiences of photographers and diving groups. Then he took up boardsailing at 66 and now keeps his own board on the beach.

Channa Gross Great Neck, New York

Editor's Note: Now that's the Hobie way of life!

Photo Thanks

The members of fleet 446 and I were most excited about seeing the photo in the January/February HOTLINE. It was an excellent way to start the year.

Our fleet is not the largest fleet in Canada, but we are one of the most active both on and off the water, and we enjoy the status of being the most traveled fleet in Canada. Our activities provide our newsletter with many interesting stories and photos. I will definitely forward any information and photos on our future Hobie activities to you should they be of merit.

Thank you again for publishing my slide.

Frank Stollbert Calgary Alberta, Canada

Just a warm thank you for publishing my photo in the "Perfect Sailing Summer" photo essay. You made one young boy feel like a real celebrity and many others just as happy. I was so excited I could hardly keep from chopping the ice on the lake so I could sail.

Jon E. Hasper Spokane, Washington

Hobie 17 Info Conflict

I'm a proud owner of a new Hobie 17 and I feel I have a valid gripe. Only weighing 150 pounds I can't right the boat without some type of add-on assistance. Learning from your May/June 1986 issue that I need to use a shroud lengthener, I subsequently shelled out \$35.00 to purchase one.

After receiving the device in the mail and installing it on my boat, I read in your most recent issue of HOTLINE, March/April 1987 that shroud lengtheners are not class legal for safety reasons. Are they worried about dismasting? What about that captive ball and socket joint? These inconsistencies in your magazine and your organization add to my frustration and are a pain in the wallet.

Michael Paradis Fleet 5 Clearwater, Florida

Editor's Note: The following is an official clarification from class director Miles Wood.

Shroud lengthening devices are class legal for racing on the Hobie 17 because of the captive ball and socket. Caution should be exercised when using lengtheners, but they will enable almost any person weighing 140 pounds or more to right the Hobie 17.

Continued

IS YOUR BOAT UP-TIGHT and OUT OF SIGHT OR LOOSE AS A GOOSE?

Staying loose may be cool, but it is NOT fast! Believe it or not, some things are BETTER "uptight"!... YES CLYDE: like the trampolines on Hobie Cats®! Proper trampoline tension is important for proper boat handling, and necessary for maximum pointing ability. Fully appreciating this need, Kisme is introducing a new tool set that takes most of the work (and ALL of frustration) out of properly tightening trampolines. (Yes Clyde, two pairs of willing hands and two sets of vice grip pliers will also do the job — but, if you'll pardon the pun, there is more than one good way to skin a cat!... Besides, it is the trampolines that we want up-tight, NOT the skippers!)

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The first 100 UP-TIGHT™trampoline tightening tool sets will be available direct from KISME at the introductory price of only \$14.95 each (plus postage). Each set will include both the tensioning tool and a pair of belaying pins. These first 100 units will be sold "satisfaction guaranteed" or your money back.

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LETTERS

This device can only be used in righting the boat and the shroud must be reattached prior to resuming racing. These devices are not to be used to rake the rig forward when sailing off the wind. The maximum allowable extension length is 16 inches.

Shroud lengtheners are not class legal on the other Hobie Cats because a different mast construction could lead to dismasting when righting these boats. The cited rule interpretation from page 21 of the March/April 1987 issue should have read: "Shroud extensions for righting the boat are illegal, for safety reasons, in all classes except Hobie 17."

Rules Are Rules

I've been crewing off and on for the past two seasons in some local races and would like to make some independent observations. (I can claim independence in that I don't own a boat and don't belong to a club or fleet.)

Around here, the only real racing that goes on is Hobie racing . . . But that's not to say the Hobie folk don't have some problems. . . . The magic formula for building the Hobie way of life has certainly brought some wonderful people together,

and they sure know how to have a good time, but it seems to me that an effort must be made to straighten out some perspectives on the rules. It would be nice to hear more race committees declare at the skippers meeting that "protests are encouraged!" . . .

What I really didn't like hearing was one skipper taking an on-the-water poll as to his guilt or innocence in crossing the line early or not rounding a mark properly. Nor did I like it when our deck was cracked by a barger who appreciated our not demanding a turn or two (We shouldn't have to ask, especially in A fleet.) And I really took offense when an officer of the division came up during dinner and complained about our being "too serious," especially after he had bumped us at A mark and sailed down on us on a free leg (He was windward in both cases.).

All in all, I always have fun at Hobie events and that's the way I hope things continue. So, I'm hoping that some of these guys don't show up when we do, unless, of course somebody has straightened out a few of their priorities.

I feel much better already. Maybe I'll call up that skipper of mine and see if we can't pull the 16 out of that damned snow bank.

Name Withheld By Request



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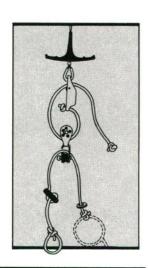
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HOBIE BRIEFS

Hobie Cat To Sponsor World Police and Fire Games

Hobie Cat has been named an official sponsor of the World Police and Fire Games, an international athletic competition featuring policemen and firefighters from over 30 countries. In all, more than 7,000 athletes will gather in San Diego, California August 1-9 for the opening ceremonies administered by the commisioner of the games, Bob Hope.

Hobie Cat is the sponsor of the sailing competition. Ten new Hobie 16s will be supplied to the games for the use of those competitors in need of a boat. In addition, Hobie Cat will donate a Hobie 16 Special Edition to be raffled and will offer logistical support during the sailing events.

Forty-six sports will be contested at the games, ranging from arm wrestling to volleyball. Women will be eligible to enter all events and some events have women's divisions.

The games were originally established to provide safety officers with opportunities to meet and compete against officers from other nations and around the United States in a spirit of camaraderie. The San Diego games are expected to be the biggest such event ever held.

Hog's Breath 1000 Update

A record 18 teams from the United States, Australia, Great Britain, France, New Zealand, Belgium, Holland, West Germany and Africa have been nominated for acceptance in the 1987 Hog's Breath 1000 International Challenge. By the start of the race on Monday, May 18, organizers expect to have narrowed the field from 18 to 16. Included in the nominated teams are the first all-female team to enter the event.

The American teams include three from Florida, one from Texas, two from California and the women's team. Pre-race favorites include the Florida team of Carlton Tucker, Enrique Figueroa and Tony (T.L.) Lewis; the California team of Allan Egusa, Bob Seaman and Paul Pascoe, and the other California team of Hobie Alter Jr., Jeff Alter and Pat Porter. The women's team includes Linda Leon, Kelly O'Brien and Belinda Klaase of South Africa.

The Australian entries are also very strong. Brett Dryland, Rod Waterhouse and Keith Glover will pilot one boat, but will face a tough challenge from their countrymen Ian Bashford, Bill Sykes and Ian (Fresh) Burns.

Other notable entries include France with Tony Laurent, Daniel Pradel and Eric Bussy [See "Across the Atlantic," the story of Laurent and Pradel's passage of the Atlantic Ocean on a Hobie 18, in this issue.], and the South African entry of Sean Ferry, David Kruyt and Blain Dodds. The Dutch entry, with three long-distance race veterans may also prove hard to beat.

The race will kick off from the Royal Sheraton Biscayne Hotel in Miami, Florida. Racers will sail up Florida's Gulf Coast day and night, passing through eight checkpoints. A mandatory regrouping will take place at Clearwater Beach before the fleet sets off again for the terminus at Ft. Walton Beach.

Sheldon Coleman Jr. Heads Coleman Company

Sheldon Coleman Jr. has become the third generation of the Coleman family to be named chief operating officer of the Coleman Company, a post which has been held by only one person outside the Coleman family. Coleman previously headed the outdoor products division of the Coleman Company.

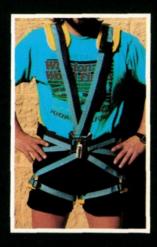
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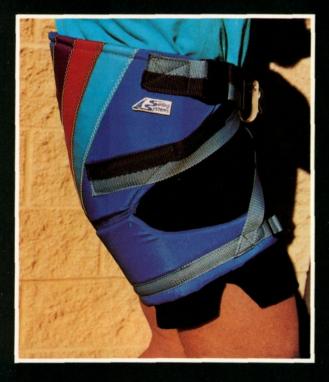
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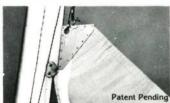
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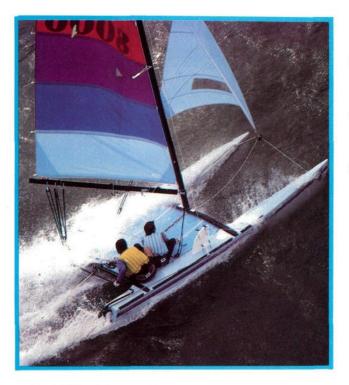
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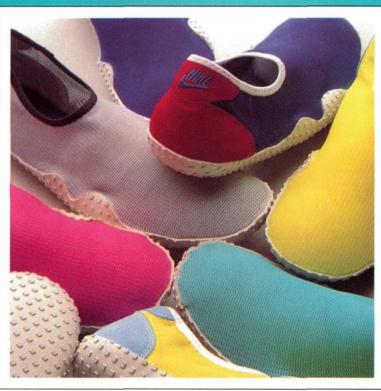
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FAST PINS AND SLOW MAINTENANCE

(Engineering Dept)

The center "plunger" pin of a fast pin should be lubricated frequently. Use the same lubricant that you use on your traveler track, or other boat gear. Squirt lubricant into the hole in the end and around the "button". Pump the button in-and-out several times to work the lubricant deep into the inside parts.

The center "plunger" pin on a "fast-pin" is spring loaded to the "locked" position. In the locked position, the plunger rides under the two small balls that stick out of the pin's sides (near the tip). When the plunger is under the balls it is IMPOSSIBLE to push (or force) the little balls inside. You can smash (or flatten) them (or rip them out) — but you can not push them inside!

However, when the plunger and spring become excessively dirty (or corroded), the plunger can stick in the "in" (or released) position. In the released position the little balls are free to literally "fall" to the inside of the pin! This is because there is a grove (in the plunger) that lines-up directly under the balls (but only when the plunger is in)!

The bottom line: A properly maintained, and properly installed, "normal" fast pin cannot accidentally release - at lease not without enough force to obviously deform the pin, or the hole in which it is mounted which is why they are used in the space program.

DOING THE TWIST #2 (Race & Engr Depts)

If you reversed your crossbar when you were using our original TLC"s (to accommodate the "twist" of your adjustable tiller extension), but you are now using the improved model of our TLC"s, you should return your crossbar to the original "stock" orientation.

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rectangular toe-in adjustment nuts.

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The bottom line: If you are using our latest TLC™s, make sure that your crossbar is mounted "stock".

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(Engineering Dept)

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Just like FAST PINS, a small amount of routine maintenance will greatly enhance performance and prolong the service life of a snap shackle.

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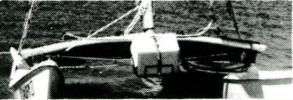
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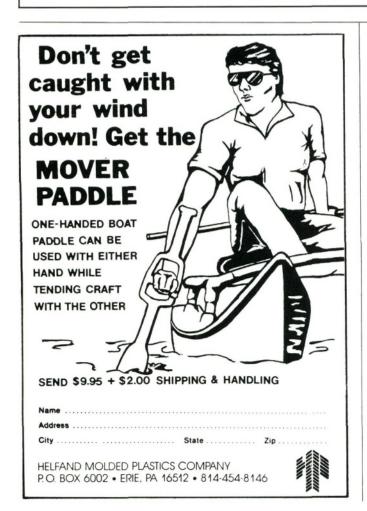
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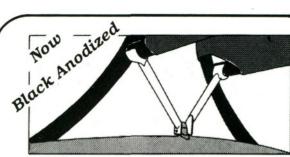
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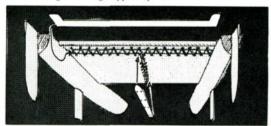




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my husband Bob, our two-year-old daughter, and I moved from North Carolina to California and purchased our first Hobie, a used 16. I dreamed of lazy afternoons sailing in San Diego Bay. Bob talked of screaming reaches and pitchpoles. I fantasized of wine and gourmet lunches in a wicker basket. Bob asked for a cold six-pack and a submarine sandwich in a plastic bag. Thirteen years later, we are back in North Carolina and our family has grown to include another daughter and a son. Two Hobies are stacked in the driveway and the suitcases rarely have time to gather dust. We are a Hobie racing family and I have never been asked to share any gourmet recipes. But I can share tips on how to

hirteen

years ago,

The first thing you need to do is plan. We get our race schedule early in January and immediately mark the races we will try to attend on our calendars (planning to win each one, of course). We say goodbye to all our non-sailing friends in March and make plans to see them again in October. Any and all maintenance on our house is done in the winter; there won't be time during racing season.

include the whole family in racing and

survive the experience!

We go to ten or twelve regattas each year and we stay with friends or relatives whenever we can. After all, free is free. Some regattas we stay in motels, so we reserve our room early (usually in February), making special requests at that time (such as an extra cot, kitchen facilities or proximity to the ice machine).

Before the first regatta, I buy a large bottle of shampoo, some conditioner, deodorant, five different color toothbrushes, a large tube of toothpaste, several bottles of suntan lotion with different sun protection factors, aspirin, adhesive bandages, and a box of plastic garbage bags. These things are put in our largest suitcase and they remain there until the end of racing season or they are empty, whichever comes first. Waking up at eight o'clock Saturday morning and finding I forgot the deodorant and only one child has a toothbrush creates basic ill will that lasts all morning. Believe me, this system works better.

Plastic garbage bags are wonderful items. You can assign dirty clothes to one and wet clothes to another; just remember not to put the wet clothes in it until you are packing up to leave. If you are very organized, use two bags for dirty clothes. Put dark clothes in one and whites in another. Then, when you return home, there is no sorting to do of smelly, dirty clothes before dumping them into the washing machine. You can start one load before you even finish unpacking the car at midnight.

If you have a baby in disposable diapers, take along a box of Ziploc-type baggies. Dirty diapers have no smell when hermetically sealed and that can add a lot to your state of mind by Sunday night! If you have a baby, now is not the time to break him or her of a pacifier or a special sleeping toy. Make sure you have extras so people around you will speak to you the next day. Babies are a joy, but not at four in the morning.

If your children are young enough, wash, dry and fold the clothes from the weekend and immediately re-pack the suitcases for the next week. Until they get to be ten, they don't notice that they wear the same outfits every weekend and you won't

spend an extra two hours packing on Thursday night. When they get to be old enough to notice what they are wearing, they are old enough to pack their own small bags. But don't let them fool you, they will still arrive without underwear or with their favorite jeans that just happen to have the rip in the seat of the pants. Secretly pack some "okay with Mom" clothes. They won't like it but you won't have to sit across the table from someone in her sister's toosmall shirt and a regatta T-shirt tied around her waist to hide the hole in the jeans. Don't spend money on nightgowns or pajamas in the summer. Hobie T-shirts in large or extra-large are perfect for sleeping and they get better the more you wash them.

Do yourself a favor and buy some special towels to take on regattas. They should be large enough to lie on in the sand if you don't have a quilt or blanket and they should be very obtrusive and very ugly. If they are ugly enough, no one will take them. It's best if you can get one towel for each person, but get them exactly alike. Then no one can fight over who got the softest or prettiest ugly towel. You are not at the regatta to show your good taste; just come home with the same number of towels you brought.

If your towels are ugly enough, no one at the site will let you forget one of them. They will bring the towel you left on the beach, while saying to everyone they pass, "This isn't my ugly towel. I'm just returning it to the people who left it." Your children will also be embarrassed to be seen with the ugly towels, so they will make friends and sit elsewhere. You won't be bothered except when they need another quarter for the pinball machines or want to feed their faces.

Anyone with more than no children



knows that ideally you need two cars for traveling to regattas, one for the adults and one for the children. Unfortunately, the highway patrol tends to get a little testy when a ten year old whizzes by at the wheel of a car. So, if you have children, you are stuck with getting to the regatta in the same vehicle alive. They will tell on you if you bind and gag them (kids these days know too much about human rights), so go in the biggest thing you have.

We have a large-size Chevy wagon, big enough to haul ten sheets of 4x8 plywood, but still too small for two adults, three children who hate each other, three suit-cases, two teddy bears, a special doll and blanket for Morgan, three large bags of groceries, an over-sized cooler, eighteen books, three Walkman radios (with head-phones, please!), a stack of paper for drawing, three boxes of crayons (sharing doesn't work), two buckets for all the shells and rocks Hubie will collect, a large bag of makeup and cassette tapes for Hannah, three pillows, three quilts, and five towels.

After ten years of going to the same places every year, none of our children can remember for even five minutes how much longer it is to the site! Obviously, senility begins early in our family. Sometimes, it works best if we tell them before we leave where we will stop for supper and what time we anticipate getting to the site. They have almost learned to tell time by looking at the digital clock in the car.

On Saturday and Sunday I designate the whole family as "support crew." The more we help Bob put the boat together, bring him a screwdriver or wrench, get him a drink, and do some of the legwork involved in getting ready, the more interested we are in the races. It also helps to tire the kids so they won't drive me crazy

with their excess energy.

When it is time to leave the shore, I make sure that Bob's crew is ready to go with wetsuit and booties (early in the season), trapeze harness, gloves, sunscreen, sun visor, and some Gatorade in the pouch on the tramp. You see, for the last eight years Bob's crew has been one or another of our children. Hannah began at age six racing the lake and warm weather regattas. At age nine she became his full-time crew, and this included ocean races when the winds were at 25 knots and the waves were running 8 to 10 feet! Believe me, a mother has to have lots of confidence in the skipper and the boat to agree to such a scenario. At one regatta I found my then nine-year-old Hannah consoling a frightened adult crew and assuring her that small craft warning conditions weren't really all that bad!

When Hannah reached thirteen, her younger sister Morgan had taken over regular crew duties and Hannah found herself in demand by other skippers as an experienced crew. She even crewed for Hobie Jr., in the 1985 16 National Championship in Traverse City, Michigan, and came home with a fourth place trophy. Morgan and her dad were in sixth place at this year's championship until the final day when cold weather, rough conditions, and boat problems forced them out of two races.

Last June, six-year-old Hubie sailed with his dad in the North Carolina Summer Games and as they were headed out to the course, he asked Bob, "We are going to win a trophy, aren't we? I don't want to go if we aren't going to win." The trophy ceremony was conducted like the Olympics and Hubie's delight was obvious when a bronze, third place medal was hung

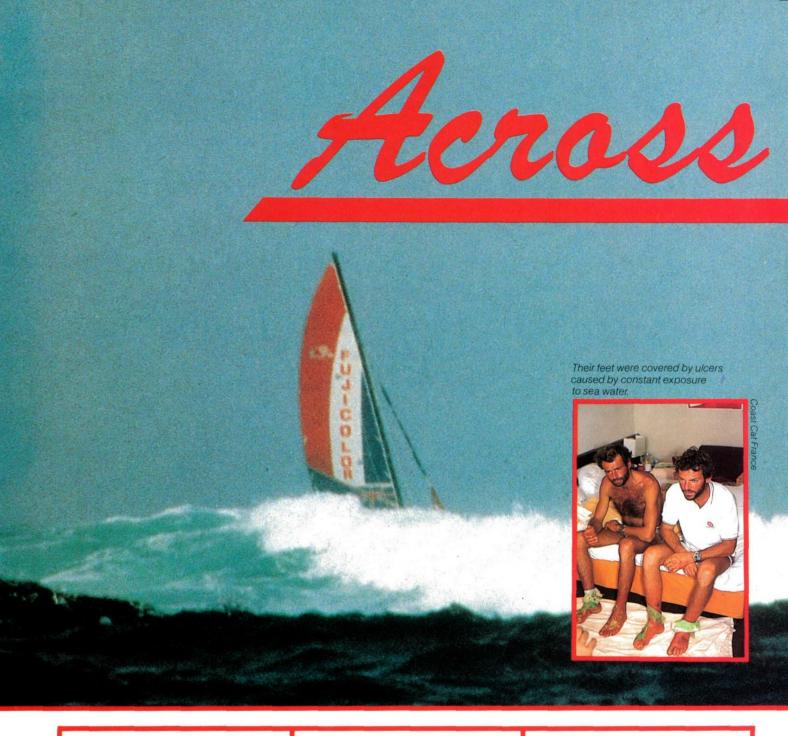
around his neck. Winning with his son or daughter at his side is very special to Bob.

During the regattas, keep an eye out for boats coming into shore. If a boat is coming in because of a problem, run to help pull the boat up on shore. Running makes it look like you are determined to help, plus every step burns at least 300 calories (my computations). If any races have already been completed, the skipper and crew of the boat with the problem will be tired and will appreciate any help they can get. Again, use your children to run whatever errands possible.

As all boats return to shore, alert swimmers to get out of the area. Especially on ocean regattas, skippers have little if any steerage once they get inside the breakers. Help pull boats up on shore to make room for the rest of the fleets. I realize it's tiring opening the cooler and pulling the tabs on canned drinks, but expend a little energy at this time to help all those wornout sailors. This is a great time to send the children for drinks for skipper and crew. And, if you have extra, or if the fleet sponsoring the event is providing soft drinks, tell your kids to bring all they can carry. There are sure to be some sailors there without their own "support crew" who would love a drink.

At the end of the weekend, include your children in dismantling the boat and packing up the car. Everybody knows a seven-year-old boy can dismantle anything in less than three minutes and the "tireder" he gets, the greater the chance he will sleep on the way home. Just as you are congratulating yourself on another successful weekend, a sleepy voice from the back will invariably ask, "How much longer?" For me, at least another thirteen years . . .





Editor's Note: The HOTLINE is printing the following story for two reasons. First, it is a remarkable adventure, one of the most incredible journeys ever attempted on a Hobie Cat and we would be remiss by not including it. We hope you enjoy it and thrill with the sailors and their amazing achievement, a milestone in ocean crossings.

Secondly, it is also a warning. Hobie Cat and the HOTLINE do not endorse offshore Hobie sailing. Hobie Cats were made to sail within sight of land whether in the ocean or on a lake. Some specially controlled events such as the Hog's Breath 1000 include offshore sailing, but the safety measures are extraordinary. Tony

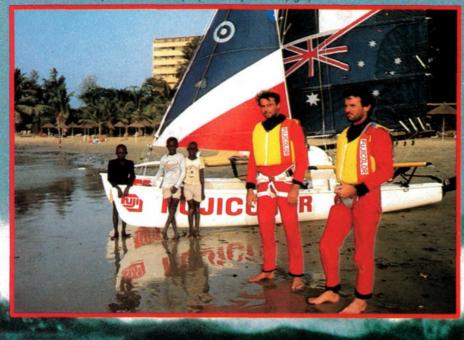
Laurent, profiled in the January/February 1987 issue, is one of the most experienced Hobie sailors in the world. Daniel Pradel is a seasoned French sailor and veteran of many races, including a lot of Hobie sailing experience. The two men thought they were prepared. We hope others who may be planning such adventures take note.

by Noelle Duck

Both passionate sailors had already gathered in victories and trophies. But they dreamed of the impossible: traversing the Atlantic Ocean from Dakar, Senegal on Africa's west coast, to Pointe a Pitre, Guadeloupe, part of the French Antilles in the Carribbean. An Atlantic crossing is always a touch and go affair in a sailboat, but Tony Laurent and Daniel Pradel were going to try the journey on a Hobie 18 Magnum. They left Dakar on November 12, 1986 at 8:30 in the morning. On a peaceful, windy Sunday 18 days later, a local sailor, Mr. Guegen, was doing some chores on his boat in the Basse Terre Marina on Guadeloupe when he spotted two exhausted sailors gliding into port. The impending arrival of the team had been announced by French Overseas Radio, so Gueden knew who the two were.

the Atlantic

Their home for 18 days. Daniel Pradel (left) and Tony Laurent (right)



Their equipment and food stuffed into the hulls.



"You want some help?" he asked with concern.

"We're bloody hungry," was the weak reply.

With that exchange, the two sailors had completed what many thought to be impossible. They had traversed the Atlantic on an open, 18-foot catamaran. But the price they paid was great.

Laurent and Pradel had often thought about crossing the Atlantic on a Hobie Cat separately. Then, one July night, Laurent told Pradel he had a "crazy project" to talk about. Pradel replied that he, too, had been thinking of something crazy. After deciding who was to speak first, only two

words were said: "Atlantic Ocean." They decided on late autumn and chose the course from Senegal to the French West Indies, a route that had the reputation of being "easy," a route American slave ships traveled in the 17th and 18th centuries because fresh trade winds and calm waters made the going fast and uneventful. "Once you have passed the Cape Verde Islands, you'll see that the sea becomes peaceful and that it will rock you to your destination," said their friends. By the time Pradel and Laurent were making final preparations on their boat, which rested on the beach of N'Gor at Dakar, they were dreaming of the sweet regularity of

the trades, still mild at this time of year, that were to push them all the way to Guadeloupe.

On the beach at the Meridien Hotel of N'Gor, the Fujicolor, as the boat had been christened in honor of the trek's chief sponsor, had become a major attraction. The crossbars had been set, the wings had been placed and the double-layer trampoline, which would sandwich the bag of plastic-coated maps, was stretched between the hulls. They raised the mast, fixed the shrouds and backstays and tied the ARGOS beacon, an emergency locater, to the back of the trampoline. They fixed an inflatable mattress across the boat

along with a plastic sheet to be used for the protection of the sailor at rest. As they readied themselves, tourists snapped photos and asked dozens of questions. Most centered on the Seagold desalinator the pair had bought from Pierre Felhlmann, the winner on uncorrected time, of the last Around the World race. They explained that the machine could produce six liters of fresh water in only one hour by pumping sea water through it.

At 8:30 on the morning of November 12, Laurent and Pradel arrived at their boat and were greeted by the staff and guests of the Meridien. They stuffed their watertight bags with food and placed them in the hulls. The food included a high-energy mix of cereals, dry fruit, cream and honey; bags of a protein drink; some cheese, a Morroccan rice dish called couscous, a little bread, butter and even some red wine. The sextant, the two VHF radios in plastic cases, the cigarettes and lighters and other equipment were placed in another bag and attached to the trampoline opposite the inflatable mattress.

Laurent and Pradel donned their equipment slowly and quietly to the sound of the beating waves. Polar underwear, dry suits with neoprene necks, ankles and wrists, were soon snug. Next, they slipped into their trapeze harnesses, life vests and neoprene boots and their sunglasses and gloves. Pradel asked for someone to help carry the boat to the water and 20 people volunteered, lifting the cat on their shoulders and walking down the beach in a slow procession. Just when the hulls touched the water, a fishing boat began to leave. It would show them the way through the reef. The team waved a rapid au revoir and jumped aboard. Laurent took the tiller; Pradel sheeted in. They were gone.

"The third night passed the Cape Verde Islands," relates Laurent, "we realized that our project was going to be much more difficult than we had thought. I began to understand that it would be torture, but it was impossible to go back. The sea was incredibly strong and there was no chance of returning. But then, we had never even thought about abandoning.

When we left the beach at N'Gor, the sea immediately became very strong. We met strong winds, high, but negotiable waves and heavy swells caused by the north wind. During the first night, the waves came from all directions. Steering was difficult. The night was so black that we could not see the bows three meters in front of us. A lot of concentration was required to feel from where the next weird wave would arrive. We saw a cargo ship far away and I directed the beam of my flashlight onto the sail. This was the only boat we were to see during the entire passage. Aside from that ship we saw an old drifting can; that's it.

"We tried everything to sleep," says Laurent. "We changed the position of the

mattress so that we could put our heads under the shelter. Impossible. After three nights we were so fatigued that we fell asleep in spite of everything but we were at the extreme limit of exhuastion. Each time a wave came over, the one at rest was drowned under a meter of water. This lasted several seconds. At the end of the first week, we got upright without really waking up and held onto the shrouds. searching for air. Even between the waves, we had the feeling of being in a drum with people beating on it. The heavily loaded trampoline was so near to the water surface that the sea was beating from above and below with incredible power.

Meanwhile, followers in France and in Guadeloupe followed the progress of the boat by tracking the ARGOS signal sent out by the team's beacon. Supporters estimated their speed at seven knots, slow for the Hobie 18 and two seasoned sailors. What they discovered was that a week of heavy storm activity in the North Atlantic was driving large swells into the small catamaran nearly 2,000 miles away.

"In waves that never seemed to end, we passed a sort of tropical tornado," says Laurent. "It was a black cloud like ink above a white column that rose above the sea. When night came, I asked Daniel not to sleep. The first wave ran toward us, and I've never seen a bigger one. It had to have been more than ten meters. The wind increased to 60 knots and we hauled down all the sails. Despite that, the boat was surfing like crazy. I couldn't control it anymore. When we saw this, we just said 'Looks like this will be the toughest night.'

"During the storm a wave struck and I got up but was still under water. In fact, the whole boat was under two meters of water for about ten seconds. When I emerged, I shouted at Daniel but got nothing. I thought he was swept away! But the noise was so intense that even though he was just a few feet away from me, he couldn't hear. Even he, on top of the Magnum wings, had a hard time keeping his head above water. After that, when it would happen again, our only check was OK?' and when the other replied OK,' one could go back to sleep. The next day, there was no wind at all, but the waves were still there. In the morning I could not wake Daniel. He was dreaming of having breakfast on the terrace of a bistro at Toulon."

Two Hundred Pumps for One Glass of Water

"We talked a lot about food," continues Laurent. "We were always hungry. Then we discovered another problem: thirst. Pumping the desalinator took superhuman efforts. On the beach at N'Gor, we described to our fans what the Seagold could do. While it was true that the water was good, Daniel had to pump 200 times to squeeze the equivalent of one glass of water out of it. Each time, we had to take

the daggerboard out of the windward hull, install the filter in the daggerboard case, put the outlet tube into the mouth of the one to drink, then start pumping. We had two glasses of water per day, one in the morning and one in the evening and that amounted to 800 pump strokes. On top of that we had to use fresh water to dissolve the Substi 500, a highly enriched protein powder. We had five bags a day of that.

"Daniel pumped for the whole passage. I tried it once but it was too tough for me and I told him I was going to give up drinking. He waited several hours. I gritted my teeth and he finally went on passing me the tube."

But while Pradel was left to do most of the water pumping, Laurent tackled the tough job of driving the boat. "We were always in danger of capsizing even when we reefed the main and rolled the jib," says Pradel. "That would have been a catastrophe; our boat was overloaded with 100 kilos of tools, equipment, food and instruments. Even without the load we had some difficulties in our righting tests in the smooth waters of the Bay of Hyeres in France. There were a couple of times in the Atlantic when we both thought 'This is the end.'"

Laurent agrees that the sea had become their enemy. "From the beginning, we encountered only a stormy, disordered sea that pushed the boat in all directions. The noise was very loud and the absence of any rhythm prevented us from getting accustomed to it. The nights were the toughest moments. When I saw twilight arrive at about six, it was like a nightmare repeating itself. I was not keen to go through what I did the night before. Daniel, who needs 12 hours of sleep a day on land, whereas I need very few, was better off during the nights. We learned a lot from each other. Because of our spirit for survival, we never lost hope. When I saw Daniel looking wild after he missed an object, could not coordinate his movements, did not understand what I was telling him, or when he had problems moving on the trampoline, I reduced the speed of the boat and waited for him to come back to reality.

"At the beginning we were both sea sick. He was a little worse off than me; I had a fixed scopoderm behind my ear—a gadget that proved pretty effective. Daniel let me steer and that reduced the sickness since I had to concentrate on things other than the nausea. He stayed on the trampoline operating the desalinator, preparing the meals, controlling the sails. He took care of me, nourished me, encouraged me. I tried to do the same for him, so I steered hours and hours as best I could."

Food also presented unexpected problems for the pair. According to Laurent, both men were reluctant to eat the food concentrates from the tubes and the slabs of high energy cereal mix. Still, says Lau-

rent, "After four days on the water, our revulsion against the food out of the tubes was gone, but it was dangerous preparing it. We first had to find the pliers in the bag attached to the trampoline. When we opened the bag, the waves flooded it with water. When we closed it again, we had to open the hull covers - between waves and had to find the food. Then we had to close the hulls, put the pliers back and finally pump the water for the Substi 500. We had three flavors: coffee, vegetable and vanilla. We never had enough water, so the drinks were always too strong and made us nauseous, although the vanilla flavor wasn't too bad. If you had the chance to grab one, the feast began.

"Even dissolving the food was a problem. We had shakers with us with screw-on covers and we had glued straps to them, but they were torn off despite the reputation of the glue we had used. I lost one after the other, washed away by the waves while we ate and when we lost the last one, it was a catastrophe. Fortunately, Daniel had a stroke of genious. We took the case of a flashlight (which was supposedly waterproof but failed anyway) and poured the powder and water into that. We stirred with our fingers and ate. After a few minutes, we could actually feel the energy circulating through our bodies."

But this renewed energy wasn't enough. In fact, the two were only taking in about 500 calories a day. Malnutrition, exhaustion and constant submersion in salt water all worked against them. Every time a small cut, scrape or abrasion scarred their skin, salt water was able to enter. Soon it was infected. The constant exposure to salt water led to ulcers on ankles, feet and hands that also became infected.

"Physically, our biggest problem was the fact that we were just always soaked," says Laurent. "Everything except our watches and the Maglite was inundated. After two days, we tried the VHF radios. They were already rusty. One day after the start, Daniel tried to fetch a cigarette, but a steep wave arrived at the same moment he opened the bag and flooded the lighters. This wasn't a big tragedy since the next day, a wave washed all our cigarettes overboard anyway.

"When we each took our turn to sleep on the trampoline, we would take off our K-Way overalls from Helly-Hansen - which were quite practical with their zippers everywhere - then our polar underwear and we would wring out the water. When we pulled them on again, we thought it was sheer luxury. We had abandoned the dry suits long before because it was impossible to wear neoprene in such conditions; our ankles and wrists would just balloon. Our boots were also thrown overboard because the volume of our feet had doubled and the neoprene prevented our skin from breathing. Our feet became covered with ulcers which proved worse than

the sea water. During the last few days, I couldn't prevent myself from trembling and I hid myself when I had to vomit after seeing Daniel's feet.

"Finally, on the night of Saturday, December 6, we got the feeling that we were nearing land. We could smell flowers and trees. We could see lights and cliffs. It was La Dominique, but we did not know that yet. We just spent the night on the leeward side of the island enjoying the stillness. We were very happy. It was the end and we knew that we had succeeded although we didn't know exactly where we were because it was next to impossible to tell our position with the sextant; we were too low on the water, and we bounced around too much. Finally, on Sunday morning, we arrived in Guadeloupe."

When the two sailed into the marina, it turned out that they needed a lot more help than food alone could provide. They had to be carried to a small restaurant, the Royal, where a doctor was summoned to apply first aid to their wounds while they stuffed themselves with their first full meal since the beginning of their journey. Pradel's feet, which had seldom been atop the wings and were always submerged in salt water, were just tattered flesh. The skin was torn away over most of their surface. Laurent had deep wounds and scars over his butt and thighs as well as craters on his feet a millimeter deep. Both men's hands were covered with wounds that had crusted and would not heal. Each cut. which never had a chance to dry and heal properly, was infected. Their circulation suffered the effects of blockage due to sitting and crouching in one position for hours on end and their hips and knees were paralyzed. Every movement brought tears to their eyes, but the worst wasn't over. They were almost in a state of shock. With their eyes glazed and the circulation problems preventing any feeling in their lower extremeties, the pain was not nearly as bad as it would become.

Later in the evening of their first day on land, Pradel was wheeled to a restaurant to have dinner with friends while Laurent slept in his hotel room. Pradel's meal consisted of two large steaks, a plate of vegetables, noodles and six large pieces of cake. Then he too retired for the evening.

The next day, both men could barely move. Pradel, despite being given tranquilizers, was tortured by the dressings on his feet, which began to come back to life during the night. Tears welled in his eyes for three hours. Groggy, he kept asking for someone to help him. Finally, when he managed to fall alseep, he felt himself aboard the boat, unable to stop the rolling movement or the hammering of the waves in his ears. In his dream he stretched his hand for a tool and some food only to have the waves wash them away. With infected third degree burns over his feet and

ankles, there was doubt that his feet could be saved. Five days later back in France, a skin graft was successful and his feet began to heal.

Laurent, although not as severly burned, was also racked with pain. His feeling had come back as well. He did however, manage a breakfast consisting of a steak, tomatoes, two bowls of cornflakes with lots of sugar, six yogurts, a complete camembert cheese, four slices of bread and butter, croissants, other French breakfast cakes and a platter of fruit. Still, he could not move his limbs without extreme pain and as the blood continued to return, the pain increased. Unfortunately for Laurent, his sailing idol, Mike Birch who had participated in the Route de Ruhm race and who had helped plot their positions during the final days with his ARGOS beacon, refused to come to the Meridien Hotel at Saint François, to salute them. "To shake hands with him would help me more than all this medicine," said Laurent. Still, congratulatory letters, telegrams and phone calls from Europe and North America poured in by the dozens.

Fujicolor waited calmly on the beach, almost mocking the sailors. It was untouched by the ordeal. Nothing was broken and it exhibited very little wear despite the bashing. Even the sails, pepared by Neil Pryde in the colors of the French and Australian flags, were in excellent condition. Sailors even took the boat out to play in the surf while Laurent and Pradel were attempting to recover.

The two drew several lessons from their crossing. The first, according to Laurent, is that "Nobody should ever try a crazy thing like that; if we had known how tough it would be, we never would have started." The second was the mutual respect needed for a crew, or anyone, to survive a long ordeal. "When I think of Daniel clinging to the trampoline, his hands and feet in a horrible state, I remember that never during the whole trip did he once complain."

Pradel also appreciated Laurent. "Tony is a much better driver than I am. I don't know anybody else who's able to steer 18 hours a day in such high, vicious waves."

Finally, the two learned that even if the boat, rigging and the sails were able to stand up to the punishment, the critical points such as clothing and survival equipment need a lot more preparation and careful thought. Improvements need to be made.

Naturally, the first few days after landing, both said they would never try such a feat again. But Pradel, who is mounting a Tornado effort for the 1988 Olympics, began to state that he wanted to sail in the 1987 single-hand Figaro race and Laurent began to talk of racing Formula 40 catamarans in offshore grand prix events. Despite their injuries, the sea had not lost its allure.



SURVIVING CROWDED WATERS









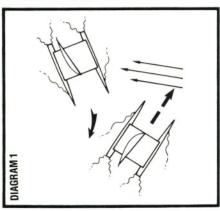
Perfect summer days are on their way; the best Hobie sailing of the year is upon us. Sailors everywhere are tuning, cleaning and refreshing their memories about how best to enjoy the waters. Along with all of these experienced sailors are a great number of fledgling sportsmen who may have had little time on the water. Combine this inexperience with a crowded weekend at your favorite lake or bay and the result could be a lot of frustration.

Sailing on a patch of water that plays host to hundreds of other boats can become a trying experience, but it doesn't have to be if a few easy steps are followed and if sailors keep safety in mind at all times. A little courtesy and patience with those less knowledgeable will also work to the benefit of everyone. That's the word from Officer Mike Shutters of the Mission Bay Harbor Patrol in San Diego, California. Officer Shutters patrols one of the most intensively used bodies of water in the nation and states that a little effort can ensure a good time by all users.

The first things sailors have to know are the four cardinal rules, the rules of the road, which are crucial to surviving a day of sailing crowded waters. These rules are just about the first things a new sailor learns, even before he steps on the boat, but a brief refresher won't hurt.

RULE 1: OPPOSITE TACKS

Simply stated, starboard-tack boats have right of way over port-tack boats. When the wind is hitting the right side of the boat (starboard) as compared to wind hitting the left side of an oncoming boat (port), the boat on port tack must keep clear of the starboard boat.



RULE 2: OVERTAKING

Under this rule, a boat which is overtaking another boat from behind must stay clear of the lead boat. The overtaking boat may pass on either side, but the overtaking boat should be careful to leave plenty of room between itself and the other boat.

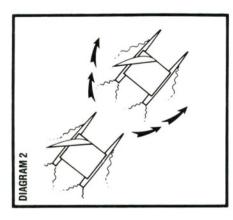


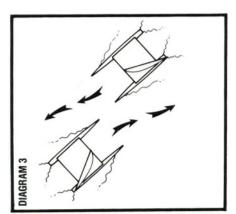
DIAGRAM 4

RULE 5: SAIL OVER POWER

Sailboats, which are less manueverable than power boats, have the right of way over power boats. Motorized boats must stay clear.

RULE 3: HEAD TO HEAD.

When two boats are approaching head on, each must stay to the right of the other, just like driving a car.



RULE 4: TACKING AND JIBING.

When you decide to change course and execute a tack or jibe, you must stay clear of other boats which are not tacking or jibing.

RULE 6: SKIERS_

Water skiers usually have right of way over power and sailboats. If you see a boat towing a line, look out for skiers. They have the right of way.

RULE 7: COMMON SENSE

This rule states that a sailor should never insist on invoking rules 1 through 6. "Even if you have the right of way, don't insist on it from a power boat," says Shutters. "I see people do that all the time. I've even had Hobie Cats cut across in front of me when I'm running an emergency in the fire boat. Those people seem to say 'I have a sailboat and I have the right of way." All the right of way in the world won't help much if a power boat slams into your fiberglass hulls. You just have to hope that powerboat drivers will be knowledgeable about the rules and courteous enough to abide by them.

As far as the rules go, it's important to remember that when you're out for a casual day sail, you may be sailing with sailors whose experience ranges from a lot to none. Some skippers may only have a nodding acquaintence with the rules of the road and some may have their minds on something else. There are no protest















committees, no chase boats to help out in case of a collision, so even if a port-tack boat fails to yield right of way when you're on starboard, don't press the issue. Feel free, however, to remind the other skipper of the rules of road.

Increasingly, conflicts between boardsailors and skippers of other boats are being seen. A sailboard is considered a boat and is entitled to all the same protections under the rules of the road. "Some Hobie Cat sailors feel that sailboards don't have any rights on the water," says Shutters. "It's kind of the same thing drivers feel about motorcycles on the streets; the motorcycles sort of become invisible."

The second most important skill Hobie Catters sailing on crowded waters (or any other type for that matter) should have is an ability to right the boat quickly. The way to learn to right the boat is to deliberately capsize under controlled situations with help standing by. Right the boat as often as it takes to do it properly. People climbing over their drifting boat, unable to pull it out of the way of other boats, is a common sight on many crowded waterways during the summer. Often they require rescuing by safety personnel or other boaters.

SAILING RESTRICTIONS

If the area in which you sail is a multi-use waterway, there may be restrictions on where you can sail, launch and land your boat. Some waters have designated areas for skier landings and if Hobies beach in a skier landing zone, the skier is forced to avoid the boat. Accidents are not uncommon in such situations. Then, of course, the sailor becomes legally liable for the skier's injuries.

Likewise, for special swimming areas. Many city, county and state water parks have special zones for the use of swimmers and a streaking Hobie Cat is definitely not welcome. In San Diego, a Hobie sailing in the restricted area is a good candidate for a ticket.

Although it may seem odd, Hobie Cat skippers should also be aware of the posted speed limits. Since Hobie Cats are capable of speeds in excess of 25 miles per hour, it is possible for a Hobie sailor to violate speed laws that may have been written to control power-boat wakes. According to Shutters, "I've never written

up a sailboat or a Hobie Cat for exceeding five miles an hour if only because he's at the mercy of the wind, and none of our other people have either." Still, he does say that such instances are not unknown and some sailors have been issued speeding tickets by other agencies.

Other laws sailors should keep in mind include such basics as being sure boats are registered correctly under the laws of their home state. Boats not carrying correct registration may be stopped. Boats can also be stopped for not carrying life jackets on board, something Hobie sailors frequently neglect. If you have any questions as to the laws applying in your state, contact the local Coast Guard office, your state's department of parks and recreation or your state's department of tourism. [For a complete list of state departments of parks and recreation, see the July/August 1985 issue of HOTLINE.]

Many people sailing on crowded waters may be visitors unfamiliar with all local conditions. For example, some skippers, even experienced ones, are fooled by bridges they may be encountering for the first time. When passing under a bridge, be sure that the mast will fit and if there is any doubt about which section to go through, go under the one with the highest clearance. If the body of water is affected by tides, the bridge under which you sailed an hour ago may be unpassable now, so be aware of whether the tide is going in or out. If you do become stuck under a bridge, it's a good idea to open the hull plugs and allow the hulls to partially flood with water to lower the boat. Some sailors can free themselves by placing all the crew weight to one side of the boat, thus tilting the mast just enough to angle under the bridge. Shutters also belives that "...it's a good idea to drop the sails if you get stuck under a bridge, because the sail fighting against the bridge can put a lot of strain on the mast and bend it."

Can the water ever become too crowded to sail? Shutters says yes. When that happnes, he says, "The people who are more experienced get off the water and that leaves us with those who are less experienced. They really want to stick around and get their sailing in, but that means a higher incidence of boating accidents and right of way violations." The more experienced sailors, says Shutters,

often wait until later in the day when the water has cleared a little. In the meantime, they picnic on the beach or just enjoy the sun.

But those who do decide to beach their boats and wait out the crowds must be careful how their boats are situated. First, the beach should be legal for landing. Second, boats should not be left on the water's edge so that strollers are forced to zigzag in and out of parked boats. Third, if a crowd of boats is already choking the beach, try another spot. Boats coming in after you may not find room and a jam could develop. Negligent sailors could also beach at full speed and cause boat damage in a pack of beached boats.

When sailors are on the beach, they should take care to pick up any litter before they head back out for a sail. Most states also have bottle laws which prohibit glass containers of any kind from the beach area. Also avoid drinking and sailing. Although Shutters claims that "sailors don't present problems with drinking because they have to keep their heads about them," a sailor who's been on the beach and had a few drinks may not be fit to skipper a boat. (In that vein, sailors should also beware of power boats carrying mobile parties; it's a good bet the power-boat skipper has had too many.)

Crowded waters are normally well patroled by the governing authority of your state and it's always a good idea to cooperate fully with them. Sailors usually find that the patrolmen are lenient and not interested in harrassing sailors for fun. It takes a lot to incur the wrath of most patrolmen. "When sailors do something that's hazardous, that's what upsets us. It's not that they're inexperienced — we don't mind those mistakes too much — but when they just are not thinking or do something that's blatantly hazardous, that upsets us."

What would Shutters suggest to those sailing on densely populated waters this summer? "I'd want to make sure they knew how to right their boat and that they have their safety gear and know how to get away from a situation. Do not take out a sailboat without any experience. Those are the people we end up rescuing."

Bannstohming Babe:

The Adventure Begins

very adventure needs a start. Mine started with an idea nurtured by the love of sailing my Hobie 16. Couple the above with an inherent inability to live a paint-by-numbers life and the stage is set. I've always been intrigued by post-World War I pilots. The airplane had just come into its own during the war. Flying a plane had been mastered by an elite few. After the war, former fighter pilots returned to the States with experience and a burning desire to fly, but

there were no jobs for pilots because at that time, commercial use of the plane hadn't taken off. Most of the pilots were absorbed into the work force, but a few couldn't deny their love of flying and began barnstorming the country. For a few dollars they would share the thrill and freedom of flight with others as they made their way from town to town.

It was that same romantic image that set my wheels in motion. What started as a compulsion turned to obsession as months of planning, preparation and financial staging began to erode into mid-summer. My goal was to follow major point regattas within Division 4 (the Northwest) and get a "feel" of what it's like living on "Hobie Time."

What follows are excerpts from a journal I kept covering four points regattas. In all, the four regattas occupied two thousand miles of road, 21 days of sailing, and 30 days of being on Hobie Time, that nebulous time zone, free of telephones, television, rush hour traffic and other demands that command our attention during the normalcy of what we view as life.

July 25 - Boise, Idaho

I met Peter Nelson in front of the Capitol building about noon. Frustration, delay and setbacks began to fade as I caught a glimpse of Peter waiting with gear in hand. Peter saw my approach; it's tough to miss my '69 Ford pickup, banana yellow and black, toting a camper with a 16 foot Hobie Cat in tow. My boat, affectionately named Babe, looked like a rat dog on a leash behind this mobile monstrosity. We exchanged grins and greetings and officially punch in to Hobie Time.

It was Friday afternoon and we had about 450 miles to cover before we could camp. Our destination was Yale Lake in southwestern Washington, the evergreen state. Having been reared in Seattle, it was like a homecoming. It's been said, "People in Washington don't tan, they rust!" Not one to be caught with my moss down, I practiced my slug chant and mildewing techniques.

We didn't have a clue as to where we needed to be. It was dark, we were on the road for ten hours, and our brains and bodies were crispy. We finally found what appeared to be the launch area and called it home for the night.

July 26 - Yale Lake - Division 4 Championships

The dawn broke, but it didn't wake us up. We were comatose. Activity outside, and the thought of coffee, provided the motivation to rise and slime (slug talk). The morning progressed with the usual chaos at the boat ramp: setting boats up, registration and the skippers meeting. Portland's Fleet 72 was sponsoring this year's Division 4 Championships, hosted by Commodore Mike Ward.

We busied ourselves getting Babe set up for the 11:00 A.M. start. The lake extended for about three miles, and was about a mile wide. The clear, green water was cold and the air was fresh with an 8-10 mph wind on the rise. The only drawback to this picture postcard scene was the granite rocks that lay in wait for the fiberglass hulls.

The races started with 15-17 mph winds, double trapped and still luffing for those of us close to minimum weight. The race committee promised four races Saturday with a break after the first two, and two races Sunday, wind permitting. The first two races were fast paced, six- and sevenmark courses. After a half-hour break, the winds settled to 8-10 mph for the remaining two races. After a hard day of serious play, everyone mellowed to the sounds of burgers barbecuing, kegs tapping, firs purring, and slugs sliming. Several ambitious sailors explored the lava tubes produced by Mt. St. Helens' eruption. The only tubes we explored were the fiber-filled,

It was tough getting out of bed Sunday morning, not because of any heavy partying the night before, but because our mobile environment was totally trashed. Looking at the mess through stuck eyelids, I realized there was only one thing to do, make coffee.

After breakfast, we readied the boat and went over tactics that had worked, and revised those that didn't work. We practiced tacking as we sailed toward the start. Since this was only the second time we had sailed together, I had no illusions of placing; actually my goal was to place in the top ten. In reality, out of 19 boats racing in A fleet, I was averaging a consistent 15th. Not last, but definitely not single digits. The final two races we placed 13th and 14th, with an overall standing of 14th. Not bad considering it was our first divisional competition.

Most of the boats were ready to roll by the time the trophy presentation started, so it didn't take long before the parking lot emptied. We bid fair winds to our new friends, skipper Mark Shayne and his crew, Dave Look, promising to meet in two weeks at Lake Quinault for the Northwest Championships. Unfortunately, Peter had to be at work the following day, so I dropped him off at the bus station in Portland to endure an all night ride back to Boise. What dedication! Ever notice how it seems like your vehicle heels after you've been on the water a couple of days? I counter-balanced the bananamobile all the way into Portland.

The state of Washington has got to be one of the most beautiful states in our nation. The climate varies from rain forests on the Olympic peninsula to semi-arid in eastern Washington. Everything is so green; ferns, wild blackberries, mushrooms, moss, everything grows so prolifically. It takes rain to produce all that growth, lots of it! Where there is rain, there is moisture, where there is moisture, there are slugs. They grow slugs in Washington like they grow cockroaches in Texas. We're talkin' big slimers! The favorite pastime in Washington, next to sailing, is slug salting. Wearing shoes, (You've never been slimed till you step on a Seattle slug barefoot!), the salters go out at night with a flashlight and a two pound bag of salt. Needless to say, the slugs get the worst of it.

Lake Quinault, and the Northwest Championships, were located on the edge of the Olympic National Rain Forest. As I wove my way around the south shore road, I was impressed with the serene calm that enveloped the lake and surrounding mountains. The clear, green lake is five miles long and three miles wide.

Only fishing and sailing boats are allowed on the lake. Nirvana! The weather was perfect! A breeze of 10-15 mph came out of the west every day around 12:30 in the afternoon, and continued all day until sunset. I arrived a week early to familiarize myself with the lake and the people in the area. In the process of getting Babe ready, I met Neal and Sherry Sherod from Seattle.

They flew into Quinault in a small singleengine plane equipped with floats. Their plans to meet a beach party in progress were foiled by fog along the coast. We got to talking about sailing and the upcoming regatta. Neal mentioned that he and Paul Ulibarri, commodore of Fleet 14, were friends. Paul and Fleet 14 were hosting the Northwest Championships next weekend, and Neal had agreed to fly during the regatta to provide some aerial perspective for photographer Guy Motil. That evening they graciously offered to share their fresh crab dinner, an offer I couldn't refuse. The Northwest Championships were beginning to take on the form of "a happening" in progress.

August 3-Lake Quinault

Paul Ulibarri, alias PU, greeted me with a smile that stretched from ear to ear via the heart, and a warm handshake that felt confident and vibrant. After we introduced ourselves, we broke into serious sailing conversation. Our mutual love of sailing in general and Hobies in particular made it easy to talk. In Seattle he opened the first Hobie dealership north of San Francisco. That was in the early 70s. Today Paul talks about the regatta, the people, and events that will shape what happens during the rest of the week.

I spent the following week searching for a crew, sailing and getting to know the locals. Sailors Doug Reed, Steve Teal and Steve August were instrumental in my search for a crew, and in understanding the lake and its habits.

By Thursday, August 7, I'd found a crew: local logger and resident party animal, Larry Rasmusson. I knew from the beginning we'd have a good time, regardless of how we placed and I wasn't disappointed.

Up to this point, Larry and I had yet to be on the boat together, so the warm-up race gave us the opportunity to practice. Once on the water, I put Babe up on the edge and checked Larry. His eyes didn't bulge out of his head and his knuckles weren't white. He actually seemed anxious to get on the wire! He was agile and had a good feel for boat balance. As we practiced some tacks and gybes, I noticed the race started without us, so we sailed over and slipped into the back of the pack, heading for A mark. We finished the fivemark race course mid-pack and called it a day. Friday night brought out the party animals, and the mist brought out the slugs. By four in the morning they were sharing common ground, grovelling over the same piece of moss.

August 9 — Lake Quinault — Northwest Championships

Bob Brown, director of advertising for Hobie Cat opened the skippers meeting with a brief welcome and introductions, then turned it over to Paul Ulibarri. Paul, in his customary kick-back style, pointed out the marks and fielded questions in a matter-of-fact way. With business wrapped up, the first start was set for 11:15 A.M.

Larry and I were ready for this start. We hit the line in the pole position, with only four boats in front of us running the line. We stood on starboard as long as possible before tacking to port. Steve August's advice rang in my head, "Take the starboard knock as long as possible, then ride the lift all the way to A." Just as predicted, we found an incredible lift coming down the middle of the lake which carried us steadily toward A mark. We rounded A in about fifth place, only losing one place throughout the race. In the second race, however, we started poorly with a foul on the start. After doing our 360, we found ourselves in last place and never recovered

After a brief beach break, the third race started with a general recall. Our next start was better and we pulled off a ninth-place finish. In the fourth and final race of the day, we placed 14th out of the 20 boats racing in A fleet.

On hitting the shore, the mood switched to party mode. The Rain Forest Resort provided a tasty roast beef dinner for the 120 participants. After dinner the lounge was rocking with bodies bumping to the beat of loud music, with dancing in the aisles until the wee hours. As the night progressed, the dew became mist and campfires became beacons of warmth for those wayward sailors tacking their way to cold sleeping bags.

Sunday arrived too early. It seemed like eons before the brain acknowledged the existence of anything but the fuzz surrounding sleep and my tongue. I didn't recall eating moss, but my mouth felt slimed.

After breakfast and coffee, the body moved toward the "normal" setting. The skippers meeting was brief. We got the boat ready with little talk. It seemed like we couldn't get things in one sack, our heads were still in shock from the night before.

Rhythm on the boat was slow and reactionary. Consequently, our start was sloppy with poor timing, which continued through the first race Sunday morning. It felt like a poor race, and the 16th place finish confirmed it. I had a feeling the next race would be the last race of the regatta. We had to do better!

We talked about the start, and how we were going to be ready for this one.
Wrooong! We were buried mid-pack, eating garbage air, footing off to get enough boat speed to cross the line. As soon as we cleared the start, we immediately tacked to port to get clean air. I could tell that helped, as we started lifting toward A mark while the rest stood on starboard. We were second to A mark and it felt good!

By the time we rounded C, I could see the lead boats tack to starboard and reach for the finish. By this time we were in heavy chop below the finish line with little speed. I decided to tack and pinch the committee boat. It was too tight! I couldn't make the finish line and have any speed, so I fell off to build boat speed. With no lift to help us, the four lead boats passed in front of us as we tacked back to starboard for our finish. The committee boat gave us a cheer as I pulled Babe up on one hull for the finish. What a thrill! Fifth place felt like first.

Camps and boats were broken down and packed up prior to the awards ceremony. After the awards presentation, everyone milled about saying goodbye to old friends, and new friends that seemed like old friends. Before long the campground that just a few hours prior was teeming with people and activity, was now virtually empty and quiet.

There seems to be a decompression period that starts when I climb into the bananamobile with boat in tow, punching out of Hobie Time, heading back to the normalcy of everyday life. I call it the "Post-Regatta Decompression Blues." Thoughts turn to overgrown lawns, summer home repairs, loose ends from work, dirty laundry and dishes, all awaiting my return. I could feel myself starting to decompress. The intensity level that was building all week peaked at the end of the last race and it all ended so abruptly. As the last holdouts pulled away from the lake, I took Babe for a sail and soothed the silent

empty void left by too much fun. The gentle evening breeze mingled with bass notes echoing in the trees as twilight gave way to the night.

August 23-24 - Ocean Shores

The next points regatta was scheduled for August 23 and 24 at Ocean Shores, Washington. Longtime friend, photographer, and fellow Hobie sailor Wayne Rudolph agreed to crew for me at the Ocean Shores and Harrison Hot Springs, B.C. regattas. Wayne is another Washington transplant presently residing in Aurora, Colorado.

I met Wayne at Sea-Tac airport late
Thursday night, August 21. As people
streamed from the plane's umbilical tube, I
caught sight of Wayne's six-foot anorexic
frame, a head above most in the crowd. He
was wearing a set of headphones, and I
could tell by his eyes he was ready for
action.

By Friday afternoon we had gathered what supplies we needed and proceeded West to the ocean. The warm, sunny weather was holding with reports of fog along the coast. Large alder and fir trees draped the road in shade. The smell of the ocean kindled excitement and fond memories as we neared Ocean Shores. The fog bank, which extended 15 miles inland, enveloped the regatta site in a thick, cold mist. Early arrivals Stan and Lorraine Carter greeted us warmly. They told us horror tales of fog all week with clearing forecasted by the weekend.

As predicted, the fog began to break up late Saturday morning and we could see that Gray's Harbor is a bay with a channel bordered by Ocean Shores to the north and Westport to the south. At the skippers meeting we learned the first two races would be held near the mouth of the channel. Due to the strong current and light winds, the remaining four races of the series were to be held in the bay.

Coming from Idaho, I wasn't accustomed to sailing in a tide current. Consequently I got a lot of practice rerounding marks. Going to A mark in the first race, I trailed the leader John Corrie by 8-10 boat lengths. The lead was enough to allow him to overstand the mark and tack from port onto the starboard layline in front of the herd that I found waiting to nail me as I reached A. I could tell I needed to overstand the mark considerably to compensate for the swift current. By this time the herd was bearing down on me screaming "Starboard!" It was a do or die situation, so I tacked only to be sucked into the mark. I could have died as I watched 11



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places slip by. By the end of the third race Saturday, we had placed 13th, 6th, and 3rd. Unfortunately, A mark had drifted during the third race, so the race committee eliminated that one from the results.

Sunday, I had a hard time getting it together. I left the beach without my life jacket. Hastily, we returned to the beach, picked it up and got back out before the first start. During the race, I managed to ram a few more marks, much to Wayne's dismay. I even lost my favorite hat gybing around B mark during the last race. I had about three seconds of indecision. Wayne knew what I was thinking as I stared at my hat drifting toward the two boats hot on our stern. He was on the verge of panic, when I completed the gybe heading for C mark and the finish. Wear it well Neptune.

It didn't take long to break down the boat. At the awards presentation, winners gracefully accepted their duly-earned trophies. I felt good about my progress. Despite our mistakes, we still placed 10th out of 20 boats. At Yale we placed 14th, Quinault 12th, and now 10th. It just seemed the logical sequence that Harrison should bring me a single digit finish. That was my goal. After the regatta, Wayne and I separated for four days. Wayne visited his family in Centralia, and I opted to decompress at Lake Quinault and get in some sailing.

Monday started nice enough, the weather was beautiful, and the pace was a little slower than a slug in heat. In the process of setting Babe up, a car ran into the end of the extended mast. The impact knocked Babe off the trailer and turned my new mast into a V. I know a certain amount of mast bend is beneficial, but this was ridiculous! The next two days were spent in search of a replacement mast. Thanks to the efforts of Paul Ulibarri and Hobie Cat Northwest, I was able to locate a new mast by Wednesday.

Thursday I reunited with Wayne. After explaining the bent mast and cleaning the boat, we drove to Seattle and picked up the new mast. Paul met us at Hobie Cat Northwest and invited us to the Ulibarri house for an evening of excellent food and conversation.

August 30 - Harrison Hot Springs

We got an early start Friday morning, and arrived at Harrison Hot Springs, British Columbia late in the afternoon. The expansive lake stretched for miles traversing the valley which forms its shores. Tall fir and cedar trees forested the surrounding mountains dwarfing the town and all within it. About three miles up the lake, two forested islands blocked further view of the

lake. Increasing clouds and cooler temperatures signaled the advent of fall. A depressing thought unless you are into skiing, live in Florida or are a penguin.

We were allowed to park our Hobie house beside the boat ramp in a log staging area. By nightfall thirty boats had arrived and more trickled in throughout the night. That evening we experienced the first rain since I had left Idaho.

Saturday morning brought a light misty rain and shrouded the mountain tops in clouds. Registration and the skippers meeting progressed without a hitch. Rick Chadwick introduced the mayor of Harrison and local Hobie enthusiast, and the welcoming committee, Doris. The first race was slated for 12:30 P.M. by which time the skies had cleared and the wind built to 10-15 mph.

The race committee called three fastpaced, five-mark courses Saturday. The competition was stiff and unrelenting. By the end of the third race we were tired, but pleased with our 14th, 5th, and 9th place finishes. There was a good turnout of 60 boats, 22 of which were racing in 16A.

On the beach, we dropped the sails and got ready for dinner. As we approached the cooking area, the wonderful smells tightened my stomach an extra notch. The menu included a delicious spread of barbecued salmon, baked potatoes, corn-onthe-cob and tossed salad. After dinner the race committee introduced a different twist by presenting themselves, and those who provided support for the event, all of the assorted giveaway items. As we walked back to the mobile condo, the cool evening breeze brought a chill. Stuffed and relaxed, we called it a day and retired early.

Sunday, August 31, we awoke to gray skies. Showers during the night dampened the ground and the gear we left outside. By the time the white flag flew, the clouds had broken up and the wind filled in. We had two races, then came in for lunch. As we sailed back onto the course, the wind was building white caps on the water, promising a cooker.

After the 18s started, the 16As began a nervous pacing between the line and their respective perch. With the increased wind and resulting speed, the pack hit the line early forcing a general recall. When it blows things happen fast! The boom snaps across the sails, the tiller is responsive with speed, and the boat trails a wake and spray from the rudders. We maneuvered into good position at the start as we stretched out in a long, starboard tack. As we made our way to A mark, two boats blew over.



Guy Mo

The course was a screamer, ACABC. We gybed around A and headed for C mark. As we approached C, two boats in front of us were neck-and-neck rounding C about 50 feet away. As the second boat rounded C, I could tell the skipper was tangled in his mainsheet line, sheeting in and trying to get unravelled at the same time. Wind filled the floundering skipper's sails and he went over, unable to break his sheets in time. I fell off, taking C mark wide allowing room at the mark with enough distance and speed to skirt the flipped boat's mast and sail

On gybing around C, the quick pin holding the blocks to the main traveler broke loose allowing the boom to fly. Fortunately, I had a tie string on the quick pin, and the closest boat was 50 yards behind. Wayne realized what happened, quickly broke the jib loose, and took the tiller, heading us up as I grabbed the blocks to make the connection. The episode took less than 60 seconds to correct. Thanks to Wayne's quick reaction, we didn't lose a place and finished ninth. Overall we placed a respectable 10th. I felt pleased with my improving consistency over the past four regattas.

We left the following day for a quiet leisurely drive back to Seattle and Wayne's departure. As we drove, I could feel it was time to wind down the adventure. Fall was now in the air, the temperature was cooling and colors were showing in the trees. It was time to go home. As I journeyed back to Idaho, images of this adventure filled my thoughts. Caring people, breathtaking scenery and the magic of living in Hobie Time. With renewed excitement, I envision next year. Thoughts and ideas take form to create tomorrow's reality. The adventure continues.

Burnin' Daylight



By Dick Bount
Photography by Guy Motil

Ola!

What takes six Hobie Cats, two Holder sailboats, nine Alpha sailboards, 35 colored sails, two glass bottom kayaks, one Boston Whaler, three four-wheel drive Volkswagen Vanagons and a four by four pickup, 84 swimsuits, a couple islands, 20 warm bodies, blue-green water, and six tons of patience? A Hobie Cat new product and swimsuit photo session in and around the tropical southern waters of La Paz, Mexico. The idea is really simple. Just throw a few boats together, get a camera,

drive to Mexico and, presto, action photos. Should take a couple of hours, then back for lunch right?

Wrong. Try committee meetings, budgets, site locations, color selections, volunteer participants, tourism bureau meetings, travel arrangements, and logistics. I won't bore you with the gruesome details. Instead, relax, enjoy the some of the finest Hobie photos you'll see anywhere and let me tell you a story.

Nine adults, one child and one puppy answered the call for the commute to La Paz, a small resort area about 1000 miles south of San Diego. When we left Southern California we looked like Mad Max in "The Road Warrior." We had four rigs and four trailers all stuffed to the gills. We were quite a sight passing through Mexican customs. We stopped at the check point, the officer looked at us, the equipment and all the rigs lined up behind us. He asked our destination. He looked at our entourage again. Then us. Then he burst out in laughter muttered "La Paz, yes you may pass," and continued to laugh. Great encouragement.

Our trip was less than an hour old and we had "only" forgotten our spare gas cans, a must on long trips through Baja. No problem, we said unhook a boat and go get 'em. We'd meet up later. The only game plan was to get to San Ignacio before dark. That's 600 miles south. The countryside varied from crowded cities to farms to

shanties. It was always beautiful but forever changing. The only constant was the little paved road that seemed endless.

San Ignacio is, literally, an oasis in the desert—simply marvelous palm trees, lagoons and everything but shieks and camels. As we dined on fresh abolone that first night our only problems were a trailer tire blowout and a dog with gastric difficulties. We fixed the tire; and as luck would have it the dog stayed in the rig I rode in.

At first light the Road Warriors were off. There were three interesting things that happened. The first was the spectacular sunrise we witnessed with the vastly changing foothills and cactus as a backdrop and little pink and purple flowers lining our little brick road. We even had patches of ground fog for effect. The second was when the Boston Whaler passed the truck pulling it. Mind you, it could have chosen the twisting, turning hills of the last 50 miles with sharp turns and 300 foot drop offs. I have a hunch it didn't go to drivers ed classes because this Whaler slipstreamed, then shot past the truck pulling it, paying no attention to oncoming traffic. The two strangest looks were on the operators of that truck as they saw their expensive cargo pass them by. This was the only time in my life I was glad a trailer didn't have a rolling wheel mounted on the front. It's the only reason why the darn thing stopped dead in the middle of the highway.

After 22 hours of hard driving, the most wonderful thing to happen to us was running out of gas in front of the best fish taco stand in all of La Paz; six tacos for a dollar.

We had arrived. Finally, we were safe, sound and full as we tucked into our complimentary hotel accomodations provided by the Gran Baja, the finest hotel in La Paz.

The first day's goals were simple: look for possible picture sights and get some boats afloat to shoot "ASAP," or, as we have since learned "You're Burnin' Daylight!" It took three different tries to get the boats on the beach in the "right spot." All three spots were okay by us and were within 100 yards of each other. First, wrong side of the pier according to one guy. Second, right side of pier but too close, another guy. Last, the end of the beach away from the pier, third guy. It took awhile but we had two 17s and a handful of sailboarders rigged and floating. There was even a rumor that there was film in the camera. I might add that the rest of our delegation had now arrived compliments of Mexicana Airlines. The purists among us weren't real thrilled that the "sissys" had arrived and crashed our party. but after we saw how pretty they were, those thoughts quickly vanished.

The rest of the afternoon was spent making great reaches on 17s from one side of the harbor to the other, while weaving in and out of the moored yachts, with a beautiful girl at my side. To my way of thinking that was truly the Hobie way of life!

The next day we were presented with a 65-foot, diesel-powered yacht called the Santa Cruz compliments of the La Paz tourist bureau. We soon found out who among us had sea legs and who didn't as the craft rolled from side to side. Myself and a New Zealander turned Canadian

were fortunate to sail the only boats going this day, two 17s. We had a tremendous tacking and covering duel that put KZ-7 and *Stars and Stripes* to shame. There is no truth to the rumor that I sabotaged the rudder pin on his boat to knock her out of contention; he simply couldn't hold his boat together the last five miles. Besides, he picked it. An hour later, we landed on a lovely beach.

The beach camp had beautiful, aquablue water, sharp cliffs and pristine white sandy beaches for 300 yards. Someone viewing this would have to wonder just what the hell we were doing. Girls were changing swimsuits every ten minutes. First they were on the beach, then six of 'em were in a row, then one by one they were asked to walk in and around the water, then get wet, all while Hobie Cats and sailboards provided a backdrop and a photographer shot pictures like there was no tomorrow. This scene was repeated all day long. We left the 17s on the beach and headed home via the Santa Cruz, all the while wondering how we looked, if our hair was okay, if we were squinting, if we looked stupid, but, above all, did we make the

Then we went camping for a few days. We were supposedly shipping out at 4:00 A.M. and going to a better spot than the day before. This meant we were to bring all the boat gear and anything else we might need for the next two days. The wake-up calls came quick and it was a mad dash to get everything to the docks; blankets, clothes, sails, sailboards, food and drink. Just one problem: our ship wasn't any-







where to be seen.

As the morning hours slipped away, we were burnin' daylight bigtime, and had a mountain of gear on a dock with no boat. The local dock master was a big help and, of all things, an Ivy League foreign exchange student who cared zero for us and lots for his beloved dock. He wanted us off. Does he know what fat chance means? We stayed until 10:00 A.M. when our boat finally showed. So long preppy.

A few helpful rules of the sea are: never,

never tow four Hobie Cats with a shore boat that could run out of gas, which it did; try and straight pull four boats with a three mph side current, which we had; drift into the anchor lines and wrap around the biggest boat in the harbor — a 120 footer with the owner aboard — which we did. The Boston Whaler would have been a real asset to assist in our rescue had we been able to find the key to it. This particular rescue came in the form of our two-man, one-paddle kayak and a one-third horse

power inflatable Avon. For some reason I don't think they will miss us at this marina.

It took all day but we found our new cove far superior to the last one: White, green and blue flat water, visability to the bottom, salt and pepper colored sand, large cacti, ranging hills and plenty of wind. As the sun was setting, a few of us got the call. "Get those sails up! Lets shoot some pictures. We're burnin' daylight."

One of our techniques for action photography was quite unique and relies on precise teamwork and a death wish. Imagine driving a Hobie 18 Magnum in 15-20 knots on a brand new slippery wing on the wire, no footstraps, pushing as hard as you can. Then add another 18 Magnum just to windward doing the same crazy thing. If the two boats aren't touching, you're too far apart. The windward boat holds position but does not drive over the leeward boat. stealing her air. While this is taking place a Boston Whaler is literally in between your hulls or the other 18's hulls. Spray from your boat is flying everywhere; water from the other cat is filling in any dry spots. It looks like a fire boat with water hoses turned wild. Each skipper is trying to hold position, not flip, simply max out. The Whaler's job is to get the photographer in as tight as he can while he shoots from the bow using his toe nails as his only grip and holding hundreds of dollars in camera equipment. The Whaler is squished in between one pair of hulls and the other boat acts like a backdrop. Just when you realize you're completely out of control, the photographer yells, "Come on a little more speed! More action!" They want block to block in this wind? No problem. So you flex and sheet in inch by inch. Crashing the boat is imminent, no mystery there. "More speed, you're dogging it." Your heart has since abandoned ship; your model crew's tan is now ghost white; every pound you have is trying to hold the boat down, and you wonder just what your epitaph will say. Then the cry we fear most: "We're out of film." It wasn't uncommon for miscalculation and sudden wind shifts on the Hobie's part. Or for the power boat to get "a bit too close" or simply drive up and over the 18 or to come in so fast as to force the sailboat to pitchpole. You really can't appreciate the word thrill until you pitchpole because a motor boat rear-ended you.

We were quite the campers that night on the yacht. Bunks were very limited and it was serve yourself. One technique was the six bodies in a row on the fantail, wrapped in blankets and tarps. Still others braved the ship's rooftop with colder open skies but with an unobstructed view of the galaxy. My personal technique was a bed made of ten life jackets, a few sheets, blankets, an Alpha 5.0 sail as a pillow, an 18 prisim jib as a bedspread, a view of the Big Dipper and the warmest body I could find. None of this Hilton stuff for us.





The sailboarder's job was just as tough as ours. One session called for them to sail in a lagoon. The backdrop was a small village at the high-tide line. The trick was the tide which caused a sinking depth of less than two feet over sharp rock and coral. Try maxing out, feet in the straps, body inches from the water surface in groups of three and four and hearing "Quit sandbagging; let's see some action!"

Our last dinner party on the island was one we will "never" forget. You see, we hadn't planned on spending another night, but since it took us so long to get there, we couldn't afford to leave. That meant a run back to town aboard the much faster Whaler for two unlucky volunteers who braved six-foot swells to get more supplies. Fresh water was getting low and we had no lavitory facilities for this gala. It was quite dark and our only working flashlight had to be shared by 18 people and especially the guys trying to repair the other lantern. Our entree was hot chicken noodle soup served by the plastic cup until supplies ran out. The main course was a rather hard, chewy, dark subsance of unknown origin. It was rumored to be meat. It was a good thing we didn't have any utencils because no knife I've ever seen could get through it. I'm certain it was the remains of the broken daggerboard off the 17 which had washed up on shore only hours ago after having been sheared off by a reef. To go along with our main course, we had what I'd call H/C ravioles. Hot on the outside and cold on the inside. Once you fished them out of the cup with your hands they were okay. The bad part was we didn't have napkins either, so shirts and sleeves seemed to fill

the void. For dessert, we were treated to small round objects. From what we could see and taste they were stones that had been sugar coated. A great example of the harmony this rare group felt toward one another was when the last lolipop was offered to be split 18 ways. Instead we drew rocks, winner take all. A cold beer to wash this all down would have been perfect. Unfortunately, our beer and soda supply ran out many hours before. Goodnight.

The next morning, the Whaler and the two volunteers safely returned and we were all looking forward to a great breakfast after our wonderful repast of the night before. We nearly had *bolillos* and eggs, but the *bolillos* got soaked with gas and the eggs broke on the torturous return trip in the Whaler. Oh well, we were burnin' daylight anyway. So, off we went to a nearby cove, shot half the day away then broke camp and headed back to the Gran Baja.

Our last excursion was to be a road trip with all the boats and 20 people in rigs that only days before had room for 10. Destination: Los Barriles and the nearby Rancho Buena Vista Hotel. Now this was quite the place. Plenty of open beach, strong wind and the welcoming arms of the generous owners of the Rancho Buena Vista Hotel who provided for our unexpected overnight stay, and gave us an offer we couldn't refuse: three meals a day that came with our bargain rates. Twist my arm! Food? It was an unknown commodity to us by that time. As we unpacked and assembled our boats I couldn't help noticing a couple of kids hanging around. They asked all kinds

of questions. They wanted to know all about the Hobies. One of the highlights of my trip was taking those kids sailing for the first time. In fact, they proved to be quite capable on or off the wire and we had a terrific time. I do feel sorry for their father though. All the way home that poor man would have to listen to two very special children asking when they could own their own Hobie. Once you're hooked, you're hooked

We spent our last sailing day pushing the boats, sailboards and our bodies to the limits. We were a game bunch. Everybody had dings and bruises, but when the cameras were on, we shined. That's what counted.

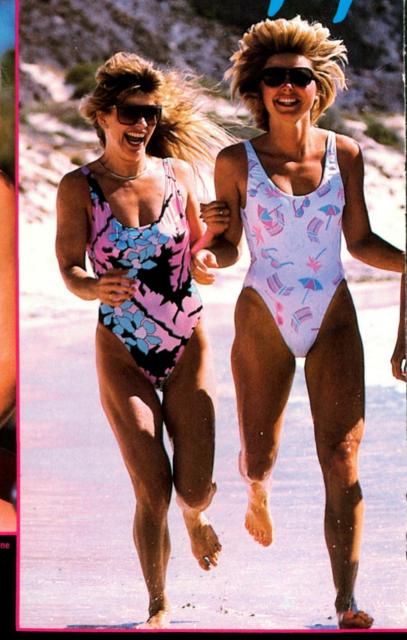
That night it was back to the Gran Baja in La Paz, and for some it was party time since a carnival was in full swing. At last, on our final night, Fearless Leader released our bonds and we lived it up.

Our saga is over now. For some it meant falling in love in a tropical paradise with the world three feet below them. For others it was a break from the real world: jobs, bills, and responsibilities. For the coordinator and assistant, it was a lot of hard work, planning and, finally, relief that it was all over. For all it was a time we won't forget with friendships made and adventure shared. I tip my hat to my fellow traveling companions. Through thick and thin they hung tough together. Through a lot of very hard work, they made possible a great Hobie photo session.

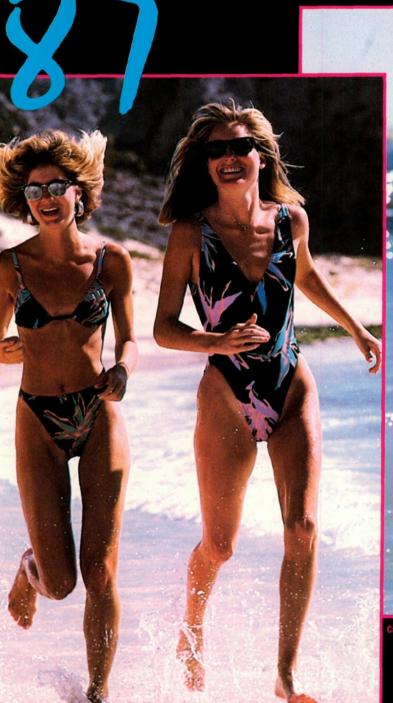
'Til next time I'm off to find more green water, burn a little daylight and to see if I can go over the edge just one more time. Got some film?

Active



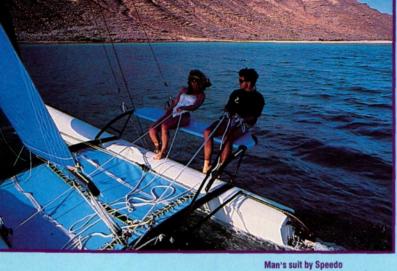


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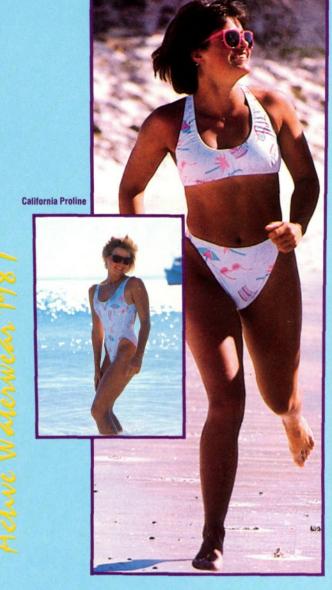
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Man's suit by Speedo Woman's suit by California Proline



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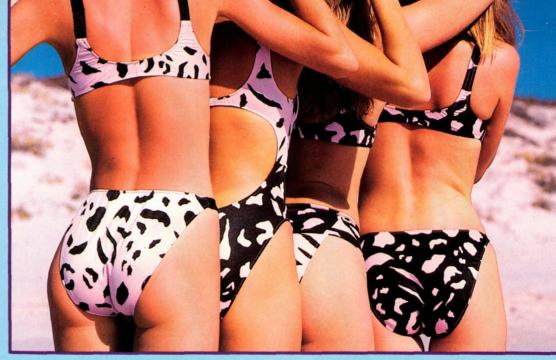




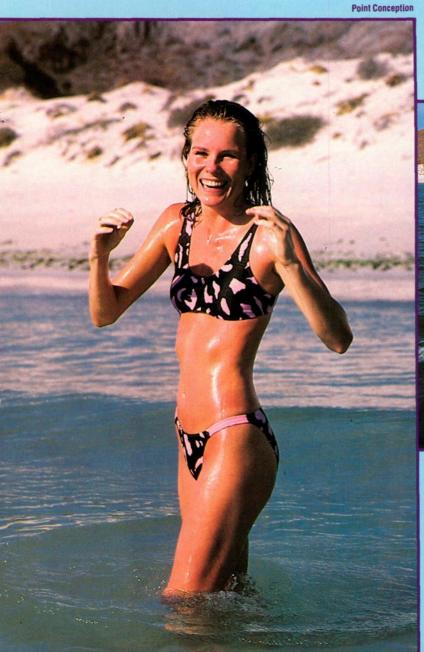
Man's suit by Hobie Apparel Woman's suit by California Proline Hats by Sand Mfg.



Point Conception



Point Conception



Man's suit by Hobie Apparel Woman's suit by Point Conception

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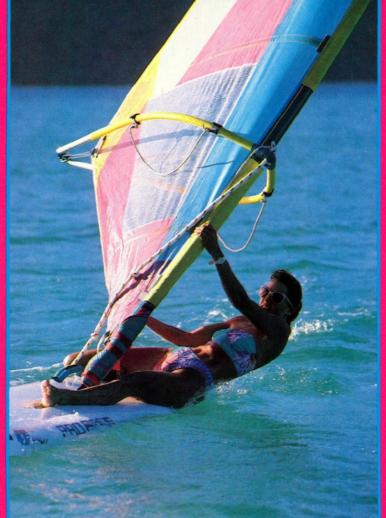




Man's suit by Hobie Apparel Woman's suit by Expozay



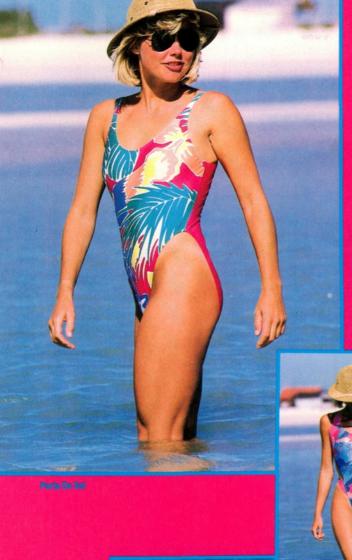
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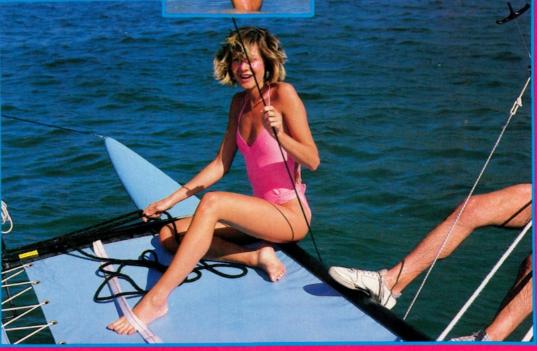
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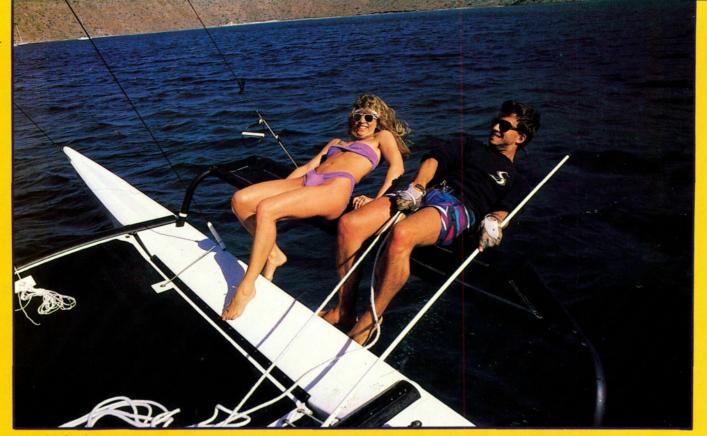




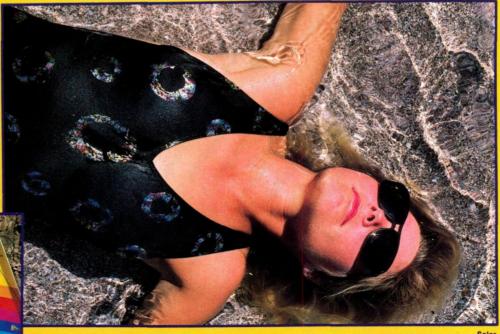




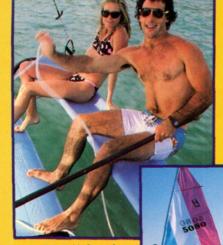
Sunscreen by Zinka



Man's suit by Speedo Woman's suit by De La Mar



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Man's suit by Hobie Apparel Woman's suit by Arena

Man's suit by Hobie Apparel Woman's suit by Point Conception

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Speedo America P.O. Box 4104 5100 S.E. Hurnex Road Portland, OR 97208 503-775-0111

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Hats:

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Sandals:

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Sun Products:

Aloe Up P.O. Box 2913 Harlingen, TX 78551 512-428-8416

Iced Bronze 2005 W. Balboa, Suite 123 Newport Beach, CA 92663 714-499-1647 Latitude 20 Suntan Products, Inc. 901 South Catalina Avenue Redondo Beach, CA 90277 714-793-6102

Womens suits: left Kerrits, right California Proline

Nuba Kanuba 69 Lee Ave. Haledon, N.J. 07508 201-942-4345

Zinka 15000 S. Avalon Blvd., Unit F Gardena, CA 90248 213-515-2252

Airline:

Mexicana Airlines 9841 Airport Blvd., Suite 314 Los Angeles, CA 90045 800-531-7921

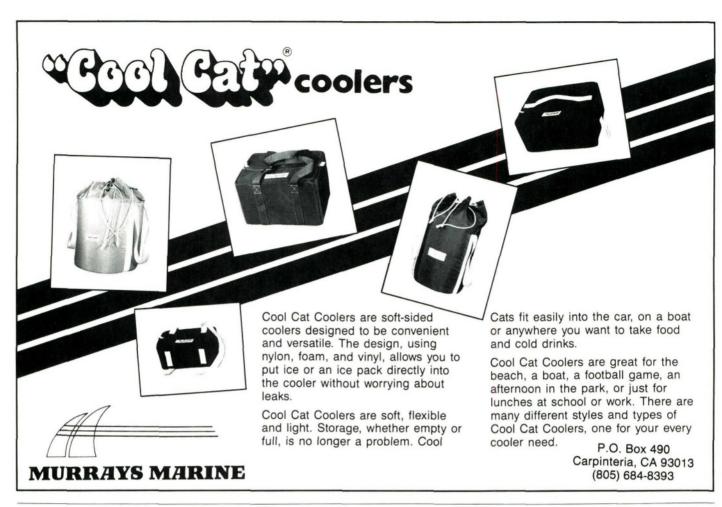
Hotel:

Gran Hotel Baja California Sur Calle Rangel s/n La Paz, Baja California Sur MEXICO 1-800-2RAMADA

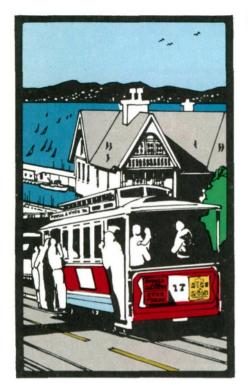
Travel:

Padre Travel Services 1721 Oceanside, Blvd. Oceanside, California 92054 619-439-2151

The HOTLINE extends thanks to the city and people of La Paz and to the La Paz Tourist Bureau.







DATELINE:



1987 HOBIE 16 WOMENS NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS—SEPTEMBER 8-11, 1987

1987 HOBIE 16 U.S. OPEN NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS—SEPTEMBER 13-19, 1987

The site is on the Bay just south of San Francisco Airport off of the famed "COYOTE POINT." The venue is renowned for four outstanding traits, which make it ideal for the premier sailing event: great winds, relatively flat water, the clearest weather in the San Francisco area and its fantastic views & food.

Womens Championship
The Womens 16 Nationals will be held September 8-11. The first day (September 8th) registration and qualifying; (if qualifying not necessary) then...practice races/fun day!!!!! Remaining three days; triangles and distance.

U.S. Open Championship

The 1987 Hobie 16 U.S. National Championship will be run in a typical Hobie fashion. September 13 & 14 (qualifying), 15, 16, & 17 (championship) and 18 & 19 (finals). The winds should be great so be ready to sheet in and max out. See you on the water.

Registration

Both events are on factory supplied race ready Hobie 16's. Both events will be sailed in round robin fashion. All skippers, whether prequalified or not, must have their race registration postmarked by August 17th.

Entry Fees

Womens: \$100.00 before August

17th, or \$125.00 thereafter Open: \$125.00 before August 17th, or \$150.00 thereafter

Accommodations

For those of you who requested a great hotel, we found it! The Embassy Suites Hotel. This remarkable hotel has great facilities, food, and its only five (5) minutes away from the race site, Coyote Point. Embassy Suites Hotel room rates are \$89.00 per nite single or double occupancy. This includes daily a complete breakfast (not continental) and two hours of cocktails at hotel bar nitely, at this new luxury hotel. Listed below is a form with group rates for all our Hobie Catters.

RACE REGISTRATION FORM

(This form must be postmarked by August 17th, 1987)

Address ___ I am pregualified from Div. ___

☐ Womens Nationals, \$100.00

Telephone _

☐ Open/U.S. Nationals, \$125.00

I wish to qualify from Div. _____

Send to: HOBIE CLASS ASSOCIATION Hobie 16 National Championships P.O. Box 1008

Oceanside, CA 92054

EMBASSY	SUITES	HOTEL
REGISTR	ATION F	ORM

Arrival Date___ Departure Date____ Children_ No. of Adults_ Send to: EMBASSY SUITES HOTEL 150 Anza Blvd. Burlingame, CA 94012

Phone: 415/342-4600 or 1-800-EMBASSY

Hobie/Alpha Sailors

You can count on finding copies of the latest HOTLINE at the Hobie dealers listed below.



Hobie/Alpha Dealers

Make sure you have plenty of HOTLINES on hand. The most informative catamaran/ sailboard publication available.

(DEALERS)

ALABAMA

University Sailing Center

ARKANSAS

Arkansas Sports Supplies Little Rock

ARIZONA

Arizona Sailing Center Phoenix

Hi Tech Catamarans

Ship's Store Tucson

AUSTRALIA

Coast Catamaran Australia Erina

CALIFORNIA

Sailboats of Bakersfield Bakersfield

Murray's Marine

Hobie Sports Dana Point

Sailing Center

Clauss Enterprises

Accessories for Sall

Sun Salls

Modesto

Windy Salls Mission Hills

Monronica Santa Barbara

Action Sailing Center Newport Beach

Hobie Oceanside

Inland Salling Co.

Hobie Sports Center

Wind and Sea Sports

San Diego The Windline

San Jose Action Sports Warehouse

O'Neills Yacht Center

Santa Cruz

S Lake Tahou

atersports Limited

CANADA

Sunburst Sailcraft Edmonton, Alberta

Windsurfing Alberta

Calgary, Alberta

Northern Sall Works Winnipeg, Manitol

uthwest Salls Chatham, Ontario

Jack Baker Marine Mississagua, Ontario

Catamarine Toronto, East Ontario

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COLORADO

Rocky Mountain Marine Denver

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CONNECTICUT

Candlewood East Sailing Center

Brookfield

New England Salls

The Boat Locker

DELAWARE

Fairweather Marine Center Bear

FLORIDA

Cycle Marine

Bradentor **Playground Salls**

Ft. Walton Beach

Key Sailing
Gulf Breeze/Pennsacola

Sallboats, Inc.

Jacksonville Ocean Connection II

Jensen Reach Sallboards Miami, Inc.

Key Biscayne

Tropical Sallboats

Action Sail and Sports Center

Salling Store

Sandpiper Marine

G and R Sallboats

The Cycle Shop Tallahassee

Tampa Salicraft

FRANCE

Coast Catamaran France

GEORGIA

Augusta Boat Center, Inc. Martinez

Salling, Inc.

Smyrna

Dunbar Salls St. Simons Island

HAWAII

Froome's Sailing Center Kailua

ILLINOIS

Thede Marine Downers Grove

Sall Loft Fox Lake

Adventure Sports Rockford

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Doyne's Marine Service

Portage Sallboats, Inc. Indiana

KANSAS

C & H Sallcraft Chanute

Heritage Yachting

American Inland Yachts

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Swift Sailing Harwichport

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The Weathermark

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Wurster Sallboards

Cassopolis

Sall Place Cedar Springs

Empire Marine

Summit Haus of Michigan

Jackson Sallboats, Inc. Mt. Clemens

T. J. Sales

Bloomfield Beach and Boat

Upper Penisula Sallboats

Rapid City **Hobie Sports Center**

Richland Sall North

MINNESOTA Seven Seas Yachts, Inc. Bloomington

HI Tempo White Bear Lake

MISSISSIPPI

Seashore Salls

MISSOURI

Sailing the Wind Springfield

NEBRASKA Action Sports N' Sail

Omaha

NEVADA Unicorn Enterprises

Las Vegas

NEW HAMPSHIRE Arey's Marina

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NEW JERSEY

Cranford Boat and Canoe Cranford

South Shore Marina

Hockenjos Boat Company

NEW MEXICO

Apache Marine Albuquerque

NEW YORK

Northway Marine Clifton Park

Bellpat Marine East Patchoque

The Boat Store New York Massapequa

Sailing Center of New York

NEW ZEALAND

Performance Sallcraft Takapurna

NORTH CAROLINA

Skyland Sallcraft Arden

Marsh's Surf-N-Sea Atlantic Beach

Greenville Boots-For-Sall

Sallboats LTD Greensboro

Bayside Watersports, Inc. Nags Head

B W'S Surf Shop Ocracoke Island

Off the Beach Raleigh Ships Store North Carolina NORTH DAKOTA

Scheels Sporting Goods

Fargo Washburn Boat Shop

Washburn

ОНЮ Salling Spirt

Strictly Sall

Harbor North

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Windjammers West Portland

PENNSYLVANIA Plor West

Sport Chalet and Sall Center Allentow

Clews & Strawbridge

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Valeria Caribe Cat, Inc. Isle Verde

RHODE ISLAND

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WYOMING Mountain Sports Casper

HOTLINE Circulation Department, P.O. Box 1008, Oceanside, CA 92054 (619) 758-9100 x263

HOBIE RACING

May/June 1987

IN THIS SECTION:

Major Regattas Regatta Schedules Fleet News Regatta Results

WORLD HOBIE CLASS ASSOCIATION

The racing section of the Hobie Hotline consists of regatta news and results as reported by the fleets. If you would like to see your fleet recognized in this section, please submit typed, double-spaced articles and black and white glossy photos only. Return of photo contributions cannot be guaranteed, so please submit duplicate photos.



MAJOR EVENTS

MAJOR REGATTAS

May 23-24

June 1-6

June 12-20

June 13-14

July 22-25

July 27-August 1

August 29-September 4

September 8-11

September 13-19

September 23-30

Mid-Americas Championship

Lake Texoma, Texas

Hobie 17 U.S. National Championship

Daytona Beach, Florida

Hobie 18 World Championship

Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Atlantic Coast Championship

Ocean City, New Jersey

Canadian Hobie National Championships

Baddeck, Nova Scotia, Canada

Hobie 18 U.S. National Championship

Minneapolis/St. Paul, Minnesota

Hobie 14/Turbo National Championships

Elk Rapids, Michigan (BYOB)

Hobie Womens U.S. Championship

San Francisco, California

Hobie 16 U.S. National Championship

San Francisco, California

Hobie 14 World Championship

Mauritius

Anne Craine 817-464-3748

H.C.A.

619-758-9100

H.C.A.

619-758-9100

Lynn Pearson

609-390-8182

Paul Jamieson

902-564-9517

H.C.A. 619-758-9100

H.C.A.

619-758-9100

H.C.A.

619-758-9100

H.C.A.

619-758-9100

H.C.A.

619-758-9100

REGATTA SCHEDULE

Division 1

May 9	Michelob Tune-Up	Ron Schranz	
	Kailua, HI	808/261-3189	
May 23-25	Michelob Renatta	Ron Schranz	
,	Kailua, HI	808/261-3189	
June 13-14	Kahana Bay Campout	Ron Schranz	
	Kailua, HI	808/261-3189	
June 27	Froome's Tune-Up	Ron Schranz	
	Bellows, HI	808/261-3189	
July 4-5	KYC Class Boat Invitation	Ron Schranz	
	Bellows, HI	808/261-3189	
July 18-91	Froome's Sailing Company	Ron Schranz	
	Bellows, HI	808/261-3189	

Division 2

May 2-3	Foster's Lager Las Vegas Grand Prix	Steve Brand
	Boulder City (Lake Mead), NV	702/641-0074
May 7-10	Lake Havasu Regatta/WHCA	Liz Reed
	Lake Havasu City, AZ	619/758-9100
May 16-17	Castaic/Fleet#80	Glen Gira
	Lake Castaic, CA	818/349-3064
May 30-31	Hurricane Gulch/Fleet#3	Rich May
	San Pedro (Cabrillo Beach), CA	213/860-8434
June 13-14	Sauza Classic Regatta/Fleet#4	Mary Jo Dixon
	San Diego Bay, ČA	619/484-4814
June 27-28	Big Bear Hobie Cup	Larry Cooke
	Big Bear Lake, CA	714/866-2628
July 11-12	The Race Long Beach Grand Prix	George Martin
	Long Beach, CA	714/985-1561
July 19	Race Clinic/Fleet#3	Udo Winkler
	Long Beach, CA	714/867-2864
July 25-26	The Cachuma Challenge/Fleet#15 &Fleet#81	Bill ?
	Santa Barbara, CA	805/483-5321

Division 3

May 2	Rio Roundup/Fleet#194 (26 mile race) Brannan Island State Park, CA	Ron Kitowski 415/671-7442
May 9-10	Wet & Wild Points Regatta/Fleet#21 Oakdale (Woodward Reservoir), CA	Virice Sebean 209/576-7499
May 16	Tran Delta Regatta/Fleet#280 Stockton (Sandy Beach), CA	Mike Buckenham 209/478-2706
May 23-24	Silver State Invitational/Fleet#203 Reno (Washoe Lake State Park), NV	Lyn Schratz 702/329-4798
May 30	Valley Fever Regatta/Fleet#29 Lake Yosemite, CA	Ron Johnston 209/723-0766
June 6-7	1987 Otter Regatta/Fleet#222 Monterey, CA	John Moore 408/372-7897
June 20-21	Commodore's Open Regatta/Fleet#62 Huntington Lake, CA	Sailing Center 209/822-2666
June 21-22	Round Treasure Island Regatta/Fleet#87 Alameda (Crowo Beach), CA	Margaret 415/841-77z5
July 11-12	Wild Card Regattu/Division 3 TBA	Bill Carney 408/265-7z22
July 18-1 ²	Recreditooo. Race & Campo't Wench Creek, Union Valley Reservoir, CA	Put Porter 916/525-6191
July 25-26	Division 3 Champioosmips San Francisto Bay or TBA	Bill Carney 408/265-8322

Division 4

May 9-10	Sandpoint Regatta/Fleet#95 Seattle (lake Washington), WA	Paul Carter 206/285-1275
June 13-14	Rose Festival Regattd?Fleet#33 & 72 Vancouver Lake, WA	Keitm Fuller 503/244-27z2
June 20-21	Larry Simpsoo Memorid. Regatta/Fleet#193 Fernridge Lake, OR	Kathy Leach 503/942-4774
June 27-28	Jeritmo Beach Regattd?Fleet#214 Vancouver, B.C., Canada	Steve Jung 604/263-1347
July 4-5	Northwest Womens Championships/Fleet#95 Ocean Shores, WA	Paul Carter 206/285-1685
July 11-12	Bohemia Mining Days/Fleet#193 Dorena Lake, , OR	Kathy Leach 503/942-4774
July 18-19	Sudden Valley/Fleet#37 Bellingham, WA	Zop 206/733-3291
July 25-26	Yale Blowout/Fleet#72 Yale Lake. WA	Stan Breed 503/641-0560

Division 5

May 2-3	Elephant Butte Regatta/Fleet#48 Elephant Butte, NM	Berry Langford 505/256-7879
May 2-3	Series Race#1/Fleet#61 Cherry Creek Reservoir, CO	John Cox 800/525-2723
May 9-10	Pueblo Regatta Pueblo Reservoir, CO	John Cox 800/525-2723
May 16-17	Series Race#2/Fleet#61 Cherry Creek Reservoir, CO	John Cox 800/525-2723
May 23-25	Memorial Day Points Regatta/Fleet#48 Heron Lake, NM	Berry Langford 505/256-7879
May 30-31	Series Race#3/Fleet#61 Cherry Creek Reservoir, CO	John Cox 800/525-2723
June 6-7	Boyd Lake Regatta Boyd Lake, CO	John Cox 800/525-2723
June 6-7	Heron Lake Regatta/Fleet#48 Heron Lake, NM	Berry Langford 505/256-7879
June 27-28	Craig Fun Day/Fleet#61 Cherry Creek Reservoir, CO	John Cox 800/525-2723
June 28	Fun Day/Fleet#201 Lake Pueblo, CO	Anne S. Tully 303/564-7244
July 3-5	Bun Burner/Fleet#61 Lake McConaughy, NE	John Cox 800/525-2723
July 4-6	Fourth of July Fun Races/Fleet#48 Heron Lake, NM	Berry Langford 505/256-7879
July 18-19	New Mexico Picnic Get Together/Fleet#48 Albuquerque, NM	Berry Langford 505/256-7879
July 18-19	Lake Glendo Regatta Lake Glendo, WY	John Cox 800/525-2723
July 25-26	Lake Dillon Regatta Lake Dillon, CO	John Cox 800/525-2723

Division 6

May 2-3	1987 Gulf Coast Championships/Fleet#99 Corpus Christi, TX	Stan Rice 512/992-6375
May 5	Fleet Meeting/Fleet#9 Lake Charles, LA	Dick Stine 318/625-9151
May 10	Spring Scries/THE REEF/Fleet#528 Rutherford the Gulf or TEA	R.J. Myers 318/478-7310
May 16-17	Longneck Regatta/Divisional 87 ^t /Fleet#128 San Antonio {Cayon Lake}, TX	James Kruciak 512/532-7690
May 23-24	Mid-America's Championship/Fleet#23 Lake Texoma, TX	Anne Craine 817/464-3748
May 27	Fleet Meeting/Fleet#128 San Antonio, TX	James Kruciak 512/532-7690
May 31	Spring Series/THE REEF/Fleet#528 Rutherford the Gulf or TBA	R.J. Myers 318/478-7310
June 2	Fleet Meeting/Fleet#9 Lake Charles, LA	Dick Stine 318/625-9151
June 7	Fleet Sailing Activity/Fleet#9 Lake Charles, LA	Dick Stine 318/625-9151
June 13-14	Wayward Winds Regatta/Fleet#8 Gulf or Mexico to TBA	Catsie Tucker 713/797-4523
June 24	Fleet Meeting/Fleet#128 San Antonio, TX	James Kruciak 512/532-7690
June 27-28	Windjammer 87*/Fleet#102 South Padre Island, TX	Ron Whittington 512/541-2129
July 5	Summer I Race/Fleet#128 San Antonio, TX	Ray Seta 512/342-0765
July 7	Fleet Meeting/Fleet#9 Lake Charles, LA	Dick Stine 318/625-9151
July 11-12	Spindletop Charity Regatta/Fleet#232 Sea Rim Park, TX	Gaylord Strohn 409/745-2220
July 18	Fleet Sailing Activity/Fleet#9 Lake Charles, LA	Dick Stine 318/625-9151
July 25-26	11th Sand Dune Regatta/Fleet#99 Mustang Island (Port Aransas), TX	Stan Rice 512/992-6375
July 29	Fleet Meeting/Fleet#128 San Antonio, TX	James Kruciak 512/532-7690

REGATTA SCHEDULE

Division 7

May	3	Long Distance Regatta/Fleet#59 Stockdon Lake, MO	Duane Lewis 417/882-6843
May	16-17	Intrafleet#1/Fleet#149 (icebreaker on 5/16 Lake Perry, KS	() Ed Swotek 402/895-3498
May	24-25	Memorial Day Regatta/Fleet#59 Stockdon Lake, MO	Duane Lewis 417/882-6843
May	30-31	Ist Winds Regatta/Fleet#84 Des Moines, IA	Dan Jespersen 515/279-9239
May	30-31	Club Race #1/Fleet#297 Melvern Lake, KS	Charlie LeClair 316/342-8678
May	30-June 2	Ice Breaker/Fleet#198 Angostura, S.D.	Ron Whiteman 605/341-3646
June	6-7	Intrafleet#2/Fleet#149 Lake Perry, KS	Ed Swotek 402/895-3498
June	13-14	Ozark Mountain Cat Encounter/Fleet#59 Stockton Lake (Crab Tree Cove), MO	Duane Lewis 417/882-6843
June	20-21	Old Timer's Points Regatta/Fleet#291 Yankton (Lewis and Clark Lake), S.D.	Don Miller 605/665-8027
June	20-21	RF Invitational/Fleet#198 Angostura, S.D.	Ron Whiteman 605/341-3646
June	27-28	Manitoba Hobie Cat Regatta Manitoba (Clear Lake), Canada	Paul Gray 204/667-2563
June	27-28	1987 Mid-Eastern Championship Lake Pepin, MN	Ted Jagger 612/429-1950
June	27-28	Club Race#2/Fleet#297 Melvern Lake, KS	Charlie LeClair 316/342-8678
July	3-5	Battle of the Angostura Stars/Fleet#198 Angostura, S.D.	Ron Whiteman 605/341-3646
July	5	Hobie Cracker Regatta/Fleet#59 Springfield (Fellows Lake), MO	Duane Lewis 417/882-6843
July	11-12	Bent Mast Point Regatta/Fleet#192 Lincoln (Branched Oak Lake), NE	Dennis Wheeler 402/455-4681
July	11-12	Madism Point Regatta/Fleet#472 Madison (Marshall Park), WI	Sharon Carlson 608/222-6764
July	18-19	Casper's Last Stand/Fleet#156 Glendo, WY	Ron Whiteman 605/341-3646
July	18-19	Intrafleet#3/Fleet#149 Lake Perry, KS	Ed Swotek 402/895-3498
July	18-19	Club Race#3/Fleet#297 Melvern Lake, KS	Charlie LeClair 316/342-8678
July	24-26	North American Regatta/Fleet#532 Lake Sakakawea, N.D.	Steve Hoetzer 701/258-5926
July	25-26	10th Annual Madcatters Regatta/Fleet#297 Melvern Lake, KS	Charlie LeClair 316/342-8678

Division 8

May 5	5	Officers' Meeting/Fleet#36 Coconut Grove, FL	Andy Newitt 305/382-4027
May 5	5	Fleet Meeting/Fleet#45 Cocoa, FL	Sam Anderson 305/773-0291
May 9	-10	Anna Maria Island Regatta/Fleet#39 Anna Maria Island, FL	Mike Stahr 813/778-4167
May 1	0	Fun Day at Hobie Beach/Fleet#36 Key Biscayne, FL	Andy Newitt 305/382-4027
May 1	4	General Membership Meeting/Fleet#36 Location TBA	Andy Newitt 305/382-4027
May 1	7	Distance Race/Fleet#36 Key Biscayne (Hobie Beach), FL	Andy Newitt 305/382-4027
May 1	9	Board of Directors Meeting/Fleet#45 Cocoa, FL	Aridy Anderson 305/773-0291
May 2	3-24	Memorial Day Ocean Regatta/Fleet#45 Cape Canaveral, FL	Sam Anderson 305/773-0291
May 3	1	Triangle Points Race/Fleet#36 Key Biscayne (Hobie Beach), FL	Andy Newitt 305/382-4027
June 2	2	Fleet Meeting/Fleet#45 Cocoa, FL	Sam Anderson 305/773-0291
June !	5-7	Penrod's Hobie Regatta/Fleet#44 Ft. Lauderdale, FL	Scott Corson 305/983-4143
June 6 (NEW	6-7 DATE)	Florida World Open Clearwater Beach, FL	Dennis O'Hern 813/866-1737
June 1	14	Triangle Points Race/Fleet#36 Key Biscayne (Hobie Beach), FL	Andy Newitt 305/382-4027
June 1	16	Board of Directors Meeting/Fleet#45 Cocoa, FL	Sam Anderson 305/773-0291
June 2	20-21	3rd Annual Hobie Points Regatta/Fleet#111 Jacksonville Beach, FL	Holly Jeter 904/384-7310
June 2	21	Fun Day at Hobie Beach/Fleet#36 Key Biscayne (Hobie Beach), FL	Andy Newitt 305/382-4027

July 4	Independence Day Fun Day/Fleet#36 Key Biscayne (Hobie Beach), FL	Andy Newitt 305/382-4027
July 7	Officer's Meeting/Fleet#36 Key Biscayne, FL	Andy Newitt 305/382-4027
July 9	General Membership Meeting/Fleet#36 Location to TBA	Andy Newitt 305/382-4027
July 11-12	Fort Lauderdale Regatta/Fleet#44 Fort Lauderdale, FL	Scott Corson 305/983-4143
July 25-26	Windbreaker Points Regatta/Fleet#112 Sarasota (Lido deach), FL	Jarl Malwin

Division 9

May 2-3	N.C. State Championships/Fleet#97 Henderson (Kerr Lake), N.C.	David Hough 919/467-8263
May 9-10	Myrtle Beach Hobie Regatta/Fleet#174 Myrtle Beach, S.C.	More Info. 803/626-SAIL
May 23-24	10th Annual Points Regatta/Fleet#257 Washington, N.C.	Mac Davis 919/833-5113
May 30-31	Virginia Beach Points Regatta/Fleet#32 Virginia Beach, VA	John Frazee 804/427-3554
June 6-7	Pam Walker Memorial Regatta/Fleet#141 Lake Murray, S.C.	Pat O'Cain 803/957-6306
June 13-14	Virginia State Championships/Fleet#221 Hampton, VI	Doug Markel 804/323-7048
July 18-19	1987 Division 9 Championships/Fleet#191 Carolina Beach, N.C.	David Richbourg 919/668-0210

Division 10

May 2-3	May Day Regatta/Fleet#47 Wilmington (Cowan Lake), OH	George W. Feche 513/825-4684
May 9-10	Austin Lake Points Regatia/Fleet#519 Portage (Austin Lake), MI	Jerry Mohney 616/327-4565
May 16-17	Voodoo Wind Points Regatta/Fleet#58 Jackson (Clark Lake), MI	Terri Baker 517/782-1132
May 30-31	Dam Regatta VI/Fleet#300 Columbus (Hoover Dam), OH	David A. Hupp 614/476-5164
June 6-7	Indiana State Championships/Fleet#26 Indianapolis (Eagle Creek Res.), IN	Doug White 317/845-1901
June 7	8th Annual Crib'n In Cruise/Fleet#218 Ohio	Nancy Patton 216/521-5356
June 13-14	Longest Day Regatta/Fleet#89 Cassopolis (Diamond Lake), MI	Mike Griffee 219/232-3341
June 20-21	Clementines Saloon Regatta/Fleet#40 South Haven (S. Haven Lake), MI	Joe Kuchenbuch 616/965-4579
June 27-28	Lake Erie Championships/Fleet#68 Lorain (Lake Erie), OH	Tim King 216/244-4049
July 5	Commodore Cup/Fleet#218 Ohio	Nancy Patton 216/521-5356
July 11-12	Muddy Waters, Illinois State Championship Carlyle (Lake Carlyle), IL	Robert Balboa 314/521-5202
July 19	Drop It or Flop It/Fleet#218 Ohio	Nancy Patton 216/521-5356
July 25-26	North Coast Points Regatta/Fleet#218 Rocky River (Lake Erie), OH	Nancy Patton 216/521-5356

Division 11

May 9-10	Delaware State Championships	Jim Glanden
	Dewey Beach, DE	302/368-9514
May 16-17	Maryland State Championships	John Yates
	Gunpowder State Park, MD	301/335-9608
May 30-31	Barnegat Bay Points Regatta/Fleet#65	Keith LeBoeuf
	Shores Acres, N.J.	201/996-2207
June 13-14	Atlantic Coast Championships/Fleet#24	Doug Ruth
	Ocean City, N.J.	609/399-5853
June 20-21	Spray Beach Division 11 Championships	Hal Savage
	Spray Beech, on Long Beach Island, N.J.	201/743-0900
June 27-28	7th Cape May Classic/Fleet#416	Gail Maser
	Caep May, N.J.	215/489-3767
July 11	Women's Championships/Fleet#250	Mike O'Hara
	Atlantic Highlands, N.J.	201/541-4891
July 18-19	North Bay Regatta/Fleet#54	Margie Carvella
	Elk Neck State Park, (north east), MD	301/321-6581
July 31-Aug 1	Yacht Club of Pleasantville Points Regatta	Bill Hiller
	Pleasantville N I	CODICES COM

REGATTA SCHEDULE

Division 12

May 2-3	Learn to Sail	Steve Ruel
	Long Pond Freetown/Lakeville, MA	617/758-2075
May 16-17	The Folly Landing Points Regatta/Fleet#44	8 Brian Franco
	Goddard State Park, RI	401/273-5396
May 30-31	Nahant Beach Points Regatta/Fleet#28	Wayne Saunders
	Nahant, MA	617/745-1560
June 6-7	Division 12 Hobie Championships/Fleet#56	Pat McNeela
	Westport (Compo Beach), CT	203/227-0365
June 12-14	Hampton Beach Division 12 Championships	Mac McCarthy
	Exeter, N.H.	603/964-5344
June 20-21	Learn to Sail	George Mead
	Pleasant Bay Regatta/Chatham, MA	617/655-9059
June 27-28	Cape Ann Championships/Fleet#197	Stan Patey
	Rockport (at Long Beach), MA	617/546-6888
July 18-19	N.E. Area Championships/Fleet#143	Peter Fraker
,,	Heckscher State Park, E. Islip, NY	516/277-6035
July 25-26	The Buzzard Points Regatta/Fleet#28	Steve Ruel
	Mattapoisett, MA	617/758-2075

Division 14

May 9-10	Lake Thunderbird Regatta/Fleet#63 Norman, OK	Guy Lawyer 405/275-6462
May 23-24	Mid-America's Championship/Fleet#23 Lake Texoma, TX	Anne Craine 817/464-3748
June 20-21	Division 14 Championships (Prairie Regatta Wichita (Lake Cheney), KS	Phil Knapp 613/688-5091
June 27-28	Tulsa Catfight Points Regatta/Fleet#25 Sequoyah Bay Park, Tulsa, OK	Dan Dancer 918/451-0707
July 11-12	1987 Hefner "Cat" Classic/Fleet#131 Lake Hefner in N.W. Oklahoma City, OK	Ed McLain 405/787-4435

Division 15

May 2-3	Batten Buster Points Regatta/Fleet#120	Hobie Shop
	Panama City, FL	904/234-0023
May 23-24	Hog's Breath Hobie Regatta/Fleet#178	Joe Barker
(NEW DATE)	Fort Walton Beach, FL	904/837-2825
May 30-31	1987 Broken Mast Points Regatta/Fleet#134	Travis Handwerker
	Hernando (Arkabutla Lake), MS	901/363-7667
June 6-7	Cajun Classic XVIII/Fleet#93	Lou Gulling
	Lafayetta, LA	318/981-3780
Juna 13-14	1987 Battle of the Bay Regatta/Fleet#76	Jo Gaston
	Mobile Bay, AL	205/342-4300
July 4-5	Island Hop 87'/Fleet#70	Mark Ederer
,	Ocean Spring Yacht Club, MS	601/875-6135
July 25	Hobie for Heart/Fleet#178	Joe Barker
	Ft. Walton Beach (Leeside Park), FL	904/837-2825

Division 16

May	16-17	Madcatter Regatta/Fleet#204	Pat Caster
		Oneida Shores Park, NY	315/699-6616
May	31-June 5	Hobie Cat Race Training Week/O.H.CA.	David Hopper
		Toronto, Ontario Canada	416/499-5030
June	6-7	18 Worlds Tune-Up/Fleet#150	David Sarvis
		Orillia (Lake Couchiching), Ont., Canada	705/326-1810
June	13-20	Hobie 18 World Championships	Steve Reid
		Tornoto, Ontario, Canada	416/368-2287
July	10-12	9th Annual Wendt Beach Regatta/Fleet#119	Dan idergenhagen
		Angola, NY	716/675-9482
July	24-26	Hobie Cat "Sundance XIII" Regatta	Sharon Chamberlain
		Lake Chautauqua, NY	716/773-3369
July	31-Aug 2	Ontario Open 009/Fleet#295	Cheryl Pierson
		Hamlin (Hamlin Beach State Park), NY	716/872-1192

International

May 1-3	Campeonato De Espane H16/Fleet#426 C.N. Denia, Spain	Damia Vallve Palmes 34.3.8902543
May 10	Festival of Sports Fun Race/Fleet#179 Hong Kong	Gorden Leilson 0-296161
May 17	RHKYC Spring Regatta/Fleet#179 Hong Kong	Gorden Leilson 0-296161
May 23-24	Furama Regatta/Fleet#179 Hong Kong	Gorden Leilson 0-296161
June	Sailing Schools, Cruises/Fleat#179 Hong Kong	Gorden Leilson 0-296161
June 12-14	Campeonato Espane H Turbo/Fleet#423 C.N. Castelldefels, Spain	Damia Vallve Palmes 34.3.8902543
June 14-21	Campeonato Europa H16 Dunkerke, France	John Dinsdale 011.33.94.57.31.72
June 27-30	Mediterranean Hobie Fun Amposta/L'Escale, Spain	Damia Vallve Palmes 34.3.8902543
July 17-19	Campeonato De Espana H14/Fleet#426 P. Siles, Spain	Damia Vallve Palmes 34. 3. 8902543
August 2-9	Campeonato De Europa H14 Geneve, S.V., Switzerland	John Dinsdale 011, 33, 94, 57, 31, 72
CANADA		
June 12-20	1987 Hobie 18 World Championships Toronto, Ontario, Canada	Steve Reid 416/368-2287
July 22-25	Canadian Hobie Nationals (14, 16 17 618) Baddeck, Nova Scotia, Canada	Paul Jamieson 902/564-9517



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PRE-REGISTER BY JUNE 19th send to:

MORE INFORMATION: Ron Swanson (612) 738-1976 Gary Hartman (612) 699-3197

Hobie Fleet 52 2343 Dorland Ct. Maplewod, MN 55119

1987 Midwinters West

February 28-March 1, 1987 World Hobie Class Association by Kim Williams

A new season! Everyone in the "Hobie Cat Syndicate" was running overload on energy anticipating the first Hobie Class Association regatta on the West Coast calendar. Contenders in the San Felipe Midwinters West were wondering who would bring back Mexico's Cup from the land south of the border. Everyone had the chance to be numero uno and capture the automatic slot for the national championship to be held in San Francisco. Who would that lucky person be?

The regatta, held in San Felipe on the gulf side of Baja, is where Hobie Catters like to start things off with a bang. Firecrackers aplenty went off in the most unlikely places welcoming you to the Mexican waterfront where anything and everything usually happens. It is always exciting to see familiar faces again (like the guy that T-boned you last year) and meet new people who joined the ranks of competitive sailors. Everyone held a clean slate vying for those needed

Pre-race preparation takes place a little early in San Felipe. Maybe due to the fourmonth gap between seasons, skippers seemed compelled to appear a few days early to work out the rusty spots. Many get their sea legs in action by thrashing about on three wheelers and dirt bikes in the local foothills. You know the real serious sailors by the limping gait and white tape wrapped around one knee. These are the guys welcoming you on Friday by turning Ed Sullivan style to wave "hi" due to "stiff neck" syndrome. Trust me, these guys do sail on Saturday

For those who made the trek across the border on Thursday there was a promise of snow. Some roads had actually closed due to icy conditions. Friday burst forth with sunshine and out came the tanning lotion. A race clinic for newcomers was presented on this day and Jeff Alter held center stage pulling out his bag of toys to demonstrate the

fine art of steering a proper course. With fine winds Friday many took their tuned rigs out for a test drive.

At the Saturday morning skippers meeting you really got the full impact of how large the turnout was for this major regatta. Was it Dennis Connor who contributed to this fresh and zealous group of C fleeters? The excitement grew when it was announced that close to 300 boats would be heading toward the start.

The skippers meeting is also the place where lost crews get found and those without a jib trimmer bid for almost anyone for ballast material. Mothers clutched their babies close, but if the price was right some crews got sold into the white slave trade amongst the tiller boys. One skipper asked if he could charge the price of his new expensive crew on his Visa card.

To many in the Hobie Cat crowd, a familiar face appeared at the helm of the Hobie Class Association committee. Miles Wood assumed the position of race director this year and in his humorous way explained "special" sailing instructions for those of us who only understand in layman's terms.

In Mexico promises are not written guarantees. The promising winds of Friday changed to light, shifty conditions on Saturday. But Miles optimistically gave a Course 7 to the boats on the south end. Many thought that Miles must have poured too much tequila in the Mexico's Cup the night before. The white flag went up and we were committed. The Christiansen boys, now heavily into bicycle racing, wanted an easy win at this regatta to automatically qualify them for the 16 nationals and took the first race.

All hopes for double-trap winds had died. Those of us floundering between races were hoping for a shorter course. After all, we wanted time to get ready for the Mexican fiesta in town.

Saturday evening in San Felipe was the time when the sailors whose strategies were not so good that day soothed their salty wounds with a little tequila down their gullets, and the boys that sailed well were queuing up for another toast at their favorite pub, the Miramar. Dining in San Felipe offers delectable options. George's and El Nido were the two favored restaurants in town but personal preference steered our group to a particular taco stand. Louis and Maria make the best fish tacos around. Just ask them! At eight dollars per kilo for locally-caught prawns many opted to just stay at camp and throw a few shrimp on the barbie. Another traditional pleasure is the Saturday-evening street dance. Everyone jumped to the music of the town's traveling disco whether they wanted to or not due to all the fire crackers going off under their feet. We left a little early for the sake of our sailing future and walked down the main street only to hear a loud explosion behind us. Convinced that the entire

population of Hobie Catters had been blown up by that last skyrocket we knew we were now in contention for first place!

Sunday morning at the El Cortez restaurant revealed the survivors of the festivities the night before. Others slept soundly only to be brought back to life by the blast of the starting gun. A few who had lost their way back to their hotel Saturday night had open reservations at the San Felipe jail. The local policia welcomed with open arms those who (names withheld to protect the guilty) cared to donate American revenue for their next police ball.

There was a quick shift to sobriety as skippers and crews watched the windline come up fast. Was this potentially a double-trap day? The first race was on and the bay of San Felipe soon became

Join a Fleet

Thought about joining up with fellow Hobie sailors in your area? Send us this coupon and we'll let you know where your closest fleet is located.

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Address			
City	State	Zip	

Send to: The Hobie Class Association Attn: Liz Reed P.O. Box 1008 Oceanside, CA 92054

1987 Hobie 18' World Championships

Toronto, Canada, June 13-20, 1987

- The races are hosted by the Ontario Hobie Cat Association, Fleet 183, and the Toronto Boulevard Club located on the north shore of Lake Ontario.
- Qualifying June 13-15 Semi-finals June 16-18 Finals June 19-20
- All skippers, pre-qualified or not, must have their registration postmarked by MAY 1st, 1987.
- Qualifying entries series will be accepted on a first-come-first-served basis.
- The entry fee is \$200 Canadian Dollars per team (app. \$145 US). This includes all racing, club facilities, lunches, 4 cocktail parties and 4 dinners.
- Upon arrival all skippers will be required to make a \$250 boat damage deposit. This refundable deposit must be paid in travelers cheques or cash only.
- All prices listed are in Canadian funds. All entrants must make their own travel arrangements.
- Blue Cross travel insurance is available for your stay in Canada. It offers complete medical insurance for the competitors and family.
- The entry fee, one night room deposit and the total fee for the Blue Cross travel insurance must accompany your registration form.
 Make cheque payable to the Hobie 18' World Championships.



Mail your entry with payment (by cheque or VISA) for registration, one night hotel and Blue Cross insurance to Hobie 18' World Championships, 850 Adelaide Street West, Toronto Ontario, M6J 1B6, Tel: (416) 368-2287

REGISTRATION		
Skipper	Crew	
Address		
City, State, Postal Code		
Country		
Telephone Day	Evening	
Type of boat normally sailed		_
Pre-qualified from (Country/Division _		
I will attempt to qualify from (Country/	Division)	
VISA Card #	Expires	
Signature	Date	
Please do not forget to include your pay	ment with your registration	1!

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- Ramada Inn
- ☐ Double occupancy \$75 plus tax per night
- ☐ Triple occupancy \$83 plus tax per night
- ☐ Quad. occupancy \$88 plus tax per night
- ☐ I am interested in billeting
- ☐ I am interested in deluxe accommodations

Car Rental

Reservation 🗆 yes 🗆 no

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☐ Family \$6/day

Arrival Date ______ Departure Date _____

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FLEET NEWS

shark infested (with blood thirsty A fleeters sitting on the starting line). It was inevitable that a general recall would occur. This caused us to mind our manners (for a short while) and a second start allowed the fleet to carry on.

The winds by the second race on Sunday had become nil, zero, zilch. This didn't stop the aggressive nature of A fleet. They appeared as one wedge inching toward the leeward pin. When two boats attempted a port tack start, the herd moved in to eat them up, causing a general recall. Twice. We got our rudders slapped and sent to the end of the starting sequence. We waited and waited and waited. The race committee decided to even the line for a successful start. Maybe it was due to the fact that Miles Wood had been absent from the West Coast for six years that caused all 49 boats to rally around the committee boat, as one big welcome wagon. No, the wind merely shifted again and caused a starboard-favored line much to the chagrin of the race committee.

We had a Course 2 in noknot wind and no place to go. Unfortunately, it was a race which required more than the finesse of the most expert lake sailor. A few gave up and paddled in. Those with more patience and tenacity held out to A mark. And there you met everybody.

The most exciting part, if any, of no-knot sailing is holding out to the finish. It was the type of race where anyone could win. As we rounded the weather buoy and set the sails for the very quiet downwind leg, you didn't move an inch in fear of upsetting your desired course. Keeping the weight forward and still was easy while counting the jelly fish going by. You could hear bubble gum cracking from one boat. Skippers were seen stripping layers of clothes off due to impending heat stroke. Bikini-clad crews emerged while still managing to hold the

We discovered the true meaning of "drowning in still waters." The race committee finally realized this and placed a shortened course at B mark. Miles apologized for not doing it sooner. Apparently a little solar-powered fan attached to

his safari hat kept a constant wind blowing on his face. He never had a clue that the wind had died. Much was forgiven on the way to the shore knowing that the parched mouths would soon be quenched by a few cervezas.

Monday morning at the international border, with about 10 other vehicles toting Hobie Cats, we waited at secondary inspection. We survived the journey through the Bush of Baja and now had to contend with this. Our cats waited patiently for the embarrassing pat and body search of their private hull parts. As he poked and pounded looking for illicit stashes of tequila the border patrol officer asked:

"By the way, who brought back Mexico's Cup?"

This led us to an animated briefing of our fun-filled weekend, some slight exaggeration of our ratings and not one word about "no-knot" winds.

"Hey, that sounds great! But who brought back the Cup?"

We looked at each other and paused until one person admitted:

"Wow, we were having such a good time . . . I guess we forgot to ask."

Fleet 20 Winter Series

Fleet 20, Division 3 San Jose, California November '86-February '87 by Steve Lawlor

We of the Fleet 20 bunch, being a fanatical group of sailors, keep our skills sharp year-round by holding a winter series of races. It is the intent of the series to offer sailing in a variety of conditions, and we certainly succeeded in that intent this year. We sailed in salt water and fresh, warm temperatures and cold, bright sun and pouring rain, and winds from absolutely dead to a roaring gale.

The series consisted of four races, and trophies were awarded to the boats accumulating the least points over the entire series. In all, 18 boats and 29 hardy sailors participated.

The first event of the series was at the O'Neill Forebay of the San Luis Reservoir, near Los Banos, California on November 15, 1986. The weather was beautiful, the winds were medium to light,

and we managed to get in three competitive races and a leisurely lunch.

The second was on December 13, 1986, also at the forebay. This was the most demanding of all the races. It demanded skill, dedication, concentration, patience, and, most of all, an unflagging sense of humor. To say that the wind was calm would be giving it more than its due. Dead would be more like it. Every ounce of sailing skill was needed, not merely to be competitive, but just to make it back to the beach. The art of finding breaths of wind was utilized and perfected. We were even working out ways of passing puffs from one boat to another.

Telltales were worthless. The most effective wind indicator was the smoke rising from Tim Glaze's cigarette, and even it was going straight up most of the time. At the end of the race, we remembered that we left C mark still anchored in the middle of the lake and it would take about a week to sail out after it. Fortunately, we prevailed upon some fisherman with an outboard to retrieve it for us. If the World Hobie Class Association ever decides to sanction racing indoors, we have a Fleet 20 group who can sail on the output of the air conditioner.

The third event was at Crissy Field in the San Francisco Golden Gate on January 24, 1987. The wind was fine and the water was a combination of salt and fresh—salt from below and fresh from above. Hobie racing is a wet sport anyway, so the rain didn't bother the sailors, but those who came to spectate spent most of their time in various motor homes, and hot apple cider was the drink of choice when the sailors came in.

The fourth event was on February 21, 1987, also at Crissy Field. But the wind was so strong, gusts to 55 mph, that it was decided to turn it into a social event instead.

We owe our thanks to those who officiated at the events, especially our commodore, Christine Duane, and Doug Johnson.

The participants in order of finish were: 18s – Gary and Kare Westman, Steve Lawlor and Tim Glaze, Bob and Ellafe Cockroft; 17s – Michael

Bender, Mike Sprague, Wayne Mooneyham, Doug Johnson, Mike Ettl, Dave Baumgartner, Joe Sparks: 16s-Bob Eustace and Bruce Larson, Roger Neathery and Arlene Hill, Rob Comstock and Steve Lawlor, Wes Weber and either Peggy Lyon or Charlie Humphreyville (depending on the race), Mike Sowers and Brenda Hart, Mike Duane and LuAnn Weber, Gary Matthews (nobody would sail with him), Rich McMillin and Mike Duane.

Ocean Shores Washington to Host Combined Hobie and Alpha Regattas

Fleet 95, Division 4 July 3-5, 1987 Seattle, Washington

Division 4 and Fleet 95 announced that a triple event is planned at Ocean Shores, Washington, July 3, 4 and 5. The Northwest Women's Championships are scheduled for July 3, Division 4 Hobie Championships will take place on July 4 and 5 as will the Northwest Alpha Championships.

'As far as we know, this is the first time an event of this magnitude has ever combined both Alpha sailboards and Hobie Cats," said Bob Combie, race chairman. All three events are being sponsored by Fleet 95 in conjunction with the Ocean Shores Chamber of Commerce. "The Chamber has been extremely supportive of this event," Combie said. "The Ocean Shores community has really pulled together to make this a special event." Ocean Shores is a beautiful Washington coast resort, located about two hours from both Portland and

Fleet 95 will be providing a professional race committee for the cats, and Doug Skidmore, Northwest sales representative for Coast Cat, and a factory representative will be in charge of the Alpha racing. The Alpha factory and local dealers will be supplying sailboards for use during the event.

Event features include Tshirts, gifts, trophies and a raffle. Throughout the weekend, many support events have been planned such as a breakfast by the Ocean

FLEET NEWS

Shores Lions Club, a fireworks display, sand castle competition, kite flying, and, weather permitting, a hot-air balloon display. The Ocean Shores Chamber of Commerce recommends that you make your reservations early for the event, and also recommends that you come the week prior as a vacation!

Additional information about the event may be obtained by calling the Ocean Shores Chamber of Commerce at (206) 289-2451 or Fleet 95 at (206) 285-1685.

Swedish Hobie Sailors Officially Recognized

By Osten Nilsson Chairman, Swedish Hobie Class Association

I can tell all Hobie Catters that the Swedes have been working very hard to make the

Hobie 16 an official sailing class in the Swedish Sail Union. A group of three enthusiastic sailors started working in 1985 to check on the interest and possibility of making it in. With help from Coast Cat France - a big thanks to Tony Laurent - and our friends in Germany, we got the material we needed. After translating the rules to Swedish and putting together a nice application form, we sent them to the Swedish Sail Union. We were very happy in September 1986 when the official paper came telling us that the Swedish Hobie Cat 16 is an official class. We also know that the Danish, Finnish and perhaps the Norwegian Hobie sailors are working for the same goal.

We think, as an official class in the Swedish Sail Union we can get some help. The Sail Union has an official sailing magazine—a very good one, I think—and we can write articles about our regattas, give results and develop ideas. And it is all free. If Hobie Cat sailing grows a little bit more, perhaps we will get some help with money to send some more crews to the big events in Europe and the other parts of the world.

Still, I am very glad that Sweden, in the past three years, has been able to send five or six teams to the European Hobie 16 Championship, and last year, two teams went down to sunny France for the Hobie 18 Championship.

But for right now, here in Sweden no one is thinking of sailing on a Hobie Cat. All the countryside has been isolated by snow storms and cold. But in 60 days we will be sailing again and are looking forward to seeing all our nice friends at the regattas.

12th Annual Laguna Regatta Hobie Fleet 189.

International Division
Saipan, Northern Marianas
Islands
February 14-16, 1987

The Over the Reef Yacht Club, Hobie Fleet 189, held its 12th Annual Laguna Regatta, February 14-16, 1987. There was a lack of boats available because of damages incurred from super typhoon Kim in December, so no off-island sailors competed.

Just the same, six races were contested over the three-day period. The tradewinds were blowing out of the northwest at 20-25 mph the first two days, then slackened off to about 10 mph on the third day.

The race course was a tri-

1987 Hobie 14/14 Turbo U.S. National Championship

August 29–September 4, 1987 Elk Lake, Michigan Bring Your Own Boat Event

Sail, Swim, Sail! Come and join in the fun at Elk Lake. White Birch Lodge will be glad to serve as our host hotel offering all its facilities. The prestigious hotel is nestled in northern hardwood along the shore of Elk Lake, one of the most beautiful bodies of water in the Grand Traverse regions. For the kids, White Birch Lodge is a playground and recreation school. Take a vacation, come to the Hobie 14 Nationals.

Entry Fees: 1 event: \$75.00, both events: \$50.00 or \$100.00 both

RACE REGISTRATION FORM

WHITE BIRCH LODGE RESERVATION FORM

NAME	LAST NAME
ADDRESS	ACCOMM
CITY STATE ZIP	Arrive (Date)
TELEPHONE	Leave (Date)
Mail this form to: Hobie Class Assoc.	No. of Adults Children
P.O. Box 1008, Oceanside, California 92054 619/758-9100	Phone
	Mail this form to: White Birch Lodge, 571 Meguzee Pt. Road, Elk Rapids, Michigan 49629, 616/264-8271

FLEET NEWS

angular configuration around the existing channel markers in Tanapag Harbor. Several newcomers competed. Bill Sakovich and Martin Ayuyu won the first Hobie 16 race, but Tony Stearns and Janet McCollough took the next five races, barely beating their other competitors in two of the

races. Keith Aughenbaugh and Scott Aughenbaugh, who broke their starboard hull in the first race, came back with another boat and took a close third in all other races.

In the Hobie 14 races, the top three competitors each took one first place. Pete Matagolai led the first two days in heavy winds, then Commodore Tim Bellas took the light-wind races and the overall trophy. Jean Sakovich, sailing with Karen Kosack to combat the heavy winds, took first place on the first day, while Pete and Tim split the other two days.

Again the club would like to

thank (Si Yuus Maase) the race committee under Mike Newman, Scott Schick, and Bobbie Grizzard, Budweiser Beer, Coca Cola, the Marianas Visitors Bureau and Sea Ventures Inc. for their participation during the regatta.

Save these Dates!

September 23–30, 1987

Hobie 14 Worlds

Mauritius

Mauritius is endowed with the special beauty associated only with the remote sunlit isles and the tropics. The island is protected from the Indian Ocean swells by beautiful coral reefs. Enjoy the sun, romance, yacht cruises, scuba diving, golf and the village market. The months of September through November are ideal temperature wise with winds ranging from 15 to 25 knots. Visit Mauritius and sail in this tropical splendor.

More information to come in the July/August '87 issue of Hotline But, for those anxious sailors that cannot wait contact:

World Hobie Class Assoc. P.O. Box 1008 Oceanside, CA 92054 (619) 758-9100 Coast Catamaran Pty. Ltd. 32 Glynn Street, Capelown 8001, South Africa Phone: 021,24,7280 Telex 57,21850

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- If you see low power lines, write to the power company who owns the lines, explain the hazards to sailors presented by those lines and ask the company what they plan to do to eliminate the hazard.
- Send a copy of the letter to Hobie Cat, and when you get a response, send a copy of that to Hobie as well.

In return, Hobie Cat will send a Hobie goodie to you and will take up the issue with the power company to support you in your hunt for outlaw lines.

This program has met with good success over the years. By working together, we can make the waters safer for all sailors.

Send copies of letters to:

Hobie Cat Bounty Program P.O. Box 1008 Oceanside, CA 92054

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—Registration

Sat. June 27—8:00 AM

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9:30 AM

—Skipper's Mtg.

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REGATTA RESULTS

Division 2

1987 MIDWINTERS WEST FLEET#469 5 WHCA DIVISION 2 SAN FELIPE, B.C., MEXICO FEBRUARY 28-MARCH 1, 1987

Hob	ie 18A	POI	NTS
1.	Timm/Timm	3	
2.	Parizeau/Parizeau	5	3/4
3.	Lindley/Lindley	13	
4.	Biakanja/High	15	
5.	Brown, Chuck/	17	
	Brown, Robin		
6.	Kimball/Thomas	18	
7.	Hill/Hill	18	
8.	Aucreman/	19	
	Aucreman		
9.	Goodell/?	23	
10.	Brown, Roger	24	
	Burnight		
11.	DeLong/Bainbridg	e 28	
12.	Tschaikowsky/	29	
	Tschaikowsky		
13.	Winblad/Winblad	29	
14.	Brown, Rick	31	
	Brown, Cathy		
15.	Clair/Crockett	32	
16.	Wittrup/?	37	
17.	Crocker/Crocker	42	3/4
18.	Johnston/?	43	
19.	Barday/Ford	45	
20.	Mark/Mark	48	
21.	Projette/Holiday	50	
22.	Nixon/Nixon	58	
HOE	31E 18B	POI	NTS
1.	Bjerring/Bjerring	4	3/4
2.	Samson/MacInnis	6	3/4
3.	May/Leach	10	
4.	Savage/Tricia	13	
5.	Ybarrola/	14	3/4
	Ybarrola		

HOE	31E 18C	POI	1413
1.	Koher/Haken	7	
2.	Knipp/Limberlost	8	4
3.	Charleston/	9	3/4
	Brandstater		
4.	Duncanson/Murphy	13	
5.	Pilato/Labelle	14	
6.	Bollig/Mark	16	
7.	Nichols/Gardner	17	
8.	Claybaugh/Greska	19	
9.	Martin/Key	24	
10.	Power/Dry	29	
11.	Zimmerman/Marla	30	
12.	Berger/Taylor	31	
13.	McClean/Wild	31	3/4
14.	Taylor/Kerrie	33	
15.	Gardner/Gardner	34	
16.	Palmer/Shirley	48	
17.	Meagher/Plummer	50	
18.	Sturm/Barker	50	
19.	Farrell/?	50	
20.	Johnson/Betty	53	
21.	Cummings/Briggs	58	
22.	Hart/Hart	60	
23.	Gordon/Gray	64	
24.	Beck/Beck	68	
24.	Beck/Beck		NT:
24.	Beck/Beck	POI	
24.	Beck/Beck BIE 18NOVICE DeLaurie/Bisson	POI 5	3/4
24. НОЕ	Beck/Beck BIE 18NOVICE DeLaurie/Bisson Young/Nutter	POI 5 8	3/4
HOE 1. 2. 3.	BIE 18NOVICE DeLaurie/Bisson Young/Nutter	POI 5 8 9	3/4
HOE 1. 2. 3. 4.	Beck/Beck BIE 18NOVICE DeLaurie/Bisson Young/Nutter Sabroski/Herman Tomason/Bome	POI 5 8 9	3/4
HOE 1. 2. 3. 4. 5.	Beck/Beck BIE 18NOVICE DeLaurie/Bisson Young /Nutter Sabroski/Herman Tomason/Bome Farrell/Cancer	9 10 11	3/4
HOE 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6.	Beck/Beck BIE 18NOVICE DeLaurie/Bisson Young/Nutter Sabroski/Herman Tomason/Bome Farrell/Cancer Maybeno/Maybeno	POI 5 8 9 10 11 14	3/4
1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7.	Beck/Beck BIE 18NOVICE DeLaurie/Bisson Young/Nutter Sabroski/Herman Tomason/Bome Farrell/Cancer Maybeno/Maybeno Ryan/Ryan	POI 5 8 9 10 11 14 15	3/4
HOE 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6.	Beck/Beck BIE 18NOVICE DeLaurie/Bisson Young/Nutter Sabroski/Herman Tomason/Bome Farrell/Cancer Maybeno/Maybeno	POI 5 8 9 10 11 14	3/4
1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8.	Beck/Beck BIE 18NOVICE DeLaurie/Bisson Young (Nutter Sabroski/Herman Farrell/Cancer Maybeno/Maybeno Ryan/Ryan Vaughres/Garcia	POI 5 8 9 10 11 14 15	3/4
1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8.	BIE 18NOVICE DeLaurie/Bisson Young/Nutter Sabroski/Herman Tomason/Bome Farrell/Cancer Maybeno/Maybeno Ryan/Ryan Vaughres/Garcia	POI 5 8 9 10 11 14 15 17	3/4
1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8.	Beck/Beck BIE IBNOVICE DeLaurie/Bisson Young/Nutter Sabroski/Herman Farrell/Cancer Maybeno/Maybeno Ryan/Ryan Vaughres/Garcia Riddle, Drew Conner, Jeff	POI 5 8 9 100 111 145 177	3/4
HOS 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8.	BIE 18NOVICE DeLaurie/Bisson Young/Niuter Sabroski/Herman Tomason/Bome Farrell/Cancer Maybeno/Maybeno Ryan/Ryan Vaughres/Garcia Riddle, Drew Conner, Jeff Koons, David	POI 5 8 9 100 111 144 155 177	3/4
HOS 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8.	Beck/Beck BIE IBNOVICE DeLaurie/Bisson Young/Nutter Sabroski/Herman Tomason/Bome Maybeno/Maybeno Ryan/Ryan Vaughres/Garcia Riddle, Drew Conner, Jeff Koons, David Campbell, Doug	POI 5 8 9 9 10 11 14 15 177 36 39 42 47	3/4
HOE 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8.	BIE 18NOVICE DeLaurie/Bisson Young/Nutter Sabroski/Herman Tomason/Bome Farrell/Cancer Maybeno/Maybeno Ryan/Ryan Vaughres/Garcia Riddle, Drew Conner, Jeff Koons, David Campbell, David Campbell, David Sathall, David	POI 5 8 9 100 111 144 155 177	3/4
HOS 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8.	Beck/Beck BIE 18NOVICE DeLaurie/Bisson Young/Nutter Sabroski/Herman Tomason/Born Tomason/Born Vaughres/Gancer Riddle, Drew Conner, Jeff Compbell, Doug Bathall, David Ackerman, Kyle	POI 5 8 9 10 11 14 15 17 36 39 42 47 56 56	3/4
HOS 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8.	Beck/Beck DeLaurie/Bisson Young/Nutter Sabroski/Herman Tomason/Bome Farrell/Cancer Maybeno/Maybeno Ryan/Ryan Vaughres/Garcia Riddle, Drew Conner, Jeff Koonnet, Joug Bathall, David Ackerman, Kyle Kieffer, Steve	POI 5 8 9 100 111 141 15 17	3/4
HOS 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8.	Beck/Beck BIE 18NOVICE DeLaurie/Bisson Young/Nutter Sabroski/Herman Tomason/Bome Farrell/Cancer Maybero/Maybeno Ryan/Ryan Vaughres/Garcia Riddle, Drew Conner, Jeff Koons, David Campbell, Doug Bathall, David Kieffer, Steve Tumas, Rimas	POI 5 8 9 9 10 111 14 15 177 36 39 42 47 56 56 57	3/4
1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8.	Beck/Beck DeLaurie/Bisson Young/Nutter Sabroski/Herman Tomason/Bome Farrell/Cancer Maybeno/Maybeno Ryan/Ryan Vaughres/Garcia Riddle, Drew Conner, Jeff Koonnet, Joug Bathall, David Ackerman, Kyle Kieffer, Steve	POI 5 8 9 9 10 11 11 14 15 17 7 56 56 56 57 57	NT:

HOE	IIE 17	POI	NTS
1.	Fogerty, Fred	4	3/4
2.	Kurt, Byron	9	
3.	Cross, Ted	13	
4.	Ferraro, Fred	15	3/4
5.	Sprague, M.	15	3/4
6.	Hitch, Todd	18	
7.	Greer, Bill	18	3/4
8.	Jenkins, Roger	19	
9.	Baumgartner, D.	22	
10.	Robertson, Stu	24	
11.	Fields, Bruce	27	
12.	White, Lyman	27	
13.	Davis, Greg	28	
14.	Ursich, Gregory	34	
ноа	SIE 16C		NTS
1.	Froeb/Buck		1
2.	Lundberg/	15	
	Lindberg		
3.	Hornby/Hornby	18	
4.	Roberts/Roberts	21	
5.	Ashley/Mahiri	26	
6.	Newman/Ferguson	26	3/4
7.	Delfino/Baker	29	
8.	Diamond/Palmer	31	
9.	Boles/Peck	31	
10.	Dooman, G./	31	3/4
11.	Vaner/Izen	32	
12.	Overdevest/Karen	32	
13.	Buchanan, S./	36	
14.	Coutches/Merriet	37	
15.	Bowen/Bowen	38	
16.	Searles/Searles	39	
17.	Key/Chase	40	
18.	Lyles, G./	47	
19.	Cox/Deborah	48	
20.	Simpson/Mike	50	
21.	Otis/Pardo	52	
22.	Desoto/Kirkpatrick		
23.	Gaber/Eggert	60	
24.	Landers/Covey	61	
25.	Dubman/Kendell	64	

HOE	BIE 16 NOVICE	POI	NTS
1.	Baudour/Gerace	13	3/4
2.	Zichlinsky/Mitchel		
3.	Siegel/Ford	19	
4.	Richards/Ludwig	21	
5.	Worthen/Holland		3/4
6.	Daniel/Reeder	23	
7.	Koneval/Salazar	25	
8.	Royal/Davis	25	
9.	Muller/Muller	28	
10.	Wadsworth/ Chambers	28	
11.	Ortega/Hunt	29	
12.	Compton/John	30	
13.	O'Connell/Wudeck	30	
14.	Morgan/Morgan	32	3/4
15.	Abbis/Olander	35	
16.	Williams/Kirloff	35	
17.	Crooks/Thomason	38	
18.	Zeppenfield/Vig	38	
19.	Caponetto, J./	38	
20.	Leonard, P./	40	
21.	Boersma/Boersma	49	
22.	Konen/Walsh	52	
23.	Hamilton, B./	58	
24.	Nadalet/Miracle	58	
25.	Roof/Venhuizen	62	3/4
26.	Burns/Julie	66	
27.	Schulenburg/ Jackie	67	
28.	Humphreys/ McAllister	80	
29.	Carr/Carr	83	
30.	Pinnow/Lento	84	
31.	Altmeyer/Luciano	84	
нон	BIE 14A	POI	INTS
	1		
1.	Lantz, Jim		à
2.	Lantz, Dick	6	
нов	BIE 14 TURBO	POI	NTS
1.	Hilliard, Cliff	2	4
2.	Livingood, Mark	4	3/4
3.	Heyer, Robert	8	
4.	Williams, Matt	11	
5.	Kelly, Cloyce	13	

Attention Fleet Officers!

In an effort to better serve all fleets, the HOTLINE asks that reporting officers follow the guidelines included here. These guidelines will help HOTLINE report on events in a more timely and accurate manner. When submitting race stories, results and photos, please keep the following deadlines in mind.

Race stories should be a maximum of 300 words. They must be typewritten, double spaced and should have the name of the regatta, the fleet number, the division number, the location and the writer's name at the top of the story. Please be sure the names used in the stories are spelled correctly.

Regatta Dat	es	Due Da	ites	Issues	
9/1 to 11/3	are due	11/10	will appear in	Jan/Feb	
11/4 to 1/5	are due	1/12	will appear in	March/April	
1/6 to 2/27	are due	3/6	will appear in	May/June	
2/28 to 5/5	are due	5/12	will appear in	July/August	
5/6 to 7/7	are due	7/14	will appear in	Sept/Oct	
7/8 to 8/31	are due	9/7	will appear in	Nov/Dec	

Please note that this schedule is subject to change.

Submit all material directly to HOTLINE, P.O. Box 1008, Oceanside, CA 92054.

Do not submit results on scoresheets. Results should be typed (or printed by computer) by class, position, and total points. Place the name of the regatta, the fleet number, the division number, the location and the person submitting the scores at the top of each page of results.

Photos should be 5x7 or 8x10 black and white prints. Please write a short caption identifying the people in the photo, and/or the regatta on a separate sheet and tape the caption to the back of the print. Photos cannot be returned so please send a duplicate print.

We'll do our best to be sure every fleet's regatta is included in the race section, but stories will be printed on a space available basis. The HOTLINE also reserves the right to edit stories for length considerations.

MOREY'S PIER & MARINER'S LANDING AMUSEMENT CENTERS

The WILDWOOD'S Classic

Fleet: 443

Sponsored by: Morey's Pier and Mariner's Landing Amusement Centers

Date: Saturday and Sunday, August 29 and 30, 1987 Location: 7100 Ocean Avenue, Wildwood Crest, New Jersey

Directions: From South — Lewis Ferry to Cape May, signs to Garden State Pkwy., Exit 4-B,

East to Ocean Ave., South (right) to Primrose Rd.

From North — Garden State Pkwy. to Exit 4-B, East to Ocean Ave., South (right)

to Primrose Rd.

Lodging: Free parking lot at site; motels and camping nearby. Call for additional

lodging information.

Fees: \$20.00 (Hobie 16,18) \$14.00 (Hobie 14, 17)

Schedule: Friday, August 28 5:00 - 9:00 P.M. Registration

Saturday, August 29 8:00 A.M. Registration

10:00 A.M. Skipper's Meet, 5 Races

Sunday, August 30 Schedule Announced Saturday

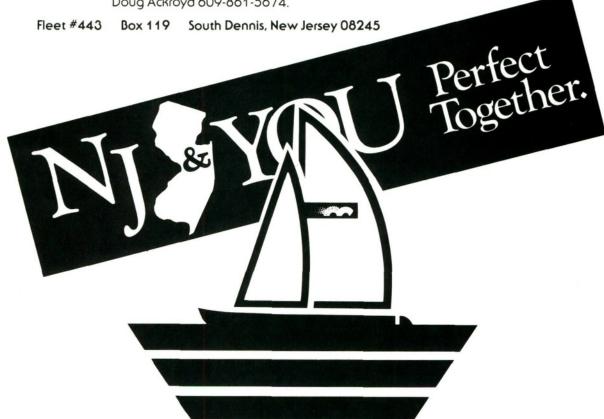
Favors: Free Tee Shirts. Free Amusement Passes to Over 50 Rides.

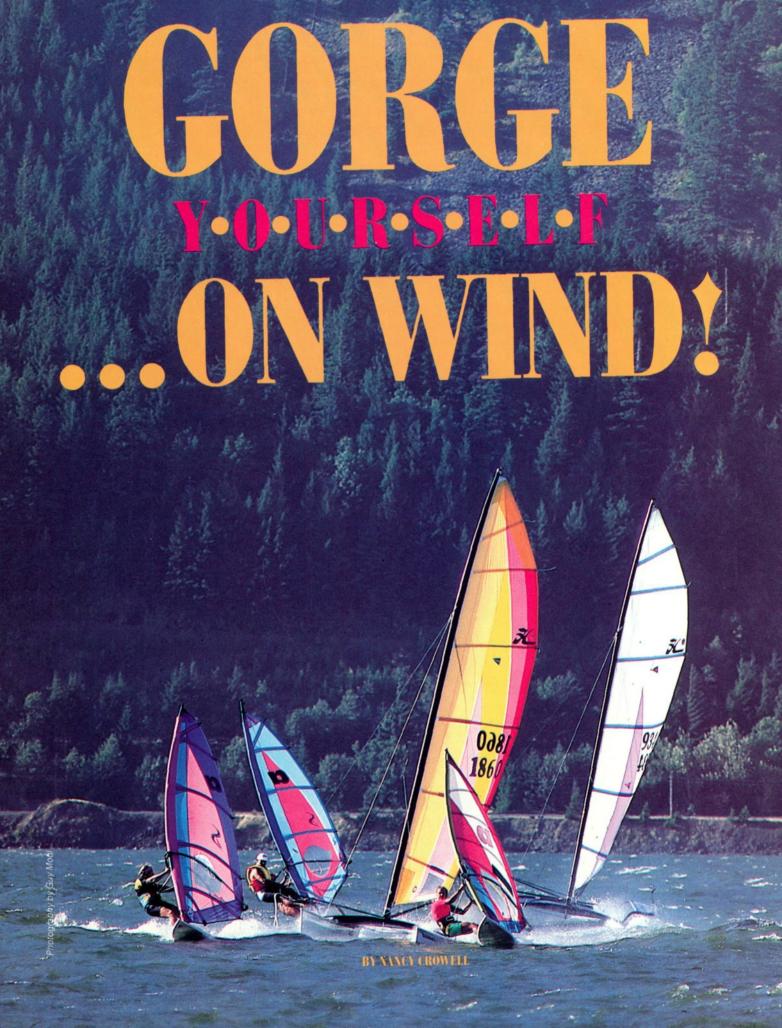
Lunches: Will be available.

Information &

Pre-Registration: Call Bob Edwards 609-886-4609 or

Doug Ackroyd 609-861-5674.







t's called the Columbia River Gorge, and it runs between the states of Washington and Oregon. Before boardsailing, the

town of Hood River (some 40 miles east of Portland), was known primarily for lumber, and as the site of a large Jantzen swimsuit factory. Local residents cursed the summer winds which whipped through their Gorge and blew dust in their eyes on hot summer days. Now, however, the lumber industry is depressed and the Jantzen factory has closed. World-class sailors are buying up real estate in droves, bed and breakfast establishments that cater to boardsailors are flourishing, and the tiny town of Hood River has become the most popular boardsailing resort in the continental United States.

If you haven't visited the Gorge yet, it's time to start making plans, especially if you're hungry for high-performance sailing. Why? Well, it's not enough to tell you that the Gorge has become the mecca of high-wind sailing, particularly slalom, in the continental United States. But most sailors will light up when they hear that the place boasts that rare commodity: dependable wind. That's right, on most summer days the wind blows 18-25 knots, with plenty of 35-knot days in between.

Oh sure, there are some miserable days when there's no wind and the arid climate soars to temperatures of 100 degrees and above. But the beauty of the Gorge is that it sits in the shadow of Mt. Hood—the summer training ground of the United States Ski Team—so when the river's not happening, you can head for the slopes and cool off with an early-morning ski run. Or, you can just sit inside the Timberline Lodge (the interior was used in the movie "The Shining," and the building is on the National Register of Historic Places) and watch other folks exert themselves.

The Gorge, you should know, is not the best place for beginners. Although beginners do learn to sail here, and there are some successful clinics taught each July, those who enjoy it most will be competent at water starting and at least adequate at jibing short boards. Although Hood River is the easiest place to launch, and undoubtedly the most popular spot, there are some 120 miles of river from which to choose. While the current runs east, the winds usually blow from the west, which creates outrageous chop all along the river. Some places have more chop than others, and thus certain spots have been nicknamed by locals for their specialties, such as Swell City. But a few days in the area, chatting with regulars, will be enough time for you to absorb local lingo and feel at home.

If you're sailing at the Gorge for the first



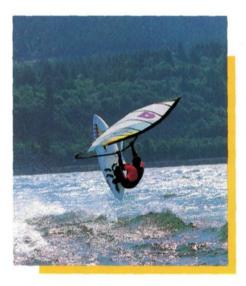
time, you're likely to underestimate the power of the wind. Regulars can always spot a neophyte because they inevitably take out too large a sail and get in trouble on their first run. A good way to avoid this is to watch what size sails regulars are taking out, ask about the wind strength (here it's measured in sail size, not knots, as in "It's a 3.5 day"), and if you don't have a small enough sail in your quiver, rent one.

A big no-no on the Gorge which will not endear you to the regulars is sailing too close to the massive river barges that travel the river. These boats have huge blind spots, take about a mile to slow down and stop, and create suction all around them as they plow through the choppy waters. Don't be a geek and try to jibe in front or near them; you'll be risking your life, and jeopardizing the tenuous relationship between the boardsailors and the crews of these boats.

Speaking of tenuous, not all residents of Hood River are enamoured of the boardsailing invasion that has lighted in their town. In fact, thanks to some careless sailors overanxious to get to the water. almost every local has some horror story about boardsailors. You know the kind of story we mean - getting beaned in the head by an errant mast, suffering a near miss along the roads thanks to a board lifting off a passing car, and so on. If you plan to return to the Gorge on a regular basis (and be assured, once you get a taste of it, you will), it's in your best interest to be cautious and not become another horror story.

If you really want to befriend the locals, after a hard day's sailing you might just check out the River City Saloon. A favorite dive of locals and newcomers alike, here you'll find the lumber crowd mixing freely with the visiting sailors. Sure, it can be rough, but if you want some local flavor, it's the place to go.

While the month of July boasts the biggest slalom competition in the world, there are events all summer long for Gorge

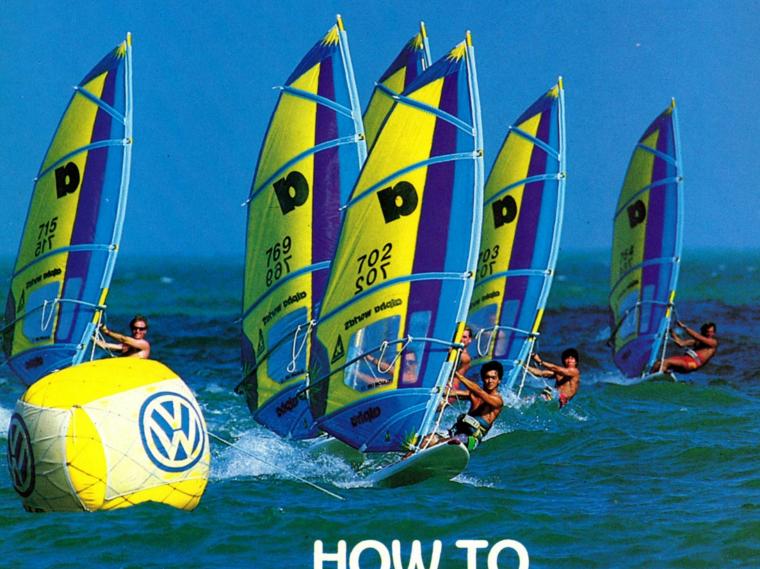


regulars. If you want to improve your slalom racing, which is entirely likely when you see the skill level of the average Gorge sailor, there's a Tuesday-night slalom series almost all summer long. And, while the Pro/Am is the big event mentioned earlier, which draws world class competitors from across the globe, it's the High Wind Classic in which locals dominate. Your source for all this information is the Northwest Sailboard Journal, which each year publishes an annual "Gorge Guide," readily available around town.

If all this isn't enough to whet your appetite for the Gorge, then perhaps the accompanying photos will do the trick. One look and you'll know the conditions are ripe for some serious fun.

By the way, don't forget to send us a postcard . . .

Nancy K. Crowell is a freelance writer living in Orlando, Florida, where winds have been so miserable this winter she's decided she needs to get a good dose of "Gorge Wind" this summer.



HOW TO WALLING

BY GUY LEROUX

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ew to boardsailing? Maybe you're an active Hobie

racer who has just begun to dabble in boardsailing competitions and you'd like to learn. Well, you've turned to the right page. Maybe you're a top finisher in Hobie regattas and after a few boardsailing regattas you find yourself baffled. You may say, "I've got stand-up sailing down pat, but why do I finish in the back of the pack?" But you also remember how long it took to get that edge in multihull competition; it's the same story with boardsailing. Winning (or doing well) doesn't happen overnight; it takes time. You will, however, find that the same elements that led to success in multihull competitions also work with boardsailing. These elements are preparation of equipment and technique, a sound grip on race strategy and a full arsenal of common sense tactics. These are the elements of success.

RACE PREPARATION

The first area of preparation is equipment. If your gear isn't up to snuff then there's no way you can expect to win. Preparation starts (most logically) with your hull, and it starts where you buy it. Bring an accurate scale to the shop. Ask the dealer if you can weigh a few boards (of the same model, of course) and pick the lightest one. Be careful though; an extremely light hull may be suspect of being weak structurally. Next, check each hull for subtle imperfections. Don't buy a board with dimples on the bottom, though dents on the deck may only be cosmetic and may allow you to

bargain the purchase price down \$50 or so. Once you are happy with the board of your choice, slap down the cash and go sailing. The next step can wait for a calmwind day.

Once you're ready to work on your board, pick up some 400-600 grit wet/dry sand paper. Examine your fin and daggerboard for any imperfections. Do the same things you do with your Hobie blades. Make sure they are perfect!

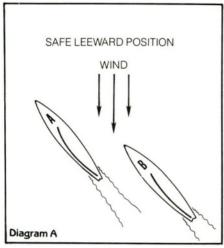
Now you are ready to tune the rig. This is a matter of trying every adjustment possible and (with the help of a class expert) finding the optimum setting. Just like Hobies, batten tension and leach line tension can have a profound effect on performance. Boom height is also critical, though shoulder-to-forehead height is the norm. Sail adjustment preparation should

WIN WIN WIN WIN WIN WIN WIN

actually carry on through the next area of preparation: refining boardspeed.

If you want to win, this next step is absolutely necessary! Load up your board and sail and head to the nearest boardsailing beach. Once there, seek out a few of the "resident experts" who sail your type of board. First ask them to check your rigged sail to see if you have it set-up correctly. Don't be shy about asking. More than likely there will always be someone around who is friendly and willing to take you under his or her wing to show you a few tricks.

After your new friend has shown you how to rig your sail for speed, ask your expert friend if he would go sailing with you so you can match your speed. Once on the water, ask him to sail upwind and in a position slightly ahead and downwind of you (Diagram A). When he's in this relative



position he will be in what is often called "safe leeward position." In this position he will be directly in your line of sight and you'll be able to adjust both your course and technique to try to match his racewinning skill. As he pulls ahead, ask him to slow down so you can re-establish this practice position.

A last area of sailing skill refinement that must be mastered is manuevering. Find yourself a slightly challenging spot (with decent wind and a little chop) where there are perhaps a series of buoys set close together. If there are no buoy-laden areas where you live, simply use a few empty Clorox jugs for a homemade slalom course. Position the buoys in a way that simulates the type of course on which you expect to compete. Go around the course until you're exhausted. Then go around again. Realize that no matter how fast you are executing a lap, you can always do it faster and often with less brute force and more precision. This type of practice may seem maniacal, but believe me, it's this type of practice that makes all the difference in the world.

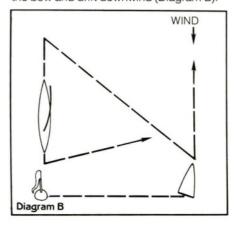
ESTABLISH A STRATEGY

If you have mastered an efficient equipment, boardspeed and boardhandling regimen, you should be able to finish in the top quarter of the fleet, but not if you haven't done your prerace homework and established a race plan. That's why they call it strategy.

Unless you plan to race only on the body of water that you've raced on for years, you should do some preparation to evolve a strategy. The way to do this is incredibly obvious. Sometime during the days and weeks preceeding an event, go to a nautical book store and buy a chart of the upcoming race area. When you get home, examine the topography, and the under-water areas of, and surrounding the expected race course. As you may know, wind and current are directly affected by the immediate topographical characteristics. Try to visualize. Mark on the chart with a red pen (for wind) and a blue pen (for current), the possible vaguaries of wind and current. This may seem awfully hypothetical but as you will find, successful racing is a result of an accumulation of many things - and strategy, though often nebulous, is a very important variable to be accurately reckoned.

When race day comes, get to the site early and take a good, long look at the area. Try to visualize what you figured the wind and current to be doing. Don't forget to ask the local experts about the characteristics of the area; even local fishermen can lend valuable insight. Ask them if the wind is stronger in one place than another. Also ask if the wind usually shifts a certain way. If the weather is in a state of change ask what they think the wind will do. Stick this information in your brain and go sailing

ing.
The last step toward evolving an accurate strategy is to test "Dr. Wind." Go out sailing and sail to the vicinity of the windward mark. Once there, turn the board downwind with the sail flapping freely over the bow and drift downwind (Diagram B).

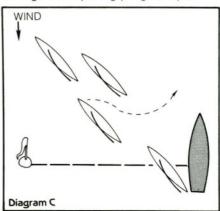


Drift at least halfway downwind to the starting line, all the while concentrating very hard. Try to keep track of the wind's changes (using your sail like a giant weather vane) in these specific categories: direction, velocity and duration. See if you can build a picture in your mind, showing the wind's characteristics, including everything you've observed. Next, sail to a point that's even with the windward mark (Diagram B, position A), then drift downwind until you're halfway down the course. Next, sail to point B and repeat the downwind exercise. Again, use this information to build a picture in your mind about the changes in the wind.

THE RACE—TIME FOR TACTICS

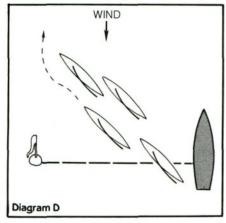
The race begins with the start and this was covered with all it's subtleties in "Sailing Skills for Successful Sailboard Starts" [January/February 1987]. Still, here's a refresher. The single most important objective of a good start is to be on the line with clean air at the starting signal. This can be executed in several ways, but first you have to ask yourself this question: "Does my overall strategy effect where I want to start on the line?" In other words, if your strategy leads you to believe that one side of the course is favored, this should effect where you choose to start in respect to the fleet. Beyond this, the tactics of starting are similar to those used in racing Hobies, except sailboards can stop, turn, sail backwards and fall down much faster than Hobies, so you have to be extra-careful and feel sure about your board handling. Many boardsailors don't know the rules so the rules of survival often overrule the rules of the road

Once the gun goes off and you're across the line, the real race begins. If you don't have clean air at the gun you better get it fast—the leaders will pull away by the second. Sailboards tack much faster than cats so be psyched; be ready to tack at the first sign of an opening (Diagram C). If,



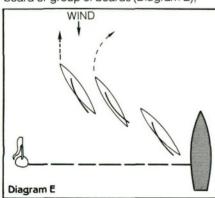
WIN WIN WIN WIN WIN WIN WIN

however, you feel that going left (presuming you started on starboard tack) is the way to go, sail off to leeward of the board ahead (Diagram D). If you have to sail in bad wind don't worry—just concentrate,



sail as fast as you can in the disturbed air—at least you're going the right way and besides, you might get lucky; the sailor in front of you might tack off and leave you with clean air.

While you're thinking about all this strategy you might have someone footing off on top of you, or maybe you want to tack but he won't let you. If this is the case, maybe it is time to employ a classic technique called pinching. On most sailboards, pinching (sailing especially close to the wind) can be accomplished by holding the rig a little more vertical or even slightly to leeward (in light winds) while overtrimming and heeling the board slightly to leeward. From a position ahead and to leeward of a board or group of boards (Diagram E),



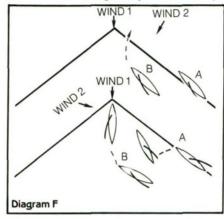
pinching up across their paths will let you "gas" them with dirty wind and convince them to tack off — enabling you to tack also.

Now comes the time for what I call "Relative Position Theory." Imagine this situation: you've done all your pre-race homework so you have a strategy. At the same time, you can't really be sure that your strategy is completely correct, yet meanwhile, the fleet is spreading out all over the place and you really don't know

where to go. This is when Relative Position Theory comes into play.

As you sail up the windward leg, keep an eye on the distribution of the fleet. Next, assign a numerical value to the numbers of boards going one way or the other. Whichever side of the course has more sailors let this influence your tactics. Don't let most of the fleet go "the other way" unless you're quite sure that you're going the right way.

As you approach the layline, avoid it. Except when racing in a large fleet on a small course or when racing in perfectly steady winds, the layline is the "kiss of death." It turns out that once on the layline, any windshift, whether a "lift" or a "header" will only cause you to lose in respect to the rest of the fleet (Diagram F). To illustrate: if,



once on a layline a lift appears, any board to leeward which had tacked short of the layline will now be able to "fetch" the mark. Also, if, while on the layline, you encounter a header, any boards to leeward will gain.

The port tack layline is also a dangerous spot. Not only is it often difficult to find a gap in the oncoming starboard tackers, but any boards already around the mark will steal your wind during your final approach.

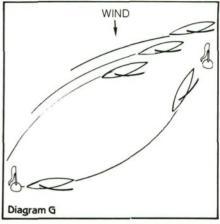
THE REACHES

Sailboards come into their own after rounding the windward mark. There are three different scenarios that deserve specific attention: rounding clear ahead. rounding in close combat, and rounding behind. But before we outline these possible circumstances, we must first bring to light the ultimate rule of downwind sailing: "Up in the lulls, down in the pulls." In light winds it's better to head comparatively high in respect to the course to the next mark. When a puff comes it's another story. The more wind there is, the faster you go, and the more the wind seems to come from in front of you (apparent wind). The end result is that when the wind puffs, you

can head off, even below the course to the next mark to make up for how high you should be sailing during the lulls.

Okay, so you rounded ahead. Well, full speed ahead and damn the torpedos. Sail high if someone tries to take your wind; otherwise sail free and clean, and utilize the up in the lulls, down in the puffs maxim.

If you round in close combat, either head high immediately to decrease any passing threats or take the low road (Diagram G) by heading off to leeward. This



move can often work well (especially in a lightening breeze) because the boards that stay high will continue to fight each other all the way down the reach while you'll be free to work the puffs and shifts. And besides, if the wind goes lighter, you'll have a much better apparent wind angle as you approach the jibe mark.

If you round behind, just concentrate very hard—only try to pass the guy ahead if you think you can get by without a major luffing match—and sail free and clear and try to work low for an inside overlap at the reaching mark.

When approaching the reaching mark, keep in mind that there is something about boardsailors that makes them lose the fear of collision. Maybe it's due to the lower purchase price of their vessels. You should use your voice like a car horn when you come into a mark, and never think that the guy next to you isn't going to blow his jibe. Be careful and ready for anything because it probably will happen.

The reach mark rounding is by no means the end of the course, but it is where this article ends. By the time the fleet has spread out there will be few dramatic shifts in overall fleet distribution. From this point, just concentrate and don't let up for a second; use your strategic data base when deciding which way to go; use "better-safe-than-sorry" tactics at the crucial "intersections" and realize that not everyone wins their first race—even though I did by using this same preparation formula!

SAILBOARD SAFETY PATROL

BY PHIL WORTHEN -

With the advent of new, exotic materials such as Kevlar and Mylar, and the evolution of board shapes, high-speed sailing has become an everyday occurrence. New sailing techniques have made sailing in gale-force winds relatively safe. Consequently, sailors' appetites for stronger and stronger wind conditions have created situations that ultimately led to the formation of a "patrol."

The San Luis Reservoir at Los Banos, California, has long been considered by boardsailors to be the premier place to sail in the central California area. This reservoir is governed by the California State Parks and Recreation Department, which until two years ago was forcing boardsailors off the lake in high winds as a result of frequent, often-hazardous rescues. When the winds reached 25 knots, the amber caution light turned red and signaled all boardsailors to leave the water. This naturally resulted in some confrontations between sailors and rangers.

In late 1984 the park staff began considering opening the O'Neill Forebay portion of the reservoir to high-wind sailing on the condition that personal flotation devices (PFDs) be worn. Several boardsailors, at a meeting with park staff, objected strongly to PFDs on the basis of dangerous personal experiences and demonstrated to the staff that a windsurfing harness combined with a wetsuit provided adequate flotation. The fact that the sailor could swim and keep warm in the wetsuit was an added plus. The group proposed to the park staff that they consider utilizing the 'waterstart criteria concept" in conjunction with the rule that a wetsuit be worn by windsurfers utilizing the area in 25-knot conditions. It was agreed that the boardsailors would provide the park staff with training sessions utilizing windsurfing videos and lectures to help them identify when a boardsailor is in trouble requiring assistance. The staff was also made familiar with the windsurfer vocabulary, making communication with boardsailors easier. This communication between a group of boardsailors and the park staff led to the formation of the volunteer San Luis Sailboard Safety Patrol (SLSSP) in 1986 to act as an advisory group providing other windsurfers with information on how to use the area safely, and to advise the ranger staff. It is not an enforcement group.

After an intensive weekend clinic conducted by park rangers and the Los Banos Police/Rescue Unit, 32 sailors became members of the unique safety patrol. Each member was required to pass first aid, Red Cross, and CPR tests and receive certification in these skills. They also had to be able

to demonstrate a consistent waterstart ability in high wind. Each member was given a distinctive international orange and white patch to be worn on the harness. Clark Dooley, one of the supervisory rangers, explained that their role was to maintain a safe boardsailing environment, and eventually establish new areas to sail on the upper reservoir. The appearance of patrol members at launch areas during highwind periods has lessened the need for rescues. Members provide material suggesting general safety rules, including color-coded maps explaining launch and loading areas. The patrol has received widespread acceptance by the sailing population, and so far it has not been necessary for a patrol member to call upon ranger assistance to enforce the rules.

The patrol is seen as an organization to promote safe sailing, and to gain greater access to California's waterways. Other state park leaders have indicated an interest in the patrol, and several are currently exploring the possibility of setting up their own organizations.

The O'Neill Forebay is located at the base of the San Luis Reservoir and is regarded as the best place to test your windsurfing abilities and equipment in Northern California. The area is located within a two-hour drive south of San Francisco via Highway 101 or an hour-and-ahalf drive from Santa Cruz via Highway 152. On most windy weekend days you can see at least a hundred sails on the "Catfish Flats" area of the Forebay. Although Catfish Flats, (between the power line and Highway 152, approximately one-mile in diameter) is the most popular area for sailing, a five-mile drive to the Mederios area on the south side of the Forebay offers two-mile reaches and warmer water.

The sailing season at San Luis usually runs from April through October. The best months are June and July, when an extreme variance in the temperatures of the San Joaquin Valley and the coast usually produce the best conditions for sailing. A 25-degree temperature variance between Santa Cruz and Los Banos will generally be adequate to produce good winds. Summer wind patterns are mostly 20-knot westerlies from dawn to mid-morning with light and variable winds lasting until 3:00 P.M. It is common for winds to die within fifteen minutes, then shift and blow 25 knots from the west. Winds can easily build to 30 knots past sunset.

The main dangers at San Luis are twofold: equipment failure in high winds, and inexperienced sailors hopelessly overpowered in such conditions. In both situations hypothermia (from being in cold water too long) can result. At the Forebay at San Luis the lee shore could be two miles away from the spot the sailor went down. Patrols are on the lookout for these situations, and are trained and prepared to lend assistance. Each dangerous case is slightly different so the patrols must be prepared to take whatever measures are needed in any given situation. Standardized rescue procedures are being developed on an on-going basis and this information will be made available to all sailors as it emerges.

The question of liability is the major motivating concern in the restricting or prohibiting of boardsailing. The patrol approach is a practical solution to this ever-increasing threat of loss of sailing areas and water access. All sailors should have an increased awareness of potential hazards in their home waters. The visibility of an organized and recognized safety patrol gives local, state, and even national controlling agencies strong assurance that detailed safety measures are in effect. The existence of a patrol organization can dramatically ease the worst fears of these controlling organizations. As private sailing parks begin to spring up, professional patrols (similar to snow-ski patrols) may soon become a reality. A highly-trained patrol person would become a valuable and sought-after individual.

The SLSSP is a successful solution to this ongoing problem. New rescue techniques are being developed that will be useful to sailors everywhere. SLSSP proves that board sailors and state agencies can work hand-in-hand to the advantage of both parties. Everyone wins. Through communication and organization many of our greatest sailing locales will stay open to the rapidly growing and still-developing sport of boardsailing.

For more information about the patrol and how it was organized, call or write HOTLINE. All questions and requests for information will be forwarded to the safety patrol.

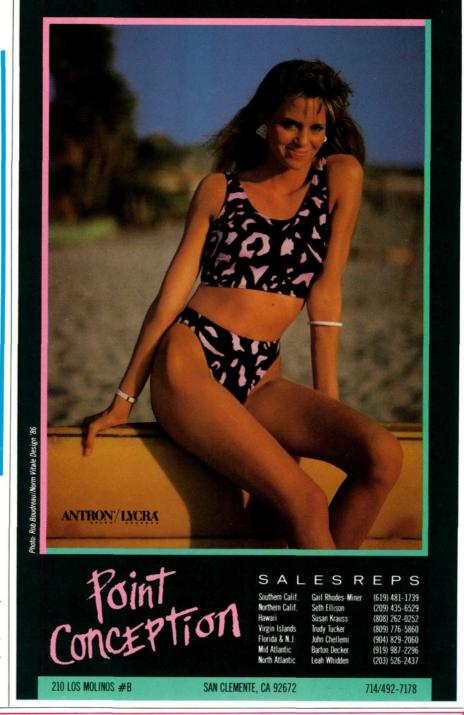
Editor's Note: Phil Worthen is an Alpha Team rider with twenty years surfing experience, and a twenty-five year background in sailing and racing dinghies and multihulls. He is a Hobie Cat instructor and salesman at the O'Neill Yacht Center in Santa Cruz, California. He is an original member of the San Luis Sailboard Safety Patrol and a steering-committee member of the California Boardsailing Association.



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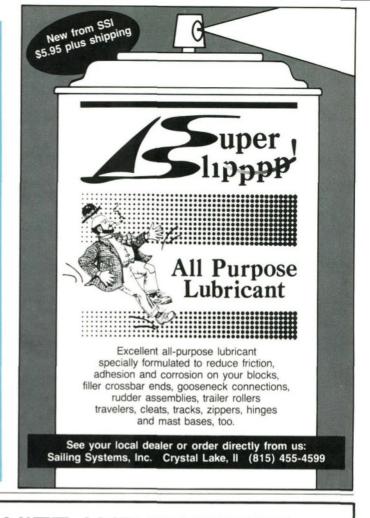




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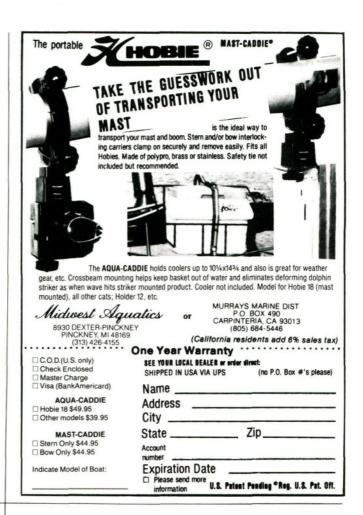
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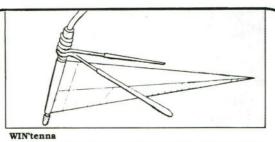
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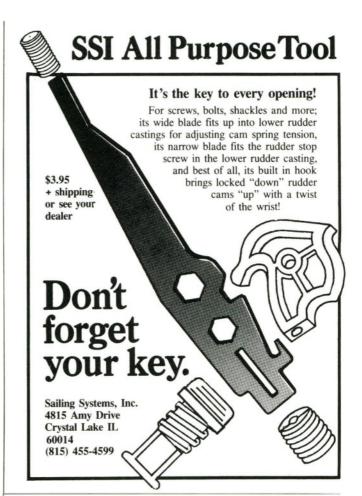
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DANGER



Extreme caution must be observed when launching and sailing near overhead wires. A mast near a wire could be fatal!

Do You Have Trouble Pronouncing "OCHSEN"? WE DO, TOO!

OCHSEN was supposed to be pronounced "oxen"... That being the case, why not spell it OXEN "M, which is obviously pronounced "oxen" — we agree with Clyde, who finds it much easier to call an OXEN "Man "oxen"... Than he does to call an OCHSEN an "oxen"... Besides, Clyde says that calling an OCHSEN an "oxen" seems like a lot of unnecessary bull!

If all of this is beginning to seem a little like bull to you, too - Skip the double talk and simply remember that the only "cleatless", self-holding block in the USA is now called an OXEN block, and is distributed by KISME, INC.

(Clyde says if you don't know who, or what, KISME is . . . He hopes JAWS eats your boat!) . . . KISME is the specialized marine hardware company with the exceptional reputation for product quality and customer service! (It also has a truly awesome employee/skipper named Clyde.)

Joking aside: KISME is proud to announce that it is now sole US importer and distributor for this fine Swiss made. self-holding block.

Also, Clyde wants to invite all you 'ol OCHSEN 'drivers', who need to get your OXEN™serviced, to send them in to KISME's special support department — For a limited time we will fix any OXEN™/OCHSEN block for only \$29.95, or any "IFL" block for \$39.95 (plus postage)! Of course, there is no charge for qualified warranty service.

Finally, because we truly believe "simple is better", we are really changing the name from OCHSEN blocks to:

OXEN™ BLOCKS

Another Simply Better Product From





©1987 KISME, Inc. 118 Millridge Rd. Universal City Texas 78148 (512) 659-4258



Hot Products

1987 Windsurfing Catalog from Murrays

Murrays Marine's 1987 Windsurfing Catalog features a wide array of hardware and accessories for sailboarders including the full Da Kine line, a discussion of ready-to-sail bases and booms as well as the Bic roofrack system. Videos, books, wetsuits and drysuits are also included. The 37-page catalog also features serial photos of the first forward roll ever photographed. For more information, contact Murrays Marine, P.O. Box 490, Carpinteria, California 93013. Or, call 805-684-8393.

The KISME Kleet™

KISME's latest gadget for cat sailors is the KISME Kleet™, a stainless steel cleat to be used as a terminal "post" for line eyes or bungee loops. In addition, says KISME, the cleat can serve as a repair part for bungee assisted rudder systems or as replacements for broken rudder washers. KISME guarantees the cleat for as long as you own your boat. The cleats retail for \$1.50 each and are available in groups of four for \$4.95 plus postage. For more information, see your Hobie dealer or contact KISME, Inc., 118 Millridge Road, Universal City, Texas 78148. Or, call 512-659-4258

Tramp Rench™

Charles Island Associates has recently introduced the Tramp Rench™, which is designed to use central hand grip leverage to make tightening trampoline lacing easier. The wrench's design evenly distributes gripping pressure by using a cam cleat which will not damage the lacing line. For more information, contact Charles Island Associates, Inc., P.O. Box 16088, West Haven, Connecticut 06516. Or, call 203-874-5300.

Hull and Mast Protection from Grifgrabers

Grifgrabers has just released their cat pro-lactic tips designed to protect the front portion of the boat's hulls from road debris and flying stones. The tips cover the area from the tip of the hull to the front crossbar and are made of Naugahyde and plastic zippers. Grifgrabers states that one person can slip the covers on and off easily. The tips are available in black or blue to fit all Hobie Cats.

Grifgrabers has also introduced mast pads made expressly for Comptip™ masts. The new pads are constructed with 400 Denier pack cloth and half-inch Ethafoam. The mast is held in place by Velcro straps. The pads are designed to protect the mast from the rear crossbar and the sail track from lines and straps during transportation. Grifgraber mast pads are available in all colors. For more information, contact Grifgrabers Sailing Accessories, P.O. Box 1724, Hurst, Texas 76053. Or, call 817-282-2812.



Even when it's empty, it's full of good things.

Some of the good things:
2.1-liter fuel-injected engine.
Power front disc brakes.
Power steering.
Steel-belted radial tires.
4-speed manual transmission.
Electronic ignition.
Independent suspension.
Contoured front bucket seats.
Rear-window defroster.

Sliding side door.
Seating for seven <u>and</u>
49.7 cu. ft. of cargo spacethat's the big difference
between the German-built
Vanagon and mini-vans.



