

Kobie

HOTLINE

JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1988

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IS YOUR CAT SUFFERING FROM TLC™ DEFICIENCY?

A Self-Test from



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SYMPTOM #1: "THAT SLOPPY FEELING"

Walk over to your favorite catamaran (any type, any size, any age). Place one hand on a tiller arm and one hand on the crossbar; try to push/pull the connection apart. If there is ANY connector "slop" the poor boat is starving for a little TLC™...if there is a lot of "slop" the boat may need intensive care!

Repeat the push/pull test again. Notice how all those connector parts move and interact relative to each other. Especially notice the amount of the free-play. (Clyde says to remind you that all that "slop" exists at BOTH ends of the crossbar!) Any such "slop" in the crossbar will allow the rudders to vary their alignment under sail. Any such variation in rudder alignment can significantly contribute to your boat's hydrodynamic drag.

Consequently "That Sloppy Feeling" is very bad news for racers!

THE CURE: GIVE YOUR BOAT A LITTLE TLC™!! A TLC™ tiller linkage connector has absolutely no "slop".

IF YOU ARE NOT REALLY INTO RACING, THERE ARE SEVERAL OTHER SYMPTOMS OF TLC™ DEFICIENCY SYNDROME (OTHER THAN "FEELING SLOPPY") THAT MAY INTEREST YOU:

SYMPTOM #2: "THE WALLOWED - OUT LOOK"

Wallow-out holes in the end cap castings (on the tiller arms and crossbar) are caused by the stainless steel connecting bolt striking the edges of these holes during normal use. If this metal to metal binding/contact is permitted to go unchecked for an extended period, the amount of slop gradually increases and eventually the affected parts will fail or be rendered unserviceable.

THE CURE: PAMPER YOUR END CAPS WITH A LITTLE TLC™!! A TLC™ tiller linkage connector has a connecting shaft that does not move about in the end caps and absolutely does not wallow-out the holes.

SYMPTOM #3: "HYPER TENSION"

Some connectors actually limit tiller deflection by building up tension and bending forces in the connecting bolt. This force may vary from virtually zero near neutral, to a very large maximum near the outer limits of tiller throw. The deformation caused by such forces is very easy to see on a well used connector bolt. You can also compare the arm tiller "throw" with the crossbar connected and disconnected. This comparison clearly illustrates that the connector (itself) absorbs the turning force and limits the deflection. Such repeated stressing can result in fatigue failure of the bolt or fracture of an end cap casting. Although adding a spring will cushion some of the shock at max deflection, and will take up some of the loose slack around neutral-- it also increases the margin of "slop".

THE CURE: RELAX -- AND TAKE TWO TLC™s!! A TLC™ tiller linkage connector does not generate internal tension or limit tiller motion in any known tiller sailing position (or any combination of known positions).

SYMPTOM #4: "HYPER ACTIVE"

Some complicated connector set-ups have over 20 separate parts (including springs) that are expected to wiggle, mash, compress, swivel, twist, rotate, pull, and rub against each other -- on twenty (or more) different contact surfaces!!

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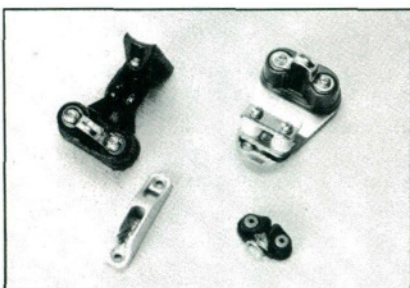
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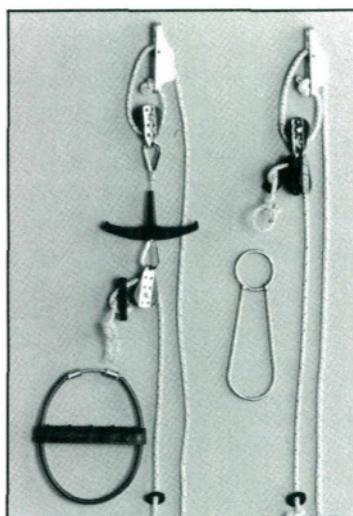


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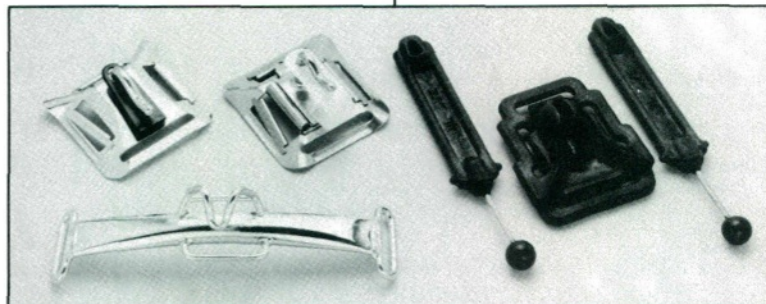


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Patrick McDowell

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Will Gibson's photo and our art director's skill stress our theme for 1988. We're breaking through to a new year. Look for some exciting changes and let's go fast in '88!

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by Bonnie Hepburn

Charging Ahead

The new year always brings changes. In the case of the HOTLINE, change is coming from several directions. First, there are the results of the survey so many of you kindly took the time to fill out and mail back to us. Thank you for this valuable input. Although the final results have not yet been tabulated, we've already received a fairly clear picture of what you would like to see in your magazine, and in 1988, you'll be seeing more of it.

A big change is coming to Hobie Cat and the HOTLINE. The Coleman Company has put Hobie Cat up for sale and, at press time, a buyer had been found. Since all the details were not finalized, we are not able to report on them here, however, it appears as though Hobie Cat and the HOTLINE, with new owners, have a bright future, one we hope you'll share with us. Be sure to stay tuned for more information about all this.

Of course, one big change to occur in the world of Hobie Cat sailing has been the Hobie 21. Response all over the United States and in a few other countries, has been overwhelming. The Hobie 21 may be the most successful new catamaran introduced since the Hobie 16.

The Hobie credit card has also received tremendous response from HOTLINE readers. Orders have been pouring in. This is especially important since the credit card will help maintain a good flow of money for event sponsorship, one of the keys to the Hobie Way of Life. Thank you all for taking advantage of the Hobie Card.

Plus, don't forget the 1988 Hobie calendar. There's still time to order. With this calendar, you'll never miss a day of Hobie excitement.

Of course, a few things aren't changing. Like Jeff Alter winning a Hobie national championship. This time it was the Hobie 16 championship in San Francisco.

Another tradition is that the women's championship always has better wind than the open event. It happened again this year and Julie Renfro was there to sweep the wind in her sails and come out on top of a very closely contested championship. And, of course, Bob Curry streaked to victory in the Hobie 14 National Championship on the Great Lakes. Curry is making a habit of winning this event. The Tahitians and the Aussies struggled on the lovely island of Mauritius for the Hobie 14 World Championship and the Tahitians came out on top. All these regattas receive excellent coverage in this issue.

In keeping with our recent emphasis on interesting places to sail, we offer the exotic and the not-so-exotic. Did you know that Bakersfield, CA has a lake that's quite a challenge? Not only is there wind, but a bit of an obstacle course as well. And how many of you have ever thought about sailing the coast of Africa? A Frenchman (what is it with these guys anyway?) has actually done it and set up his own vacation service so you can do it too.

We have some very good "how to" information in this issue as well. Want to know how to sail in the middle of winter safely? See "Beat the Cold" for the scoop. Julie Renfro offers some of the tips that earned her the women's crown, so you men and women Hobie 16 sailors better pay attention.

We're off to a good year in 1988, and one thing is for sure, it's going to be exciting! To all of you, HOTLINE wishes you a happy and safe New Year.



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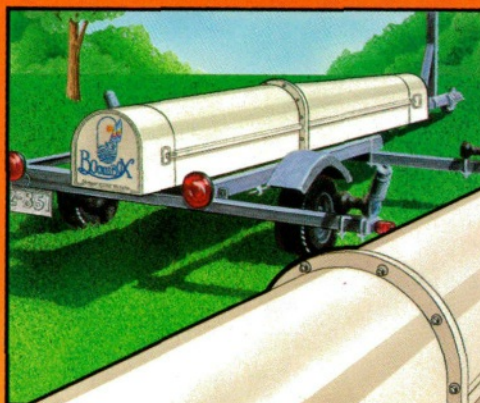


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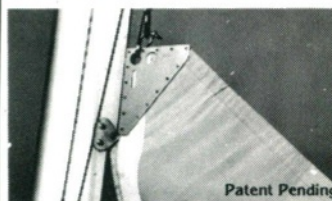
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On September 11, I was sailing my Hobie Cat 16 with my wife, Renee, in San Francisco Bay. We launched from Berkeley knowing that there were small craft advisories posted. This was nothing new to us. We headed toward Angel Island where everyone was sailing in larger boats. We hoped to push the performance envelope of the 16. About two miles out, the Hobie started to fly out of the water from the top of the waves. What great fun!

On the last wave I think the boat left the water completely, evident by the sudden lack of tension on the tiller. The bow angled down toward the base of the next wave (oops!) which we both agreed was substantially bigger than the rest. The Cat Killer Wave broke over our heads, washing Renee from her position and tangling her in the hiking straps. I was in the trapeze and was washed off. I was still attached to the trapeze cable, holding onto the tiller while being dragged, when the Hobie tacked. Two waves later, we rolled and turtled, sticking our mast in eight to ten feet of mud. We tried to right the boat, but there was no hope. A passing motorboat with three retired gentlemen on their way in from a fishing expedition came to our rescue. With their aid we were able to right the Hobie and sail in with a broken, flooded mast using the jib.

Even though I do not know the name of these gentlemen or of their boat, I would like to take this opportunity to thank them. Without their help, this would have ended in tragedy, as the tide was ebbing.

Prior to this voyage, I was a silent opponent to the Comptip™. After viewing the damage, I concluded that the Comptip™ is well worth the effort. The metal part of the mast was bent and ripped in places. This indicates that even without the Comptip™ breaking, the mast would have needed to be replaced. With the added safety factor afforded by the Comptip™, not to mention the free cost, I recommend any interested sailors have their Hobies retrofitted.

Mike Hempel
Hobie Fleet 281
Santa Rosa, California
P.S. As soon as I get \$2200, I'll be back!

On the Lookout for Stolen Boat

You used to have a small area devoted to stolen boats, but I have not noticed it anywhere lately. If you still do, please include this description of my stolen boat: 1980 Hobie 18, serial CCMH3169M801, bright yellow hulls, white sail with a gold and red band near the top, sail 958. It was on a Sterling trailer with a wood box, stolen from Route 1, Key Largo, Florida, on 9/7/87, Labor Day weekend.

Rick White

Cat Rigged 16s?

Some of my Hobie friends are having the same problem—they can't find regular crews for their 16s. Many had hoped the Hobie 17 would be the answer, but it isn't the same kind of boat.

Solution? A new Coast Cat sail (uni-rig) to retrofit on our 16s. This sail would be the same luff length but shorter by a foot (high aspect ratio). The narrower, modified sail would cut down on tacking problems.

The racing starts would remain the same, the uni-rigged 16s starting with the regular 16s. If the 16 skippers won't or can't switch to 17s, this might keep them stoked on Hobies. And that's very important to the continuing catamaran craze.

Thanks for listening to my suggestions.

Ron Fikes
Fleet 20
Palo Alto, California

Editor's Note: We forwarded Fikes letter to Miles Wood, Director of the Hobie World Class Association. Below is his response.

We have spent many hours and dollars looking into this project. It always comes down to one major point: a uni-rig 16 without boards will not tack (it will, but takes forever).

As far as racing a uni-rig 16 with regular 16s, we feel that this combination would complicate maneuvers and would not be that much fun, since the uni-rigs would be underpowered most of the time.

Thank you for your suggestions—we need the input. -Miles Wood



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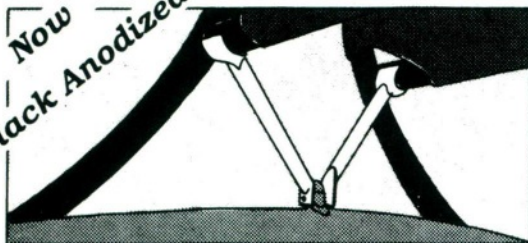


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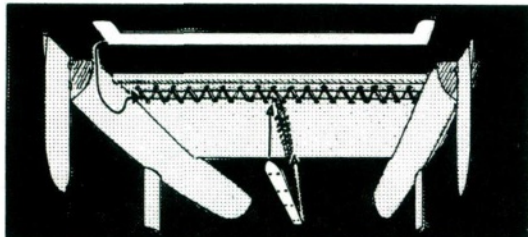
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Our team name is our calling card. We are very proud, tough and above all, small in stature. We are "Team Short."

We don't just take anyone just because they meet height requirements. We have very low standards; in fact, without a short attitude you can't join. We take two new members a year. To give you an idea of how low our standards are, Randy Smyth raced with us in the 17 National Championship. He has got how many world titles? Well, he had the height requirements but he had a "tall attitude." We had to reject his application.

We are an international club. We have members building Hobies in Australia. We have members in "high places" in the Hobie World Class Association. Some members are always at the top at nationals and worlds. Others teach sailing on islands; still others peddle real estate. Some try to write for a living. Some chase icebergs for fun. Some surf. One was an editor. We even have a boat captain, and last but not least, we have a member that has had a "502DWI" while sailing.

We try not to let our "shortcomings" get in the way of having fun; it's not our fault that other people are too tall.

We at Team Short submit a challenge to any other reputable club or organization: We'll sail the pants off you. So to all you Team Fat sailors, Team Alpo sailors, Team Lake sailors and Team Poofa sailors, get ready.

Send your team roster and charter to the Team Short Challenge, c/o Hobie Class Association, P.O. Box 1008, Oceanside, California 92054 U.S.A.

We will see you at the next big event!

- Dick Blount

Carlton Tucker Wins the Alter Cup

USYRU Area D representative Carlton Tucker of Fort Walton Beach, Florida with Jarrett Melvin crewing, won USYRU's first National Multihull Championship for the Alter Cup.

The event, hosted by Toms River Yacht Club of New Jersey, was held August 16-22.

Ten teams from nine USYRU areas completed a round-robin series over five days, with breezes varying from light to moderately heavy.

In an exciting battle for first, the top six finishers each led the regatta at different times. "The lead changed almost every race," said USYRU Multihull Council Chairman Francie Jarvis, noting that Tucker balanced a last place with four firsts, three seconds, a fourth, and a fifth.

The runner-up team of Mike and Lynne Nelson of Louisville, Texas posted 35 points to Tucker's low-point score of 30. Local favorite Bob Bergstedt of Bayville, New Jersey and crew Martin Tuohy followed with 42 points. No throwouts were allowed, and no alternate penalty could be accepted.

"This was hard-core racing," Tucker said. "Fouling someone meant automatic disqualification. In the end, no one suffered a

Continued on page 69

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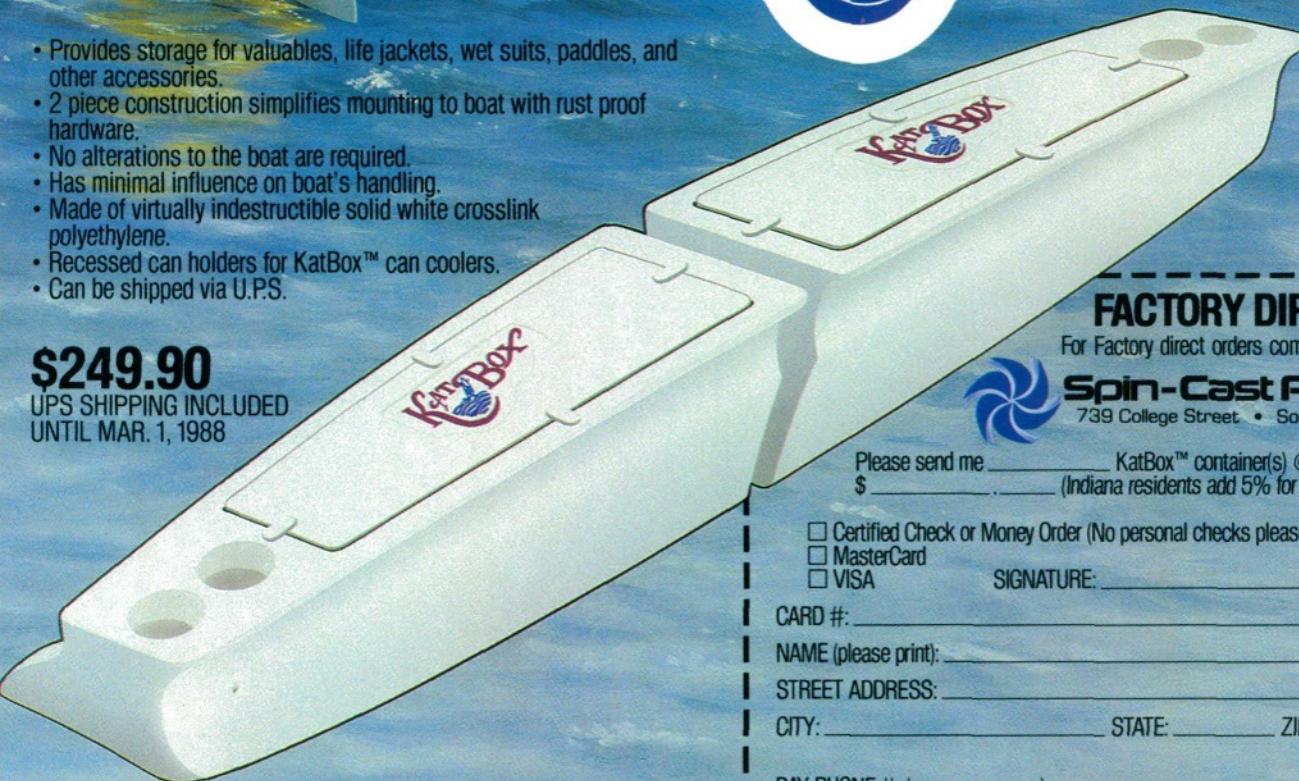
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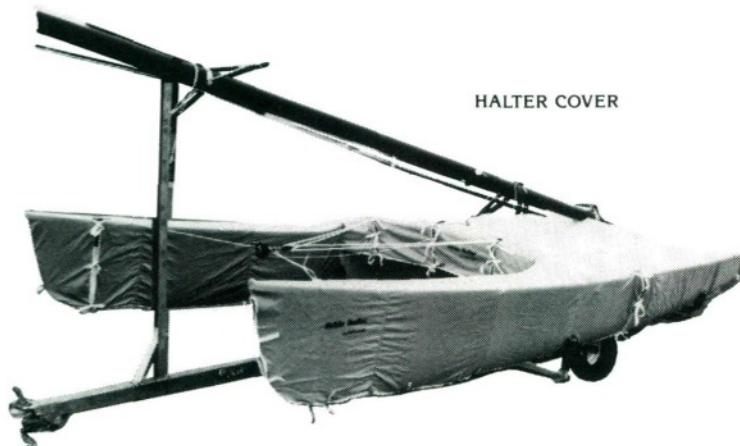
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THE GATEWAY

TO FRESNO

I know Bakersfield, California isn't the first place that comes to mind when you think about sailing. The first thing you think of is a hot dry desert with cactus, rattlesnakes, and prairie dogs. It's not even near the Pacific Ocean, let alone Interstate 5. For those who continue harboring those thoughts, you are sadly mistaken. Fleet 167 holds an annual race on Lake Isabella in Wofford Heights, which is east of Bakersfield about 45 minutes in a good car.

This year's race made San Francisco Bay look like a duck pond for aspiring Sabot sailors. Not only is there more wind than most of us can handle, but the town is quaint and friendly. They have red, yellow and green lights on the surrounding hills like street lights. Green means you can sail; yellow means you should think about coming in; red means you ought to get your butt back on solid ground. The lights are no longer enforceable, thanks to a bit of legal maneuvering by our windsurfing buddies in court. Following the suggestions of the warning lights, however, makes sense.

So here I am pushing my 16 off the beach on Saturday morning and the yellow light is blinking like crazy. Once locals said the famous, wind-or-not expression, "It's been blowing hard all week!" the points counted and the race was on. But this time you best believe them and trade in your normal flyweight crew for the biggest, heaviest crew in the

state; and here I am with a total crew and skipper weight of 265 pounds after a big breakfast. I'm really looking forward to this!

Did I tell you about the trees on the race course? Maybe a word or two wouldn't hurt. In recent years our snow and water table has dropped for lack of winter storms. Because of this most of the California water systems are far below normal. Lake Isabella is no exception. There are tree stumps that have popped up, not by the shore, but all over. In fact, by C mark this year you could literally pick the tree you liked, tie up to it, and watch the other racers high and dry. For you 18 sailors who like adventure, this is your kind of place. I saw a few 18s really going fast, only to hit one of those stumps and inflict great damage on the daggerboard wells. (If you think about it, the tree you hit could've been avoided if Californians saved more water.)

By the time the races were under way the lights on the hills were all red. Somehow I knew this, since I'd been out of control for the last three hours. My best finish was the race during which the other boats either broke or flipped. I got a sixth; it was the first time that I ever reefed a 16. The wind was in the 20-30 range with waves in the 2-3 foot category.

It's a good thing these people can throw a party, because after a hard day of sailing it's just what the doctor ordered. The local people really go all out and it's

worth the drive just for that alone.

Sunday was even more fun than Saturday. Before I pushed off the beach, the lights were already red. I flipped more just getting to the starting line than I did all year. I was sailing with the jib cars all the way out and the main traveler way past the straps. It was like a double trap reach when three people on the wire would still be one person short. I'll never forget going downwind to B mark. I was gaining on the second place guy, both of us sailing like a bat out of hell, when I started my jib. The race was over. The instant before I turned, my crew was washed over the side onto the now leeward side. At that particular moment the boat didn't need any more weight on that side. It showed us its displeasure by throwing me over the mast into orbit. I'm just thankful I didn't end up skewered on a tree stump. But it was all a blast with 30-40 range wind.

Some interesting thoughts were logged regarding sea room rounding with regards to trees and other surprises that lurked below. I'm sure they are obstructions, but does the IYRU have any footnotes or amendments on the subject? But I'll tell you, if you like wind there's no place like it. I strongly urge you to go check out Lake Isabella. Just make sure you put some rocks in your pockets, 'cause you're gonna need 'em. *FL*

A Key Place to Sail !

By Dick Blount

A WOMAN'S LOOK AT TUNING THE



Patrick McDowell

16

San Francisco Bay was a new experience for a Florida lake sailor. Sailing there was like buying an "E" ticket for the scariest ride at Disney World. Furthermore, being an 18 sailor, and more a 17 sailor, tuning a 16 for San Francisco Bay was also a new experience.

STRATEGY

In planning our strategy for the first day of the Women's National Championship, I felt that because of the high winds we should focus our attention on sailing the right course and keeping the boat upright. This strategy proved to be insufficient because of the calibre of the other teams. Many of the teams were able to sail the right course and keep the boat upright but they sailed faster than us. On the second day of racing, we knew we needed to do more if we were going to win. Tuning the boat proved to be a major factor in improving our speed.

SAIL SHAPE

First on our list was batten tension. We had to take into consideration three factors: total crew weight, wind speed, and waves. I decided to use a moderately flat sail. It was one flat enough not to overpower us too much in the heavy air, but it still provided enough power to drive us through the steep chop in San Francisco Bay.

JIB HALYARD

It appeared the shrouds were a little long on these 16s, so we set the shroud adjusters to the bottom hole of the chain plate and sheeted the jib in block-to-block. Then with the assistance of a strong, handsome guy, the halyard was tightened. Next the main was sheeted tight until the sail was relatively flat. We were trying to achieve a flat main, leaving two or three inches between the mainsheet blocks. The two or three inches is a margin for the normal loosening up of the rig.

MAST RAKE

Normally, raking the mast aft on the Hobie 17 and 18 is not advantageous to me, but it turned out to be just the opposite on the 16. By raking the mast back, we brought the center of effort

closer to the rudders so that the rudders could act as centerboards, allowing us to point higher and sail faster. Now we were able to sheet in block-to-block, depowering the sail and allowing us to keep the boat relatively flat, powering right through the chop. The day before we had not been able to keep the boat flat and we were getting stopped by the chop. A lot of mast rake is normally not advantageous downwind, but in the heavy air it proved to be so. With the main almost all the way out, the aft rake helped lift the bow over the waves, preventing pitchpoling.

WIND INDICATORS

Wind indicators are very useful in light and shifty air. Some people like those distracting, \$30 gizmos attached to their bridles, but my choice is an old Beach Boys cassette tape that self-destructed a while back. About six inches of this tape tied to each shroud works great. There's about a five-year supply in a cassette tape. As the wind increases, wind indicators have less importance. More emphasis is placed on reading the sails and feeling the boat speed.

MAINSHEET

Shortening the mainsheet can eliminate a major distraction. While still on the beach, I decide whether to run 5- or 6-to-1 purchase, then set my traveler about three-quarters of the way out and push the boom out until the sails touch the shrouds. At this point all of the extra mainsheet should be weaved through the lacing of the trampoline. If you still have problems with losing your mainsheet off the back, take a one-inch wide strip of Velcro about ten feet long and weave it through the lacing. The mainsheet will stick to the Velcro, keeping it from going over the stern of the boat.

SAIL TRIM

Before the start of each race, I decided the initial settings for the main and jib travelers, depending on the wind speed. This was usually good for the first windward leg. Sailing upwind I paid close attention to the jib luff, so as not to pinch, and the jib tell-tales, so as not to stall. In the puffs I dumped the main and then eased it back in as the puff subsided. This was particularly important as low flying airplanes landing at nearby San

Francisco airport would steal our air momentarily, then give it back to us in a big puff. Once I figured this out, I could anticipate the lull and the puff, then take advantage of it.


TRAVELING OUT

In a heavy blow it is absolutely necessary for lightweights to travel out. We traveled out to the hiking strap and sometimes further. When you do this, DO NOT PINCH. That's why you traveled out in the first place. Also, if you are going to travel out on the mainsail, make sure you travel out the jib. If you don't you will close the slot and spend most of the time under the waves.

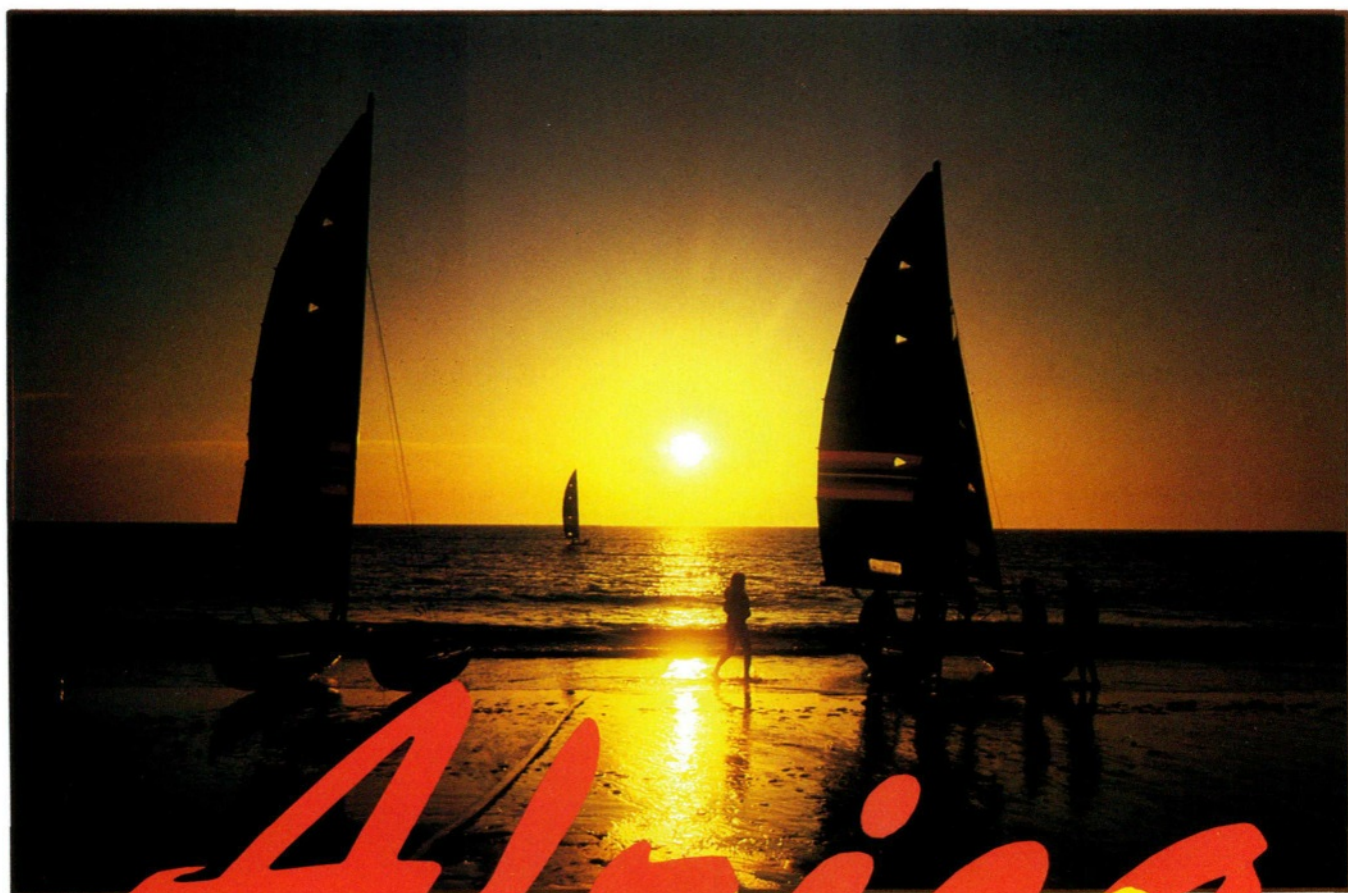
TACKING

As most of the women at this year's women's nationals can attest, tacking in heavy air was at best very difficult. Having raced a Hobie 14 for a couple of years helped me considerably. The Hobie 14, for most people, is the most difficult of all the Hobies to tack in heavy air, and I used my 14 experience to complete a tack that might not have made it. The method of tacking I used was this: I waited until I was on top of a wave, then I pushed the tiller over. If the boat came up into the wind and stopped, I pushed the tiller the opposite way and made sure the mainsheet was uncleated. As the boat drifted backwards the rudders steered the boat onto the new tack. Backwinding the jib will also help push the bows around. Once the boat comes around to where the wind is approximately at the boat's beam, sheet in and head up to a close hauled course. This very important maneuver helped me tremendously in the heavy air conditions this year.

Fine tuning the Hobie 16 is just as important for heavy air as for light air. It's imperative to tune the boat for the local conditions. Remember the three important factors: wind, crew weight, and waves.

Of the five women's national championships I have attended, this was the most enjoyable. I would especially like to thank Miles Wood and the race committee for running some great races. I would also like to thank my husband, Gordon Drysdale, who supports me in my sailing endeavors. 

HOBIE IN



Africa

BY BERNARD HENRY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY BERNARD HENRY

Editor's Note: The following story has been translated from the French. In it, French journalist Bernard Henry uses journal entries to describe a trip he took with Laurent and Veronique Bonnet, the proprietors of Hobie Cat Adventure.

Thursday, December 5. After two years of preparation, we are ready at last! Our object is to follow the African coast on our racing catamaran, to explore, explore, and explore.

The virus of adventure, the virus of Africa! At the other end of the expedition we have a new project: to create an International Hobie Cat Adventure Center. But for now, three months and 1000 miles before us is enough to concentrate on.

Tahiti beach, near Dakar. We have been waiting two days for the wind. At last, a little breeze in the early afternoon. Ready to set off! We head straight for N'gaparou. It is easy sailing and wonderful weather. We try to fish but we're not very good at it yet.

Flutterings of multi-colored butterflies accompany us from time to time and superb flying fish pass before our eyes above the waves. It is about 5 p.m. when the wind drops again. What do we do? In two hours it will be dark. We decide to stop at a beach near the village of N'dayane. Suddenly on the horizon a large black mass appears, or rather a multitude of rollers crashing onto the beach.

Our first shore break. We must choose the best way through, where the sea is calmest. We watch the waves awhile, then we take the plunge. Laurent rows as the wind has dropped. I take the helm. Above all I must not let the craft turn. I must stay at right angles to the waves. It's the swell that will push us as far as the beach. With the waves unfolding we are barely in control anymore, and the speed of acceleration is impressive. The waves finally break. Well shaken, we look at each other. Phew! Everything's okay.

We have crossed our first African shore break successfully. A goat herder approaches with his goats very surprised to see us here. He mutters a few words in French and helps us pull the catamaran up onto dry sand. For the next few hours Senegalese people came to talk and to look at us. The fishermen explain the winds and the frequency of the shore break. We are a little concerned about our departure the next morning in case the wind doesn't appear. A fisherman advises us to leave the next morning at 8 a.m. when the sea is calm and the wind is rising.

We fall asleep with our heads full of breakers, but we haven't pulled the catamaran far up the beach and we're not

sure how high the tide comes in. In the middle of the night, we get up and watch the rising tide for two hours. Finally it turns and we go back to sleep.

Friday, December 6. Up at 6 a.m., slightly nervous about the waves, the sea still is not calm. The shore break consists of a series of seven-to-nine-foot rollers, followed by a calm. As forecasted, around 8 a.m. the calms become longer. All our friends from the previous evening have



come to help us. We pull the catamaran to the edge of the last wave. "Now!" shouts the fisherman, as a great green wall rises 100 meters away. We're off. Laurent at the helm, the well rises, and we must get clear. And we only have twenty seconds. I watch the wall crash down as if by miracle. At every wave the catamaran moves a lot and we have to push the boat to get it back onto the water as quickly as possible. A second wave and then a third in

quick succession. That's it. We've made it.

And now straight for Sali, ten miles from N'Dayane. The sky is grey; it's windy and cold out at sea. Laurent and Veronique get to Sali at about 10 a.m., and they meet up with friends who live on their yacht off Palm Beach. They set off again the next morning for the river Saloum under a cold, grey sky that clears in the afternoon.

Nearby, the coast seems deserted apart from a few little villages. At about 4 p.m., the river appears behind a small point of land. The area is beautiful. The sea in front, the Saloum behind, and all beneath the towers of the Dinouar mosque.

With the help of the sails and the mooring ropes, Laurent and Veronique tow their boat through the passage from the sea into the river. We quickly pass several sand banks which we notice at the last minute. We try to reach an island in the middle of the river. Impossible! The sea is too rough and the catamaran can't take such a shaking. We go off to the south, forced to take the long way around to avoid the sand banks and the islands. We had wanted to have a look at the Saloum and its meanderings, but the wind takes up off to Gambia. No more land in sight, only the sea, animated by a swell from far out. Early in the afternoon, as the wind drops, the coast of Gambia appears on the horizon. If the wind drops anymore, we may not arrive until midnight and we still have ten miles to go.

I'm ill-at-ease amid the crossing waves and the swell. A real see-saw! Finally, after several attempts, we get to the beach. We don't even really know where we are, as the map isn't precise. We find out that we're near Bakan, a place that was invaded by the English. They help us pull Corto Maltese up onto the beach. We're exhausted; it's been a hard day but we're happy.

They even had the luxury of whizzing down the Sine Saloum, fully loaded, at the speed of 15 knots. At times, the journey had its emotional moments, like the shore break that almost upturned us at Cape Skiring; or the numerous wasp attacks at Guinea-Bissau; or the terrible fevers on the island of Bovonene. Also, the superb acrobatic departure in reverse in the middle of a cross current with the cross wind blowing the boat flat against the jetty at Bissau. That day the local crowd gave them a really exuberant ovation.

The base camp at each stage consisted of the boat; sand, and sometimes the inhabitants, like last night, spent in the strange luxury of a baldaquin bed in the middle of a modest hut with dried shrimps strewn on the ground, letting off a fairly revolting smell. Every welcome is friendly and attentive. At Tonbab Djambar they think the whites are brave but a bit mad, too. One must see that the appearance of



this double light weight canoe, pushed by the wind, with no engine, puts their assessment close to the mark. Today's fish is being barbecued. We spend our nights and eat our meals in the fresh air, around a campfire surrounded with friends. Their grand project is to grow a croquet lawn. The Anglo-Saxons strike again!

"From this base camp we'll strike out in search of coasts, villages, and fishing boats. Our 18 footer is quite spacious for a racing catamaran. It's roundedness can take up to 180 kilos of material other than equipment. We advance rather slowly for a while as the wind is light at this time of the season, but the boat is equipped with a superb, big sail and a new kind of fin which enables Veronique and Laurent to maintain an average of 8-11 knots per 15 knots of wind.

They believe in it so strongly that Laurent has to draw the plans for a canoe with two lateral pins, an optimist's rig and two wings for a fisherman. Perhaps in the future this new type of boat will appear on the west African Coast. Further on, toward the island of Dangara up the twists of Bissagos, we meet women fishing for shrimps, up to their waists in the water, despite the icy winds of the early morning or the night. And in Guinea, the boat is

requisitioned for the transport of army troops, with the captain enthroned on the bow in full uniform.

The incertitude of coasts where no boat has ever risked its keel, or perhaps where no white has set foot for generations is exhilarating. For days on end the drums of the Ballantas, tribes of Guinea-Bissau, show their presence without making any visual manifestation whatsoever, just like the old adventure stories.

We discovered waters unknown to nautical authorities. It's true that very often, the sea maps improperly show the coast, without attention to the real curves and sand banks that appear as far as two miles out to sea. Our only depth sounder was the color of the water, the look of the waves, the flocks of birds and the pink flamingos, with their 60 centimeter legs giving an idea of the depth. And then from time to time, the shore break returns. The remains of the swell coming from the great Atlantic depressions create a rising landscape. Faced with this rising, unpeeling wall from Liberia to the Ivory Coast, as dangerous as the political problems in Liberia, dreams are impotent. The secret gardens of Africa are safe . . . Thus caught in Sierra Leone by the Liberian *putsch* we learn to love this country. White sand, blue sky, 30-degree C water, warm

people, paradise island, the Sierra Leone is a dream place, still unknown.

Other catamaran enthusiasts like us would love this country. Little by little, a project developed and grew in our minds, and after a year of strident preparation the International Hobie Cat Adventure Center opened in La Rochelle . . . but that's another story. 

THE GREAT SLIDE

After a season in La Rochelle, notable for the public's passion for "Speed and Slide" holidays on catamarans and racing Hobie Cats, HOBIE CAT ADVENTURE launches African "Speed and Slide" holidays. For information on how you can take part in a Hobie holiday on the Pacific coast of Africa, contact:

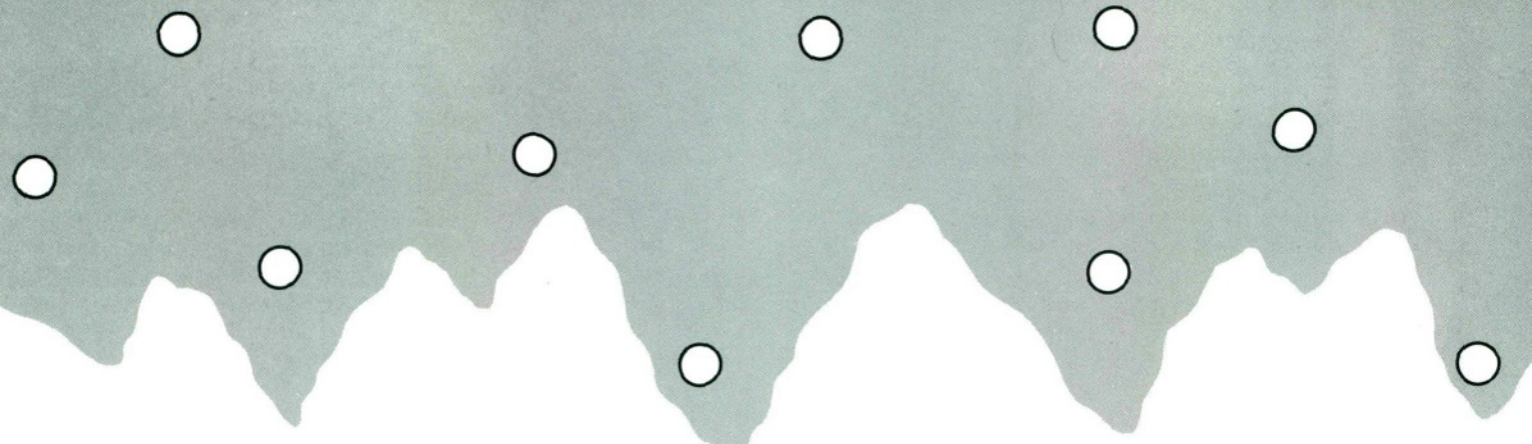
*Hobie Cat Adventure
Center International Laurent Bonnet
Esplanade St Jean d'Acre
F-17000 La Rochelle
FRANCE
tel: 46.50.55.84*



BEAT *The* COLD

BY BRIAN ALEXANDER

JANUARY • FEBRUARY 1988 / 25



A few sailors just won't ever get used to packing their boats away for the winter. For them, the thought of spending three or four months not sailing is like giving up their favorite food or, well, you get the idea. But these sailors are faced with a problem. How can they sail, assuming the body of water near them is not frozen, and still stay warm, dry and, most importantly, safe?

In fact, it's not easy. Winter weather presents several problems. First, and most obviously, it gets pretty darn cold. Let's say the temperature is 35 degrees. That's just above the freezing point, but most lakes will not have glazed over because their water temperature will be slightly higher. But the air will actually feel colder. If you are thinking of sailing, there will have to be wind. This wind will lower the "feel" of the air in direct proportion to the speed of the breeze. A ten-mile-per-hour wind will make the air feel like 20 degrees. Now, once you get out on the water and build speed, you are creating your own wind, adding this onto the wind chill factor (unless you are going downwind in which case your speed and the wind's speed will tend to cancel each other).

So, air temperature is one problem. The next is water temperature. Every sailor knows, or should know, the dangers of hypothermia, that draining of body warmth to the point of injury or death. The colder the water, the bigger the risk. In water near the freezing point (and it doesn't even have to be that cold) hypothermia can begin to manifest itself almost immediately.

Spotting the effects of hypothermia is very important. Its early detection can save a life. The first symptom is usually deep shivering. This is the body's way of trying to create more warmth. Ever find yourself sleeping in a cold room, but waking up in a sweat? That's because your body has generated its own heat and you have perspired just as if you had been exercising. Of course, when you are in water, this heat cannot build up and is just washed away.

A second symptom of hypothermia is disorientation. Sailors may seem to go

"blank" for a few seconds, forget to sheet in or out or even change personalities. Sailors can also become very clumsy and fumble for lines and equipment. Finally, once the hypothermia has lowered the core body temperature of the victim enough, he or she may seem to be drugged or drunk. In a few minutes, the victim could be dead.

Physically, symptoms of hypothermia are easier to spot. The easiest way to see it coming is to check for bluish lips and skin. Blood vessels near the surface of the skin will restrict in cold conditions, thus preventing loss of heat from the circulatory system.

Although hypothermia is more familiar to sailors as it relates to submersion in water, it is possible to become hypothermic from overexposure to cold air. This is almost always because a sailor has not prepared for the cold conditions, or has simply stayed out too long. Of course, exposure to the air is exacerbated when spray and splashing soak through outer garments.

Hypothermia from submersion in water is much more dangerous however. Water conducts heat about 25 times faster than air. In water that is near the freezing point, acute hypothermia can develop in ten minutes or less. Of course, this danger is also present in summer sailing, but those sailors braving winter weather must be especially aware.

(Danger also awaits your boat when winter sailing. The last issue of *HOTLINE* contained a piece titled "Tuck Your Hobie in for the Winter." Winter sailors should not only follow this advice once, but must perform some of these tasks after every sail. Most important, of course, is to drain all water from the hulls, wells, wing sockets and other depressions. The power of freezing water could crack the hulls.)

Three things can help reduce the dangers of winter sailing. The first is adequate preparation. Not only should your boat be fit to sail, but you should too. The body works harder in winter doing its normal tasks. Sailing in winter will put a bigger strain on your systems than summer sailing. So, if you're not up to it, don't do it.

Preparation also means adequate protection from the cold. Always wear a

personal flotation device, or PFD. This can be critical. Don't just have it on the boat, wear it. More on this later.

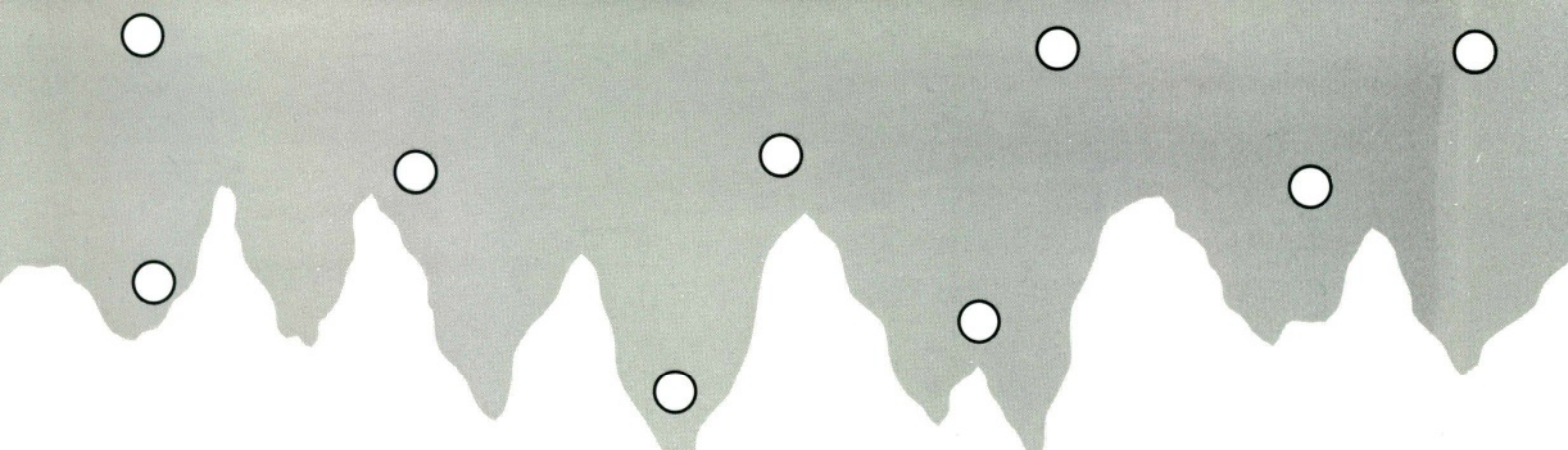
One way to fight the cold air and water is with a wetsuit. But not the colorful thin jobs you can wear in the spring and summer. Sailing in cold air demands a thick, "smooth-skin" suit. Winter wetsuits should be at the very least 3mm thick. To be safe, you might want to add an extra millimeter. Some companies make 5mm suits, but if you think you need one of these for the conditions, then it's just too cold to be sailing.

A lot of heat can be lost through the hands, feet and especially the head, so these need protection as well. Thick, neoprene gloves and booties that provide something of a seal around the ankles and wrists are a good choice. For the head, nothing beats a good wool knit hat. Artificial fabrics just don't make it for keeping in warmth.

A trend that began in northern Europe and has quickly gained acceptance in this country is the wearing of dry suits. Ask any sailor in the North Sea or the Baltic what his or her favorite piece of equipment is and they'll probably mention their dry suit. Now dry suits themselves don't keep you warm. It's the clothing you can wear under the dry suits that helps. A good dry suit will be tightly sealed around all openings so that virtually no water can leak through. This means you can don your favorite woolies, high-tech long johns, or even a down jacket underneath it. Of course, hands, feet and head will still need protection with neoprene.

One effective undergarment for dry suit wear is polypropylene underwear. This material will wick away perspiration from the skin and help eliminate that clammy feeling sailors sometimes get when they sweat. Some sailors combine the best of both worlds and wear a wetsuit under a dry suit. Others think this just adds to the clamminess.

OK, let's assume you've prepared yourself adequately and are going to use good, common sense about the length of your sail. The second way to mitigate the dangers of cold weather sailing really should have been learned long before winter. That skill is how to right the boat quickly. This



usually means that you should find a friend to sail with you. *Before you head out, be sure you've got enough weight on the boat to right it.* There probably won't be many other boaters out there, so help may not be forthcoming. When righting, stand about in the middle of the hull with the righting line over the hull. Have your crew uncleat the sails so the fabric doesn't hold water. Be sure the top of the mast is pointed into the wind so the wind will be able to get under the sail and help lift the rig. Lean back slowly and, unless the boat has turtled, you should be back up and sailing in a few seconds. If you don't already know all this, however, forget sailing for this winter. Righting the boat should be practiced until you can do it easily every time. Winter is not the time to start learning.

Now, let's say that you have flipped your boat and have not been able to right quickly. Meanwhile, you're treading water that's hovering above freezing. Should you swim in, stay with the boat or keep trying to right it? A lot depends on where you are sailing. If you are very close to shore (and you probably should be when sailing during the winter) and swimming in will not strain your body too much, then swimming in may not be a bad idea. But keep in mind that the early stages of hypothermia impair judgement and a distance that looks easy at first may turn out to be longer. Also recall the effects of tides and currents. If you have already been in the water for awhile, you may be affected by hypothermia. If you have the slightest doubt about whether to swim or stay with the boat, definitely stay with the boat. Statistics show that those who stay with the boat stand a greater chance of survival than those who do not. If you feel that your boat is really stuck in a capsize, it's best not to keep trying to right it. Instead, get out of the water and up onto the boat. The less time you spend in the water and the less body area you expose to the cold water, the better off you are.

Let's assume the worst has happened and you are stranded in the water. Your boat has deserted you and you are hearing the strains of "Nearer My God to Thee." This brings us to the third skill you'll need for winter sailing. What you do in the next few minutes could save your life. First you

should be wearing your PFD. There's little hope without it. Work to keep your head above the water since this area has no fat layer to protect it against the cold. Second, pull your legs up toward your chest and hold your arms down tightly against your sides. This is the Heat Escape Lessening Posture, or HELP. It is impossible to use HELP unless you are wearing a PFD. If you assume the HELP posture and your PFD is tending to roll you face down in the water, then modify the position by moving your arms to another spot against the body, or lowering your legs slightly. The full HELP position can reduce heat loss by as much as 50 percent and even a modified position will significantly increase the time you can survive in the water.

What should you do if you come to the rescue of a hypothermia victim? First, of course, check their breathing to be sure they have a clear airway. Then, check their heart rate. If these signs are active, then proceed. Otherwise, immediately administer CPR, or cardio-pulmonary resuscitation, a technique everybody should know. (Call your local chapter of the Red Cross for information on where to learn this important skill.)


Next, make the victim as warm and dry as possible. Wrap them in blankets, sleeping bags or whatever else is available, as long as it's dry. Next, begin removing the wetsuit or other covering. But do this gently. Since the core body temperature will have been lowered, the heart will be very sensitive. It may become irregular if the body is bumped around a lot. If the situation calls for it, wrap your naked body around the naked body of the victim. This is not the time to be shy and you can get to know each other better later. This will help stop the heat loss.

Since the victim's system will still be quite sensitive, never give a hypothermia victim anything to drink. The tendency is to have them swallow something hot, but, hot or cold, nothing should be given. This is because the muscles have been affected. The swallowing muscle may not be able to direct the liquid and the victim may end up inhaling it into the lungs.

Remember, the victim may not think any of this is necessary because he or she may be affected mentally by the hypother-

mia. Don't let a victim talk you out of helping. Also, don't rely on the victim to tell you when he or she is feeling well again. It's a fact that many hypothermia victims die in a good mood. As soon as possible, take the patient to the closest hospital, clinic or doctor's office.

Perhaps the most important thing to remember about rescuing a hypothermia victim is that they may appear dead, but be very much alive. Never assume anything. Always treat a hypothermia victim as an emergency case. Carry out the rescue procedure as best you can and get the victim to a doctor right away. Don't give up. Even people who have been under water for an hour in freezing temperatures have been able to be revived and lead normal, healthy lives. Last year, there was no sign of life in a young boy who had apparently drowned and frozen in a river. He's alive today because rescuers administered CPR and rushed the boy to the hospital where he was slowly warmed and revived.

Now even if all this sounds a little dire, don't let it dissuade you from sailing during the winter if conditions permit. Winds are often at their best during the winter and you're bound to have much of the water all to yourself. In fact, sailing in the winter can be fun. Just remember to think ahead. Prepare with adequate protection. Know how to right your boat in the event of a capsize, know what to do in case you are stranded in the water, learn the HELP position, learn CPR and use common sense to tell yourself when you've had enough. By the way, it's a good idea to notify a friend or relative before you head for the water. They'll say you're crazy for sailing in such cold weather, but then they don't know how much fun it can be, do they? 



Marvelous

Mauritius



Hosts

14 Championship



The Hobie legend lives on: pulsating heat; palm trees; ice-cold beer and forty identical Hobie 14s. What else can a person live for? After a false start in Mexico, the 1987 Hobie 14 World Championship was moved to Mauritius in the Indian Ocean. What a venue! The Fiesta de Mer (Festival of the Seas) happened to be running at the same time, plus a trans-ocean international yacht race. The island was abuzz with colorful people, different dialects, and spicy foods. Mauritius is an ex-volcanic island that brushes a sky supported by dense, green bush flowing into the brilliant, blue Indian Ocean. Surrounding the island is a coral reef that provides inshore shelter from the swell action and stirs up food for the big fish outside.

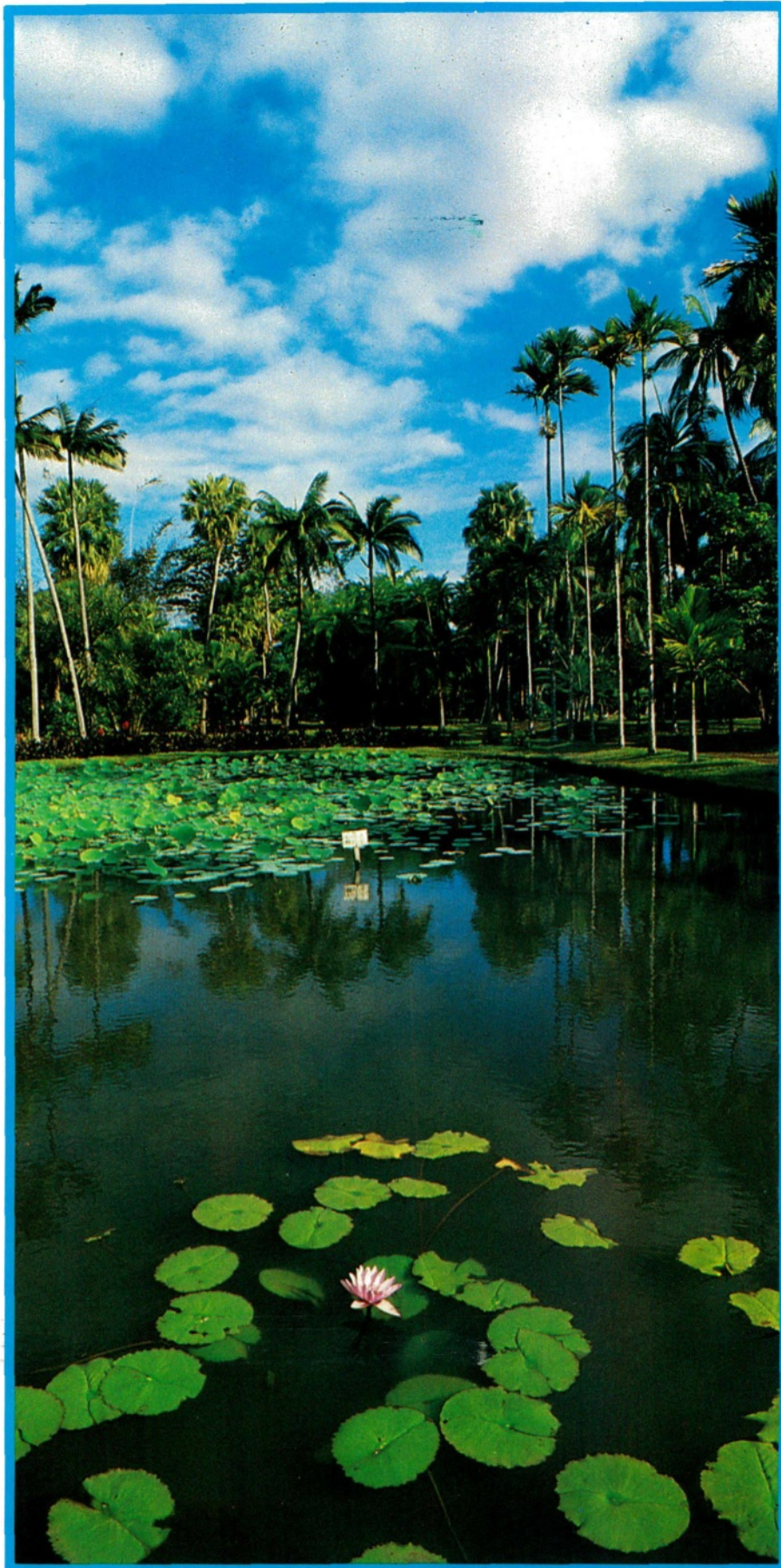
From Tahiti, France, Switzerland, Ireland, Australia, Mauritius, Spain, Brazil, America and South Africa, competitors rolled in, stripping off winter clothes and ripping out baggies and suntan lotion. The current world champion was unfortunately missing due to business, and a few hot Australians were perhaps concentrating on the next America's Cup. But the competition was there.

The Tahitians were the hottest contenders, with veterans Kitty Salmon Hiro de Meyer leading the South Pacific pack. The Mauritians were an unknown force with local knowledge. And could South African Blaine Dodds, a former world champion, make a comeback?

The pre-qualifying series started on Thursday, September 22, in a light, on-shore, westerly breeze. The courses were set due west of the luxurious championship headquarters hotel, Troux-aux-biches. Outside the coral reef, anchoring the mark far enough out to sea was a problem in over 200 meters of water on a shelf that disappeared in a hurry. Twenty sailors from the pre-qualifying went through to the championship series with a few unfortunates who had to suffer a week on a tropical isle. Three races were sailed in light, flukey conditions with onshore winds and a nasty little chop for the fat guys. Nino Salmon from Tahiti was victorious in this event and started off on a psychological high.

A welcoming party was held on Friday night with the sports and entertainment team doing their thing. These guys were amazing, working all day teaching windsurfing, skiing and diving, then putting on a show at night with much hilarity in the French flavor. A Michael Jackson look-alike was superb with ankle-crushing break dancing.

The start of the actual world championship was on Saturday at 2 p.m. This allowed the international yacht race to start, an event sponsored by the Beachcomber group of hotels on the island. The race started off in a light wind similar to



Sailors were told to expect one of the most beautiful islands in the world. They got it.



Differences in tuning styles were evident as sailors from various nations adjusted their rigs on the beach.



Mauritius exuded tropical charm and the people were as friendly as any sailor could want.

the previous day. The boats wallowed in towards the coral reef with a few tacking way up the middle of the course. Lucky them. The boats tacking close to the coral reef were headed back to the starting area and then gently lifted. Gerard Koper of South Africa scored the best out of all the boats by rounding the weather mark first, followed by the Tahitians and Blaine Dodds. The Tahitians and Allan Lawrence sneaked past Koper with Dodds running too low and dropping right back. With great tenacity, Allan Lawrence worked his way to the front and crossed the line first.

The second race began at about 3:30 p.m. in the same light wind. The wind slowly died away 20 seconds before the start with the current forcing boats over early. A 180-degree windshift then popped through after a general recall and the race was re-started in the approaching sunset. The wind from the opposite direction lifted the old sloppy chop into a neat surfing wave and the sail back to the beach was amazing with flying fish skittering over the waves and flopping back into the warm, blue water.

Sunday saw the wind switch to offshore, which is what all the heavies had been waiting for. The mean wind for the area was 20 knots offshore, 10 knots for the day, to provide some interesting racing. Wind switches in the short courses didn't allow for much catching up in the case of mistakes. With the marks difficult to move, some of the courses were debatable. It was the same for all competitors, however, and the organizers needed to have as many races as possible. Paul Thomas, the South African champion, had a bad day by just sticking his nose over the line before the gun. Dipping back but not re-rounding the ends, this resulted in a PMS since the one minute rule applied. The boat speed king, Mr. Sean Ferry, capsized just after the start, set off in a second, and pulled up to fourth—an amazing performance. The Mauritians were all up front with the Tahitians, hanging in there waiting for the wind. In the last race of the day, Allan Lawrence of South Africa built an enormous lead and kept pulling away all the time.

Monday started with the wind a good 15 knots for a super-long, three-triangle course. After a heavy beat up to the weather mark, it was no relief to know that two more rounds were to come. The reach along the coral reef was outstanding with maximum power pushing the boats along. The racing finished at 2 p.m. since time was running out for two more races. The afternoon was spent ruining the local golf course and helping the Mauritian golf ball industry stage a vital economic recovery.

This setting for the world championship must have been one of the best ever. You could start the day with a snorkel along



It sure can become hectic when good sailors are battling for first as this water-level view indicates. No word on the photographer's fate.

the reef or game of tennis, dive into a superb breakfast, then off to some amazingly exciting Hobie racing, followed by waterskiing/golf/boardsailing. When the day was done you could settle down with a free Sundowner beer, yet another sumptuous evening seafood meal, an evening show, full disco and, to end the day, the Casino Rupee Guzzler.

The split was announced on Monday night with most people, including the manager, ending up in the pool. A couple of security guards arrived on the scene and in the friendly Mauritian way suggested that more fun would be had on the beach. Leading at this stage was Allan Lawrence (South Africa), Hiro de Meyer (Tahiti), and David Kruyt (South Africa). Following were the Mauritians and Tahitians.

Tuesday had the palm trees holding onto their roots for the final two days of racing. The first race was a screamer around a course with a reach past the coral reef off to the windward mark. It was very exciting sailing. On the way back to the island you could see an approaching thunderstorm, which arrived in the middle of the second race. Gusts of up to 30 knots were making things lively but only a few boats capsized. After a lunch interval the next race started in 20 knots, followed by a fourth and last race. The casino was empty that night and coconuts vibrated off the trees with the snoring. Blaine Dodds had a superb day with two firsts, a fifth and a sixth to pull him from 28th to 7th overall. The top three were steady with Hiro de Meyer moving up to second, four points behind Allan Lawrence.

The final day saw the Duke and Duchess of York (Andrew and Fergie to some) gracing the occasion by watching the proceedings off a large catamaran. An armada of camera and press people arrived with Nikon and Kodak scoring well in the day. The wind was a good 20 knots and was still easterly and offshore. Boats jockeyed to get a good start, being careful not to be over early with the one-minute rule in effect. Lawrence streaked away to win, almost putting the seal on it with one more race to go. Hiro de Meyer needed to beat him by eight places to take the title. Lawrence, after a bad start in the last race, pulled up to second and, finally, against hot competition, had won a world championship. [For complete results, see "Hobie Racing."] *FL*

Y R R U C



BY JOHN SCHUCH



PHOTOGRAPHY BY SPIKE NEESLEY

DOMINATES AGAIN!

Scholars generally agree that it has been about six million years since the glaciers washed southward out of Northern Canada down into what we now call the states of Michigan, Ohio, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, and New York. Besides the obvious problems caused by this age of ice to whoever or whatever was inhabiting the continent at this time, there were substantial benefits to the land that would be exploited by those who would follow in the glaciers retreat eons later. One such benefit was the creation of a water-recreation paradise of huge holes that were filled in by melting glacier water in the wake of warmer weather.

In addition to the five Great Lakes of Michigan, Huron, Superior, Ontario, and Erie, myriad smaller bodies of water were created by fingers of the glaciers. Today the water is clear, pure, deep, and surprisingly warm enough in the summer months (up to the mid-70 range) to host some of the finest sailing events you could ever hope to find. Elk Lake, Michigan was such a place. It hosted the 1987 Hobie 14 and 14 Turbo National Championships during the last few days of August and the first four days of September.

Elk Lake lies in the upper, left-hand corner of Michigan's "mitten" between Petosky and Traverse City, and just east of Grand Traverse Bay, 44 degrees 52' latitude north and 85 degrees 22' west. The lake is in an area that produces warm, temperate summers with crisp nights and cold, but highly enjoyable winters in the heart of Michigan's ski country. As fall approaches, the winds tend to blow over the lake from southwest to west in a very pleasant and reasonable sailing range of 12-15 knots. The water still clings to that magic 70-degree range near the surface, even when the leaves on the towering oaks and maples are showing tell-tale signs of red and yellow.

On Meguzee Point in the northwest corner of Elk Lake's 200-foot depths is a family vacation retreat called White Birch Lodge. There, on a sandy beach formed by the mouth of the Elk River, the Hobie 14s found a safe place to sleep completely protected from the nine-mile long main body of the lake. White Birch offers a dramatically different setting for this regatta than the towering, high-rise hotels



usually associated with beach resorts and "Monte Carlo" type regattas. Here the pristine beauty of nature at its finest is yet preserved. In the evenings deer meander to the water's edge in the fading light of unbroken sunsets. It was here the twenty-five boats gathered to enjoy good racing, food, and companionship at a sight that was befitting of such a meeting.

The race committee decided to tailor the event to the demands of a championship series and the desires of contestants to compete on a level that challenged their skills. The races had to be sailed in an open area to take advantage of the steady southwest and westerly breezes. Races could not be too long and tiresome. The finish must always remain achievable without becoming debilitating, but they must also be challenging. The committee deemed one-and-a-half mile legs appropriate and the competitors responded happily to a 16-race series with

eight races each in the 14 Classic and Turbo events. Course durations were between 30 and 50 minutes and wind velocities ranged from six to twenty-six knots, the average being twelve to sixteen knots.

Both the Turbo series and the 14 Classic had races in light and heavy air, with the majority of sailing in the mid-velocity range that kept hulls in the air when going upwind, and kept the boats in back challenging the leaders with steady and usually predictable oscillations that are the trademarks of inland-lake sailors.

Sailing out of White Birch Lodge offered a unique opportunity to keep the contestants together from the start to the finish of an event. Instead of gathering in the morning, sailing two or three races and then separating, the lodge planned three meals a day in their dining hall that gave everyone a chance to swap stories and experiences. The camaraderie off the race course tended to ease some of the normal tension that accompanies championship events.

Racing for the turbos got underway on the weekend of August 29 and 30. Both days provided a variety of conditions with at least partly sunny skies and six to fifteen knots of wind. Wind shifts of fifty to sixty degrees kept the committee busy and the racers working hard to stay ahead of a general clockwise swing. From the start it was apparent that Robert Curry had "come to teach, whilst all the others had come to learn." The regatta was this author's first opportunity to watch Curry perform his magic. There is simply no doubt that Bob has become a very masterful individual when it comes to maxing out the potential of these boats.

On Monday, with a cold front and storm beating up on the fleet, Curry showed his heels to everyone (again). Several competitors discovered that a long, deep lake can act a lot like an ocean if the wind blows hard enough. One skipper, who shall remain nameless, was absolutely convinced (after his third capsize) that both mast and hulls were full of water! After a tow to the beach, however, only a few drops of condensation were found in either—a clear testimonial to the "wearing effects" of cold, heavy winds puffing to over 30 knots.

One lesson was very clear: when the wind begins to blow hard on any deep lake a rather dramatic change occurs



almost instantly—the cold, deeper water quickly turns over, dropping the surface temperature ten to twenty degrees. Even a wet or dry suit could not lessen the numbing effects the cold water had on struggling, capsized sailors. This day no harm was done, however, and the hot showers, hot food, and brandy of the evening brought new life to the group as we got ready for the 14 Classic series to get started.


With the dawning of Tuesday the jibs came off as boats were made ready to do battle again. The lay-day gave everybody a chance to relax a bit, and for the adventurers, a chance to explore. Steve and Stella Acquart, who came all the way from San Antonio, Texas, took off for a look at Canada, while the rest of the competitors just relaxed! I didn't see Bob Curry that day, but my guess is that he practiced. The 14 Classic series was sailed in pretty moderate conditions. Mon-

day's storm had left a "stationary high" from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic coast, and while it didn't blow the bark off the trees, the wind was more than ample and the weather absolutely beautiful.

This time Curry managed to prove he was human after all by not winning every single race he entered. In race number four on Thursday, Bob actually finished third. As a member of the race committee, I was able to watch this man sail very closely and there is something that simply has to be said: If the old analogy is true that "to err is human," when it comes to single-handed catamaran racing, Bob Curry is just a little less human than the rest of us.

Both Boyd Bass and Stan Woodruff from McAlaster, Oklahoma and New Baltimore, Michigan, respectively, sailed extremely well in this series. Acquart also sailed well, and only he and Bass were able to finish ahead of Curry. That was

only once in the fourteen races they sailed against him.

As in any really good sailing event, the winners make up a bigger list than those who trophy. In this case, it seemed everyone who came won. There was plenty to do besides race and the racing left nothing to be desired. I'm sure the sailors had fun and I know the committee enjoyed the work. Together we all shared experiences over good beans, parties, bonfires, guitars, rum punch, and a brand new form of "double ping-pong" with two players on each side and two tables used simultaneously. The racing, in spite of Curry's dominance, was close and the competition was keen. The fleet from Oklahoma (or at least their patrons) said they'd like to put on the show next year if they could. I hope they do; it's never too soon to start planning for a new list of winners. [For complete results see "Hobie Racing."] 

16 Nationals 

RENFRO



BLOWS

THROUGH
SAN FRANCISCO

BY ANNE NELSON
PHOTOGRAPHY BY PATRICK MCDOWELL

16 Nationals

For those who were there, the 1987 Women's Hobie 16 National Championship was a regatta that will be hard to forget. This was no powderpuff derby, ladies' day, or four-day cruise on the bay. Words to describe it would more likely include grueling, intense, verrry competitive and FUN! According to Anne Karnitschnig, the only woman who has competed in every women's nationals since they've been held, this was the toughest it has ever been. Not only were the conditions consistently rougher, but the caliber of sailors was also higher.

Twenty-five teams from all over the U.S. came to compete, some in hopes of becoming the next national champion, some to race against the best, and some to check out Napa Valley and go wine tasting when the going got rough!

The team of Julie Renfro and Cindy Deans edged out yours truly and Jana Seaman in the final race of the series to win by .75 points. In fact, no one was quite sure who the winners were until they were announced at the awards dinner, after breakdown average points were computed. Third place went to Laurie Robertson and Sue Brenny (it was Laurie's first time steering in a regatta) and

last year's champion Linda Leon and sister Susan Leth (even with four first places!) placed fourth. In fifth was Tequila Sheila Holmes and Kathy Whittington from Texas.

There's always something special about a women's regatta. Certain nuances come out and although everyone can be just as competitive as the men, there's a special camaraderie that exists, sort of mutual respect for being in a male-dominated sport. And when it blows like stink, or as Miles would say, "When it's blowing dogs off chains!" the respect is even higher. This was definitely the case at this year's nationals. While we all looked like men on the water with all our drysuits, life jackets, and wet hair, I still remember someone yelling over to Jana and me before the start of another grueling number 7 in 20 knots, asking if anyone has a brush! And in the last race when asked why one team went way past the layline and all the way to the airport to check their bags, thus having to sail practically dead downwind to get to the windward mark, they answered it was because they had seen something with eyes and a bumpy head that came up in front of their boat and slipped back down. They had to discuss what it was (or wasn't) and by the time

they gave up trying to figure it out, they were at the airport!

When talking to women who normally crew for men, they said this regatta was much different from others. There was a lot more teamwork involved. Instead of listening and waiting for orders from the skipper, there was more sharing of decisions and helping all around. In the tactics area, many crews had the chance to use the knowledge they had acquired during the season but weren't in the position to try until now. There was the obvious calling of laylines and timing of starts, but also help in the area of rules like tacking too close, or sailing high or low to attack or defend a position.

We also had to team up on strength to help each other. For instance, with some teams it took two to pull the traveler up, to cleat the main sheet (Most seldom had it uncleated unless there was a good reason, like the cleat was too high, although Julie was able to leave hers uncleated much of the time.), and to pull each other back on the boat when we accidentally fell off! I'm sure that the guys reading this are saying we should get used to leaving the main uncleated like they do, but should we in an average of four races per day in an average of twenty knots with



The women had challenging conditions throughout their series. Double trapping was the norm.

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More than one woman took a tumble, and a cold swim, in the heat of competition.

Course 3s and 7s?

On land we helped each other rig our boats and even shared advice with our competitors. Of course, we were always ready for suggestions and help from our male friends. In fact, there was practically a line waiting for Alan Egusa to fine tune the rigging!

Not enough can be said about the organization of the nationals. From pre-arrival time there was a world record set on time to assemble a Hobie 16. Seventy people volunteered from Fleet 20 and assembled four boats in less than fourteen minutes! Mike Ettl, the regatta director, had everything under control at all times and was always smiling even when things got rough. That's probably why so many people from Fleet 20 didn't mind working overtime. The Fleet was so helpful and friendly they really set the mood. And then there was Miles Wood and his crew from Hobie Cat. Miles has to be the funniest guy around when it comes to running a regatta. His objective of keeping it fun definitely has an effect on everyone and keeps things in perspective. Paul Ulibarri, our beach captain, was another one who was always smiling and ever helpful. It takes quality people to run a quality regatta and these people and all who helped them look good were definitely top caliber. And when it came to park rangers, the people from Coyote

Point were super, too. They went out of their way to help us in every way.

Usually at regattas you meet lots of people and make new friends. If it's an especially fun or windy regatta it becomes special in your memories. For me this was the case. I decided to drive to the site a few days early when I heard some of the locals like Paul and Jenny Pascoe would be doing practice races the weekend before. Kim Williams came with me to scope it out, too, and flew home to report local conditions to her skipper for the open nationals. We had good winds that didn't come up until the late afternoon so we had lazy mornings to see a little of the city. When my crew, Jana Seaman, arrived on Monday she pulled up in Gail Casher's humongous motor-home with her skipper Marcie Moore in tow. They had already dubbed themselves "Team Hollywood" and I was invited to climb aboard. We pulled up to the beach and had beachfront property, which was really convenient for staying close to the action. We set out to rig the boats (for us and the opens, you lucky guys) and I learned a lot of helpful hints from Jana. That night we soaked in the Jacuzzi at the Embassy Suites Hotel and were joined by Miles and Paul. It was to be our last relaxing, pain-free night.

The next morning we finished rigging and went to town for some lunch. The

practice race was to begin at 2 p.m. and I figured we had lots of time, since the wind hadn't been coming up until 3 p.m. When we arrived back at the beach there were only two boats left on the beach and we could just make out the white flag flying in the 3-5 knot breeze. Team Hollywood was going to have to pull some fast moves to get out there with the pack. As it turned out, Jana and I saw the wind shifting left and went left every leg and wound up seventh. Marci and Gail weren't so lucky but did manage to beat a couple of boats. Laurie and Sue won. The next race was better since we got to start with everyone. We won but they say it's bad luck to win the practice races. Was this a sign of things to come?

The next day we had three races. The first one started out relatively light in about eight knots. We were directly underneath the final approach to the San Francisco airport with the windward mark about a quarter mile from touchdown. That meant these big jumbo jets were right over our heads and their vortices from the wingtips were falling right on our course. In the heavier breezes you couldn't see them, but when it was light they could ruin your whole day. One minute you'd be sailing along nicely on starboard tack with the group; the next split second you'd be in a 50-knot gust that's trying to flip you; then you'd get headed so bad you couldn't

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even find the wind direction; then you fell in a hole that wouldn't go away. If you were lucky you could get away and even make out on the fleet. But usually that wasn't the case.

The entire first race was very shifty and flukey with these wild gusts and big holes. Maggie Skidmore from Washington played the shifts right and was first to finish. The second race saw somewhat more consistent wind and double traps. Although local skipper Jean Tulley was leading to the last mark, she overstood the finish line and let Laurie and Sue squeeze by. The third race went to defending champion, Linda Leon in even steadier, stronger winds averaging about 15 knots. And although we hadn't won a race, Jana and I were in first place with two thirds and a second. We were going for consistency and so far it was paying off. At this point Julie and Cindy were in seventh and were having some serious thoughts about improving their performance. In the next two days they did just that. [For how Julie Renfro improved her team's speed, see "A Woman's Look at Tuning the 16."]

That was a rough night for sleep in the motorhome. While the wind increased, it continued throughout the night and rocked our home. Combined with the sound of jumbo jets revving their engines at 3 a.m., it was very similar to being in a

big earthquake. The next day we awoke to howling cold winds which meant cold front, not the normal thermal that doesn't kick in until afternoon. The biggest gust recorded that day on land was 31 knots!

This day went to Linda and Susan, hands down. They won three races in a row! It was a wild day on the water with several boats flipping and pitchpoling. The problem with flipping was that the bay was shallow where we were sailing and if you didn't right the boat quickly, there was a good chance of sticking the mast in the mud, thus becoming a mud hen and requiring assistance. And if it got to that point, you were out of the race. In fact, there was a three-minute rule that said if you didn't right within three minutes, mud hen or not, the chase boat would come to help you up. Three minutes goes fast so it was a mad scramble, but even with the light crews there was enough wind to bring the boat back up if you didn't stick it in the mud.

Unfortunately for Linda and Susan, they became mud hens in the last race, so they now had their throwout and would have to have all good races for the rest of the series. Jana and I had consistent twos and threes again but in one race the mainsheet tang on the boom sheared off, so we had to file for breakdown points. Julie and Cindy sailed much faster in the strong winds and were having less trouble

holding the boat down (and staying on) than some of us! They had good finishes, including one first, and were steadily climbing towards the top.

That night there were exhausted sailors in the Jacuzzis. It was a show-and-tell for bruises and hurts. It was another windy night and in the morning it was the kind of day where when the going got rough, the light air sailors went wine tasting. Some of the teams had decided to just go out and cross the starting line and come back in. That way they would have better scores than those who didn't sail at all. But for the top ten or so teams it was still a battle to see who would survive and do well. This was the wildest day of all. In one race there was a gust so strong that although Jana was as far back as she could be without sitting in my lap, we pitchpoled anyway! On another downwind leg we felt the strongest gust of all and it was all I could do to keep us from going over. The whole boat was shuddering and spray was flying everywhere. Ah, the excitement of being scared s—tless! It was an incredibly wild ride.

Going into the last race of the series, Jana and I were ahead in points but just barely. Our strategy was to cover Linda and Susan and play it safe. But I neglected to realize that Julie and Cindy were extremely close in points, so while we were covering Linda and Susan and



Sometimes the wind was just too much and skippers had to take time out to right the boat.

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Paul Ulibarri (left) and Miles Wood (right) are dressed for the occasion as they award trophies to the talented women skippers.

finishing fifth and sixth respectively, Julie and Cindy sailed another fine race and finished second behind Tequila Sheila and Kathy. We thought we had won until the awards were announced. It was a hard lesson to learn and it added credence to the saying, "It's never over 'til it's over." And always keep track of everyone's points! But although Jana and I were deeply disappointed, it was hard to not be happy for the winners.

Next year's nationals will be held in Corpus Christi, Texas. For those of you who thought about attending this year but decided not to because you didn't have enough experience on the helm, get out there and practice! It doesn't take long to learn how to get around the course with the tiller in your hand (Laurie placed third in the nationals and hardly ever steers!), and I've found that the guys are very helpful and supportive once you decide you're going to give it a go. Already there are small races in the mornings of several

of the major local regattas, but I think they ought to use the same length courses as the regular ones so the tactics are similar. Speak up to your fleet and division officers if you want this changed. There are also a few women-only regattas that occur once a year, but this isn't enough if we want women to feel comfortable at a national level. It would help if women in each area could organize a Women's Divisional Championship as they do in a couple of divisions. Sometimes you have to create your own opportunities.

If you are timid about high winds, remember that the best time to sail in them is in a regatta where there are lots of other sailors around to watch out for you and help you if needed. When crewing, ask your skipper before and after the races if you can steer so you can get some quality time with someone who can coach you. Start asking questions after the races as to how the winners won and what some of their techniques are. Before

you know it, you'll feel the bug and hopefully you'll go out and buy your own Hobie Cat! If there are enough women competing on local levels, you can probably get the organizers to provide top women trophies. That makes it more of an incentive for women to compete with the men. And they are the best to train against since they've had the most experience. Don't worry about being embarrassed. Everyone has to start sometime so you're no different from anyone else. The main thing is to have fun, and sailing with women is really it! 

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Jeff Alter



W·I·N·S

A

Blessed Event

BY BELLA LAGMAY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY PATRICK MCDOWELL

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They say that if you can sail San Francisco's chilly and choppy waters, you can sail anywhere. Ask anyone that competed in the Foster's Hobie 16 Nationals held in September at Coyote Point in south San Francisco Bay. We're talking "bookin' on the bay!"

Hundreds of Hobie Catters were attracted to the biggest, most popular national championship event in this city by the bay — make that the race site by the airport (747s thunderously roared above the course with landing gear clearly visible.) Following the Women's 16 National Championship, the open event was held amid the hoopla of the San Francisco Giants pre-pennant drive in the League Championship Series and the celebrated, historical visit of none other than the Pope!

Yes, this particular event was exceptional — and also a somewhat experimental experience as the headquarters and host hotel was the elegant Embassy Suites (who obviously didn't know what they were in for when they booked us). Those staying at the Embassy were greeted at the airport with a Mercedes-Benz limousine flanked with flying flags (which was passed by some who thought it was picking up the Pope). Guests enjoyed two-room suites (complete with two color TVs, two telephones, microwave and bar), glass elevators, capped bellhops, indoor pool, Jacuzzi, sauna and steam room, free breakfast (not talking Wheaties here) and free happy hour drinks (one suite key made plenty Hobie Catters happy).

And they still set records! According to championship coordinator Mike Ettl of Fleet 20, some 70 volunteers built all 50 factory-provided boats in one day. Put that in the *Guinness Book of World Records*! Such dedicated regatta organizers as the Ettl, Brenny and Fikes families were based at the race site in RVs assisting the racers and hosting varied, daily lunches. Several competitors also camped out at the racing site. Happy campers, indeed. Just ask the rangers.

QUALIFYING RACES

Qualifying races began Sunday, September 13 with four Course 3 heats. And wouldn't you know it . . . after a week of radical conditions during the Women's 16 National Championship, the howling wind calmed to a mere whisper as the guys scoffed at the gals' horror stories of cap-sized boats and injuries on the water (they found out for themselves later). While many



It wasn't always double trap weather but the sailors got their share of good winds.

of the lady skippers stayed in town to crew in the open, Judy Popejoy of Corpus Christi and MaryLou Langford of Albuquerque skippered in the qualifying series. Susan Pesone of Brewerton, New York was the only prequalified female skipper.

In moderate winds, Race 1 was won by Bob Felowicz of Royerford, Pennsylvania, while Wayne Mooneyham of nearby San Jose won Races 2 and 3, the latter in some 15-knot wind. Dennis McCreedie of Dallas won the last race of the day, Race 4, and the first held Monday, Race 5, as the wind blew 12-14 knots for a called Course 7.

Another Course 7 was called for Race 6, which was won by Todd Hitch of Pacific Beach, California, whose consistent sailing in increased winds of 15-18 knots gave him another win for Race 7. In Race 8, Felowicz ended the series the way he began it — nailing a first! After four races each in the qualifying rounds, Felowicz came in second overall behind McCreedie. Local favorite John Poncin of Sunnyvale finished seventh overall.

At the welcome party, World Hobie Class Association Race Director Miles Wood broke the news to more than 50 sailors that competed in the qualifying:

"Hope you all had fun racing because most of you are done!" Unfortunately, after the prequalified skippers registered, the magic number of open spots left was only nine! Just missing the chance to pick up the coveted boat assignment pass in a three-way tie at 10th place were Robert Shay of Salt Lake City and nationals veterans Gary Russell of Santa Cruz and Kirk Jefferies of Citrus Heights, California. With such racing regulars as these stranded on the beach, those who did make it into the open had to psyche up for the fierce conditions and intense competition on the water. Those who didn't make it stayed; though they may have come to race, they also came to play!

By the eve of the championship series, all the big-time Hobie champions and Who's Who of Hobie Catting had arrived — "Happenin'" Hobie Jr., and his brother, "Jumpin'" Jeff, Carlton "Tackin'" Tucker, Enrique "Da Streakin Rican" Figueroa, Ricky "BoomBoom" Eddington, Steve "BooBoo" Leo, Wayne "Da Legend" Schafer, Alan "Molokai" Egusa and Bob "I'm A" Seaman. Add familiar faces from nationals over the years like Udo Winkler, Bruce Fields, Ray Seta, Ted Cross, Bob and Hannah Poteat,

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Robert and Kathy Whittington, Jeff and Gail Casher, and The Shearers. Toss in all the hot divisional champs and all the local favorites like Paul Pascoe, Larry Peterson, Doug Sloan and Brian Boschma. And, for extra spice, sprinkle in the reunited Team Hawaii (most transplanted to the mainland)—Bobby Wythes, John Myhre, John Shultes, Marci Moore and Pattie Paul. Throw everybody together and voila—mixings for one major party!

Friendships were renewed at impromptu Jacuzzi parties and havoc prevailed when the pool tossing began. It was everybody into the pool! No one escaped (not even myself with a pocketful of media business cards, nor Miles Wood who made a big splash as he was thrown in while still sitting in his chair, breaking a glass table on the way in). With gals perched atop the guys' shoulders, the frenzy escalated into a full-on chicken fight much to the amusement of hotel guests gathering outside the glassed recreation area to stare at the party animals. Let the games begin!

CHAMPIONSHIP SERIES

Kicking off Tuesday, September 15, the first day of the championship series, (which featured all Course 3 races) with two first-

place finishes was Hobie Alter Jr. The Capistrano Beach, California native is a four-time Hobie 16 national champion (1979, 1981, 1982 and 1983). Hobie Jr. won Race 1, sailing with Annie Nelson who finished second in the women's event. (Nelson, of San Diego, was easy to spot in her own line of fluorescent hot suits.) The light air race was tactically insignificant as skippers just sheeted in and drove the flat, follow-the-leader course. Hobie Jr. also won his other race of the day, Race 3, as the wind picked more up to his speed at 15-18 knots.

In Race 2, multi-nationals champ Carlton Tucker of Ft. Walton Beach, Florida, was leading, but lost his crew overboard going to the last C mark! Sailing on to win the race was Enrique Figueroa of San Juan, Puerto Rico, a two-time Hobie 16 champion (1984, 1985), not to mention all of his other national and world titles.

Wednesday's races got off to a late start as the competitors remained beached, waiting for some wind. By 2:30 p.m. the first race of the day, Race 4, was called. Tom Materna of Sherman Oaks, California won the light air drifter. By 4:30 p.m., about the same time as the day before, the wind picked up considerably to 12-15 knots for the next race. So tight were the boats at A

mark, that it was anybody's race, but passing everyone by and winning Race 5 in the heavy air was yet another former Hobie 16 national champion (1978), Salt Lake City's Mike Shearer of the long-time Hobie family traveling troupe. Race 6 was won by Tucker, a fellow Team Heavy member, in 15-18 knot winds.

By Thursday, defending champion Jeff Alter of Capistrano Beach, sailing with San Jose's Sue Brenny, was due for his first win of the series, clinching Race 8 in 12-15 knot winds after Enrique took the previous Race 7. Once again, by 4 p.m., the winds were really blowing and Team Heavy had a field day in some 17-19 knot breezes! Tucker was second at the leeward mark, then moved into first at the windward mark to win Race 9 by at least 100 yards! Winning by an even greater margin in Race 10 was Mike Shearer as the winds reached 20 knots plus! Finally, the respectful admission that the ladies' stories of radical conditions were real!

At the cut party, stalling the anxiously awaited announcement of the top 48 finalists is traditional. Meanwhile, back in their suites, the race committee was finally kicking back, er, I mean, hard at work, computing results and scheming on the master plan which required a dress rehearsal. Growing restless and pretty rowdy, the Hobie Catters didn't notice the tall guy in a tank top, upturned baseball cap and dangling earring who toted a ghetto blaster. It was their first clue that something was going down. Taking the podium mike, he led the crowd with a handclap as the race committee strutted in. Right on cue, they hooted, "Let's boogie!" and "Good God y'all" (mostly in the right places) as he broke into his Hobie rap, a rap song written by Mark Funk to celebrate the event.

It was one unforgettable, fashionably late, grand entrance. And the race committee was fashionably decked in a wild assortment of punk rock and heavy metal threads like handcuff earrings; barbed wire chokers; spiked dog-leash collars; zany shades and multi-zippered, skin-tight, color-coordinated tops. And then there was the makeup, lots of it, metallic and glitter, plus Mohawked hair and spiked tresses dyed with a rainbow array of mousse abuse! I could score big bucks selling 8x10 glossies and beaucoup bucks blackmailing the boys for my negatives, especially the wise guy that said "I dress like this regularly!"

The gag was a big hit as the place went beserk. With a little work on some rhythm, the group could go on the road for an appearance at the next event, maybe even on tour for next season's championship circuit. Maybe I can negotiate a record



It would be hard to pick a better site. If boats were any more accessible, they'd be in your room.

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This was the view landing aircraft at San Francisco International might have had as a race in the open series got underway.


IN SEARCH OF PUNKS

Okay, I confess. I escaped from the race site for a few hours to go to "The City" (never called "Frisco" by San Franciscans) on a mission for Race Director Miles Wood. You see, Miles and Paul Ulibarri, beach captain, hosted the Women's 16 Nationals awards banquet dressed in appropos attire — tuxedos and sneakers (if only they could've gotten down that soft shoe routine). So, for the open event cut party, Miles wanted some outfits for the race committee that would blow everyone away — heavy metal garb!

Now, at my real gig working in Hollywood for a major record company (that round tower depicting a stack of records, there are head shops everywhere. But finding one in Burlingame was not an easy task as all the fashions at the local mall were back-to-school plaid. Out of all the people hanging out at the mall, I found one punk rocker and asked him where he got his killer gear. He just happened to be the owner of a heavy metal shop and gave me directions. "Don't worry about the Pope and his parade, it's in a part of town that they wouldn't be going through," he laughed. I cringed.

Sure enough, we found it on Broadway in the redlight district!

Traffic was paralyzed as we ran into the papal party anyway. Suddenly, passing in the crosswalk was the almighty one Himself: Father Guido Sarducci! In the flesh! He was being filmed by HBO as he followed the pope's tour of America, hoping to get a private audience. Maybe he could pray for wind! The light changed and my fiancé, Mark, jumped out of the Hobie van to snap a picture of Father Guido right in front of an X-rated theatre featuring nude dancers! I'm not sure if that hand gesture was a blessing! (Later, when we saw the prized picture, we recognized the film director as a former colleague of ours from the record company!)

Well, on the next corner was the heavy metal shop and I bargained with the clerk for a group rate (buy five whips-get one free). Pleased with our purchases, we jammed back to the race site. At the guard gate we were stopped for a pass or money, but the ranger waved us in. "This will do," he said, pointing to the Hobie logo running the length of the van. Back on the beach, I radioed Miles on the committee boat, "Mission accomplished." Roger. 

contract!

Lookin' bad and ready for some mischief after the cut party, the group made a squadron of paper airplanes and held a glider contest off the eighth floor balcony, landing on Bobby McGee patrons in the open-air atrium below (I ran across the hotel to take a picture, saw security guards coming from the gang's obstructed view and warned, "Run for it!"). Everyone got rid of the evidence and ran when security came from both directions. "Too late, we're surrounded," Miles surrendered (I snapped a picture anyway as one of the guys put his arm around a guard). It was an easy bust since Miles had an airplane stuck in his Mohawk.

THE FINALS

The finals began Friday, September 18, and most of those that didn't make the cut stayed to see first-place Hobie Jr. and leaders Figueroa, Shearer, Tucker and defending champion, Jeff Alter, battle it out. Spectators were entertained on the beach with music and mark rounding announcements from Race Control, based at the ranger tower, which offered a panoramic view of the course.

The first race of the day, Race 11, finally got underway after 2:30 p.m. With a 12-15 knot wind, gusting at 19, a Course 7 was ordered. After a general recall, Jeff Alter and big brother Hobie had a perfect start, but seconds later, Jr.'s boat flipped! In the rough seas, several boats went over and masts were stuck in the mud of the shallow bay. Going into the triangle, Hobie Jr. made up for lost distance, moved to the middle of the pack and finished 21st, his obvious throwout. Jeff Alter led the pack the entire way followed by Figueroa, Tucker, Egusa and Seaman. These same guys dominated the heavy air races of the finals.

One of the most exciting races in recent Hobie history was about to begin. Determined to defend his title, Jeff needed Race 12 to make it two bullets in a row and move into first place for the first time all week—even if it meant taking it from his brother. Again, it was an Alter brothers act as Jeff and Hobie Jr. went head to head around a Course 7 in 15-18 knots, peaking at 26! Jeff was running and Hobie Jr. reaching, trying to move over atop Jeff's wind, and the lead was exchanged between them a few times. Going to A-mark the last time around, Hobie Jr. overcame Jeff with Tucker, who passed up Mike Shearer, right on his tail. At the last C mark, Tucker momentarily had the lead, but rounded too wide, allowing the daring defending champion to scoop the inside position and win it after all! Tucker, Hobie Jr., Shearer and Figueroa then finished, respectively, as

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beach spectators with binoculars cheered loudly.

Pumped up by the last race, the committee decided to run Race 13 although it was after 6 p.m. This time, Tucker won his third first place finish in the Course 3 race in 16-18 knot winds which again gusted around 26! Following were Figueroa, Jeff Alter, Mike Shearer and Keith Christensen of Long Beach, California. Hobie Jr. finished sixth.

Saturday's final day of racing didn't get off until mid-afternoon. As they did almost all week long, the skippers stood by in the morning until the wind came up. To keep the crowd alive, an exhibition was staged by this year's Western State Regional Jet Ski Freestyle champion, Chris "Crash" Williams of Millbrae, California, who drew the Hobie Catters to the water's edge. He amazed them with headstands and other daring, acrobatic feats.

By 3:30 p.m., the latest start of the week, Race 14 began in 10-12 knot winds. Mike Shearer won on a Course 3, his third first-place finish. Following were Jeff Alter, Figueroa, Materna and Tucker. Again, Hobie Jr. finished sixth.

Just when we thought it was all over at almost 5 p.m., another Course 7 was called for the final race of the series. For insurance, Jeff Alter scored another first place in 15-20 knot breezes, gusting to 26. Christensen, Tucker, Hobie Jr. and Figueroa followed.

At the awards banquet Saturday night, it was no surprise that Jeff Alter, with four first-place finishes, successfully defended his title. Tucker came in second, followed by Figueroa, Mike Shearer and Hobie Alter, Jr. [For complete results, see "Hobie Racing."]

After a hard week of racing, the Hobie Catters were in loose form, singing songs to skippers as they received their awards, like "La Bamba" for Enrique Figueroa, "Twinkle, Twinkle" for Wayne Mooneyham and "Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport" for Aussie John Poncin, who took the podium to tell a Foster's joke (the sponsor must have put him up to it).

Special awards were given to several skippers that "stuck the tall black thing" (as Miles described it) in the ocean floor, thereby earning the honorary title of mud hen. Those caught digging for clams were sent back to the beach with the dreaded order, "To the hose!" Embarrassed skippers that were initiated into the Fraternal Order of Clam Diggers included such seasoned sailors as Enrique Figueroa, Alan Egusa, John Flanigan and Ricky Eddington, whose nickname was officially changed to "Flipper" for multiple entries. "Officer" John Hauser (the main reason Miles never drives through Hun-

tington Beach, California) was officially elected president as his fraternity knelt around him, clucking away.

To break up the presentation of awards, a slide show comprised of photos taken all week long was shown, set to a hot soundtrack that got the crowd jumping. To get his extraordinary shots, photographer Pat McDowell, waited patiently for 747s to loom over the course. He jumped in the water (must not have seen the sharks) and shimmied up the committee boat mast to get an awesome view of a start! It seems McDuff left more than his heart in San Francisco when some of his equipment was stolen from his car, but was genuinely touched by generous offers from fellow Hobie Catters for the loan of their own cameras.

Miles next paid recognition to sponsors, Foster's Lager and New York Seltzer; host hotels Embassy Suites and Hotel Ibis; Hobie area reps Jim Stewart and Doug Skidmore, and most importantly, local fleet organizers and volunteers.

And that wasn't the end of the awards as several skippers presented the race director with special awards of their own. Like many competitors who thought it was blowing more like 60 than the 18 knots it read on the mean machine committee boat (a slick MacGregor 65). Tom Materna wanted to give Miles a more accurate instrument to read the wind. The next best thing was to give him something to replace the megaphone he lost overboard when he reached for something (probably a brew)—a hard hat complete with flashing lights and audio signals: start blast, over early penalty and fog warning for those

skippers lost in the horizon and heading for San Jose. Hobie Jr. presented Miles with handcuffs which he promptly snapped on his wrist and then threw away the key.

As tradition goes, Hobie Jr. slapped champion Jeff Alter in the face with a chocolate mousse pie (wrong dessert to serve at an awards banquet)! The skippers then carried Jeff out for the customary victory dunk. Just one small problem: the ocean was too far away and the indoor pool was locked, so they dumped him in the next best place, the hotel's tropical pond!

And you guessed it . . . the police came to calm the rampaging Hobie Catters. More came later to free Miles from his handcuffs when he worried that he wouldn't be able to get through the airport metal detector. And still more came when the Hobie Catters, all dressed up and nowhere to go (though apparently not dressed up enough to meet Bobby McGee's dress code), threw private parties in their suites. It was an adventure just finding out where they were and moving them to escape the scrutiny of the security guards, who were scurrying from floor to floor, looking for the action.

When it was all over, the hotel was not sure what to make of our beach crowd that tracked sand into their lovely suites and caused such an uproar with pool parties, private parties, and sold-out official parties. As one bellhop commented, there was never a more fun group to give the Embassy a little zing! 



It's all in the family as Hobie Alter, Jr. congratulates brother Jeff on his victory.

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HOBIE RACING

JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1988

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.



Patrick McDowell

MAJOR EVENTS

MAJOR REGATTAS

March 4-6	Midwinters West San Felipe, Mexico	H.C.A. 619-758-9100
April 9-10	Midwinters East Davis Island Y C Tampa, Florida	Bob Johnson 813-960-1937
June 5-11	Hobie 17 U.S. National Championship Wildwood, New Jersey	H.C.A. 619-758-9100
June 23-July 2	Hobie 16 World Championship Scheveningen, Holland	H.C.A. 619-758-9100
Sept 2-11	Hobie 17 World Championship Maui, Hawaii	H.C.A. 619-758-9100
Sept 24-30	Hobie 14/14T National Championship Lake Eufaula, Oklahoma	H.C.A. 619-758-9100
Oct 9-15	Hobie 18 National Championship Pensacola, Florida	H.C.A. 619-758-9100
Nov 6-12	Hobie 16 National Championship Corpus Christi, Texas	H.C.A. 619-758-9100

REGATTA SCHEDULE

Division 2

Feb. 20-21	16th Annual Dana Point Regatta Dana Point Harbor	Kirk Wells (714) 364-2386
Mar. 4-6	Midwinters West San Felipe, Mexico	WHCA (619) 758-9100
Mar. 12-13	The Ides of March Puerto Penasco, Mexico	Patty McNeil (602) 829-7793
Mar. 26-27	Blue Water VIII Ventura Marina	Dexter Ploss (805) 498-0285

Division 3

Mar. 4-6	Midwinter's West San Felipe, Baja California	Liz Reed (619) 758-9100
Mar. 26-27	O'Neills Kick-Off Twin Lakes Beach	Rick Grewohl (408) 476-5200

Division 6

Mar. 5	Ides of March Regatta Lake Conroe, Texas	Rob McKee (713) 447-1060
Mar. 19-20	Deep South Hobie Points Regatta Lake Charles, Texas	Dick Stine (318) 625-9151

Division 8

Feb. 27-29	Banana-Dash-O-Ree Kelly Park, Merritt Island	Lee Dunn (305) 242-2628
Mar. 19-20	Walt Disney World Regatta Bay Lake	Jim McCann (305) 855-1172

Division 9

Mar. 19-20	Pee Dee Classic Lake Robinson, Hartsville, SC	Buz Moore (803) 332-6103
Mar. 26-27	Dr. Pepper Hobie Regatta Van Pugh Park, Lake Lanier	Paul Dingman (404) 321-4730

Division 12

Mar. 26	Hobie 14 Invitational Lake Thunderbird, Norman OK	Guy Lawyer (405) 275-6462
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Ruff Riders Regatta

Fleet 99, Division 6
Port Isabel, Texas
September 5-6, 1987
by Barry Marcella

After his first Hobie regatta my new crew was eager for the next race. He had heard about the 150-mile race from Port Isabel to Corpus Christi, Texas. The race is a two-day reach up the Intercoastal Waterway. Finally I agreed and we left Austin along with other fellow Fleet 64 members and land crews for the drive to Port Isabel. We arrived at the starting point in time for an evening sail and lasagna dinner prepared by the land crew, otherwise known as wives.

We crawled out of our rolling condo as the 106 participants finished arriving and we began setting up the boats for the race. After loading a tent, water, snacks, and clothes, we were ready to go. The only problem was an angry crab who decided we were not going to make our 16C start. After a little first aid on my crew's foot, we managed to get off about 30 minutes behind the fleet.

The bay which contains the Intercoastal Waterway is about two feet deep. We spent the first three hours resetting our rudders which were having a battle with the bottom. Somehow we entered the channel ahead of about two-thirds of the fleet! About seven hours and 90 miles later, we stopped for some great gumbo and beer supplied by Fleet 99.

After a night's rest, we set sail for the last 60 miles. The sight of the JFK causeway which was the finish line, was very welcome. After crossing the line, we beached the boat and received a warm welcome from our wives. We dined on boiled shrimp and beer provided by Snappy's Restaurant.

Many thanks to Fleet 99 for a well-run event and to my crew for his encouragement. The seventh-place trophy sure made the drive home a lot easier.

Fleet 3 Race Clinic

Fleet 3, Division 2
by Carol Kofahl

Fleet 3's 1987 race clinic proved to be one of the most successful in the 11-year his-

tory of the event. It was primarily because of the efforts put forth by the expert A- and B-fleet skippers in Division 2 who offered to give up one of their rare, free weekends to promote Hobie racing and fellowship among the novice peers by acting as on-the-water instructors for the C-fleet skippers.

A total of 20 experts including past national champions like Linda Leon, Jeff Alter, Wayne Schafer, Tom Materna and Bob Seaman provided one-on-one instruction to about 38 novices. This format was a departure from the old lectures.

The first on-the-water instruction focused on starting from various angles and on various line lengths. The exercises were repeated and instructors offered feedback. The next exercise was on mark roundings and incorporated mini races of two or three roundings. Ray Howard's videotape showed terrific roundings and aggressive starts for the students to compare. Wayne Schafer gave a very informative talk on the rules, tactics and other keys for good starting. He highlighted rules which sailors can use to their advantage and discussed effective ways to use leeward/windward rules.

Jan Ketterman and Debbie Brown discussed the key points of effective crewing which, of course, begins with good communication on the water. They reminded skippers that civility is necessary to retain good relationships with crews. Crews were reminded that they should be active participants and help sight leeward boats, discuss tactics, sight marks and laylines and keep their minds focused on jib trim.

All totaled, the new race clinic format included one hour of lectures, four hours of on-the-water sailing and about 30 minutes of boat trim critique. At the end of the race clinic, student racers were awarded a diploma certifying their satisfactory completion of the requirements for their B.S., bachelor of sailing, degrees.

Udo Winkler, vice-commandore in charge of the clinic was the man who put the new format together. He personally

wrote to and telephoned Division 2 A- and B-fleet skippers to invite them to help promote racing in Division 2. This personal contact was the key to the event since only direct participation by skippers would permit the one-on-one instruction to occur.

Winkler, with Fleet 3 co-commandore Carol Kofahl, herself a professional educator, designed an instructional booklet for the novice racers. Winkler's compilation of many sources and application of his own sailing expertise produced an effective reference book highlighting key points of starting, rounding, jibing, tacking and trapezing.

Most impressive was the incredible support from the World Hobie Class Association. Miles Wood was active in the design and application of the content of the race clinic and arrived in Long Beach pulling Hobie president Doug Campbell's Hobie skiff to aid with the start line setting, the practicum as well as the organization of the mini-race and rounding practica. His own expertise from years of running racing clinics proved a valuable resource for Fleet 3 and his encouragement provided much of the impetus for revitalizing the format.

It is also important to note that such an event can only be successful with the support of the hosting fleet's membership. Fleet 3 prides itself as a group of outstanding members who never have to be asked twice to help out. We thank them all. We also thank the participants for making the event extremely successful, fun, and instructional.

First Annual Carolina Coastal Dash

Division 9
South Carolina
September 25-26-27, 1987
by Shawn Graham Miller

Forty-nine Hobie Cats made up the first Annual Carolina Coastal Dash. The three-day event was sponsored by Boats for Sail, Inc. of Charlotte, North Carolina; Timeout Sailing Center in Charleston, South Carolina; The Sailing Connection of Myrtle Beach, South Carolina; and Hobie Cat. The first day was to see the fleet sail from Isle of Palms to Litchfield Beach, South Car-

olina, a distance of 70 miles. The second day was slated for Myrtle Beach and back, a distance of 40 miles and then a return to Isle of Palms.

Thursday's skippers meeting was held at the Isle of Palms Motel and focused on safety, charts and all the other little things you have to cover for an event like this. By 6:30 a.m. the next morning everyone was buzzing around the beach in anticipation of the 8:00 a.m. start. The excitement was tremendous. Nobody there had ever sailed in an event like this before. The first leg was close to a Worrell 1000 leg and the sailors knew that to complete this first day would be quite an accomplishment.

The fleet set sail at 9:00 with a steady northeast breeze of about 7-10 knots. The boats were making good time and covering a lot of ground. They were soon double trapped under sunny skies and 15 knots of wind. By noon, much of the fleet had rounded Cape Romain, about 25 miles from the start, and were sailing for the Georgetown jetties, another 25 miles away.

Suddenly, the breeze began to die. The leaders had rounded the jetties and had less than 20 miles to go when it happened. Most of the fleet still had a little better than half-way to sail and many were unfamiliar with the coastline. With a lot of ground still to cover, no wind and biting flies, patience was wearing thin.

The first boats arrived after midnight and more than 15 hours of sailing. Others arrived between three and five in the morning. One team arrived at 4:00 p.m. the next day! That's 31 hours and 19 minutes of sailing. And one skipper fell asleep and sailed for hours in the wrong direction!

The vans, trucks and cars were all southbound on Sunday morning. The committee, headed by Kit Regnery of Timeout Sailing, called a layday. This announcement was greeted with applause by most of the exhausted sailors. This allowed everybody to enjoy a fun day at the Beach club and to catch up on some needed sleep. Finally, we enjoyed a relaxing cookout and prepared for the next day's sailing.

FLEET NEWS

At 8:00 a.m. on Sunday, the last leg started. The wind was a steady five knots, but it was early. Our prayers had been answered. By 11:00 the first boat was rounding the bend completing the 20-mile leg with the rest of the fleet not far behind. It was cranking! Here they all came screaming into the beach with 20 knots of power in their sails!

The awards ceremony was indescribable. As sponsors, we all agreed that we had never been a part of a more exciting sailing event nor had we ever seen such camaraderie. It was a Hobie Special Olympics. These people had just accomplished something far beyond what they thought their limits were. The hugs, handshakes and tears were everywhere. They were a brotherhood, part of the First Carolina Coastal Dash. Yes, there would be others, but not like the first. Until next year...

First Hobie 17 European Championship

International
Northern Italy
September 28-October 1, 1987

The first Hobie 17 European Championship was held in Northern Italy. Beauty, splendor and some of the best winds in the world gave everybody some of the best, most fun sailing of their lives. The multi-colored Hobie 17 sails looked fantastic against the imposing surroundings.

The first three days were pretty cloudy, but on the fourth day, the sun decided to show us his nose. In all there were 58 skippers from Germany, Italy, England, France, Holland and Denmark. These included some of the best European sailors like Tony Laurent and Daniel Pradel, Torsten Bardram and Eric Bussy.

Thanks to the regular wind, we had one of the most competitive championships ever. Bruce Bechtold of Germany won, sailing so well that he earned a first place in almost every race except the sixth when he broke his blocks and finished ninth. Close behind, however, was Patrice Vivient of France and Thomas Kappelman of Germany. Bardram of Denmark finished fourth, but copped the first place when the fleet was divided into

a lightweight division, just edging Trevor Annels of England. Vivient was second to Bechtold in the heavyweights. All four are now qualified for the Hobie 17 World Championship.

On Thursday night a warm ambience flowed all over with good Italian wine and a spaghetti party. We'll all keep good memories of this first European Hobie 17 Championship and we can't wait until next year!

A Report From Sweden

Fleet 326, International
by Osten Nilsson

Dear friends, here is a review of what has been happening in Sweden.

The year is almost over and some of us are working to put our Hobies into their winter lairs. When the snowstorms take over and the waters are all icy, we will think back on 1987 with fond memories. We did many large, well-organized regattas. We ran three qualifying regattas for the Hobie 16 European Championship in France and sailed our first real Hobie 16 National Championship. We became an official national class in 1986. Two Hobie 18 teams went to Germany and sailed in the Europeans at Gromitz. We also joined in a monohull regatta and did well, learning more skills and bettering our speed.

As I am sitting in the middle of all this, I can say for sure that Hobie Cat sailing is coming on strong in Sweden and the other parts of Scandinavia. After all, Denmark won the Hobie 16 European title.

For next year, we Swedes will take on new goals like making better regattas, and running training camps with the Swedish Tornado sailors. We will be at the Hobie 16 World Championship in Holland, the Europeans in Denmark and we won't miss the Rond um Texel.

We are looking forward to meeting new friends and until then are working for local boat shows in Sweden to tell people how fun sailing catamarans can be. Take care America and all the other countries. We look forward to seeing you in Europe for the Hobie 16 World Championship.

1988 Divisional Championships

Fleets 136-473, Division 12
Madison, Connecticut
September 19-20, 1987
by Chris Brosco

I guess you know that you're in for a wild time when the wind is blowing your boat off the trailer and you haven't even stepped the mast yet. Such was the case at the 1988 divisionals held off Meigs Point at Hammonasset State Park. Unlike its sister race, the 1987 divisionals at Hampton Beach earlier this summer where the sun shone brightly and the wind was light, this race was going to be a test for even the best sailor's skills.

It was cold and cloudy and the wind was hovering near 20 knots as the beginner's meeting got underway from the arcade of this beautiful facility. The focus of this meeting was different from the others. Jim Adleman talked of proper righting techniques, reefing and common sense. At the skipper's meeting, C fleeters were strongly urged to reef while the As and Bs were asked to be cautious and alert to the increasing winds. Joe Manganello, the race chairman, warned of five-foot swells on the course and the wind was now offering 40-knot gusts just to liven things up. It was a tough decision, but Manganello decided to go ahead with the races since he realized how important they were to everyone there.

The first race hadn't even begun when nearly 60 percent of the boats returned to shore to wait out the wind. Still, about 85 percent of the 18s and 17s stayed out with a minority of the 16As. B and C fleeters remained scattered throughout the weekend. During the first race, which took nearly two hours to complete, the average boat capsized three times and some as many as six. There were three dismastings, and a few part failures. Many boats returned to shore to reef then resume. Later everyone adjourned to shore to eat lunch, wait for calmer conditions and assess damage. After 90 minutes, the wind had moderated, with fewer gusts, and Race 2 was begun.

One of the better meals on the Division 12 circuit awaited

those who had put in a long, hard day. The day's wind had not blown away that Hobie spirit as everyone danced and feasted on the open bar and all-you-can-eat chicken, lobsters, clams and fixings. Nearly everybody won something at the raffle.

The next day was meek as a lamb compared to the first day and the committee got off three more races.

This was a complicated regatta to pull off because it required a lot of decisions and experience. Everyone involved did an excellent job. The committee and chase boats were manned by experienced racers and it showed in the way they helped in righting boats and in the more important task of evacuating an injured sailor from the water to the beach. The best part, though, was the common sense exhibited by the sailors themselves. Each knew his limitations. This deflected any possible disasters.

The hosts would like to thank all those on the committee as well as Madison Chrysler-Dodge for their efforts in four-wheeling the boats to the beach. We also thank House of Seagrams and Myers Rum for the open bar, Pepsi, Jayfro Sports, Madison Sports, Pederson's Sports and Hersey Ice Cream for the raffle prizes. Thanks also to Cabin Restaurant and Onofrio Caterers for feeding the lot of us all weekend.

1988 Bodega Bay Sharkfeed Regatta

Fleet 281, Division 3
Doran Park, Bodega Bay, California
October 3-4, 1987
by Suzette Jordan

Many thanks to all the sponsors who helped make our regatta a successful one including Wind Toys, Eagle Distributing, Rick's Liquor Warehouse, Clover Stornetta, Lucas Wharf Ice House, Manly Oldsmobile, Doran Park, Round Hill Cellars, Apple-Apple, Biddulph Chevrolet and Cleek Paint. Without the help of our sponsors, Hobie racing just wouldn't be the same.

Doug Little and I arrived early Thursday morning to reserve campsites for the sponsoring Fleet 281 and to



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set everything up at the park. As this was the first year we were able to launch from the beach, we had several important factors to deal with such as parking and assuring a smooth launch on Saturday. Pre-registration indicated a full house. The winds on Thursday and Friday had come out of the Northwest and were about 10-15 knots off the Bodega Buoy. A few early birds arrived on Friday morning and were able to get out on the water for a few hours of excellent sailing.

Saturday morning fog rolled in and kept us on the beach until 1:00 p.m. The winds were extremely light so launching through the 3-to-4-foot surf was exciting. We lost one Hobie 14 trying to get out, but help was on the way immediately and nobody, including the boat, was hurt. It made for a thrilling few minutes and great photos. Finally, we were able to get the first race off in light, but constant winds. Just after starting the 18As on their second race, the committee boat was faced with a very difficult decision. The fog started rolling in early at about 4:00 p.m. Radio communication between the crash boat with George Homenko and the race committee with Len Chesmore and Chuck Ridgeway was heated as we all watched the fog. The decision to call the race and call the 67 boats back in was made to stop any problems before they started. The race committee earned the respect of the racers as everyone made it back to the beach safely. Eagle Distributing and Rick's Liquor Warehouse provided the Michelob beer and the racers supplied the stories. Just as we all got settled, the fog rolled back out, and the day turned into a beautiful afternoon. We all turned in early to be ready for a better day Sunday.

The morning looked promising. The sun came up early, there was no fog and the beach was filled with anxious sailors. We were able to set the marks right off the beach which provided a treat for the spectators. The temperature was in the 80s, the beach was packed with future Hobie racers and the winds were constant. We got in three

races and still pulled off the water early.

The weekend was enjoyed by all, including skippers, crews, spectators, rangers and those who worked the races. We look forward to sponsoring more successful regattas in the future. Many thanks to all of Fleet 281. They donated their crash boats, equipment, and more. Hope to see everyone next year!

Dunes Regatta '87

Fleet 126, Division 10
Gary, Indiana
September 12-13, 1987
by Don Bidwell

Do you remember how you felt the first time you had a party? Butterflies in your stomach the size of buzzards! You were sure that absolutely no one, and I mean not even the neediest nerd in Qurabash Jr. High was going to show up! No one!

That's about the way our regatta committee felt the night before our very first Division 10 points regatta. After all, everyone said, "Who goes to Gary, Indiana to a sailboat race?" Chicago has been on the yachting circuit for generations, as have Detroit and Cleveland, but Gary?

What few people realize is that Gary commands about five miles of beautiful Lake Michigan that the Chicago Yacht Club stakes out in feet and inches. Furthermore, Hobie Cat racing has brought together the metallurgists and mechanics, the dentists and fork lift drivers, brain surgeons, brick layers, barbers, and biographers into a sport that they could really get excited about.

And they did come to Gary, to our first ever points regatta, and went away agreeing the racing was great, the competition fierce and the launching facilities the very best that can be found anywhere on Lake Michigan. Mayor Hatcher and the entire city council can be very proud of the job that was done by the Parks Department in making this such a successful regatta.

Now, let's get to the races . . . Saturday began unpropitiously with predicted thunderstorms keeping us under cover for an extra hour. When the clouds cleared away, so did the wind, giving

the regatta committee more jitters. The race committee set a long Course 1, with the weather leg being about 1.5 miles. The wind filled in from the northeast at about 4 to 5 knots, which made for good tactical racing, but not very stimulating sailing for the first two races. It wasn't until close to 4 p.m., at the end of the second race, that the wind shifted 180 degrees and came up to the predicted 12 to 20 knots and 3-foot waves that Lake Michigan stakes its reputation on. The steel mills cooperated, adding their late afternoon thermals to the fray. The race committee reversed the course, lengthened the weather leg to about two miles, and added a B mark to give the sailors a long Course 4 and a gusty sail back to the beach with a satisfied feeling of having had a real Hobie Day. As we finished our lunch after the races, one girl mentioned how beautiful the sunset looked over the sparkling lights at the Gary Works of U.S. Steel. I wonder what Mr. Carnegie would have had to say about that!

Sunday's races started under the threat of cold fronts and thunderstorms and no wind for most of the first race. When it did come to about 8 knots, it shifted 90 degrees to the northwest. The race committee again had to make a major change but did it with dispatch and set a long Course 1, twice around, for a very satisfying finale.

Some of the Division 10 regular winners appeared in the trophy line, with Greg and Michelle Smith of Gull Lake, Michigan, first in 18s; David Green from Lake of the Four Seasons, Indiana first in 14-Turbo; and Don Albert and Tom Stiger of Kalamazoo, Michigan being welcomed to A fleet with a win in 16B.

Last, but certainly not least, a well-deserved hand for the people who had all the jitters in putting on this regatta: Jim and Sue Kartz, and Chris and Trish Sprague. The punishment for making all of us who said "It can't be done," eat our words is, of course, that we immediately nominated Jim for commodore of Fleet 126 next year, and if you say one word, Sue, guess who is going to be vice commodore! Since everyone else in Fleet 126 has

mike fright, our spokesman for the whole regatta was past commodore Tim Terrell. He's kind of a ham anyway, but he did a great job of keeping everyone informed during the regatta and in the trophy presentation.

Music City Regatta

Fleet 249, Division 15
Nashville, Tennessee
September 19-20, 1987
by B. Lovelace

After a beautiful week of sunny weather, we all hoped for at least a light breeze for the third annual Music City Regatta being held at Hermitage Landing on Percy Priest Lake in Nashville, Tennessee. Friday evening was cool and breezy, a treat to all the campers at the Park. Fleet members arrived at the clubhouse early Saturday morning to start the coffee although the skippers meeting was not scheduled until 11:00. The morning brought some rain and excellent 15-18 mph winds from the northwest. The first race got off on schedule with 39 boats from Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia, Mississippi, Indiana, and Alabama. With the cooperation of Mother Nature, we were able to run four races on Saturday with only a few casualties.

After the boats got their fill of racing and playing, more important things began to warrant everyone's attention, namely dinner, the kegs, and the drawing for door prizes and give-a-ways. Six grills had been fired up outside the clubhouse and everyone began to fix their own meat — no complaints for the cooks this way. The fixins' were supplied by the fleet along with scrumptious homemade goodies for dessert. After dinner, Commodore Brooks Stockman and Kevin Gillingham began to draw for the give-a-ways. Cries of "Goo-goods" were reverberating throughout the clubhouse, so Kevin began to toss Goo-goods into the crowds. A Music City regatta without Goo-goods is like a day without sunshine.

In addition to the Goo-goods, which were donated by Standard Candy Co., the following businesses also donated prizes: Fountain Square Mall, Action Bolt and Screw, Dominion Bank, Castner Knott,

FLEET NEWS

Grifgrabbers, and H20 Swimshop. Bill Robertson from Chattanooga won the grand prize—a crystal decanter donated by Jack Daniels Distillery full of— you guessed it!

After a great party Saturday night, racing began anew on Sunday. Wind continued to build all morning, however, the race committee boat used on Saturday was unavailable on Sunday. Not to be outdone, a Hobie 16 was towed out to the starting line, anchored, and the marks were set for the day. Although the race started a little late, the delay gave the local newspaper photographers a chance to take some beautiful photographs which appeared on the front pages of the Monday morning and afternoon papers.

Day two came to a close and race results were tallied as boats readied themselves for their journey home. New trophies this year were presented to replace the guitars and ban-

jos given at previous regattas. The new trophies were made by fleet members headed up by Craig Dooley and his company, Dooley Custom Millworks. The screen prints and lettering were done by a fleet member's crew, Betsy Gall, a local artist. Three Nashvillians took home first place trophies and three left for the Chattanooga; Indiana; luka, Mississippi; and Memphis, Tennessee fleets.

As everyone headed for home, fleet members congratulated themselves for all the hard work put into making this regatta a success and a bottle of vodka was awarded to our esteemed commodore. Special thanks go to our other sponsors, Michelob and Hermitage Landing, neither of which we could have done without. Thanks to Teresa and Thelma, our land crew, to Sondra and Pete and Margaret Soles for serving as race committee, and to Garry Faris, John Bishop, Fred, and Jim for providing chase boats.

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REGATTA RESULTS

DIVISION 2

WOLFORD HEIGHTS POINTS REGATTA
FLEET 167, DIVISION 2
LAKE ISABELLA, CA
SEPTEMBER 12, 15, 1987

HOBIE 16A

	POINTS
1. Krist Blakeman III	3.00
2. Mark McGrath	13.00
3. John Boudry	13.00
4. Steve Time	13.75
5. Marc Samson	14.00
6. Paul Parizeau	24.00

HOBIE 16B

	POINTS
1. Paul Huebner	5.50
2. Greg Claybaugh	8.00

HOBIE 16C

	POINTS
1. Gerry McLean	6.50
2. Bill Johnson	9.50
3. Goat McMahon	10.00
4. Wesley Gildart III	15.00
5. Joe Meagher	21.00
6. Jan Nichols	22.75
7. Curtis Smith	27.00
8. George McCurdy	37.00
9. Tom Trezona	40.00
10. John Beck	40.00

HOBIE 17

	POINTS
1. Jeff Conner	3.00
2. Dexter Ploss	11.00
3. William Myrter	12.75
4. Rodger Jenkins II	16.00
5. Frank S. Heath	19.00
6. Tom Belong	19.00
7. Steve Myrter	26.00
8. Dave Bethell	32.00

HOBIE 16A

	POINTS
1. Jeff Altier	4.25
2. Ron Wagner	10.75
3. Jeff Newsum	11.75
4. Bill Sanders	18.00
5. Dan Ketterman	18.00
6. Udo Winkler	21.00
7. Stevan Payne	31.00
8. John Hauser	33.00
9. Ross Tyler	34.00
10. Herb Hall	35.00
11. Rick Blount	40.00
12. Robin Sullivan	49.00
13. Roger Lockhart	52.00

HOBIE 16B

	POINTS
1. Pat Pattern	10.00
2. Steve Ashley	10.75
3. Randy Butler	10.75

4. Jim Williams	11.75
5. David Mensing	12.75
6. Dennis Woods	16.75
7. Ron Johnson	24.00
8. Mike Demos	38.00
9. Beta Apple	40.00
10. Charlie High	40.00

HOBIE 16C

	POINTS
1. Gary Spencer	2.25
2. Joseph Gieska	5.75
3. Scott Baker	8.00
4. Jeff Prusa	19.00
5. John Caponetto	24.00
6. Dan Secours	30.00
7. Bill Lingeman	31.00
8. Mike Kares	39.00
9. John Blinnell	39.00
10. Howard Chase	39.00
11. Gordon Beckwith	39.00
12. Dave Jeffrey	39.00
13. Murray Dicklinsky	39.00

HOBIE 16B

	POINTS
1. Jack Winter	2.25
2. Glenn Wadsworth	10.75
3. Donald Lowery	13.00
4. Tom Larimer	16.00
5. Duane Prokavski	16.00

ASSAULT ON ROCKY POINT REGATTA
FLEET 154, DIVISION 2
PUERTO PENASCO, MEXICO
SEPTEMBER 26, 27, 1987

HOBIE 16A

	POINTS
1. Fischer/Fischer	7.25
2. Neal/Neal	9.50
3. Eger/Burke	10.75
4. Hankins/Hankins	16.00

HOBIE 16B

	POINTS
1. Knipp/Mulay	3.75
2. Mire/Saylor-Mire	8.75
3. Mulay/Mulay	13.00

HOBIE 16C

	POINTS
1. Bomberg/Kahn	6.25
2. Cummings/Jones	7.50
3. Palmer/Palmer	13.00
4. Prosser/Prosser	16.00

HOBIE 16A

	POINTS
1. Mosley/West	3.75
2. Low/Mulay	9.75
3. Krauss/Krauss	15.00
4. Diaz/Diaz	21.00
5. Banks/Killbrew	21.00
6. Baker/Baker	27.00
7. Ashley/Ikaya	27.00

HOBIE 16B

	POINTS
1. Wansman/Wansman	5.00
2. McMaster/McMaster	7.50
3. Stinson/Novak	15.00

HOBIE 16C

	POINTS
1. Zimmerman/Zimmerman	5.00
2. Royal	9.50
3. Smolinsky/Smolinsky	11.00
4. Smith/Talimadge	23.00
5. Novak/Novak	27.00
6. Roder	30.00
7. Williams/Kirloff	32.00
8. Hornby/Walker	41.00
9. Colvin/Colvin	44.00

HOBIE 16T

	POINTS
1. Meyer	5.75
2. Coyner	4.00

DIVISION 6

WILD BILL REGATTA
FLEET 8, DIVISION 6
LAKE SOMERSET, TX
OCTOBER 24, 25, 1987

HOBIE 16A

	POINTS
1. Costa, Vaughn	4.50
2. Beach, Scott	6.00
3. Snelder, Tim	12.00
4. Rossi, Ron	12.00
5. Johnson, Mike	12.75
6. Koontz, Pat	15.00
7. Kicker, Rob	20.00

HOBIE 16B

	POINTS
1. Farrar, Dan	4.75
2. Smith, Jim	5.75
3. Hawkins, Gene	11.00
4. Teller, B.	11.75
5. Young, R.	15.00
6. Taylor, Ken	15.00

HOBIE 17

	POINTS
1. Mayer, Charlie	2.25
2. Sherrod, Jan	9.00
3. Pattullo	10.00
4. Warden, L.	11.75
5. Hamilton, Chuck	12.00

HOBIE 16A

	POINTS
1. Kuc, John	10.00
2. Shaw, Roy	12.75
3. Liles, Bill	15.00
4. Miller, Chuck	15.75

5. Whittington, Rob	14.00
6. Drake, Danny	18.00
7. Papenley, Judy	20.00
8. Leigh	23.75
9. Seta, Ray	26.00
10. Davis, Alan	28.00
11. Eckenroth, Phillip	30.00
12. Bach, Andy	35.00
13. Roland, Larry	37.00
14. Wilson, Butch	37.00
15. Weissinger, David	45.00

HOBIE 16B

	POINTS
1. Wiloy, Tyler	4.00
2. Wiley, Stan	4.75
3. Delesandro, Tommy	7.75
4. Watts, R.	9.00
5. Bradford, R.	9.00
6. Ford, Rick	9.00
7. Tucker, Walter	13.00
8. Thomas, Ron	16.00

HOBIE 16C

	POINTS
1. Vance-Nase, Donna	3.50
2. Bach, Beth	6.75
3. Agee, Jon	11.00
4. Coronado, Guillermo	12.00
5. Teller, W.	15.00
6. Joyce, G.	15.00

HOBIE 16T

	POINTS
1. Eberle, Ben	2.25
2. Wial, B.	8.00
3. McQuart, Stephen	12.00
4. Synes, Jim	13.00
5. Morrison, Rick	15.00

MASTERS

	POINTS
1. Mallou, Dan	1.50
2. Frye, Bill	4.00

DIVISION 7

BLACK HILLS LABOR DAY REGATTA
FLEET 198, DIVISION 7
ANGOSTURA RESERVOIR, SD
SEPTEMBER 5, 6, 7, 1987

HOBIE 16A

	POINTS
1. Mark Wittrap	6.25
2. David Pierce	5.75
3. Dave Simonson	10.00
4. George Rooney	10.00
5. Russell Foote	10.00
6. Mike Harper	11.00
7. Hal Aavang	12.00

1. Mark Kuhns	2.75
2. Joe Seltz	4.75
3. Spencer Crane	6.00
4. Jim Fowles	6.00
5. Paul Stern	12.00
6. Benny Stuck	12.00

HOBIE 17

	POINTS
1. John Ford	1.75

HOBIE 16A

	POINTS
1. Bill Adams	1.50
2. Ron Swanson	5.00
3. Steve Tarasak	8.00
4. Brad Rook	8.00
5. Slim Johnson	9.00
6. John Leonard	11.00
7. Ron Valdez	13.00
8. Art Baknis	16.00
9. Jim Boulter	20.00
10. Kurt Bluntz	22.00
11. Randy Buhne	22.00

HOBIE 16B

	POINTS
1. Wayne Lindholm	2.75
2. Clint Saunders	5.00
3. Bill Cheatham	5.75
4. Jeff Emmel	10.00
5. Goode Cheatham	14.00
6. Chip Simonson	16.00
7. Bill Knorr	16.00
8. Larry Petree	16.00
9. Karl Sauer	19.00
10. Bob Novotny	21.00
11. Larry Kurtz	23.00
12. Dan Betts	28.00
13. Rich Schieffert	29.00
14. Tom Kula	30.00
15. Steve Jackson	32.00
16. Robin Reah	32.00

HOBIE 16C

	POINTS
1. White/Wells-White	3.50
2. Mayo/Smith	4.75
3. Pecknold/Creech	10.00
4. McKnight/Albo	13.00
5. Pecknold/Clacher	17.00
6. Klineck/Rodriguez	19.00
7. Newitt/Whitworth	20.00
8. Wheeler/Mantrediz	23.00
9. Delaney/Peter	26.00
10. Mondragon/Schraeder	28.00

HOBIE 17

	POINTS
1. Bret Moss	2.75

HOBIE 16A

	POINTS
1. Bailey/Bailey	3.50
2. Summers/Puzzo	4.75
3. Luplato/Klien	13.00
4. Wright/Shirley	15.00
5. Spangenberg/Jorick	17.00
6. Lopper/Joanne	18.00
7. Murray/Elliott	21.00
8. Churchill/Crew	22.00

HOBIE 16B

	POINTS
1. Kirkpatrick, Tom	7.75
2. Hensler	8.75
3. Andrysk	14.75
4. Fox	19.75
5. Phillips	26.00
6. McGranaghan	28.00
7. Calabrese	31.00
8. Seelen	31.00
9. Runyan	35.00
10. Whym	44.00

HOBIE 16C

	POINTS
1. Damarsch	7.75

2. Wheeler	9.50
3. Kirkpatrick, Tim	15.75
4. Ingham	19.00
5. Jackson	22.00
6. Hartley	24.00
7. McDonald	27.00

OPEN CAT

	POINTS
1. Bone	7.25
2. Egbert	10.50
3. Matthews	11.75
4. Lant	19.00
5. Efav	23.00
6. Smith	24.00
7. Adams	32.00
8. Miller	33.00

DIVISION 8

LOST TRAVELER REGATTA
FLEET 56, DIVISION 8
KEY BISCAYNE, FL
SEPTEMBER 20, 1987

HOBIE 16

	POINTS
1. White/Wells-White	3.50
2. Mayo/Smith	4.75
3. Pecknold/Creech	10.00
4. McKnight/Albo	13.00
5. Pecknold/Clacher	17.00
6. Klineck/Rodriguez	19.00
7. Newitt/Whitworth	20.00
8. Wheeler/Mantrediz	23.00
9. Delaney/Peter	26.00
10. Mondragon/Schraeder	28.00

HOBIE 17

	POINTS
1. Bret Moss	2.75

HOBIE 16A

	POINTS
1. Bailey/Bailey	3.50
2. Summers/Puzzo	4.75
3. Luplato/Klien	13.00
4. Wright/Shirley	15.00
5. Spangenberg/Jorick	17.00
6. Lopper/Joanne	18.00
7. Murray/Elliott	21.00
8. Churchill/Crew	22.00

HOBIE 16B

FLEET 36, DIVISION 8
KEY BISCAYNE, FL
OCTOBER 4, 1987

REGATTA RESULTS

2. Pecknold/Clacher	14.00
3. Wheeler/Jeweler	15.00
4. McKnight/Bibo	17.00
5. Lohmeyer/Crew	22.00
6. Kilmus/Rodriguez	23.00
7. Belez/Cree	23.00
8. Mondragon/Crew	27.00
9. Shinn/Tie	29.00

MOBIE 17	POINTS
1. Larry Ashton	4.25
2. Bret Moss	7.75
3. Jaime Rapon	11.00
4. Rich Schuman	16.00

MOBIE 16	POINTS
1. Selett/Devine	5.25
2. Harford/Loughlin	11.00
3. Summers/Ruz	11.00
4. Bailey/Balley	15.00
5. Cole/Ramirez	25.00
6. Lopez/Lopez	29.00
7. Church/Hill/Churchill	29.00
8. Gonsalves/Judge	29.00

MOBIE	POINTS
1. Terri Lusk	7.00
2. Steve/Johannathan	9.00

DIVISION 9

MIDDLE GEORGIA MAD CATTERS
FLEET 154, DIVISION 9
LAKE CONNER, GA
SEPTEMBER 19, 20, 1987

MOBIE 16B	POINTS
1. Don Pitts	3.00
2. Greg Longenecker	18.00

MOBIE 16C	POINTS
1. Bruce Miles	3.00
2. Kirby Tracy	7.75
3. Robin Hood	9.00
4. Jay Witter	18.00
5. Cliff Nelson	21.00
6. Felix Smith	29.00

MOBIE 16	POINTS
1. Humphrey	W. Smith 17:48:24
2. Manzer	Laboranti 19:24:03
3. Lennard	Lennard 19:28:11
4. Nor-Shaus	Amstrong 19:33:26
5. Kowalski	Markwater 19:34:33
6. Richbourg	Collins 19:41:22
7. Lewis Lee	Heher 19:44:00
8. K. Self	Taylor 19:49:10
9. Wengstrom	Allan 19:53:19
10. Powers	Wilks 20:05:08
11. Sage	Lloyd 20:32:19
12. Carpenter	Francis 20:32:21
13. Hunt	Spivey 21:51:00
14. W. Moore	B. Norwood 21:57:08
15. L. Brown	S. Brown 22:57:01
16. Banks	Banks 23:37:58
17. Kinney	Johnson 23:47:33
18. Crowell	Rolles 26:31:30
19. Munsholt	Wilson 31:32:43

THE CAROLINA COASTAL BASH
LONG DISTANCE RACE
ISLE OF PALMS, SC TO
MYRTLE BEACH, SC AND BACK
SEPTEMBER 25, 26, 27, 1987

MOBIE 18	POINTS
1. C. Moore	B. Moore 17:55:47
2. Armstrong	Yates 18:20:51
3. Stewart	Van Cleaf 18:35:04
4. Burn	Burn 18:53:02
5. C. Jones	Dison 18:58:44
6. Blackburn	Sturt 19:05:06
7. Graham	Graham 19:10:38
8. B. Graham	Byrum 19:11:58
9. Harper	Ellis 19:16:30
10. Coffey	Coffey 19:17:03
11. Whiteside	Dwens 19:25:10
12. Bodenheimer	Will 19:27:55
13. S. Toner	Edwards 19:51:33
14. Campbell	B. Moore 20:08:29
15. Beaton	Weatherford 20:30:08
16. Luke	Luke 22:29:58
17. B. Marlan	P. Zimmer 23:02:12
18. Cantelini	Cantelini 27:30:21
19. Baiselli	Kitch 33:28:47

DIVISION 10

DUNES REGATTA '87
FLEET 126, DIVISION 10
GARY, IN
SEPTEMBER 12, 13, 1987

MOBIE 18	POINTS
1. Longueville, John	9.50
2. Martin, Gene	9.50
3. Lehman, Ron	11.75
4. Murphy, Michael	13.00
5. Frederick, James	15.00
6. Ferree, Greg	18.00
7. Campbell, Thomas	27.00
8. Isco, Gordon	27.00
9. Greenwald, Hugh	29.00
10. Widlicki, Andy	32.00

MOBIE 16A	POINTS
1. Smith, Greg	5.25
2. Engels, Jim	14.00
3. LeMaitre, Frank	14.00
4. Mohney, Jerry	17.00
5. Burwell, Craig	21.00
6. Stilesma, David	27.00
7. Kartz, Jim	27.00
8. O'Neil, Robert	33.00
9. Garlick, Paul	37.00
10. Diamond, Jim	37.00

MOBIE 16B	POINTS
1. Kotten, Rick	5.50
2. Frey, John	6.50
3. Hest, Jerry	7.75
4. Irlons, David	24.00
5. Deucher, Ray	24.00

3. Mitchell, John	9.50
4. Realy, Leonard	11.00
5. Smith, Jeff	16.00
6. Winn, Keith	23.00

MOBIE 16T	POINTS
1. Green, David	5.00
2. Bidwell, Cherry	8.00

MOBIEFEST '87	POINTS
FLEET 115, DIVISION 10	
WILMETTE, IL	
AUGUST 22, 23, 1987	

MOBIE 18A	POINTS
1. Longueville, John	3.00
2. Ferree, Greg	9.75
3. Frederick, James	12.00
4. Lehman, Ron	12.00
5. Martin, Gene	16.00
6. Campbell, Thomas	21.00
7. Briggs, Bruce	22.00
8. Iglar, John	34.00
9. Greenwald, Hugh	36.00
10. Irlons, David	40.00

MOBIE 16A	POINTS
1. Williams, Bruce	7.75
2. Bounds, Matt	9.75
3. Findlay, James	12.75
4. Findlay, Robert	14.00
5. Elsie, Tom	23.00
6. Brown, Kirk	27.00
7. Elmer, Gary	31.00
8. Lawson, Peter	37.00
9. Kutz, Ron	37.00

MOBIE 16B	POINTS
1. O'Neill, Bob	6.50
2. Chambers, Tom	13.75
3. Smith, Wayne	14.50
4. Morris, Rick	20.00
5. Lukash, Bill	21.00
6. Mack, William	21.00
7. Gaskway, Virgil	23.00
8. Lyden, Bill	28.00
9. Moline, Doug	30.00
10. Reilly, Nick	31.00
11. Lunkes, Mark	43.00
12. Mitchell, John	44.00
13. Bone, Tom	48.00
14. Sullivan, Frank	54.00
15. Tibor/Spavic	60.00
16. Burdick/Baw	68.00
17. Kaiser, Terry	68.00

1988 POINTS REGATTA
FLEET 126, DIVISION 10
GARY, IN
SEPTEMBER 12, 13, 1987

MOBIE 18A	POINTS
1. Longueville, John	9.50
2. Martin, Gene	9.50
3. Lehman, Ron	11.75
4. Murphy, Michael	13.00
5. Frederick, James	15.00
6. Ferree, Greg	18.00
7. Campbell, Thomas	24.00
8. Isco, Gordon	27.00
9. Greenwald, Hugh	29.00
10. Widlicki, Andy	32.00

MOBIE 16A	POINTS
1. Smith, Greg	5.25
2. Engels, Jim	14.00
3. LeMaitre, Frank	14.75
4. Mohney, Jerry	17.75
5. Burwell, Craig	21.00
6. Stilesma, David	21.00
7. Kartz, Jim	23.00
8. O'Neil, Robert	30.00
9. Garlick, Paul	37.00
10. Diamond, Jim	37.00

MOBIE 16B	POINTS
1. Albert, Ron	7.50
2. Gaskway, Virgil	7.75
3. Mitchell, John	9.50
4. Mack, Leonard	11.00
5. Smith, Jeff	16.00
6. Winn, Keith	23.00

MOBIE 16T	POINTS
1. Green, David	5.00
2. Bidwell, Cherry	8.00

ALUM CREEK LAKE REGATTA
FLEET 85, DIVISION 10
COLUMBUS, OH
SEPTEMBER 19, 20, 1987

MOBIE 18A	POINTS
1. Isco, Gordon	9.75
2. Rose, Ron	10.50
3. Murphy, Michael	11.75
4. Ferree, Greg	15.75
5. Ross, Brian	21.00
6. Martin, Gene	21.00
7. Lehman, Ron	23.00
8. Frederick, James	23.00
9. Berry, Jay	27.00
10. Campbell, Thomas	33.00
11. Bucci, Rick	39.00
12. Sebbo, Judy	43.00

MOBIE 16B	POINTS
1. Kotten, Rick	5.50
2. Frey, John	6.50
3. Hest, Jerry	7.75
4. Irlons, David	24.00
5. Deucher, Ray	24.00

MOBIE 16A	POINTS
1. Bonetier, Mark	5.50
2. Buchert, John	7.50
3. Garlick, Paul	10.00
4. Fecher, Ron	10.00
5. LeMaitre, Frank	20.00

MOBIE 16B	POINTS
1. Molteran, Bill	10.50
2. Diamond, Jim	10.75
3. Rhine, Bruce	11.75
4. Williamson, Jerry	12.00
5. Davis, Roger	16.75
6. Teets, Michael	19.00
7. Winn, Keith	24.00
8. Overbaugh, Rick	27.00

9. Stumpf, Donald 28.00
10. Wilson, Timothy 34.00
11. Bunner, Barry 43.00

CHEAP THRILLS POINT REGATTA
FLEET 199, DIVISION 10
CRAB DOCK/LAKE, IL
OCTOBER 10, 11, 1987

MOBIE 18A	POINTS
1. Longueville, John	2.25
2. Murphy, Mike	9.00
3. Isco, Gordon	12.00
4. Workman, Ed	12.00
5. Ferree, Gregory	13.00
6. Greenwald, Hugh	15.00
7. Tate, Russ	20.00

MOBIE 17A	POINTS
1. Bantz, Al	2.25
2. Burch, Scott	7.00
3. Carter, Otis	8.00
4. Eaton, Scott	12.00

MOBIE 16A	POINTS
1. Gramont, Marc	4.75
2. Grosskopf, John	6.50
3. Shidler, Beanne	8.00
4. Nelson, Brent	10.00
5. Kirkwood, Jack	14.00

DIVISION 12

1988 DIVISIONALS AT HAMMONSETT
FLEETS 136 & 475, DIVISION 12
RAISIN, CT
SEPTEMBER 19, 20, 1987

MOBIE 18A	POINTS
1. Adekan/Adekan	3.00
2. Cuttill/Jonson	12.00
3. Flinn/Bertram	12.75
4. Simms/Fisch	14.00
5. Benson/Galmer	18.00
6. Gonsau/Gonsau	18.00
7. Barber/Lee	25.00
8. Walker/Williams	27.00
9. Latham/Child	30.00
10. Shea/Hoas	33.00
11. Prouty/Prouty	34.00
12. Sullivan/Sullivan	47.00
13. Richmond/Wadsworth	47.00
14. Ferrara/Reimers	56.00
15. O'Connell/O'Connell	59.00
16. Fraker/Fraker	60.00
17. Masse/Nicolas	72.00
18. Sculley/Sculley	72.00

MOBIE 18B	POINTS
1. Shear/Messenger	5.50
2. Auger/Leroux	7.50
3. Kater/Kater	16.00
3. Elwood/Foster	16.00

MOBIE 18M	POINTS
1. Mason/Mason	5.25

MOBIE 17A	POINTS
1. Campbell	4.25
2. Witte	9.50
3. Kanda	15.00
4. Knoson	15.00
5. Cullen	18.00
6. Winston	18.00
7. Becker	23.00
8. Gleason	24.00
9. Pickett	34.00
10. Blum	40.00
11. Bradley	40.00
12. K. Winston	52.00
12. Clark	52.00

MOBIE 16A	POINTS
1. Franco/Franco	3.00
2. Kagan/Kagan	12.00
3. Ross/Book	14.75
4. McKillister/Hallett	17.00
5. Bouley/Bouley	18.00
6. Springer/Hughes	20.00
7. Brewer/Hauman	26.00
8. Garand/Micheline	32.00
9. Martin/Rachel	35.00
10. Crossley/Chace	36.00
11. Lemme/Michelle	52.00
11. Loraner/Christian	52.00

MOBIE 16B	POINTS
1. Kress/Veno	4.00
2. Larocque/Rinaldo	8.00
3. Smith/Widdle	17.00
4. Anderson/Peck	23.00
5. Franklin/Hill	25.00
6. Barnard/Johnson	27.00
7. Bevin/Ramond	52.00
8. Carlin/Campbell	52.00
9. Duvarney/Kirby	52.00
10. Robinson/Robinson	52.00
11. Ogden/Andersenberg	52.00
12. Anderson/Lucy	52.00
13. Letourneau/Foley	52.00

MOBIE 16C	POINTS
1. Kress/Veno	4.00
2. Larocque/Rinaldo	8.00
3. Smith/Widdle	17.00
4. Anderson/Peck	23.00
5. Franklin/Hill	25.00
6. Barnard/Johnson	27.00
7. Bevin/Ramond	52.00
8. Carlin/Campbell	52.00
9. Duvarney/Kirby	52.00
10. Robinson/Robinson	52.00
11. Ogden/Andersenberg	52.00
12. Anderson/Lucy	52.00
13. Letourneau/Foley	52.00

MOBIE 16T	POINTS
1. Kress/Veno	4.00
2. Larocque/Rinaldo	8.00
3. Smith/Widdle	17.00
4. Anderson/Peck	23.00
5. Franklin/Hill	25.00
6. Barnard/Johnson	27.00
7. Bevin/Ramond	52.00
8. Carlin/Campbell	52.00
9. Duvarney/Kirby	52.00
10. Robinson/Robinson	52.00
11. Ogden/Andersenberg	52.00
12. Anderson/Lucy	52.00
13. Letourneau/Foley	52.00

MOBIE 16B	POINTS
1. Kress/Veno	4.00
2. Larocque/Rinaldo	8.00
3. Smith/Widdle	17.00
4. Anderson/Peck	23.00
5. Franklin/Hill	25.00
6. Barnard/Johnson	27.00
7. Bevin/Ramond	52.00
8. Carlin/Campbell	52.00
9. Duvarney/Kirby	52.00
10. Robinson/Robinson	52.00
11. Ogden/Andersenberg	52.00
12. Anderson/Lucy	52.00
13. Letourneau/Foley	52.00

MOBIE 16C	POINTS
1. Kress/Veno	4.00
2. Larocque/Rinaldo	8.00
3. Smith/Widdle	17.00
4. Anderson/Peck	23.00
5. Franklin/Hill	25.00
6. Barnard/Johnson	27.00
7. Bevin/Ramond	52.00
8. Carlin/Campbell	52.00
9. Duvarney/Kirby	52.00
10. Robinson/Robinson	52.00
11. Ogden/Andersenberg	52.00
12. Anderson/Lucy	52.00
13. Letourneau/Foley	52.00

MOBIE 16T	POINTS
1. Kress/Veno	4.00
2. Larocque/Rinaldo	8.00
3. Smith/Widdle	17.00
4. Anderson/Peck	23.00
5. Franklin/Hill	25.00
6. Barnard/Johnson	27.00
7. Bevin/Ramond	52.00
8. Carlin/Campbell	52.00
9. Duvarney/Kirby	52.00



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dent suspension.

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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.

Regatta Dates

9/1 to 11/3 are due
11/4 to 1/5 are due
1/6 to 2/27 are due
2/28 to 5/5 are due
5/6 to 7/7 are due
7/8 to 8/31 are due

Due Dates

11/10 will appear in
1/12 will appear in
3/7 will appear in
5/12 will appear in
7/14 will appear in
9/7 will appear in

Issues

Jan/Feb
March/April
May/June
July/August
Sept/Oct
Nov/Dec

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

Please note that this schedule is subject to change.

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, the date and the writer's name at the top of the story. Please be sure the names used in the stories are spelled correctly.

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, the date and the name of 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.

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NATIONAL

HOBBIE 14/TURBO NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS
ELK RAPIDS, MICHIGAN
AUGUST 29-SEPTEMBER 4, 1987

HOBBIE 14T	POINTS
1. Bob Curry	5.25
2. Boyd Bass	15.00
3. Stephan Acquart	23.00
4. Vel De Kreek	27.75
5. Greg Trent	40.00
6. Clark A. Keyser	46.00
7. Byron Parker	53.00
8. Debbie Taylor	53.00
9. Davis S. Green	56.00
10. Bret A. Moss	61.00
11. Jon Tiger	63.00
12. Dave Wilder	66.00
13. Carole Arrick	79.00
14. William Mack, Jr.	83.00
15. James Frederick	97.00

HOBBIE 14	POINTS
1. Bob Curry	7.50
2. Stan Woodruff	17.75
3. Boyd Bass	22.00
4. Stephan Acquart	24.75
5. Bret A. Moss	29.00
6. Greg Myner	53.00
7. Jerry Jenkins	54.00
8. Chuck Watson	61.00
9. Davis S. Green	65.00
10. Vel De Kreek	65.00
11. Bob Wall	73.00
12. Dave Wilder	75.00
13. William Mack, Jr.	89.00
14. Bob Schwartz	92.00
15. Stan Evans	94.00
16. Clark A. Keyser	99.00
17. Byron Parker	105.00
18. John Storer	109.00
19. Fred Ryan	116.00
20. James Frederick	121.00
21. Jon Tiger	121.00
22. Jack Welsh, M.D.	135.00

HOBBIE WOMENS U.S. CHAMPIONSHIP
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA
SEPTEMBER 8-11, 1987

SKIPPER/CREW	POINTS
1. Renfro/Beans	34.25
2. Nelson/Seaman	35.00
3. Robertson/Brenny	41.75
4. Leon/Leth	44.00
5. Holmes/Whittington	58.75
6. Popejoy/Moore	66.00
7. O'Brien/De Chesne	66.00
8. Moore/Casher	66.75

9. Tully/Russell	67.00
10. Christopher/Frankline	83.00
11. Sloan/Pascoe	83.00
12. Skidmore/Drilevich	92.75
13. Tully/Lewis	109.00
14. McManus/Holverson	136.00
15. Villa/Villa	143.00
16. Ward/Lovsletten	155.00
17. Laroque/Tebeau	159.00
18. Cockroft/Glaze	164.00
19. Schratz/Brown	182.00
20. Pryor/Karnitschnig	183.00
21. Heath/Duncan	190.00
22. Shiller/Walker	211.00
23. Gira/Bowen	216.00
24. Barnes/Outlaw	224.00

HOBBIE 16 U.S. NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA
SEPTEMBER 13-19, 1987

SKIPPER/CREW	POINTS
1. Jeff Alter	16.00
2. Carlton Tucker	22.25
3. Enrique Figueroa	24.50
4. M. Shearer/K. Ward	28.25
5. Hobbie Alter Jr.	37.50
6. K. Christensen/C. Christensen	40.00
7. B. Seaman/D. Deupree	58.00
8. T. Materna/R. Jenkins	71.75
9. A. Egusa/S. Holmes	79.00
10. R. Eddington/C. Eddington	96.00
11. C. McCarty Jr./S. Newton	110.00
12. T. Hitch/M. Hammond	117.00
13. D. Katterman/J. Katterman	122.00
14. P. Porter/L. Robertson	126.00
15. P. Bascoe/J. Pascoe	128.00
16. C. Nunes/M. Montgomery	132.00
17. L. Dockstader/C. Kiel-Deans	132.00
18. P. Tobie, G. Loose	134.00
19. R. MacConnell/C. Carroll	138.00
20. Mark Ralph	144.00
21. W. Smith/J. Smith	153.00
22. J. Casher/G. Casher	154.00
23. B. Carpenter, C. Kasley	162.00
24. R. Weatherby	165.00
25. L. Ashton/S. Ashton	167.00
26. R. Daniel/S. Shaw	173.00
27. J. Newsome/P. Paul	178.00
28. D. Shearer/M. Tuckett	179.00
29. R. Seta/M. Mallum	181.00
30. T. Korzeniewski/W. Jeffers	189.00
31. T. Mooneyham/V. Parseghian	193.00
32. R. Wythes, T. Remick	193.00
33. D. McCredie/B. Fields	195.00
34. B. Williams	205.00
35. D. Kulkoski/K. Villa	208.00
36. M. Montague/S. Geddes	216.00
37. J. Poncin/C. Trevey	220.00

38. D. DeLave/K. Williams	222.00
39. J. Hauser/D. Brown	224.00
40. W. Schafer/R. Moore	226.00
41. D. Sloan/P. Sloan	228.00
42. D. Grant/D. Thomas	238.00
43. J. Kuc/K. Rourke	252.00
44. N. Kelley/J. Keeton	255.00
45. P. Camp/D. Archer	257.00
46. T. Bonner/J. West	265.00
47. W. Tully/A. Tully	267.00
48. M. Bounds/L. Bounds	295.00

INTERNATIONAL

HOBBIE 14 WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP
MAURITIUS
SEPTEMBER 23-30

NAME	COUNTRY	POINTS
1. Allan Lawrence	South Africa	20.00
2. Hiro De Maeyer	Tapiti	34.00
3. David Krut	South Africa	35.50
4. William Dwards	South Africa	50.00
5. Blaine Dodds	South Africa	51.25
6. Kitty Salmon	Tahiti	61.75
7. Colin Hancox	South Africa	64.00
8. Shaun Ferry	South Africa	66.00
9. Philippe Hars	Tahiti	71.00
10. Gerhard Koper	South Africa	78.00
11. Nino Salmon	Tahiti	89.75
12. Jannie Tukker	South Africa	95.00
13. Kamien Johnson	South Africa	101.00
14. Peter Tomalin	South Africa	110.00
15. Ren Brand	South Africa	117.00
16. Paul Thomas	South Africa	123.00
17. Eric Poafai	Tahiti	124.00
18. Francis Petras	Tahiti	124.00
19. Sk Lippstreu	South Africa	126.00
20. Jean Agnietary	Tahiti	128.00
21. Didier Giraud	Mauritius	130.75
22. Aubrey Price	South Africa	138.00
23. Jacques Le Voguer	France	139.00
24. Jacques Foucaud	France	152.00
25. Lionel Hartley	South Africa	161.00
26. Wayne Schafer	U.S.A.	165.00
27. Tuke Pacquier	Tahiti	177.75
28. Stephane Lagesse	Mauritius	182.00
29. Kaniel Giraud	Mauritius	184.00
30. Karl Buic	Mauritius	186.00
31. Ricardo Cabrera	Spain	186.75
32. D. Gautier de la Haut	France	196.00
33. Chariol Aguerre	France	206.00
34. Tony Marsh	Australia	227.00
35. Rono Brodbeck	Switzerland	230.00
36. Bob Antelme	Mauritius	251.00

FLEET DIRECTORY

WORLD HOBBIE CLASS ASSOCIATION
FLEET LISTING DIRECTORY

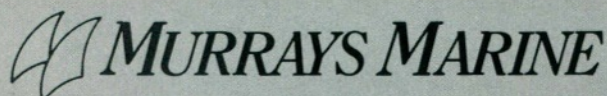
FLEET	COMMODORE	LOCATION	DIVISION
1	Bill Krull	Dana Point, CA	2
2	Lew/Ramone Stark	Auburn, CA	3
3	David & Carol Kotahi	Long Beach, CA	3
4	Mike Chee	San Diego, CA	2
5	Dennis MacDonald	Clearwater, FL	8
6	William R. Myrter	Kailua, HI	1
7	Stan Naglestone	Pasadena, CA	2
8	Walter Tucker	Houston, TX	6
9	Dick Stine	Sulphur, LA	6
10	Larry Stayer	Clear Lake, IA	7
11	Jim Cassidy	Orlando, FL	8
12	Bobby Florence	Atlanta, GA	9
13	Ralph Weir	Spokane, WA	4
14	Paul Ulbarri	Seattle, WA	4
15	Bill Johnson	Ventura, CA	2
16	Courtney Rue	Anaheim, CA	2
17	Dave M. Hinds	Sacramento, CA	1
18	John Medler	Ypsilanti, MI	10
19	John/Patti Lefler	Ashland, OR	4
20	Michael R. Ettl	San Jose, CA	1
21	Ed Montague	Modesto, CA	1
22	Patrick McRater	St. Albert, AB CAN	4
23	Joe Bob/Anne Crain	Dallas, TX	14
24	Doug Ruth	Ocean City, NJ	11
25	Richard Bardenel	Tulsa, OK	14
26	Mike Wycoff	Indianapolis, IN	10
27	Greg Trent	Wichita, KS	12
28	Stephen Latham	Natick, MA	12
29	Julian Levin	Merced, CA	3
30	Larry Barnes	Riverside, CA	2
31	Shelia/Barry Burgess	Brookfield, CT	12
32	John Frazee	Virginia Beach, VA	9
33	Keith Fuller	Portland, OR	4
34	Walt Phillipson	North Palm Beach, FL	8
35	Rick White	Pensacola, FL	15
36	Andy Newitt	Miami, FL	8
37	Angelo Zopolos	Bellingham, WA	4
38	Paul Harvey	Novo Scotia, CANADA	12
39	Cheryl Hohenhausen	Bradenton, FL	8
40	Joe Kuchembuch	Portland, ME	10
41	Steve Leis	New Orleans, LA	15
42	Vicky Roche	Tampa, FL	8
43	Joe Sisson	Tallahassee, FL	15
44	Richard Schulman	St. Louis, MO	8
45	Susan Merritt	Colo Beach, FL	8
46	Murray Davidson	Albuquerque, NM	5
47	Steve Campbell	Cincinnati, OH	10
48	Mike Bone	Albuquerque, NM	5
49	Tom Creed	Clear Lake, MN	7
50	Sean Tracy	St. Collins, CO	5

FLEET	COMMODORE	LOCATION	DIVISION
51	Steven Brand	Las Vegas, NV	2
52	Tom Turchfar	White Bear Lake, MN	7
53	Bill Carl	Isle of Palms, SC	9
54	George Blakeslee	Baltimore, MD	11
55	Denis Ingram	Baton Rouge, LA	15
56	Pat McWersia	Westport, CT	12
57	Bob Garland	Los Angeles, CA	2
58	Mark Melting	Clear Lake, MI	10
59	Louis Griesmer	Springfield, MO	7
60	Michael Simpson	Sandusky, OH	10
61	Tom Larson	Littleton, CO	5
62	Joyce Swanson	Fresno, CA	3
63	Gur Lawyer	Norman, OK	14
64	Judi Bettes	Austin, TX	6
65	Keith LeDroef	Shore Acres, NJ	11
66	Tom Banks	Scottsdale, AZ	2
67	Todd Urban	Salt Lake City, UT	5
68	Larry Hutlock	Lorain, OH	10
69	Doug Hisslop	New Zealand	Int'l
70	Mark Edder	Ocean Springs, MS	15
71	Lenny Carey	Key West, FL	8
72	James Hordswell	Portland, OR	4
73	Bill Hillier	Northfield, NJ	11
74*	Jim Holst	Tamuning, GUAM	Int'l
75	Chance/Jo Gaston	Mobile, AL	15
76	Jerry Bussey	Vail Lake, CA	2
78*	Bill Hyman	Pago, Pago Am. Samoa	Int'l
80	Roy Bertolet	Dartmouth, FL	8
81	Ron Bishop	Carpenteria, CA	2
82	Les Bibby	Ontario, CANADA	10
83	Steve Fawell	Rock Hill, SC	9
84	Mike/Pamela Hiu	Bey Mines, IA	7
85	John Schirtzinger	Columbus, OH	10
86	Thomas Boyd	Elkridge, NY	16
87	Deanna Linn	San Rafael, CA	5
88	William Pawlowski	Lake Havasu City, AZ	2
89	Mike Griffie	Mishawaka, IN	10
90	Charles Anderson	Winnipeg, Man. CAN	7
91	Andy Stowe	Ft. Worth, TX	14
92	Derek Taylor	Huntersville, NC	9
93	Lou Gulling	Lafayette, LA	15
94*	Paul Carter	Boothell, WA	4
96	Newton Baker	Marvillier, TN	9
97	Mike Malone	Burham, NC	9
98	Lamont George	Clear Lake, Man. CAN	7
99	Peter Colby	Corpus Christi, TX	6
100	Ray Valicicillo	Saltwater, CT	9

FLEET	COMMODORE	LOCATION	DIVISION
101	Richard Johnson	Wilmington, NC	9
102	Joe McFarland	Brownsville, TX	6
103	Steve Bechtold	Sioux Falls, SD	7
104	Paul Stedman	Muncie, IN	10
105	Mike Holford	Bolser, ID	4
106	Debbie Metscher	Steamboat Springs, CO	5
107	Michel Le Calvic	Papeete, TAHITI	Int'l
108	Dennis Boren	Muskegon, MI	10
109	Milton Dinhofer	Great Neck, NY	12
110	Jim Frank	Victoria, TX	6
111	Richard Brew	Jacksonville, FL	8
112	Jarl Malvin	Venice, FL	8
113	Joe Thompson	Freeport, G. BAHAMAS	Int'l
114*	Tom Hartman	Wilmette, IL	10
115	Ike Selig	Winter Haven, FL	8
116	Jake Taber	Grand Rapids, MI	10
117	Chuck Rober	Tyler, TX	14
118	Alfred Colucci	Amelia, NY	16
119	Robert Self	Panama City, FL	15
121*	Walter O'Grady Cabral	Fortaleza, BRAZIL	7
122	Terry F. Allen	St. Louis, MO	10
124	David Becker	Saville, NY	12
125	Roger Bommersbach	Lake Pointe, SD	7
126	Chris Sprague	Chessteron, IN	10
127	Don Bergman	Ft. Pierce, FL	8
128	Dan Malum	San Antonio, TX	6
129	Glen Wichenhaw	Thunder Bay, ON CAN	7
130	Brian Mactaler	Pemission, P.C. CAN	4
131	Jay Collins	Oklahoma City, OK	14
132	Neil Carter	Ternure, INDONESIA	Int'l
133	Mark Doyle	San Juan, P. R.	15
134	Mark Doyle	Memphis, TN	15
135	Bob Buchman	Hewitt, NJ	12
136	Joel Marcus	Nantico, CT	12
137	Jay Sutton	Bennville, NJ	11
138	Edvardio Villagran	Guatemala City	Int'l
139*	Richard Owen	Levittown, PA	11
140	Pat O'Call	Columbia, SC	9
142	Robin/Karry Highstone	Louisville, KY	10
143	Peter Fraker	Islip, NY	12
144	Ric/Margaret Balensky	East Lansing, MI	10
145	James F. Burgess	Van Buren, AZ	14
146	Rick Bush	Burk Burnett, TX	14
147*	Hans Weidmann	Bangkok, THAILAND	Int'l
148	Michele McManus	Blue Springs, MO	7
149	Dave Sarvis	Orillia, Ont. CANADA	16

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152	Stephen McClung	St. Simons Is., GA	8	302	Giancarlo De Martini	Rome, ITALY	Eur	452	Frank Brearley	Barnegat Bay	11
153	Hollis Coffey	Gainesville, FL	8	303	Bruno Delahaye	Rennes, FRANCE	Eur	453	Paul Polock	Quesnel, BC CANADA	7
154	Barry R. Hines	Centerville, GA	9	304	Rob Van Nieuwen	Rotterdam, HOLLAND	Eur	454	Mark Tryggstad	Amery, WI	7
155	Gerald Kierle	Brooklyn, MI	10	305	Bram Lussenburg	Katwijk, HOLLAND	Eur	455			
156	John Fowkes	Casper, WY	5	306	Nol Eitens	Den Haag, HOLLAND	Eur	456			
157				307	Jan Van Spellen	Esmond, HOLLAND	Eur	457	Mike Blagg	Brownwood, TX	14
158	James Kelly	Springfield, IL	10	308	Jan Wilke	Toulon, FRANCE	Eur	458	Luis Lerdo de Tjada	Castellon, SPAIN	Int'l
159				309	Guy Pasquier	Thonex, SWITZERLAND	Eur	459	Salvador Barrachina	Sevilla, SPAIN	Int'l
160	Gail Fricke	Grand Junction, CO	5	310	Dominique Ardin	La Baule, FRANCE	Eur	460	Carlos Hernandez	PORTUGAL	Int'l
161	Gene Hawkins	Brynn, TX	6	311	Jean P. Bockell	Le Havre, FRANCE	Eur	461	Ron Rowton	Titusville, FL	8
162	Ray Murray	Waco, TX	14	312	Jean-Pierre Foudard	Noumea, NEW CAL	Eur	462	Everett Thompson	Elizabeth City, NY	9
163	John Hartman	Shasta, CA	3	313	Stan Sobczyk	Wassenaar, HOLLAND	Eur	463	Dave Adams	Chicora, PA	12
164	Bill English	Simpsonton, SC	9	314	S. Lorenzini	Hamburg Os., WG	Eur	464	Boyd Bass	McAllister, OK	14
165	Dillon Fredrick	Mahomet, MN	7	315	Helmut Jakobowitz	Laatz, WG	Eur	465	Poncho Limon	San Felipe, MEXICO	Int'l
166	Michael Halberstadt	Vista, CA	2	316	Martin Schultze	Plymouth, ENGLAND	Eur	466	Peter Starstedt	Whitefish, MT	4
167	Jay Smith	Bakersfield, CA	2	317	B. Mohr	Marville, FRANCE	Eur	467	Nicky Guy	Christchurch, NZ	Int'l
168	Gerald Jenkins	Flat City, MI	10	318	Bernd Berlich	Neordijk, HOLLAND	Eur	468	Mark/Meidy Coyne	Sun Prairie, WI	Int'l
169	Mike Brown	Rt. Myers, FL	8	319	Mathias Stender	Narvik, SWEDEN	Eur	469	Dietrich Brunkamp	East Lyme, CT	12
170				320	J.P. Blaise	Bayonne, FRANCE	Eur	470	David Buckingham	Spirit Lake, IA	7
171	Steve Anador	Ann Arbor, MI	10	321	Guy Belmas	Marville, FRANCE	Eur	471	Scott Russell	Storm Lake, IA	7
172	Brian Price	Kingston, Ont. CAN	16	322	Frank Buchholz	Bayonne, FRANCE	Eur	472	Jie/Mary Murray	Leesing, IN	Int'l
173				323	Colin White	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	473	Neal Hous	Tahoe City, CA	3
174	Charlie Pelissary	Myrtle Beach, SC	9	324	Alexandre Lescure	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	474	Debbie Blackburn	Walker, MN	7
175	Charlotte Morse	Albermarle, NC	9	325	Rinus Van De Haak	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	475	Mike Stevens	Kahului, Maui, HI	1
176	W. Edwin Ogden	Wilton, VT	11	326	Osten Wilton	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	476	Gary Doty	Cordova, IL	7
177	Ernie Luce	Hickstock, TX	6	327	Patrick Knoerzer	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	477	Chuck Bruckemiller	New Lisbon, WI	7
178	Joe Barker	Ft. Walton Beach, FL	15	328	Monsieur Beauchene	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	478	James Walrath	Puget Sound, WA	4
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180	Lisa Luby	Woodland Hills, CA	2	330	Erik Wiestand	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	480	Laird Jones	REP. OF SINGAPORE	Int'l
181				331	Dario Sorel	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	481	Mike G. Rea	Kuch, GULF OMAN	Int'l
182	Wendy Albade	Kingshill, St. Croix	13	332	Bino Bani	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	482	John Griffith	Doha, QATAR	Int'l
183	Charles Regan	Toronto, Ont. CANADA	16	333	Fred Paasch	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	483	Dwayne Long	Long, TX	Int'l
184	Stephen Treadwell	London, Ont. CANADA	10	334	Peter Jannack	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	484	Jim McCarthy	No. Hampton, NH	12
185	Stanley Lamb	London, Ont. CANADA	10	335	Friedrich Schobel	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	485	Rick/Ron Tinga	Trenton, Ont. CAN	16
186	Marcel Pastore	Rowayton, CT	12	336	Erich Miarik	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	486	Rashiko Ozeki	Kanagawa, JAPAN	Int'l
187	Dennis Bernad	Kentville, Que. CAN	12	337	Alain Blum	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	487	Mariyau Murase	Libreville, GABON	Int'l
188	Mike McGinnis	Tampa, FL	8	338	Jacques Budet	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	488	Yves Gernain	Tokyo, JAPAN	Int'l
189	Tony Stearns	Salpan, C.M. GUAM	Int'l	339	Bruno Sollier	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	489	Fred Sponkel	Brigitting, NJ	11
190	Warren Kaplan	Greenboro, NC	9	340	Verner Wittwer	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	490	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
191	Ken Keller	Omaha, NE	7	341	Bram Van Straalen	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	491	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
192	Rod Phipps	Eugene, OR	4	342	Jacques Serviere	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	492	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
193	Peter/Anne King	Valejo, CA	3	343	Gabriel Luy	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	493	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
194	Ella Parsons	Rockville, VA	11	344	Manolis Pallas	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	494	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
195	A. Yates Dowell III	Rockport, MA	12	345	Bernard Luy	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	495	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
196	Stan Pater	Rapid City, SD	4	346	Wolfgang Luy	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	496	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
197	Ron Williams	Carbondale, IL	10	347	Klaus Wagner	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	497	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
198	John Longueville	Norfolk, VA	9	348	Rainer Kellermann	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	498	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
199	Barry Barnes	Pueblo, CO	5	349	K. Kuhlisch	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	499	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
200	Cathy Wittunp	Carbondale, IL	10	350	Michael Schindt	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	500	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
201	Douglas Schelbit	Beno, NY	16	351	Hans Kerstebom	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	501	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
202	Randy Duncan	Clay, NY	16	352	Marcon Louis	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	502	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
203	Martha Mollach	Richmond, CA	3	353	Robert Rives	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	503	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
204	Michael Couthches, Jr.	St. Paul, MN	7	354	Peter Bezdil	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	504	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
205	Ken Fiske	Fairfield, CT	12	355	Christoph Maguin	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	505	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
206	Drake Barber	Gilford, NH	10	356	c/o Superwind	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	506	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
207	Tom Sullivan	Gilbert, MI	12	357	Domenico De Toro	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	507	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
208	Roger Bristol	Gilbert, MI	12	358	Fritz Von Bornick	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	508	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
209				359	H. Jandeka	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	509	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
210				360	Stefan Griesmeyer	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	510	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
211				361	Kelly Bualle	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	511	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
212				362	Gordon Edwards	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	512	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
213				363	Jochen Hecher	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	513	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
214	William Holder	Vancouver, BC CAN	4	364	Bodo Von Schrader	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	514	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
215	Gary Recker	Cedar Rapids, IA	7	365	Cato Knick	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	515	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
216	Gary Gotsch	Marion, IN	10	366	Sven Olsson	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	516	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
217	David Carter	Chattanooga, TN	9	367	Tom Merilahti	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	517	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
218	Kevin Furlong	Lakewood, OH	10	368	Anthony Miller	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	518	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
219	Ray Tucker	Marion, OH	10	369	Snop Lunley	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	519	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
220				370	Peter Howard	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	520	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
221	Stewart Walker	Richmond, VA	9	371	Peter Mueller	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	521	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
222	Allan Houser	Pacific Grove, CA	3	372	Peter Janson	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	522	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
223	Thomas Zaleski	Waukegan, WI	7	373	Zornijl Miro	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	523	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
224	Jack McAllister	Yonkers, NY	16	374	Thomas Strange	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	524	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
225	Scott Rankin	Mattoon, IL	10	375	Nico Oltch	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	525	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
226	Steven/Viki Tubbs	Anchorage, AK	4	376	Jacques Simon	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	526	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
227	Noel Choline	Pierre, SD	7	377	Kees Snijders	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	527	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
228	Jeff Knoll	Remon, NY	16	378	Harry Michel Peter	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	528	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
229	Dean Willis	Remon, NY	16	379	Ernest J. Zalkner	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	529	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
230				380	Antonio Nocco	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	530	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
231	Richard McNeill	South Windham, CT	12	381	c/o OXA srl	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	531	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
232	M. Brent Quirk	Beaumont, TX	15	382	Niels Knud	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	532	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
233	Miguel Salas-Vega	Mazatlan, MEXICO	11	383	Paul Johnson	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	533	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
234	Winston/Phon Trevarthen	Dividing Creek	11	384	Gunnar Haraldsson	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	534	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
235	David Thorne	Jackson, MS	15	385	Folkert Zinke	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	535	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
236				386	Gianini Riemer	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	536	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
237	Rob Miller	Sarnia, Ont. CAN	10	387	Robert Heilbron	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	537	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
238	Thomas Hughes	Albany, NY	16	388	Miklo Berben	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	538	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
239	Doug Keller	Boulder, CO	14	389	Michel Amillac	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	539	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
240	Rich Grewell	N. Little Rock, AR	14	390	Laurent BELGIUM	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	540	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
241	David Nigus	Saskatoon, Sask. CAN	9	391	Francis Maes	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	541	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
242	Dennis Sollosy	Grand Island, NY	16	392	Dieter Brandt	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	542	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
243	Jane Kleindienst	Myrtle Beach, SC	9	393	Gunter Konig	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	543	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
244	Charles/Ann Power	Durango, CO	5	394	Benoit Thieffry	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	544	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
245	Jon Edmon	Sandy Viscari	7	395	John/Marc/ Yernan	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	545	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
246	Sandy Viscari	Rondeau Bay, Ont. CAN	10	396	Jay Terrell	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	546	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
247	John Harden	Nashville, TN	15	397	Charles Cronheim	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	547	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
248	Terry Brown	Sandy Hook, NJ	11	398	Jim Trask	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	548	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
249	John/Carolyn Bolt	Lakewood, OH	10	399	David Block	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	549	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
250	Michael O'Hara	Lakewood, OH	10	400	Shawn Burgess	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	550	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
251	Tom Nelsonger	Lakewood, OH	10	401	Mark Fueller	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	551	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
252	Noel Kliner	Tam, FL	Int'l	402	G. M. Brennan	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	552	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
253	Brian Dunlop	Dunbar, IA	Int'l	403	Dick Wilkinson	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	553	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
254	Robb Naylor	Bendigo, MN	Int'l	404	K. G. Ansell	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	554	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
255	Samuel Applegate	New Albany, IN	Int'l	405	Wayne Fischer	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	555	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
256	Douglas Meyer	Grand Island, NY	16	406	Bill Petraitis	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	556	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
257	Brecher/Criley	Washington, NC	9	407	John Koed	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	557	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
258	David Niles	Holland, MI	10	408	Kent J. Smith	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	558	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
259	Bill/Hagar Gerbliek	Arroyo Grande, CA	3	409	G. M. Brennan	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	559	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
260	Chuck/Mauren Benner	Jensen Beach, FL	12	410	Kenneth McKinney	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	560	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
261	Robert Woodward	Victoria, BC CAN	4	411	Juan De Orbaneja	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	561	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
262				412	Ricardo Rovira	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	562	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
263	Ron Rubadeau	Kelowna, BC CAN	4	413	Alvarez Del Mazano	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	563	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
264				414	Joan Nuvoila	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	564	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
265				415	Esteve Puigla	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	565	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
266				416	Felipe Bellini	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	566	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
267				417	Ramon Pino	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	567	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
268	Hal Savage	Philadelphia, PA	11	418	Pedro Garcia	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	568	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
269	Danny Cogburn	Lubbock, TX	14	419	Antonio Munoz	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	569	John Smith	Albany, NY	Int'l
270				420	Jose Ignacio Asendi	Altenheim, SWITZ.	Eur	570	John Smith		



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GOODBYE

UPHAUL:

LEARNING

TO

WATERSTART

BY ERIC SHARP

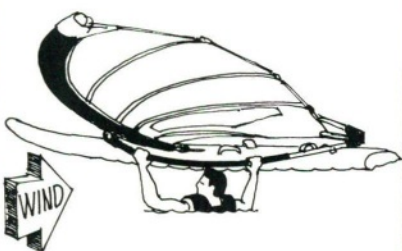
It was blowing 20 knots and better, and though I was missing three jibes out of five on my 12-foot Alpha 220 race board, I was still having a ball. The 7.5 meter, camber-induced sail had all the power I could handle and then some, and I was going as fast as some of the shortboard sailors.

The problem was that after ripping along for half a mile at 20 knots, chances were that I'd fall while trying to carve a waterski-style jibe. But even falling wasn't the problem; it was standing on the board and uphauling the sail while the wind tried to rip it out of my hand when a two-to-three foot chop tried to knock me off the board.

I noticed that a lot of the shortboard sailors weren't much more successful at jibing than I was. The difference was that while I went through the slow, exhausting, and frustrating business of climbing back onto the board to uphaul, they were doing waterstarts and letting the wind do most of the work.

In a waterstart, the sailor swims next to the board to position it on a beam reach, (or even a slight broad reach) and uses the booms to get the sail up just above the water. The sailor keeps his body in the water, hanging onto the booms, while he gets one or both feet onto the board. Then he pushes the sail up a bit farther from the water and allows it to catch the full force of the wind. If he does it right, the sail will continue to rise, getting the board moving forward at the same time it levers the sailor out of the water and onto the board. [See Drawing 1.]

DRAWING I



I've tried waterstarting a few times before, using a 6-meter sail in a 20-knot breeze, but the problem was that at that point I was barely able to sail a board in that much air. Now, watching a teenage

girl who couldn't have weighed 100 pounds do a perfect waterstart a few feet from me, I decided that I was either going to learn the technique or drown trying.

The first attempt was a disaster. I had the bow of the board pointing too high into the wind and couldn't even get the sail up. After a few minutes I figured out that first I needed to get the board onto a beam reach before even trying to start, and second, the easiest way to get the sail started on its way up was to swim out to the tip of the mast, lift it out of the water, and then swim down the mast and sail clear of the water. [See Drawing 2.] This

DRAWING II



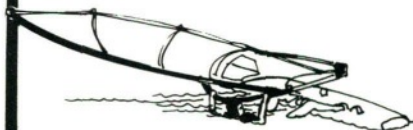
works because a sail is an airfoil, like an airplane's wing, and works on exactly the same principle. When you have the sail in proper position for a waterstart, it's flying just above the water like an airplane wing, and you should feel it trying to fly up out of your hands.

On the second attempt I managed to keep the sail above the water long enough for me to swim my body sideways and get my front foot onto the board. The problem was that as I shoved the sail up, the board rounded up into the wind. Defeated, I let the sail drop and sat on the board to catch my breath and figure out what I was doing wrong. I was panting like a spent race horse, but mostly from nervous excitement rather than exertion. After a couple of minutes I overcame the temptation to say the heck with it and uphaul. I slipped back into the water and swam out to the tip of the mast.

This time I kept the mast tip forward, keeping the bow of the board off the wind. When I got to the booms, I raised the sail, (a bit too far, as it turned out) and managed to get it back down again just before the wind ripped it out of my hands. But I had still managed to keep the board

on a reach, and I used my legs to swim my body close to the board. Some books and instructors tell you to put only one leg on the board while waterstarting, using the other leg to kick like mad and help the sail lift you from the water. But as hard as it was blowing, and with the size sail I had, I knew that power was going to be the least of my problems. Instead I put my front foot on the board opposite the base of the mast and my back foot in one of the footstraps on the windward side. Now I could push with my foot and pull with my back to help keep the board pointing off the wind. [See Drawing 3.]

DRAWING III



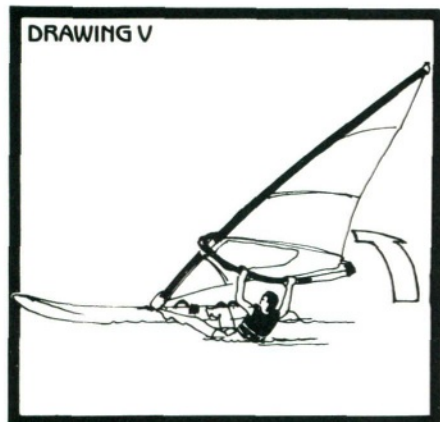
From the time I started swimming down the mast until I had both feet on the board was probably twenty seconds, but it seemed like an hour. I was gasping like the guy who finishes second in a marathon. The board was now moving slowly sideways as I lay there under the sail, holding it just above the water. I let the board drift for another few seconds, pulling me along with it while I collected my wits. Then I pushed the sail up slowly. [See Drawing 4.] It's hard to explain what

DRAWING IV



happened next. I didn't have any sensation of being pulled up, nor did it feel like I was pulling myself out of the water by the booms. Rather, I just kept my arms extended and slightly bent, and it seemed as if I just sort-of levitated out of the water while the board gathered way.

Talk about exhilaration! My legs were shaking and I was still gasping like a freshly-landed fish, but I bore off and shot away like a rocket, whooping at the top of my lungs. [See Drawing 5.] Thirty seconds later I fell on a jibe, and this time I



wasn't in the drink thirty seconds before I waterstarted again. For the next three hours, I waterstarted, fell, and water-started until I barely had enough strength left to crawl onto the beach. Sometimes it took a minute or two to get restarted, especially when I shoved the sail up too far, wasn't able to keep control of it, and the wind ripped it out of my hands and flopped it either onto the water on the other side of the board, or on my side with the clew forward.

If it landed on my side of the board but clew forward, I simply swam to the mast tip and swam the tip back toward the stern until I could lift the clew just enough to let the wind flip it over. If the sail flew all the way over to the far side of the board, I did what the books said and swam around the board and got ahold of the mast tip. Then, with the bow pointing a bit to weather, I swam the board around the stern of the board and dragged the booms, mast first, over the stern to the weather side. As the booms slid across the board, the buoyancy of the board lifted the sail above the water, making it easier for me to get it into position to start. In fact, you could even pull the booms up onto the stern of the board and leave them there while you maneuver the board onto a reach. Then finish pulling the booms across, keeping the sail flying just above your head. If you do this right, you should wind up with yourself positioned on the weather side of the board, holding the booms with the clew of the sail pointing aft and the mast tip pointing into the

wind. [See Drawing 6.]

DRAWING VI



You don't need to sail shortboards to learn waterstarting. It's a standard and vital technique for longboard racing, because a quick waterstart after a fall can save thirty seconds or more instead of climbing on to uphaul. After trying it both ways, I'd say that the best way to learn is on a longboard. It has a few disadvantages, like increased difficulty in maneuvering board and sail into position and keeping them there. But the greater flotation of a big board overcomes the disadvantages. It makes the actual process of coming up out of the water a lot easier. The longboard is more forgiving of mistakes; if you try to haul yourself up a bit too quick, or maybe let a leg slip off, that extra buoyancy makes it much easier to recover. A big board also has the advantage of being uphaulable if the wind dies or you simply poop out, whereas running out of wind or energy on a shortboard usually means a long swim home.

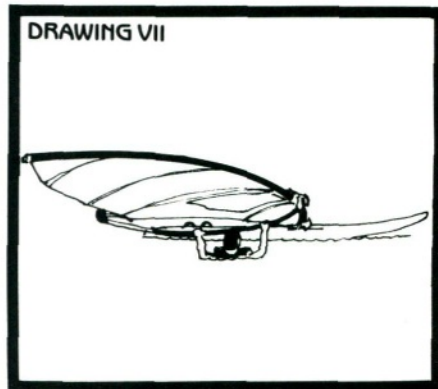
The big problem with waterstarting is the same one you encountered with wind-surfing: there just seems to be too many things happening at once. You're trying to get the sail up off the water and the bow swings around to weather. You get the bow pointing off the wind and now your body is so far away you can't get your feet up. And just when you get yourself in position, you raise the sail a little bit too high and the wind gets hold of it and flips it over so that it's pointing clew first.

You just have to grit your teeth (cursing really loud also seems to help a lot) and methodically start all over. Eventually, you will get your ducks all in a row and discover that magical sensation of being raised off the water by some unseen magician. If you find yourself panting heavily, heed the signs and take a break. Climb onto the board, sit there for a while, and contemplate the other sailors, the waves, your navel, or whatever helps you relax. Then start again with a new determination. It helps a lot to go at this with a positive outlook, just knowing that you're

going to get it. After you've done a few waterstarts, you'll be amazed at how relatively easy it becomes. It's like those first few hours of windsurfing. After a few months you look back and wonder what all the fuss was about. But there are a few tricks that will help beginning waterstarters.

First, wear a lifejacket. If you don't, half the energy that should be available for lifting the mast tip, pushing the booms up, and swimming the board into position gets wasted in keeping your body afloat. When you're waterstarting, you have to raise your hands above your shoulders a lot. [See Drawing 7.] And when you raise

DRAWING VII



your hands above your shoulders, the specific gravity and the laws of physics keep everything in balance by sinking your head under the surface. A lifejacket counteracts this. But make sure that the jacket fits snugly and your harness hook doesn't get covered by it (if you wear a waist or seat harness). Otherwise, the darned thing slides around your body and the straps hang up on the boom, the top of the centerboard, the mast track adjustment knob, and a half a dozen other places.

Second, it also helps to start in shallow water a couple of times. Stand in waist-deep water to get the mast and sail positioned and then push up on the booms until the sail is clear of the water and just trying to fly. Next, put one foot on the board, then bend one knee of the supporting leg and lower your body until your shoulders are almost submerged. Keep pushing on the booms as you sink deeper in the water. You should be able to use the leg that's still in the water to push on the bottom and help keep your body and the board properly positioned as you raise the sail.

This is a good place to find out if you're a front-legged, back-legged, or two-legged waterstarter. The number and position of legs you put on the board is entirely up to you and might require a bit of experimentation to find which is best. One compromise for smaller people is to learn on a mid-sized funboard, something

between 10.5 feet and 11.5 feet long and offering 150 to 190 liters of flotation. At 6 feet tall and 200 pounds, I need all the closed-cell foam I can get to keep my bulk above water. My Alpha 220 was ideal to learn waterstarting. Now I can pop up like a spit watermelon seed on an Alpha 120, a 9'9" board with virtually half the flotation of the big board. But to get that shortboard moving I need at least 15 knots of wind, and in those conditions I like to use a 7.5 or 8.2 square meter sail.

By contrast, I have a 6-foot-160-pound friend who can waterstart his Alpha 120 in as little as 10 knots of wind, and he uses a 6.3 square meter sail. Two factors account for the difference: that extra 40 pounds I carry is a heck of a handicap when you consider it as 25 percent of his weight; and, maybe more important, he has been shortboard sailing longer and is simply more experienced at waterstarting than I am.

After a few months of practice, I can waterstart the Alpha 220 in 10 knots of breeze with an 8.2 or 9 square meter sail through the use of some subtle tricks I picked up on my own or from other, more experienced boardsailors. For example, the more upright you can get the sail, the more power it develops. So in very light air you can often get up by holding on to the boom with your backhand using your front hand to grab the mast, sometimes right down by the power joint. [See Drawing 8.] In light air you also get your body

up and wiggling both legs across the board until I'm not quite sitting on it. (The windward rail is under my thighs.) By holding boom and mast I can shove the sail straight upright, get one foot flat under me and then climb the mast to a standing position. My bottom often cuts a furrow through the water for some distance in the process because everything is in rather delicate balance for awhile. It's a good way to amuse yourself in light air.

Here's a good place at which to mention the use of oversized sails with shortboards. If the wind is so light that you need a 9-meter sail, then put it on a longboard. A 9-meter sail on a 9-foot board usually just drives the board so deep into the water that it plows rather than planes on anything but a broad reach. And more sail area doesn't guarantee better performance. We had a nice, 15-knot seabreeze whistling across Biscayne Bay near Miami's Rickenbacker Causeway one afternoon, and that 6-foot, 160 pound sailing buddy of mine was just blowing everyone away on an Alpha 120 with a 6.3 square meter sail. (In the 14-18 knot range there's not much that will touch that board.) What really blew us away was watching him blow by a 120-pound woman sailing a 10-foot, 100-liter custom needle with a 9-square meter sail. We all knew that her board was very fast, but we could see that the big sail was simply driving the bow so deep into the water that she was losing a lot of speed.

But the most critical element in waterstarting is the same as in every facet of this sport: time on the board. You simply have to keep trying, doing it over and over again until what once required conscious thought is done instinctively by muscle memory. If you're having a tough time, just think back to those days when you first learned to windsurf. How about the time when you got blown downwind so far you needed binoculars to find your starting point, and the damned breeze was blowing so hard it knocked you down five seconds after you got up, and no sooner was the sail in position than the wind blew it over onto the wrong side of the board again. There were times then when we all thought we'd never learn, when we swore that we'd give this stupid sport up forever if we ever got back to shore alive. But a couple of sessions later it wasn't so hard. And a few weeks after that it was already becoming hard to remember the really bad stuff.

It's the same trick with waterstarting. No matter how bad it seems at the moment, just remember that this, too, shall pass. *XL*

Here are some tricks that have worked for various people learning to waterstart:

- 1.** Wear a lifejacket. It may not look very macho, but it will help you learn faster.
- 2.** Use a soft-sail or RAF. Camber-induced sails tend to be heavier and much more difficult to raise out of the water once the inducers have inverted.
- 3.** Start with a board that has a centerboard. You're going to end up getting blown downwind a lot until you learn how to get up quickly, and the centerboard will make it much easier to work back to weather when the time comes.
- 4.** Start out with a board big enough that you can uphaul it. If the wind drops and you're on a sinker or semi-sinker, you'll learn that those techniques for light-air waterstarts are a lot tougher than they look.
- 5.** Don't even try waterstarting until you have plenty of wind to get you up, about 12 knots for most people, and 15 is better. But novices shouldn't try waterstarting in a wind so strong that they can't uphaul.
- 6.** Keep the mast in the half-way position in the mast track. If it's too far forward the board tends to round up as you gather way; too far back puts your weight onto a low-flotation area, driving the bow up and making starting more difficult.
- 7.** Keep the centerboard all the way up until you are up and planing.
- 8.** When you put your front foot on the deck, turn your leg so the foot lies on its side. This lets you squeeze a couple of inches closer to the board, increasing the lever moment of the sail.
- 9.** As the board picks up speed and you start to come out of the water, resist the temptation to raise yourself fast by pulling with your arms. Start with your arms extended and slightly bent, and keep them that way. In fact, as you become more experienced you'll find that rather than pulling in, you will stretch your arms to help you put leverage on the board and bear off.
- 10.** When you fail, make a conscious effort to take the sail with you so that it ends up in the water on the windward side of the board. If it lands clew first, swim the sail back toward the stern until the mast is about 45 degrees to the wind, then raise the end of the booms and let the wind flip the sail over. Once the sail flips, it will fill with air, so be ready to grab the booms and try to waterstart immediately. *XL*

DRAWING VIII



in close to the board (again to effectively lengthen the reach of your arms and get the sail up higher) by putting your foot flat on the deck with your knee pointing straight up. Once again, this brings your body in close to the mast, reducing the angle at which you dangle, making the mast's lever moment more effective. Archimedes would have understood it perfectly. With the rig virtually straight upright, one hand on the boom and the other near the base of the mast, kick the water to froth with your trailing leg to help the mast raise you out of the water.

I've even managed to start in seven or eight knots of breeze by getting the mast

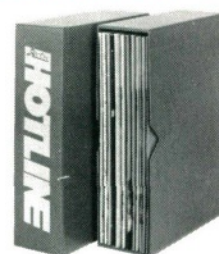
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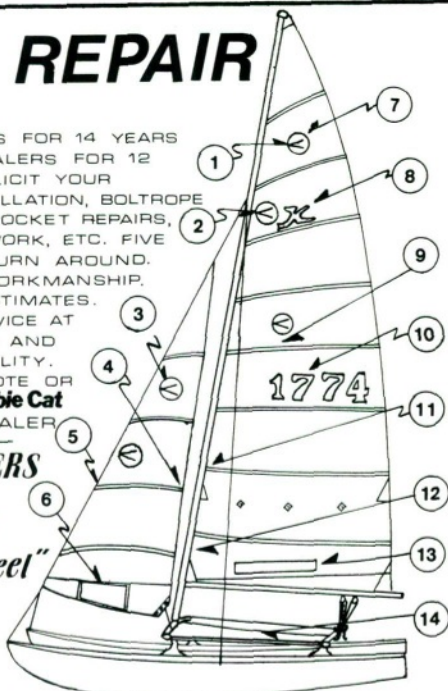
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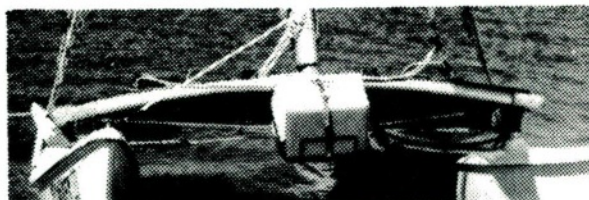
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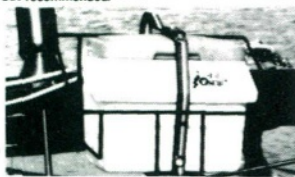


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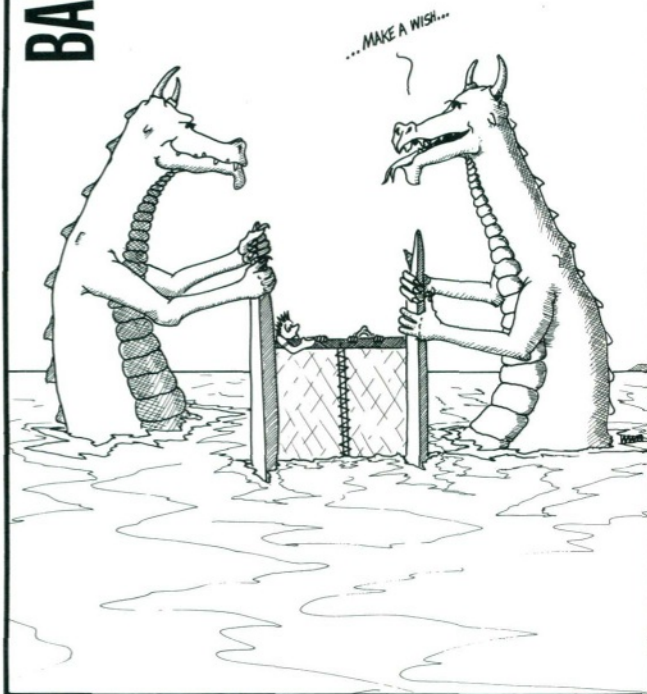
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Continued from Page 14

DSQ; there were no protests. The competition was as clean as one could ever hope to see."

Event chairman and principal race officer was Hank Waite of Toms River. Roger Brown of Bricktown, New Jersey chaired the jury, with Norman Berson of Island Heights, New Jersey, Cliff Campbell of Toms River, and Bob West of Bayhead, New Jersey serving. Brown is a USYRU senior judge. West and Campbell are USYRU associate judges.

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