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NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 1990

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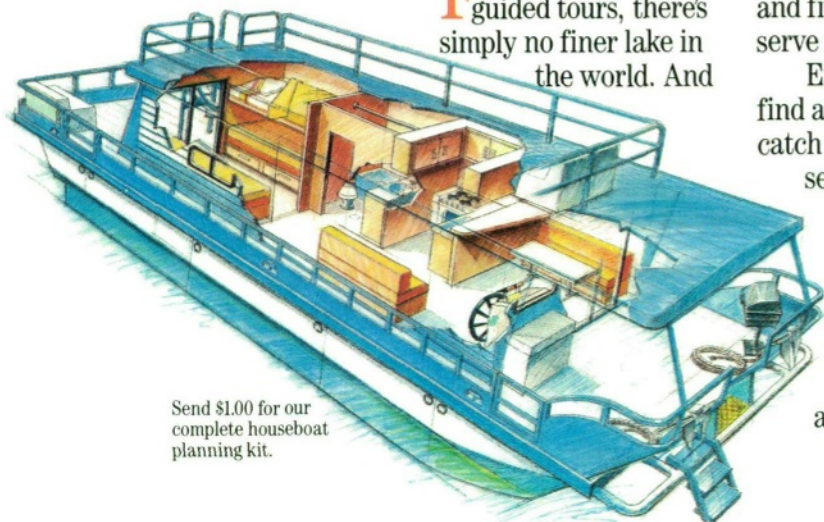
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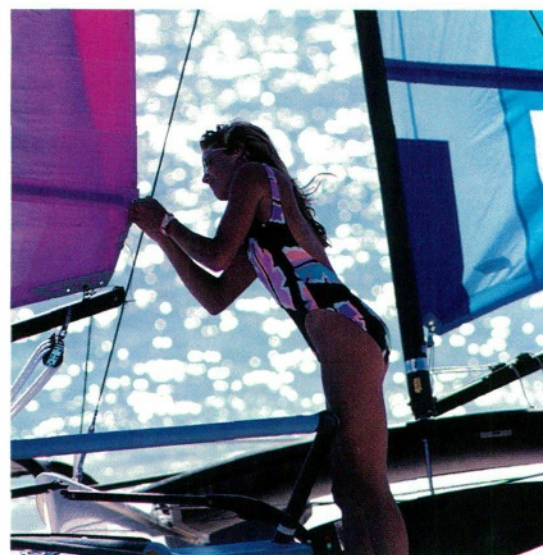
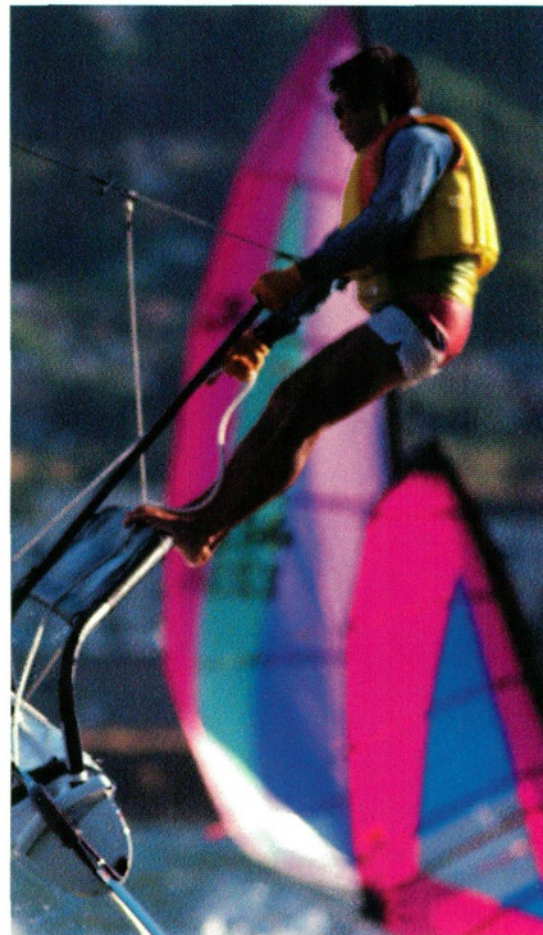
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What's a Gorge? The answer is blowing in the wind.

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The reign in Spain is mainly on the Mediterranean.



ON THE COVER

Experienced Hobie Cat sailors are continually putting together the collective pieces to the Hobie Experience. With this month's cover, our Design Director takes a rather literal translation. More of the same on pages 26 through 33.

Although HOTLINE photos may show models or sailors not wearing a personal flotation device, this magazine and Hobie Cat Company in no way condone or recommend sailing without life vests either on or in easy reach of every sailor, no matter what the level of experience.

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Sailing On A Trend

Everyone likes to be on the side of the good guys, but isn't it great when doing the right thing is as much fun as it is harmless? Hobie Catting is an activity that really doesn't harm anyone or anything. All of us who have made the sport a part of our lives have always known that, of course, but now our view has been validated by (drum roll, please) ... THE MEDIA.

That's right, by no less than Faith Popcorn, founder of "The Brain Reserve" and acclaimed predictor of trends. As her fame has spread (I wonder if she predicted that would happen?), her kernels of wisdom have been reported in such reputable publications as the "Wall Street Journal," "New York Times," "Newsweek" and "USA Today." Her predictions have popped up in boardrooms (with Lee Iacocca-type true-grit individuals at the helm), barrooms (less hard liquor; more light wines and beers), bathrooms (indoor spas) and bedrooms (cocooning); and now they're being given further credence in our esteemed publication.

And why not? Ms. Popcorn believes that sailboats will ride the waves of America's future. I guess you could say we have Faith in her beliefs.

Cocooning, according to The Brain Reserve, is something that makes us feel nice, comfortable, and most of all, safe and secure. Even if we're still, in a financial or other state, waiting for our ship to come in, we all want to find a harbor in life. What The Brain Reserve terms "safe adventure" is another trend, one in which you can go out and do something adventuresome but not dangerous. Then, of course, there's the trend (let's hope it continues through perpetuity) of a real and active concern for the environment.

The Brain Reserve identifies sailboats as an entity flowing through these trends, and it's right. Think about your Hobie Cat. Is it safe and secure? Yes! Does it provide two scoops of excitement without a drop of danger (if used properly)? Yes! Does it pollute the environment with noise or fumes? No! Does it help madmen with oil get a stranglehold on our economy? No!

Face it, Hobie Catting is a nice, warm, non-violent, general audience-rated way for the whole family to feel nice and comfortable, safe and secure. Dogs make great pets, but when it comes to the modern-day plaything, it's hard to beat a Cat!





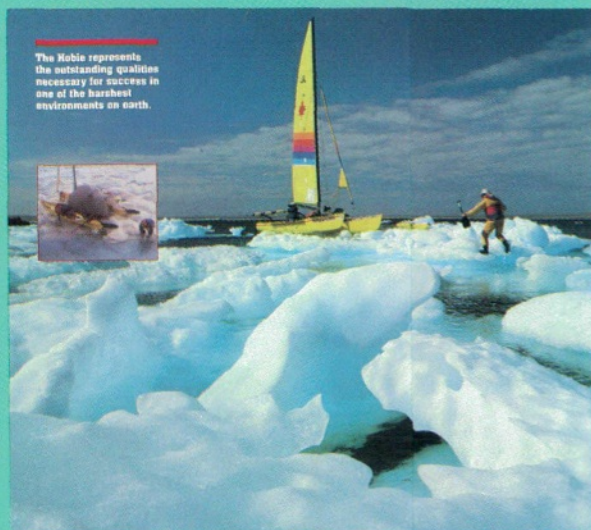
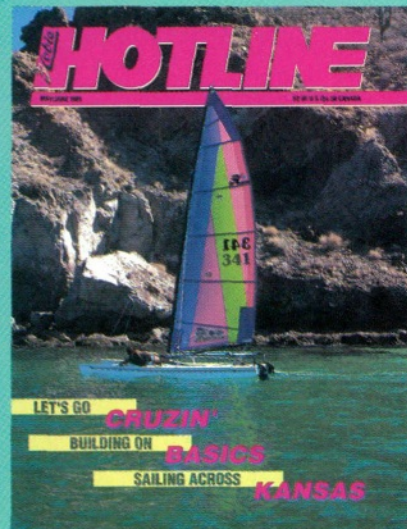
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THE POSSIBLE DREAM

HOBIE CAT CONQUERS THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE

STORY BY JEFF MACQUEEN PHOTOS BY MARK WOODS

0

As the world of sailing is becoming more and more competitive, the Hobie cat is becoming a more popular choice for those who want to compete in the sport. The Hobie cat is a small, fast, and maneuverable sailboat that is perfect for racing and cruising. It is also a great choice for those who want to sail in the Northwest Passage.

A 400-YEAR-OLD DREAM The Northwest Passage has been a dream for sailors for centuries. It is a route that connects the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and it has been a challenge for sailors to navigate. The Hobie cat is a perfect choice for those who want to sail the Northwest Passage.

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SAIL CUTS AND KINDS

There's More To Choosing A Sail Than Meets The Eye

STORY BY DAVID CALVERT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CRAIG BRUCE

David Calvert has been sailing since 1972. He is a professional sailboat designer and has designed many sailboats for the racing community. He is also a writer and has written many articles about sailing.

There are many different types of sails, and each has its own characteristics. The most common types of sails are the main sail, the jib, and the spinnaker. Each type of sail has its own strengths and weaknesses.

When choosing a sail, there are many factors to consider. The most important factors are the type of sail, the material, and the construction. It is important to choose a sail that is suitable for the conditions in which you will be sailing.

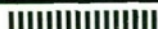
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FIGURE 1: SAIL PARTS

SUBSCRIBE TODAY !



MADE IN AMERICA

If Norman Rockwell were alive he would subscribe to the *HOTLINE* and sail a 16!

Wow! I loved the May/June issue of *HOTLINE* and the article on "The Hobie Era." Hobie Cats are pure Americana. Hobie sailboats fall into the same rich spirit of American ingenuity as do the automobile and baseball.

I love stories about pioneers, but we often think of pioneers in terms of the distant past; you know, men and women in wagons crossing the Great Divide. Your article was refreshing because I never knew about the pioneering spirit behind Hobie catamarans!

I never knew that only 40 years ago, Hobie Alter (already successful in building surfboards) simply took an idea and ran with it.

Thanks, *HOTLINE*. Your article on our past brings new meaning to the gospel of Hobie Cat.

Ralph Newcombe
Colorado Springs, CO

OPERATION HOBIE RESCUE

Hey Bonnie and the *HOTLINE* staff, have you been watching the news lately?

My wife and I were talking about the Insane Saddam Hussein one night and the tremendous number of hostages - "guests" - he has taken in Kuwait. I don't mean to make light of the situation, but maybe dropping a fleet of 16s and 18s to smuggle out those people is what's needed.

Victor Hennesey
Lompoc, CA

Not a bad idea, Victor. If Steve McQueen could do it on a motorcycle, why can't it be done with Hobie Cats? We could call it "Great Escape Two." -Ed.

THE SPORT: ISSUES AND ANSWERS

I have been sailing and racing Hobies for only two years and I am shocked by the dilution of the fleets in that brief span. Sure, it's a personal choice what type of boat one wants to sail, and I agree that Hobie should not only keep up with, but create catamaran technology, but THREE separate 18 fleets? And now another two-person craft in the 17 "Sport" cat. There is madness in their methods.

I have heard that the "sportiest cat of all" will not be allowed in fleet competition. Is

that correct? If so, then why all the innovative parts, such as the 4:1 downhaul system? If you cannot race this boat, why would anyone want complicated systems for day sailing?

The Sport is a beautiful boat. It's a flashy example of Hobie design. It's also (like the SX-18) impractical. A modification kit for 17 owners would have been much more practical. This could be done without causing fleet loss or saturation. Hobie needs to put more emphasis on its current models. I don't think that by producing "designer" boats Hobie will draw in more buyers. However, deeds accomplished on Hobie Cats already in existence (like the domination of the China Sea Rally by the 18) will bring in the unenlightened sailors.

I am all for Hobie and can tell that Hobie makes the finest (and fastest) cats on the beach. Hobie, please don't destroy our (and your) fleets.

Andrew J. Stegall
Savannah, GA

The first thing I did when I saw your recent article on the new 17-foot "Hobie Sport Cat" was to check the date on the front cover to be sure it wasn't the April issue. Phew! What a relief to discover it was the May/June issue.

But wait a minute - that looks just like my Hobie 17. That two-man boat has a mast rotation control adjustable from the skipper's position, and an automatic mast rotation inducer my Hobie 17 is screaming for! What's more, it doesn't have a boom or a gooseneck to break!

Can I retrofit my Hobie 17 and still be class legal? Hope so.

Malcolm Goodman
Sandy Hook, CT

The dilemma portrayed is not a new one to Hobie Cat. We have grappled with this one for many years and we have ended up wielding a double-edged sword. Our one design class prohibits us from changing the boats dramatically, so as technology changes the only viable avenue open for us is to create new boats.

To maintain a competitive edge and to survive as a company, Hobie Cat must introduce new product. Keep in mind the largest part of our market is the recreational sailor. We don't want to dilute the fleets, but also realize that if we had followed that philosophy from the beginning, the Hobie 14 would be the only boat we would be making and we would be out of business. We want to stay in business; hence the SX-18 and Sport Cat.

We also want to support and retain a

healthy Class Association. The Sport is not class legal in the 17 class. Its target market is the recreational sailor, so as not to impact the fleets. The SX was created to satisfy a new wave of sailors wanting vertical cut mylar sails and spinnakers.

Yes, the Sport is innovative. It had to be or we wouldn't sell any. The 4:1 downhaul system is not complicated, it's actually simpler, more user-friendly. Yes, the Sport is a beautiful boat, too, no argument there. Impractical? We disagree. The whole design of the boat was aimed at a practical, fun, handsome, user-friendly boat. The enthusiastic response of the retail buyers tells us we have done something right.

As the Sport has had some appeal to the Hobie racer, a jib kit will be available soon for the 17 sailor who enjoys cruising as well as racing.

We regret any fleet loss due to the introduction of the Sport. If we created a boat to make sailors consider giving up racing to own one, well, we thought we had put away our double-edged sword on this one, but maybe we didn't. -Ed.

MORE ON SPORT, AND SAFETY, TOO

The July/August issue of *HOTLINE* has a flashy photo spread about the new Hobie Sport Cat, but there are no specs - weight, sail area, etc. And of crucial importance to those of us now sailing Hobie 17s, how do the two compare? We have six regular 17s in our fleet on Saratoga Lake. Recently, a couple who successfully raced a 16 for years converted to a Sport. They sail in our open class, but we don't know what their handicap should be.

Thus far, neither Hobie nor USYRU has come up with a Portsmouth number for the new boat. All your article says is that it is faster than a 16, and less expensive than an 18. I hope you can give us some guidance. Thanks.

On another matter, don't you think you have overdone it with the business about the COMPTIP™? Of course, nobody wants to get electrocuted. Why should anybody apologize about promoting safety?

Which brings me to my point.

In your effort to show off pretty girls and boys, you have jettisoned the most important safety feature of all: the life vest. In our part of the world, you are required to have vests on board for each passenger, and at our club we encourage wearing them in all but the lightest air. *HOTLINE* could do a lot for water safety by trying as much as possible to select only photos in which people have a jacket on or on-board. I'd apply this rule to advertisers as well. Your front cover

BACK ISSUES

1983	Jan/Feb	Rules for the Beginner Rudder Maintenance
	Nov/Dec	Sailing Strategy Reefing the 18 for Heavy Air
1984	May/Jun	Understanding Rules I
	Jul/Aug	Understanding Rules II
	Sep/Oct	Understanding Rules III
	Nov/Dec	Dry Suits
1985	Jan/Feb	Formula for Success More to Sailing than Tuning
	Mar/Apr	Flying the Magnum Blocks
	May/Jun	Lessons Learned
	Jul/Aug	Tuning the 14 Parks
	Sep/Oct	Flying the Super 18
	Nov/Dec	Evolution of Hobie 17 Tuning the 16 - Beginners
1986	Jan/Feb	Tuning the 14 Rules Before the Start - Beginners
	Mar/Apr	Hobie Parts List From Last to First 18 Performance
	May/Jun	Hobie 17 Primer Staying Ahead
	Jul/Aug	Surviving a Storm
	Sep/Oct	Anatomy of a Roll Tack
1987	Jul/Aug	Hobie 14 Tips Regatta Management
	Nov/Dec	Hobie 21 Introduction
1988	Mar/Apr	Parts & Accessories
	May/Jun	Inside Hobie Hulls
	Jul/Aug	21 Spinnaker Tips
	Sep/Oct	Notes for 16 Performance
	Nov/Dec	New Sailor Dictionary Successful Trapezing
1989	Jan/Feb	Winter Sailing Spots
	Mar/Apr	Hobie 18 Tuning
	May/Jun	Pleasure Sailing Hobie 21 Update
	Jul/Aug	You Just Bought a Hobie. Now What?
	Sep/Oct	Charterboating in the Virgin Islands
	Nov/Dec	Northwest Passage Sails
1990	Jan/Feb	COMPTIP Controversy
	Mar/Apr	1990 Division Book
	May/Jun	Hobie History
	Jul/Aug	Sport Cat Anatomy of an 18
	Sep/Oct	Team Metcalfe

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11/90

this month is a good start, as is the Hobie ad on the inside front cover. But the Hobie ad on the back cover makes me laugh. The young thing holding the trap handle is doing a real number on her knees and lower back. Had she not shed her harness and life jacket, she would have been more comfortable and safer. If it is blowing hard enough for both of them to be sitting on the wing, they should have their jackets on.

Peter Borrelli
Rexford, NY

For more details (specs and such) and answers to your questions on the Sport, see your local dealer.

No, we don't think we've overdone it with the COMPTIP™. As you'll read in the following letters, some people think the PFD and drinking-while-sailing issues have been overdone. We feel an obligation, space providing, to print the letters we receive from our readers. -Ed.

I am fed up! Why do you waste time rebutting sailboat neanderthals who have nothing better to do than write letters on the lack of PFDs in your photos?

In the July/August issue another letter to the editor surfaced about PFDs. The writer chastised you for the photos of people sailing without life vests. I blew my stack! The entire magazine is loaded with excellent articles and information and this myopic sailor chooses to criticize the pictures.

Having worked with a magazine, I understand the marketing and photographic constraints a staff like yours faces on every issue. To assume HOTLINE takes its photography lightly is absurd. In fact, you consistently publish disclaimers in support of PFDs.

Secondly, your magazine must have an obligation to sponsors and advertisers. How could anyone expect to market sailing attire effectively if the product is wrapped in a bright orange vest!

I can say only one thing to last issue's Complaining Kansas Crusader and purists like him who continue to harass HOTLINE: Are you old enough and wise enough to make adult distinctions between photographs employing marketing techniques and photographs involving safety techniques? I am.

Stop being pedantic! And if you have to look up that word, check Webster's for the definition on marketing, too.

Skip Simon
Santa Cruz, CA

Your letter from Leverence Bourgeois, Jr. about drinking and sailing was entertaining ... but also a little scary. I can understand all of the hoopla over drinking and driving (although, as with his letter, I am getting sick of hearing about it all the

time). But drinking and sailing? Can drinking and TV watching be far behind?

Yes, there probably are a lot of injuries from drinking on the water. The ones I know of involve speedboats, not sailboats. When Hobie makes a cat that can go 40 or 50, then we have a problem. In the meantime, print the beer ads — they support our regattas in a big way.

Peter E. Nelson
Bend, OR

NICE IS NICE FOR HOBIE SAILING

I don't know who Karl Scheffy rented his Hobie 16 from in Nice ("Rent-A-Hobie," May/June 1990), but my wife and I just had a wonderful sail on the Mediterranean. We rented a two-year-old 16 from a beach in Nice. The wind was just right; not too much where you have to work hard and enough where you still move.

We were also in Greece a couple of months ago and stayed at a Club Med on the Island of Kos. They had seven, count 'em seven, Hobie 16s. The sailing there was awesome; blowing as you say, "like stink."

Here's a question: Does Hobie Cat have a contract with Club Med to supply boats, and if so, why don't you publicize that fact?


Thanks for the outstanding magazine and boats!

Rob & Lisa Ann Barnes
Zurich, Switzerland

Although several Club Meds do have Hobie Cats, no formal contract exists at this time. -Ed. SL



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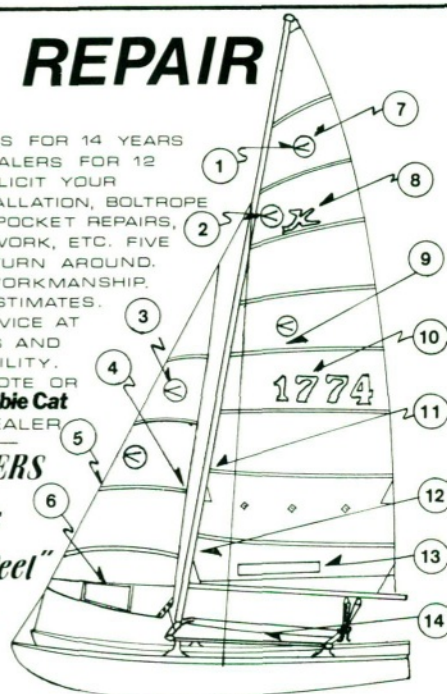
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The plan is simple, accessible, convenient and ideal for all Hobie Cat sailors, from the occasional recreational Hobie Catter to the dyed-in-the-cat-fur racer. HRSI can be used at any Hobie Cat dealer for any purchase, including new and used boats, clothing or dealer services.

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Check out the HRSI application you'll find bound into this issue. You'll see that thanks to Hobie Cat and HRSI, it really is a small world after all!

JUST LIKE IVORY ... IT FLOATS!

It came as no shock to Beach N' Sea Distributing that water sports enthusiasts often lose their favorite (and usually costly) sunglasses to the watery depths. To prevent this irritating phenomenon, the far-sighted company has introduced "Shocker Glassfloats."

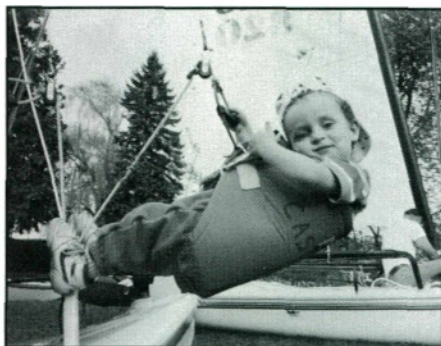
What a great idea ... as mind-boggling in its simplicity as in its inexpensive price (less than \$8 retail). This sunglass flotation device fits securely on all types of sunglasses, keeping them buoyant when accidentally dropped in water. No matter what the activity — sailing, windsurfing, rowing, jet skiing or relaxing in the pool — Shocker Glassfloats will keep sunglasses adrift.

The shockingly simple secret is a strap of high-quality latex rubber which fits snugly on the stems of the glasses. The floats are made of a closed-cell neoprene material. Be assured your sunglasses will rise to the top of the fashion wave, too; Shocker Glassfloats are available in a multitude of bright color combos.

Ask for Shocker Glassfloats at your fa-

vorite water sports retail store. If you can't find them there, call Beach N' Sea Distributing at (800) 356-2836.

CHILDREN ON BOARD



This is a little future Hobie sailor. He is Steven Perkins from Syracuse, New York, Division 16, Fleet 204. This shows everyone you are never too young to start sailing.

Bridget Ahart
Syracuse, NY

HOBIE HISTORY, TAKE TWO

We thought we told the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth in our reliving of the Hobie Cat history in the May/June

1990 issue of HOTLINE. It appears, however, our narration of "The Hobie Era" has inspired another historian to offer her account, a more fanciful but very colorful version of the birth of Hobie Cat.

Emily Dollacher is nine years old and has been sailing with her grandfather, David Dickson, for several years. Here is her tale.
-Ed.

HOBIE'S CAT

Once upon a time there was a one-hulled boat named Hobie. Hobie was about 16 feet long and two feet wide. She was owned by a man named David. David never liked to sail Hobie because she was so small.

One day a cat was roaming around the boat yard. His name was Cat. He went close to Hobie and said, "Boy, you are small."

Hobie said, "I know. It's pitiful."

Just when Hobie said that a fairy appeared and said to the cat, "If I turned you into a hull and put a trampoline on you, all would be much better. Would you like to do that?"

"Yes, yes, I would. It would be an honor."

And with a few swings of her wand, there was a bigger, better boat.

But one thing was wrong. They were two different colors — one hull orange and one

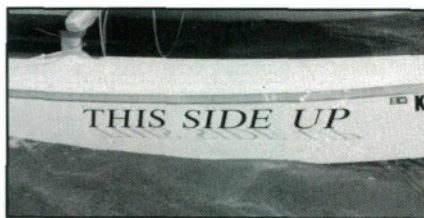
NAME GAME CORNER

"Name Game Corner" is a recurring feature of Wave Lines. Keep those names and photos coming! -Ed.

We just finished redoing a Hobie 16 and thought you might get a kick out of the name.

Enjoy the HOTLINE a bunch. We new sailors (three weeks) could use lots of tips.

Tom Stapleton & John McFadden
Shawnee Mission, KS



Zito and Switek go undercover in Division 9 to take on some really tough competitors.

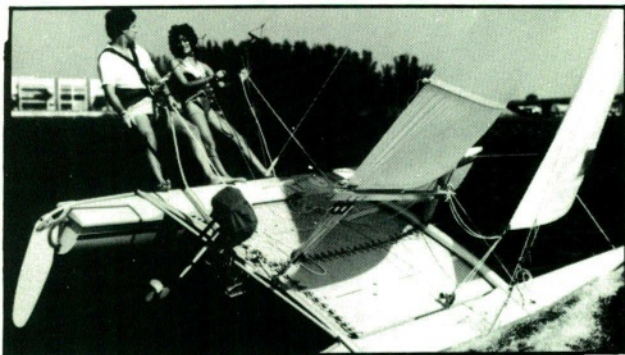
Skipper Steve Mazur and crew Jim Braswell have now been relocated in a Federal Witness Protection Program for their own safety.

Snow Cat is currently incognito, but can be spotted flying her colors off the North Carolina Outer Banks in search of some high flying times.

Steve and Jim had a good go of it for a time in Division 9. Jim has married and Steve has started to take on the name Stray Cat, preferring to think of his Hobie 16 as a single-handed boat.

S. Mazur
Raleigh, NC





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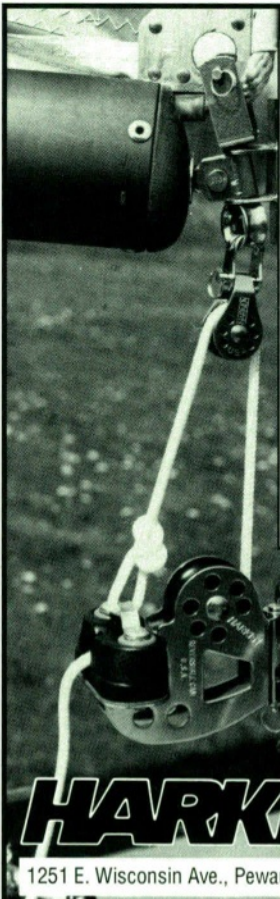


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hull blue. So the fairy made the orange one blue. And gave it a name: Hobie Cat. Then the fairy disappeared.

A few days later David came and saw his new improved boat. The fairy appeared and told David what had happened. Soon David showed it to people and boat makers and sailed it all the time, and that is how the hobie cat became the Hobie Cat.

The End



CAT CHOW

Do you have any savory sailing recipes to share with other hungry Hobie sailors? If so, send them to "Cat Chow," c/o HOTLINE. -Ed.

LET'S HAVE A TOAST

Sliced bread
Butter
Fresh garlic, minced
Oregano
Grated parmesan cheese

Slowly sauté garlic in butter in a heavy skillet. Open a wine cooler and begin sipping. Place bread slices in pan. Continue sipping wine cooler, turning bread to moisten both sides. Sprinkle oregano (and any other Italian spices you might have handy) over each slice before turning, shaking on parmesan cheese in the final

turns, and taking care not to burn the bread. When the wine cooler is finished, the garlic toast is done.

Betsy Miller
Wyoming, MN

COMPTIP™ SAVES THE DAY AGAIN

In the midst of a recent conversation in a coastal office building in Charleston, South Carolina, a sailboat representative and his customer heard a loud bang followed by a ton of screaming. They dashed out of the second-floor office and looked out the window to see a Hobie 17 up against a set of high-tension wires, with a young man hanging onto the shrouds. The loud bang was due to a transformer overload, during which time the victim continued to tug on the boat — toward the wire — before he realized what was going on. The mounds of screams came from onlookers scurrying to get the lad away from the boat.

All at the scene agreed the COMPTIP on the sailboat without a doubt prevented this young man's death due to mast electrocution.

Near-misses such as this make us realize the importance of continuing to spread the good word ... COMPTIP.

DANGER



DANGER



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




BOY SCOUTS BECOME BEACH BOYS

Boy Scout Troop #707 from Walnut, California became the happy recipient of a new Hobie Cat 16, thanks to gift-giver William Lyon Company, a development firm active in the area. Scoutmaster Bob Casper and other troop representatives accepted the boat at Performance Sailing in Newport Beach last July.

"This is an adventure these boys may not have been able to do without Lyon's donation," said Casper. "That's what Boy

Scouts is all about — teaching new things. We will take the Hobie Cat up to Puddingstone Lake, camp out and learn to sail."

The southern California troop gives as well as receives. The 35 boys, ranging in age from 11 to 18, regularly participate in such community services as food drives, trash clean-ups and building dedication ceremonies. 

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ASK THE EXPERT

BY MATT MILLER

This issue's guest guru is Hobie Cat's own Matt Miller. Matt has been a Hobie aficionado since "way back when." He bought his first Hobie Cat in 1976, began working for a Hobie dealer in 1978, and has sailed and raced all models of Hobie Cats, placing in the top ten at Hobie 14, 17 and 18 National Championships. He has been contributing his technical expertise and genial wit to HOTLINE on a regular basis for some time. -Ed.

TELLTALES TELL ALL

I know that the little ribbons that are glued to my sail are called telltales, but how do I use them?

Yep! Telltales the name. Sail trims the game! Most basic sailors have a general idea about how to make a boat work ... pull in the line for the sails and off you go ... pull the line a little harder and off you go faster! That method does work for most people, but if you want to get the most out of your Hobie when sailing or racing, you need to know how to use the telltales.

If you ever have sailed a boat without battens in the sail (such as the Hobie 18 jib), you must know the basic sail adjustment technique. You trim in your sails, and steer a steady course. Then, you slowly let the sail out until it just begins to luff, or flutter a little up near the front of the sail. Next, you sheet in (pull in) the sail just beyond the point where it stops luffing, and you are trimmed correctly!

Telltales are sensitive and will indicate incorrect trim before the sail actually begins to luff. They will help you trim sails with full-length battens, which don't luff very much and are a bit more difficult to trim correctly. The telltales also will help you not to over-sheet and "stall" the sails.

I will assume you understand how your sails work to develop forward motion. The air flowing over the sails should move smoothly from the leading edge (luff) of the sail to the trailing edge (leech), to develop the forward power efficiently. If the air flow is disturbed in its travels across the sail or the flow doesn't match on both sides of the sail, it creates turbulence (that's a drag, you need to avoid it for best performance).

Well enough of that ... let's get to the point! The telltales on both sides of the sail

generally should flow straight toward the leech of the sail when trimmed correctly, with a few exceptions. When pointing high into the wind, best performance usually will be achieved with the main telltales on the windward side of the sail, flowing straight up from time to time. Now, if you sheet out all the way, the telltales will flow straight back also, so you need to sheet in, then use the telltales for fine adjustment. The windward telltales will flow up or go in circles, indicating a need to sheet in. The leeward (back side) telltales will flow straight up or in circles, showing a need to sheet out.

Got that? Well, goooooood. You're real keen! Now, try to adjust your sheets and

into the wind, look for the windward two telltales to flow straight back like flags, then hook around to the back side of the sail from time to time. If they never hook around to the back side, sheet in a little until they do. If they stay hiding around the other side most or all the time, you are sheeted too tight! This means the air flow is making a "U" turn at the end of its flow. That's turbulence and drag that will slow you down. Relax, sheet out just a little until you see them again.

It is very common to sheet in the sails too tightly. Just a little faster ... got to beat that guy ... sheet a little tighter ... OOOHHH! Why am I slowing down? Check those telltales. You probably are sheeted too tight.

Using your telltales, for more than just color accent, works for all points of sail. So watch them little guys! They don't lie!

A-TILLER THE HUN


My tiller seems to pull against me. What is going on? The boat will turn into the wind if I let go of the tiller.

This condition is called "weather helm." It is important that your boat has a small amount of pull on the tiller to give you a positive feel in steering. If the pull is excessive, it is possible your rudders are not locked down correctly. This situation would allow the rudder(s) to slip back away from the front of the rudder casting, creating more "weather helm." See your dealer for proper adjustment.

STUCK UP

When I try to tack my Hobie 17, I seem to get stuck pointing into the wind (in irons). What am I doing wrong?

You may begin your tack too abruptly or you may sheet out your sail too soon. Here are a few tips. Begin your tack by pointing your boat high into the wind without stalling. Ease the helm into the tack, slowly at first, then more as the boat slows. Sheet the sail hard as you steer head to wind, and put the helm hard over. Now, you need to crawl to the other side of your boat. While going under the boom, release your mainsheet and force the sail to sheet out.

I like to push the boom up with my shoulder by nearly standing up under the boom two feet or so. Doing this will stop you from weather vaning into the wind again. When the bows come across the wind into the new tack, center your helm and begin to sheet in the sail slowly until you gain speed for steerage, then sheet in for the new tack. 

If you want to get the most out of your Hobie when sailing or racing, you need to know how to use the telltales.

the traveler cars to get the proper flow going on the telltales from the top of the sail to the bottom! You get that right and your Hobie will be much faster!

Want to try something more advanced? Place a few telltales along the leech of your mainsail, about one inch in from the edge and hanging out beyond the edge. They should be placed in the upper section of the sail, say, as high as the Hobie logo. Place two on each side — one at the top and one at the bottom of the logo panel. What these will do is help you avoid over-sheeting the mainsail. You will be able to fine tune even more than using only the stock telltales.

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LIQUID PLEASURE

A Tale Of Lost And Found In Five Acts

BY MARTY MUDGE

Just as there is more than one way to skin a feline, remember, dear reader, there is more than one way to learn how to sail a Hobie Cat. Although the attached article shows one, humorous procedure (perhaps Shakespeare had the author in mind when he concluded, "though this be madness, yet there is a method in it"), we at HOTLINE believe learning before experiencing is better than learning after experiencing near-disaster. Local dealers and fleets offer safe and sane roads to sailing success. Take advantage of their willingness — usually eagerness — to help novices find their way to the waves. A few simple sailing lessons never hurt anyone, either. If it's good enough for the Metcalfe clan, it should be good enough for us run-of-the-mill sailors. -Ed.

My tragicomedy of near-errors and ultimate victory began last winter, during a particularly anxious period when I realized I needed a substitution mechanism. I had to replace the wife who had kept me so busy over the last four years. I had to replace the alcohol I finally had given up during the crisis of spousal separation. I had determined to go through the mess with my eyes and mind open.

SETTING THE STAGE

On a return bus trip from skiing in the Traverse City, Michigan area one weekend, I fell into conversation with a man named Jerry. Jerry didn't seem particularly excited about much at all in his life. When I asked him where he worked, he replied, "Oh, I just work for the city." I could tell he wasn't interested in discussing the subject further.

Inquiries about his family or even skiing resulted in the same noncommittal replies. When the bus passed the Warren Dunes and I casually mentioned the sailboats there, Jerry sprang to life. He practically overflowed with an emotion and enthusiasm I was surprised to see.

It so happened Jerry had vacationed every summer for years in that Bridgeman, Michigan area. Weekends found him camping on the beach and sailing his

Hobie Cat. By the end of the remaining two hours of the trip, I learned about flying a hull, what a jib sail was, how to step the mast and trailer the boat, the camaraderie of other Hobie sailors and the pure pleasure of sailing far from shore with a beautiful woman.

I had heard enough. I decided then and there, sight unseen, to buy a Hobie Cat. On the last day of April, the boat was delivered and in my driveway!

Every time we pushed the boat out, the wind pushed it back up the ramp.

ACT ONE - BOY MEETS BOAT

It was love at first sight for me, but love alone would not get me out on the water and sailing.

First, I encountered the problem of how to tow the boat. I reluctantly put a hitch on the Mercedes. Then, I faced the fear of having to rig the boat, register the boat, insure the boat and dock the boat. I hadn't yet tackled the big question of how to sail the darn thing.

I'll spare you the agony of all the details and move right along to sailing day.

ACT TWO - A FATEFUL ATTRACTION

That day finally arrived in early June. Dave Willey had agreed to go sailing with me. He was thinking of taking sailing lessons with his wife. They were both interested in boats, having been raised in Rhode Island near the shore, but to date neither of them ever had sailed.

Dave was the twelfth person I had called.

The Willeys arrived in force; Dave and his wife, Vanessa, their two daughters, 5 and 8, and Nathan, their 14-month-old son. The temperature was over 95 degrees and the wind blew from the north at a steady 30 miles per hour, by my estimation.

We spent more than two hours rigging the boat. We had to do it twice, undoing it after the first time due to an error earlier in the process. We finally finished and were at last ready to sail. (At least so said the last paragraph of the rigging instructions.) By this time the wife and entourage, who had been away for lunch, returned, expecting

we would be about finished sailing, just coming in from a graceful time on the water.

We trailered the boat down the boat ramp and put it in the water. Dave held the Hobie Cat while I parked the car and trailer. We ran into one little problem: every time we pushed the boat out, the wind pushed it back up the ramp, which was too narrow to turn the boat around in again. Hmmmmm.

ACT THREE - PUSH COMES TO SHOVE

We decided to put down the mainsail so the boat could be pushed out to a point where we could turn it around. Surprise - we actually got it done! I found out later I was lucky the wind had not turned the boat over on the trailer, causing damage to the trailer and my car ... but why worry about problems that never happened? (We were going to have plenty that would.) We were holding the boat from the dock for dear life when a gust hit the jib, and we jumped on so as not to lose the boat and we were sailing!

The boat was going fast, much faster than I had ever gone before on our little Sunfish up at Dad's cottage. We easily decided not to put up the main and determined to sail with the jib alone.

ACT FOUR - THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE RUNS SMOOTH ... AT FIRST

The sailing was absolutely great; we gamboled merrily across the lake with no problems. The peace and excitement that often had been described to me finally was mine.

The short-lived peace was broken by a piece of steel hitting me in the head. It turned out that the forestay, whose sole purpose was to keep the mast up, was not connected to the mast but freely swinging about. Fear locked in.

I tied the forestay so it would not swing, but now I was worried the mast would fall, hit us in the head and kill us. It was held up only by the jib halyard.

A trip to the far shore to try to reconnect was futile. We now suffered the slings and arrows of attempting to return to shore upwind. One further entanglement: Dave mentioned his wife wanted to go to a party at 2:00 PM and it was now 3:30 PM (and by the way it probably was kind of hot in the parking lot).

What happened next can only be described as mutiny. Dave (really Gilligan), having no confidence in the Captain, decided to take the controls. We ended up on the home side of the lake but unfortunately 180 degrees downwind. Gilligan knew that trying to get back the last quarter mile directly upwind would be futile.

Vanessa, coming to the same realization and having pity on our situation, summoned the police boat to tow us in to the dock space. I reluctantly acquiesced, to save their marriage. One lost marriage in one year was enough for me.

The officer threw us a line, which I tied to the trampoline. The police began to tow us, but just then a puff hit hard. We overtook the police boat and began to tow it backwards, the engines making all kinds of racket. The officer quickly cut the line.

All this shucking and jibbing was too much for the boat, and the tiller broke. The hardware holding it together fell into the water, rendering me unable to steer.

ACT FIVE - THE ENEMY ATTACKS

The officer came by and said the sail had to come down before he would even consider attempting to tow me again. While trying to decide if I would go through the humiliation of being towed, I drifted into a marina which was home to a bunch of "stinkpots" who detested non-polluting, uncontrollable sailboats. They started making friendly conversation, with greetings such as "Get that sailboat the hell out of here!"

I was able to navigate into a boat slip, at which time the manager of the marina rushed over and screamed at me to desist and retreat. He explained the owner would be back any minute, using a tone of voice and language I can't repeat here but was happy to repeat at the time to him.

The policeman sauntered over to referee the discussion. His verdict: the sail must come down. I let down the sail, and sure enough, the mast came down with it, crashing on the boat next to me. The manager was now in banana-land, threatening to sue me and send me to jail.


I almost did go directly to jail, but for murder and not damage to property. The mast was rescued from the water, along with enough seaweed to feed the island of Japan.

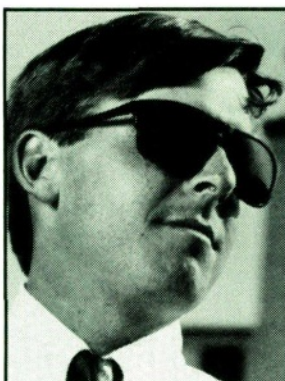
The kind policeman inspected the good neighbor's boat, declared it undamaged, and proceeded to tow me to my dock space. His charity extended to running his large blue mars lights to avoid causing any more damage and being a lesson to observers never to sail again.

The Willeys left me to be alone with my monster. If a buyer had been standing there that day, I would have sold it, but there was no buyer and I am so lucky.

EPILOGUE

My monster now is fondly known as "LIQUID PLEASURE." The name brings images to my fertile mind of wet excitement and you-know-what and so is a reminder to me of its initial purpose.

Today, after many practice rigging sessions and a month of lessons with the Chicago Park District, the boat is for me and my friends a true un-watered-down delight. 



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GET SET

HOBIE 16 SETUP AND TUNING METHODOLOGY

BY MARY LOU LANGFORD

Setting up and tuning a Hobie 16 is important for the recreational sailor as well as the racer. If you carry extra people on the boat, you may want more power; if you sail single-handed, you may prefer less. Racers generally want to get there before anyone else!

Both types of sailors want the best of their boat for the particular conditions. This article is intended to give you a repeatable method for first conceptualizing how to and then actually setting up your boat. Modifying your boat for current conditions becomes measurable, helping you understand what works and what doesn't.

Maintaining proper trim of the jib can make all the difference in boat speed and between winning and losing.

THE SETUP

In setting up your boat initially to enable proper tuning, consider the following basic elements. Much more could be said about each, but this article is an effort to simplify procedures. As you gain experience and knowledge and develop personal preferences, these initial setups may change

somewhat, but they are at least a good place to start.

Battens

Your sail is designed with a particular shape that is difficult to change. Therefore, you put your battens in basically to conform to the shape. The key is to make them tight enough, and then a little bit tighter, to take out the wrinkles; just to the point you have to tug slightly harder to make the batten tighter. For the top two battens on the main and jib, you may want to put even a little more tension, for more pocket or curve; on the jib because the shorter battens seem stiffer, and on the main because the flexible COMPTIP™ flattens the top of the sail. When you put your sails up, the deepest part of the curve of each batten and sail panel (pocket or draft) should progress up the sail smoothly, relative to the batten and panel above and below. The deepest part of the pocket should be a little less than halfway back on the sail from the mast (40-45%). The percentage gets closer to the mast as the sail tapers to the top. The cut of the sail may not allow perfection.

Rudder Alignment

Rudders have two alignment adjustments. The first is rake; that is, looking at the boat and rudders from the side, rake is the forward or backward direction of the rudders. Are the rudders straight up and down, tilted back, or tilted so the tip points to the underside of the boat? This rake determines the "helm" of the boat (in combination with the mast rake and weight distribution). The helm is the feel of the tiller in your hand. Does it pull hard, so you have to struggle to go straight and so when you

let go of the tiller the boat rounds up to weather? This is weather helm. Many sailors have too much weather helm. If you have to push on the tiller to go straight, and if, when you let go of the tiller the boat starts to sail downwind, you have lee helm. You definitely do not want lee helm. With lee helm, if you fall off the boat, the boat will take off without you. With weather helm, the boat will round up to weather and stop, just like a good horse, and wait for you to get back on! This amount allows you, with no experience, to feel and respond to subtle changes in the wind.

More weather helm can be achieved by angling the rudders farther back; less, by adjusting them forward under the boat. Sail on port tack with the port rudder up to check the feel of the starboard (burdened) rudder, and on the starboard tack with the starboard rudder up to check the port rudder. Then, make adjustments to correct the alignment. Follow this procedure:

1. Loosen top plate.
2. Set rake angle with bottom screw.
3. Push top plate forward to take out "slop."
4. Tighten top plate.

The second aspect of rudder alignment is "toe in" and "toe out." Looking down on the rudders from above, the distance between the front edges of the rudders (locked in the down position) should be about 1/4 inch closer together - toed in - than the trailing edges. Use a tape measure to ascertain the distance between the front edges and compare it to the distance between the trailing edges. Adjust in or out as necessary with the screws on the crossbar. Toe out acts like a brake or sea



Skipper Mary Lou and crew/husband Berry "get set" for a sail.

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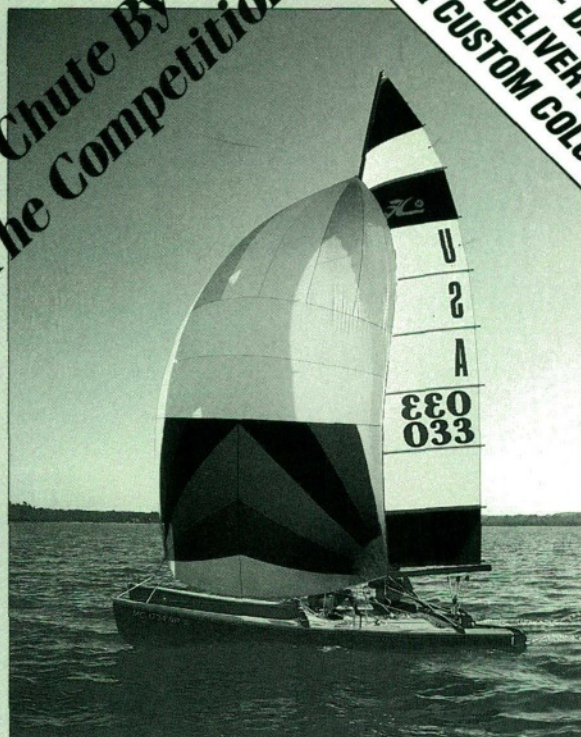
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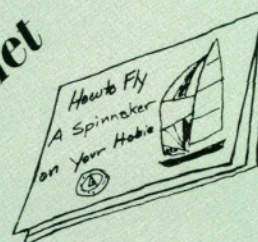
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anchor on the boat, slowing it down. Toe in allows for compensation in the flexibility of the rudders, preventing toe out during movement.

It is rarely advantageous to sail a Hobie dead downwind.

Shrouds

Generally, the shrouds should be set in the lower part of the chainplate. This placement may vary greatly, depending upon shroud length, which itself can fluctuate by as much as two or more inches. At the start, set the shrouds in the middle of the chainplate. After you have tuned your boat within general range, as discussed later, raise or lower the shroud position. Shroud length chainplate adjustment will affect mast rake (how far forward or aft your mast tilts) with the jib halyard pulled tight.

Jib Clew Hole

Typically, you should put the jib blocks in the middle clew hole unless and until you have a reason to change the arrangement.

Jib Downhaul

New boats always come with the shackle in the grommet at the chainplate on the jib luff, and the adjustment line in the grommet

at the top, 20 feet off the ground where no one can get to it! Just change it. Put the shackle at the top and the line at the bottom. Use the line to adjust the jib downhaul, varying tension on the jib luff, just as you do with the downhaul on the mainsail. (The jib must be up with the halyard tight.) You can do this and leave it, however, as opposed to the main. Check the adjustment once in a while and retighten as your sail stretches.

Main Outhaul

Pull the main outhaul tight enough to remove the wrinkles from the foot of the mainsail and create a soft fold, or shelf, in the bottom of the sail. You may decide to make it tighter or looser later, but this adjustment is adequate for most situations.

TUNING - WHAT STRINGS TO PULL

In tuning your boat, (changing it to accommodate particular conditions), there are four things, or strings, to pull.

Mainsheet And Jibsheet

These two strings are of course the most obvious, the most used and the most critical. Along with the travelers, they are the primary way to control sail shape. The tighter the mainsheet, the tighter the leech and the flatter the sail. The looser the mainsheet, the more twist in the leech and the fuller the sail.

The traveler allows you to make these adjustments on different points of sail. In general, the farther "off the wind," or away from the direction from which the wind is blowing, the farther out are both the traveler and the mainsheet.

The same principle applies to the jib traveler and the jibsheet. The jib funnels air over the mainsail to generate lift. It is least effective when pointing to weather and when sailing dead downwind. Few adjustments are made in the jib to weather, and it is rarely advantageous to sail a Hobie dead downwind, because the jib cannot

be of benefit. In the mid-range, however, maintaining proper trim of the jib can make all the difference in boat speed and between winning and losing.

Jib Halyard

The jib halyard provides resistance to the mainsheet, allowing tension to be placed on the leech of the mainsail when the mainsheet is tightened. It also adjusts the "rake" of the mast; that is, how far back the mast is tilted. With a loose jib halyard, the mast leans back and the mainsheet may be tightened so the blocks come close together without the leech becoming tight. This adjustment allows excessive twist and lets air blow off the top of the sail too easily. It may make the boat easier to control in heavy air, but it does not produce power to generate speed.

A line that stretches can radically mess up your measurements.

If your jib halyard is as tight as you can get it and you still cannot get adequate tension on the leech of the mainsail, check your shrouds. They probably are very tight at this point, preventing the mast from moving farther forward. You can allow the mast to move farther forward by using the clevis pin adjustment on your chainplates. Move them up one hole at a time on each side until you achieve good leech tension.

If the jib halyard is tight and the mainsheet is pulled in tightly, giving you the proper leech tension, but there is still a space between the ratchet blocks and the boom blocks allowing for additional sheeting, your mast is raked too far forward. This situation will result in reduced performance into the wind and added pitch pole potential when sailing on a reach or downwind. Adjust it by moving the shroud clevis pins down, one hole at a time, until you can sheet in properly and leave minimal space between the ratchet and boom blocks.

The tighter the jib halyard, the more rigid the jib luff will remain on all points of sail. You should not have a sagging jib luff when sailing into the wind. Tension the halyard to prevent this. The jib halyard can



Berry and Mary Lou "tuning up" for some fun.

LANGFORD FAMILY

be over-tightened, though, causing mast rotation problems. When over-tightened, the mast will not rotate smoothly and may counter-rotate at times. Therefore, snug up the jib halyard to tension your shrouds and jib luff, but don't overdo it!

Downhaul

The function of the downhaul is to tension the sail's luff and hold the pocket, or deepest part of the sail, forward. The pocket should be about 45% of the horizontal distance of the sail back from the mast - just less than halfway back. The location varies, based on sailing style, weight on the boat and prevailing conditions. In heavier air, the wind pushes the pocket back farther. Tightening the downhaul moves the pocket forward to counteract this. Over-tightening will distort the sail and actually allow the pocket to move back in the sail, flatten it and loosen the leech, allowing air to spill from the sail - all of which reduces performance.

TRY IT, YOU MIGHT LIKE IT

All clear as mud, you say? Experience helps you put all this information together into a cohesive package. Here is a step-by-step, on-the-beach method for finding a standard starting point for boat tuning. Try it and then note how you modify it, to determine what does and doesn't work in different situations.

First, go through the process discussed in THE SETUP (or, just throw your rudders on and battens in), and proceed:

1. Put up your sails.
2. Tighten your jib halyard (Aussie or stock) until the mast comes forward and tightens the shrouds (not too tight).
3. Pull the downhaul on the main down to get the wrinkles out of the luff - usually so the bottom of the gooseneck is one-half to one inch above the black band on the mast. (The black band is a maximum downhaul point for racing.)
4. Hook up the main blocks and jib blocks.
5. Center the travelers.
6. Stand behind the boat in the center (five to ten feet) with the mainsheet in hand.
7. Tighten the mainsheet until you see the leech of the mainsail line up with the mast from top to bottom. Then, let it out a little and you will see the leech at the top move off to the side. This is twist. The more you loosen the mainsheet, the more twist you have.
8. With the leech lined up, how much distance is there between your main blocks? If there is more than six inches, loosen the jib halyard and adjust the shrouds lower in the chainplates. If there is less than six inches, adjust the shrouds higher in the chainplates.
9. Tighten your jibsheet. How much space is there between the blocks? If there is more than two inches, lower your jib in the front chainplate. If there is less than two inches, move the jib up in the

chainplate (of course you have to loosen the jib halyard to do this).


10. Place a numbered tape vertically on your mast beside the jib halyard. With a stock halyard, place the tape between the top pulley and the halyard cleat so the center number is equidistant. With an Aussie system, place the tape with the center number at or below the black band. Then, with an indelible marker or thin wrap of waterproof tape, mark the spot on the jib halyard at the center number. On stock halyards, put the tape on the line that moves down when you tighten it. As long as you have the same sails and halyard, you know your starting point. Take care to use non-stretch line for the jib halyard. A line that stretches can radically mess up your measurements.

Change As You Go

This article should give you a good starting point for setup and tuning. Depending on wind and water conditions, you will, as you learn, make changes. Using these guidelines and keeping notes will help you understand the changes you make and their effects on the boat. It's best to make one change at a time, if possible. You'll learn to tighten the jib halyard when the wind picks up a little to give you more power. Travel out the mainsail to keep the boat down and fast in heavy wind. If you can easily pull the mainsheet in, block to block, when everyone else is single-trapping (and you're not), you will learn to tighten the jib halyard or adjust the shrouds higher in the chainplates. If you look up at your sail in moderate air and notice it is very

Make one
change at a
time, if
possible.

flat because you honked on the downhaul (which also causes the mast to bend), you will know to let it up until the sails are a bit more full, to give yourself more power.

Getting the tuning right enables sail sheeting to be performed more subtly and effectively. It also makes the steering more sensitive and responsive. Pretty soon, you will find yourself making thoughtful decisions about how to control your boat, instead of the boat controlling you! 

Tuned In To Excellence

Learning by doing is an achievement in itself. Learning to be expert at what you're doing is much less attainable ... unless you have the determination, commitment and perspicacity of a Mary Lou Langford.

Mary Lou Langford, the author of "Get Set," has the ability to communicate how to set up and tune a Hobie 16 because she herself gained a thorough working knowledge through intensive learning by doing. According to her husband, Berry, Mary Lou's sailing career began on Mother's Day, 1984, when she was gifted with a used Hobie Cat. (The gift-giver had noticed her interest develop after she observed Hobie Catters having a ball on a small lake outside of Albuquerque, New Mexico.)

Mary Lou discovered she was gifted, indeed, as she gained in sailing expertise and confidence. After spending a summer participating in a few fleet events and sailing weekly (but definitely not weakly!) at a local lake, the intrepid novice decided to attempt racing in some Division 5 points regattas.

YOU CAN'T KEEP A GREAT GAL DOWN

From then on, Mary Lou sailed quickly to the top. Within two years, she had made it to A fleet. After three more, she (along with crew Debbie Humble) captured tenth place in her very first U.S. Women's Nationals. Next came the 1989 Women's World Championships in Chicago. That premiere event turned into a grand opening for Mary Lou and her crew Terri Fuller; they took second overall to earn the position of top U.S. sailors in the event.

A few cynical readers may be thinking, "Sure, it's easy to get good at anything if you have nothing else you have to do and all the time in the world to sail." Not true! - says Berry Langford, who terms himself "a biased husband and crew." Mary Lou is a 37-year-old lady with a lot to do. She is a working mother (of Erin) and owner/operator of her own business (Langford Physical Therapy).

Berry pinpoints both the source and outcome of Mary Lou's achievements, affirming, "The real winners are ordinary people doing extraordinary things."

Perhaps it is excelling beyond the ordinary that makes people such as Mary Lou Langford so truly extraordinary.

CROSS-COUNTRY CATTERS LIVE LIFE IN THE FAST LANE

STORY BY MARY A. WELLS
PHOTO COURTESY OF DEBBIE
SCHAEFER AND JIM FREDERICK

When Hobie sailors are not sailing Hobies, they work, they raise families, they fix the gutters on the house, they cut grass; and, believe it or not, they also have other hobbies. Skiing, scuba diving, flying and bicycling are among the most popular alternative activities, but we have discovered a myriad of other pursuits engaged in by Hobie sailors in their "spare time." Among them are cryptography, rock climbing, glassblowing, stunt kiting, motocross, figure skating, hot air ballooning, metal sculpture, iceboating, astronomy, horseback riding, kayaking, fly-fishing, ballroom dancing, woodworking, auto restoration, gardening, civil war re-enactment, and, if the person is to be believed, string collecting.

Over the course of the next several HOTLINE issues, we will be showcasing various hobbies - some common, and some quite definitely unique - with a closeup look through the eyes of fellow Hobie sailors. Launching this series at a very appropriate time is the popular winter pastime of cross-country skiing. -Ed.

You haven't lived until you have come down off 900 feet of vertical at 70 miles per hour, with a right-hand turn at the bottom.

Wait a minute, isn't cross-country skiing supposed to be a peaceful glide through a Currier & Ives painting, enjoying a leisurely look at birds and animal footprints?

Maybe Division 10 Hobie sailor Jim Frederick isn't the right person to talk to if you're thinking about getting into the sport of cross-country skiing. He makes it sound like it ranks right up there with motocross as a

threat to life and limb. But he and Debbie Schaefer have spent ten years climbing to the thrill-seeking stage.

Now "somewhere in the fifth decade" of their lives, the Port Clinton, Ohio couple started cross-country skiing in the winter of 1979-80. They bought their first Hobie 18 the following summer. They became involved with both sports for the same reasons: the whole family could participate; the pursuits were fairly economical; and (this is Jim's favorite reason) at Hobie beaches and ski cabins they couldn't be reached by telephone.

Jim remembered one time, however, when he and son Shawn were spending a week in a day skiers' cabin in Canada, roughing it with a pot-bellied stove, gas lights and no water. "I thought there was no way anyone would be able to get hold of me up there in the Canadian wilderness," he related. "But when we skied down to the lodge for dinner, there was a message for me to call work. I guess you're not really safe anywhere."



BUDGET FUN IN THE SNOW

Before getting out on the snow, the couple compared the costs of downhill and cross-country skiing. "Cross-country was a whole lot cheaper," Debbie concluded. A major consideration was the expense of outfitting Jim's son Shawn and daughter Carey, as well as Debbie's daughter Tammy. "We went to the Cleveland Ski Show and Swap Shop and were able to get really good bargains on equipment," Debbie said. "We bought the kids a set of skis, bindings, boots and poles for \$50."

The whole family started out with the kind of skis you don't have to wax, because they are easier to use and less expensive. Debbie believes this definitely is the way for beginners to go. To save even more expense, Jim mounted the bindings on the skis himself.

Ski shows are a good, free source of information about cross-country locations in the area, Debbie found. For years now their favorite cross-country resorts have been Tawas, Michigan (about a five-hour drive from their home) and Sault Ste.

Marie in Canada (a ten-hour drive). The family stays economically in winterized summer cottages.

Unlike downhill resorts where lift tickets are a major expense, cross-country skiing is usually free. A nominal donation is requested, however, to maintain the trails, which traverse both public and private land. During a vacation at the Trapp Family Lodge in Vermont one winter, the family went downhill skiing one day with two of their children. "It cost \$100 for all of us to ski," Debbie said. "But it only cost us \$4 to cross-country ski at the same resort."



THE "BIG MAC" LEARNING METHOD

Although cross-country skiing lessons are readily available, Jim and Debbie think they are not essential. "We learned to cross-country ski the same way we learned to sail," Jim confessed. "We just went out and did it." Debbie added, "We fell on our butts a lot, asked questions, read books and watched videos."

The true story was slowly divulged. Jim really got good when they spent a week at Stokely Creek Ranch, 40 miles north of Sault Ste. Marie, where everyone has to ski in and ski out and luggage is brought in by a dog sled team. "We were completely immersed in cross-country skiing for the entire week," Jim explained. "It was great except for one thing: the all-vegetarian menu. I had to learn how to ski well and at night, so I could escape to McDonald's once in a while."



FASTER, FASTER, FASTER

Apparently one really doesn't become initiated into the brotherhood of cross-country skiers until learning the intricate art of waxing. "Jim became enchanted by the 'mystique' of waxing," Debbie revealed. She explained that different types of waxes are applied to the bottoms of the skis, according to snow conditions, to achieve maximum speed. Jim confirmed he spends about an hour each evening waxing.

"It seems easy now," Debbie said, "but when Jim first began, he struggled and



Jim Frederick shows off his diagonal stride technique.

SAILING ON

struggled. He would wax his skies and start going up a hill and then he would slide all the way back down to me."

Being competitive people, within two years they had tired of peacefully gliding through the woods and were looking for new goals. Jim entered his first Nordic ski race, the Silver Creek Challenge, at Tawas. "We arrived, and, guess what - we discovered a bunch of fellow Hobie sailors there." (By then they had already discovered Hobie racing, too, although they still didn't know what the trapeze wires were for.)

Both Jim and Debbie got hooked on speed. They skied the 55K race (35 miles) at Chautauqua, New York five years in a row. "The first year I finished in eight hours, 45 minutes," Debbie reported. "After that, I was just interested in shaving time." In her second year, she finished in something over six hours, and she cut off another hour in the third year.

They participated once in the Jack-rabbit Wilderness Loppet, riding the Canadian snow train to the starting line. "They gave us coffee and a doughnut for breakfast and dropped us off in the snow on the other side of a trestle. There were 500 people thrashing around through the woods looking for the starting line." Then they raced the 35 kilometers back to Stokely Creek Lodge.

As with most sports, economy sometimes goes by the wayside once the spirit comes to the forefront. As a result, Jim's investment in his own equipment now adds up to \$800 for his skis, bindings, boots, poles, gloves, racing suit, wool socks, propylene long underwear, water bottle, waxing table, wax, waxing iron and scrapers, and most important of all, a hat with a tassel on top.

TAMMY SETS FAST PACE

Although their own racing was limited to the annual events at Tawas and Chautauqua, the adults soon realized Debbie's diminutive daughter Tammy was winning 55Ks all the time. They started taking Tammy and Shawn to the Olympic training camp at Marquette,

Michigan over Christmas vacation and then hitting the racing circuit with the kids. In 1987, Tammy became the first girl from Ohio to qualify for the Junior Olympics through the United States Skiing Association (U.S.S.A.), and she qualified again the following year. She has raced in the Junior Olympic Nationals at Lake Placid, New York and Giants Ridge, Minnesota.


CONDITIONING

At the level Tammy was skiing, she kept in condition off-season by using roller skis (cut-off skis with rollers) and roller blades, and she also ran cross-country track at school. During the summers, she crewed for Division 10 Hobie 18 racer Carl Roberts.

Jim and Debbie don't do much to get in shape for skiing except for stationary bike riding. They have a cross-country exercise machine, but they've never used it. They did acknowledge that cross-country skiing helps keep them in great shape for sailing.

TURNING POINT

Now, just what DO you do when you are coming off a 900-foot vertical drop and have to make a right-angle turn at 70 miles per hour? "No problem," Jim declared. "What I do is, I look for a bush on the inside of the turn, and I try to grab it and hope it will whip me around the corner. I call it the 'bush-grab' turn."

Oh, good. For a minute there, it sounded like it might be dangerous. 

BUSHWHACKERS AND TRACKERS

BY MARY A. WELLS

Cross-country skiing, also called Nordic skiing, was once exactly what the term implies - a means of roaming at will through the open countryside on skis.

That type of skiing now is known as "bushwhacking," according to Jim

Frederick; most of today's cross-country skiers actually are performing what is termed "track skiing." Traditional cross-country skiing (bushwhacking) requires wider skis, to stay on top of the snow, than are used for track skiing. Also included in the subcategory of bushwhacking is mountaineering, which involves special "telemark" skis, with steel edges and binding that can fasten the heel down to the ski. This type of skiing is more popular (obviously) in mountainous areas. The special skis make it possible to climb up mountains and then ski down in almost the same way downhill skiers do.

You can bushwhack anywhere, but you can track ski only in specific areas laid out in trails. According to Jim, professional skiers first create a trail by skiing it and marking it. Then, a special machine comes along and lays down two parallel tracks. The skiers just glide along "as though they are on railroad tracks," Jim explained. As with downhill skiing, the trails are marked according to difficulty level, with green trails being the easiest, blue trails intermediate and black trails the most difficult.

Track skiers use two primary types of strides. Diagonal stride is the traditional, side-by-side motion you see when people are demonstrating cross-country exercise machines on TV. Skating stride utilizes a stiffer, shorter ski and incorporates an ice-skating motion. Skating stride can be used only on wide, packed-snow surfaces.

Jim and partner Debbie Schaefer prefer track skiing, "mostly because it's faster. That's why we got a Hobie; we like to go fast." Perhaps their preference also has something to do with the fact it is easier to get lost when bushwhacking. One snowy day while exploring an unmarked trail, they got lost and stumbled upon a deserted cabin. Inside, they found a note saying, "Make yourselves at home, it's going to be a long winter." There was wood for the stove and tea. Deciding not to take advantage of the note's offer, they left before dark so they could follow their tracks back the way they had come.

SNOW

HOT SHOTS

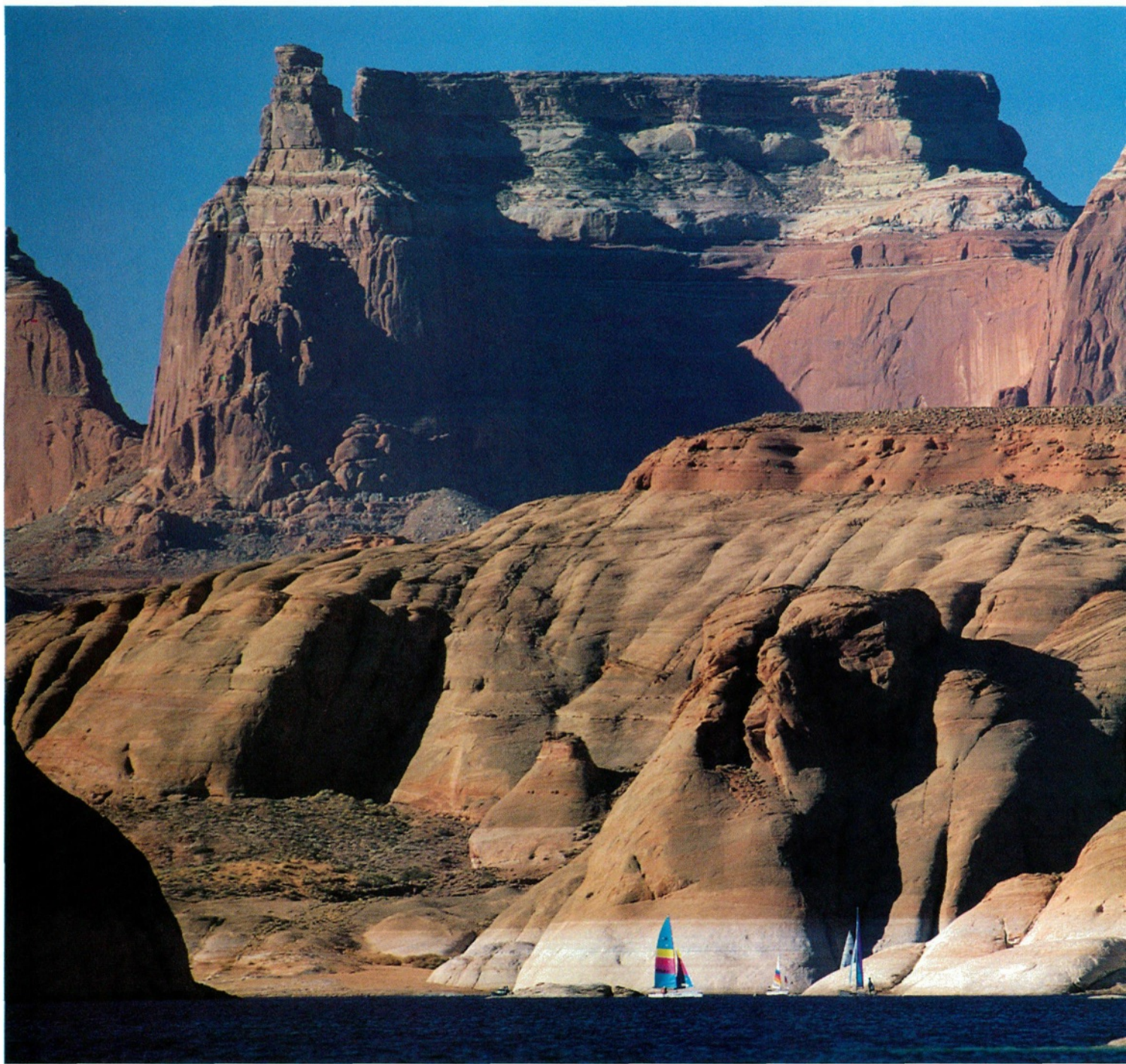


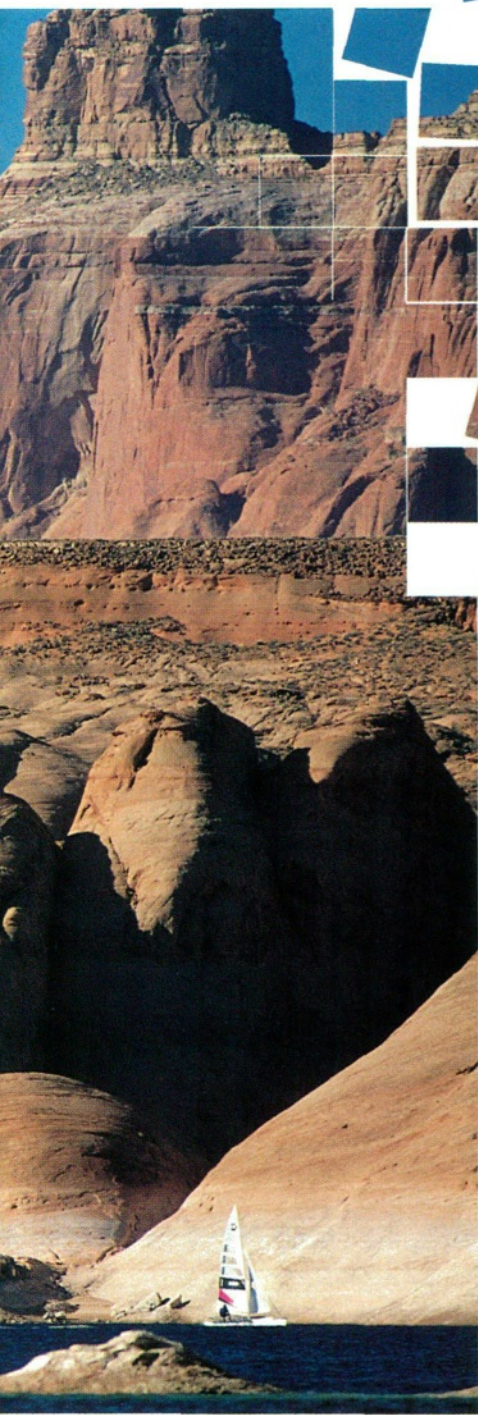
GUY MOTIL



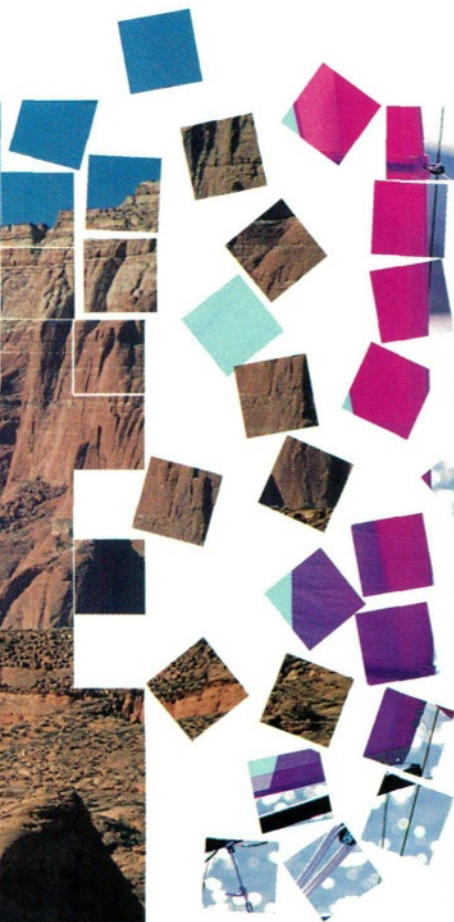


PATRICK MCDOWELL





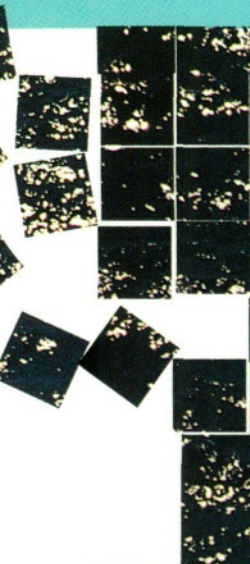
PATRICK MCDOWELL



GUY MOTIL



PAUL KENNEDY



PAUL KENNEDY



GUY MOTIL



PATRICK MCDOWELL

HOBIE RACING

HOBIE



Although HOTLINE photos may show models or sailors not wearing a personal flotation device, this magazine and Hobie Cat Company in no way condone or recommend sailing without life vests either on or in easy reach of every sailor, no matter what the level of experience.



PATRICK MCDOWELL

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Major Regattas
Nationals And Worlds
Special Events
North American Region News
Fleet News
Race Results

MAJOR EVENTS

MAJOR REGATTAS

1991

Mar. 29-Apr. 6

**Club Mykonos
Hobie International**
South Africa

Roger Bartholomew
Fax:04-27-21-455781

Apr. 7-14

**Hobie 16 World
Championship**
South Africa

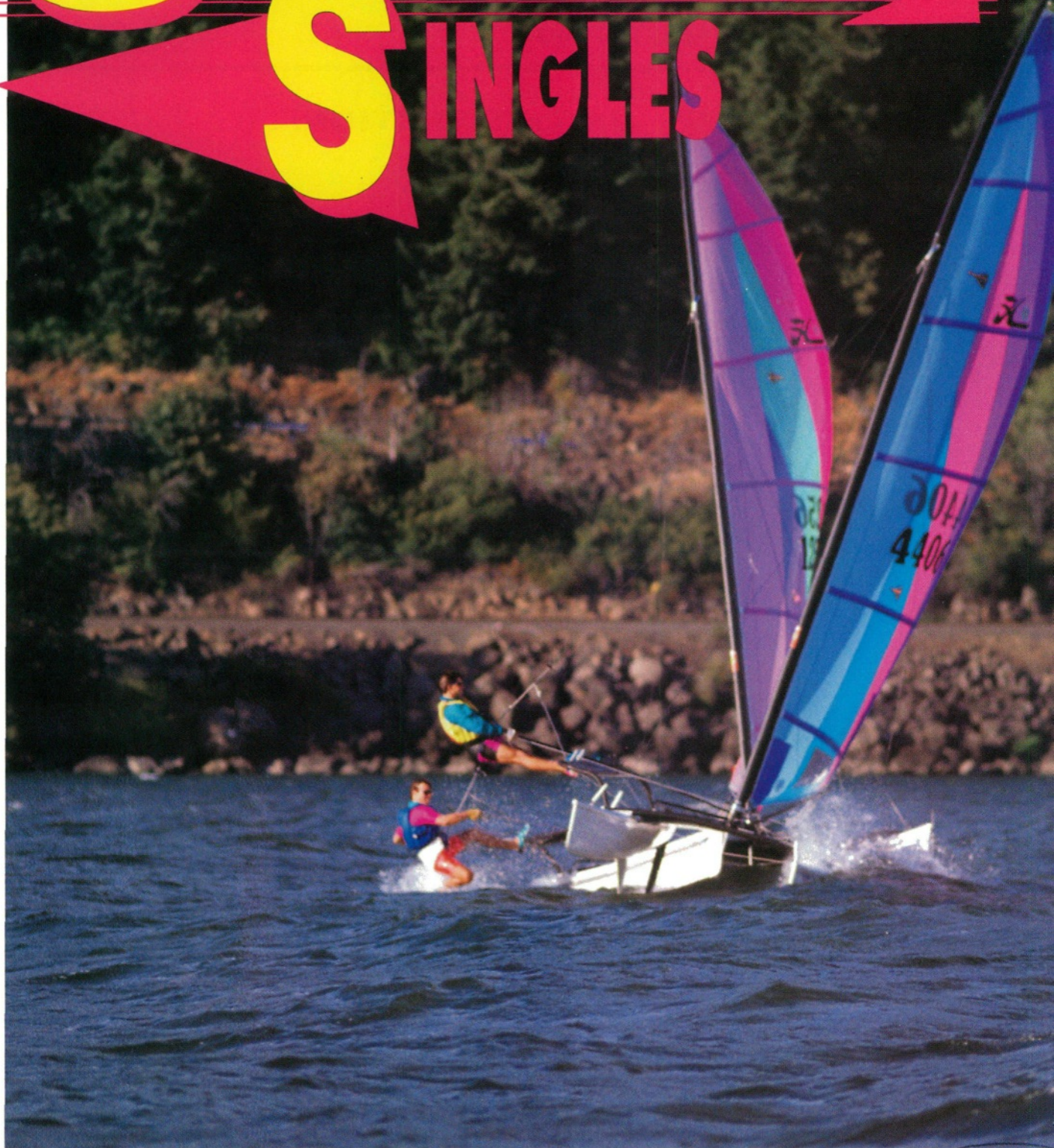
Roger Bartholomew
Fax:04-27-21-455781

June 26-July 7

**Hobie 18 World
Championship**
Gaeta, Italy

Leandro LaCroix or
Antonio Nocca
Fax:39-771-741-741

SWINGING SINGLES



HOBIE 14 AND 17 NATIONALS CONNECT AT THE GORGE

BY RICHARD BLOUNT
PHOTOGRAPHY BY PATRICK MCDOWELL

Where does all that wind come from?" "Eight-foot waves on a river?" "Best racing ever!" Those were oft-spoken words among the many intrepid men and women who raced, head to head, at the recent Hobie 14 and 17 National Championships in Hood River, Oregon. Sixty-four sailors had come to seek a title in one of the wildest and windiest places on earth: the world-famous Columbia River Gorge.

With a superb effort, Division 4, under the direction of Team Short's very own Paul Ulibarri, staged one of the finest regattas I've attended in my 16 years of racing Hobies. The event was a new beginning in more than one way; it was the first time a Nationals was conducted without hands-on factory support and the first staged by the North American Hobie Class Association.



GIMME SHELTER

The host hotel for the event was the fantastic Inn at Hood River. The entire building had a panoramic view of the Gorge in a three story glass and wood structure. With live entertainment nightly, great food and a friendly atmosphere, the Hobie Catters were in great company. The hotel was ideally located for those looking to augment sailing with a myriad of fun activities, including snow skiing, hiking, river rafting, fishing and airplane rides over Mount St. Helens.

The dedicated people in charge of the hotel were always willing to go the extra distance to please us. For example, several of the sailors pulled up in RVs. Knowing these visitors had no intentions of being paying hotel guests, the hotel management roped off an entire parking lot right next to the swimming pool for their new Hobie friends so they could stay without the interference of daily traffic. If that wasn't enough, the hotel even rewired its outside light poles so the RV people could plug into hotel electricity to make their stay that much better.

WINDS OF CHANGE

For those of you not familiar with this particular area, known to locals as "The Gorge," it is located 40 miles east of Portland in the Cascade Range. The area has earned a reputation as the mecca of board sailing. In years gone by, the Gorge was a poor, windy, stagnant mining town in decline. The advent of windsurfing breathed new life into the area. The now-flourishing community is dedicated to sailing and sailors. Houses on the cliffs dotting the area that once were available for a song now demand and get prices that are almost out of tune.

The one constant, amid changing levels of prosperity, has been the wind. How windy does it get at the Gorge? Is it as windy as they say? Let's put it like this: If a windsurfer uses a 3.5 sail and gets





blown off the water, how can a Hobie 17 with a full-battened mylar main expect to last?

NUKE IT

With the right conditions; that is, when the eastern desert past The Dullas heats up and the gradient pressures rise all the way to Portland, the Gorge gets what thrill-seekers call nuclear wind. (You know, a light breeze in the 50+ knot range.) These are words that make veteran windsurfers salivate, quit their jobs, leave their spouses; or, for those at the Gorge, all three.

At this year's Gorge, we weren't lucky enough to get blasted by any nuclear wind. (It typically prevails in June and July when the weather is warmest.) We did manage to sail many of the 12 races in 35 knots of wind (over 40 miles per hour). I am referring to constant wind speed; of course, we had occasional gusts that were much higher.

Instead of using a fancy device to measure the gusts, the race committee needed only its eyes. One had but to look on the race course and watch the line of boats get blown over to realize a new and stronger gust of wind was working itself down the course. Using this technique, one could watch the wind eat boat after boat, as it made its way from the weather mark toward the leeward mark.

WAVE IT

To many sailors the wind was not the issue. Waves were the problem. The Columbia River has a series of dams built at 20-mile intervals to provide electricity to Oregon and Washington and to allow migrating fish to swim up and downstream. Imagine 35 knots of wind pushing water 20 miles to the east, down a half-mile-wide strip. The result is big choppy waves that are very close together. Needless to say, the waves tumbled through our course unhindered by land masses.

We also had to contend with a three-knot current of river water flowing the opposite direction, down toward Portland. These three factors combined in a concoction of what promised to be very ugly racing water. The members of the race committee, with a sinister gleam in their eyes, set the weather mark for the 17 course in an area affectionately known by all as "Surf City."

Stan Breed of Chase 2, who was permanently anchored at the weather mark, offered constant surf and flipped boat reports throughout the week. The surf report for the week was very somber: water temperature 70 degrees, four-to-six foot waves, with some larger rogue waves described colorfully and accurately as being in the "Holy S__t" category.

READY-SET-SNOW!

To start the week-long festivities on an ascending note, the Monday morning sailors' schedule called for a skippers' meeting at the bottom of Mount Hood. The highest point in Oregon, with an elevation of 11,245 feet, Mount Hood is a quick 45 minutes from the regatta site.

The race organizers felt that spring skiing in August was the perfect tune-up for Hobie Cat racing at the Gorge. Thirty-five sailors who agreed spent the morning in multi-functional gear, schussing and tearing up the fine Oregon spring snow.

It wasn't all fun and games on the slopes. Just ask some of the more serious skiers in attendance, such as "Let-Her-Rip" Hobie Jr. or "Mr. Triple-Flip-And-Almost-Make-It" Kim Kymlicka.

To avoid having too much of a good thing, the afternoon skippers' meeting was held back on the beach for Hobie practice races. With great winds and a steady chop, many sailors got their first taste of Gorge wind in a series of practice races. Except for the rain and lightning, it was perfect. Snow skiing in the morning and sailboat racing in the afternoon. I could get used to this!

GETTING OFF ON THE RIGHT FOOT

I could tell I was at a single-handed event. Everywhere I looked, I saw guys bigger and thicker than I am, and all of us trying to eat everything in sight. Everybody wanted to be big, the better to hold their boats down when it blew.

The original sailing rule number 1.3 stated water jackets would NOT be allowed at this event. That rule didn't go over very well with the masses. In fact, after a night of whining and crying, rule 1.3 was removed.

Two separate race courses were devised to keep the sailing among the 14s and 17s as fair as possible. Doug Skidmore and his 17 fleet were on the westerly side of the Hood River bridge, while Wayne Schafer ran the 14s on the easterly side.

With the advent of bring your own boat (BYOB) Nationals, the 17 skippers were able to start head-to-head racing on Tuesday. The plan was to get in three or four races every day.

EN-GORGED AT THE START

With the white flag flying, in light rain and 10-15 knots of puffy wind, 49 Hobie 17s hit the starting line. Each team soon realized that with the huge size of the fleet, getting clean air at the start was similar to (and as futile as) trying to speed in rush hour traffic on a Los Angeles freeway. As much as you wanted to get the heck out of there, you just couldn't.

Even though it was on a fairly wide

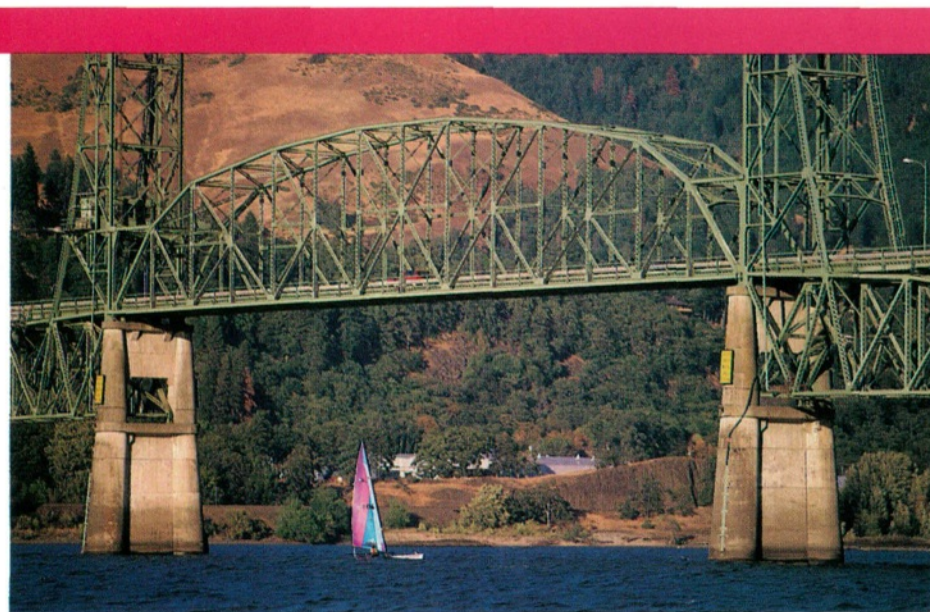
river, the course did have holes and favored sides. Making matters even more difficult was the barge traffic transporting cargo up and down the river.

In a quest to produce a quality regatta, the race jury for the event was none other than former International Hobie Class Association Director, Kim Kymlicka, along with yours truly. Instead of viewing the races from the traditional boating perspective, the jury was able to watch from the comfort of a private gazebo on the Washington side of the river. This gazebo was 500 feet in the air, perched on the side of a cliff as if an eagle had built it for his vacation condo. Thanks to Kim's unmistakable accent, we were affectionately known over the airwaves as "your Jerry in the gazebo."

among the top five leaders on the starboard lay line when the barge came through. He had no choice but to wait for 300 feet of slow-moving logs to pass before he could get to the weather mark.

The top four boats that did get away were now racing like mad to round B mark and get to C before the tug cut off their path as well. "Spreader" Mooneyham made it, but the others were not as lucky. Jeff Alter, in second, had to park and wait for the tug as well, allowing the third- and fourth-place boats to reel him in and pass him.

At C mark, Jeff tacked to port to take a flyer to the finish, while the other two boats sailed up on starboard. The flyer paid off and Jeff snuck in about one foot in front of the previously second-place boat, with Spreader getting the bullet!



BARGING AHEAD

Our bird's-eye view was perfect. We could see sail numbers, wind lines and river traffic. We could determine who did their 720s and who didn't. We also could watch as Jeff Alter and Bill Myrter were taken out by a slow-moving barge. On an A-C-A-B-C-F course, just as the racers were heading for A mark the second time, a barge pulling logs chose to deliver them. I should point out the race instructions stated the following:

"TUG BOATS: These tugs can be hard to see if there are big waves, they may also have a log island 200 - 300 feet long floating behind them. The logs are hard to see so don't come up behind the tugs."

Most sailors saw the upcoming obstruction and stayed on the port side of it, making headway toward A mark and not having to cross paths with the uninvited traffic. That strategy was fine and dandy for some, but Bill Myrter was

That was the last light air race of the series. It also sent a message throughout the fleet: WATCH OUT FOR BARGES!!!!

NET PROFITS

The 14 course, which I sailed, had its ups and downs, too. The fishing must have been better on our course because we had more than our fair share of gill nets. (In this part of the country, Indians are allowed to use gill nets to fish for their personal consumption of food.) The gill nets were along the banks to weather of C mark, so if you wanted to go along the shore and get lifted to the finish line, you had to deal with the nets. The nets had plastic floats on each end, 40-50 feet of steel cable connecting them and, of course, netting all along them.

From personal experience I can tell you gill nets can catch other things besides fish. They are very good at catching 14-foot Hobie Cats. They also are tenacious and unyielding foes, not letting go, no matter how much you fight.

It's been said that the 1990 Single-handed National Championships in Hood River, Oregon combined to make one of the best Hobie Nationals in recent history. While not trying to refute that point, here is our perspective of this event.

THE MOST FUN WE HAD WAS SNOW SKIING

Don't get us wrong, organizing two race courses, two committee boats, eight chase boats, 40+ volunteers, 900 dinners, 1000 lunches, no budget, two turtledoves and a partridge in a pear tree WAS LOADS OF FUN!

The main attraction to the Gorge is wind. A couple weeks prior to the Nationals, the Gorge Pro-Am, a premier sailboard event, was cancelled due to lack of wind, dead air, No Nukes Here. No worries, the Single-handed Nationals always has had good air, kinda.

We informed our social committee not to fret about no-wind day entertainment. We explained that the sailors would amuse themselves by tarring and feathering the race committee.

When our accountant looked at the numbers, she came across a small discrepancy, like \$20,000. (How much beer did you say we'll sell in the beer garden, Moose?) Immediately, we started investing in Washington state lottery tickets. We felt that with the perfect combination of numbers, 14, 16, 17, 18, 21 and 33, we would win. Several dollars later, we started looking for a sponsor.

THREE'S COMPANY

Coleman was the first to turn us down (immediately), followed by every one of the Fortune 500 companies. The rejection did not phase us a bit (at least it was unanimous); we just bought more lotto tickets.

As organizers we realized a successful Hobie regatta, especially a Nationals, requires three major items: WIND, FOOD and BEER. Therefore, we began working on what we felt was the most important of the three, the beer. Our initial sponsor - Jerome, thank you for the party - was Hood River Brewing Company, producers of Full Sail Ale. Our second sponsor was Miller Beer (which took care of most of the Texans, who would not drink that dark stuff).

The Gorge would take care of the wind, we hoped. Now, what's for dinner???

A lucky call procured lunch meats from a generous local producer, Oregon Chief Meats. A week of bologna, salami and Thuringer sandwiches might get old, but so do hot dogs, eh Steve?

We dropped into a local bar/Mexican restaurant on Sunday. As the regatta was just starting, we were not sure of the

number of people who would attend. We told the owner, Gail, to expect 30-40 people. We showed up with 75 and threw the staff into a major fire drill. All went well, though grumbling about "real" Mexican food was heard by some folks who live close to the border. Mo Dixon started playing in the bar after dinner, and with tequila in the system, we were happy.

Doug Skidmore owns Race Lagoon Mussels, a seafood company that grows mussels and oysters commercially. They only sell the mussels, though, because Maggie encourages Doug to eat all the oysters. He donated shellfish toward the welcome party on Monday.

from Portland was in charge of this feast. An agreement was made in which the race committee would supply the meat and the fleet would buy the trimmings and arrange everything. After watching the ravenous hoards at the pig roast and salmon bar-b-que, we knew we had not budgeted enough food. Piranhas in action. At the last minute, a Portland entrepreneur, Jim Sagawa, donated his Teriyaki sauce and persuaded Lynden Farms (a poultry company) to donate chicken. Thanks to Jim, we got to have our cake and eat it, too; not only did he make sure we were provided with food, he even came and cooked it for us - and gave away jars of sauce to boot.

ON THE DOWNHILL SLOPE

With a day of practice races behind us, we decided to go skiing on Mt. Hood's Palmer Glacier. The majority of the 30 or so skiers had a great time. The South Africans were not allowed to rent equipment, due to risk and liability, and some participants found that beer, shots of tequila, margaritas and sleeping under the sink make for a tough morning of skiing. (But it doesn't mean you can't win the 14 Nationals, which Jannie Tukker later did.)

We returned to Hood River at noon on Monday to find a flat river, with the weather services predicting light air (15-20 knots) for the next two days. That night, the Texans were boiling oils and plucking chickens.

It was time to redo the budget. Three days into the event, the beer garden that was going to produce \$1500 in revenue had net sales of \$8. Time to buy more lotto tickets. By week's end the beer garden netted \$32 with an outlay of 60 man hours; that's 53 cents per hour of cheap volunteer labor. Thanks Micajah.

On Friday, P.U. spent the day officiating with Jerry Gazebo (alias Kim Kymlicka) while his Hobie skiff went chase boating with Jon Vurik and Scott Roundy. That night the skiff, which had been doing some heavy drinking, rolled over and sank in a drunken stupor. No prob, we woke it up, rolled it over, bailed it out and Hobie Jr. got it started. It then went on to tie for the first Gorge Wave Hobie Skiff Jumping Contest record, with Dan "Full Throttle" Carpenter of Hobie Cats Northwest at the wheel.

There was the usual assortment of broken parts, ripped sails, bent egos, indigestion, sunburn, hangovers, sailboards, sandbars and "T" bones. Also, there were toothy grins and a proud feeling of accomplishment by the competitors for having sailed so well in the Gorge. Our compliments to Jane, Ellafe and all their compadres for a great exhibition of sailing.

We could not have ordered better wind. Of course, we had nothing to do with that. On the last day of racing, after the skippers' breakfast meeting, we retreated to a steady 18-20 knots, considered drifters after the three days prior. It was a great conclusion to a wonderful week of racing.

At the awards banquet we vowed not to talk to each other for at least a week. We broke that promise the first day back due to habit, and asked, what's next? After rehabilitation we've discussed the possibility of a Hobie Single-handed Worlds at the Gorge in 1991. ALL IN FAVOR SAY AYE (and sign up for committee).

TWO SINGLES EQUALS DOUBLE TROUBLE

BY PAUL ULIBARRI AND DAVID BUHLER

Unfortunately, his partner thought we needed them on Thursday. The fact that we got them on Tuesday makes it as confusing as it was. This was fine, we would use the shellfish at another function. The interesting part was that there were no mussels, just oysters (we think we must have gotten Maggie's order).

Tuesday was a pig roast. We cooked an 85-pound pig that should have weighed 150 pounds. (Amazing what that Jenny Craig weight-loss program can do.) It became evident we would need a thousand bananas to feed these animals. Moose's dog, Tristan, even felt threatened.

Wednesday was an open day for dinner. We snuck out for a great dinner at the Stonehedge in a delightful setting (away from everyone). An intimate gourmet meal with close friends. We hadn't won the lottery yet, so we sent the bill to Skiddy's table. That didn't work, either.

Thursday's salmon dinner, by the way, was incredible; northwest cuisine at its best. Thank you, Jim Symington and gang, along with S & S Seafoods. We gobbled down a great dinner with enough leftover salmon for two days of salmon sandwiches (appreciated by everyone except for some Texans, who seemed to prefer bologna).

Friday's function was at the Whitecap Brewpub, home of Full Sail Ale. Fleet 72

The awards banquet on Saturday proved people will sit through a 4-1/2 hour program. We contracted with the hotel for 135 people; 160 showed up. By the end, the South Africans were teaching the Yanks new games. Everyone got a trophy and the meal was superb.

BRING YOUR OWN BRAIN

The BYOB (bring your own boat) format provided its own set of problems. A Hobie 17 we chartered in Idaho turned out to be really a Hobie 16. A volunteer (at least it's nice country, Tony) drove four hours to find out the doctor who owned the boat thought that he had a Sport Cat. He was only five inches off. (Hope the doc's not a surgeon.)

We learned it is also a good idea to inventory all the parts that come with a charterboat. In some areas of the country, American ingenuity keeps them floating; not class legal, but floating.

When the task of numbering all the boats and trailers came to pass, the enthusiastic crew had already taken all the boats off the trailers and erected the masts. Deciding which boat came with which trailer would require much skill and logic. We handled this to the best of our abilities. Since then, we have received some disturbing calls from up and down the west coast. (Paul, I knew that trailer with Washington plates shouldn't go to San Diego.)

BLOWING LIKE STINK

One of the more interesting pieces of information regarding the race course came from Doug Skidmore, a farmer in the olden days. According to Doug, the expression, "It blows like stink," came from the Gorge itself.

The story goes that a farmer up-river often used loads of fertilizer for his crops. As the gradient levels along the river heated up, the wind would whip through the hills to Hood River from Portland, passing this farmer's land enroute. The smell of his fertilizer would get picked up and blow the odor down upon the wind-surfers.

So now, when you hear fellow sailors saying, it blows like stink, you can tell them once upon a time it really did.

SPONSORS MAKE FOR

GORGEOUS GORGE

Sponsors, we love 'em! Without them, there'd be a hungry, thirsty, tired, dirty, bored and ungifted bunch of thoroughly unhappy sailors dragging themselves around an event, sitting forlornly on the sand, counting the corns on their toes in an effort to find amusement.

Thanks to the following sponsors and contributors for making the 1990 Hobie 14 and 17 Nationals one of the great all-time Hobie events.

Full Sail Ale (Hood River Brewing Co.)
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FUN AND GAMES

Rounding the weather mark with the traveler car already three-quarters of the way out and having to go downwind with the waves is not for the faint of heart. This was the case on both courses. At the Gorge, the waves caught you! Pitchpoles were part of your initiation to the area.

Sure, you could try to sit as far back on the boat as possible. The fact remained, when a wave caught you with the kind of wind we had, it didn't matter if you had a giant fat lady singing on board or not. The bows of your boat were going to go straight down in the wave and you were going to be launched into orbit. It was quite exhilarating.

MORE FUN AND GAMES

The river wasn't the only place for action. Full Sail Ale made as good a beer as it did a sponsor. Full Sail is produced at the Hood River Brewing Company from all-natural, locally grown ingredients and fresh spring water. Every night we had a new keg of Full Sail beer waiting for us when we hit the beach.

One night, the Seattle fleet sponsored a roast pig feast in the banquet room of the hotel. Piranhas could not have picked that pig any cleaner. The food was wonderful. Not to be outdone, the Portland fleet, Lynden Farms and Jim Sagawa later sponsored a terrific steak and Teriyaki chicken dinner at the Full Sail Bar. The evening was highlighted by Hobie Design's new film and by our dancing the night away.

Once it rained so hard brassieres and dinner rolls came flying out of the sky, followed by four big moons. I'm not clear on all the particulars, but a protest committee did find that Annette, Kathy, Sharon and Janice were DSQ-C'ed for their unsailorlike behavior.

DASHING AND CRASHING

This event had its share of unusual sailing activities. A few involved Jeff "Clewless" Alter. For most of the regatta, Jeff's boat was unstoppable. He had the Gorge dialed in to perfection. Lady Luck was not kind to him, though. Just ten yards from a bullet in a race, Jeff fell or was washed off the back of his boat. In another race he was winning ... until he blew out the clew of his sail. He had to limp in to finish that race. He got another sail and had his damaged sail fixed that night, only to have the same clew take him out of yet another race.

Then there was the guy who turtled his boat about 50 yards short of the finish line. There was no need to send a chase boat after him. The race committee was able to watch him race/drift across the finish line upside down without hitting the finishing marks to earn a score. Accidental stuntman Caleb Tarleton was awarded

a Ninja turtle for his efforts.

One of the better crashes involved one of the many "foreigners" (to we Americans) participating in this year's regatta. American Steve Leo was rounding C mark with the wind really blowing. South African sailor Robert Edwards was right behind him with a third boat skippered by Dan Kulkoski several boat lengths behind. As Leo rounded the mark, he tried to shut the door on Edwards, who had no room and no overlap of any kind. With a great deal of speed, Edwards sawed off Leo's port bow. So violent was the impact of the crash, the bows of Edwards' boat went straight down, forcing the stern of his boat into the air.

In the meantime, Kulkoski's boat was reeling in the other two boats. Needless to say, the third boat had no buoy room and no rights, either. As Kulkoski's boat rounded up and tried to fit where it didn't belong, one of Edwards' rudders crashed straight down through its deck. A black rudder mark found on Kulkoski's shroud indicated Edwards' rudder was 52 inches up in the air and out of the water before impact.

The end result was no one was hurt. Edwards was ordered to give his boat to Leo for the duration of the race. Leo's hull was destroyed. The protest committee that followed gave Edwards a DSQ-C. For Kulkoski's part in the fracas, the committee determined his boat was responsible for the damage to his own boat to go along with his DSQ.

The unofficial sportsmanship award went to Ken Marshack. Before the start of one race, Ken crashed into another boat. It happened to be Paul Ulibarri's boat, with Hobie Jr. chartering it for the series. The damage to P.U.'s boat was extensive, so Hobie made his way to the sandbar not far from the beach to assess the loss, just as the starting signal was about to go up.

Ken sailed his boat, which had survived the crash, over to Hobie, loaning it to him for the race. Hobie won the race and, after a major duct tape job, sailed his chartered boat for the duration of the series.

One low light of the event was the amount of protests. All 15 involved Hobie 17 sailors. Six involved the same person. We should all take some time to learn the sailing rules before we go to Nationals; it makes it more fun for all.

HOT TO TROT

The Hobie 17 title was hotly contested all week. Jeff Alter was the early favorite. Hobie Jr., however, was not about to let his little brother get away with a first. Alan Egusa, racing at 161 pounds, put all the fat boys on notice he was shooting for a title as well. Another guy who impressed everybody all week was

"Spreader" Mooneyham.

In the end Hobie Jr. added yet another Hobie 17 title to his collection. Just like Smith Barney, he did it the old-fashioned way: he earned it. Alan Egusa sailed very consistently, proving light guys can be competitive in heavy air. (To those of you who have been using your weight as an excuse, think up another one.) Jeff Alter limped in to a disappointing third.

Most of the Hobie 14 sailors felt they were sailing in the Boyd Bass clinic. Bass took firsts and seconds throughout the week. Finally, a South African named Jannie Tukker made a charge at him. When the wind was at its strongest, Louis Ortiz Lopez from Puerto Rico was unstoppable.

Another sailor who did quite well was Paul Tobie from northern California. Paul suffered really bad luck with barges, though. He was horizoning the fleet halfway through a race, when the race committee felt the barge was going to compromise the safety of the sailors. Being the class guy he is, Tobie kept his opinions to himself, despite losing a sure bullet. We could use a few more guys in the world with that much class.

Australian sailor Doug Brinnand was very fast all week, but he could never keep his boat upright. He flipped in more races than anyone else out there.

When all was said and done, Jannie Tukker took home the first-place prize. Runner-up Boyd Bass was declared the United States champion, winning his very first National title. With lots of luck in the final two days of sailing, I was able to sneak in and beat Paul Tobie by one-quarter of a point for third in the overall standings, while Paul placed fourth.

THEY DID IT SINGLE-HANDEDLY

To put together a regatta of this quality takes an army of people. At times, it seemed there were more helpers than sailors. Among those who stood out for their tremendous efforts was Jon Vurik, for his skill in organizing and building the charterboat fleet. Individuals who donated boats were rewarded for their generosity with new sails (provided by Hobie Cat Company) and rigging. They also received the same racer's package for meals and goodies all week long. They deserved it all; without donated boats there would not have been a race.

Lenny Seavers used her banking skills as treasurer for the event, keeping the regatta solvent and bills paid. Annette Stucky was Paul Ulibarri's right-hand person, assisting on the water and wherever things needed to be done. Juryman Kim Kymlicka made sure even the most egregious violation of seamanship received its day in court. John Stahr built the trophies, and if you saw them, you would appreciate how great a job he did. Leslie Keller was the scorer,

computer whiz and, above all, had the Northwest Hobie dealership parts van. Lee Marshall helped on the water and was a vital member on the protest committee.

One of the truly nice things greeting the sailors every day were homemade lunches. We were served fresh cold-cut sandwiches, fresh salmon sandwiches and chicken. Tim's Potato Chip Company donated 15 cases of crisp fresh chips. Add Gatorade and fresh apples and pears from the surrounding orchards, and you can understand why Debbie Marshack and her lunch committee were very much appreciated.

One of the nicest gestures all week was the Saturday morning skippers' meeting. We enjoyed a free and complete breakfast, compliments of the race committee. Hotcakes, eggs, french toast, bacon, sausage, fresh fruits, juice and coffee were served; nobody left with an empty stomach. Let's hope this idea carries over to other divisions.

Moose would have us flying F-16 fighter jets with Stealth bombers as back-ups. The list of items Moose acquired for the races included O.S. Systems drysuits and Timex watches for the winners, Hobie Sunglasses, Harken blocks, 150 Cascade Design waterproof fanny packs, enough fresh salmon to last a week, cases of wine and champagne, Tim's Potato Chips, Gatorade and Sagawa barbecue sauces. Well done, Moose.

LAST BUT NOT LEAST

Some unusual awards were handed out at the ending ceremonies. Adding to the fun was a skit graphically demonstrating Doug Skidmore's "blowing like stink" concept. Jane Sherrod and Ellafe Cockcroft, the only female entrants, received fresh flowers for daring to race the Gorge. Rob, Jannie, Gordon, Louis and the Australian sailors received USA flags for coming from abroad to race with us. Jeff Alter was awarded a Dick Tracy



MICHAEL HILDRETH


Even nuclear winds couldn't blow over these Hobie 14 skippers.

There were many other great people who handled countless important but thankless jobs. They acquired gas for the chase boats, manned the chase boats, donated two-way radios, tabulated scores, helped tired sailors right their boats, dragged boats up on the beach, served lunches and drinks, ran errands and put together goodie bags. Any division that tries to out-perform Division 4 will have to do one hell of a job.

One person stood unequalled in his dedication to this regatta. David Buhler, alias "Moose," is the best finder of donated items I have ever seen. If I were going to start a war and invade a country, Moose would be my first-round draft choice. We would start out with slingshots and by the end of the day

"Get a Clue" coloring book. Lastly, the ten individuals who sailed the entire event without flipping won "Wienie" awards in recognition of their acts of cowardness.

All participants' sailing skills improved daily. They had to, or they would have spent the entire week upside down in the water. With winds as strong as they were, mistakes were paid for with broken equipment, bruises and cuts. Two entrants separated their shoulders while racing. Small and large "owwies" abounded.

These sailors were survivors. As one Hobie Catter headed out for the last race on Saturday in only 20 knots of Gorge air, I heard him ask, "Do we have to race in a drifter?" 

F•E•S•T•J•V•A•L O•F

FUN



7th Mediterranean Hobie Fun Event Takes Spain By Storm

BY DAVID RESNICK, WITH
DONNA AND TOM MATERNA
PHOTOS BY DONNA MATERNA

We're not sure if it's in the air or the romantic location, but whatever the longitude of the Mediterranean Hobie Fun Event, the latitude definitely favors a party atmosphere. Now in its seventh running, the international event seems to get more competitive — at least when it comes to having fun — with each passing year. To refresh your memory of the sixth festival of fun, re-read "Race To Party" in the November/December 1989 HOTLINE, also authored by David Resnick. We have heard David is a more-than-competent sailor; these articles prove beyond a doubt he is no slouch in the party hearty category, either. -Ed.

Maria Jose and Damian Valve of Hobie Cat/Spain made us an offer we couldn't refuse. With fond memories of summer '89 in mind, I went off to Spain again on the last Friday in June 1990, to have a blast in the Seventh Annual Mediterranean Hobie Fun competition.

Three More Hours

It took 40 hours over land and sea to reach our first race site, Amposta, but it was worth it. Courtesy of American Airlines, Madrid, our three racing teams were flown to Spain in style. Apparently, I slept through one of the best meals ever served in midair. Upon our arrival in sunny Madrid, we embarked on a ten-hour trek across the plains of Spain. Our minivan driver had been awake for an undetermined number of days, and the only thing keeping him going was his

ulcer. We stopped every 15 minutes for more of the finest brew in the land, labeled "Estrella DAMM Beer," and every time Laurie Alter would ask, "How much longer?" the answer was always, "three more hours." This was the longest DAMM ride in history!

These Cats Are Made For Surfin'

On Sunday morning, the day of our first race, we plastered American Airlines decals all over our new Hobie 16s. Forgetting all else, we began the first leg of the seven-day, 200-mile race to L'Escala, with racers of all stripes on 18 boats. At first, it was a contest of patience as we drifted down the lazy, windless Rio Ebro. Just about the time Jeff Alter (racing for American Airlines with his wife Laurie) noticed the powerlines crossing the river and wondered if he would be electrocuted, we were shocked by the sudden



appearance of wind.

In those few hours, skipper Tom Materna worked me harder than during all of last year's race. At about our 100th tack, my kneecaps were disintegrating, and I realized this was no vacation! We had, however, closed in on the leader, a fellow American Airlines team from Puerto Rico, Enrique Figueroa and Denise ("La Flaka" - the skinny one) Balzac. But then, where the brown river met the blue Mediterranean, the "Streakin' Rican" did his famous disappearing act.

Enrique sails every day in the 85-degree Caribbean and has learned to communicate with water molecules. We, on the other hand, met great masses of unfriendly water as Germany's Mathias Stender and Spanish champion Adrian Viudes chased us up the beach in breaking surf. I envisioned the boat crashing sideways as Tom forced the race into the crest of a large wave.

Fortunately, Jeff Alter's dad had surfing in mind when he invented the Hobie Cat, and we rode it in for a second-place finish at our first day's destination, Ampolla. In accordance with the tradition in Ampolla, our hosts rewarded us with lots of paella, tinto wine, trofeos, rice and a Coffey Marine wind vane for the last place prize.

Meltdown

On Monday morning, day two of the event, we fired up on the rocket fuel the Spanish call coffee. Donna Materna, our transportation coordinator, learned the logistics of trying to move ten people and all their sailing gear in one Nissan Patrol (a great 4 X 4 truck!). The race was a light, downwind reach past the nuclear plant. I was more worried about the possible fallout from a 40,000-ton oil tanker running us over in Tarragona Harbor. I tried to convince Tom we could pass it, but fortunately, he didn't listen. Our weight was a drag, but we made up for it by maneuvering around the tight marks in Cambrils Harbor.

Later that afternoon, Jeff, Enrique and the Dutch team went windsurfing. Javier Dalmao, deciding to get in a quick sail on his Hobie 21, capsized and broke his wrist. Day melted into night and many of us went dancing until 3 or 4 AM at "Salou." If you ever go to Cambrils, be sure to visit "The Walrus and the Carpenter."

Splash Mountain

Tuesday started with a pleasant breeze and no hint of the hurricane to come. Tom and I had a great start and a comfortable lead over the fleet after rounding the first mark - until I fell overboard! It was a short swim up the Med to my boat, but the force five winds had already whipped the sea into a frenzy. Angry ten-foot waves searched for bodies to slam. Wearing all my gear, I felt like I was swimming in peanut butter.

Tom, doing his best Genghis Khan/swimming coach impersonation, shouted encouragement: "Swim!!! Swim, you #*!." Making the ultimate smooth move, he grabbed a trapeze and jumped into the vicious water to extend me a helping foot. Expecting the whole rig to fall on us, I grabbed Tom's little toe (don't try this at home) and pulled myself to the boat. All we needed then was scuba equipment to breathe the 50% saltwater-to-air mixture, and we would have been stoked.

9-1-1

Meanwhile, down the course, there was a case of attempted murder, reported by Manolo Rios of the Puerto Rico Ground Control, in the chase boat. Alberto's version had him trying desperately to avoid a collision, but his crew

He grabbed a trapeze and jumped into the vicious water to extend me a helping foot.

was not responding to his command to let the jib out. Team Torne, last year's heavyweight contender, did, in fact, occupy the same space as the chase dinghy for a few seconds, causing scrapes on both boats. Monica Vallve, the errant crew, was sent flying around the bow, and there were unconfirmed reports of her being kicked by her vindictive captain as she begged for mercy.

The real violence back on the storm front forced us into the beach for a breather, where we noticed one of our rudder castings had almost completely peeled off. But being the "conquistadores of the seas" was important for our ego, so we drove back into the agitated water. I promised never to refer to the Med as a bathtub again; a washing machine, maybe.

The elements were outrageous; the helm was not responding; the outlook was dim. We hit the beach again, followed by five of the boats behind us. Tom did take another stab at braving the upset seas with Monsieur Pellegrin on his boat, but returned 30 minutes later after falling in and pitchpoling in ten-foot waves. For the record, Jorge Sabat, having capsized approximately 20 times, still wanted to continue when the chase boat pulled him over to the beach for his own good.

Second Honeymoon

While we were relaxing at a local bar, a true battle was being fought by the determined sailors who remained. "Think about the hot Jacuzzi and champagne waiting for us, honey," Jeff advised Laurie, who was becoming increasingly less enthusiastic with each passing wave. Not exactly a cruise on the Love Boat, the Alters forged onward on the "longest beat of my life!"

Not far behind, the Figueroa "DAMM Team" members held on for all they were worth, because they didn't have a righting line or any idea "where the damn checkpoint was." I quote Tito Vasquez (of Puerto Rico's "Team Lost," and later, the distinguished winner of the Mas Simpatico Award), "Pain, pain, pain, tons of water in mast, cooler survived."

Kicked by the wind, blinded by spray, zapped by waves and half-frozen, Alberto and Monica ("Team Black and Blue") did not retreat. Even after flipping

backward, a voice inside Alberto's head said, "I must arrive Calafell." The only other finisher was the Dutch team, who was used to windsurfing in icewater. While it may not have been the Kodak moment of their dreams, the Alters will never forget their triumphant first-place landing on this third day of the event, and hot chocolate will never taste so good.

Tropical Paradise

The fourth race day, Wednesday, began with crews scurrying to reassemble boats from the mayhem of the day before. Some teams moaned and groaned as they moved, but by noon, all the broken parts had been replaced and the wind was up. We got the best start, followed by Jeff and Enrique, with Mathias back in second-to-last. That didn't last long, as he reached up, going outside for more wind and drove up into third place. Hot on Jeff and Enrique's tail, Spain's Fernando Gil worked the inside and then reached out to fight with the leaders.

Finding our landmark (the old church on the hill in Sitges) was difficult from a few miles out, and all the boats picked a different point to gybe, but came together at the buoy. Finding the "Club Tropical" on the beach at Gava was easy, though. Just look for an exquisite beach with all of Barcelona's beautiful people. We made it there in plenty of time for a bomba party. Tito's bomba punch recipe: rum and guatever!

Kate Hawley from American Airlines visited to check up on her teams, and the "Tropical" threw us the best banquet of them all, made better by videos of the races. Jordi, however, may not have enjoyed watching himself getting tied up in his jibsheet. Ray Espinosa and his merry men led us off to "Club Atlantis" down the coast road (112 hairpin turns in seven minutes!), where Tom got our truck stuck.

In the town of Sitges, parties overflowed into the streets. "Eran las cinco de la mañana, y la Flaquita no llegaba." I don't know what this means, but the Puerto Ricans sing this song on nights like this when La Flaka doesn't come home!

Hasta La Vista

On the fifth day of the race, we bid "Club Tropical" goodbye, and set out to race our longest leg of the event - from Gava to Canet de Mar. En route we passed Barcelona, home of Columbus and site of the 1992 Olympic Games. Enrique led the pack from the start, but wandered into the middle of Barcelona Bay to check out a tanker ship, or was he hoping to give bad air to Team Columbus on the Nina, Pinta and Santa Maria? After Tom and I found the



We almost flipped the boat on the beach six inches away from our first-place finish!

checkpoint in front of Barcelona Harbor, we sailed offshore to tell Enrique he missed the mark!

We had a lot of fun surfing the waves downwind, until we heard Mathias Stender yelling at us, "Get off my wave - go find your own!" With that call to battle, Mathias sped through our lee. He continued to be a major problem for us during the remainder of the race.

Enrique had no problem passing the whole fleet eventually. By the end of the race, Team American Airlines was victorious again, placing one-two-three (Jeff-Enrique-Tom). Upon our arrival in Canet de Mar, we ate burgers of questionable origin, explored the beautiful old town, and taught the local kids some important English vocabulary ("Honeeeel"). The cultural highlight of our stay was Tito jumping into the pool from the second story of Hotel Carlos (claims he fell) and losing his watch.

The Heroic Finale

Day six of the event took us from Canet de Mar to Platja D'Aro, on Spain's Costa Brava. From the water, we could see ancient Spanish castles on rugged cliffs hanging over the Mediterranean. We sailed the outside of the course, while the rest of the fleet took the inside. We'll never forget the finish, where we almost flipped the boat on the beach six

inches away from our first-place finish!

That night, the Hobie crowd was treated to an outdoor banquet at a side-street restaurant in the tourist-packed beach resort of Platja D'Aro. The Hobie women had the opportunity to do some hard-core shopping in this town, which had no shortage of interesting stores!

We sailed the last leg of the Mediterranean Hobie Fun Race on Saturday, from the beach next to Platja D'Aro's gorgeous yacht harbor to the most enchanting port-of-call on our agenda, L'Escala. We launched off the beach through huge sets of well-defined waves with no wind. The coastline was beautiful, and we were able to sail between some rocky islands on our journey.

We lost track of Mathias, who sailed into the beach along the way, due to a case of seasickness. We thought he was sailing to the inside to find the wind. The boats were like bucking broncos, rocking over the huge swells, and we had to lean on the boom for hours to keep the mainsail steady.

When we made it into Rosas Bay near L'Escala, the race changed from the worst of times to the best. We were jammin' along in the lead, until we parked in the shadow of Ray's 21 at the mark, but then it opened up into pure racing pleasure. Jeff, Enrique and Tom traded tacks in the blue-green water of Rosas Bay, crossing tracks within inches. Our big advantage was being able to locate L'Escala. The grand finale was a photo finish worthy of the dramatic race.

A High Flying Goodbye

That evening, all participants of the Mediterranean Hobie Fun met at an alfresco restaurant for the final trophy presentations. Kate Hawley and Rafael Ruiz, from American Airlines Madrid, were present to accept the first-place trophy awarded to Team American Airlines. Tito Vasquez was awarded the Mas Simpatico ("nicest guy") prize, which he won by majority vote.

The personal highpoint of my trip came Sunday before the buoy races, when Tom wrapped the jib while I was driving, and I got to yell at him! My trap snapped in the middle of the race (a lot of swimming on this trip), Enrique flipped (when was the last time you stayed up until sunrise?), and assorted other minor mishaps befell the tired but unvanquished conquistadores.

The dream was over, until next year. American Airlines was a proud and happy sponsor, watching its teams take first (Enrique), second (Jeff) and third (Tom) overall.

Our most important accomplishment, though, was having fun with Hobies, meeting new friends and traveling to a wonderful country. See you at next year's fiesta! 

NORTH AMERICAN REGION NEWS

SERMON ON THE SPORT

*Ask Not What Your Class Can
Do For You. Ask What You
Can Do For Your Class.*

I challenge you. Yes, I want to challenge everyone reading this column, for you are the people who share a vested interest in the future of the class association. We are at a turning point in the structure and soundness of the class and you will determine its success.

A common statement I overheard this year was, "The class is dying. It's not the same as it used to be." These and other negative comments infuriate me, for they are spoken by the same people who most want to see the class continue and grow. These people were there at the peak and glory of the class and are still here benefiting from its racing programs today.

The class is not healthy. I can't dispute that. But it's not fatal. As Merlin said to King Arthur, "We have lost our way."

What is our way? The "Hobie Way of Life." Look at that statement. It's been said many times, but do we know what it means? Here is what that means to me.

1. A strong racing program. We have the strongest, most copied racing program ever to exist in sailboat competition. The program has been and continues to be a smashing success. Our problems and ills do not lie in the racing program.

2. A strong family-oriented program. Everyone in my family races Hobie Cats. There are others like us. But we have not been recruiting new families into the program. Also, not all families are looking for

serious racing and traveling, nor do they have the means.

3. A strong non-racing, social program. Here is where we have failed the most.

HISTORICALLY SPEAKING

In the mid-seventies, a division system was created. The purpose was to manage the qualifying system and act as a liaison between the fleets and Hobie Cat. The divisions performed the former quite well, but failed on the latter. Eventually, the fleets began to die and the divisions took on the shape of mega-fleets.

Here is the root of the problem. The divisions, which remained racing-oriented, were outstanding in providing quality racing. The growth factor was lacking, however. We were attractive to existing racers, but intimidating to new sailors.

Think about what attracted you to the class association. For most, it was the camaraderie, the common sport. For many, it was the ideal place to learn this (sometimes initially intimidating) boat with a helpful, outgoing group of friends.

YEAR OF THE FLEET

Let this be the year of the fleet. The local fleet is the element best-equipped to cure us of our ills. It is the key to our growth factor.

I challenge the divisions to create a program for fleet development in their area. Your racing program alone will not provide you with growth. An excellent well-rounded fleet program will. Each division must analyze its fleets' programs, determining in what ways it can reeducate fleets on attracting new sailors and providing successful programs as a model.

Divisions must examine their racing program, also. You may be scheduling too many points races. If your fleets feel compelled to overlap local schedules with points schedules, a serious problem exists.

A common misconception is that the division is for serious racers and fleets are for the local groups. This is very wrong. The fleets depend on their key sailors for support. These are the people who can teach and inspire new sailors.

The divisions, in turn, depend on the fleets for their future growth.

A division must not make its racing program cost-prohibitive. Consider traveling time, lost work time, mileage, cost of travel, camping, motels and meals. Consider racing every single weekend either in points or fleet races. It's obvious choices must be made. Divisions should work with their fleets so their schedules complement each other.

A CALL TO EACH AND ALL

I challenge all division and national sailors. We are the ones who have benefited the most and the longest. We are the ones who want this program to continue. Negative comments don't help. Positive action does.

I would like to see everyone contribute something to their fleet this year. It doesn't have to be much. This year I taught three evening clinics on sailing, tuning and racing. You could do the same. You may choose to serve in office; or maybe volunteer a night to call your mailing list for a party or regatta. You may elect to serve as race committee. If you want this class to continue, please do something about it. Don't wait to be asked: VOLUNTEER.

I challenge the class association. We have a new board, now. I would like to see this board provide the fleets with the incentive and inspiration they need. Plus, concentrate some money and efforts in reviving the fleet structure.

My last challenge goes to the fleets. Take a hard look at yourselves. Are you providing something for everyone? Do you have a strong non-racing program? How is your educational program; your information program (newsletter and mailing list); your fleet-dealer relations; HOTLINE subscriptions? Do you submit material to HOTLINE?

NO EXCUSES

The most common excuse for all of us is that sales are down. Hobie Cat isn't advertising. The boating industry is in a slump. But did we ever consider we are partly to blame for this? There are an incredible amount of used

boats floating around out there. Why aren't their owners fleet members?

THINK POSITIVE

Many fleets are on the mend. In fact, several boast creative and successful programs. Fleet 67 has concentrated on the used boat market. Its members have invited bosses, employees, relatives and friends sailing. And when these people have been hooked on the excitement, the fleet has found used boats to purchase through their dealers.

When faced with a \$5000 purchase, a potential new sailor will continue to say, "Someday I'll buy one." When attracted by a \$1000 first-boat purchase, that someday becomes today. These new used-boat owners are your new-boat owners two or three years from now. And you, as the fleet, have helped someone new enjoy the sport in a cost-effective way.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRESCRIPTION

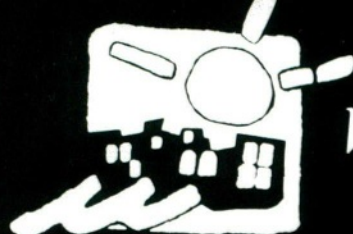
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If I have sounded annoyed, I'm not. Frustrated, perhaps. I am very anxious to see what we can make of this class. We have the ability and resources. I know we can do it.

Best of luck,



Dave Shearer
Executive Secretary
NAHCA



HOBIE 16

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS

South Africa

6 — 13 April 1991



CLUB MYKONOS
LANGEBAAN

Location: Club Mykonos, Langebaan, Cape Province

Qualifying Series: 6, 7, 8 April 1991.
Championship Series: 9, 10, 11 April 1991
Finals: 12, 13 April 1991

Entry Fees: Pre-qualified\$175-00
(U.S. DOLLARS) On site qualifiers\$100-00
plus \$100-00 when qualified

Entry fee includes "Give away Pack" containing tickets for 3 main functions including party and food, souvenir brochures, Regatta memento, stickers etc.

- A boat deposit fee of \$250-00 will be collected on site.
- All monies must be cash or travellers cheques only.

Contact details:

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Fax: (021) 45-5781

Class Director: Roger Bartholomew
P.R.O. Heather Davy

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Club Mykonos in Luxury Greek style "Kalivas"
\$35-00 p/person p/night sharing incl. full
American Breakfast and transfers to Club
Mykonos.

All Kalivas fully equipped, bedding, TV,
microwave etc. Type "A" 1xd/bed & 2xsingles
separate b/rooms.

Type "B" 2xd/bed & 2xsingles sep. b/rooms.
See separate articles for more details.

To reserve advise full name, details,
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Deposit \$150-00 to **VIP Travel Services**

Balance of payment min. 6 weeks prior to
arrival.

VIP Travel Services are finalising special airfares from several worldwide cities, to the event. When sending accomodation deposits, indicate desired departure date and city of origin. VIP will advise flights and fares. There are many city packages & tours available throughout South Africa. VIP will be happy to arrange any kind of holiday for you, before or after the Worlds.

SOUTH AFRICA RESORTS TO GREECE

Club Mykonos To Host 1991 Hobie 16 World Championship In S.A.

BY HEATHER DAVY

Carlton Tucker called it: "The biggest, finest regatta I've ever been to."

Brett Dryland called it: "The best I've ever participated in, both racing-wise and socially."

You'll call it: "The sweetest 16 of them all!"

Every now and then a regatta comes along where things just seem to fall into place; where it has that something extra Hobie sailors yearn for.

That is precisely what happened in April 1990 when the South African Hobie Class Association (S.A.H.C.A.) and its sponsor, Club Mykonos, combined to produce the Club Mykonos Hobie International Regatta. Participants agreed it was probably one of the largest and grandest Hobie regattas ever, attracting 180 Hobie 16s and 57 Hobie 14s. The Hobie 16 class boasted 25 international entries, including American Carlton Tucker, Aussie Brett Dryland and sailors from such exotic spots as the Ivory Coast, Mauritius and Namibia.

To accommodate the huge fleet, the S.A.H.C.A. adopted a workable split system in which the Hobie 16s were divided into four fleets. Initially, two fleets sailed together; as the race finished, one fleet went out as the other came in. After four days of racing, another split was made, with the top A-fleet progressing into the championship races and the B-fleet sailing a plate event.

The astoundingly successful regatta resulted not only in its return engagement at the Club Mykonos, but also its selection as the site for the 1991 Hobie 16 World Championship, April 6-13. The wide appeal of the event has prompted the S.A.H.C.A. to promote the international aspect quite vigorously. Competitors will receive a regatta package containing a brochure, three great party tickets (including super food) and lots of freebies.

SOUTH AFRICA WILL BE GREEK TO YOU

The host hotel, Club Mykonos, is a Greek-style resort located 125 kilometers (about 78 miles) up the west coast from

Cape Town, in the Langebaan Lagoon. The lagoon is always alive with a color-burst of sails and Hobie Cats double-trapezing across the bay. Superb sailing waters and sumptuous surroundings make the locale an exciting and outstanding venue worthy of an event of this caliber.

Accommodations in the Greek suites, known as kalivas, spell luxury all the way. Varying in size from a four-berth unit (one room with two twin beds and a double bed) to a larger two-bedroom suite (one room with two twin beds and the second room with two double beds). Each kaliva comes completely furnished with cooking utensils, microwave, refrigerator/freezer, stove (and yes, Americans, the all-important TV!). Breakfasts are included in the reasonable rates (see accompanying ad); for lunches and dinners, hungry sailors can wine and dine themselves in their rooms or stroll to one of the fabulous restaurants in the resort.

Taking a break from eating and sailing? Club Mykonos offers sporting facilities fit for a Greek god or goddess: squash, tennis, aerobics, a complete gym and heated pools.

For more information on the enticing travel package, accommodations, schedule of events, or the racing itself, please contact one of the following people.

Roger Bartholomew, S.A.H.C.A. Dir.

Phone (021) 455761

Fax (021) 455781

Doug Skidmore, I.H.C.A. Dir.

Phone (619) 758-9100

Fax (619) 758-1841

Carlton Tucker, Ft. Walton Beach, FL

Phone (904) 244-2722

Erik Bjerring, Lomita, CA

Phone (213) 326-4521

Kent Amos, Mobile, AL

Phone (205) 344-5975

Tony Laurent, Hyeres, France

Phone 94-38-7788

Fax 94-38-7825

We invite you to South Africa for a Greek-flavored sweet 16 you'll never forget!

HAZARD DANGER



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

FLEET 66 PIGS OUT FLEET 66, DIVISION 2 ROOSEVELT LAKE, AZ

JULY 28-29, 1990

BY KEITH J. MCCLANAHAN

Everyone knows Hobie sailors like to race, but they also like to party. And that's what Fleet 66 sailors did in the middle of July at a pig roast at Roosevelt Lake, Arizona. And party they did. Almost 200 sailors showed up and consumed: 110 pounds of a pig named Herman, 4 unnamed turkeys, 80 pounds of ribs, 3 kegs of beer, 8 cases of soda and 300 pancake breakfasts supplied by Fleet 514.

spent a lot of time last year sitting in chairs looking at the boats sitting on the beach. What would happen if we combined these events?

Combining the events turned out to be a great idea. Tucson Hobie Fleet 514 volunteered to cook breakfast on Saturday and Sunday.

What a super way to start out the morning with pancakes, ham, orange juice and coffee. Right after breakfast there were plenty of helpers to hoist Herman the pig up on the grill. A fire of oak and mesquite was started. A little wine was poured on Herman for basting and things were looking great.

and giveaways courtesy of the Sail Boat Shop. It's an event I am sure almost everyone is looking forward to next year.

LAKE PERRIS WOMEN'S REGATTA FLEET 180, DIVISION 2 LAKE PERRIS, CA

JULY 14-15, 1990

BY JERI BOWEN

Even though it was over 100 degrees at Lake Perris we managed to stay cool by relaxing in the shade and

boat. It was really wet and wild, not to mention fun, fun, fun. We sailed until about 6:30 PM. On the way back to shore the wind picked up even more and became more erratic than usual. You could be sailing back to shore, tack, then catch a wind shift (180 degrees) and end up back where you came from. It was definitely a challenge.

Sunday looked like the wind would pick up earlier than Saturday, so off we went about noon only to have the wind disappear and be left out on the water to bob around for an hour or two (talk about the pits). But the wind finally showed up and the novice racers got to sail one race in those famous light to moderate shifty winds Lake Perris is noted for. Those lucky aggressive open sailors got to sail two races in that light stuff, too.

But all in all it was really fun. Every time I participate in one of the women's races I meet someone new and make a new friend. It is truly a wonderful experience. If some of you have not tried it, you are truly missing a great time and lots of fun. It doesn't matter if you want to skipper or crew, you should give it a try. Skill makes no difference; some of us are just beginners, some of us have never skippered a race before, and some of us have been sailing and skippering for a while. So it really doesn't matter, there is always someone there to help.

Our award-winning sailors for this event were Debbie Gira, 1st in 18 Open (I heard someone asked if she had a motor on her boat); Elaine Beck, 2nd in 18 Novice (Elaine won't admit it, but she's definitely getting faster); Jeri (that's me) and Christine Bowen, 1st in 18 Novice.



Fleet 66 Pigs Out

But let's start at the beginning. For the last few years Fleet 66 member Bob Staton has been cooking up pigs. In his backyard, Bob's gotten this pig-cooking process down to a science, and turnout at his house has been great.

Fleet 66 also puts on a "Family Day Weekend" - usually in mid-July. Attendance the past few years has been OK, but the event wasn't what you would call the "high point" of the sailing year. Arizona lakes can be inconsistent and it seemed like we

While we were waiting for Herman to cook, nearly 800 water balloons were tossed or shot; we played volleyball, kids bobbed for apples, and a few horseshoes were tossed. Around 3:00, those fickle lake winds came up, and for a few hours it was double-trap sailing weather.

Much later in the afternoon, Herman was ready along with the turkeys and ribs. What a feast! Herman was excellent! The turkeys and ribs were great, and the potluck made for a balanced diet.

Later, we even had a raffle

floating in the water prior to racing on Saturday and Sunday.

Since Lake Perris is similar to Lake Castaic, the wind did not arrive until after 2:00 PM. We started racing shortly thereafter. The first race was in light winds as we all crept around the course. But the second and third races were a kick in the pants! It was really exciting! What a great way to sail: swimsuit, life jacket and harness. The water was spraying up behind the boats, double trapped, warm water splashing across you and the

CALIFORNIA CHALLENGE FLEET 259, DIVISION 3 PORT SAN LUIS, CA

JULY 7-8, 1990

BY STEVE SIMON

Wow!! What a time we all had to make the 1st Annual

California Challenge a memorable event. Some of the best catamaran sailors from the north and south came to our event. We were hoping for a good turnout and we got one. A total of 100 boats were on hand to experience the waters of San Luis Bay.

Most of our fleet members were on hand on Friday to welcome sailors coming from all over California and Nevada. Some of us got out for a sail on the bay, winds were blowing at least 30 mph and probably gusting to 40 at times. These conditions opened a few eyes of the more novice sailors arriving. It was a beautiful sunny weekend for the most part, with temperatures rising to the mid-70s and winds blowing a steady 20-25 knots.

There were several former world champions on hand to make the A-fleet competitions interesting. Sailors such as Bob Seaman of Los Angeles, Steve Leo of Newport Beach and Hobie Alter Jr. were on hand and dominated their divisions.

Fleet 259 can be proud of its members as several of us did well in the competition. Steve Simon and Will Tripp won in 18C; Greg Doyle took 2nd and Ron Souza 3rd in 17B; Gordon and Rich Gracia took 2nd in 16C.

While a lot of new members of Fleet 259 were worried if the outcome would be to our expectations, our Commodore Dan O'Donnell kept reassuring us that it would be a great weekend, and, of course, it was.

There are always a few problems which arise during an event like ours and hopefully we will work these out for next year. There are always many people to thank after a regatta and on Tuesday, July 24th, members, families and all of our wonderful helpers gathered at the San Luis Yacht Club for a BBQ to give out kudos to all who participated. In addition, Fleet 259 would like to say thank you to all of our sponsors whose help made our regatta very special.

SUDDEN VALLEY REGATTA FLEET 37, DIVISION 4 BELLINGHAM, WA

JULY 21-22, 1990
BY SCOTT DAVIS

Beautiful Lake Whatcom was the site for the annual Sudden Valley Points Regatta. A turnout of 61 Hobies made this the largest regatta in Division 4 so far this year. The new Hobie SX-18 was well represented with five new boats. All heads turn when they round the windward mark and set the chutes.

Mother Nature helped out with temperatures in the mid to upper 80s, not a wetsuit in sight. Saturday saw moderate winds of 5-12 knots; everyone got in four good races, followed by a barbeque. Sunday the wind didn't fill in until late afternoon, but we still got in two races plus the traditional "Round the Island" race.

A total of 23 trophies were given out, going five deep in most fleets. If you can't trophy at this regatta, maybe you need a new boat!

The race committee would like to thank the Sudden Valley Community Association for once again giving us access to their fine facility. Also, thanks to Hobie novices Jeff Moore and Sharon Newell for their fine work on the committee boat. Official scorer Corrine Davis gave birth to a bouncing baby boy, Max, just five days after the regatta. Thanks to all who participated for making this event a success.

STORRIE LAKE SHOOTOUT FLEET 48, DIVISION 5 STORRIE LAKE, NM

JULY 21-22, 1990

For those of you who have not been to Storrie Lake yet, all you have to do is talk to any of your fellow Fleet 48 comrades who have, and they will tell you this is a great place to put a catamaran out on the water. The first July Storrie outing was a repeat of last year's

success only with more boats.

Joining us this weekend were newcomers Tom and Wanda from Las Cruces, and even without boats we had a visit with Ernie Newman from Los Alamos and (long time no see) Dick and Lorraine Jones.

Storrie Lake is a relatively small lake no more than five miles north of Las Vegas, NM. The beaches are great this time of the year (i.e. rainy season) and since the beach is a shale and sand mix, (beach bunks of PVC tubing are helpful here as anywhere else) we're saved from Heron mud. The lake, though small, is a favorite for the sailboarders, which those Hobieites who use the lake realize is due to the terrific steady wind. The facilities include hot showers, an RV dump station and even covered shelters if you are willing to camp a short distance from your boat.

Saturday provided a variety of weather that would have put Howard Morgan in awe of the wonders of nature. Everything from bright sunny skies to torrential rain, which Berry and Mary Lou took advantage of to simulate the skills required to survive the roaring forties in the Southern Oceans up to and including how to repair your boat in a monsoon, much to the entertainment of everyone else who was staying warm and dry in the available motorhomes. I gotta admit, guys, although you probably won't find many brave enough to follow suit, we did enjoy the show. After the 30-minute shower, the skies broke again and most of the boats were out on the water again for one more round of smooth water and steady winds before the grill got fired up.

This weekend was truly a kickback outing featuring the fleet grill for all to whip up their own favorite dinner Saturday evening. The drool dish of the evening was the Teriyaki marinated shrimp which kept Mike Grady busy holding Truman Johnson at bay until he had enough. Judy Grady whipped up a batch of enormously popular home-made ice cream for the campfire gathering.

Saturday evening entertainment was provided by the Ortiz clan when we discovered our truck keys were locked inside the truck, which brought out the pseudo-burglar in most of the present male population of the group. Happily, all that crooked talent paid off and the keys were rescued before the ice cream was served.

Sunday was slow starting for everyone since ominous gray skies greeted all the happy but leery campers. Although the clouds never broke, the wind started kicking up and working its magic on us. The result was incredibly steady and moderate winds which allowed for super cruising and a fantastic opportunity to turn a catamaran into a monohull (otherwise know as flying a hull). As usual we all helped each other load the boats onto the trailers and headed home.



THE KINETIC CHALLENGE FLEET 50, DIVISION 5 BOULDER, CO

MAY 12, 1990
BY DEBBIE AND MIKE KOLIHA

Ki-net-ic (ki net'ik)

1. Pertaining to motion.
2. Caused by motion.
3. Characterized by movement.

If you think that describes Northern Colorado's Hobie Fleet 50, you are probably right. Well, close anyway. Especially when the sails are on your hat, and there's a dinosaur on your boat. Say what?

Let me explain. Hobie Fleet 50 participated in the KBCCO/Coors Kinetic Sculpture Challenge. This is "The Great American tradition held only in Boulder, CO." That's according to the propaganda distributed by the organizing group. This is a race that entails moving your human-powered contraption about 1-mile across Boulder Reservoir, up the bank and through the "Mud Flats" (waist deep), through the rolling plains of sagebrush and prairie dogs. Prairie dog repellent was



required. It ended up back on the beach after traversing the lake again totaling 4.6 miles. The craft was powered by paddles on water and our own two feet on land. The sails on our heads didn't actually help.

Fleet 50's Kinetic Sculpture started in October of '89. As with any great creation, it went through several stages, from "You want to do what to an inner tube?" to "You can't do that with a Hobie 17."

Maybe you shouldn't, but we did. The creature that resulted was Hattie the HobieSaurus - a very large, very pink dinosaur.

Hattie rode atop some "slightly" modified Hobie hulls and wore a size 50 Hawaiian shirt and "shades." She stood 8-feet tall and almost 30-feet long. She carried a survival kit preparing her for any eventuality, including marines, lost buttons and a hot date out on the Mud Flats.

It all began with the Kinetics Parade in late April at the Boulder Mall. It was our first chance to scope out our competition, entries such as

"New Squids on the Block," "Fetal Attraction," "Still Horny After All These Beers," "The Never Ready Battery Bunnies," and "The Sponges From Hell." There were 61 teams altogether. We immediately decided that maybe we weren't weird enough to be typical kineticists. Half of us decided the parade was an insane asylum; the other half thought we were at the Denver Zoo.

As soon as we arrived we all got citations from the kinetics "Fashion Police (Neon Division)", for inappropriate headgear. However, we quickly regained our composure and resorted to bribing the judges. Unfortunately, this idea occurred to all the competitors. It was truly an unscrupulous crowd. What was most disturbing is that we fit right in after walking our dinosaur through the streets of Boulder.

The following weekend was the Kinetics Challenge Race. The race was postponed, so we just drowned our sorrows and learned new ways to use

empty beer bottles to fall on our faces. The following weekend, substitutes were called in for those of us going to a Hobie points regatta, and the Kinetics Race went on.

If the parade resembled the Denver Zoo, the race was the San Diego Wild Animal Park. People, animals, or whatever they were swarmed over the Boulder Reservoir by the tens of thousands (30,000 - 40,000 to be more exact). They all came to drink, dance and partake in the festivities. Being Hobie sailors we fit right in.

Then the race began.

The paddling was strenuous and the overland sections grueling. However, mud wrestling with the pink dinosaur looked like great fun, and was thrilling to all participating. Then, with the perfect timing typical of Colorado, a thunderstorm began to rain down hail. As the rest of the spectators ran to the cars, our die-hard Hobie sailors began to really party. (We party in this stuff all the time.)

When it was all over the HobieSaurus finished 9th in

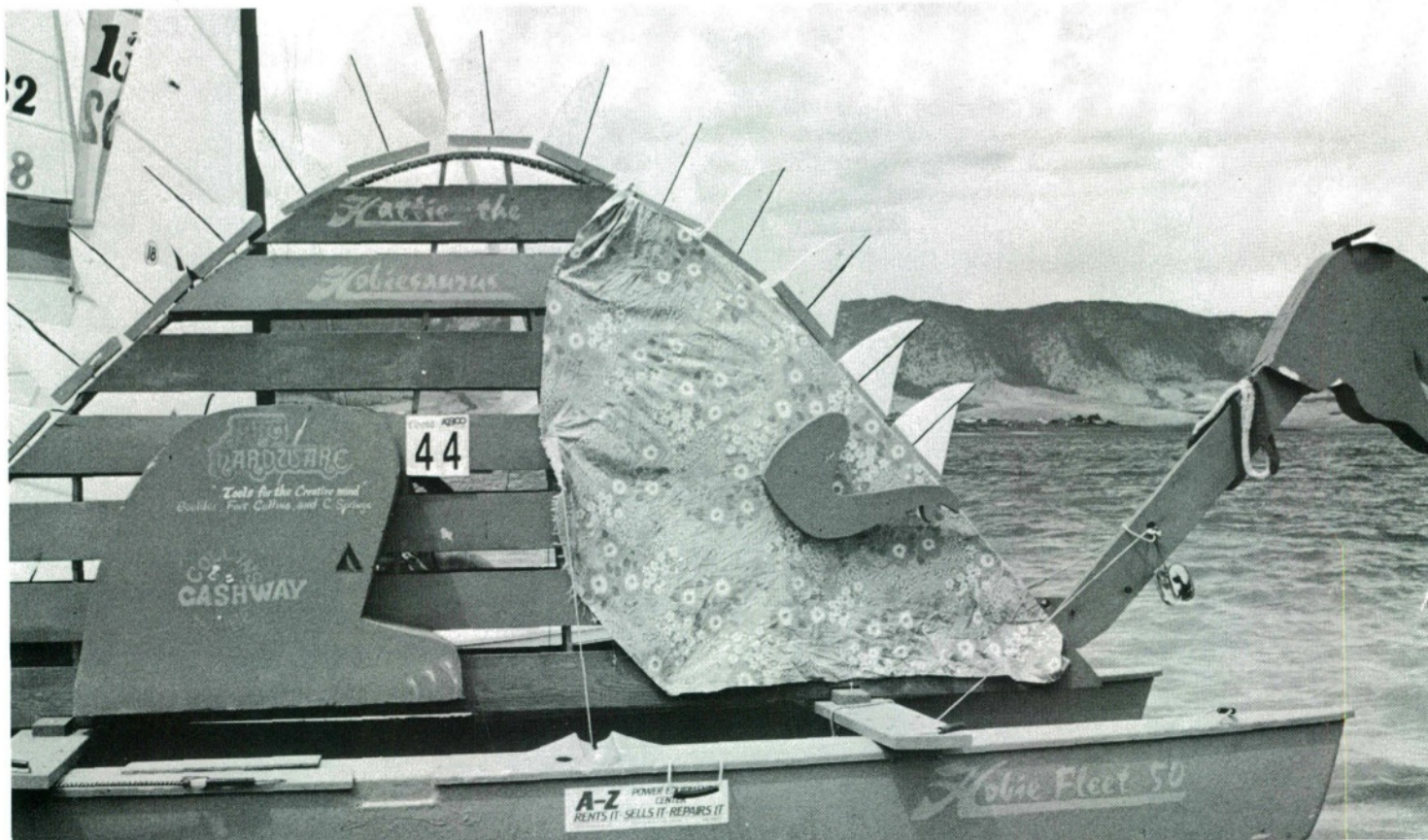
the race and 10th overall. She won the "New Kids on the Block" award for the best first time entry. The prize was a large nut and a \$100 gift certificate for the Rocky Mountain Flea Market. If anybody out there needs any fleas, just call us, the Shipheads (our kinetic nickname). A hundred dollars will buy a lot of fleas.

Many thanks to our sponsors: Art Hardware, A-Z Rents It, Rocky Mountain Marine, Collins Cashway, and Hobie Fleet 50.



**BARNEGAT BAY
CHALLENGE
FLEET 452, DIVISION 11
BARNEGAT, NJ
JUNE 9, 1990
BY DIANNE EVES**

There I was lying in bed Friday night awakened by one of the worst thunderstorms I had ever heard. Of course, it



The Kinetic Challenge

was the night before the regatta, so how could I help but wonder if anyone was going to show up.

At 8:00 AM Saturday morning, the race committee was anxiously awaiting to register boats. As of 8:45, we had registered a whopping two boats (one was our commodore's boat). Thank goodness for late-comers and die-hards though; by 10:00 we had 27 boats.

Under the threat of more thunderstorms, we began our races at 11:15. We wanted to get on as many races as possible before the storms hit so we ended up running four races. Plus, the longer we kept the racers out there, the more hot dogs they might buy for lunch.

Well, the sun came out. The wind picked up - then died - then shifted - then picked up - then died and shifted again. Needless to say, it kept the racers and the committee on their toes. Just as the wind picked up, we would give them a long course and five minutes into the race, the wind would die again. Somebody commented that the wind was picking up and another racer replied, "Yeah - in which direction?"

The thunderstorms did stay away. In fact, the day proved to be warm and sunny. Sunday was ditto.

All in all, everyone seemed to have a great time. The 18s were a no-show mostly due to damage sustained by many of the boats in the previous weekend's regatta. In the 17s, George Schmidbaur took a first in all six races. At times, he seemed to be racing his own fleet.

Even though Wally Myers lost his mast in the first race and had some boat trouble in the sixth race, he still managed to finish first. How does he do it? The 16Bs and Cs gave us some close finishes which made it exciting.

Thank you to everyone who helped and to all who showed up. We'll see you next year.

PRAIRIE REGATTA FLEET 27, DIVISION 14 WICHITA, KS

JULY 14-15, 1990

BY GARY RICHARDS

The Prairie is voted (by me) as the "El Supremo, Number 1, Regatta of the Year" and I have been to all of the Division 14 points regattas the last two years.

My very unofficial information is that we had boats from Arkansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Texas, Oklahoma and Kansas. We had the best party given yet at any Division 14 regatta. Everyone went away with a giveaway. We did nothing in moderation, including the racing.

Sixty-nine Hobies came to Lake Cheney on July 14 and 15 for the 15th Annual Prairie Regatta. This surpassed the 1990 boat attendance record held by the Ft. Worth Regatta. Friday night found a fleet meeting proceeded by a wonderful covered dish dinner (heavy on the Mexican/Taco this time).

On Saturday morning we woke to 50 degrees, making the sleeveless sweatshirts in much demand. There was quite the buzz around registration as every registrant picked out a tie. It was fun to watch; there were those who were looking for the most outrageous tie and those who were looking for one they could wear to work. Saturday the winds were light in the morning, dying to about 3 mph by noon. The first race began just before 2:00 PM in shifty winds of about 5 mph. The winds stayed in that range through the 4:00 (second) start and came to an end as most boats approached C mark for the last time.

Dinnertime arrived with everyone walking away full. Every plate was loaded and there were seconds on everything but the brisket. Ron Means conducted the Tie One On Party with a bullhorn in one hand and Linda Register close at hand. She solicited contestants in the ugly tie contest - there must have been at least one from every boat. After several tie demonstrations every registrant's card was drawn as lawn

chairs, umbrellas, three harnesses, lots of gloves, discounts and sunglasses were passed out. Everyone was a winner. Finally, the 10 tie finalists were called back with "Hilly Cups" taking 3rd place. Second place was captured by Rod Bird, who certainly must have entertained Ms. Ponsell. A trio from Tulsa, exposing portions of their anatomy proving they were not joined at the hips, captured 1st place.

Sunday was much different than Saturday. On the beach the winds seemed to be about 12-15, not much to worry about, but on the water several A-fleet boats tipped as

soon as they cleared the picnic point. The anchor on the committee boat didn't cooperate either, pulling loose in the 20 mph winds (gusting to over 30). They were some real nuclear winds. The first race began about 10:30 with boats upside down all over the lake. The winds were so shifty that there was a magnetic starboard lift into A mark.

Prior to the awards ceremony, awards were given to Peter Pattullo for the biggest tie; Tiffany, 1st place, most creative use; Bob Bridgman, 2nd, most creative tie; 3rd to Guy Lawyer. During the awards ceremony a couple of people fell into the lake.

BOUNTY HUNTERS WANTED

REWARD

To provide information leading to the elimination of low power lines in all sailing and launching areas. Bounty hunters will receive a special Hobie goodie in return for taking these three steps:

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

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

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

Send copies of letters to:

Hobie Cat Bounty Program

P.O. Box 1008

Oceanside, CA 92054

BECOME A BOUNTY HUNTER

DIVISION 2

**TODOS SANTOS REGATTA
FLEET 4, DIVISION 2
TODOS SANTOS, MEXICO
AUGUST 4-5, 1990**

HOBBIE 18A	POINTS
1. Parizeau/Thomas	5.25
2. Kimball/Hoy	5.50
3. Pank/Parks	11.00
4. Lewis/Delatore	15.00
5. Brown	17.00
6. Nelson/Wong	17.00
7. Aucreman/Aucreman	24.00
8. Charleston/Mo	26.00
9. Thomson/Shea	33.00
10. Veenbaas/Neely	37.00
11. Tschakowsky/Tschakowsky	38.00
12. Heberer/Heberer	41.00

HOBBIE 18B	POINTS
1. Gantsweg/Mohill	3.00
2. Savage/Burns	8.00
3. Ryan/Ryan	9.75
4. MacDermid/Hess	14.00
5. Wuelpern/Jones	20.00
6. Wadsworth/Wadsworth	24.00

HOBBIE 18C	POINTS
1. Maybeno/Dailey	3.00
2. Gillett/Carey	6.75
3. Nichols/Chalk	12.00
4. Alvarez/Sarfaly	20.00
5. Plummer/Leon	24.00
6. Ryan/Ryan	24.00
7. Thomas/File	26.00
8. Coats/McCluskey	28.00
9. Schulten/Taylor	36.00

HOBBIE 17A	POINTS
1. Jeff Alter	3.00
2. Steve Leo	9.75
3. Erik Bjerring	10.00
4. Jeff Conner	12.00
5. Roger Jenkins	18.00
6. Bill Myrter	19.00
7. Wayne Schaefer	28.00
8. Kirk Wells	28.00
9. Bruce Fields	32.00
10. Steve Kerckhoff	34.00

HOBBIE 17B	POINTS
1. Peter Patch	3.00
2. Kaysie	8.00

HOBBIE 16A	POINTS
1. Egusa/Woodward	8.75
2. Ketterman/Dohner	15.00
3. Myrter/de Bievre	15.75
4. Christensen/Youngmann	19.75
5. Petron/Underwood	21.00
6. Seaman/Seaman	21.00
7. Alter/Rhode	21.75
8. Delave/Ketterman	23.00
9. Maternas/Brown	25.00
10. Hauser/Westin	29.75
11. Newsome/Chathy	32.00
12. Casher/Casher	45.00
13. Forgrave/Moore	46.00
14. Winkler/Hackel	51.00
15. McGrath/Goodard	56.00
16. Froeb/Froeb	58.00
17. Hall/Whitehead	60.00
18. Corell/Johns	61.00
19. Hammond/Hammond	63.00
20. Christensen/Christensen	65.00
21. Rendler/Nackel	84.00
22. Miebach/Lisa	88.00

HOBBIE 16B	POINTS
1. Perimutter/Perimutter	8.50
2. Reding/Reding	9.75
3. Billings/Billings	10.75
4. Dixon/Dixon	10.75
5. Williams/Beller	12.00
6. Delfino/Baker	18.00
7. Zimmerman/Zimmerman	27.00
8. Hoffman/Landers	27.00

HOBBIE 16C	POINTS
1. Gordon/Ward	6.50
2. Hornby/Arld	7.75
3. Whitt/Herder	9.75
4. Holmgren/Lopez	14.75
5. Purciel/Marianne	17.00
6. Chase/Delavrie	20.00
7. Kocka/Tuckey	20.00
8. Williams/Williams	31.00
9. Baade/White	33.00
10. Hillwig/Hernandez	36.00
11. Buchanan/Buchanan	40.00
12. Brykuzynski/Hansen	47.00
13. Froberg/Winn	56.00
14. Miller/Stewart	56.00

HOBBIE 14	POINTS
1. Henry Brooks	6.75
2. Bob Heyer	8.00

DIVISION 4

**SUDDEN VALLEY REGATTA
FLEET 37, DIVISION 4
BELLINGHAM, WA
JULY 21-22, 1990**

HOBBIE 18	POINTS
1. Tony McKarns	5.00
2. Ed Fenwick	9.75
3. Richard Lawrence	13.75
4. Mike Quigley	16.00
5. U. Eichstadt	24.00
6. Stu Aunger	28.00
7. Glenn Luke	34.00
8. Mark Stanley	40.00

HOBBIE SX-18	POINTS
1. John Courter	9.50
2. Ted Blaha	10.75

3. Joe Turner	12.50
4. Jose Pagan	14.75
5. Mike Elliott	18.00

HOBBIE 17	POINTS
1. Dan Carpenter	9.50
2. Paul Carter	11.50
3. Greg Ursich	15.75
4. Dave Wilder	21.00
5. John Alexander	22.00
6. Bob Whisler	26.00
7. Tom Tarleton	32.00
8. Zop	33.00
9. Caleb Tarleton	37.00
10. Ron Jenks	49.00
11. Mark Sele	52.00
12. Lee Smith	57.00

HOBBIE 16A	POINTS
1. John Corrie	13.00
2. Pam Petranek	13.25
3. Gary Baker	17.75
4. Scott Ruggles	24.50
5. Mackey Skene	28.00
6. Larry Robinson	33.00
7. Paul Gaddis	34.00
8. Peter Nelson	37.00
9. Pat Robinson	38.00
10. Steve Jung	39.00
11. Annette Stucky	44.00
12. Rocky Domingo	51.00
13. Jerry Young	54.00
14. Graham McGlashan	60.00
15. Rhys Spoor	70.00
16. Jim Lowry	70.00
17. John Purdie	75.00
18. Colanda Wazuni	81.00

HOBBIE 16B	POINTS
1. Neal Parker	8.50
2. Donna Hewitt	12.75
3. Greg Hunter	13.75
4. Mike Snover	16.75
5. Tom Anderson	20.75
6. Nettie Adams	23.00
7. Ed Stenberg	30.00

HOBBIE 16C	POINTS
1. Janice Marshall	7.25
2. Scott Sharp	15.00
3. Steve Hims	16.75
4. Bob Smet	17.00
5. Tom Stevens	22.00
6. Mark Becraft	24.75
7. Sid Pappin	24.75
8. Jim Buds	33.00
9. Darrell Benedict	36.00
10. Mike Lee	46.00

HOBBIE 14	POINTS
1. Tony Amort	6.75

**NORTHWEST CHAMPIONSHIPS
FLEET 72, DIVISION 4
SKAMOKAWA, WA
JULY 28-29, 1990**

HOBBIE 18A	POINTS
1. Ling/Ling	4.25
2. Breed/Zukerman	7.50
3. Marshack/Marshack	11.00
4. Jolibois/Falconer	14.00
5. McKarns/Canby	17.00
6. Quigley/Quigley	23.00

HOBBIE 18B	POINTS
1. Lawrence/Leintritz	3.00

HOBBIE SX-18	POINTS
1. Courter/Courter	4.25
2. Williams/Williams	6.25
3. Pagan/Muth	12.00
4. Stahr/Newton	13.25
5. Blaha/Blaha	16.00

HOBBIE 17	POINTS
1. Paul Uilbarri	6.25
2. Bill Orth	7.25
3. Dan Carpenter	8.25
4. Paul Carter	12.00
5. Greg Ursich	21.00
6. Dave Wilder	23.00
7. Jon Vurik	24.00
8. Angelo Zopolos	28.00
9. Ted Cross	35.00
10. Ron Jenks	39.00

HOBBIE 16A	POINTS
1. Corrie/Stamborsky	6.25
2. Lowry/Marshack	11.50
3. Severs/Severs	12.50
4. Ruggles/Trout	14.00
5. Skene/Skene	18.00
6. Marshall/Marshall	18.00
7. Petranek/Janders	18.00
8. Nelson/Farris	30.00
9. Haller/Lowe	32.00
10. Jung/Combie	34.00
11. Gaddis/Tempel	43.00
12. Young/Young	46.00
13. Roundy/Steele	51.00
14. Kaster/Kaster	56.00
15. Stucky/Haviv	57.00
16. Purdie/Dandurand	61.00
17. Robinson/Melinda	61.00
18. Hollford/Seaman	62.00
19. White/Farris	63.00
20. Spook/Woods	68.00
21. Dingle/Williams	69.00
22. Wazuni/Kincaid	75.00
23. Pappin/Pappin	89.00
24. Arneson/Martinez	89.00

HOBBIE 16B	POINTS
1. Van Patten/Van Patten	4.50
2. Hunter/Meyer	5.50

HOBBIE 16C	POINTS
1. Gertz/Gertz	6.50
2. Himes/Smith	6.50
3. Griggs/Griggs	8.25
4. Sharp/Linda	11.00
5. Rioux/Jamieson	19.00

6. Archer/Archer	20.00
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**CASCADE REGATTA
FLEET 105, DIVISION 4
BOISE, ID
AUGUST 4-5, 1990**

HOBBIE 16A	POINTS
1. Stanczak	3.75
2. Hofstetter	3.75
3. Krumm	4.00
4. Bowen	8.00
5. VanPatten	9.00
6. Gabiola	11.00

HOBBIE 16B	POINTS
1. Gayfield	1.50
2. Smith	5.00
3. Ferguson	5.00
4. Novak	8.00

DIVISION 5

**ROCKY MOUNTAIN REGATTA
FLEET 61, DIVISION 5
LAKE DILLON, CO
AUGUST 3-5, 1990**

HOBBIE 21	POINTS
1. Guthrie/Watkins	4.25
2. Rindahl/Miner	8.75
3. Kruse/Pearce	10.00
4. Foust/Betty	11.75

HOBBIE 18A	POINTS
1. Wittrup/Wittrup	7.50
2. Shedd/Puckett	12.50
3. Zabel/Ford	15.00
4. Larson/Larson	17.00
5. Eckhardt/Hyer	21.00
6. Hammer/Hammer	22.00
7. Henderson/Borg	22.75
8. Kwasniewski/Kwasniewski	23.00
9. Flores/Shaw	26.00
10. Foote/Fuller	27.00
11. Maron/Dewoina	31.00
12. Ward/Ward	43.00
13. Bardey/Bardey	47.00
14. Fowkes/Fowkes	56.00

HOBBIE 18B	POINTS
1. Simonson/Simonson	8.50
2. Cook/Cook	8.75
3. Edwards/Kerr	11.75
4. Phipps/Phipps	13.00
5. Recker/Melton	14.00
6. Siebert/Findahl	22.00
7. Stokes/Stokes	27.00
8. Uebelhoer/Uebelhoer	28.00
9. Greenwalt/Cooper	35.00
10. Childs/Childs	35.00
11. Holmes/Schulz	44.00

HOBBIE 17A	POINTS
1. Dick Cotter	5.25
2. John Cox	6.75
3. Dan Romcevic	10.75
4. Bryan Frahm	13.00
5. Paul Zink	19.00
6. Dave Decker	21.00

HOBBIE 16A	POINTS
1. Shear/Shear	7.75
2. White/Tuckett	8.50
3. Adams/Adams	10.75
4. Shear/Berg	27.00
5. Nelson/Dolen	28.00
6. Tarasak/Tarasak	32.00
7. Brems/Cazier	32.00
8. Shay/Shay	32.75
9. Key/Harper	35.00
10. Simpson/Marons	35.00
11. Akceman/Schraishun	38.00
12. Hill/Stover	39.00
13. Tracy/Tracy	39.00
14. Buchanan/Cratia	41.00
15. Jones/Marilyn	44.00
16. Roybal/Ogana	48.00
17. Schnackenberg/Guest	49.00
18. Fulton/Sweet	53.00
19. Wiseman/Cody	64.00
20. Hinneberg/TBA	67.00
21. Gerblick/Gerblick	69.00
22. Kolha/Schappell	77.00
23. Langford/Langford	77.00
24. Roybal/Olsen	88.00

HOBBIE 16B	POINTS
1. Emmel/Peterson	3.00
2. Brennan/Larson	11.00
3. Taylor/Hosker	11.75
4. Hart/Hart	13.00
5. Shaffer/Taylor	15.00
6. Carver/Carver	18.00
7. Langway/Langway	26.00
8. Betts/TBA	32.00
9. Meyer/Meyer	36.00

HOBBIE 16C	POINTS
1. Muller/Muller	6.75
2. Ware/Bird	9.50
3. Sheely/Kueck	17.00
4. Stephenson/Fullagar	19.00
5. Lamont/Nora	20.00
6. Batcha/Batcha	24.00
7. Jones/Jones	25.00
8. Diehl/Curbin	31.00
9. Kleiner/Kleiner	33.00
10. Lynch/Kachn	39.00
11. Hinton/Hinton	40.00
12. Sather/Enlow	41.00
13. Harding/Romano	49.00
14. Hinton/Hinton	50.00
15. McCaughy/Ball	53.00
16. Walsh/Walsh	62.00

HOBBIE 14A	POINTS
1. Todd Garside	4.25
2. Lowell Mastinson	5.50

DIVISION 6

**MID-SUMMER'S CLASSIC REGATTA
FLEETS 64 AND 407, DIVISION 6
LAKE SOMERVILLE, TX
JULY 8-9, 1990**

HOBBIE 21	POINTS
1. Earl Booker	3.00

HOBBIE 18A	POINTS
1. Bill Davenport	4.25
2. Billy Richnow	7.50
3. Vaughn Costa	12.00
4. Mike Johnson	13.00
5. Tim Snider	15.00
6. Dan Farrar	25.00
7. Scott Beach	26.00
8. Sid Canon	27.00
9. Randy Yurinak	34.00

HOBBIE 18B	POINTS
1. Gary Griffin	4.25
2. Randy Cowan	5.50
3. Julie Jensen	11.00

HOBBIE 18M	POINTS
1. Kent Roscher	4.25
2. Gavin McGinnis	5.50

HOBBIE 17A	POINTS
1. Steve Acquart	4.25
2. Greg Hamilton	5.50

HOBBIE 17C	POINTS
1. Kris Colombo	3.00
2. Ken Fisher	6.75

HOBBIE 16A	POINTS
1. Roy Sawh	10.50
2. Dennis McCredie	11.50
3. John Kuc	15.00
4. Scott Sparks	15.75
5. Mike Hardy	16.00
6. Ken Rourke	19.00
7. Andy Bach	24.00
8. Butch Wilson	30.00
9. Glenn Ashworth	32.00
10. Rob Vodkrodt	33.00
11. Ray Seta	34.00
12. Alan Davis	39.00
13. Dan Mailum	43.00
14. Don Thomas	53.00
15. Phil Eckenroth	59.00
16. Mike Rourke	59.00

HOBBIE 16B	POINTS
1. Bill Frye	12.00
2. Mike Rohrer	13.50
3. Doyle Warren	14.75
4. Robert Keeler	14.75
5. Steve Chaples	14.75
6. Betty Reeh	16.00
7. Carl Deckard	18.00
8. Beth Bach	24.00
9. Scott Walsh	29.00
10. Tyler Miloy	31.00

HOBBIE 16C	POINTS
1. Mark Veale	6.75
2. David Hall	7.50
3. Bruce McKay	11.75
4. Bill Lunt	19.00
5. Gary Joyce	19.75

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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.

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HOBIE 16B	POINTS
1. Beran/Williams	5.75
2. Biggs/Thenhaus	6.75
3. Deckard/Clark	11.00
4. Bach/Henneke	13.00
5. Walsh/Anderson	17.00
6. Reeh/Brown	17.75
7. Mike Valenta	20.00
8. Frye/Lewis	21.00
9. Veale/Porter	22.00

HOBIE 16C	POINTS
1. Cody/Cody	3.50
2. Maher/Roth	7.75
3. Snieder/Laverne	9.00
4. Garza/Gutierrez	11.00
5. Hennessey/Roscher	13.00
6. Rios/Sheldon	18.00
7. Tim Habinak	22.00
8. Caick/Thompson	24.00
9. Lindholm/Schmid	24.00
10. David Ramsour	30.00

HOBIE 14T	POINTS
1. Mac Gleeson	2.25

DIVISION 10

TAWAS BAY REGATTA
FLEET 18, DIVISION 10
LAKE HURON, MI
JULY 28-29, 1990

HOBIE 18A	POINTS
1. Don Rose	4.25
2. Jim Frederick	6.75
3. Tom Celusnak	13.75
4. Ron Lehman	14.00
5. Mike Teets	15.00
6. Mark Melting	26.00
7. Tom Mielke	26.00

HOBIE 17A	POINTS
1. Matt Bounds	4.25
2. Bruce Briggs	5.50
3. Peggy Larocque	11.00

HOBIE 16A	POINTS
1. Stan Woodruff	3.50
2. Jamie Diamond	5.75
3. Joe Kuchenbach	6.75
4. Phil Wadsworth	9.00
5. Bruce Williams	10.00
6. Glenn Koenigbauer	14.00
7. Bret Tronillon	21.00
8. Greg Enders	23.00
9. Jon Maletic	24.00

HOBIE 16B	POINTS
1. Dale Lopik	7.25
2. Greg Avery	7.75
3. Rodney Bear	11.00
4. Mark Medos	16.00
5. Ted Pawela	16.00
6. Damian Howard	18.00
7. Bob Libbey	20.75
8. Ed Thomson	29.00

IPPERWASH REGATTA
FLEETS 18 AND 237, DIVISION 10
LAKE HURON
AUGUST 18-19, 1990

HOBIE 18A	POINTS
1. Mike Murray	5.75
2. Jim Frederick	10.75
3. Steve Reid	11.75
4. Stuart Crabbe	12.00
5. Paul Yarwood	14.00
6. Claude Legaand	18.00
7. Tom Celvanck	17.00
8. Tyler Cobbett	19.00

HOBIE 18B	POINTS
1. Steve Christner	4.74
2. Dan Borg	4.75

HOBIE 17A	POINTS
1. Lance Warden	4.50
2. Paul Garlick	9.00
3. Kathryn Garlick	13.00
4. Jeremy MacLaury	13.75
5. Clive Warwick	14.00
6. Tracey McGregor	14.00
7. Matt Bounds	18.00
8. Chris Ufton	24.00
9. John Brake	25.00
10. Peggy Laracue	29.00

HOBIE 16A	POINTS
1. Bruce Williams	6.50
2. Jamie Diamond	7.75
3. Stan Woodruff	11.00
4. Joe Kuchenbach	14.00
5. Mohny	15.00
6. Phil Wadsworth	16.00
7. Craig Burwell	16.00
8. Darel Lloyd	26.00

HOBIE 16B	POINTS
1. Karen Taylor	7.50
2. Steve Chapple	12.00
3. Bert Dericell	12.00
4. Greg Moon	15.00
5. Nick Leplaud	18.00
6. Greg Avery	18.00

HIGGINS LAKE REGATTA
FLEET 144, DIVISION 10
HIGGINS LAKE, MI
JULY 14-15, 1990

HOBIE 18A	POINTS
1. Rick Mette	3.00
2. Jim Frederick	6.75
3. Tom Celusnak	13.00
4. Mark Melting	16.00
5. Steve Tyler	16.00
6. Dave Crall	23.00

HOBIE 16A	POINTS
1. Jerry Mohny	5.50
2. Matt Bounds	11.50
3. Joe Kuchenbach	12.00
4. Stan Woodruff	18.75
5. Phil Wadsworth	19.00
6. Jamie Diamond	20.00
7. Bruce Williams	26.00
8. Dave Steimsma	27.00
9. Keith Schwark	27.00
10. Brad Kintworth	34.00
11. Don Blunden	43.00
12. John Cornell	45.00
13. Ric Balesky	50.00

HOBIE 16B	POINTS
1. Chuck Botis	4.25
2. Faith Akert	5.50
3. Jim Dunn	12.00
4. Matt Van Dam	15.00

NORTH COAST CATAMARAN ASSN
FLEET 218, DIVISION 10
LAKE ERIE, OH
JULY 21-22, 1990

HOBIE 18A	POINTS
1. Tom Tannert	6.50
2. Greg Ferree	17.75
3. Dave Fort	19.00
4. Gene Koeth	19.00
5. Rick Roten	19.75
6. Chuck Jones	23.00
7. Jim Fredrick	24.00
8. Dave Adams	30.75
9. Tom Kinney	31.00
10. Steve Reid	35.00
11. Ray Deucher	36.00
12. Stuart Crabbe	37.00
13. Mike Fahle	40.00
14. Tim Nixon	41.00
15. Ron Lehman	44.00
16. Tom Celusnak	57.00
17. Tom Tannert	58.00
18. Donald Stumpf	62.00
19. Dave Sullivan	70.00

HOBIE 18B	POINTS
1. Chris Rockard	6.50
2. Tom Bodde	8.75
3. Doug Mostaicher	12.00
4. Kathy Clark	13.00
5. Dave Adams	14.75
6. Paul Wild	18.75
7. Ron Klein	31.00
8. Al Lindgren	32.00
9. John Knight	34.00
10. Jack Loparo	34.00
11. Mark Zion	36.00
12. Mike Tober	37.00
13. Mike Kenney	41.00

HOBIE 17A	POINTS
1. Paul Garlick	4.25
2. Tom Snodgrass	6.75
3. Kathryn Garlick	9.75
4. George Fecher	15.00
5. George Rosenberg	19.00

HOBIE 16A	POINTS
1. Joe Kuchenbach	4.25
2. Stan Woodruff	9.75
3. Matt Bounds	12.00
4. Jerry Mohny	15.00
5. Jamie Diamond	16.00
6. Bruce Williams	17.75
7. Sue Arena	26.00
8. Phil Wadsworth	29.00
9. Don Fecher	34.00
10. Jerry Williamson	38.00
11. Rick Overbauch	44.00

HOBIE 16B	POINTS
1. Larry Johnson	5.50
2. Bob Prehoda	6.50
3. Tim Thomas	8.75
4. Raymond Root	16.00

METRO-BEACH REGATTA
FLEET 276, DIVISION 10
LAKE ST. CLAIR, MI
JULY 7-9, 1990

HOBIE 18A	POINTS
1. Rose	3.00
2. Mettee	10.75
3. Frederick	12.00
4. Lehman	13.00
5. Celusnak	20.00
6. Ferree	21.00
7. Tyler	22.00
8. Sullivan	32.00

HOBIE 18B	POINTS
1. Shields	3.00
2. Casey	9.00
3. O'Brien	10.00
4. Donetti	14.00

HOBIE 17A	POINTS
1. Briggs	3.00
2. Warden	6.75

HOBIE 16A	POINTS
1. Burwell	8.50
2. Woodruff	9.50
3. Bounds	10.00
4. Kuchenbach	11.00
5. Williams	14.75
6. Diamond	19.00

7. Koenigbauer	23.00
8. Overbauch	27.00
9. Wadsworth	28.00
10. Bidas	43.00

HOBIE 16B	POINTS
1. Adamowski	4.25
2. Avery	7.75
3. Half	7.75

HOBIE 16C	POINTS
1. Aaron	5.25
2. Unknown	8.00
3. Bohm	8.75
4. Nunn	11.75
5. Thomson	20.00

DIVISION 10 CHAMPIONSHIPS
FLEET 501, DIVISION 10
GRAND LAKE, OH
AUGUST 24-25, 1990

HOBIE 18A	POINTS
1. Don Rose	3.75
2. Tom Tannert	4.00
3. Ron Lehman	8.75
4. Larry Carter	10.00
5. Jim Frederick	12.00
6. Greg Ferree	15.00
7. Gordon Isco	18.00
8. Betty Bliss	18.00
9. Brian Ross	18.00
10. Mike Fahle	21.00
11. Russ Schultz	24.00
12. Peter Anderson	25.00
13. Tom Celusnak	26.00
14. Tom Campbell	26.00
15. Dave Sullivan	29.00
16. Al Bourdo	30.00
17. Rick Roten	30.00
18. Steve Tyler	31.00
19. Tim Zixon	34.00
20. Randy Reed	35.00
21. Dave Fort	43.00
22. Rick Mette	44.00

HOBIE 18B	POINTS
1. Bill Anderson	1.50
2. Kathy Clark	5.00
3. Jim Shields	5.00
4. Paul Sagasser	9.00
5. Phil Landis	11.00
6. Doug Wilkins	11.00
7. John Frey	13.00
8. Paul Wild	16.00
9. Bruce McConkey	17.00

HOBIE 17A	POINTS
1. Chris Sprague	3.75
2. Jim Kartz	3.75
3. Fred Evers	6.00
4. Bruce Briggs	7.00
5. Dave Waugh	9.00
6. John Cook	12.00

HOBIE 16A	POINTS
1. Stan Woodruff	2.75
2. Bruce Williams	6.75
3. Steve Field	7.00
4. Jamie Diamond	11.00
5. Joe Kuchenbach	11.00
6. Rob Baidas	12.00
7. Glenn Koenigbauer	13.00
8. Mike Weir	17.00
9. Doug Grant	21.00
10. Craig Burwell	21.00
11. Jim Petersen	25.00
12. Jim Kuk	25.00
13. Jerry Mohny	26.00
14. Dave Steimsma	28.00
15. Phil Wadsworth	29.00
16. Greg Enders	30.00
17. Andy Lenczycki	31.00
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19. Thomas Cronin	33.00
20. Rick Overbauch	35.00
21. Chuck Botis	38.00

HOBIE 16B	POINTS
1. Mike Beuerlein	5.00
2. Faith Akert	5.75
3. Roger Davis	5.75
4. Damian Howard	6.00
5. Janet Half	9.00
6. Ken Steimsma	11.00
7. Linie Zumberge	14.00
8. Kim Spivey	16.00

HOBIE 16C	POINTS
1. Keith Kahlman	1.50
2. Mark Medos	5.00
3. Todd Noethen	7.00
4. Tom Kirk	9.00
5. Mike Beverlein	12.00
6. Neal Fiedlerjohn	12.00

HOBIE 14A	POINTS
1. Gloria Traylor	2.75
2. Vel DeKreek	2.75

LUDDINGTON REGATTA
FLEET 519, DIVISION 10
LAKE MICHIGAN
AUGUST 11-12, 1990

HOBIE 18A	POINTS
1. Rose	5.50
2. Lehman	7.75
3. Frederick	9.50
4. Ferree	12.00
5. Duncan	20.00
6. Celusnak	24.00
7. Steward	27.00
8. Schultz	29.00
9. Bourdo	29.00
10. Mette	40.00

HOBIE 17A	POINTS
1. Briggs	5.25
2. Kartz	5.50

HOBIE 16A	POINTS
1. Bounds	5.50

2. Diamond	15.75
3. Burwell	19.75
4. Kuchenbuch	20.75
5. Mohny	21.00
6. Woodruff	21.00
7. Garlick	22.00
8. Whymert	23.00
9. Williams	23.00
10. Chapman	25.00
11. Ahlbrand	32.00
12. Kuk	35.00
13. Koenigbauer	38.00
14. Peterson	51.00
15. Adamowski	56.00

HOBIE 16B	POINTS
1. Gassoway	5.50
2. Beuerlein	7.50
3. Van Lopik	11.00
4. Cavangh	14.75
5. Scott	16.00
6. Howard	20.00
7. Shangle	28.00

BAY WEEK
INTER-LAKE YACHTING ASSN
LAKE ERIE
AUGUST 6-8, 1990

HOBIE 18A	POINTS
1. Greg Ferree	6.50
2. Rick Roten	7.75
3. Jim Fredrick	11.00
4. Betty Bliss	14.75
5. David Sullivan	17.75
6. Tim Delaney	20.00
7. Jack Delaney	23.00
8. Shawn Fredrick	26.00
9. Rick White	28.00

HOBIE 16A	POINTS
1. Jamie Diamond	3.00
2. Phil Wadsworth	9.00
3. Les Lashaway	11.75
4. Karen Kovach	13.00
5. Rick Overbach	18.00
6. Dick Faunce	22.00
7. Bob Leason	22.00
8. David Sarfin	28.00

DIVISION 11

WILDWOODS CLASSIC CUP
FLEET 443, DIVISION 11
WILDWOOD CREST, NJ
AUGUST 25-26, 1990

HOBIE 21	POINTS
1. Gronka/Lomax	3.00
2. Petzold/Pieri	7.75
3. Moriarty/Moriarty	9.00

HOBIE 18A	POINTS
1. Schlecker/Schlecker	9.50
2. Shes/Barn	10.75
3. Hayward/Hayward	11.75
4. Ferrara/Ferrara	16.00
5. Stater/McCambridge	18.00
6. Deming/Deming	18.75
7. Mount/Lubienski	27.00
8. LeBoeuf/West	27.00
9. Mergott/Christensen	28.00
10. Patterson/Muller	29.00
11. Tyska/Tyska	29.00
12. Taubel/Leonard	40.00
13. Kuhse/Neary	48.00

HOBIE 18B	POINTS
1. Murphy/Ziegler	6.50
2. Bird/Wonderful	6.75
3. Grim/Grim	8.50
4. Mahan/Hendricks	18.00
5. O'Malley/Newman	18.00
6. Chase/Chase	19.00
7. Kasparian/Belter	21.00

HOBIE 16B

1. Deitmeyer/Nolte	13.75
2. Kita/Medel	16.75
3. Smith/Smith	21.00
4. Melson/Webb	21.00
5. Wharry/Wharry	25.75
6. Mutter/Mest	30.00
7. Veirs/Ackerman	31.75
8. Raybon/Raybon	35.00
9. Kast/Kast	35.00
10. VanZelst/VanZelst	35.00
11. Stevens/Walker	35.75
12. Morey/Edger	37.00
13. Flanigan/Lawrence	39.00
14. Pasquantonio/Lynch	43.00
15. Knisely/Barnard	49.00
16. Smart/Caravan	52.00
17. Monk/Baker	55.00
18. Morey	59.00
19. Andrews/Ireland	60.00
20. Conover/Scott	63.00
21. Witt/Johnson	64.00
22. Richardson/Richardson	65.00
23. Chimp/Eustace	70.00
24. Sickenberger/Sickenberger	73.00
25. Mohoney/Motz	95.00
26. Moore/Moore	96.00

HOBIE 16C

1. Ross/Slaven	18.00
2. Lindemann/Meeker	19.00
3. Washinger/Startzell	23.00
4. Matey/Buttner	24.75
5. Bolton/Sgroi	24.75
6. Mark McBrinn	29.00
7. Anderheggen/Mulvaney	30.00
8. Kaplan/Park	32.00
9. Allan Sasson	32.75
10. McDonald/Kelly	34.00
11. Loughran/Herrmann	37.75
12. Edwards/Oshea	41.00
13. Azierski/Azierski	48.00
14. West/Hatfield	48.00
15. McGoughran/Knepper	50.00
16. Pepper/Sheckoff	53.00
17. Cotter/Cotter	55.00
18. Sherm/Groenveld	58.00
19. Rinaldi/Lardino	63.00
20. Manners/Malkin	65.00
21. Arnold/Leibundyn	65.75
22. Nichols/Nichols	69.00
23. Back/Bryan	71.00
24. Gramsamer/Brown	79.00
25. Baxter/Jamieson	80.00
26. Hicks/Hicks	85.00
27. Solar/Solari	98.00
28. Nalpin	102.00
29. Goetschius/Levy	118.00
30. Alfieri/Rob-Butch	123.00
31. McDonnell/Holtz	134.00
32. Baker/Schaefer	144.00
33. J. Lomax	144.00
34. Steing/Carroll	144.00
35. Walters/Noble	144.00

POINTS

NATIONALS

HOBIE 17 U.S. NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP
THE GORGE, HOOD RIVER, OREGON
AUGUST 19-25, 1990

GOLD FINALS

SKIPPER	STATE	POINTS
1. Hobie Alter, Jr.	CA	43.00
2. Alan Egusa	CA	50.50
3. Jeff Alter	CA	57.25
4. Wayne Mooneyham	CA	66.75
5. Wick Smith	NC	90.00
6. Steve Leo	CA	90.25
7. Bob Seaman	CA	92.75
8. Randy Hatfield	CA	102.75
9. Paul Carter	WA	103.00
10. Bill Orth	WA	148.00
11. Dan Kulikoski	NJ	176.00
12. Doug Johnson	CA	186.00
13. Ken Marshack	OR	188.75
14. Jeff Conner	CA	195.00
15. Bill Mytner	CA	194.25
16. Peter Pattullo	TX	210.00
17. Michael Garrett	VT	233.00
18. Kirby Crowe	OK	236.00
19. Joe Sparks	CA	237.00
20. Tim Carney	VA	251.00
21. Brian J. Lambert	FL	253.00
22. Greg Ursich	WA	255.00
23. Roger Jenkins	CA	259.00
24. Robert Edwards	SA	261.00
25. Stephen Acquart	TX	266.00
26. Lonnie Byers	OR	269.00
27. Bryan Frahm	KS	272.00
28. Mike Americh	CA	290.00
29. Bruce Fields	CA	297.00
30. David Baumgartner	CA	315.00

HOBIE 17 U.S. NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP
THE GORGE, HOOD RIVER, OREGON
AUGUST 19-25, 1990

SILVER FINALS

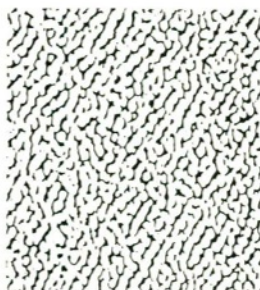
SKIPPER	STATE	POINTS
1. Robert Cockcroft	CA	205.75
2. Tom Tarleton	WA	217.00
3. Peter Nelson	OR	224.00
4. Chuck Dotson	CA	224.50
5. Jane Sherrod	TX	242.00
6. Kevin Smith	FL	249.50

7. Caleb Tarleton	WA	250.00
8. Steve Chaples	TX	252.00
9. Kendal Stackhouse	NY	258.00
10. John Forgrave	CA	289.00
11. Al Leonard	CA	289.00
12. Dan Romceovich	CO	328.00
13. Bob Whisler	WA	352.00
14. Keith Fuller	OR	372.00
15. Peter Patch	CA	382.00
16. Gary Walden	CA	384.00
17. Jim Melton	OR	389.00
18. ZOP	WA	391.00
19. Scott Cohn	OR	438.00
20. Kirk Wells	CA	450.00

HOBIE 14 U.S. NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP
THE GORGE, HOOD RIVER, OREGON
AUGUST 19-25, 1990

FINALS

SKIPPER	STATE	POINTS
1. Jannie Tukker	S. Africa	18.25
2. Boyd Bass	OK	34.50
3. Richard Blount	CA	45.50
4. Paul Tobie	CA	45.75
5. Gordon McGillivray	SA	53.00
6. Lyman White	CO	55.00
7. Luis Ortiz Lopez	PR	58.00
8. Doug Brinnand	Aus	83.00
9. Dave Wilder	WA	99.00
10. John Rueter	WA	115.00
11. Bob Rueter	OR	123.00
12. Eliate Cockcroft	CA	133.00
13. Chuck Watson	MN	134.00
14. Todd Garside	CO	143.00



DANGER

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



HOBBIE RACING

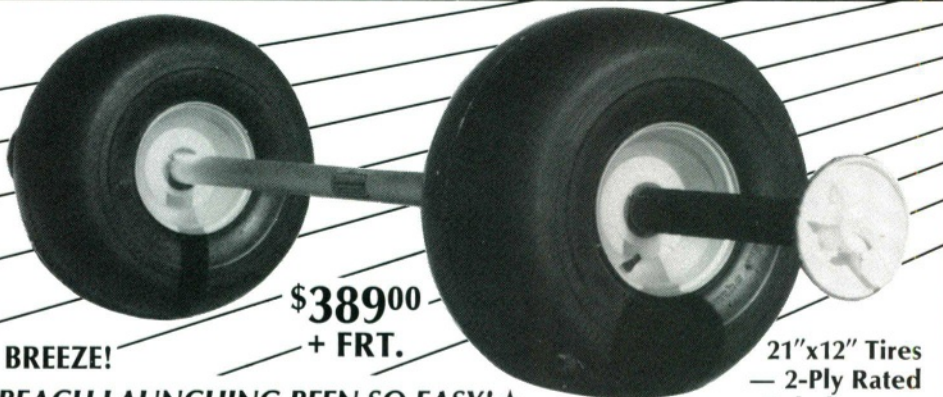
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Big-Foot TIRES PUT
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THE SAND — MAKE HEAVY
CATAMARANS ROLL LIKE A BREEZE!

★ NEVER BEFORE HAS SOFT BEACH LAUNCHING BEEN SO EASY! ★
Big-Foot comes with all the original CAT TRAX features.



\$389⁰⁰
+ FRT.

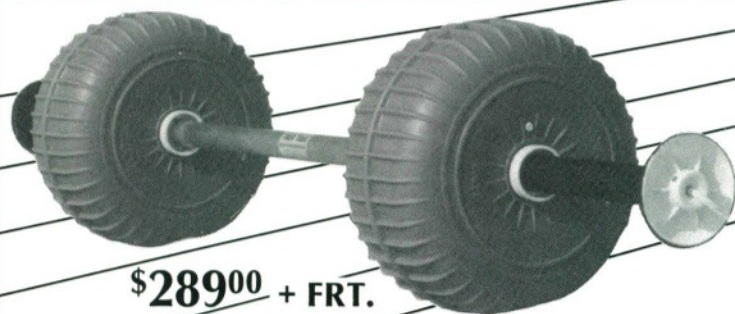
21"x12" Tires
— 2-Ply Rated
— Tubeless
— Smooth Tread

— THE ORIGINAL — **CAT TRAX**

- Most popular beach dolly since 1977
- Big chevron ATV 2-ply tires
- 20 Delrin roller bearings per wheel
- Anodized aluminum axle and wheels
- Padded end stops — Dacron tie-down ropes



\$379⁰⁰
+ FRT.



\$289⁰⁰ + FRT.

— HIGH PERFORMANCE AT A LOW PRICE! —

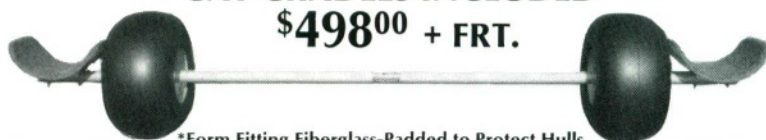
TIGER TRAX

- Tough blue polyethylene wheels
- No air required — color won't fade
- Lightweight and durable components
- Same roller bearings as CAT TRAX
- Easy rolling on firm beaches.

HOBIE 21 CAT TRAX

Now with **Big-Foot** Slick Tires!
— CAT CRADLES INCLUDED* —

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*Form Fitting Fiberglass-Padded to Protect Hulls

THESE NEW TIRES ARE TERRIFIC!

— IT'S 50% EASIER TO ROLL
A HOBIE 21 IN SOFT SAND
WITH **Big-Foot** SLICKS.

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6% FREIGHT — IN FLORIDA ADD 6% TAX

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The Hobie Cat Company and Hobie Cat dealers are teaming up to encourage and reward Hobie sailors who pass the good word about a great product. We thank you in advance for helping sign up a new member to the Hobie Cat team.

Color
Teal

Insignia
Magenta

Unisex Sizes
S, M, L, XL

Retail Value
\$80.00



OFFER EXPIRES DECEMBER 31, 1990

JACKET

**TELL A
FRIEND ...
WIN A
JACKET !!!**

That's right, you can be the proud owner of a hot-looking Hobie Cat jacket, complete with the "Hobie Racing Team" insignia embroidered on the back. All you have to do is tell someone about how great Hobie Catting is ... and you probably do that all the time, anyway.

Getting your own "Hobie Racing Team" jacket is simple; as a matter of fact it's as easy as 1, 2, 3:

1. Refer a prospective Hobie Cat buyer to a Hobie Cat dealer.
2. When that customer buys a Hobie Cat, the dealer will ask if a referral was made. The customer will submit your name and address to the dealer.
3. The dealer will contact you to verify the referral and present you with the jacket.

**A Treasure Chest for Sailing Toys,
and the Best Friend Your Sails
Ever Had!**



TOY BOX

T H E

BY HOBIE CAT

ONLY \$250!

Why settle for a sail box that only holds a sail, when you can have a big one for just a little more money?

The Hobie Cat Toy Box is large enough for sails, daggerboards, booms, rudder assemblies, and a lot of the other "stuff" you like to carry (11' x 18" x 14" at the bucket end).

New durable three-piece construction is tough enough to stand on and is "UPS shippable"!

Easy access from both ends through a sturdy roto molded end closure (that doubles as a wash bucket), or a hinged door at the front.

Ultra smooth snag-free interior; nothing for your sails to get caught up on.

The Hobie Cat Toy Box has drain channels to promote drying during transport, while tight hatches keep water, dirt and dust out.

The Hobie Cat Toy Box comes complete with ten stainless steel screws and nuts; that's all the hardware you'll need for the simple assembly it requires. Hardware for attachment to trailer also included.

The Hobie Cat Toy Box is the one that features leak-proof joints. All joints are designed to include an overlap and have neoprene sponge gasket seals on the bucket end and hatch.

See your local Hobie Cat dealer!

(For the dealer nearest you call Hobie Cat at 1-619-758-9100.)

MOVING?

Let us know six weeks in advance so you won't miss an issue. Just attach your mailing label and write out your new address.

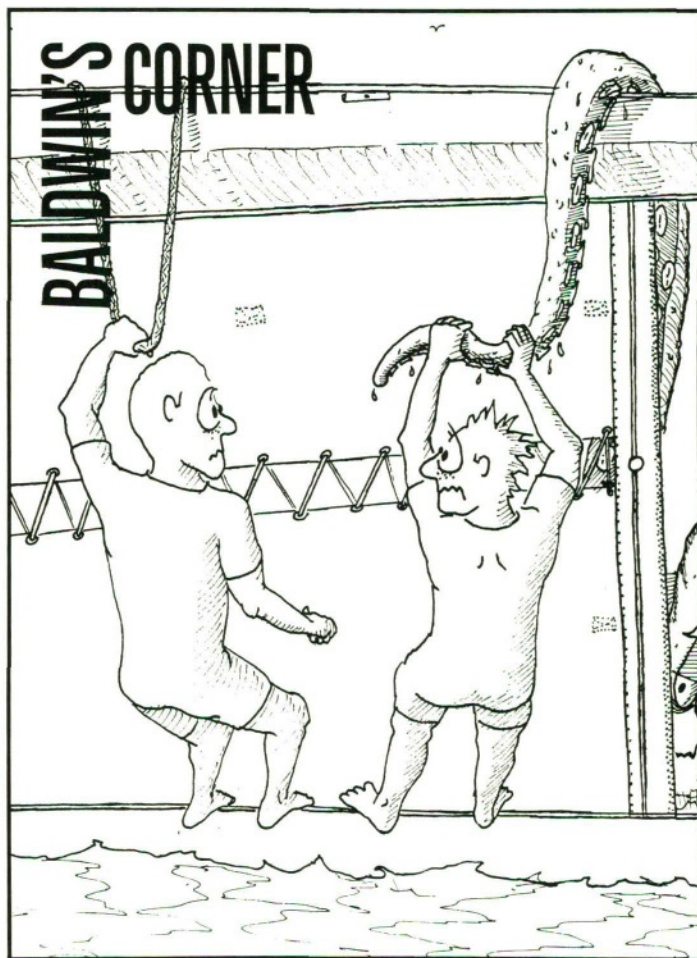
Attach Mailing Label Here.

New Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

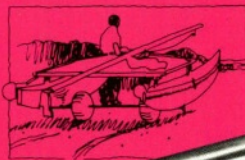
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!CAT WALKER



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dollies make boat launching simple, fast and easy.

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Standard Unit fits 14'-18' (12' and 19' units available by request)

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plus \$17.50

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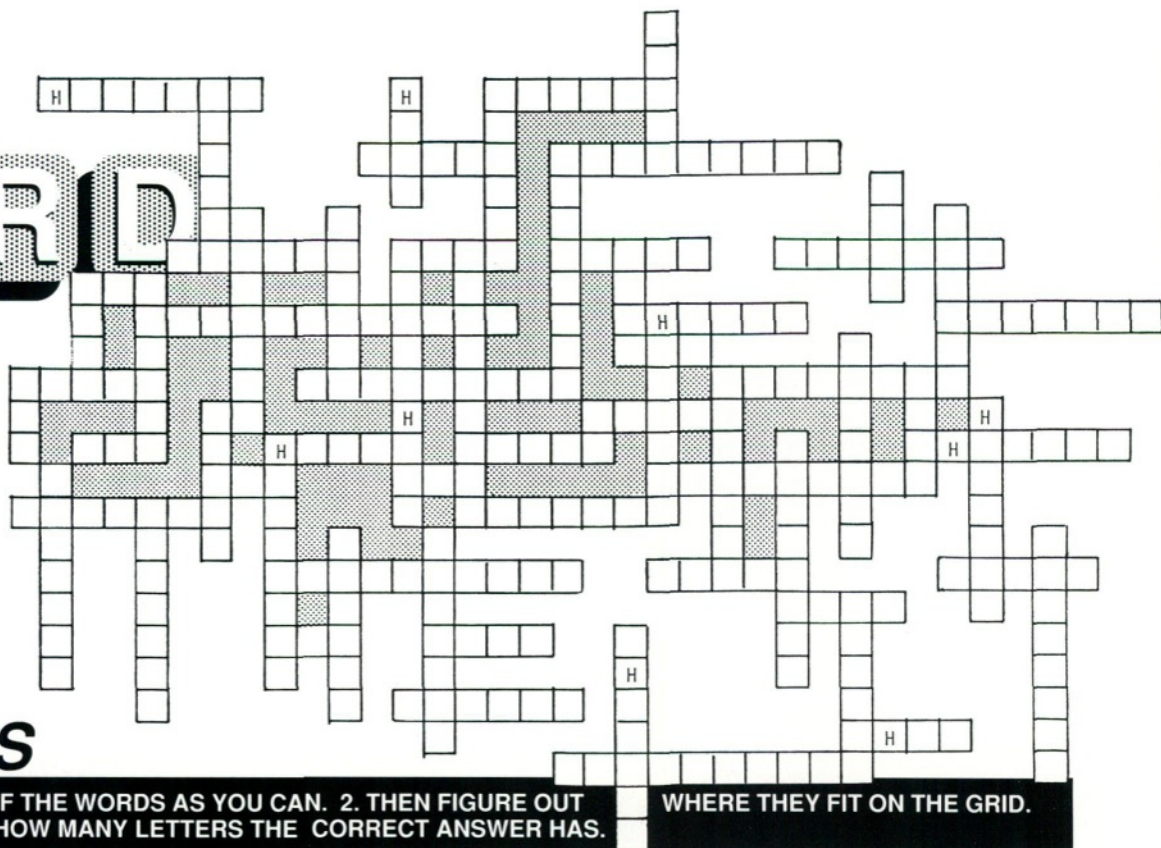
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will separate the sailors from the shore-people. So put on your thinking cap (and, if you really want to get in the mood, your wetsuit, PFD, sunglasses and other favorite gear), curl up in a comfy spot and give it a go! Watch for solution in our next issue.

H O B I E

GAMES



1. FIGURE OUT AS MANY OF THE WORDS AS YOU CAN. 2. THEN FIGURE OUT WHERE THEY FIT ON THE GRID. THE NUMBER TELLS YOU HOW MANY LETTERS THE CORRECT ANSWER HAS.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-----|
| ___ OR MRS. | (2) |
| HIGH TECH STEREO | (2) |
| REGARDING | (2) |
| MR.__(THE HORSE) | (2) |
| STIFF RUDDER BLADE | (3) |
| TRAVELER SLIDER | (3) |
| THE LITTLE SAIL | (3) |
| ___ IN OR ___ OUT | (3) |
| PINK FLAP ON YOUR HEAD | (3) |
| WHAT YOUR BOAT IS FOR | (3) |
| GOING DOWNWIND | (3) |
| HOLDS SAIL UP | (4) |
| LEFT | (4) |
| BOWS THROUGH THE WIND | (4) |
| STERNS THROUGH THE WIND | (4) |
| YOUR CLASS ASSOCIATION | (4) |
| LEAST POPULAR PLACE TO BE | (4) |
| MIDWINTERS ___ FLORIDA | (4) |
| BOAT LEANING | (4) |
| OUTHAUL ATTACHES TO THE | (4) |
| OUR FOUNDER, FIRST NAME | (5) |
| OUR FOUNDER, LAST NAME | (5) |
| PLASTIC SAILCLOTH | (5) |
| HOLDS A LINE | (5) |
| PEOPLE WHO HOLD JIBSHEETS | (5) |
| SUPPORTS H14 AND H16 FRAME | (5) |
| YOU SHOULD JOIN ONE OF THESE | (5) |
| TYPE OF PLUG NOT TO FORGET | (5) |
| BACK PART OF THE BOAT | (5) |
| SAILING ACROSS THE WIND | (5) |
| FABRIC SAILCLOTH | (6) |
| COMMON RACE GIFT | (6) |
| BOARD IN H17 OR H21 | (6) |
| BOARD IN H18 | (6) |
| HOBIE RUDDERS DO THIS | (6) |

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|------|
| FITS INSIDE THE MAIN | (6) |
| PINS THAT GET LOST A LOT | (6) |
| SLIDE WIRE | (6) |
| WIRE ON THE BOW | (6) |
| TOTALLY UPSIDE-DOWN | (6) |
| STEER THE BOAT | (6) |
| SAILORS GET NO | (7) |
| SAFETY MAST TIP | (7) |
| WOOF-WOOF TRAPEZE ITEM | (7) |
| FABULOUS MAGAZINE | (7) |
| WIRE YOU HANG OUT ON | (7) |
| HOLDS EDGE OF H14, H16, TRAMP | (7) |
| HOLDS RUDDER ON THE BOAT | (7) |
| WIRE WITH ROLLERS | (7) |
| SIDE OPPOSITE THE WIND | (7) |
| A RACE EVENT | (7) |
| FLAT PART ON THE BACK | (7) |
| PULLS THE SAIL UP | (7) |
| FITTING FOR ATTACHING THINGS | (7) |
| PUBLISHER OF HOTLINE | (7) |
| FORMS A WIRE EYE | (7) |
| KEEPS BOOM DOWN | (8) |
| THEY STEER THE BOAT | (8) |
| ADJUSTABLE STEERING | (8) |
| CROSSES THE BOAT | (8) |
| THE FRONT WIRE | (8) |
| SIDE TOWARD THE WIND | (8) |
| THE RIGHT TACK TO BE ON | (9) |
| PULLS IN THE BIG SAIL | (9) |
| ATTACH THE HULLS | (9) |
| THE BEST PROTEST IS (2 WORDS) | (9) |
| DOWNWIND SAIL | (9) |
| BOING...BOING...BOING | (10) |
| WHAT CATS ARE MADE OF | (10) |
| H14, H16 HULL TYPE | (12) |

HERE'S HOW WE TEST OUR BOW RAILS.



When you can lift the entire boat and engine by the bow rail, what does that tell you about the rest of the boat? Tough. Very tough. Sure, you should be able to lift any small boat by a cleat or structural member, but a *bow rail*? Forget it. Except on a Hobie. Our hand laid-up, fully cored hulls and decks utilize the latest super strength materials like Kevlar, carbon fiber, and titanium. The Hobie Power Skiff is the toughest boat of its size. Period. Which means you'll have added safety, lower maintenance, higher resale, and *confidence* in the backcountry or blue water.

PICTURE A FORMULA 1 CAR THAT CAN BE DRIVEN ACROSS WATER.

Here's the way boating editors describe the Power Skiff after a test run: "Accelerates like a Ferrari" ... "Handling reminiscent of a race car" ... "Smooth and dry!" Born in California's big surf, a Power Skiff with only 7" of draft will take you almost anywhere: the Florida flats, Colorado River or Cuttyhunk. Fishing, skiing, diving, knee boarding, wave jumping, or just "cruisin' & lookin' good." You'll have more fun in a Hobie.



THE HOBIE POWER SKIFF. PROOF THAT AN "UNSYNKABLE" BOAT CAN HAVE A COMFORTABLE RIDE AND GREAT LOOKS!

We feel a boat should do more than "not sink." So, *our* unsinkable boat was also designed to *ride well*. Its modified deep V hull delivers a comfortable, secure ride, with excellent stability, even at rest. Ergonomics was a major consideration when the Power Skiff was created ... you'll feel comfortable all day, riding, or just sitting in a Hobie.

SERIOUS ABOUT A 12-17' BOAT? SEA TRIAL A HOBIE. YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF.

The only real way to gauge the quality and hi-performance of a Hobie is to sea trial one. There are four 13-15' models – two utilities, a fisherman and a racy center cockpit – waiting for you at your nearest Hobie Power dealer, all precision *factory* rigged with Yamahas. Compare a Hobie with *any* other boat you've been considering. You'll be the winner.



See your Hobie dealer or call us (619-758-9100) for the dealer nearest you.



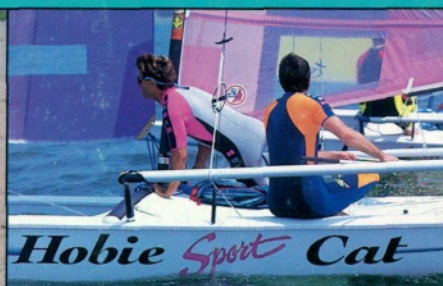
4925 East Oceanside Boulevard, Oceanside, California 92056.



About the
only thing it
can't do is
leap tall
buildings in
a single
bound !



Hobie Sport Cat



P.O. Box 1008
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Phone: 619/758-9100
Fax: 619/758-1841

It's faster than the Hobie 16. Priced less than the Hobie 18. It's a two-person, 17-foot catamaran with wings comparable to the 21 and a Formula 40-style boomless rig.

It's not a bird or a plane ... or an ordinary cat: It's the super-sporty recreational boat you've been waiting for — the new Hobie Sport!

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