

The Writing Line

Dec 00

Newsletter of Hobie Fleet 45
BREVARD COUNTY, FLORIDA'S,
SPACECATS



Frank Rodrick, Commodore 433-2677
Don Eldridge, Vice Commodore 242-8524
Dave Foy, Treasurer 254-1868
Roy Laughlin, Secretary 690-0137

Calendar

NOTE: The December Fleet meeting will be held during the Christmas Party.

There will be no December meeting at the Yacht Club.

Dec 3-5: Hobie Wave Nationals, Key Largo

Dec 4: IRCA, Sebastian Inlet Park

Dec 9. Fleet Fun Sail. Kelly Park.
Bring your warmest clothers

Dec 15: Christmas Party

Christmas Party

The fleet's annual Christmas Party is the highlight for December. Plans started at the meeting and continued with follow ups by various members. The outcome: Floyd and Linda White will host the Christmas Party at their home on Satellite Beach (see map on following page). The date is Friday, December 15, 7:00 pm, 435 St John's Drive, Satellite Beach. The fleet will provide a ham, turkey and beer. Fleet members are requested to bring additional contributions of their choice. The Phantom Editor notes that some people bring the same or similar dish or food each year. Whether you're certain of

what you'll bring, or would like suggestions of what is needed, please check with Floyd and Linda (777-2231; email monti-white@mindspring.com) to let them know what you're bringing. They will coordinate to be sure that we don't end up with 16 salads and no bread. *Please RSVP to Floyd and Linda*

This event is more than eating. There is a gift exchange. Each single person or family may bring a gift, (values less than \$20) to exchange. The gifts are typically rum, slaves under the age of 21, sailing gear or something useful in or on the water.

In addition to the meal and gift exchange, we will elect 'Sailor of the Year' and 'Distinguished Sailor of the Year.' In the latter case, only Dave Foy has any idea of the candidates and he's not saying much now. [Note to Brian: Bring both trophies to the party this year even if you think you might be taking the bull home again.] See you at the party.

Treasurer's Report

Dave Foy reported that as of Nov 8, the meeting date, we have \$1189.76. Most members have paid their dues.

Merritt's Halloween Party

The Merritt's Halloween Party was the usual gathering of ghouls and gals, and a whole lot of gory latex. Guess you had to be there to take in the whole things. If a picture is worth a thousand words, let those a page or two subsequent substitute for an item on your reading list.

Hirams Haul Y2K

Hirams Haul can be characterized as

- a) The first local winter distance regatta
- b) The final local summer distance regatta.

It is hard to decide which it is. Each year, we've had strong north winds (usually cold) to blow us down to Hiram. On Sunday, at least by the middle of the day, the winds moderate and temperatures warm to honor at least the memory of summer afternoon cruises that preceded the event earlier in the year.

The Y2K Haul was pretty much the same story. The wind wasn't as strong as in past years, nor as cool. But it was a fast down wind trip to cold beer on a warm beach. This year, the fleet of about 18 catamarans was divided into two groups by arrival. The *Inters* and a couple of other spinnaker cats made it down in about 2.5 hr. The rest took about 4 hr. Members of both



groups were amply rewarded by an open bar courtesy first of Performance Sail, then the Sailing Store. Apparently at least part of the motive was to anesthetize the newsletter editor so that he would have little interesting material for a story to put into the news letter. The strategy was partially successful. All I remember was that a bunch of *Inter 20* sailors got the down wind leg trophies, mostly because they had 3 sails and one of those was really big and always full of wind.

What was actually much more interesting than even the rum drinks was Lisa Dutcher's ongoing efforts to get home for Saturday evening. She got up early Saturday, drove to Sebastian, parked her 70 mph hybrid gas electric car (that looks like something left by the last Talon mother ship that stopped by to sample genetic diversity on the planet) and hitched a ride to Performance Sail with Russ

Weaver and his girlfriend. No, she didn't forget her keys in her car. That would not be interesting. She forgot her keys in Russ' car at Performance Sail in Melbourne. Originally, she was going to return home, clean up, dress and go for a date with a doctor. Sometime in transit, she realized that upon arrival in Sebastian, her car and its keys would be at opposite ends of the course. Her first act, upon arrival, was to call AAA to ask them to open her car, because somehow, she had a cell phone. This was about 3 pm. (There must have been something in the car, but after the third beer, who remembers what that was? Lisa asserts that it was her clothes, but see below.) Anyway, we spent from 3 to 6 having one more beer after beer waiting for the guy from AAA to open the car. By 6 pm, AAA had not arrived to pop the lock on her car, and multiple calls accomplished little more than to completely exhaust the battery on the cell phone. During the afternoon, as the beer flowed, it became harder and harder to understand the complexity of developing contingency plans:

1. Lisa couldn't get a ride to her house because she didn't have keys to get in even if someone dropped her off
2. If she returned to Performance Sail to get her keys, she had no way to return to Sebastian, or home, or even to get into the car because Russ had already gone home . . . But wait, Lisa, Russ live about 5 minutes walk from Hiram. Call him and ask him to bring his car keys back to you . . . "Why didn't I think of that?"

3. It was as Lisa was calling Russ (no answer anyway) that the power supply for the cell phone finally expired completely and she was stuck there for the evening. With apparently all avenues for return home closed, Lisa acknowledged she had to go home for a date with a doctor but his number was at home, a place to which she couldn't get, by driving a car for which she had no keys, but even if she had his number, the cell phone was now down for the night . . . She stood the guy up without so much as a note on the door. (Pity the

person who had a gall bladder removed out of angst rather than diagnosis first thing Monday morning.)

It was about this time that Brian gave Roy a Rum Punch that Tammy didn't want. Thus much of the subsequent attempts to get Lisa home, to her car, or to call the doctor are shrouded in the fog of pharmacological stupor. But I do remember that it has all the tragic ingredients of a DS nomination. More at the Christmas Party.

But two last things I remember:

1. Alex and Patty Schaffer got down to Hiram's first and got a prize for that. Scott and Dior were third.
2. Tammy's rejected rum punch was really good.

So let's fast forward to Sunday. As usual, it began with light winds from the north. But before anyone paid much attention to the wind, Lisa was still there. Seems by the time the cell phone went dead and the bar closed, it was time for dinner. She took a shower in someone's room; got into a pair of Chuck Harndon's pants. (Luckily Chuck was in another pair of his pants elsewhere with Mavis.) And she borrowed some money for dinner. So Lisa's evening wasn't a total loss; the Doctor apparently ate alone.

But now back to the race: The return haul started at 10 am. The winds were initially only about 10 kn with an occasional higher gust. For the next two hours, they steadily decreased as they shifted ever so slowly to the north east. Most of the *Inters* were back in about 3 hours, but had zig zagged the whole way. For the slower catamarans, the wind stayed on the nose until the area around the power lines at Point Malabar. Then it shifted to the east and filled in again. For most of us only about half way back by 1pm, the remainder was just a cruise down the middle of the river. Our actual course distance was less and the time we made on it was good. This explains the reversal of finishing order on Sunday compared with Saturday. On Sunday, Greg Henry finished first on corrected time, Chuck Harndon and Brian Karr were second,

and a new guy, Ed Crittendon third on a Hobie 18 Magnum.

The scores are summarized below; pictures are on a following page. In addition, Brian has images on his web site (1design.net), as do Scott and Dior (perfsail.com). Oh, year, and Lisa finally got home sometime late Sunday.

If you missed Hiram's this year, fear not. It will be held next year too.

Division 8 Survey

Fleet 45's Strengths and Weaknesses

Floyd White, Division 8's new commodore, sent a questionnaire to each fleet in the division so that he could get an idea of each fleet's circumstances through a self evaluation. One pertinent question was:

What are the strengths and weakness of your fleet. Members present at the November fleet meeting formulated the following responses :
Strengths

1. We are a sound, but not strong fleet
2. We put on good regattas, with good on shore organization and good race committee
3. We have events regularly, at least 1 event every 2 months, usually more frequently.

Weaknesses

1. No meeting Place
2. Geographically dispersed membership dispersed throughout 80 miles of Brevard County and few places to put in.

If anyone at the meeting has anything to add, please contact Roy.

DS

Nominations for November DS seemed again to be a desperate attempt to turn water into wine. Initially, no one could think of anything notable. There were a few who wanted to nominate Marlene and her crew for sailing past the furthest mark at the Melbourne Regatta's distance race. But so did several others because of the cabin cruiser that was breathing down everyone's neck. Regardless, Marlene gets honorable mention.

The assemble multihulltude considered

further that the MYC regatta was the only sailing event of the month, so if anything worthy happened, it had to have happened there. Everyone at the meeting seemed as pure as wind-driven snow. But wait, Chuck Harndon, like Marlene, wasn't there. Someone noted that as of Sunday morning, the day of the race, Chuck still had not fixed a recurring halyard problem on his Taipan, so that when he's setting up, he has to tip the boat up to lock the head of the sail in. And, as usual, he forgot to put the top batten into the square top on his main. This really riled up the membership. Chuck's selection seemed certain.

Then Greg Henry commented that Brian called him to go sailing on that really windy Sunday in mid October, suggestively implying that something must have happened in such strong winds. Roy came to Brian's defense, noting that Brian was so desperate to get out sailing, he called and

asked Roy to crew. Roy further noted that it was really a heavy wind day, but that Brian handled everything great. That includes successfully stifling Brian's overt tendency to pitch pole his catamarans when people are watching. They were watching from the Pineda Inn when Brian came close to doing that because he wanted to get over there to check out the band and bikers. But Brian, although he almost lost his cat several times in the wind, did an admirable job of disqualifying himself for the DS in November.

The group had little choice but to consider that because Chuck received the DS in October for finally

figuring how to raise his mast toward the front side, he should have also figured out how to get it in—the sail hook, that is. Congratulations, Chuck, you're December's DS by a unanimous vote. (All dimpled ballots and those with and without chads were counted for you. Brian can contest this vote before December 12 if he can afford a bunch of lawyers.)

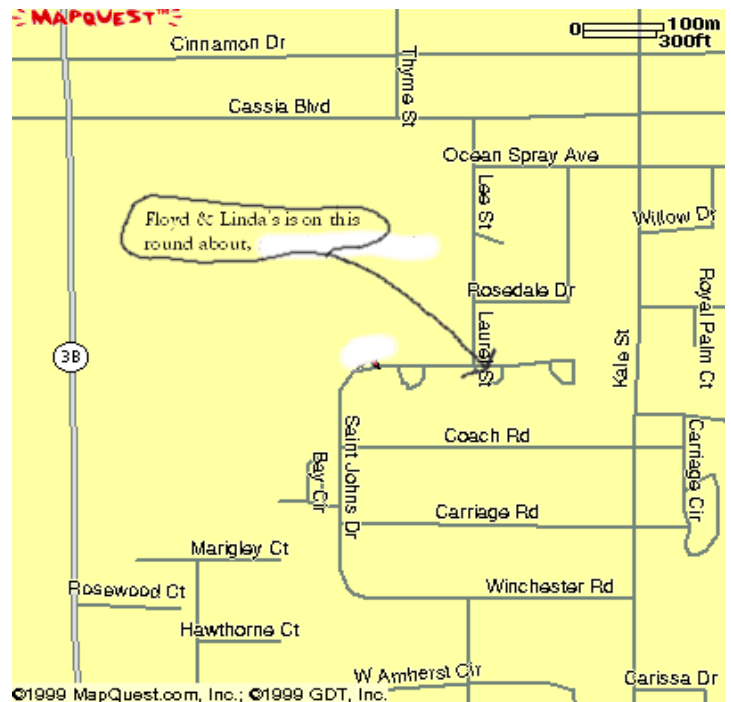


Directions to Floyd & Linda's

This page prepared separately so you can carry it with you and forgo the need to stop and ask for directions.

Address: 435 St John's Drive, Satellite Beach. 777-2231

Instructions. Turn onto Cassia Blvd from either A1A or South Patrick Drive. About half way down, turn onto Laurel, on the south side of Cassia Blvd. Laurel will dead end into St Johns Drive. As your stop at the sign where Laurel and St. John intersect, you will see an unusual 'side U' on the other side of St Johns. Floyd and Linda's is in the middle of U. You'll understand when you get there.



Merritt's Halloween Party

Identifications have been omitted to protect reputations of Fleet 45 members. Richard asked *Writing Line* to advertise that he is selling his slightly used ab blasted cheap.

