

The Writing Line

Aug 01

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



Fleet Meeting: Tuesday, Aug 7, Cocoa Beach Yacht Club

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

Fleet Race Schedule

for remainder of 2001

| <i>M</i> | <i>D</i> | <i>Day</i> | <i>Place</i> |
|----------|----------|------------|--------------|
| July | 22 | Sun | Kelly Park |
| Aug | 18 | Sat | TBD |
| Sep | 16 | Sun | TBD |

Summer Sizzler

Aug 11-12 -- Summer Sizzler, Treasure Island Hotel, Daytona Beach, FL caron2@bellsouth.net.

Wrap up on JPOR

by
Roy Laughlin

The books are nearly closed on JPOR 2001. It was a good year for us. Fifty catamarans participated. The weather was good and so was the sailing. We cleared enough money over expenses to give Junior Achievement \$500, a hundred dollars more than in the past few years.

Let's hope we can continue this in future years.

Junior Achievement uses the donation we return for their insurance coverage but in comparison to donations from business, our input is insignificant. Publicity from our event can be more valuable to this organization than any money we give directly (and to all our other sponsors). Someone made the suggestion that we have a large banner made for all our sponsors and to fly it at the event. I hope fleet membership will support this proposal if it is made formally.

I've contacted nearly all sponsors to give them appreciation trophies. Every one I've talked to individually has informally offered to provide

sponsorship next year. To me, this reflects well on the organization of the event, which is a result of all the fleet members working together to make it a notable success. We all deserve a collective 'pat on the back' for JPOR 2001.

News on Gilligan's Run

Gilligans Run, the Daytona Fleets annual distance race was a challenging event for lack of wind. It started out OK on the early morning land breezes. By the middle of the day, the wind took a siesta leaving many of the participants stranded near Ponce Inlet. Almost all finished eventually, but not without some serious imitation of Stephen Crane's *Lifeboat*. The story of one who didn't finish is in the DS section.

Cocoa Beach Access

During the July meeting, we spent considerable time discussing the need to get regular, reasonable beach access somewhere in Brevard County—87 or more miles of beach, but not a single unrestricted beach access location. Dave Andrews has had discussions with the Canaveral Port Authority when he presented a word of appreciation at the July Board Meeting. He will continue discussions with the facilities director. Our goal is to have a dune over pass near the south end of Jetty Park. The primary mission of the Port is to give boats access to the ocean. In this case, the Authority is uniquely poised to give us usable beach access.

When Roy and Kent spoke with Mark Fischer regarding beach access for 45 X 45, he noted that the city regulations do not restrict catamaran use on the beach. He also noted that we should have beach access at Fischer Park for the price of admission. There is the issue of the signs restricting vehicles access beyond the power line to the rest rooms. Lisa wanted to speak with the new mayor of Cocoa Beach

to get all this smoothed out with city officials. We can hope that in the future, we have access. For the first time in almost 10 years, we have a chance.

45 X 45.

Regular participants in past 45 X 45 events will categorize 2001's trip in one of two categories. For some, it was the perfect example of the event. It was windy the whole day both days. The weather was perfect: not even the threat of rain, clear warm waters, plenty of sun and a whole lot of fun on the way down. People who classify the event in these terms would likely be considered normal, psychologically balanced personalities. Others might consider it boring, lacking is the usual adrenalin mediated death defying efforts we've exhibited in the past several years. Those who would categorize it this way might be considered psychotic, narcissistic adolescent or otherwise just plain crazy.

Speaking specifically for the first group, I can say that the 2001 45 X 45 was a great event that should serve as a landmark in future years. There was never a dull moment. It was just sail, enjoy the day, and look forward to more of the same.



In addition to many Fleet 45 members, Jim Novak, John Casey and Lloyd Beery and their crews came from Orlando. Gilligan came from Daytona. Shawn and Debbie came from Ft. Lauderdale. I would like to give Jamie Brown special mention for completing the race both ways on his Hobie 16. He was the last in on Saturday evening, arriving about 7 pm. He was the first off the beach on Sunday morning, perhaps an hour ahead of the rest of us.

The ancients in the fleet remember the majority of sailors doing the race on these esteemed catamarans. Now many of those ancients are using much larger catamarans with mylar sloop rig sails and spinnakers. It doesn't make the

ancients girlymen. But one fact remains: real men complete the 45 X 45 on a Hobie16. JAMIE, U D MAN!



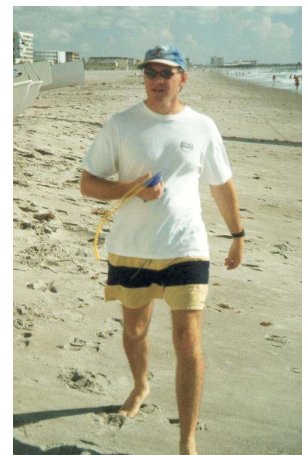
Post JPOR Notes

The races and beach scene at JPOR went without a hitch this year. The rains returned the weekend of the event. Sunday's storm was something else. Roy was taking the fleet trailer home behind his jeep when the squalls began along Bennett causeway. The 50+ mph side winds blew off the top of the trailer. Roy got home before he saw that the top was gone. The next morning, he called David Andrews at the Cape and recounted the problem. He suggested that if Dave was heading home along that strip of the Banana River causeway underconstruction and saw the ply wood, he could at least let Roy know so that it could be put on the side of the road for later retrieval. One of Dave's friends, Billy found the top Monday afternoon along the causeway just a bit worse for the experience of blowing off the trailer and being driver over. It's back on the trailer now.

At the same time the wind gods were disassembling the Fleet 45 trailer, Greg Henry and David Andrews were transiting the Canaveral Locks. As Dave later noted, "If you had to be out anywhere in that storm, the locks were one of the best places to be." Lightning was still a threat during that storm. As the lock engineer was talking about the storm the evening before and the lightning that struck several parts of the lock structure, Dave came to the realization that he had an electricity conducting beer can in his grip. His thought was, "If I'm struck by lightning, my last beer on earth will be a Coor's light." (And isn't that disgusting.). Dave survived to enjoy Cuervo at Lisa's a couple of weeks later.

Appreciation for Dave Foy

Frank made a special presentation at the July meeting. He gave Dave Foy a hand held GPS unit. It was partially to thank Dave for crewing with him at the 45 X 45 this year. In a broader sense, it was to acknowledge Dave's many services to Fleet 45 during the past several years. It was an appropriate acknowledgment solidly seconded by the fleet members. Dave was really impressed, so much so, he spent half the rest of the time playing with the GPS unit, and the rest of the time eating. Congratulations, Dave.



New Member

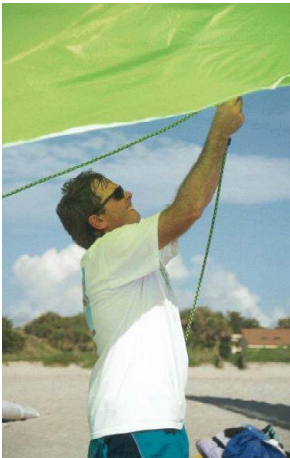
Mark Herendeen joined Fleet 45 in July when he moved from Miami to Melbourne for a new job. Mark is no stranger to cat sailors who have sailed in South Florida events. He has been active sailing and organizing so many of those events. CABB's loss is certainly our gain. Welcome to Brevard County and Fleet 45, Mark!

Distinguished Sailor

Nominations for DS this year pervaded the entire meeting in July. There was a palpable interest in getting to the end of the meeting exhibited by several people. I thought it was because we all wanted to have the Lisa's excellent food and spirits. Turns out a feeding frenzy was in the offing, but the sharks weren't after black olives and key lime pie.

Greg Henry received the first nomination.

Seems Greg got a new spinnaker from Jim Novak just the week before the 45 x 45. His first chance to set up the sail was apparently on the beach before leaving on Saturday. It was a beautiful green sail, so crisp, and so torn by the time he left shore.



The second nomination was for Gilligan. Gilligan, upon returning to Cocoa Beach, hastily put his catamaran on its trailer. Then, with mast still fully erect, he put his car into gear

and slowly pulled forward. First he made contact with the power supply lead to the bath house at Fischer Park. Nothing happened. Gilligan continued forward, applying increasing tension to the power line, more tension, a little more . . . until KAPOW! It was an inspiring pre July 4 pyrotechnic show at the junction box on the side of the bath house. As it separated from the rest of the building, it released all those unused kilowatts just waiting for darkness to escape as 'lighting'. Gilligan is apparently some kind of engineering type who's forte is 'test to failure'. In this case, it didn't take much tension to pull the electrical service off the bathhouse and



deposit it on the pavement leading from the beach to the parking lot. Our public servant's response was impressive. By the time the remaining 45 X 45 participants made it to the beach, there was a police car with 2 officers, a fire truck, a public works truck and employee, and an ATV loaded with life guards present mourning the fall of the power supply to the building. It was a remarkable display of responsiveness. The only pilgrim missing from this modern version of *Canterbury Tales* was the FPL lineman. He arrived within 2 hours of the end of phase 1 of Gilligan's experiment and announced the line DOA. The carcass was removed and boat traffic to the parking lot began in earnest. (In addition to taking out power to the bath house, Gilligan's test shorted out the line 'upstream,' temporarily putting the condo on the north side of the park out of power as well.) God, what talent!

As it turns out, Gilligan is not a Fleet 45 member so his nomination, for all its worthiness, is good only for honorable mention. Frank suggested that someone, or some group pay his dues so he could receive the DS anyway. No one did. Fleet 45 sharks, I mean members, had more than a taste of blood, as well as a bottle or more of beer. They were far from finished even though the black olives and two bags of potato(e) chips were gone. [Ed note: The *e* on *potatoe* is in honor of Dan Quayle.]

After it was apparent that Gilligan, probably the most worthy of the DS honor for July was not going to prevail because of a technicality, Frank nominated Brian Bielefeld for behavior unbecoming a Fleet 45 member and a real man during Gilligan's Run in Daytona. When the wind took siesta, it stranded Brian near Ponce Inlet. Rather than finish the race, he called Cindy Carron on his cell phone, pleading, "I need help. . ." and proceeded to weave a story along the lines of "I've fallen and I can't get up." Cindy either swallowed the story hook line and sinker, or more likely, just wanted it to end—those anytime minutes don't go on forever, do they? She took Brian's trailer down to the inlet and picked him and his boat up. [Editor's note: Let the record show that some people questioned Frank about this story's accuracy and veracity. Perhaps there was an issue of motive. At times, Brian B has been heard to call Frank a "parking lot jockey" for bringing his cat to events, but then leaving it in the parking lot, on the trailer. Please note that while the *Writing Line* staff and members of Fleet 45 strive for the total unvarnished truth, we are ultimately dependent on our sources. What actually happened at Ponce Inlet may differ from the report here; but it is true as stated

that Brian B was nominated as reported.]

After completely evaluating Brian B's nomination, Lisa nominated our new member, Mark Herendeen, for the DS. At JPOR, Mark left room at the mark a couple of times. It cost him a place or two at the finish. Some of the members, feeling that perhaps this was not the most reasonable way to welcome a new member, commented that Mark could not 'officially' be a member until he paid his dues—which he had done just minutes earlier at the start of the meeting. In slow months, Mark might have had a chance for the DS, but not this time. The sharks found another morsel.

There was more elaboration for Greg Henry's nomination Greg flipped his catamaran just after leaving the beach and couldn't get it righted even using a water bag for additional weight. Dave Andrews took this opportunity to reiterate the need for minimum weight on catamarans as a safety issue. Maybe someone else heard David talk about safety. What the nominating fleet member wanted us to know and what all other members heard was that Greg turned over because he fell off the NACRA again. Either he didn't hook up the trap line or it came loose. Jamie Brown, on his Hobie 16, stopped to render aid and assistance. (and who had the panties anyway?)

Dave Andrews, perhaps wanting to reiterate how extra crew weight ensures safety, noted that John Cruden started out racing at the JPOR with a nubile young crew. Then he was racing without one because Frank stole her. (She was last seen on a jet ski.) Jon was the initial nominee for the DS, but then it seems Frank was the candidate. It really didn't seem to matter.

Greg Henry's name came up in nomination a third time. On the way back from Vero Beach, he had additional problems with his spinnaker. The bridle holding the bow sprit came lose. Someone allowed how the assembly is held in part by Spectra® line that is really slippery and needs the right knot to hold it in place. Maybe the knot wasn't the right one . . .so Greg got another item on the impressive list supporting his nomination.

It was just past 9 pm when Frank closed nominations. Greg Henry won unanimously. And the food at the following feeding frenzy was great.