



[www.windsurfbaba.org](http://www.windsurfbaba.org)

## Annual Meeting and Racing Awards Dinner

by Maureen Pritchard, Chairman

Our racing awards ceremony and general meeting were held at Mayo Beach on Sunday, October 22. It was a cold afternoon, but a number of our members had a chance to sail before our gathering.

During the business part of the meeting, we discussed that our nonprofit application with the IRS is still pending and will hopefully be approved shortly (great news - our non-profit status has been approved as of November 7). After a brief discussion, the proposed bylaws were approved. We will continue to take minutes at all BABA general and executive meetings and make them available thorough our website (click on "minutes" in the red side bar at [www.windsurfbaba.org](http://www.windsurfbaba.org)).

The following individuals were elected to serve on our executive board for the upcoming year:

- \* Chairman– Maureen Pritchard
- \* Vice-Chairman – Colin Pitts
- \* Treasurer – Helen VanGelder
- \* Secretary – Mike McCormick
- \* Racing – Tom Sargent
- \* Hatteras Trips/Events – Fred Thomas
- \* Clinics – Janice Emerling
- \* Newsletter/Webmaster – Daphne Lathouras
- \* Sponsorship – Marc Rosen

Thanks to the continued efforts of **Marc Rosen**, we raffled off some wonderful products provided by our friends at **Chinook**



Mark Raginsky, Maureen Pritchard, Tom Sargent

/ HiFly(Dan Van Hoose), DAKINE ( Bill Morrissey), Easy Uphaul (Mac Barnes), EZZY (Tim Ortleib), and Wave Sailing Secrets / Blancomedia (Antonio Blanco). The first 25 members/families who showed up at the annual meeting received a hat from **Dakine**.

Race results and more pictures from the event can be found on pages 3 - 4.

Our new friend **Tom Ma\*\*\*e** from the St. Mary's College Windsurfing Team made a special guest appearance at our dinner. Some of you may remember him from the October Hatteras trip (see page 8). We briefly discussed the possibility of joining hands with the college folks in future race venues and would love input from other members on how to make this happen for 2007.



Dary Lofgren & Marc Rosen

## Three Cheers for MAYO WIND

by Marc Rosen

BABA, in particular, and windsurfers -and kiters - in general, should be thankful for the efforts of **Daryld Lofgren** for forming Mayo Wind. Dary is the

manager of Mayo Beach Park, and along with help from BABA's own **Tom Caswell**, has provided boardsailors with an excellent venue to sail from (and, to the benefit of Anne Arundel County, a few thousand dollars of revenue). With sailing access slowly disappearing in many regions, having a nice beach with great rigging areas is a rare find. Thanks to Dary, several BABA members had the chance to sail minutes before they joined in on the fun at the Annual Meeting and Race Awards Banquet. Although a little bit colder, it was just like Hatteras; sail, change (showers optional), and eat. On behalf of BABA, Thank you Dary, and Mayo Wind, for helping us celebrate another great windsurf racing year.

Save the Date - BABA Winter Party  
 Saturday, January 20 at 6pm  
 at the home of Al and Joyce Marani  
 Details and directions will be sent  
 out in January



## BABA Mission Statement

The Baltimore Area Boardsailing Association (BABA) is a network of Northern Chesapeake Bay windsurfers. Our purpose is to promote the sport of windsurfing through seasonal racing, instructional clinics, social events and group travel to windsurfing destinations. The club is an advocate for windsurfer access to clean, safe launch sites. Our events focus on an enjoyable social experience while developing further windsurfing skills.

### For Membership information contact

**Ann Jackson at (410)315-8481 or**  
**ajax.tmm@verizon.net,**  
 or any member of the BABA Steering Committee.

www.windsurfbaba.org

## 2007 Trips to Hatteras

By Fred Thomas and Bill Anderson, Trip Coordinators

In 2007, we will again frolic in the waves and wind in Avon. We are planning these trips:

### Spring Trips:

We will co-sponsor a trip with **Bob Catzen** in the first week of April, 2007. We expect to have one house for this trip.

**Bill Anderson** will run a trip in the first week of May, from Saturday, May 5th to Saturday, May 12th. We expect to have three houses for this trip, Island Storm, Gust and Mist.

### Fall Trip:

Hold this date for the Fall 2007 trip: October 6 – 13, 2007.

More details on these trips will be forthcoming in future newsletters.

Additionally, we will glad to help anyone who is interested in organizing their own trip or house to use BABA resources to publicize their trips if they wish to sail the Cape at other times this spring and fall.

If anyone would like to help in coordinating these trip or events during the trips, please email Fred Thomas of your interest at Fred.Thomas@cms.hhs.gov



BABA's web hosting provided by



## BABA Steering Committee

<b>CHAIR</b>	<i>Maureen Pritchard</i> 410-798-5091 mopritchard@comcast.net	<b>COMMITTEES</b>	<b>Newsletter/Webmaster</b> <i>Daphne Lathouras &amp; Steve Melnick</i> 703-538-4388 BABAnews@mac.com
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			<b>Racing</b>
			<i>Tom Sargent</i> 301-854-6442 tomus919@worldnet.att.net
			<b>Sponsorship</b>
			<i>Marc Rosen</i> 410-374-1230 duckbite@qis.net
			<b>Members at Large</b>
			<i>Mark Raginsky</i> 410/964-4335 windz41@yahoo.com
			<i>Fan Pat</i> 301/253-6623 colinfan@comcast.net

# Racing News

## Annual Meeting and Racing Awards

by Daphne Lathouras

In addition to our annual business meeting, the dinner and party at Mayo was a celebration of another great season of BABA events.

This year's **Pat Pugh Award** for exemplary service to our club was given to **Tom Sargent**. Tom has headed up the BABA race committee for several years and was instrumental in bringing the East Coast Formula Championships to Mayo Beach in 2005. This 2-day race and campout is a growing event and is part of the US Windsurfing National Race Tour. The 2006 event included racers from Florida, New York and Oregon. Once again, **East of Maui** sponsored the Pat Pugh award by contributing a \$50 gift certificate for the awardee. Tom - thank you for your continuing to pour your heart into BABA racing! Service Awards were also give to **Maureen Pritchard** for work on the BABA by-laws, **Rich Knox** for support of the race series and **Marc Rosen** for bringing demo gear to BABA races and events.

We had more than 50 racers participating in BABA, Midatlantic Series and East Coast Formula Championship races hosted by our club this year. Conditions ranged from from extreme light wind to winds in the 20's at three different venues - Gunpowder, Mayo Beach and Rocky Point/ Baltimore County Sailing Center. One race was cancelled due to the torrential June rain storm, and another race had to change venues at the last minute due to water quality issues at Gunpowder.

The BABA Novice Fleet was recognized as the most important fleet in our race series and for their perserverance on the race course this season. Novices **Tom Hickey, Matt Lestina and Kay Fennell** were given special merit awards.



Tom Sargent



Alan Bernau and Tom Caswell with Dave Kashy's award.

### BABA 2006 Race Series Results

#### Formula 31

Dave Kashy  
 Alan Bernau  
 Tom Caswell

#### Women

Daphne Lathouras  
 Fan Pat  
 Helen Van Gelder

#### Sport Formula

Collins Pitts  
 Tom Sargent  
 Mark Raginsky

#### 7.5 Limited

Jack Ames  
 John Bickford  
 Fred Thomas



The "I Beat Dave Kashy" hat will be presented to Dave at a future event. Anyone who'd beaten Dave in a race was invited to sign the cap - unfortunately that meant only Alan and Tom.....



Daphne Lathouras, Helen Van Gelder and Sam Melnick



Marc Rosen and Kay Fennell

# Racing News

## Annual Meeting and Racing Awards



*Linda Grande and Sandy Rollins*



*Paul Cudone and Jackie Schnee*



*Chuck Schnee*



*Tom Ma\*\*e and Maureen Pritchard*



*Yuji Hiratsuka*



*Wes VanWambeke and Nicole Schrader*

*Mike McCormick and Ann Jackson*



### Racing Fuel

A big thank you to Ezzy Sails for providing soft drinks at all BABA races and events this season.



## Hatteras Tripping - Fall 2006



by David McKibbin

Island Creek, Tuesday Afternoon – We’ve just had three warm, sunny days of 5.5 or better sailing. The sky is blue, the grass is green, sails are colorful, and I am sitting in my beach chair pleasantly tired from a good day of sailing. Ah, life is good. I’m definitely in that sweet spot of the trip: where you are fully immersed in the awayness, and have yet to have future thoughts of home intrude. Now bring me that horizon...and really bad eggs...drink up me hearties, Yo Ho !!!

There is a quietness that comes at this point in the afternoon that isn’t quite explainable. The sun angling lower on the horizon causes everything to emerge from its high-noon harshness into this exquisitely warm glow: the water, the grasses, the goldenrod, the dunes in the distance, all have a depth of ultra-dimension. There is the peaceful percussive staccato of planing hulls chopping through the water, speaking of a day well spent. Those same hulls make a completely different sound in the morning, when they boisterously anticipate the upcoming runs of the day.

There are some grackles on the lawn that are lit up by the sun: jet black with iridescent purple. They are gleaning God knows what from the same ground that we have spent the day walking over and rigging on. Then they are gone, borne off by the wind that has

powered our sails all day.

Looking north, beyond the spray of goldenrod, there are only dunes for as far as you can see. Way off in the distance there are three kites from what appears to be a kiteboarding class. Each kite soaring briefly, only to return again to the water. I am assuming (later confirmed) that it is my housemate David’s three day class with Real Kiteboarding (dot-com). When my daughter started at UNC-CH in ’99 and the internet was young, her friends had this hilarious habit of suffixing everything with ‘dot-com’, e.g. “God, I’m so tired, dot-com.” or “You’re such a creep, dot-com” or “He’s so dreamy, dot-com”. Quite funny at the time.

My first BABA trip to Hatteras was Halloween week ’91, right in the middle of Hurricane Grace, which would contribute one of three components to the Perfect Storm (see accompanying article on p 10). Then there was the heyday of Bluefish Court for the rest of the 90’s and the insane parties at Le Spot. The new millennium brought a changing of the guard and a move to our current Island Creek paradise. I guess I have been coming every fall since ’95 except for two years ago when I had to cancel at the last minute because of a computer game (Pirates!) that we had coming out and needed some extra love at the end.

Every year at home in Baltimore just prior to the fall trip, there is a cold snap that makes me fear that THIS year will be cold in Hatteras, but every year she comes through with at least some beach weather. This year has been no exception, with sunny beach weather just about the entire week.

A Hatteras trip is not



Matt Ramsey

complete for me without an afternoon reading and swimming at the beach. This year’s book was ‘Road Work’ by Mark Bowden, author of ‘Black Hawk Down’ and ‘Killing Pablo’ and others. I went to high school with Mark and we used to goof off in Physics class together. If he could only see the heights to which I’ve come.

I have finally accepted my eternal love of Hatteras, there is just no getting around it. After my first couple of Fall BABA trips, I started having these battles in my head as I was driving down on subsequent years: “Get a life and do something different for a change, the world is a big place, you don’t ALWAYS have to go to Hatteras.” But then as I hit Bodie Island I would be home and thankful for the ritual that brought me there.

I guess another reason that I have retired early from sailing and am enjoying this afternoon reverie is that I am still trying to understand the strange events of last night’s party. It all started off innocently enough .....

The annual Monday night meet and greet had some new twists this year from its organizer **Maureen Pritchard**. First, instead of roping several chefs into cooking for the



Amber Kasbeer and Adam Rathore

Bill Anderson, John Bickford, Daphne Lathouras and Al Marani



Fran Conway, Albert & Maureen Pritchard

multitudes, she sent out a request for a pot of chili from each house which were bounteous, delectable and varied. Second, she changed it to BYOB and provided coolers inside by the front stair railing. Who could know what that railing would portend later that same evening. I think that the BYOB was a great idea and don't know if the inside cooler was intentional or not, but I think that it helped keep us consumers honest.

As mentioned, the chili entrée was a great idea and they were so great that I need to recall them all. The following were distinguished by unique components: **David Iseri's** New Mexico green chili stew, **Phil Anderson's** spicy hot with pasta, and **Marc Rosen's** .30 caliber Bambi chili. Next were several classic ground beef and kidney bean recipes that were distinguished by their unique spices and flavors: **Gordon Wells, Cliff Mullen, Daphne Lathouras and Maureen Pritchard** (both regular and veggie versions). I sampled each one at least once and always swore that whichever one I was currently eating was definitely the best. Great idea. Providing contrast to the chili, to those who were lucky enough



Lorin Droppa, Meighan Haupt & Ginny Droppa

to get some, was **Al Marani's** Irish Brown Bread, as well as some swell quesadillas.

After the food and beverage was taken care of, it seemed like a normal BABA party with the continuous eating and drinking and talking. So there I was minding my OWN business, but alas alone with no defense, when **Daphne Lathouras** sidles up to me with a smile on her face and asks me to do the trip report for the newsletter. Help, I can't write, I based my college major on the path with least writing. It scares me and reveals all my inner insecurities. So I retorted that I had never done any writing before, accompanied by a facial expression that I hoped reflected the depth of those fears. I quickly checked her face for signs of compassion and/or weak-



Warren Evans

ness: the eyes, nose twitch, corner of the mouth...nothing. She's either a great poker player or a school teacher, damn. She was unmoved by my childish fears, and so I had no other course but acceptance. So BABAites, always stay protected at the party; travel in pairs, have a very moving or passionate conversation planned that begs not to be interrupted, exercise caution at the food table where even the paired may sometimes seem not, and never be alone. **YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED.** This odd occurrence was yet another precursor to the plainable events to follow.

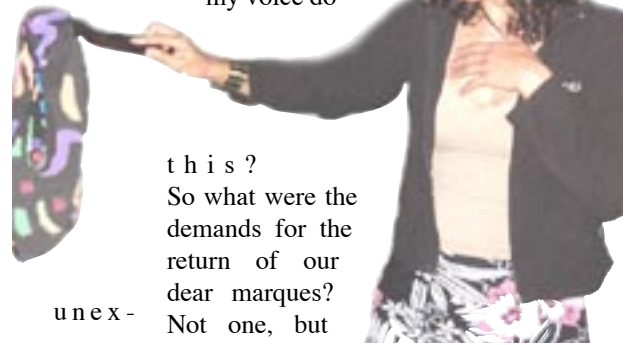
Now follows the accurate account by your elected reporter of the strange events of the evening of Monday October 9th at Island Sky. Mischief was in the air, strange occurrences were prevalent throughout the day, jibes and tacks were being made with



Joe Wingard, Amber Kasbeer and Gordon Wells

magical precision, the moon was just past full. Then at the party, midway through the evening, there was a commotion on the front stairway. A trim young male, clad only in a lightning-bolt Speedo with a decorated and cut-out brown paper bag over his head, came charging up the steps, delivered a ransom note written in green crayon and a childish hand, removed said Speedo and departed down the stairs. The male-ness being positively identified by our resident gender specialist, **Darsie Re-meikis** (and possibly others who were not as bold to come forward).

Now to the ransom note. It indicated a grave fact of which we were unaware: namely that ALL of our lovely multi-color-hand-painted-with-love banners (by **Bill Anderson**) had been **STOLEN** from the fronts of our Island Creek houses. The outrage, the despair, the abject violation. Who were these masked men. And how do I make my voice do



t h i s ?  
So what were the demands for the return of our dear marques? Not one, but four: four *Margaret DuBois carefully handles the streaker's speedo....*

pizzas, two cases of our local Natty Boh beer, a cigar for daddy and a tube of Vagisil for mommy. The temerity of the infidels. Rerunning all of our ransom movies in our heads to get wisdom in this worst of times, we (really **Marc Rosen**) decided to stand



*Mark Weinman*

the miscreants up. We love our banners, but we go on without them, honor intact. We shall not stoop to such dark parking lot exchanges, and then what have we really exchanged: banners for our courage, integrity, and immutable strength? I think not, we don't need no stinkin' banners. To further display our solidarity and intimidate our oppressors, we posted MORE NAKED signs on all of our houses.

After experiencing the unified strength of BABA via our "You Tube" video and no-show at the appointed hour, our scoundrels were confronted by the unquestionable sportsmanship of those whom they so thoughtlessly wronged, and painfully aware of their visible lack thereof. So publicly shamed, they were as one, rent to the core. And by Wednesday afternoon had no choice but to return the stolen articles which now were such an unbearable burden to their very souls.

Driving around the Island Creek circle, displaying the BABA flags on all sides of their corrupt vehicle to show their longing to be part of such an august group, honking their horn as a voice of repentance to the winds, they stopped, mere shadows of their former selves and



*Mark Haupt*

humbly returned their ill gotten spoils. Although I must admit that it was not a unanimous decision, one of the revered BABA flags was given to the newly forgiven as a gesture of goodwill by Marc Rosen, our acting sage and shaman.

The jig being up, we had now discovered the identity of our foes: the streaker was representing a nerdo-well group of outright hooligans from the St. Mary's sailing club whose only form of leadership is the pirate **Chris Jarboe** who can claim no more than being the responsible adult. My sources say that the nefarious group

also includes an Olympic contender who goes by **Farrah the Fair** and another who prefers just **Tom**. One further note and a warning to future Fall Hatteras trippers: I have the Speedo – BEWARE.

Evidence of our commitment to the sport was in evidence everywhere in Island Creek: trailers of all sizes and shapes, adorned with virtually every sticker and decal since the beginning of windsurfing, lawns and lofts filled to overflowing with all manner of boards and sails, but most indicative is our array of license plates. A sampling: SAILNOW, WINDGAL, LETS\_RIG, WAVESAIL, SKI095 (infidel), WIND\_NUT, DROPPA (local slang for tight jibe). The BABA nation is a constantly evolving core of people that maintains a constant core of spirit. How Zen. It is always sad when one of the old timers moves on in one way or another, but it is always a joy to spend a week with the welcoming happiness that is BABA.

So, yes all of the regular things happened, **Al Marani** set up his morning waffle alter at Island Sky this year with lots of real maple syrup gifted by the worshippers, Andy Brandt did stand-up edutainment at SailWorld on Tuesday



*Sandy Rollins*

night, great weather and a plethora of wood accompanied the Wednesday night bonfire, and the ever popular BABA lunch cookout on Thursday hosted by **Bill 'at the Grill' Anderson** and **Helen 'Energizer Bunny' VanGelder**. Many thanks to them both for all their efforts that make these trips happen.

I have to close with two lasting images from the trip from our lovely ladies. Wednesday afternoon, I was sitting in my beach chair on the lawn (again) and out of the corner of my eye caught this remarkable fast tack by **Sandy Rollins**. Just a work of true beauty. Then Thursday as a bunch of us were lawn circling at sunset, we watched **Amber Kasbeer** paying her last respects to the day, crisscrossing back and forth across the setting sun with her Zoey. Thanks roommates. Until next year.



*Amber Kasbeer*

*Lots more trip pix by Glenn Woodell can be found at <http://public.fotki.com/letsrig/baba-in-avon/>*

## The Great Hatteras Banner Heist - October 2006

by Farrah Hall

It all started out just like any other innocent St. Mary's College Windsurfing Club Cape Hatteras trip: a great house on the sound in Frisco, a little wind, hours of sailing - until Chris Jarboe (our mature and responsible club mentor), an anonymous club member, and I decided to go to the Avon Food Lion for the daily beverage run. Pleasantly tired and relaxed after a happy day on the water, we decided to see "what those BABA guys" were up to. We drove Jarboe's inconspicuous 1985 Dodge Ram van (ten pounds of stickers, homemade custom paint job) over the bridge to the beautiful island inhabited by BABA windsurfers. "Dude," Chris said, "those old guys are lame. It's totally dead here." We then noticed a lovely banner slung over one of the rental houses, front porch. "There's the BABA house, said I. "Let's steal that flag as punishment for their lameness tonight." Naturally Chris thought it was a great idea, and the anonymous club member and I purloined the banner while Chris stood guard. Snickering uncontrollably, we sped down the highway back to Frisco.

Once back at the St. Mary's ranchero, we took a closer look at the flag. It revealed a beautiful custom paint job on a quality backdrop. "Dude," Chris said. "They're gonna want this sucker back real bad!" At that moment I had a brilliant flash of inspiration. "Let's ransom it!" After that, the fun started to get out of hand. Our anonymous member, well known for his naked exploits, decided to do a happy dance with the flag while we held a photo shoot. The plan was then to email the pictures to the More Downhaul newsgroup for a good scare. After the photo shoot, we realized that 1) we couldn't email pictures to More Downhaul, and 2) we somehow ended up with a video of a naked flag dance! We couldn't help ourselves - we posted the video on YouTube and decided to hand-deliver a ransom note the following night. We felt that our demands were reasonable, the scared old guys would pay up, and that we would soon be basking in our success.

Jarboe, Anonymous, and I later that evening headed up the road to Avon with the ransom note, and a scandalous plan for

its delivery.

We tried to roll stealthily into the BABA encampment while their party was in full swing, with our van engine roaring and shocks squeaking. We soon realized that our flag-stealing effort had gone unnoticed - upon every porch was an identical banner! Confounded, we reassessed the situation. "Dude," Jarboe said, "there's a lot more of those flags!" "Yeah man, we're gonna have to take all of them!!" I exclaimed. We removed the inconspicuous van from the island, and proceeded back on foot. To each front porch we went, and while Anonymous and I removed banners, Chris stood watch. Under the very noses of all the BABA windsurfers, not even in the dead of night, we concluded our criminal activities.

After safely stowing the flags (I think there were 8 total) it was time for the ransom delivery. Idling over the bridge, Anonymous prepared mentally (and physically) for his big delivery. As he crouched in the back of the van wearing only a Speedo and a paper bag, Chris and I realized how much of a hero he was and watched in silent awe. We parked the van next to the party house, leaving the engine running. Anonymous dashed out the back door while Chris and I removed the final flag from the porch of the party house. As we fled back to the van, we had a glimpse of our hero strolling boldly through the front door. All we heard from the house was the sound of shrieking laughter. Fifteen seconds later, Anonymous stumbled down the stairs, anatomy in full view, startling a BABA member innocently walking down the street. Jarboe and I pulled the van up, threw him in, and tore over the bridge, tires squealing like a bat out of hell, bottoming out at the bottom of the hill and swerving through the parking lot of Windsurfing Hatteras. The following More Downhaul email describes what Jarboe and I missed::



*The perpetrators.....*

*The BABA Meet & Greet party was struck by terrorism. A still unidentified stalker with a paper bag over his head delivered a ransom note to the BABA Chili Party. He tumbled back down the stairs but left his speedo, which will fly over Island Sky tomorrow.*

*The ransom note says....  
"if u want 2 c ur flags agin u must pay ransums:*

- 1. 4 big pizzas*
- 2. 1 case natty boh*
- 3. cigar for daddy*
- 4. mommy wants vagisil*

*Fud Lion Avon Tuesday 6:30 pm OR  
ELSE!!!*

*More Naked!!*

*<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qGgLe6ie3MQ>  
or key word BABA Flag*

*We soon discovered that all the BABA banners had been removed from the houses. Then we saw the you tube video.....*

*The BABA Women voted for more naked - signs have been posted in place of the missing BABA banners. Anyone with leads will be rewarded. Homeland security has been notified.*

We decided since the BABA women wanted "More Naked," we would give it to them. The following day dawned bright and windy - a perfect opportunity to make a little windsurfing expedition to Avon. Anonymous, Jarboe, and I loaded up the van with our supplies: windsurfing gear, waist harnesses, and pantyhose. We parked



The BABA Women's demand for "More Naked" was posted on YouTube....  
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hPTbtKnlxHc>

at Windsurfing Hatteras and noted the huge fleet of BABA windsurfers innocently shredding around - what a perfect setup!! Quickly, Jarboe and Anonymous rigged up a shortboard and a Start board. Pulling pantyhose over his head, Anonymous jumped onto the Start wearing nothing but a waist harness. With Chris as backup, they cruised down the creek out to the sound while I took pictures. As they vanished into the sound to shock and amaze the BABA fleet, I started up the van and headed down to the Canadian Hole to pick them up. Little did I know that the expedition had met with disaster. A half hour lat-



The Naked Windsurfer prepares to launch.

er, Chris limped in to the beach at the Hole. Anonymous' universal joint had snapped, forcing him to abort the mission and swim back naked to Windsurfing Hatteras! We went to pick him up and had fun the rest of the afternoon sailing the Hole.

Later that evening, Chris and I went to pick up our demands at Food Lion. We tied a BABA flag to the hood of the van,

and wearing paper bags over our heads, we cruised the parking lot, drawing lots of attention even though we were very inconspicuous in the rusty van and our paper bags. After 20 minutes, Chris said, "We've been had!" "No," I said, "they still want their flags. We must punish them further!" Chris noted, "But, we're leaving tomorrow afternoon! And we don't have Anonymous to run around naked (he has to go back to school.)

"Crap," I said, "you're right. We're going to have to return them tomorrow. Let's do it in style." The next day, we found another demand from the BABA women for "More Naked" posted on YouTube (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hPTbtKnlxHc>). We were very disappointed that we could not acquiesce to their plea and provide them with some more college boy male anatomy sightings, Anonymous having departed for home. However, we were pleased to discover that we were invited to a BABA bonfire, and were to receive one of our demands (case of Natty Boh). So the next day, we tied all the flags to the exterior of the van like some BABA parade float, and rode around the BABA island honking obnoxiously and cheering out the window. We were greeted by a crowd of smiling BABA windsurfers, most notably Marc Rosen, whose infectious enthusiasm carried over to the rest of the group. Of course there was a photo session.

#### Later:

Chris goes to the souvenir shop. He buys some trinkets for his kids and walks back outside. Two guys in a rusty pickup truck with Jersey plates are pointing at the van and laughing. Chris realizes that his van can be considered an object of ridicule so he was ready to brush off the encounter when one of the sketchy guys speaks. "Hey

man, wheah's ya bag?" "What?" says the hapless Jarboe. "You know, ya bag!" says the Jersey guy. "Dat one you was wearin, at the Food Lion! Ya know, ya can't drive around heah in dat van wearin' a bag on ya head in a place like dis. We was like, Are those guys gonna hold up the Food Lion, or what?"

Anonymous was revealed at the BABA Annual Meeting to be Tom Ma\*\*\*\*e, whose pasty Polish ass (his own words) graced the BABA flag video, chili party, and sailing session.



Chris Jarboe and Farrah Hall

*Ed Note: Farrah is training and competing to represent the US in windsurfing at the 2008 Olympic Games in Beijing. For more information see [www.farrah-hall.com](http://www.farrah-hall.com) Tom M\*\*\*\*e's name is being protected in case a potential employer decides to google his name - we'd hate for him to lose out on a job interview due to his pasty Polish %\$# showing up on the BABA website!*

Chris, Marc Rosen & Farrah



## Self Rescue and the Wide-Style Board

by Lorin Droppa, Land-locked BABA member, Staunton, VA

Mother Nature is an educator; wind-surfers are students. Sometimes we study & do our home work, maybe even attend a class or two. Sometimes we learn from the successes and failures of other students. Other times lessons are simply pounded into us.

When the mast breaks at OBX on my 8.8 sail, I am ready to learn. The wind is dying off to sub-planing conditions, so all other sailors have left the reef area and no new sails are headed my way. Can't use the buddy system, 'cause there's no buddy here. Time to self-rescue. But I can't touch bottom.

*Lesson One.* De-rigging while sitting on the board is easier than I thought. One by one each component comes off and is carefully tied to the foot strap: Mast extension, protector, base, boom, mast pieces. Time to roll up the sail. Done. Not enough rope left to tie the sail down, so slide the sail under the boom, lay down on top of the whole mess & start paddling 1 1/2 miles in.

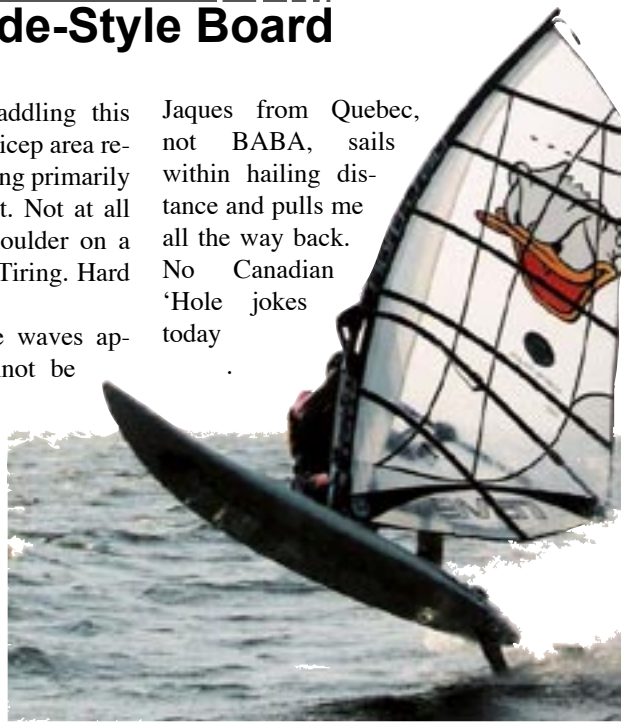
*Lesson Two.* A new wide-style board has good grip, like sandpaper. A

wide-style board is wide. Paddling this thing without sanding off the bicep area requires arching the back and using primarily the rotation of the elbow joint. Not at all like a full-stroke from the shoulder on a regular surfboard. Inefficient. Tiring. Hard to lift head to keep on target.

*Lesson Three.* Rogue waves approaching from the rear cannot be seen while paddling. Everything goes over & I'm swimming. The boom, tied at the foot strap, is around my torso and I have caught the sail between my calves. It starts to unroll. I must swim down & out of the boom. One leg kick gets me back to the surface. Leg kick? Sail. Gone. Dive. 12" visibility. Good bye 8.8. At least you were well used.

*Lesson Four.* There's a reason a Nautical mile is longer than a regular mile. With no sail, it's half the distance to the moon. After an eternity a.k.a. 45 minutes,

Jaques from Quebec, not BABA, sails within hailing distance and pulls me all the way back. No Canadian 'Hole jokes today



Lorin Droppa

*Lessons learned.* Discard old equipment 1 hour before breakage. When deep, use PFD. Extra rope is worth \$35 per foot. Any buddy is a good buddy, even if they're ugly. Paddling is for kayaks

## The Perfect Storm, Halloween '91

by David McKibbin

My first BABA trip was Halloween week '91, right in the middle of Hurricane Grace, which would contribute one of three components to the Perfect Storm. This was my first time on Bodie Island, and I was struck by its wildness with the coming storm and wanted to stop and see the dunes and surf. So, I parked, got out and got about ten feet when I had to run back to the car for protection from the unbearable stinging pain of the blasting sand from the gale force winds. I would have loved to see the surf, but it was just not possible. Continuing down, I am the only one on the road, and as I get to the (then individual) towns of Rodanthe, Waves and Salvo, there are no lights anywhere (I am assuming power outage) and occasional sections of road are under a few inches of water and the wind continues to howl. Continuing onward seems increasingly foolish, but I fearfully press on to our house in Frisco (I am thinking Darwin Awards here).

I finally arrive and everyone else (two young couples and another single guy) is already there. There are only six of us and one house in those early days. I am clearly the newbie; the others having quivers of sails and custom Fox or Naish boards, etc., yet I am simply adorned with my trusty Fanatic Bat: 'fear the Bat' and a 5.0 sail.

I had started windsurfing in the summer of '89 at the Gunpowder with one of Hal Ashman's (666-WIND) all day clinics. Hatteras had always scared me: that was just for experts, but I decided to try it anyway. Much to my surprise, it was actually easier to learn and sail in Hatteras than it had been in the Chesapeake. With strong and consistent wind, you could use a smaller and easier to maneuver rig and the wind provided a solid platform to hold on to. Not to mention not having to uphaul EVERY time. The winds were strong, but manageable and I had a great time and gained confidence in my sailing. Due to the gale force winds, we had all driven up

to Avon and Buxton to rent every 3.0 and 3.5 we could find.

This trip was where my sleeping(bag)-on-the-deck began, which continued until I recently started to splurge and get a room to myself. It was just so powerful outside I had to be in it. It was blowing over 40 that first night and getting settled in, I lifted my head for a second whereupon my pillow instantly teleported 20 feet to the far railing. Hmm...maybe I need to move to the lee side (lerd matey) a bit. A little hard to get to sleep with the wind whistling in the screens and in my ears, but it was worth it. What a night. After that, my bed was made as they say.

By the way, an interesting derivation of 'leeward' usually pronounced 'looward' or under duress of high wind 'lerd' — "as early sailing vessels had no toilets, and the crew must, therefore, relieve themselves over the side of the ship (and would not do so on the windward side for obvious reasons), the term loo might well have

*continued on p11*

## Rocky Point Ripping in October

by Roger Fitzgerald

Friday October 20th had a perfect forecast: "Gale warnings on the Chesapeake Bay, West Northwest winds 20 to 30 knots with gusts to 45." Just the sort of day to bring the really hard core sailors to Rocky Point for some high wind sailing. After emailing my list of local sailors and getting a few responses, I got to the park at 1:15 to find **Mark Raginsky** waiting. He had been there since 12:30 watching the spray blow off the tops of the waves and waiting for other sailors. The wind graph from iWindsurf shows the dramatic increase at 12:30, with 30 mph winds holding until 5 that afternoon, and several gusts past 45 mph when the water turned to liquid smoke.

Mark even had the iWindsurf information on his fancy Blackberry/cellphone, average winds of 34mph with gusts to 44. That was enough to make my sail size decision easy, it was SuperFreak time! I recently purchased a 3.7 SuperFreak from Jeffrey Henderson of Hot Sails Maui, and the sail lived up to its reputation with plenty of power and control in the gusts. I never got slammed in sailing 31 miles with a top speed of 34.2 mph. My main problem was keeping my 86 liter ProTech ATC260 on the water, the chop had four to five foot faces in the middle with the tide running against the wind.

**Craig Heffner** rigged his 4.0 and sailed off into upwind purgatory. Craig was overpowered and had no downhaul tool on the water so he kept going upwind until he was nearly out of sight. We were a little worried so I checked him out with **Mark Weinman's** binoculars and confirmed that he was still ripping along but too wise to attempt a downwind run in the 35 to 40 mph conditions. Craig even sat on his board for a while to try to drift downwind, but the tide was very strong so he didn't make any downwind progress. Craig rejoined the group about 4 pm when the wind moderated a little. Mark Weinman had a new sail, new board, and new harness so took a few minutes to get adjusted to his favorite sort of winds. He eventually sailed his 4.2 and 82 liter wave board. Mark said that the winds were similar to Lake Arenal in Costa Rica, with smaller chop here at Rocky Point, aka The Gorge East.

**Sandy Rollins** brought out her 3.6 and a sub 60 liter board that looked like a large waterski. This has to be the bargain of the century so far, \$20 for a board that stuck to the water and had Sandy sailing all afternoon in the extreme conditions.



The water was fairly warm and the wind just absolutely howled. A few other sailors stopped by but did not sail much, 115 liters and a 4.5 were not going far on Friday. We missed a few of the regular high wind sailors who were off golfing in Florida or still in Hatteras, I'm sure they would have been happier sailing in these Gorge-like conditions.

Tuesday, October 24th was another great day at Rocky Point. This time the winds were "only" WNW 20-25 with gusts to 35, perfect for the 4.5 to 5.5 sails that we rigged. **Gordon Palmer** sailed for a while on his 5.3 and 4.5 before deciding that he would leave things for "you young guys". It was nice to be called "young" at 49! **Craig, Mark Weinman, Steve Cohen and I** sailed until about 5:15. I actually went faster on Tuesday as my 5.0 is generally my fastest sail and the chop was much smaller than Friday, but still big enough for some nice jumping. This time Craig stayed with our group and he and I had some excellent drag races. I asked Craig how he would avoid running over me if I fell in front of him as we were both traveling at about 35 mph, with Craig about 20 feet back. He replied, "Don't fall, I'm not sure that I could miss you." Max speed for me on Tuesday was 37.7 mph, that is 55 feet per second, so there is not a lot of time to react, less than 1/2 a second at that distance. When it is windy and still above 45 degrees or so, please join us at Rocky Point if you are ready for some extreme sailing, this is the time of year to use your smallest gear.

*Perfect Storm continued*

derived from the standard pronunciation of the word leeward as "looward". Food for thought...

After three days of sailing, the main part of Grace hit and breached the dunes between Avon and Buxton. The winds were too high to sail and highway 12 above Buxton was under up to six feet of water. They were predicting at least one week if not two before the road could be cleared of up to a million cubic feet of sand. And that's the only road out !!! Not wanting to stay for the duration, I caught the last Hatteras-Ocracoke ferry for the night and then slept in my car in the standby line for the Ocracoke-Swan Quarter ferry the next morning which was booked solid for the next two weeks. Luckily, I got a spot and two and a half hours later I was on terra firma.

Quite a memorable trip, but it wasn't until almost ten years later when I was reading the book 'The Perfect Storm' that I realized I had been part of one of its three storms.



**Petra Kanz**  
Windsurfing Clinics  
2006

# East Coast Formula Championships

Sept 30 - Oct 1

Mayo Beach Park



Fan Pat, John Perry & Helen Van Gelder



Tom Hickey



Skipper's Meeting



Chad Perkins, ??? and Tom Caswell

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Longboard start



Ann Jackson



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# East Coast Formula Championships



Steve Besse



John Contos



Eric Rahnenfeurher and Mark Raginsky



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# Redefining the Possible

by Chris Zeitvogel, BABA Okinawa Rep.

When I was in college, I had NO MONEY for windsurfing gear (and it's just as well considering how quickly things became obsolete during that time). I imagine that it's still pretty much the same today for most college students. Which brings us to the photo sequence attached. This young lady is a first-year college student, new member of the Ryuku University Mistral One Design sailing team. Here in Japan, IMCO is still huge. Nearly every university has an IMCO sailing team (sailed with the 6.6m<sup>2</sup>). First-year students are "rushed" and join the IMCO team as their sports club. There they train twice a week or more, learning to windsurf then learning to race, so that by their junior and senior year they are very very good. It's Japan, man. It really is just like "The Last Samurai"; while on the team you absolutely strive for perfection. ANYWAYS... The club was having their qualification series for the national championships. Even though she is a first year student and just learning to sail in the first place; she was there to get the experience and to support the Senpai (seniors). I showed up at the beach to find her struggling to de-rig her sail with the rip all the way across the main panel. I suppose that most of us would have just thrown that sail away. But a new IMCO sail, heck, ANY new sail here in Japan retails at \$700. (Only \$650 after the standard discount...) What kind of college student has that kind of money? So, she dried and derigged, then went to work with clear tape in the parking lot. An hour and a half later she was re-rigging and back on the water; racing. Now that is re-defining the "Possible".

--Reported by "UchinanChris", Okinawa Japan



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