

# The Beginning & Early Days of the Race to Mexico

By Commodore Richard Spangenberg

**T**hose many participants in last year's Regata al Sol, who were not born yet when I first started the race in 1965, might be interested in learning how it all began and how it reached the prominence that it enjoys today.

It began in 1964 when the City of New Orleans under Mayor Victor Schiro proclaimed, "Mexico Week in New Orleans", in cooperation with the International House, to foster increased trade and tourism between New Orleans and the Mexican Caribbean area.

The Mexican government responded by sending a prestigious delegation to the event headed by the former President of Mexico, Miguel Aleman, who was then the Chairman of the National Tourist Council of Mexico. His entourage consisted of prominent Mexican businessmen, as well as officials of the Tourist Council. The City received them at a reception at Gallier Hall attended by the Mayor's International Committee of which my wife, Nicole and I were members. Each member was asked to accept sponsorship of one guest couple to show them the hospitality of the City beyond the confines of officialdom.

After a bit of "finagling", Nicole and I claimed as our guest a suave, urbane, nattily dressed gentleman in a Savile Row suit, who spoke with a decided British accent – not at all Mexican in appearance – and who had a large roll of posters under his arm. The gentleman was Senor Alberto Alvarez Morphy, a Mexican aristocrat with Irish blood on his mother's side, who was educated in England and was now serving as a sort of ambassador at large for his close friend President Aleman.

To our surprise and dismay, the posters Alberto carried proclaimed the Regata al Sol Yacht Race from New Orleans to Isla Mujeres, Quintana Roo, Mexico, to be sponsored by none other than Southern Yacht Club and



*(left to right) Commodore Richard Spangenberg presents trophy to Commodore Iturbide of Cozumel Yacht Club*

to be sailed in June of 1965. When Alberto learned that I was a member of SYC he gave me a grand abrazo and solicited my help in getting SYC to sponsor the Race. I informed him that I had little or no influence at the Club but that I would do whatever I could.

The idea for the Race came to Alberto, who many years before, initiated the San Diego to Acapulco Race when he was Commodore of Acapulco Yacht Club and witnessed what a great effect the Race eventually produced in tourism to the Pacific Coast. The hope was that the Regatta would do the same for the impoverished Caribbean Coast.

I duly presented the proposal to Commodore Gus Lorber, who readily agreed to our sponsorship of the Race with only two provisos; one, that I handle the entire affair and two, that I not ask the Club for money. With this strong support, I publicized the event by sending a poster and an announcement to all of the GYA clubs and soliciting entries for a race to be held in June 1965.

By March 1, I had not received a single entry, while our Mexican friends, led by Senor Morphy, had made enormous preparations to receive the "fleet" at the Hotel Zazil Ha on the northern tip of the island. With the

support of the National Tourist Council he was able to beg and cajole financial help and an impressive array of beautiful trophies from a variety of Mexican businesses such as Chrysler, GM of Mexico and a host of others.

Everything was in place for a Regata – except boats. A minor problem to our friend Alberto, who at my suggestion solicited the help of the U. S. Ambassador to Mexico who agreed to strongly suggest to the Navy that it allow the two aging 44 foot yawls at Pensacola Air Base to enter the Regata as a goodwill gesture. And so it was agreed and the two yawls ended as the only entrants.

Meanwhile, the Yucatan Press based in Merida, having apparently little other news as noteworthy was creating a minor frenzy about the first yacht race they had ever dreamed of coming to their shores as a harbinger of the wave of tourism to follow. (This turns out to be somewhat prophetic as at that time Cancun did not exist and Cozumel and Isla Mujeres were little known beach resorts). The fact that there were two entries was never mentioned in all of the hoopla and probably was never known by most of the populace, even on Isla Mujeres.

As the starting dated neared, we were approached that one of the boats would be rechristened the Isla Mujeres and would have a crew from Merida headed by Architect Felix Mier y Teran, a very fine person – with little if any sailing experience. The Navy was smart enough to furnish sufficient crew to ensure the safety of the vessel and see that it arrived at the finish line in due course. Navy Lieutenant Wirshing would be in control with our friend Felix as nominal skipper.

The race was started from Gulfport after a round of festivities and photo ops with the Mexican journalists who were here for the start. I outlined necessary procedures in the race instructions including a daily radio check on old faithful “2182” as long as the range would permit. (This is before VHF).

After the start I had to get down to Isla Mujeres to set

up the finish line. One problem was the only transportation available from New Orleans was Pan American Airways which flew to Merida only three times a week. From Merida it was a four hour taxi ride to catch the ferry to Mujeres. The alternative to the taxi would have been the bus which would have taken the entire day.

We supposedly had a Mexican Navy gunboat escort but it was nowhere to be found and I had to establish the finish line from a borrowed rowboat by anchoring two homemade buoys to mark the break in the reef at the north end of the island. After about a week, the racers arrived and by superior seamanship (and some pre-arrangement) the Isla Mujeres was the winner.

The finish line was thronged with local boats with much cheering and waving and picture taking by the innumerable press corps. The beautiful President of Mexico trophy was presented at a lavish dinner celebration by the Governor of Quintana Roo, Senor Don Rufo Figueroa. There were medals for each crew member



*Commodore Spangenberg looking on as Lieutenant Wirshing is presented a trophy in the first Regata al Sol*

and trophies for navigator, cook and other worthies all of which contributed to a joyous weekend before the Navy had to turn their two tired boats around and head back to Pensacola. The skippers reported to me that at least one hour of each watch was devoted to pumping the bilges to keep the boats afloat.

Incredible as it may seem, the first Regata al Sol was a great success because it opened the door to a new era of tourism on the Mexican Caribbean Coast and it showed our own Gulf sailors what a great potential this race would have in the future. And so with the first race successfully concluded it was time to prepare for the second.

*Editor's note: In the next issue Commodore Spangenberg will cover race 2 and 3 and Southern Yacht Club's participation in the Regata al Sol.*

# The Early Days of the Race to Mexico

By Commodore Richard Spangenberg

*Editor's note: This article is a continuation from the previous issue of the historical beginning of the Regata al Sol.*

**T**he first Regata al Sol was a success from the tourism standpoint but was an almost zero from the sailing participation. Obviously, I had much work to do to convince the SYC handicapped fleet that if they sailed beyond Pensacola they would not fall off the edge of the earth and that they could survive a four to six day race when their previous limit had been overnight.

So, I began a campaign to publicize the next race by mailing posters and announcements to the GYA clubs and by personal visits to Lakewood and Houston Yacht Clubs as well as Pensacola and Navy Yacht Clubs.

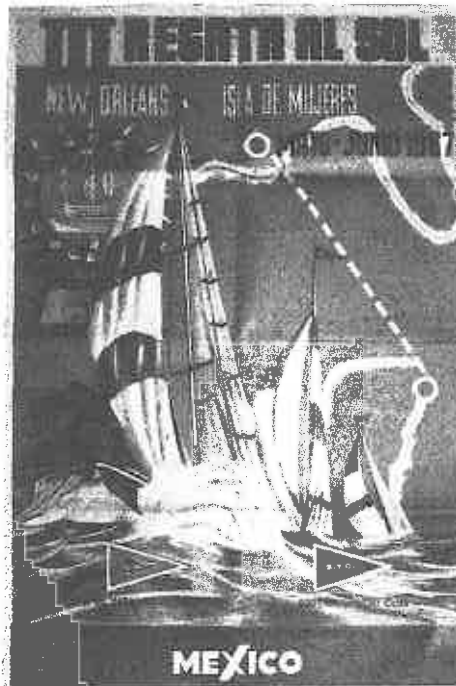
The results was gratifying, producing SIXTEEN entrants for the II Regata al Sol, May 1966. Nine of the entrants were other than SYC – some from Texas and some from Florida, a very respectable turnout.

At the insistence of the Mexican Committee, we agreed to start the Race at SYC "A" buoy, as they wanted a connection to New Orleans, as they had originally planned. They were blithely unconcerned about the navigational difficulties and hazards of starting a 600 mile race in which strangers were faced with the labyrinth of Lake Pontchartrain and the Rigolets. This first leg would finish at the Broadwater Beach Hotel, Biloxi and the 2nd leg from there to Isla Mujeres would be one week later – May 28, 1966.

All went according to plan except the first leg was almost exclusively local boats, while the entrants from Texas and Florida gathered in the Broadwater Marina. My committee had the usual hassle of enforcing the equipment list requirements, even to the extent of forcing one entrant to permanently attach his



*Bottom Row left to right: Bill Cain, Louissette Brown, John Dicks, Cynthia Hammond, Richard Spangenberg. 2nd row: Penney Brown, Gwen Hogan. 3rd row: Unknown. 4th row: Ginny Cary, Gloria Cain. 5th row: Elisabeth O'Donnell, Charlotte Laan Lamar. 6th row: Peggy Koerner, Helen Eshleman. 7th row: Unknown, Kit Bruce.*



hatch boards into the companionway to create a self-bailing cockpit! Needless to say, we got a few cross words from some ill equipped skippers.

The race started well from our committee boat, the beautiful 85' "Heavy Moon" of Mr. A. R. Blossman of Covington, and finished 130 hours later when our own dear Cal Hadden crossed the line first in "Chandelle", his Cal 40 but ended 3rd on corrected time. The overall winner was "Cal Gal" a Cal 36 from Galveston. The finish line this time was manned by a Mexican Navy gunboat, which stayed much of the week needed for all of the boats to finish.

In the meantime we had a great showing of SYC wives and families who boarded the Pan Am flight from New Orleans to Merida, followed by the somewhat scary flight to Isla in the Lockheed Vega planes of Aero Maya. All arrived

safely and were taken to the Zazil Ha Hotel, beautiful and impressive on the northern tip of the Island within sight of the finish line and with the surf breaking over the rocks almost into the dining room. But trouble in paradise – no air conditioning, and, yes, salt water showers and you can imagine the delight of our arriving sailors having been doused with salt water for a week!

The post race festivities were superbly organized, highlighted by the grand trophy presentation dinner in the thatched roof dome ballroom, attended by three provincial governors from Yucatan, Quintana Roo and Campeche. The governors presented the very beautiful silver trophies to the winners, medals to the crew members and some memorabilia to everyone. Our time on the Island was filled with tours and turtle riding at the heavily stocked sea turtle ponds. The consensus was that the II Regata al Sol was a success from sailing to tourism opening the beautiful Mexican Caribbean to a large contingent of New Orleanians as well as Texans – just as it was created to accomplish.

The III Regata al Sol again started from the Broadwater Beach Marina which was ideal for the enterprise in that the hotel and marina were very close to the starting line, providing spectator possibilities together with fine accommodations.

The entry list was smaller than the previous race – thirteen rather than sixteen but of the ten finishers eight were from SYC. Our race committee was the revered “Porte Bonheur”, the Jahncke family yacht, ably handled by Buddy Jahncke. It was to be a fixture of the next few races.

The race was sailed without serious problems, except for three dropouts. The remaining ten had elapsed times from 116 to 166 hours. First to finish and first on corrected time that new sensation of Temple Brown and Bubby Hartson, “Tiare”, with a new record of 116 hours, 16 minutes and ten seconds – followed by Cal Hadden’s, “Chandelle”, with 128

hours. The Cal 48 was a step up from the Cal 40, a new era.

The post race festivities were again carefully planned and succeeded to leave most of us happy on the Island, except for minor problems such as half water in the swimming pool, occupied by a large sea turtle! (Later wrestled unsuccessfully by Charlie Adams).

Afterwards, our entire returning group were taken in busses from Puerto Morelos on the mainland (after a ferry ride) to return to Merida in a long day trip with included a magnificent luncheon in a huge cave in the town of Valladolid. The cave was carved by an underground river which cascaded under the restaurant. This was followed by a visit to the ruins of the Mayan City, Uxmal, a revelation to most of us, an impressive experience, in spite of the intense heat.

The evening was a fitting climax, when after shedding the Yucatan dust in our now air conditioned hotels, all of us boarded into horse drawn carriages and paraded through the streets of the City to a grand fiesta in the square, already thronged with the local populace, only vaguely familiar with the reason for our presence, but happy for an occasion to celebrate almost anything. The effect

was to confer on us a feeling of being dignitaries of far more importance than we deserved.

This was the climax of a great event which turned out to have a significant influence on the future of tourism in the Yucatan Peninsula. Note, that prior to our arrival, tourism was largely archeological and tourist facilities were minimal. Even though our direct influence may not have been all that significant, the Regata al Sol produced exactly what our Mexican founders had in mind; a yacht race to focus attention on the tremendous appeal of the Mexican Caribbean coast which would lead to increased tourist facilities and eventually to the foundation of that now enormous resort – Cancun.



*(left to right) Bill Hays, Maurice (Bubby) Hartson, Danny Killeen and in the back, Temple Brown, Marissa Killeen and Brown became Commodores and are now Honorary Life Members of the Southern Yacht Club*

# The Early Days of the Race to Mexico

By Commodore Richard Spangenberg

*(Editor's note: This article is a continuation from previous issues of the historical beginning of the Regata al Sol. The first and second parts of the story are in the April and May issue of Tell-Tale).*

The III Regata Al Sol was somewhat of a climax in that SYC fielded eight of the ten finishers and enthusiasm for the Race was still high. The memorable events on Isla Mujeres after the race, the trip back to Merida with its reception at Valladolid and the visits to Uxmal and Chichen Itza, to say nothing of the parade and fiesta in Merida, all combined to maintain our enthusiasm and momentum throughout the year of 1967 and to build interest in the next race.

However, as the date drew closer for the IV Regata Al Sol, June 8, 1968, it became obvious that SYC had cooled its early enthusiasm probably because those interested and capable of sailing the race had already done so, some of them twice. There were only seven entries in the IV Regata Al Sol, of which three were from SYC. Oscar McMillan's Cal 40, Gulf Ghost, was the first to finish and the overall winner on corrected time was Silkie, skippered by George Reynolds under the burgee of NOYC.

The poor turnout was a wake-up call that the future of the Race was tenuous unless some changes were made to boost participation. To this end I questioned many of the crew members and skippers to hear their pros and cons and suggestions for the future. One easily corrected objection was that the Race was too long and the winds too light in June, a suggestion which I later followed and changed the start to April. A tougher complaint to remedy was the shortcomings of the Hotel Zazil Ha, such as saltwater showers, half empty swimming pool and no air conditioning. These problems seemed to be the compelling reason for the lack of interest in

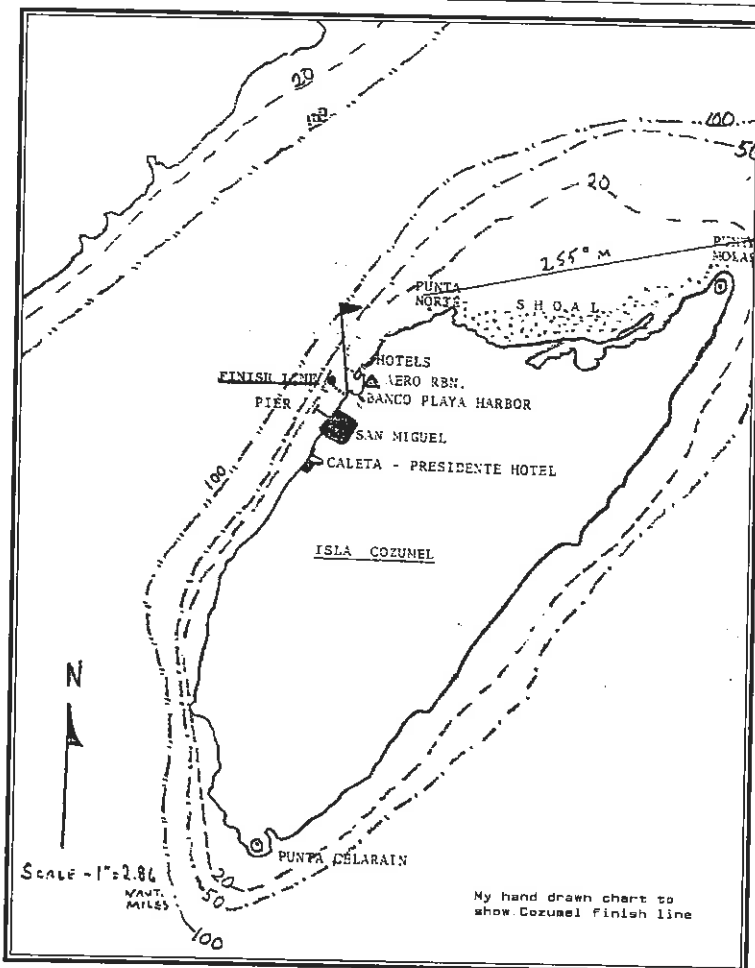
future races.

Enter Commodore Anibal de Iturbide, a wealthy banker from Mexico City, who had a home on Cozumel about forty miles south of Isla Mujeres. He suggested we change the finish to Cozumel, a much larger Island with at least ten hotels of all sizes and types. After the festivities of the IV Regata, Anibal sent his launch (Bertram 32) for us to take a group to Cozumel for a look see. Included were Bill and Gloria Cain, Cal Hadden, my wife Nicole and myself.

Cozumel lacked not only the primitive charm of Mujeres, but more importantly, it lacked a harbor! There was only a concrete dock subject to a mean ground swell which promised instant destruction to sailing vessels attempting to moor alongside.

Our group unanimously nixed Cozumel as a destination until Commodore Iturbide offered to build us a small boat harbor and to have it ready for the V Regata the following year. My skepticism was total — and I told him so. I told that I would not begin to plan to finish at Cozumel until I could walk on the docks of the new harbor — a very tall order (so I thought).

Well, in December of 1967, Anibal invited Cal Hadden and me to come to Cozumel to see the new harbor well underway and named Banco Playa. When the IV Regata arrived in June it was to a beautiful new harbor with concrete docks, fountains, flags flying, music



My hand drawn chart to show Cozumel finish line

and open air dancing by what appeared to be half of the local population in a place that had been an inland pond the previous summer. Total amazement, especially when you consider that on our December trip, Cal and me saw this little pond being dredged by means of a jackhammer operated by a small Mexican from a very small barge but the spike at the end of the jackhammer was ten feet long, as necessary to break up the coral so that it could be dredged out by the bucket. Primitive, but effective! We had our harbor.

We designated Hotel Playa Azul as our headquarters. It was on the waterfront just north of town and seemed to provide an easily accessible place for a finish line from its small dock. I thought to anchor a makeshift buoy 100 yards out as I had on Isla Mujeres, that is until I learned to my consternation the 100 fathom curve was not far away! So, I had to settle for the pin end of the finish line to be a rowboat with a flag lashed to an oar anchored by several hundred feet of clothesline.

Once again, Cal Hadden in *Chandelle* took the triple crown. Tommy Coleman in *Blaise* was first in Class B. It was a long race. Not



*Picture from the March 9, 1969 issue of the Times Picayune*



Members of the Southern Yacht Club entertained last weekend at their annual "Keggie Night" party which featured several interesting visitors from Mexico. They were here in connection with the annual race across the gulf, which this year will leave on its destination Cozumel. Pictured at the table are from left, Vice-Commodore Charles L. Reblman Jr., Miss Alexandra Alvarado, Secretary of the Yacht Club, Commodore Alberto Alvarez Morphy of the Yacht Club, Mrs. Reblman and Emilio Alberto Alvarez Morphy of Mexico City.

*Sirocco IV* a Carter33 owned and skippered by Bobby Kahn of Pensacola Yacht Club. The IX Regata in 1977 was won by Allen Borne in *Samurai*, a Heritage one ton while Tommy Coleman brought *Tiare* back for her third first to finish.

In 1981, after fifteen years in the helmsman's seat, I had finally had enough and was happy to yield the watch to Cal Hadden and to attend the

ceremonies of the XI Regata as a (semi) spectator in my capacity as Commodore of SYC. Jim Bates was first in Lord Jim with John Levert taking PHRF honors in *Evangeline*.

As you know, the Race continues to this day and is thriving in a partnership with Pensacola Yacht Club. I was followed as chairman by Cal Hadden then Temple Brown/Jack Gordon 1983 and again in 1986 when the Regata returned to Mujeres and the enthusiastic welcome of the Lima Family. Subsequent chairmen included Dick Kammer,

Hjalmar Breit, Robin Moyers and others. I will leave it to these gentlemen who came after me to relate their own adventures to you (how Jack and Temple survived Rita and Paco and how anyone ever survived Paco's fabled pig roasts).

Perhaps some day I will relate more tales of our great fun in Mexico – how Nicole danced with Mayor Schiro and Bob Bruce at the Tumben Maya Lum on Cozumel while I was marooned on Isla Mujeres in a gale. Or that great party at the home of Commodore Iturbide on Cozumel when Commodore Curtis convened a quorum of the SYC Board to create the membership category of "Honorary Foreign Member" and to elect the only two ever to bear that title, our good friend (and father of the Regata) Alberto Alvarez Morphy and Commodore Iturbide who built the harbor for us.

Thus the end of an era for me. Fifteen years before I had come to a wild, sparsely populated coast, where four stories was the maximum height of any building except Mayan Temples, when Cancun was still a coconut plantation with a beautiful beach, when the nearest airfield was in Merida and when air conditioned rooms were not yet even a dream. We saw civilization advance like a horde of locusts over this beautiful coast in a very short time. It is not overweening to assert that we and our Regata had a significant role in this advance – though most of wish the islands had remained as we found them – salt water showers and all.

only is Cozumel 40 mile south of Mujeres but it is all uphill against a Gulfstream at peak velocity and often without enough wind to maintain headway. It happen several times that we sighted a finisher at Punta Molas (northern point of Cozumel) 30 hours before he made it to the finish line.

Since the race had become so long it discouraged entries, so changes were in order. For the VI Regata we became a biennial and staged it in 1971 with a welcome move to April instead of June materially shortening the Race because of brisker tradewinds. *Tiare*, skippered by Temple Brown repeated her performance of 1967 by winning the triple crown and at the same time sliced twenty hours off of her previous record to Mujeres. Gene Walet was second in *Spirit*.

In the VII Regata in 1973 the Coleman / Brown / Hartson team came back strong with another triple crown winner *Wimoweh* an Ericson 46 skippered by Tommy Coleman. The feat was repeated in the same vessel in the X Regata in 1979 by Captain Jay Clark. She was renamed *Excalibur* to celebrate her being raised from the deep waters off Nassau following her Mardi Gras disaster a year earlier in the Miami to Nassau Race.

The VII Regata in 1975 was won by



SYC Commodore Charles Reblman hands trophy to Charlie C...

# Southern Yacht Club's

# *Regatta al Sol*

A view from the beginning.

By: Richard Spangenberg

In April, 1965, Mayor Vic Schiro declared "Mexico Week in New Orleans" and invited Mexican business and tourism officials to the city. On April 22, the delegation duly arrived, under the leadership of former President Miguel Aleman, then chief of the National Tourist Council of Mexico.

As a member of the New Orleans International Committee, I was asked to attend a reception in their honor, and to "adopt" one or more of the entourage as our guests, in order to show them personal hospitality. I happened to fall upon Sr. Alberto Alvarez Morphy, an aide to President Aleman, an official of the Tourist Council, a gentleman educated in English schools, and, incidentally, the founder of the San Diego to Acapulco Race, as Commodore of the Acapulco Yacht Club.

Under his arm Sr. Morphy had a roll of posters proclaiming the "Regatta Al Sol", a yacht race from New Orleans to Isla Mujeres, a wild and unspoiled east coast of the Yucatan peninsula, separated from the mainland by the Gulfstream, which raced northward at a speed of 2.5 knots to a max of almost 5 knots, depending on season and location.

The colorful posters announced that the Race would take place in June of 1965, or less than three months from our fortuitous meeting!

Another notable in the Mexican group was Sr. Jose Lima, also an official of the

Tourist Council, who had just inaugurated his new hotel on the northern tip of Isla Mujeres - the Zazil-Ha, and who, consequently, was most anxious to see the first race to Mexico on the east coast arrive at his doorstep.

---

*... the "Langosta",  
Don Hazlitt's gaff  
rigged schooner,  
(was) chartered to  
a group of leading  
citizens of Merida,  
who had seen  
water only from a  
safe distance.*

---

These worthy gentlemen interviewed our then Commodore, Billy Provensal, who unceremonious advised them to forget about involving S.Y.C. in such a perilous voyage, as our sailors would never venture past Pensacola - unless it be to St. Andrew's Bay for the Liptons - beyond that, they would fall off the edge of the world!

Notwithstanding such rain on their parade as they received from Billy, they caught me in a mood made mellow by a few more cocktails of the City's domestic scotch, and I agreed to try to hit the starting

line in June with any vessels propelled by sail that I could muster - under the sponsorship of good ole Southern Yacht Club.

The result was the I Regatta Al Sol, which sailed from Gulfport in June, 1965, with a "fleet" of three wooden racehorses - two of which were aging Navy Luders 44 yawls, dragged kicking and screaming from the Pensacola Naval Base by the State Department, and the "Langosta", Don Hazlitt's gaff rigged schooner, chartered to a group of leading citizens of Merida, who had seen water only from a safe distance.

The winner was one of the Navy yawls, re-christened the "Isla Mujeres for the event, which crossed the line a mere seven days later, propelled by faithful Navy manual bilge pumps, which were in use fifteen minutes of each hour - twenty-four hours a day.

The nominal skipper was a Merida architect - Felix Mier y Teran - under the close supervision of Lt. Gordon Hunter, USMC, who earned the epithet "Mama Goose" for shepherding his little flock to the finish line.

The second yawl finished a day later, under tow by a Mexican minesweeper after a day slipping backwards in the calms of Contoy. Remember, the yawls had no engines!

Meanwhile, the Langosta had returned to the Broadwater on day two, at the insistence of its retching Mexican crew.

The celebration at the Zazil-Ha was glorious. There were about ten trophies per boat and several mementos per crew

# Mid-Gulf Sailing

April 1990  
Cruising  
Racing

VOL. 7 No. 4  
Boats for Sale

## S.Y.C.'s Regatta al Sol

XI Regatta as a (semi) spectator in my capacity as Commodore of Southern Yacht Club.

First to finish in '81 was Jim Bates in "Lord Jim". John Levert took PHRF in "Evangeline" and Dave Dunham won IOR in "Masquerade".

This ended an era for me, but, as Churchill said, it may not have been the beginning of the end, but it certainly was the end of the beginning. We had come to a wild, sparsely populated coast fifteen years before, when four stories was maximum height of any structure except Mayan temples; when Cancun was a coconut plantation with a beautiful beach; when the nearest airfield was in Merida; when air conditioning was as remote as rockets. We saw civilization advance like a horde of locusts over this coast in a very short time. It is not overweening to assert that we had some part in this advance - though most of us wish we could have had our races and left the Islands as we found them - salt

water showers and all!

Jack Gordon was chairman in 1983, and again in 1986, when the Regatta returned to Isla Mujeres, and the enthusiastic welcome of the Lima Family. It was derailed by the Key West Race in 1984 and '85.

And finally, Dick Kammer has held the wheel since 1988, and will do so again in 1990, a year which promises a good fleet.

I will leave it to these worthy gentlemen who came after me to relate their adventures to you at another time (how Jack and Temple survived Rita and Paco - and how everyone survived Paco's great pig roasts).

Perhaps some day I may relate how Nicole spent our anniversary dancing at the Tumben Maya Lum with Bob Bruce and Mayor Schiro while I was stranded on Mujeres in a gale. Perhaps - some day.

Perhaps I will also relate that great evening in the Iturbide home on Cozumel when Commodore Curtis convened a meeting of the Southern Yacht Club board (a full quorum present), created the category of "Honorary Foreign Member" and promptly elected the only two ever to

occupy that category - Anibal de Iturbide, and our mentor - Alberto Alvarez Morphy. Don Alberto had been the guiding force behind the Regatta from the beginning. It was he who hadgered the government agencies for the magnificent trophies we still award. He arranged the hotel space and the discount prices. He garnered the free beer and rum from reluctant locals and shamed the governors into contributing to our festivities. He had our posters printed, our medals struck - and the flags flying for our arrival. Let us not forget him and his enormous contribution to the Regatta Al Sol. J.

This year's XVI Regatta al Sol will start from Pensacola, Florida on May 9, 1990. The destination is Isla Mujeres, Mexico. A large turnout is expected. For information about entering your boat in the race contact Southern Yacht Club in New Orleans (504) 288-4221.