

The background of the cover is a photograph of a sailboat race. A large sailboat with a red and yellow sail is the central focus. Two crew members are visible on the deck. In the background, other sailboats and crew members are visible on the water. The sky is clear and blue.

HOBIE
Hot Line

\$1.00

JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1979



NOTHING BUT THE BEST

HOBIE CAT 16 WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS
Sponsored by "THE CLUB" Cocktails

Photos by Christopher Cunningham

The heretofore unheard of island of South Padre proved to be the ideal location for the 1978 Hobie 16 World Championships. The competition enjoyed a week of perfect sailing weather and came crashing to an end on the final day with a 40-knot northerly which crunched many a Hobie and tore into the struggling sailors with a vengeance. The World Championship test has never been so severe, and the first non-U.S. team to ever earn the title proved to be the toughest sailors. A South African with the Clark Kent disguise of mild-mannered painting contractor, Mike Whitehead, and his wiry, never-say-die, 13-year-old son Colin, battled to the top taking the Championship title abroad for the first time in world competition history. Four other teams placing in the top ten were also "foreigners," proving that competition



has truly become international within the Hobie World.

It all started rather ominously. . .

"You must be kidding, Sandy! Who's going to go to Texas for the World Championships? Who ever even heard of South Padre Island? . . . The Eddingtons? Now I know you're kidding. They're as crazy as you are!"

Sandy, our esteemed Director of the Hobie Class Association and Main Dude at regattas, sat quietly stroking his beard. I waited a few moments, but he just kept stroking. As I was about to launch into another tirade, his moustache stirred.

"You'll see," was all he said. Apparently the subject was closed.

It sounded none too glamorous to us, but our complaints and appeals were in vain. We decided Sandy was on the take and resigned ourselves to the inevitable.

The 1978 Hobie Cat World Championships were held on South Padre

Island, Texas, during the week of October 22-28. What had appeared to be nothing more than a mere scratch on the map proved to be a 110-mile stretch of gorgeous sandy beaches surrounded by warm tropical waters. The location was perfect, the locals enthusiastic, the competition invigorating. It was the best World Championship event in Hobie history. Hats off to Sandy. . .

Beautiful South Padre — a Tourist Bureau that did not exaggerate on one item, the perfect Hobie hotel, and a unique group of local characters that thought we were the greatest thing that had happened to their island!

You knew as you rode across the Queen Isabella Causeway that the Island was special. There was a certain tropical air that didn't yet reek of tourism, an unspoiled naturalness that invited you to share the sun and shining sands. There are only four

miles of civilization on the entire Island and they are all clumped near the foot of the causeway which bridges with the mainland at Port Isabel. It doesn't take long to get to the Hilton Sea Island (Hobie headquarters for the World event) once you've crossed the Laguna Madre waterway.

At first it looks like your basic Hilton — tall, wide, well-planned, and conservative. But it bent at every seam, held its breath and handled each onslaught the mob brought upon her. One crazy thin man, Dennis Ohe by name, stood steady at the helm.

"Three hundred showed up for the disco contest? Well let'em in and stand back. Tell them they may have to wait for drinks since we only have three girls on and usually only seat 100. Not enough chairs? Well, they can stand on the tables!"

Causeway traffic increased over the first weekend. Busloads of Australians, South Africans, New Caledonians, Germans, Swiss, Tahitians,



The starting line up.



The sun came and went but the wet spray was always there.



Speed was never any problem.

World Competition

and many other international sailors trekked across to "Hobieland." Mr. Ohe kept smiling, and they kept coming — more than 300 in all.

The rooms were "lavishly appointed" but changes were requested nevertheless. . . "Could I move to the room next to the pretty Brazilian lady? . . . "I need to be near the jacuzzi." The staff made the necessary social changes, took a deep breath, and readied for the week. This was no ordinary group. Audrey and Mary Ann of the front desk were discovered sleeping in the Beach Beer Hut the next night. Guard duty by dedicated personnel or just further craziness? Audrey is known for more than a few wild and crazy jokes.

Everyone finally settled in, late, silly, and jet-lagged on Saturday evening. The Maritz people, our travel agents on site, spent the night in conference trying to figure who ended up where. They got us all there from every corner of the world, not realizing that the trouble was just beginning when we arrived! Our representatives, Gary and Patches, led a remarkable crew to a hard-fought victory over baggage logistics and "what package are you?" hassles.

Sunday morning brought everyone to their senses. The tropical palms were bent at 90-degree angles in the 20-knot winds. The sunshine was mottled with ominous clouds, and the sand whipped at your legs along the beach.

The 48 factory boats stood ready for competition in the qualifying rounds. A few sailors who trailered down prepped their own boats for the day's

action. No one was going to get in easy. The seas swelled in four-foot chop, and the wind continued to howl.

Only 35 spots remained open in the final competition and 58 teams had arrived from all over the world to claim one of those positions. Four "double trapeze" races were staged on Sunday, exhausting the competitors by day's end.

On Monday, the two remaining qualifying races were held in easier conditions with winds under 10 knots.

A South African with the Clark Kent disguise of mild-mannered painting contractor, Mick Whitehead, and his wiry, never-say-die, 13-year-old son Colin, battled to the top. . .

Californians, Australians, and Texans captured the majority of the remaining slots when the six-race series was tallied. The top qualifiers were announced that evening at a western-style barbecue poolside at the Hilton.

Any skippers not making the cut for World Championship competition were invited to participate in the "Longhorn Open," an ancillary regatta held simultaneously with the World competition off the beach at the neighboring Bahia Mar Hotel. (The story of that event and its results are in this issue.)

The evening ended for many in the hotel's lounge, to the sounds of Ruly & Company. Raul, Ben, and Carl provided a mellow touch to each evening's end — in case the Hobielife was still buzzing in your head and

staving off sleep.

By Tuesday, the prequalified teams from 18 countries were all on the scene. The waitresses in the dining room were used to bringing five orange juices to each customer as the food disappeared by the pound. The halyards were clanking dutifully against the masts of the waiting boats as the wind filled in to 12 knots and stayed for the day.

Much of the talk centered on the Hobie Olympics, a series of totally crazed land events designed to test some of the hidden talents lurking within the skippers, crews, families, and friends. Such skill-demanding contests as water walking, hot dog eating, and tug-of-war were scheduled for each day at the close of the championship racing. The spirit of fun caught on well and Olympic hopefuls flocked to the registration tables.

After the early morning skippers' meeting, the sailors beelined for the beach to ready their assigned boats for the first duel. Four races were staged with 48 boats in each, all teams racing twice. The wind varied from 10 to 15 knots throughout the day, coming out of the southeast. This proved later to be the calmest day the sailors would see, the only chance for light air specialists to show their stuff. The Texans and Californians made a strong showing again, taking eight of the top 10 places after the first day's scoring. Ricky Eddington, a local sailor and top contender commented at the end of the day, "I like this stuff; we're in good shape if it lasts. We're better than the Aussies in calm weather, medium like this. But they could come





Someone has got to give.



A skipper's worried look.



Captain Cooke at the helm.
Hobie fever starts early.
Dad took 11th overall.



Big Chris Christensen and Mike taking on a boat that seemingly has four aboard!



Holding her down. . .

World Competition

on to beat us if it gets heavy like the conditions they're used to in Australia."

Michael Collier of South America really worked up an appetite during the race action; he bounded ashore to consume 11 3/4 hot dogs to outeat the other contending oinks in the Hot Dog Eating Contest. Cheers rang out through the patio as the sun set on the frisbee throw and soccer kick Olympic competition.

By Wednesday morning, the Race Committee had grown tired of rolling nauseously aboard their boat and so vented their frustrations on the sailors with three, long, eight-leg races (almost two miles longer than Tuesday's courses). Sandy, previously

The tropical palms were bent at 90-degree angles in the 20 knot winds . . . and the sand whipped at your legs. . .

described Main Dude, figured that as long as he had to be out there all day fighting the elements, the racers should prove their worth as well. The winds whipped white caps along the course, keeping most teams out on the wires for the entire race. The local team of Russell Eddington and Billy Smith led the competition at the end of the day with a 6 3/4 point total for a three-race series. Bob and Jana Seaman of Long Beach, California, were four points behind and an 18-year-old Florida skipper, Carlton Tucker, and crew Mike Johnson were in third place.

The Olympics continued; each morning at 8:00 a.m., rowdy volleyball teams and properly sporting tennis doubles vied on their respective courts for the top rungs of the ladder tournaments. Just before the sun set after Wednesday's races, the crowds gathered around the Hilton pool for the water walking contest eliminations. Everyone proved willing to make a spectacle of themselves aboard the large styrofoam shoe/ships, which had been crafted by famous surfboard shaper Mickey Munoz specially for this "holier than thou" event. Young (one of the South African teams had two entrants under 10 years) and old (we won't mention Doug Campbell's age) alike sporadically chugged and zoomed down the waterways of fame.

Spectators clustered together, downing "CLUB" Cocktails, and dribbling on their "CLUB" sweatshirts and shorts. Our Heublein sponsor, "THE CLUB" Cocktails, had contributed beaucoup cans of liquid dynamite, guaranteed to refresh and undermine, not to mention clothing packages for all competitors, and good old American dollars to help make it all happen. All of the evening banquets were sponsored by "THE CLUB" too, which is probably the last time they'll volunteer to bring the food for hundreds of hungry Hobies!

Back to the racing on Thursday with a new twist in the action — an "island northerly." Blinding rain swept across the Gulf waters bringing 10-15 knot winds. Three races were held in spite of the inclement weather. The poor visibility obscured alter-

nately the marks, the committee boat, the shore, the competing boats, and occasionally even your own tell-tails. The South Africans and Australians flourished on the raging conditions and started moving their way up in the ranks, flashing their badge of perseverance (or is it perversity?). At this point, protests and breakdown requests kept the running results fairly cloudy, but it was evident that the battle was tight, spread between several nations and many teams.

Toward evening, everyone dried off and slipped into their dancing duds for the official Disco Dance Contest. The rain forced a last minute move indoors (lest we electrocute the disc jockey) resulting in one sardine-packed lounge and many sweaty, swift-footed sardines. We were overrun with John Travoltas, Fred Astaires, Isadores, and a few Daffy Ducks. Finalists danced for close to an hour in various heats and the judging was tough! After the winners were announced, one of the Tahitians insisted on entertaining the masses with a special "Hobie dance." Figuring chances were 50-50 that he was naked underneath his "Hobie sheet," we decided to risk it all to see his act. Well, the sheet did come off immediately, as did his jeans, but he was suitably attired in respectable red trunks and a blazing Hobie trapeze with the flag of Tahiti flowing behind him as a cape. He worked the crowd into a frenzy with a native fisherman pantomime accented with a little hustle here and there.

Sandy Banks, a Travolta in his own



There was an occasional moment of peace early in the week.

Photo by Michele Kohlmerer



A moment of comic relief, the race is lost.



Hobbies everywhere, no room for mistakes.



Dean Froome and John Driscoll muscle past B mark.



Cutting it close.



Dede Beauchamp and Ricky Eddington — all concentration.

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right, awoke early Friday morning refreshed after the long night's boogie. Feeling fairly smug over the already-evident success of the event and with only two races to complete the series before the cut, he unleashed a couple of total endurance contests on the unsuspecting teams (actually most of them knew what was coming as Sandy is known for "getting going when the going gets tough" — the official Coleman motto). The winds gusted to 20 knots, knocking the teams around the two-hour course. It was the last chance to button down a good overall score to make the 50 percent cut that night.

The international invasion was becoming evident. As the weather grew contrary, the "fighters" began to emerge. Reveling in back-home conditions, Australians, South Africans, and the Dutch began to emphasize their presence. Their predominately all-male teams took advantage of the long courses and strength-demanding reaches to out-bully their competitors.

A Mexican banquet was held after the last race of the day, and the running scores were announced. The top 10 teams represented an international spread with seven different countries and states sharing the honors. Russell Eddington and Billy Smith of Texas were back on top, closely followed by Mick and Colin Whitehead of South Africa. Gerhard Loos and crew Visser Ruud of Holland placed third, two points back, with

Larry Cooke and Dede Gilligan of California only $\frac{1}{4}$ point behind them. Australia, Hawaii, and Florida also had teams in the top 10.

Seemingly oblivious to the next day's decisive final competition, the party raged on. After the standings were announced, sundry horseplay commenced. There was some type of altercation involving a donkey, a partying sailor, and one hotel manager. Conflicting reports have glamorized the event, but in the end the wealthy competitor did not buy the hotel, the manager did not voluntarily fly into the wall, and the donkey is alive and well in Mexico City.

On Saturday, the halyards quit clanking — and started thrashing! Dark clouds bellowed from corner to corner on the horizon and the steady 30-knot gale kept blasting cold, 40-knot gusts at the competitors and spectators. Just standing on the beach was adventurous and sailing was strictly survival. The conditions were totally unforgiving, demanding skill and endurance of the teams to even complete the races. At any moment, as many as 15 boats could be capsized at once; most were righted but a few fell victim to the winds and current, and the Gulf claimed its fair share of rigging, masts, and sails.

The first race took a heavy toll. Thirteen teams did not finish, limping ashore in battered Hobies and dampened spirits. It was obvious that the extensive boat damage was threatening to cancel the final race. The beach crews and weary competitors cannibalized the broken carcasses to salvage parts for completion of enough

battle-ready boats for the last race.

Meanwhile the storm darkened and intensified. The weather bureau warned of impending squalls and a quiet determination spread among the competitors. More than 2½ hours passed after the completion of the first race; everyone worked furiously on the beach, virtually constructing new boats from the pieces of old ones. An ear was kept to the official forecast, the races would be abandoned if conditions reached the danger level.

Ten teams withdrew from the second race before it was even announced — some from exhaustion,

...The Gulf claimed its fair share of rigging, masts and sails.

others in the Hobie spirit, relinquishing their boats to teams in top contention when it was evident that not enough equipment had survived to accommodate all the finalists.

The others readied for the challenge. Christian Banks, a 15-year-old Californian competing in his first World Championship event (as crew for the Brazilian skipper Klaus Peters) waited expectantly on the beach. "It's the hardest sailing I've ever done. The bigger waves nail you pretty hard from behind on the starboard reaches. They pick you up and drop you back down hard. You get knocked two feet off the rail and I slammed back into Klaus a couple of times. I saw several guys washed right off their boats."

The Australians were frothing at



The new Hobie 16 World Champions, Colin Whitehead (on left) and his dad Mick (on right) receive their trophies from John Whitmore, of Coast Cat South Africa, and Hobie Alter, the guy who started it all.



Esteemed Hobie Cat President, Doug Campbell.



The competitors all welcome the free Pepsi hats which proved to be excellent protection from wind, rain, and sun.



Even on the stormy days, spectators swarmed the beach during race preparation.



Here's the new World Champ accepting The Club Cocktail Perpetual Trophy from Adam Briggs, the Heublein representative (in dark jacket).



The mob gathers to watch the hot dog eating contest.

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the mouth; this was their type of challenge. Frank Milner's eyes were practically glazed with anticipation as he hurriedly scavenged the necessary equipment to ready his second boat. A first place in the initial battle of the day had him chomping for more. He ended up with a sixth overall and a huge grin on his face.

The main battle for final scores was between the Whiteheads of South Africa, the team of Russ Eddington/Billy Smith and defending World Champions Dean Froome and Johnny Driscoll of Hawaii, who staged a late comeback attack in an attempt to snatch the title despite earlier finishes of 16 and 19. But in the last race, the duel was between the reigning champions, Froome and Driscoll, and the father of it all — now termed "cult hero" — Hobie Alter and his gutsy crew, daughter Paula. They fought neck and neck with reefed mains for most of the race with the Hawaiians edging by on the reach for victory. Almost half of the other teams withdrew during the race, some with breakdowns, some just deciding to opt for the safety of shore.

At the end of it all, Mick Whitehead and son Colin took the World Championship title with a series of 2¼-(14)-

11-3-8-6BD-3, for a total of 33¾ points.

"I've never been so *wooky* in all my life," said Mick. "I told Colin once I wasn't sure if I could make it. We're

"You get knocked two feet off the rail and I slammed back into Klaus a couple of times. I saw several guys washed right off their boats."

exhausted." Only the other exhausted racers could accurately guess at the true meaning of "wooky."

Russell and Billy had to settle for second, four points behind. Both teams had suffered disappointing breakdowns in the first race Saturday. "Billy and I really like the wind and we know the area, but this was just too much. The waves were so high that they seemed like walls, then they'd hammer down right on us. We couldn't maintain any boatspeed for long."

"Dino" Froome and "The Gorilla" Driscoll of Hawaii came up to third spot overall with 40¾ points, unable to surmount their slow start. In fourth place, one of those crazy Aussie teams smashed through, Bill Sykes and Ian Burns. Russ Eddington's brother, Ricky, and crew Dede Beauchamp, captured fifth solidly

with no finishes worse than an 11th. Milner and Logan, mentioned earlier, took sixth for the Down Under Clan. Gerhard Loos and Visser Ruud of Holland dropped to seventh overall, hindered by a 17th place in Saturday's first race.

Florida showed in the top 10 with big Chris Christensen and his young son, Michael (who plays a mean game of backgammon). Mrs. Christensen (whoever calls her that?) — Big Bad Pauline ran the scoring committee ashore but no tampering was necessary to bring her family in with a sound 57 points for eighth place. Another South African team, Gerhard Koper and P. Jeffery, took ninth place on the strength of a good showing during the middle of the series.

The top 10 rounded out with a Californian husband and wife team — Bob and Jana Seaman. The harsh conditions hurt their score somewhat toward the end as they were one of the lighter teams in top contention.

The top 30 teams included seven more California teams, two more South Africans, three Brazilian teams, another Dutch twosome, four additional Aussie skippers, and one team each from Florida, Texas, and Michigan.

The Saturday evening banquet at



Photo by Frank Farwell of "Yachting"



The swells kept knees sore all week long.



A naked flasher was brought in to divert attention during the tug-of-war. To no avail: Chris the "Christian" Christensen closed his eyes and pulled his team closer to victory.



Tahitian "Hobie Dance"—not quite a full strip.



Mike Johnson and Barbara Ireland boogied into third place at the Disco Dance Contest.



The Australian team of chug-a-luggers picked up beautiful Olympic gold medals for the six pack relay as well as more than their fair share of the free Schlitz suds.



The beach offered a moment of serenity and excellent scenery.

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the neighboring Bahia Mar was the usual bizarre bash. All reasons to remain sane were gone and everyone partied readily. Scores were so tight that there were a few surprises in the final announcements which kept the pitch high throughout the presentations.

Everyone could relax at last, the pressure eased and all turned to the serious business of international T-shirt trading. Hobie people discovered long ago that no one language is necessary other than the shared love of sailing. No matter how fierce the competition, how different the tuning techniques, or how heated the protests, there remains an inherent brotherhood among the seemingly disparate group — those who choose to spend a good portion of their lives aboard the same crazy set of asymmetrical hulls.

South Padre Island has added an-

other chapter to its history and Hobie Cat has added the best World Championship event ever to its growing tradition. The Island has survived pirates, cannibals, wars, and the onset of progress — and now they've proven indestructible through yet another invasion. We came away with the rewards of a challenging, well run, well fought, and fun World Championship. And that scratch on the map may be famous yet. *SC*

THANK YOU

Pauline Christensen and Ruth Lung for race committee help on the beach; Fleet 102 for their help in assembling the boats, registration and scoring; Chick and Bob (Padre Marine Sports); Ralph Thompson, South Padre Island Tourist Bureau; Dennis Ohe and staff of the Hilton Sea Island; Bill Shattock, driver and cook of the race committee boat; Mike Gower for the use of the race committee boat; Michael Malek; Tom and Dave, the guys from

Pennsylvania who helped at both the 16' Nationals and the Worlds; Kim Thomas and T.J. for their help on the race committee boat; Parker House (sun dials given to top three skippers and crew); Club; Schlitz; Pepsi; David Shearer (chase boat); Larry Cooke for donating batten caps and installation; Les Luby for installing the carpet kits on the sidebars; Coffey Marine for the super deal on the bridle flies; Sam Palmitier of Straight Aero Marine for the great job on the dufflebags for the Longhorn Open trophies; Herb Andersen for Hawaiian righting line system; Ray Marchan for the open party at Marchans Seafood Restaurant; KBOR radio; and a special thanks to Ricky and Russell Eddington for introducing So. Padre Island to us as a Worlds spot.

A special thank you to Jim Tucker who helped with the Race Committee and chase boats during the Hobie 16 Nationals.

HOBIE CAT 16 WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS

SKIPPER/CREW	COUNTRY	RACE SERIES								POINTS
1. Mick Whitehead/ Colin Whitehead	South Africa	2	$\frac{3}{4}$	14	11	3	8	6BD	3	33 $\frac{3}{4}$
2. Russ Eddington/ Billy Smith	Texas	4	2	$\frac{3}{4}$	12	8	4	7BD	17	37 $\frac{3}{4}$
3. Dean Froome/ John Driscoll	Hawaii	16	3	8	19	2	5	6	$\frac{3}{4}$	40 $\frac{3}{4}$
4. Bill Sykes/ I. Burns	Australia	18	9	5	$\frac{3}{4}$	8	11	2	8	43 $\frac{3}{4}$
5. Rick Eddington/ Dee Dee Beauchamp	Texas	7	10	11	$\frac{3}{4}$	7	3	8	9	44 $\frac{3}{4}$
6. Frank Milner/ Keith Logan	Australia	19	14	4	2	10	8BD	$\frac{3}{4}$	8BD	46 $\frac{3}{4}$
7. Gerhard Loos/ Visser Ruud	Holland	23	11	3	5	$\frac{3}{4}$	7	17	7	50 $\frac{3}{4}$
8. Chris Christensen/ Mike Christensen	Florida	10	7	10	4	23	6	15	5	57
9. Gerhard Koper/ P. Jeffrey	South Africa	19	12	10	3	2	$\frac{3}{4}$	20DSQA	10 BD	57 $\frac{3}{4}$
10. Bob Seaman/ Jana Seaman	California	$\frac{3}{4}$	4	6	7	20	17	26	12 BD	66 $\frac{3}{4}$
11. Larry Cooke/ Dee Dee Gilligan	California	3	8	7	4	20	5	20	26 DNF	67
12. Warren Collier/ Michael Collier	South Africa	28	16	5	14	4	11	12BD	6	68
13. Klaus Peters/ Christian Banks	Brazil	$\frac{3}{4}$	17	9	28	5	15	10	12BD	68 $\frac{3}{4}$
14. Hobie Alter, Sr./ Paula Alter	California	14	7	4	13	21	8	25	2	69
15. Robert Heilbron/ Hans Dieben	Netherlands	15	12	6	11	18	3	11BD	13	71
16. Steve Leo/ Miles Wood	California	30	5	35	14	14	2	4	4	73
17. Mark Pryke/ Pat Davis	Australia	9	21	2	16	12	10	5	24	75
18. Phil Knight/ Bill Jackson	Australia	20	9	12	24	10	10	7	10	78
19. Phil Berman/ Ray Marchand	California	2	6	10	10	17	14	36DNF	11	79
20. Carlton Tucker/ Mike Johnson	Florida	10	$\frac{3}{4}$	2	13	34	18	23	16	82 $\frac{3}{4}$
21. Lyn Krebig/ Mike Jones	Australia	25	3	3	9	48DNS	20	11	12	89
22. Jim Ryan/ Chris Ryan	Texas	10	33	7	2	7	31	14	26DNF	97
23. Manfred Kaufman, Jr. Marie Pfister	Brazil	8	18	18	23	15	7	36DNF	15	104
24. Hobie Alter, Jr. Cricket Humphreys	California	7	11	26	20	4	9	27	48DNS	104
25. Frank Schneider/ B. Shepard	Australia	11	24	21	9	11	25	16	14	106
26. Blaine Dodds/ H. Fuchs	South Africa	31	8	13	15	28	14	13	17BD	108
27. Claudio Kunze/ Isabel Paulo	Brazil	39	14	13	20	$\frac{3}{4}$	23	18	20	108 $\frac{3}{4}$
28. Ron Atwood/ Greg Drum	California	5	10	45DNF	21	3	27	19	48DNS	114
29. John Barnett/ Richard Hoyssen	Michigan	17	15	20	17	13	21	17BD	17BD	116
30. Tom Materna/ Gerald Engleman	California	17	25	20	10	9	19	24	18	117
31. Mike Lung/ Bob Wythes	Hawaii	13	32	22	22	9	13	19BD	19BD	117
32. Chuck Miller/ Mike Ruggles	Texas	15	19	15	24	12	4	30	48DNS	119
33. Bill Worrell/ John Pearce	Australia	33	23	16	8	27	19BD	3	23	119
34. David Freed/ Neil Rankin	Texas	13	2	33	23	35	6	20BD	25	122

SKIPPER/CREW	COUNTRY	RACE SERIES								POINTS
35. Bernard Haerri/ Micheli Bertrand	Switzerland	37	27	8	6	5	2	38DSQC	48	123
36. Jeff Alter/ Missy Hutton	California	12	25	24	25	6	12	36DNF	21	125
37. Greg Berger/ Bill Conroy	New York	2-	13	23	22	14	19	22P	19BD	129
38. Nigel Abbott/ Gerald Nolan	Australia	32	20	24	3	48DNS	3/4	29	22	130 3/4
39. Dave Lung/ Mike Furukawa	Hawaii	25	13	29	30	11	15BD	20BD	19BD	132
40. Geoff Horsley/ Bob Forbes	Australia	40	22	3/4	6	19	23	23BD	48DNS	133 3/4
41. Eric Hasselbach/ C. Sihlvbaau	South Africa	26	19	30DSQA	15	25	13	12	20BD	134
42. Don Balthaser/ Dennis McCredie	Texas	4	38	19	32	6	22	35	26DNF	144
43. Fernando Botton/ Carlos Paulo	Brazil	9	34	22	5	38	18	31	48DNS	157
44. Wayne Schafer/ Patty McGuire	California	6	5	32	7	42	38	34	48DNS	164
45. T. VeeLoo/ Ann Voort	Holland	26	6	12	28	22	38DNF	36DNF	48DNS	168
46. John Hauser/ Amalie Ash	California	8	20	25	26	30	27	33P	48DNS	169
47. Jose Reyes/ Jorge Gil	Puerto Rico	12	30	34	28	16	20	36DNF	48DNS	176
48. Mike Shearer/ Pat Evans	Utah	32	17	18	29	41DNF	12	28BD	48DNS	177

HOBIE OLYMPIC RESULTS

WATER WALKING

1. Beauchamp Sliders
Robby Beauchamp
Christian Banks
Jeff Alter
Missy Hutton
2. Red Sea Slufflers
Candy Reed
Tom Reed
Sam Palmitier
Lloyd Doyal
3. Chunky Bananas
Doug Campbell
Tanis Campbell
Mark Loopesko
Miles Wood

MARATHON

1. Hans Dieben/Holland
2. Michael Collier/South Africa
3. Jose Rodriguez Reyes/Puerto Rico

FRISBEE CONTEST

1. Miles Wood/U.S.A.
2. Doug Carlson/U.S.A.
3. John Shaylor Billings/U.S.A.

TENNIS

1. Bob Beauchamp-Jenilyn Beauchamp/U.S.A.
2. Mark Loopesko-Tanis Campbell/U.S.A.
3. Phil Berman-Cricket Humphreys/U.S.A.

SOCCER KICK

1. Hans Dieben/Holland
2. Juan Maegli/Guatemala
3. Jean Sven-Ko/Tahiti

DISCO DANCE CONTEST

1. Jorge and Julie Gill/Puerto Rico
2. Hans Dieben-Patty McGuire/Holland-U.S.A.
3. Mike Johnson-Barbara Ireland/U.S.A.

HOT DOG EATING CONTEST

1. Michael Collier/South Africa
2. Duvel Detley/Germany
3. Jean Lange/Holland

CHUG-A-LUG

1. Texans
Noel Kelley
Dave Freed
Johnny Bush
Neil Rankan
Michelle Ryan
Susan Levy
2. Snibblers-Dribblers (Australia)
Stewart Wilkie
Michelle Grumley
Kerli Corlett
Frank
Phil Waugh
Alison McGlynn
3. Hasselbach Bok (South Africa)
Clare Sil
Graham Jacob
Mull Jeffries
Jill Leolena
Eric Hasselbach
Frank Sil

VOLLEYBALL CONTEST (not completed)

TUG-OF-WAR (not completed)

TECHNICAL OPINIONS

Here is a letter from a Canadian reader, John Liefeld, written as a "rebuttal" to the sail shape article by John Hackney (July/August 1978 Hot Line). There is no one answer to any tuning or strategy situation. You can generally find as many answers as the number of sailors you ask — and few of those answers could be labeled wrong. We encourage an active exchange of ideas; the reader should review all sides and develop an answer that works best for his or her style.

In fairness to John Hackney, it should be mentioned that his contribution was intended as day sailing advice and was appropriately titled, "Routine Sail Pocket Adjustment." This article by John Liefeld is filled with many valuable technical racing suggestions which provide a good background in the various aspects of sail shape.

As an avid student of the art and science of sail shape and boat-speed, I would like to take exception to several points in Mr. Hackney's article. The effects of three sail control parameters are discussed — batten, downhaul, and outhaul tension — and some generalizations about adjusting these controls for different conditions are presented. In my opinion, Mr. Hackney's discussion of batten and downhaul tensions are inadequate, and he failed to consider the effects of batten shape, mast bend, and sheet tension, which also play a role in arriving at generalizations about sail shaping for different conditions.

Mr. Hackney states that increasing the downhaul tension moves the draft forward toward the mast. True, but its major effect is to increase the amount (percentage) draft. He further argues that the downhaul should be black-banded when the wind is strong or light because it moves the draft forward. I think that is wrong for several reasons. First, in light air the wind cannot follow a radical curve so you want less draft, but by black-banding the downhaul you are increasing the draft. Secondly, in heavy air you may be overpowered so you want less draft but if you black-band the downhaul you are increasing the



draft. Third, when beating, and the boom is near the centerline of the boat, then the further forward the draft, the smaller the proportion of the sail area with forward force vectors, and the greater the proportion of the sail with heeling force vectors; consequently with maximum downhaul, you have less drive and greater heeling pressure. Fourthly, when beating, the further forward the draft, the wider the angle of attack of the leading portion of the sail, thus you will not be able to point as high. Therefore, when beating, you want to keep the draft located well aft in the sail, somewhere around 40 to 45 percent aft of the mast, and to do this you must use only enough downhaul to remove the wrinkles from the luff. If you want more draft in the sail, don't use the downhaul, use batten tension to obtain the desired amount of draft.

When reaching however, when the boom is no longer near the centerline of the boat, nearly all the force vectors in the sail are in a forward direction. Then it doesn't matter if the draft is located further forward because we are

not so concerned about pointing angle, and the heeling pressures are much less in a reach. Therefore, when reaching we can increase downhaul tension, not because it moves the draft forward, but rather because it increases the amount of draft, giving the sail more power which we can handle in a reach. Unfortunately, it is not easy to increase downhaul tension in heavier air when both of you are out on the trapeze, trying to slingshot around the weather mark. Therefore, you can set up the sail for windward excellence, reaching excellence or some compromise, and leave it alone. In lighter airs, it is possible to add downhaul tension rounding the weather mark, but you must then remember to release it when you round the leeward mark.

Mr. Hackney's comments about the outhaul are quite acceptable. The sail must have less draft along the boom and at the top panels because too much draft in these areas creates excessive drag (as high pressure air from the windward side of the sail tries to slip around the boom or leach to the low pressure area on the leeward side). To flatten the lower portion of the sail along the boom, lots of outhaul tension is required.

Mr. Hackney suggests that it's too complicated to adjust batten tension by book methods, which means measurement and calculation. He argues that all one needs is a set of draft gauges to tension the battens all the same amount. I don't agree. Different tension is required at each batten position to obtain a preselected amount of draft at each location. The reasons for different tensions are obvious. First, the battens are of different length but have the same cross section; therefore different tension amounts are needed to achieve a selected amount of draft in the batten by itself. Secondly, the amount of sail material being stretched at each batten location is different, thus requiring different amounts of tension at each batten. Thirdly, in older sails, the amount of stretch permanently building up at each batten location is different, thus also meaning

different tension requirements for each batten. The first requirement is that you must decide how much draft you want at each batten location for different conditions (i.e., light air/ flat water, light air/choppy water, medium air/ smooth water, etc.). Read a few good books to decide how much draft is suitable for varying conditions. Then you must measure and index your batten strings or gauges in order to set up any particular sail shape you want without having to measure each time you sail. What you will find is that different amounts of batten tension are required at each batten location in order to achieve your preselected amount of draft.

Batten shape is a sail control parameter that Mr. Hackney fails to discuss. The location of the point of maximum draft at each batten, fore and aft in the sail, is primarily determined by the cut of the sail, but batten shape can influence this parameter. Battens tapered in the forward section will bend more easily in the tapered portion. Untapered battens will tend to bend evenly over their length. Thus untapered battens

will try to keep the point of maximum draft located 50 percent aft of the forward tips. Experts differ on where the maximum draft should be located, but most successful Hobie and Tornado racers follow conventional monohull theory and locate the draft 40 to 45 percent aft of the leading edge of the mast. To accomplish this, given the cut of the Hobie mainsail, untapered battens are needed. The reasons for keeping the draft in this fore and aft location are the same as those given above in the discussion of the downhaul. Keeping the draft aft, keeps the pointing angle narrow and maximizes the proportion of the sail area with forward force vectors.

Mast bend and sheet tension are two additional and inter-connected parameters of sail shape, and probably the most crucial ones. When beating, the sheet tension should be controlled to allow only a slight bend-off in the leach to leeward. Undersheeting will increase draft and widen the pointing angle. Oversheeting will hook the leach to weather and create excessive drag. The stronger the wind, the greater the

sheet tension required to keep the leach properly shaped, consequently the greater the mast bend. The more the mast bends, the flatter the sail. When reaching, allow more bend-off in the leach because it makes the sail fuller and provides greater drive.

Now having possibly bored and confused the reader with all this technical nonsense, let's put it into perspective. Sail shape is only one aspect of boatspeed and less important than your technique in helming the boat through the waves upwind and downwind, how well you keep the boat trimmed, rudder alignment and helm balance. Boatspeed itself, however, is only one aspect of winning races. More important aspects are tactics and weather sense. Any advantage you have over your competitors in boatspeed is soon lost if you start poorly, sail the wrong tacks, round marks poorly, fail to sniff out winds shifts, etc., etc. So if you really want to win, put most of your effort into trying to improve your tactical skills and in becoming sensitive to wind and weather. *FL*

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