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MULTIHULLS

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FRIENDLY ISLANDS... FRIENDLY RACE...

The cleaning lady in front of my hotel room was busily reading the race brochure when I stepped out, loaded down with camera and recording equipment, much resembling a mule.

"Ah... you must be the movie man"... she exclaimed with reverent tones in her voice "they say that ABC is making a movie of the race."

I hated to crush her high hopes.

"Well, not quite ABC... would you settle for Multihulls Magazine?"

"What's that?"

Now it was my turn to be disappointed. To get away from this movie subject, I asked her which boat she thinks is going to win.

"The *Maho*, of course" was the matter-of-fact answer, and she looked at me as if she wasn't quite sure that I felt all right. What a stupid question! Every year so far it was the *Maho*. Last year, people bet hundreds of dollars on her and they were doing it again this year.

"Don't be so sure" I cautioned. "There are a lot of fast new boats here this year."

"You crazy!"... she gave me a dirty look. "Nothing can sail as fast as the *Maho*!" Indeed, that boat became St. Maarten's pride, a legend of its own. The people just took to her, identified with her, loved her. So, who is this dude from this Multi-what? magazine who dares to question it? He is either drunk, sunstruck or plain fatigued under all that equipment. He is just a mule...

Outside Great Bay, a sleek, red catamaran was flying off the wave tops. Tacking maneuvers, sail setting, fine tuning of boat and crew was the order of the day. It was the *Maho*. Aboard her were Martin Court, a spicy islander who brought her to victory two years ago. Last year, he sailed a quarter tonner and still can't explain it why. *Maho* is so much more exciting.

Jim Mitchell also thought her more exciting. Last year he sailed on *Chic*, a beautiful 42' Alden sloop. Being a confirmed keelboat sailor and a renowned marine artist who loves to paint square riggers (you guessed it, it's the famous James Mitchell who deserves the credit for the Tall Ships paintings, numerous book illustrations, etc.). I was pleasantly surprised to find him on a multihull this year. Enjoying a long dinner with him at the West Indies Tavern, we talked about boats long into the night. Jim wanted to experience the multihull speed he had heard so much about. He got a taste of it during these practice days, and liked it. He also liked Kathy, a charming young lady who started her sailing career six years ago on the West Coast, traveled to Australia where she helped to build a boat, sailed three-quarters of the way around the world and ended up in St. Maarten as a semi-permanent crew on *Maho*. We all liked Kathy, she is witty, charm-

St. Maarten
Tradewinds Race

Report and Photographs by
Charles K. Chiodi

Blue
Skies

Blue
Sea

If there
ever was
a paradise...





Native from Massachusetts



Piggy from Vancouver, Canada

ing, a good sailor, and at the risk of appearing chauvinistic, just like one of the boys.

Maho wasn't alone in the bay. A seemingly much smaller boat, a trimaran, kept up with this large cat most of the time, defying sailing theories about 38-footers not being able to sail as fast as 60-footers. This boat was unmistakably a Newick design, evident from a mile away. There is something about a Newick design that stands out, not only by how fast the mast traverses the sky but by the wings that appear to make the boat 'fly.' It was *Native* from Plymouth, Massachusetts, built last year in Falmouth by Damian McLaughlin and now skippered by Tom Wiggins.

In the meantime, in Simpson's Lagoon, Phil Weld, Jim Brown and Meade Gougeon were busy trying to get *Rogue Wave*'s rudder unstuck. During her inactive months, since Phil's vacation sailing of last winter, the rudder bearing packed up and needed some attention. With the help of Keith Taylor and myself, we carried the repaired rudder out of Peter Spronk's building into the sun, so that the microballoon/epoxy mixture on the blade would dry fast, say in about two hours, that was all the time left before the bridge was to be opened for *Rogue Wave*. She sailed over to Great Bay where all the other boats were gathering, carrying a "blue ribbon crew" as Phil Weld put it: Keith Taylor, Editor of *Sail* magazine; Meade Gougeon, builder of this exquisite yacht; Jim Brown, who wished he had designed it; and, of course, skipper and gracious host Phil Weld. "Unfair competition" were the joking remarks in the local taverns.

Shortly after *Rogue Wave* appeared in the bay, the big cat came. Seventy-five feet of dark blue beauty, smoothly glided to a halt just off the town pier and by her sheer size intimidated the entire fleet. It was *Ppalu*, Paul Herbermann's new pride and joy. A day-and-night difference from his old 46' Piver trimaran. *Ppalu* was finished just in time for the race and had never sailed before. The maiden voyage was about to begin with an excited Paul and an imported Californian crew. "Watch out *Rogue Wave*!" was their battle cry.

Two young men and a charming young lady sat on the dock in what appeared to be contemplation: to go or not to go. I asked where they wanted to go and where they had come from. The answer startled me: "We came from Vancouver." "Not directly" one of them explained. "Now,

MULTIHULLS

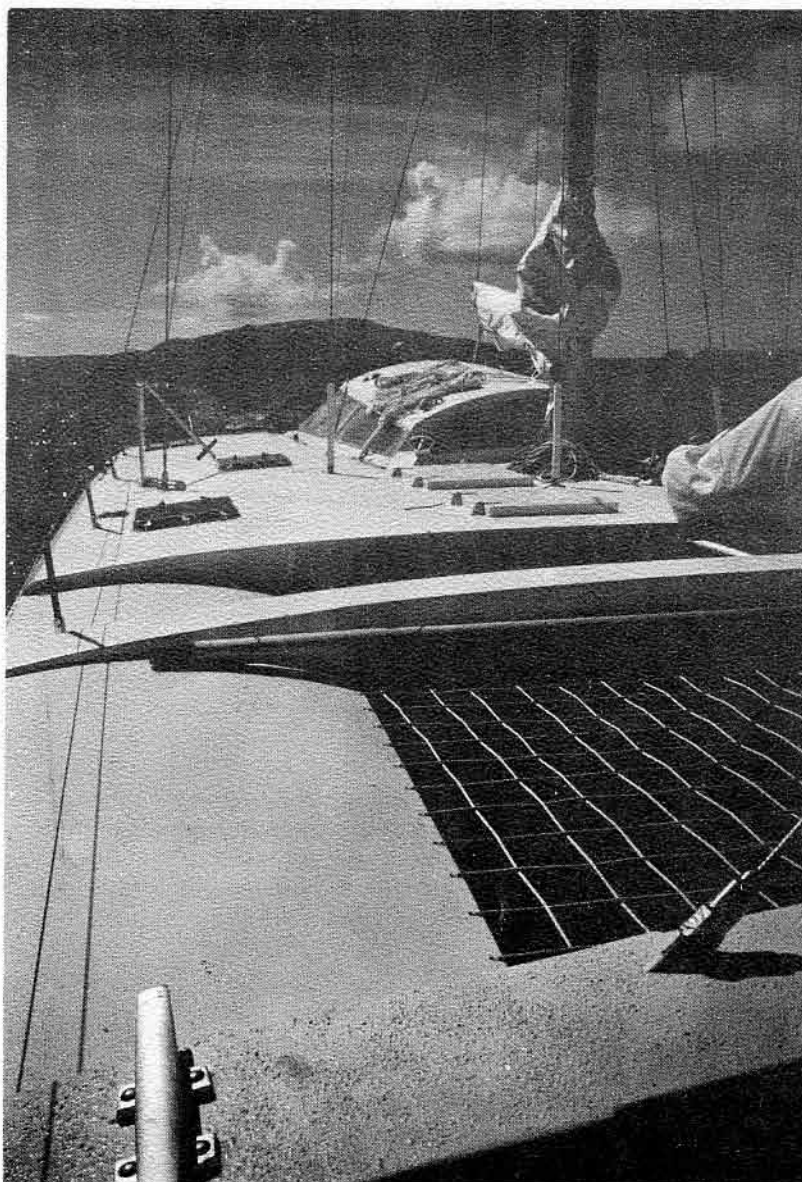
that we are here, we might want to go into this race. I don't know. We're not racing folks, but it promises to be so much fun," said she, and smiled. A most enchanting smile, engraved in my mind for a long time. "Well, then come and race," I encouraged them. Later I found them at Race Headquarters filling out an entry form.

"Now I know where you're going, but, tell me how you got here" I asked. Tom Hembroff and his brother built their boat, a Wharram Arika in Vancouver, British Columbia, and proceeded to go to see the world. That was four years ago. Contrary to the established practices of cruising down the West Coast, the Hembroff brothers sailed directly to Hawaii, Fiji and to New Zealand, where they broke a cross-beam due to their own negligence. When they mounted an outboard and drilled two sets of four bolt-holes in a row, they destroyed the structural integrity of the beam. In New Zealand they acquired the beautiful 'smile,' belonging to Marianne Addy, their faithful first mate, ever since. The boat, named *Piggy*, sailed to Australia, averaging 11 knots in a wild Tasman Sea; from there to Darwin, then to Indonesia; around Cape Hope to Brazil, proceeding to the starting line at St. Maarten, averaging 150 miles a day.

A shorter cruise was that of the Hatfields who built their Brown 31', *Mandala*, in Washington, D.C., and came to the island as visitors before becoming participants in this race. With some apprehension they 'entered' and had a real good time, placing third on corrected time. (See their cruising story in this issue.)

One of the boats that didn't make it to the starting line was Russ Brown's small proa, *Jzero* (see Summer/76 issue). Russ and a friend, Mark Balogh, sailed the proa to San Juan in an arduous 17-day passage and the boys were just too tired to continue, to arrive in time for the start. Russ did get to St. Maarten for the award presentation dinner, sailing the boat alone, while Mark flew back home. That turned out all right, for Mark has been replaced by a delightful young lady sailor.

Also missing from the starting line were a boat from Alaska, five keelboats that cancelled their starts for one reason or another. My private speculation about their withdrawal prompted me, after the race, to suggest to the Race Committee that they might consider starting the keelboats a day earlier so everyone could finish about the same time. It is understandably hard on anyone's morale to crawl up to the finish line when most of the fleet is already in, the boys have shaved, showered, seen the town and got drunk. To illustrate my theory, consider the effect on others during a



***Tsje Tsja*, Peter Spronk's new catamaran**

friendly race from Fort de France to Bourg St. Ann; we sailed about 25 miles in two hours on *Rogue Wave*, arriving first, we dropped the anchor after circling around to find the best place, put up the awning, jumped over the side for a quick dip, then climbed back aboard to get the fog horn and give a finish for the next boat. That was at noon. The last boat came in just before supper.

I really missed the monohulls. Last year, when I left St. Maarten, I promised to come back and have a first-hand report of all classes... therefore, I was planning to sail one leg on a catamaran, one on a trimaran and one on a monohull. Since I only have two legs, I obviously was referring to the three legs of the race and not dismemberment. So, to keep my word, I begged a berth on *Tsje Tsja*, Peter Spronk's new 60 ft. catamaran for the St. Maarten to Virgin Gorda leg. From there I was part of the 'blue ribbon crew' to Martinique, on *Rogue Wave*...and then... there were no racing monohulls to come back on for leg three. What a pity! But, as luck had it... well, I mustn't get too far ahead of the story. We are still in St. Maarten.



Sunburst, formerly Bits and Pieces, catamaran winner on corrected time.



Native, using genoa as "spinnaker."

It's the morning of the start and the skipper's meeting is in progress. As with all skippers' meetings, there is a lot of confusion, but this one is different. Everything is well organized. Even the chase boat *Slow Poke* which, to quote the Race Committee: "will charge after each boat which has an early start." It struck me as funny, not only because of her name, but I doubted the ability of this outboard runabout to ever catch any of the racers.

Promptly at noon the cannon in Fort Amsterdam was shot and dozens of bystanders were roaming around asking everybody "What did you say?" By the time the smoke and dust cleared, most boats were around the tip of the island and could no longer be seen. So much for the well publicized vantage point of the Fort. PJD 2 radio was broadcasting the start for those who were too busy trimming sails or were not able to come. Have you ever started on a race where the countdown and the starting was through your local disc jockey? Try it some time, it is a lot more fun than straining your eyes for the flags to come up or down. One hour after the start, three races seemed to be in progress. Way ahead, closing in on the first turning mark, just outside of Marigot, the French windward side of the island, were the maxi boats. *Ppalu's* huge, light-blue spinnaker just popped, a mile astern *Tsje Tsja* and *Rogue Wave* were playing cat and mouse, *Maho* had a 'let's-blanket-each-other game with *Taruma*, while *Native* quietly and decisively forged forth among the giants. Not even having a spinnaker, only a colorful genoa tacked and clewed to the ama bows, she was making frightening progress. Will she beat *Rogue Wave*? ...Naaaw... But she was hot on the tail of *Tsje Tsja* all through the second leg. Around the Marigot mark, *Maho* was passing *Tsje Tsja* at an incredible speed, showing off to the hundreds of onlookers, whose weight threatened to sink the town pier. This pressing cost *Maho* a rip in the mainsail, which they sewed up while racing. One man on the helm, the others all standing on the boom, madly sewing. Imagine that sight.

Darkness fell and we all had to find the narrow entrance to Virgin Gorda, between Fallen Jerusalem, Round Rock and Ginger Island. That would have been nearly impossible, if it hadn't been for the good doctor Aberson, who spends his 'golfing afternoons' mountain climbing. He scaled the side of Ginger Island, cut away some brush and planted two emergency strobes at the peak. This gesture saved a lot of grief, for surely, we all would have missed the entrance without them.

However, grief struck anyway.

After a spectacular first-to-arrive finish, *Ppalu* rounded up to anchor and promptly ran onto a reef, holed the port hull in about six places, sank it to the gunnel and badly damaged the starboard keel. A dreadful thing for a quarter-of-a-million dollar yacht on her first race out.

Only the quick thinking and action of Paul Herbermann and his dedicated crew could save the boat. With every surge of the Caribbean, *Ppalu* was slammed again and again onto the reef, with nerve wracking crunches. Something had to be done — in a hurry. With mask on face and a powerful light in hand, crewman Willy Dyson dove over the side with pieces of plywood and some underwater epoxy and started to plug the holes, after the boat was freed from the reef by setting an anchor well off the stern and pulling her off with a huge Lewmar winch. Even after the hurried patch job, the boat was taking on water at the rate of 200 gallons an hour and constant bailing/pumping was necessary. The crew was as gloomy and discouraged as anyone can get and Paul Herbermann suggested that they might want to give up the race.

"Oh, no! That we won't do! We did well on the first leg, we'll go on!" was the unanimous vote.

While all others had fun and went partying on boats and in the water, the *Ppalu* crew was busy fixing the damage. Phone calls to Tortola followed by a trip proved fruitless, the yard there couldn't haul the boat even though they had promised on the phone. A sheet of ordinary plywood for \$64.00 (!) and 200 self-threading screws for \$40.00 (!) were bought and *Ppalu* was gently eased up on the sandy beach. While the rest of the fleet was getting ready for the second leg, *Ppalu*'s crew was under water, patching the holes. The second leg started while Herbermann was still under water, caked with epoxy. He started one hour and two minutes after the fleet and was faced with a 350-mile windward beat to Martinique. Will the patches hold in the rough pounding, or will they have to abandon the race somewhere along the way? Does anyone want to stay ashore? Now is the time to decide. For better or for worse... only one man decided to leave, the others pressed on.

Rogue Wave shot out at the start and retained her lead all through the second leg. Before rounding St. Croix, however, *Tsje Tsja* caught up rather quickly and it looked as though she would even pass, but it was a false alarm. *Maho* went too far west, and the rest of the fleet was nowhere in sight.



Charis, one of the oldest Newick designs, winner of trimarans on corrected time.



Paul Herbermann on *Ppalu*.



Rogue Wave passing us, again...



...it seems we are forever chasing her.

Rogue Wave just aimed her bows toward Martinique, 350 miles to the southeast, picked up her skirt and... man, did you ever sail 350 miles on one tack, 34° to a 15 knot apparent wind, doing 16-17 knots boat speed, while the Caribbean water is splashing to the side and boiling behind your transom? It was a day and a night I won't forget so soon. At times, it seemed the main hull came out of the water two-thirds of her length, because the boat wanted to fly. When it slammed back, it shuddered, but never lost any speed, never, at any point, felt out of control. She was tracking like an arrow, under fingertip control at the helm, one man on watch changing every hour. It was fantastic. The noon to noon distance was 275 miles and the entire leg (385 actual miles) was sailed in 37 hours and 20 minutes, including two hours of being becalmed in the wind shadow of Mount Pele. When we dropped anchor in the harbor of Fort de France in Martinique, the French cognac was the appropriate drink for celebration. The second round put Jim Brown to sleep, causing him to miss the third.

Martinique is an island where you could spend months. Jon Trudo, hosting the skippers and crews of this race was most helpful. He organized the laundry pick-up, bread and newspaper delivery, showers, tours, shopping... everything a stranger needs. This should serve as a public recognition for all his help which he provided during every minute of his spare time. Trips across the bay to Anse-Mitan opened up a new world: luxurious hotels, simple guest houses, charter catamarans (of Wharram's design, taking 25 people at a time) a fleet of Pen Duicks, representing Eric Tabarly's charter fleet, a huge power catamaran serving as a ferry to Fort de France... and the unforgettable Caribbean sunset on the sandy beach. Who on earth would want to go back to the Yukon?

Three girls did.

Last year, Francoise Dubois took her vacation and came sailing on the Tradewinds Race. This year, she brought along two friends, Jan Harvey and Joann Guiget from Whitehorse, Yukon. Pale as they came, it didn't take long before their pink skin turned bronze, surely a reason for envy in the Yukon, in April.

The dinner was superb.

A native dug-out canoe was filled with all imaginable goodies. When everyone had his fill, the announcement was made that dinner will be served in just a few minutes. You see, *that* was only the appetizer. The native band couldn't have been more vibrant. Bongo drums and steel drum music,

singing and dancing, fine French wine... ah! What a race!

Now, back to business. I still didn't have a monohull to sail on for the third leg. John Crill was in the harbor on board *Ocean Claire* and he invited Phil Weld and myself for a drink aboard this luxurious yacht. (She is sister ship to *Ocean Spirit*, winner of a previous 'Round Britain Race'.) Now, there is a monohull I would just love to sail on and report from. Seventy-one feet of luxury, from bathtub to library, from fully electric galley to wall-to-wall carpeting, all imaginable radio communications and radar, quadraphonic music and a French hostess, deserving great credit for her gourmet cooking. Yesssirrr! If one is destined to sail slow (pardon me, but I just got off *Rogue Wave*) and with a bit more heel, this is the boat to go on. "John, what are you planning to do with yourself in the next few days?".....

"Well, not much, actually."

I was really hoping for an answer like that.

"I have an idea. Why don't you join us in this fantastic race and come to St. Maarten. You'll love it."

"I was planning to go to Antigua."

"You can go there after St. Maarten. It's only the next island. Just make a bit of a detour."

"I might. Let me talk to the girls."

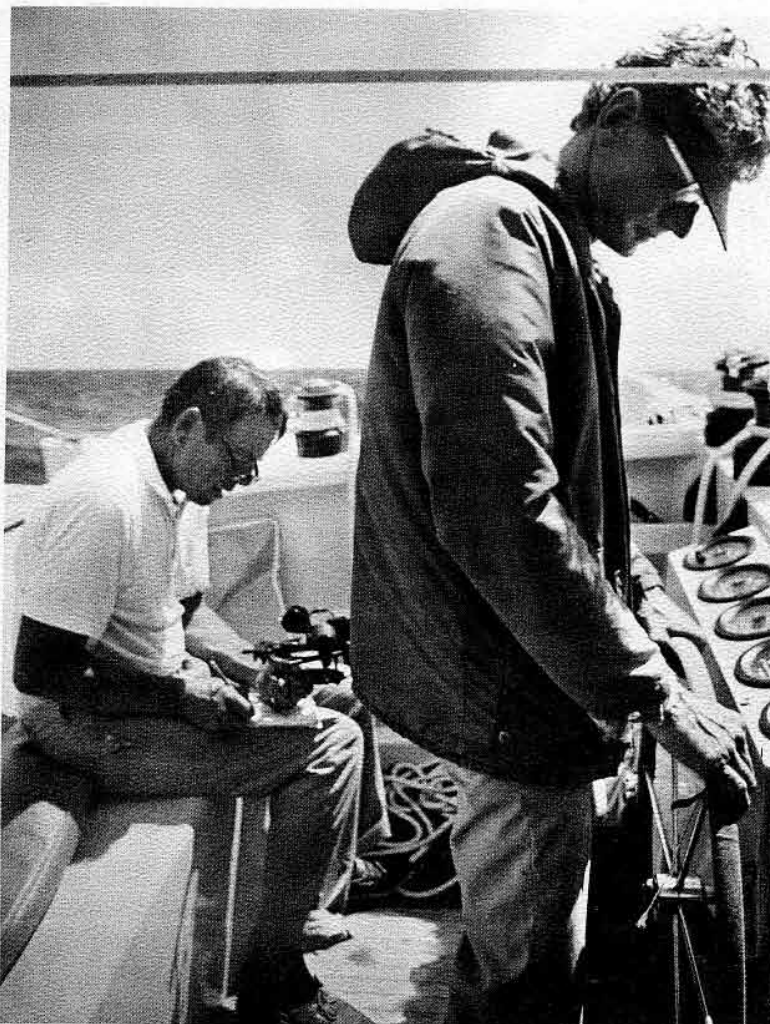
But I beat him to it: "Marguerite, how would you like to win a race and show up these multihulls?" I turned to the lady of the 'house,' surprised and bewildered at my own words. Could this boat really beat *Rogue Wave*, *Ppalu* or *TsjeTsja*? Before John had a chance to say anything, the challenge was issued.

"He used to race smaller boats, I think he is missing that" she answered.

Now John spoke up: "The owners would like us to race this boat occasionally, perhaps this is a good time..." It was set. *Ocean Claire* entered the race for the third leg, and I was going to report from a monohull.

That night, over some drinks someone brought up the question: "If *Ocean Claire* wins, what is Chiodi gonna do?"

The start of the third leg was windward. *Ocean Claire* didn't have what you would call a spectacular start, but by sailing very close to the wind, was able to gain on the giant multihulls and within the first hour passed the smaller cats and tris and sailed even with *TsjeTsja*. *Ppalu* and *Rogue Wave* were long gone.

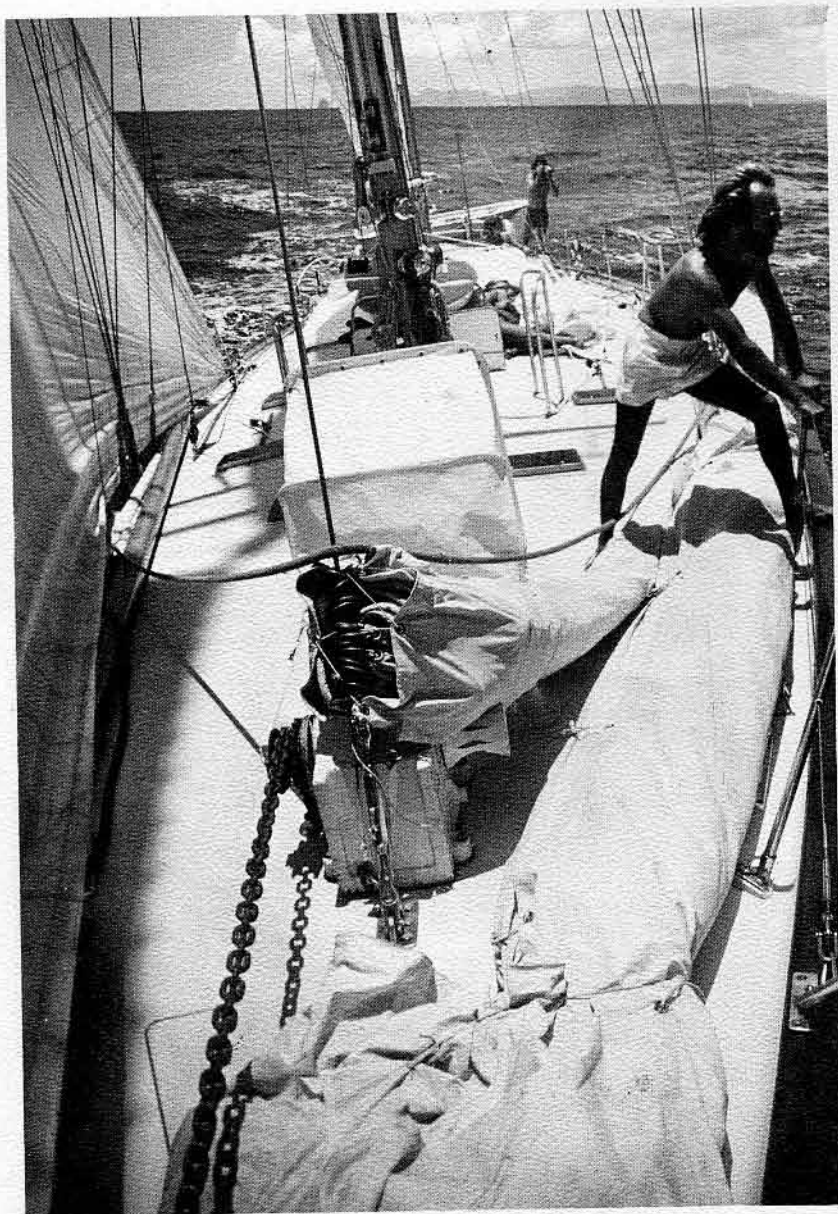


Jim Brown at the helm of *Rogue Wave*: "Man, this is sailing"... Phil Weld is working out a sun sight.

A 90-minute, 280-slide show with on-the-scene recording of this race is available from MULTIHULLS. See details on page 92.

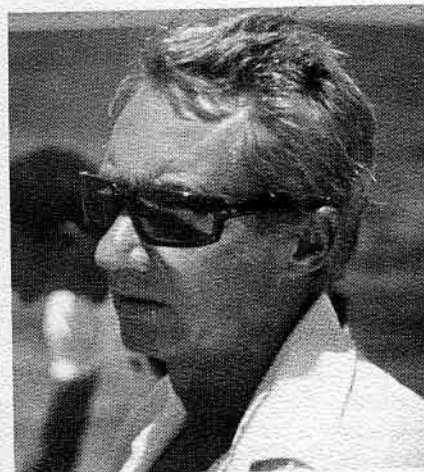


"...you bet it is!...."



Ocean Claire – 71 feet of pure luxury.

MY SKIPPERS AND HOSTS



PETER SPRONK
TSJE TSJA
First Leg



PHIL WELD
ROGUE WAVE
Second Leg

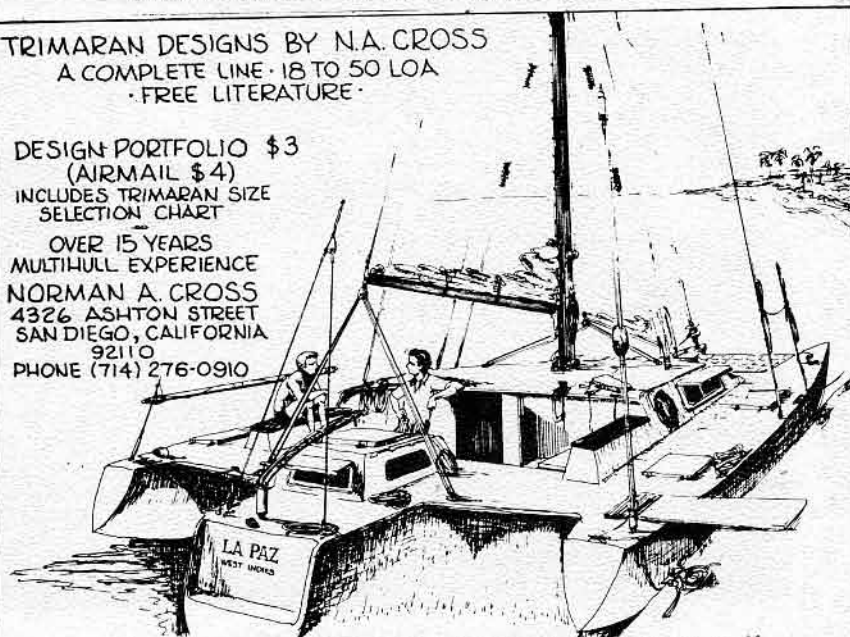


JOHN CRILL
OCEAN CLAIRE
Third Leg

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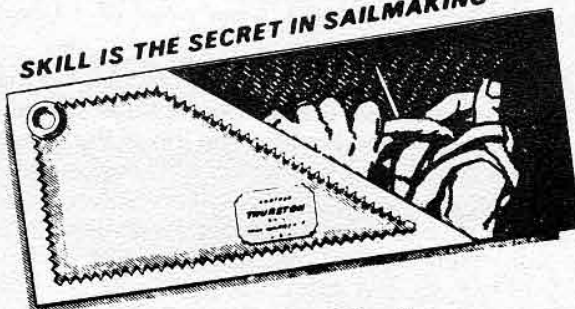


TRIMARANS FOR THOSE THAT ARE REALLY DOING IT !!

Hugging the shore closely, the big keelboat was making progress, while the multihulls were tacking farther out to sea in order to make it around Pointe d'Enfer. By nightfall, the fleet was scattered and no one was in sight... from the deck, that is. Below, at the navigation center, we were watching the other racers as so many tiny dots on the radar screen. A squall was approaching and from its image we knew that we'll get the edge of it. Marguerite was cooking dinner: wild rabbit with a delicious sauce and all the trimmings. The generator was quietly humming in the engine room, supplying plenty of electricity for stove, radar, air conditioning, etc... All this luxury would surely sink a multihull.

The next time I looked, there were no little dots. Our competitors were out of radar range, but the question remained: ahead or behind us? We were no longer in the lead — that I knew. Since Pointe d'Enfer the course was northerly and it first became a reach, then a broad reach. *Ocean Claire* was making 9-10 knots. I knew that the multihulls were in their element, most of them were sailing in the 14-18 knot speed range. (Later I found out that *TsjeTsja* was surfing at 23 knots for 2 to 3 minutes at a time just off St. Kitts.) John kept apologizing for going so slow and I kept assuring him that I really enjoyed sailing with him but suggested, that he might do better if he sails the entire course next year. The second leg is always

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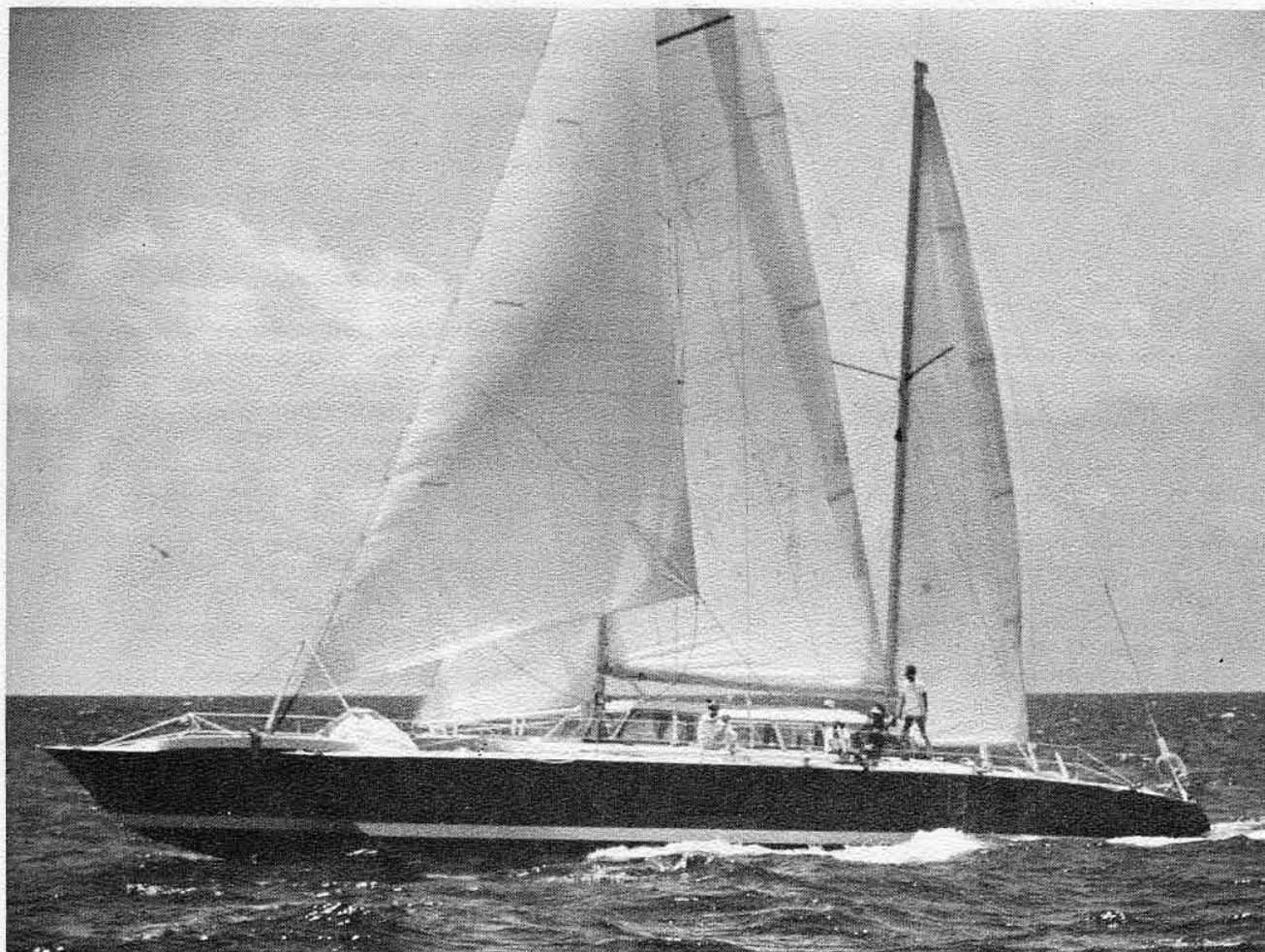
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Largest sailing catamaran in the world — Ppalu.

close to the wind and *Ocean Claire* would really excel. He promised to come back. I really think he should.

The spinnaker needed adjusting. I reached for the coiled up sheet casually draped over a huge self-tailing winch, but as I lifted the line, the top of the winch popped and because the line was not otherwise cleated, it ran out. Unfortunately, my left wrist was in the middle of the coil and went with it. I remember a sharp pain, then I heard my watch bounce on the deck. In a split second John was pulling on the line and I escaped with some rope burns and some loose skin caused by the steel watchband. Next time I should be more careful with uncleated lines. Self-tailing winches are just that: self-tailing, not self-cleating. There is a lesson in that.

Mine wasn't the only injury in the race. On *Blue Beard* a winch pawl broke which in turn broke a crew member's wrist and diving watch. Poor Royston, he was more concerned about his new watch than his own wrist. A quickly organized collection produced a new watch, but he'll have to wait until his wrist heals before handling another winch. *Aqua Una's* crew was not that fortunate. When a mainsheet block broke, the boom hit him in the back and broke two ribs. The boat was out of the race during the first leg.

The countless sunburnt noses and chapped lips were not considered injuries. The major boat damage, of course, was caused by *Ppalu's* collision with the reef. She also tore the clew out of a brand new headsail later in the race. *TsjeTsja* lost a main halyard and a daggerboard and *Native's* board opened up the trunk and main hull, taking on water on the second leg. While the rest of the racers were sightseeing in Martinique, *Native's* crew was busy fixing their boat. They finished it just before the start of the third leg with not much time to spare.

The fourth St. Maarten Tradewinds Race is now history and warm memories. Those who came to sail have gone home in every direction of the compass rose, refreshed by the beauty of the Caribbean and the adventures of the race. Those who read about it wish they were there. But those who organized it, worked at it, gave their time and of themselves, are back in harness again. No sooner had the last cheers faded into the night, the last boat weighed anchor, the last plane left, the Spronks, the Courts, the Maidwells, the Van Eekelens and dozens of others whose names I neglected to write down, are at work again to assure another fantastic Tradewinds Race, come next year.

Come next year, by all means, come next year!

▼ ▼ ▼

Description of boats and complete race results on page 94.

PPALU?

The mystery of navigation of the high seas as practiced for untold centuries by the Puluwat people of the Caroline Islands, is a lasting tribute to the great sea captains of all times.

Without charts or instruments, relying solely upon the knowledge of winds, stars, currents and the habits of seabirds, the Puluwat navigators maneuver their double-hulled canoes over vast expanses of open sea to arrive at their destination with uncanny precision.

These exceptional navigators, approximately 18 of a population of 400, are called *PPALU*, and have a status higher than that of a chief.

It is only befitting, therefore, that the world's largest and sleekest catamaran, designed by Peter Spronk and owned by *PPALU Explorations*, pay tribute to exceptional seamanship by naming this magnificent new vessel, *PPALU*.

In April 1978, *PPALU* was entered in the St. Maarten Tradewinds Race and proved her mettle instantly by winning the 'Fastest Catamaran' Trophy. In addition to being extremely fast, she is very comfortably appointed in the main saloon and below decks in the cabins.

The next available charter, October 1978, *PPALU* will be ready for term charter, accommodating 8-10 guests and sailing South from St. Maarten through the West Indies, following the Tradewind course of the buccaneers of past centuries and stopping at some of the most historically rich and breathtakingly

beautiful islands in the Caribbean. Go touring, hiking, volcano climbing, or dive for lobster, fish and treasure.

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For further information write:
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THE WINNERS:



Fastest Yacht
Fastest Trimaran (ET)
Navigator's Prize
ROGUE WAVE
Philip S. Weld,



Fastest Catamaran (ET)
PPALU
Paul Herbermann



First Trimaran (CT)
CHARIS
Bryan-Brown Brothers



First Catamaran (CT)
SUNBURST
Bob Turner

Fastest Tri under 35'
WHISKY JACK
Philip W. Walwyn

St. Maarten Tradewinds Race

The Boats

Race#	Yacht	Type	Design	L.O.A.	Skipper	Home Port
1	MAHO	cat	Spronk	61'	M. Court	St. Maarten, NA
2	KAYA	cat	Spronk	48'	Westmoreland	St. Maarten, NA
6	BLUE BEARD	cat	Spronk	47'	M. Maidwell	St. Maarten, NA
7	SUNBURST	cat	Spronk	30'	B. Turner	St. Martin, FWI
8	VAGABOND	mono	Gulfstar	41'	B. Krouch	St. Martin, FWI
9	CHARIS	tri	Newick	36'	Bryan-Brown	St. Croix, USVI
10	TARUMA	cat	Spronk	47'	H. McCoy	St. Maarten, NA
11	CHIC	mono	Alden	41'7"	W. Strain	Georgia, USA
13	PPALU	cat	Spronk	75'	P. Herbermann	St. Maarten, NA
14	TSJE TSJA	cat	Spronk	60'	P. Spronk	St. Maarten, NA
15	NATIVE	tri	Newick	37'10"	T. Wiggins	Plymouth, USA
17	PIGGY	cat	Wharram	45'6"	T. Hembroff	Vancouver, Can
18	ROGUE WAVE	tri	Newick	60'	P. Weld	Gloucester, USA
20	MANDALA	tri	Jim Brown	31'	R. Hatfield	Maryland, USA
24	AQUA UNA	cat	McGregor	36'	R. Ward	Chicago, USA
30	WHISKY JACK	tri	Simpson-Wild	34'	P. Walwyn	St. Kitts, BWI
	OCEAN CLAIRE	mono	Van de Stadt	71'	J. Crill	Poole, England

The Results

1st Leg — St. Maarten to Virgin Gorda — 123 miles (rhumb line)

2nd Leg — Virgin Gorda, around St. Croix, to Martinique, 350 miles (rhumb line)

3rd Leg — Martinique (Bourg St. Ann) to St. Maarten, 297 miles (rhumb line)

E.T. Place	Yacht	1st Leg	2nd Leg	3rd Leg	Total hrs	Formula	Actual	± %	C.T. Place
1	ROGUE WAVE	14.3500	37.3333	29.1833	80.8666	12.0368	9.5218	-20.8942	12
2	PPALU	13.7166	43.9166	29.1333	86.7665	11.9139	8.8743	-25.513	13
3	NATIVE	15.0333	46.0833	31.3166	92.4332	10.0799	8.3303	-17.3573	11
4	TSJE TSJA	14.5833	50.5833	29.4666	94.6332	9.5551	8.1366	-14.8454	10
5	WHISKY JACK	15.7333	48.0833	33.3666	97.1832	7.8689	7.9231	+0.6887	5
6	MAHO	14.6666	52.9166	30.5000	98.0832	8.1794	7.8504	-4.0229	6
7	TARUMA	15.7833	50.3833	32.8666	99.0332	7.1195	7.7751	+9.2085	3
8	CHARIS	16.2000	50.0833	34.0000	100.1833	7.0126	7.6782	+9.4914	2
9	BLUE BEARD	18.9666	56.3333	33.7500	109.0499	7.7688	7.0609	-9.1120	8
10	KAYA	19.2666	59.0500	39.3166	117.6333	6.4390	6.5457	+1.6570	4
11	PIGGY	18.5000	62.4000	38.5666	119.4666	7.2336	6.4453	-10.8977	9
12	VAGABOND	22.3500	54.6666	45.7666	122.7832	--	6.2712	--	--
13	MANDALA	20.0833	61.8333	42.0000	123.9166	6.5648	6.2138	-5.3466	7
14	CHIC	21.3500	61.7500	42.7500	125.8500	--	6.1183	--	--
15	SUNBURST	21.3333	69.4166	40.8666	131.6165	4.9515	5.8503	+18.1510	1
16	OCEAN CLAIRE	entered 3rd leg	37.2166	--	--	--	8.8670	--	--
17	AQUA UNA						D N F		

Average Speeds for each Leg are given in hours and 10ths of hours to 4 digits.

Formula Speeds were worked out by the Race Committee after each yacht was carefully measured.

Actual Speed was the yacht's average cumulative speed over the entire course.

± % shows if the yacht sailed above or below formula speed. This determines corrected position.

The 1979 St. Maarten
Tradewinds Race will be
held from
MARCH 24 — APR. 4

The race course will be the same as
in 1978, except the
first leg will be
sailed around St.
Maarten clockwise.

Yacht farthest from
home port
PIGGY
Hembroff Brothers

MULTIHULLS

