

# 1992 VIII World Youth Championships

By Tom Starck

When we finally arrived in Chile, I had a hard time believing the regatta was so close to beginning. All the preparation and expenses were taken care of. It was time to actually sail the regatta.

Higuerillas Yacht Club did a fantastic job of setting the teams up at the Club Hotel Lafayette. The Commodore of Higuerillas made the teams feel at home with great meals and warm welcomings which made our stay in Chile much easier.

The opening ceremony at Higuerillas Yacht Club was fascinating with each country's national anthem performed by an orchestra during the raising of the flag.

Finally the racing would begin with very light winds and big seas. Our team started out very slow by being over at the start and also having to do a set of circles for an infringement, although we came back and finished seventh which turned out very fortunate because there were no drop races at the end of the series.

The following day was cancelled due to no wind and therefore it turned out to be a good day for sight seeing.

The third day of racing was gorgeous. The winds were about 8-10 knots with big waves. We raced two perfectly set



courses and finished 2, 3 for the day. But the big winner was Marty Essig who recorded two firsts and was back in the regatta after sailing a DNS the first day because of an illness.

The wind picked up a lot for the fourth day of sailing; although, about six minutes before the start our main halyard broke and we were forced to take breakdown points (3.25) and not sail the race. This put us one point behind Argentina and a point ahead of Brazil. Canada now was very close behind too.

In the final day of sailing, the wind was once again very light and the racing didn't start until noon. With shifty winds and high seas it made it very difficult to see marks and puffs on the course. Upon arriving at the top mark first, the course was shortened due to a dying breeze. The sixth race was cancelled because of lack of time and at this point we knew we had won and reached our biggest goal.

There are so many people to thank for helping us achieve our goals. First and foremost, I would like to thank my Mom and Dad for cheering me on and organizing the entire event with the Emblidge Family. Without them our chances of going to Chile were very slim. The Buffalo Canoe Club also made it possible to go to the regatta, along with many of the members who supported the Junior Lightning Teams. Thank you all very much. Another great supporter was North Sails who made a great contribution by supplying us with team jackets, bags, and hats along with great sails which helped us successfully compete in the regatta.

Last, but definitely not least, I would like to congratulate and thank my crew, Martha Wilson and Guy Adema, who did an outstanding job feeding me all the information needed to get around the courses. We have been working very hard together as a team for many years preparing for this chance to represent the U.S., and it being our last junior regatta together, we couldn't have ended it on a better note. These guys kept the fun in sailing and that is a key thing to success.



Mister Michael L. Huffman  
President  
International Lightning Class Association, U.S.A.

Dear Sir,

At the end of the VIII World Youth Championship, the Lightning Class of Chile and the Organizing Committee on its behalf and on behalf of the 57 competitors of the world, make public their acknowledgement and gratitude to the I.L.C.A. and its board of directors for the support it gave to the event.

The support of I.L.C.A. to Youth Sailing and of the Lightning Class of Chile which has been present in all Youth Championship before, speaks favorably for those that due to age, competitive spirit and desire for sports, make up the most loyal group of people, capable of under-taking the road to constant achievement.

The Organizing Committee received the world crews in the best possible conditions according to its possibilities, and thus offer a fair competition which would not disillusion the young aspirations of all, so that only the best would win. And Thomas Starck was just that.

The competition suffered the rigours of the weather, which wreaked havoc on some of the boats, damage which exceeded the amount of the boat insurance deposit, making it necessary to pay the total amount deposited (US \$3,800) by the competitors, to carry out repairs.

We adjoin photos of the event.

Each one of the competitors has returned to his/her homeland, taking an image that will be difficult to erase of this country, our sea, our people and our hospitality. The highest values of our Chilean people.

The Organizing Committee repeats its gratitude and wishes of prosperity for the International Lightning Class Association, hoping that all the young Lightning members and the Lightning Class never go in separate ways.

We greet you attently,



Alberto Gonzalez Mas  
Vice President South America  
Commodore Lightning Class of Chile

Carlos Ramirez Angeli  
President  
Organizing Committee

M. Angelica Gutierrez Torrent  
Executive Secretary  
Organizing Committee

## VIII World Youth Championship

Pos.	Country	Skipper/Crew	Races					Pts.
			1	2	3	4	5	
1	USA	Thomas Starck, Guy Adema, Martha Wilson	7	2	3	3½+	1	16½
2	Argentina	Nicholas Granucci, Juan Pablo Calabrese, Santiago Sharping	2	5	5	3	9	24
3	Brazil	Gabriel Cabral Tavares Ferrera, Juan Jose Ramos de la Fuente, Bruno Ruthenberg	1	7	5½+	10	4	27½
4	Canada	Martin Essig, Kirsty Agrell, Sean Tigchelaar	dns	1	1	6+	2	30
5	Ecuador	Miguel Plaza Menendez, Francisco Pons Zevallos, Helmut Klemperer	6	6	4	5	13	34
6	Greece	Stefanos Bonas, Panagiotis Bonas, Athanasios Liakos	5	14	10	4	5	38
7	Italy	Gianmarco Tramati, N/A	17	3	6	7	10	43
8	Chile	Pablo Ramirez Magana, Mauricio Zulueta Rivas, Daniel Elton Reyes	8	4	9	15	7	43
9	Chile	Cristobal Molina Crishton, Santiago Lorca Arechandigta, Pablo Lorca Donoso	10	10	7	11	6	44
10	Canada	Jeremy Crowder, Jason Julien, Todd Fedyszen	dsq	11	14	1	3	50
11	Chile	Juan Pablo del Solar Goldsmith, Matias del Solar Goldsmith, Raul Godoy Munoz	4	13	10+	2	dsq	50
12	USA	Joseph Buczkowski, Chris W. Arner, Gerard Kinzel	3	12	8	12	dnf	55
13	Argentina	Luis Miguel Bordino, Eduardo Grosso, Ernesto Pelizza	11	9	15	9	12	56
14	Colombia	Luis Miguel Gonzalez Espinoza, Jose Pablo Reyes Trujillo, Solmar Bermudez	15	8	11	6	dnf	60
15	Canada	Jennifer Blanchard, Lindsay Staniforth, Ali Mathews	14	18	13	8	8	61
16	Chile	Gonzalo Martinez Dorlhiac, Agustin Herrera Bravo, Hernan Serrano Elgueta	13	dsq	2	13	dnf	69
17	USA	Warren Emblidge, III, Pascal Pappalardo Buckley, Amy W. Tillou	9	16	12	dnf	15	72
18	Chile	Andres Gomez Errazuria, Manuel Rodriguez Salazar, Gustavo Bahomondez Benavente	12	17	16	dnf	11	76
19	Ecuador	Esteban Meira, Jose Manuel Gonzalez, Justus Klemperera	16	15	17	14	14	76

DNF = 20 DNS = 20 DSQ = 21 PMS = 21 + = Redress

# South American Championships

## Or Sometimes You Get It When You Least Expect It

By Juan Santos

It seemed impossible to do it. We had just obtained, after sweating it, a second place finish in the qualifiers for the South Americans, just behind Paco Sola. We knew we didn't have a fast boat and we knew very well that we were overweight for the winds of Salinas. Not only that, but we finished seventh in the previous Salinas-Tomine' Regatta; we were very disappointed.

Even though we knew that the people with options to fight the South Americans would not run the practice race, we decided we needed it to at least try to get into better shape. It was total disaster, we finished 12th out of 14!

The team talked about it, and after many thoughts Werner, Oscar and I decided to follow the path of the desperate: put the mast down, tune it from scratch, drink a couple of scotches, sand the bottom and centerboard, and try to give it our all the next day. I must thank Philippe Jacob, Miguel Plaza and Juan Carlos Plaza, who after way too many discussions compromised on the way to tune my boat. Scary thought, uh!

And day one came ... we rounded the windward leg fifth, after having had a so-so start. The wind increased from 5 to 8 with gusts of 12, that was good for our weight. We quickly became the favourites for the race, with Paco Sola, Manuel Gonzalez and Juan Carlos Plaza behind us. At that moment we tried to forget our following and starting looking forward. We picked a couple of good shifts and gathered some more speed to win the first race in a long time. We savoured the unexpected and were happy about it.

Now we had a comfortable first and decided we would risk it all in the second race. Luckily for us, the race course looked normal that day (winds about 10 kts, 240 degrees). We started at the pin and went far to the left to wait for the expected veer. Things happened as they should have and we rounded first. From then on we just held on to our lead to capture the second race. Everything came up perfect and the crew work was flawless.

That night we figured we needed some drinks to ease up the nerves. Somehow we felt we had it (the regatta), but we were not confident about our speed. It was this night, too, that my good friend, teacher and enemy on the race course for 17 years, authorized me to win the Championship. This didn't make me a bit more confident ... I knew the old salt had something up his sleeve, he was just trying to put more pressure on me. I am talking about Paco Sola, of course.

Just to show me who was I messing with, Paco went on to win the third race, but didn't do as well in the fourth; I felt like the maleficence was broken. In the third and fourth races we didn't need to win, but we needed to be among the top five. Consequently, we started conservatively in both races and finished fifth and sixth. We felt we needed to win the fifth race to close the doors, so we went to the water with all our minds into the war. We made an extraordinary start at

the pin, with a lot of speed, which allowed us to get rid of Tito Gonzalez and Paco Sola. At the windward mark we were first, followed by Pablo Amunategui. We kept the lead until the last windward leg when we had to cover Juan Carlos Plaza who was close behind in the race and in the championship. Amunategui went hard left (to "our" corner). We were convinced that right was favoured, so we went there to keep Juan Carlos close. We proved wrong, since Amunategui finished first, we were second and Juan Carlos third.

Before the sixth race the scores were telling us we were the champs if Juan Carlos Plaza finished second in the last race, it didn't matter how we finished. In the event that Juan Carlos won the race we had to be among the top-four.

Right before the start of the last race, many boats had it as the one to better their scores. Many boats passed beside us smiling, but telling me that they would win this last one. We didn't care much, we only needed Juan Carlos not to win the race. But there was none with such self-assurance as Paco Sola, Jr. He asked whether we would mind if he won the race. Of course we encouraged him, yelling, "this is yours!" But much to our surprise he rounded the windward mark second to Carlos Luis Lecaro, and rounded the next leeward mark first. We could not believe it. Finally he had to fight Tito Gonzalez and Carlos Luis to death in the last leg, finishing third behind them. Not bad for his first South American Championship as a skipper, especially having just left his Dad's boat.

Even though it was a remote possibility, Juan Carlos had an impressive speed, experience and knowledge of the race course. I must admit too, that Juan Carlos has an impressive way of recovering from behind ... he's fast! Considering all this, and our lack of confidence in our speed, we decided to match-race with him from the start, so as to keep him from starting well. Obviously we would do this considering all the rules of good sportsmanship. We positioned ourselves to leeward to him, but 20 seconds before the start Juan Carlos broke free and put a boat between him and us. That plan didn't work, so we decided to go for plan "B", do our own race! We started covered and back-winded, but we finally had what we wanted: Juan Carlos didn't win and we won the South American championship.

Now, after more than one month since our winning, I still can't believe that we did it. It is just that I feel that many other times I have been better prepared and with a faster boat, not to say that we have been in better positions for winning a regatta. Now I am a bit wiser and have learned that you not only need to be fast, you have to do things right, fight each race foot by foot, wave by wave. You need to work with your crew as if you were one person. This is what at the end gives you the results you expect, even when you don't expect them!

# XXXVIII South American Championship Salinas, Ecuador 1992

Pos.	Ctry	Bt. #	Skipper	Crew	1	2	3	4	5	6	Pts.	T/out	Tot.
1	EC	14160	Juan Santos	Oscar Vviteri-Werner Moeller	1	1	6	5	2	12	27	12	15
2	X	14387	Pablo Amunategui	Marcos Fuentes-Manuel J. Phillips	2	8	16	4	1	4	35	16	19
3	EC	14145	Juan Carlos Plaza	Gonzalo Vargas-Eduardo Arosemena	dsq	7	2	1	3	9	53	31	22
4	X	14307	Manuel Gonzalez	Roberto Hill-Pablo Barahona	4	12	4	2	6	8	36	12	24
5	EC	14541	Francisco Sola M.	Ricardo Sola-Rafaelle Caro	9	6	1	7	7	16	46	16	30
6	X	11011	Alberto Gonzalez	Juan Carlos Martine Z-Manuel Urzua	8	15	5	3	14	1	46	15	31
7	EC	14383	Carlos Luis Lecaro	Xavier Monge-Xavier Monge, Jr.	12	5	8	16	4	2	47	16	31
8	EC	14099	Miguel Plaza M.	Leonardo Arosemena-Jaime Calderon	3	4	13	10	5	10	45	13	32
9	X	11450	Angel Fantuzzi	Ignacio Basaure-Manuel Olivares	14	2	3	12	13	dnf	73	29	44
10	CB	14384	Santiago Uscategui	Jorge Uscategui-Mauricio Valenzuela	11	11	7	9	11	6	55	11	44
11	X	13650	Rufino Melero	Guillermo Arriagada-Rodrigo Guzman	dnf	3	10	11	10	13	77	30	47
12	EC	14150	Francisco Sola, Jr.	Andres Mariscal-Justus Kemplerer	17	13	14	6	12	3	65	17	48
13	CB	14536	Philippe Jacob	Felipe Castillo-Santiago Douat	6	19	12	8	21	5	71	21	50
14	PU	12825	Francisco Ayulo	Javier Barco-Javier Rubina	15	9	11	17	8	7	67	17	50
15	EC	11928	Miguel Plaza, Jr.	Jose M. Gonzalez-Federico Heinert	5	10	dnf	dns	9	18	103	31	72
16	X	14294	Francisco Perez	Cristian Barahona-Antonio Benvenuto	dsq	16	17	13	20	11	108	31	77
17	EC	14379	Juan Manuel Meira	Esteban Meira-Sebastian Meira	7	22	15	19	16	21	100	22	78
18	X	14295	German Novion	Jose M. Ugarte-Javier De Vicente	10	18	20	15	15	dnf	107	29	78
19	BL	11750	Dietmar Heidenreich	Peter Zacher-Mario Zcaschke	13	14	24	18	22	14	105	24	81
20	CB	13990	Rafael Esguerra	Jorge Londono-Sebastian Higuera	16	21	dnf	21	16	15	119	30	89
21	CB	12829	Rudy Salmang	Ricardo Salmang-Luis Felipe Giraldo	18	24	21	14	19	20	116	24	92
22	EC	14389	Santiago Romero	Maria De Romero-Eduardo Rodriguez	21	17	19	22	23	17	119	23	96
23	X	14235	Juan P. Del Solar	Mauricio Padron-Pablo Lorca	dsq	20	9	23	25	22	130	31	99
24	X	14232	Cristobal Molina	Francis Cofuentes-Santiago Lorca	20	25	18	20	18	24	125	25	100
25	CB	14176	Fernando Venegas	Ana Maria Uscategui-Miguel Ribon	19	23	23	24	27	23	139	27	112
26	EC	14557	Victor Rodriguez	Paul Gordon-Edwin Pinto	22	26	22	27	24	19	140	27	113
27	EC	14556	Victor Garces	Javier Canarte-Christian Gomez J.	23	27	27	25	26	25	153	27	126
28	CB	14085	Guillermo Camargo	Jochen Raute-Jose A. Camargo	24	28	26	26	28	26	158	28	130
29	CB	13427	Andres Iriarte	Helena Ortiz-Rafael Gutierrez	25	29	25	28	29	dns	165	29	136

## What the HULL ?

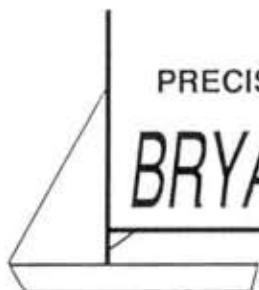
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# European Championships

## Mario Noto and Crew Repeat

By Fabio Spano



The 40th European Lightning Championship was held from July 14th to July 16th in the Lake of Kuopio, a city in the center of Finland.

When we arrived, after four days of travel in a truck, we suffered some problems due to the darkness (lack of, that is) existing in Finland at that time of the year. We were warmly welcomed, and although we didn't speak the local language, we had no problems. We didn't think we'd find the same weather as our Sicily. In fact, our winter clothes remained in the hotel the whole time.

The competitors were numerous, although there was only one Greek crew. We utilized the days before the races working on the boat and studying the conditions of the lake.

After being measured, we made the practice race. It was very strange because the wind was very light. We made a good start but the wind changed its direction frequently. We recovered some positions in the race after the second windward leg, but we didn't finish this race just to avoid bad luck.

### First race — 14/7 — wind 2-3 M/S

We started in the middle of the line. After some minutes it seemed we were in first position, yet we didn't maintain our control on the group to the end of the first windward leg, because Tripoli, skipper of the yacht I13706, passed the windward mark in first position; we were second, in third Wyler, Z13780, and fourth Alagna, I13481, also from our club. On the first reach we attacked Tripoli and we rounded the third mark in the first position. On the second reach we maintained our position and covered the whole group to the end of the race. Wyler was second and Tripoli third.

### Second race — 14/7 — wind 2-3 M/S

The second race took place thirty minutes after the first. The weather conditions were the same as the first race. The only difference was that the wind was less strong. We repeated our start, in the middle of the line. We took the right side and we passed the second mark fourth. At this mark, with a good maneuver, we got third place. At the fourth mark we were second after Tripoli, who had maintained first place after a good start and a good first windward leg. During the second windward leg, after some tacks, we reached first place. A wind shift changed many positions in the fleet. Only Tripoli and we maintained our positions. Wyler finished the race in eighth place.

### Third race — 15/7 — wind 6-8 M/S

The weather conditions for the third race were very irregular. We took the right side because we searched the rain clouds. We found the rain but no wind. The other boats, Wyler, Pyy, Alagna, that had gone left, passed the second mark far ahead. At the second mark we were fourteenth. During the spinnaker legs and with a good second windward leg, we gained several positions. At the end of the race we were third after Pyy and Wyler.

### Fourth race — 15/7 — wind 4-6 M/S

We made a good start. This fact permitted us to control the second place of Wyler. After some tacking Wyler reached first place due to a mistake of ours going down to Mark Three. Although we tried to regain Wyler's position, he finished in first place and we were second.

### Fifth race — 16/7 — wind 2-3 M/S

During the warning we calculated the throw-out race and we perceived that Wyler and we had the same score. So, before the race, we decided to control only Wyler. In fact, our throw-out race was a third place, while Wyler had to discard his eighth place. The European Championship was, now, on the ballot between Wyler and us. We felt very nervous. Our start was very good and after some tacks, we reached the second mark in sixth place, but Wyler was fourteenth. Only on account of a wind shift and a mark in a bad position, we reached first place and the same conditions permitted Wyler to reach third place.

### Sixth race — 16/7 — wind 2-3 M/S

The last race was a formality. In fact, for us to lose the leadership in the Championship, Wyler would have to finish first and we fourth. Nevertheless, the race was like a war from the start to the finish. It was a real match race, as all the races were. We sailed as we had done during all the other races and after a good start, we reached second place only a few centimeters from Wyler. We experienced bitter disappointment, but this disappointment disappeared because we realized that we were the winners of this Championship, too.



*The Champions*



*"Team Italia"*

## 1992 European Championship Kuopio, Finland

Fin. Pos.	Bt. #	Ctry.	Skipper & Crew	Races						Pts.
				1	2	3	4	5	6	
1	14361	Italy	Mario Noto, Fabio Spano, Francesco Parrinello	1	1	(3)	2	1	2	7
2	13790	Switzerland	Urs Wyler, Walter Durr, Gilbert Durr	2	(8)	1	1	3	1	8
3	13706	Italy	Vito Tripoli, Pasquale Prinziavalli, Antonio Di Benedett	3	2	(dsq)	5	8	4	22
4	13481	Italy	Giuseppe Alagna, Mario Alagna, Giuseppe Tramati	5	3	5	6	4	(17)	23
5	14406	Finland	Pertti Pyy, Leena Pyy, Maija Pyy	10	6	2	4	5	(14)	27
6	14274	Finland	Rainer Korhonen, Leo Korhonen, Kari Salenius	(13)	5	10	3	7	9	34
7	12951	Switzerland	Jacques Perret, Alexandre Perret, Ludovic Robert	8	4	11	(dsq)	12	3	38
8	14364	Finland	Sampaa Salminen, Keijo Tulomaki, Tero Kotimaki	7	7	6	10	10	(15)	40
9	14239	Italy	Sergio Rustishelli, Vittorugo Mearini, Sauro Scarpocchi	9	10	7	7	(11)	11	44
10	14018	Finland	Jaako Herttua, Niko Lappalainen, Pasi Hannila	(22)	11	9	8	17	5	50
11	14494	Finland	Juha Hamalainen, Asko Hamalainen, Tuomo Pirinen	6	12	(pms)	9	16	8	51
12	14491	Finland	Heikka Hamalainen, Juha-Pekka Kuustonen, Jussi Tuovinen	11	16	4	18	6	(24)	55
13	14179	Italy	Sergio Messina, Alessandro Messina, Benedetto Puletto	16	13	13	15	2	(dsq)	59
14	14534	Finland	Kimmo Aromaa, Mika Aromaa, Jari Aromaa	(dnf)	14	12	13	14	6	59
15	13878	Italy	Tramati Gianmarco, Anna Giacalone, Salvatore Montalto	4	9	(dsq)	16	(dsq)	10	72
16	12914	Finland	Asko Autio, Antero Uitto, Erkki Maenpaa	18	23	8	(pms)	9	21	79
17	14535	Finland	Antero Punttila, Jaakko Usva, Erkki Punttila	12	19	16	11	22	(23)	80
18	14352	Finland	Pentti Jarvinen, Lassi Jarvinen, Mikko Hellman	15	(26)	14	12	20	22	83
19	14092	Finland	Hartti Nisonen, Saku Vento, Antti Varheenmaa	14	15	20	20	(dsq)	18	87
20	12860	Switzerland	Claude Lambelet, Bernard Comtesse, Thierry Monnier	17	(21)	18	23	19	13	88
21	14271	Finland	Hanna Hurskainen, Pekka Hurskainen, Kari Porthen	21	18	17	(22)	21	12	89
22	14269	Finland	Markku Paloma, Martti Kalapuro, Laura Heikkila	(28)	17	15	19	15	26	92
23	13801	Greece	Iakovos Kikianis, Andreas Karalis, Panayiota Saini	(25)	243	19	21	13	16	93
24	13840	Switzerland	Gilbert Despland, Peter Graf, Margit Graf	(23)	20	21	17	23	17	98
25	14331	Finland	Pentti Laitinen, Sirkka-Liisa Laitinen, Antti Lahteinen	24	27	22	14	(dnf)	20	107
26	12918	Finland	Vesa Purokuru, Ilkka Virtanen, Sanna Purokuru	26	22	26	24	18	(dmf)	116
27	14403	Finland	Aimo Jokiniemi, Tuula Jokiniemi, Tanja Jokiniemi	27	(28)	25	25	25	19	121
28	12995	Finland	Aulis Naykki, Antti Naykki, Heikki Ulen	19	29	23	(dmf)	26	28	125
29	14559	Finland	Lauri Hemming, Hanna-Leen Hemming, Immo Nykanen	29	25	24	26	(dnc)	27	131
30	13734	Finland	Anssi Lilja, Risto Reinikka, Petri Kupiainen	20	30	(pms)	(dsq)	24	25	132
31	14493	Finland	Jari Hamstrom, Kauko Asikainen, Henrik Hamstrom	30	31	(dnf)	(dnc)	27	29	149

# Canadian Open Championship

By Geraldine Densmore

In the spring of 1991, David Sprague asked me if I had any interest in trying to qualify for the World's in Brazil in 1993. First of all, since I don't make plans any farther ahead than the weekend, I couldn't even conceive of thinking that far ahead and second of all, up until then I had sailed on only one other occasion. Still, I said sure, ... what did I have to lose? I'd seen the pictures — the idea of sailing conjured up lovely images of quiet, dry, peaceful times. What was I thinking?! Little did I know..... this meant 7 a.m. weekend mornings (other than blindly feeling for orange juice in the refrigerator, who wants to be vertical at that time?), more hamburgers in one summer than I want to eat during my whole lifetime, numerous bad hair days and ..... **THUNDER BAY!!**

At least my skipper conned someone else in the 19 hour drive from Toronto. Although we may have been smarter to do it ourselves. Sightseeing is much less enjoyable when you're forced to stop every 3 minutes at every lookout point, not to look, but to constantly monitor the yacht club in order to witness the boat's arrival. Anxiety was at a premium. Our binoculars don't get that much of a workout in the boat. The Terry Fox memorial site may never be the same. (I think you missed the point, Dave).

Finally, all arrived safely and before we knew it we were out on Superior sailing the practice race. It was a great welcome — freezing weather, pouring rain, very heavy gusts of wind that died 15 minutes later, so much so that we had to paddle in and **BIG TIME** tension in the boat. I'm sure Alison, (my fellow crew member) and I would have gone home if we could have. Perhaps it was the tension of the big race but we needed to have a pow-wow afterwards to calm ourselves down. I needed more than that so I walked back to the hotel.

All was soothed by dinner time when we joined our fellow Torontonians and the Montreal contingent for a dinner across the street from the hotel. Italian wine can be a wonderful thing sometimes.

As for the races themselves, all were run in less than stable wind conditions. We were about 1½ miles from shore but influenced by the large hills and grain elevators behind the city.

The first day saw winds of about 20-30 knots, this was going to be exciting. The first race started on time, for all but Larry MacDonald, and we had clean air and rounded first at the weather mark. The fleet played follow the leader for six legs while the entire fleet coped with shifting winds. We spent a lot of time trying to figure out where the marks were ... this is a **BIG** lake. Our finish was a very exciting tacking duel with Peter Hall. If ever I wished I weighed 30 more pounds (something I never do) this was it. He beat us out by a nose for first.

The next race was a blur. David, the nervous skipper, had settled down, MacDonald had disappeared into the distance (how does he do that?) and Peter Hall made us chase him.

The entire first day of racing was about the same. I've never worked so hard. The winds were constantly building and we had several dead runs in 25 plus breeze.

We were in first place after the first day — for about 2 hours anyway. When the protest committee got together, they justifiably decided that Larry had gone back and restarted correctly and Peter Hall successfully won an over early protest. Oh well, third wasn't bad.

The second day saw similar conditions — except it hurt more. We sailed two races and Peter Hall and Larry continued to sail well; Mark Osterman and Tony McBride gave us a serious run for our money.

In 25 plus winds, Peter and Larry were the only ones flying kites. Brave or crazy, we're not sure. Then at the back of the fleet some brave locals hoisted so we decided what the heck. Up it went and we were immediately airborne putting a satisfying distance on the boats behind. This was cruel and unusual punishment. We had no more body parts left to put outside the boat, still, the Thunder Bay heavies kept gaining. (I hate when that happens). The wind was up and down and from every direction. We had a somewhat less than rewarding second day that got off to a lousy start when we broke our boom vang on one of those high wind runs. However, we got a respectable finish in the first race of that day, with Larry long gone in first.

We had one more race and the end of the second day showed Larry in first, Peter in second and we were third. Mark and Tony were very close behind. Finally it was over and we hauled our weary bodies off to dinner. The Yacht Club hosted an exceptional fish fry that was enjoyed by all.



*Winners of Canadian Open and North American Championships: Trevor, Ian, and Larry.*

We were out early the last day — big mistake — when was the last time you saw frost on your boat cover in August? We toughed it out and were still hopeful ... the Worlds in Brazil were in sight but it wasn't easy and it was undecided till the dying seconds with some tough competition. We had written off Peter and Larry but Osterman and McBride were still in the hunt with us. David had worked out all the possible combinations to end up third. The race committee set up for a westerly. The wind died, the rain came and Sprague was so far from the line when the gun went we almost quit. We headed north hoping for wind but it never came. We tried to hang tough. At what seemed like the 29th gybe mark of the day, with our chute on the wrong side and Tony on our back we knew we couldn't afford to mess up the hoist. Of course

we did. We just sailed our drop race.

In the end we still made third position in the standings. Overall, I think we did some good sailing and definitely got a bit lucky. Congratulations to Larry and Peter, and thanks to Mark and Tony for the motivation.

I'm sure I speak for everyone when I say a large thank you to our hosts at the Thunder Bay Yacht Club. It's a beautiful city. I won't forget the wonderful view across the lake and the people lived up to what I am finding is the highlight of the Lightning Class — fun, friendly and very hospitable. Regattas don't happen without a lot of work and effort. A special thanks also to everyone involved for all their efforts. It was a great event.

## 1992 Canadian Open Standings

Fin. Pos.	Boat #	Skipper & Crew	Races						Tot. Pts.
			1	2	3	4	5	6	
1	14567	Larry MacDonald, Trevor Born, Ian Jones	4	1	1	1	1	1	5
2	14442	Peter Hall, Neil Bernham, Derek Robertson	1	4	2	2	2	4	11
3	14174	Dave Sprague, Geraldine Densmore, Alyson Lewis	2	2	3	7	7	8	21
4	14398	Mark Osterman, Jane LaLonde, Max Van De Putte	5	5	7	6	3	3	22
5	14438	Tony McBride, Mike Vatcher, Kimberly Browne	6	3	dnf	4	4	5	22
6	14511	Adrian Irving, Patrick McBriarity, Bonnie Hawkins	7	6	5	3	11	11	32
7	14365	Rick Kaiser, Jane Mather, Jane Long	3	8	8	5	10	9	33
8	13587	Ross Bailey, Laura Chocoron, Don Wilson	10	7	6	9	6	7	35
9	13591	Bob Walsh, Bob Maki, Don Ellard	9	10	9	8	12	6	42
10	14507	Jim Cameron, Janice Cameron, Charles Spence	dnf	dsq	4	11	5	2	44
11	14347	Brian Curtner, Ted Shore, Martin Baron	8	9	10	13	9	15	49
12	11387	Marc Sandberg, Blair Sandberg, Andre St. Jacques	11	13	13	10	16	12	59
13	13267	Willie Evans, Jay Booth, Jack Arnold	13	12	dnf	12	8	16	61
14	13589	Innes Martin, Paul Martin, Phil Graham	14	11	12	15	14	10	61
15	13585	Geoff Hall, Jamie Gracey, Dan Burrell	15	16	11	19	18	13	73
16	13886	Porter Bailey, Chris Bailey, John Bailey	17	14	16	16	15	14	75
17	13267	Don Colvin, Dwayne Colvin, Bethany Colvin	12	18	dnf	4	13	dns	79
18	9871	Don Holmstrom, Tim Maenpaa, Donna Sutherland	16	17	14	18	17	17	81
19	13515	Kurt Broll, Brian Cox, Rick Dicasmirro	18	15	15	17	19	18	83
20	13590	Dave Tambyln, Andrew Myhal, Rick Morgan	19	19	17	dnf	dns	dnf	99
21	9873	Tom Watkinson, Tom Joseph, Alex Joseph	20	20	dnf	dns	dns	dns	106



Above: Jim Cameron and son patrol Fort William near Thunder Bay.

Left: Julie-Marie, Joy, Larry MacDonald.



# Adrian's Excellent Adventure

By Patrick T. McBriarty

Things were looking good in preparation for the Canadian Open. Our skipper and I had been sailing frequently. Our third crew for the Canadian's was Bonnie Hawkins and for the NA's Christine Simonson. The boat was ready and I really felt that during the coming two weeks our sailing would gel and provide solid results which had eluded us all season.

Throughout the summer we were always one or two races from breaking into the top five or ten and although we usually had fun this had become somewhat frustrating for me. Similarly, as in our racing there was something lacking for this trip, and it was a vehicle. Unfortunately, the brakes on Adrian's Cherokee had completely gone out. The necessary parts were unavailable and the mechanics weren't really sure what was wrong, but they all agreed it would be expensive. Time and fate seemed to be against us. There was no way it would be ready for the Canadians which, from my perspective, were the whole reason for the trip.

So out of the shadows came by "trusty" 1985, four-door Buick Century Sedan. Hey, it had a hitch (which I installed myself.) It had 98,000 miles, an AM/FM stereo (no cassette player), the original tires, and new wiper blades. Besides it had already towed Mike Huffman's Lightning from Chicago to Milwaukee. Certainly it could make it from Chicago around Lake Superior to Thunder Bay across Canada to Buffalo, NY and back through Ohio, Indiana to Chicago. Sure????!! Why not try? So it was decided we would leave after work on Thursday, drive all night to Canada, and hopefully arrive to do the practice race at 6:00 Friday evening.

After finishing up at work I find I can't locate my car keys or my patagonia pullover. I could have left them where we had lunch or they could be somewhere at work. I just didn't know. The one thing I was certain of is everytime I have a few beers at lunch I get into trouble. I search work for an hour. Freaking. I race to the Huddle (where we had lunch). They suggest checking with the hotel front desk. Why did we have to eat lunch at a hotel run restaurant? The lost and found is closed! Supposedly a maid upstairs checks and doesn't find anything, so I race back to work. It is nearly 7:00. A half hour later, after several phone calls and more frantic searching and my pullover turns out to be hanging on the back of our office door.

Huge relief. The prospect of a road trip has me excited again. I race to the car, turn over the starter, and NOTHING!!! I left my lights on; the battery is dead.

Swallowing my pride, I run back to work and after some embarrassed explanations and a jump start I finally leave Evanston for Adrian's on the south side and I'm already two hours late. We load up the car, mounting a roof top carrier, hook up the boat and head out. Adrian is driving, since I am a wreck. We drive north.... Wisconsin goes really far north and still we keep driving. We really didn't realize we would be going through Minnesota, but on we go north. Turning the corner at the tip of Lake Superior we head east toward Thunder Bay and Canada.

I end up driving the late shift and am rewarded with a fantastic sunrise somewhere in northern Wisconsin or Minnesota. The dawn reveals hundreds of small lakes and

streams enshrouded by low lying mists and scattered evergreens spread over rolling hills. We finally stop for breakfast in Deluth, Minnesota on the north side of Lake Superior. I am exhausted. I can't believe we still have three or four hours to Thunder Bay. The Buick has only burned one quart of oil so far.

Shortly after breakfast we get a thorough check of the car and boat by the border patrol. We figure Kaiser will never get through this unless he has diplomatic papers.

Two hours from Thunder Bay in the hills of the northern coast of Lake Superior the exhaust pipe comes loose, easily 20 miles from the nearest gas station. My poor Buick can barely make it up the hills. We pull over. I am certain we have a cracked block. Oil is everywhere under the hood and I am ready to use a .45 and put the Buick out of its misery. We are doing to DIE. I should never have found my keys and never agreed to sacrifice my car to this cause. I must be insane.

However, cooler heads prevail. Adrian and I head back the way we came while Bonnie waits with the boat for our return. Two to three miles back we find a parts shop and some guys who are obviously **not** going to help us. But, we are told a guy "next door" happens to have a muffler shop in amongst four or five structures we can just see through the trees. A very large dog is home, and thankfully so is his owner, who may be able to help us. Something about a 12:00 appointment is mentioned (it's 11:30 at the time), but we drive around to the shop anyway. Amazingly, in this back barn is a full-blown hydraulic lift and our guy Larry is originally from the south side of Chicago. After some banging, grinding, and many sparks (which I am certain will ignite the fuel line and kill us all), forty bucks and less than 40 minutes later the muffler is back intact and we are on the road. Unbelievable since we're in the middle of nowhere.

We arrive in Thunder Bay. Total drive time 16 hours and 36 minutes. An hour later we find the marina. After unhooking the boat, Bonnie and I go in search for food and drink. Unbelievably, Adrian sets up the boat while we are gone. After sizing up the competition, some food and a few beers, we decide the practice race is not important, and what is important is a shower and sleep.

It was cold and windy the next morning. We sailed out beyond the breakers and into Lake Superior. The water was really cold, and this was August! The first race we got off to a decent start beating to windward and trying to read the shifts and the wind shadows created by huge grain elevators on shore near the windward mark. The right seemed to pay and we rounded third or fourth after the first windward leg. As the race continued the winds shifted several times making for some good opportunities to gain and lose boats. We faired about average in these conditions and were able to hang on to a 5th.

In the second race the winds continued to build from about 10-15 in the first race to a reported 30-32 knots on the final beat. The wind was all over the place shifting 15-30 degrees, with varying gusts ranging across the race course. The race committee called equilateral every race so we could only carry a spinnaker on one "downwind" leg the second time around. However, the jibes we did do were excellent.

This was our best race by far and we pulled a second or third, good enough to leave us in third place at day end. Larry MacDonald was obviously the one to watch as he got two bullets.

The second day started out much warmer and lighter. As the day progressed it filled and we got some oscillations and varying velocities. Neither the third, fourth, or fifth races stick out in my mind, but we did well enough to stay in 5th place going into the Fish Fry that night. Our worst race of the day was a tenth and I was glad we had finally put together some consistent finishes. I could hardly believe we might actually place. Going into the last day, MacDonald had first pretty well wrapped up with four firsts. Two other Canadians, Hall and Sprague, were in second and third, with Mark Osterman, from Montreal in fourth. Rick Kaiser was right behind us by only two points in sixth (somehow he had made that border crossing without incident). Things definitely looked exciting going into the final race on Monday.

We got on the water early for the last race. Although it looked like rain I didn't care since we were in contention for a top finish. The wind was moderate to gusty and the whole fleet seemed more in tune with the shifts than we did. As a small storm passed in and out of the race course, we were sitting in 17th or 18th with a final beat to go. We were relieved to see Kaiser back here with us and figured on simply covering him. We both played the left away from the rest of the fleet and managed to move up, finishing 12th or 13th for throwouts. Kaiser had failed to put more than one boat between us and finish better than tenth. We figured on being 5th, but two protests against the race committee from the first day by two DSQ'd boats dropped us to 6th.

Although our slide to 6th was somewhat disappointing, I was gratified by our performance and had enjoyed being in

the thick of things during this regatta. Once again we lucked out when it was found trophies would include 6th place. We would get fond memories **and** some very nice plaques to take home with us.

The Canadian Open was great. The awards ceremony was very fun, as awards were given out for just about everything from the boat that had the most fun, to the best "OOPS". All three of us really enjoyed ourselves. We stayed with a couple on the race committee who were most gracious and everyone we met was extremely nice. Of course Thunder Bay weather was challenging with variable conditions, good wind, and solid competition, but that was just another reason to make it well worth the drive.

After the regatta, we spent a couple days enjoying the sights around northern Lake Superior. We took a tour of Fort Williams which featured a reenactment of fort life and fur trading in the late 1800's and some beautiful scenery, waterfalls and a spectacular canyon. Of particular note was the evening following the awards ceremony, which included a hike in the woods, a sauna, wine, cheese and crackers, a swim in the river (which was very cold), and a fantastic dinner at a cabin outside Thunder Bay.

We then headed for Buffalo for the North Americans. On the way we stopped at the oldest operating bed and breakfast on Lake Superior's north shore for brunch, just two hours outside of Thunder Bay. Then to cap off the afternoon we rented kayaks and paddled around the nearby islands before heading on. Two days travel through the Canadian wilderness, the North Americans at the Buffalo Canoe Club, and the drive back to Chicago with Grandma followed and provided other adventures.

Suffice to say we made it and so did my Buick. Thank you very much!

