

53º Campeonato Sudamericano de Lightning
Salinas Yacht Clb - Fleet 405
Guayaquil, Ecuador
November 1-4 de 2006

Pos	Country	Sail#	Skipper/Crew	R1	R2	R3	R4	R5	R6	R7	R8	R9	Total
1	ECU	14673	SANTOS JUAN /A.Santos/ R.Lecaro	2	3	4	2	(11)	2	1	4	2	20
2	CHI	14794	PEREZ CRISTOBAL /C.Grez /Sergio Baeza	(23\OCS)	7	5	1	15	5	5	1	8	47
3	BRA	14894	SUMNER THOMAS /G.Satio Harada/F.Brito	6	2	8	8	6	1	(11)	10	6	47
4	CHI	14791	HERMAN PABLO /I.F.Herman /Claus Engell	4	6	10	(15)	1	11	7	2	10	51
5	ECU	15095	HERMAN PABLO /I.F.Herman /Claus Engell	1	10	1	9	7	9	(19)	11	4	52
6	ECU	14163	VELEZ JULIO S.Herrera/MBeatriz GRubio	8	8	3	(23\OCS)	2	13	9	6	3	52
7	ECU	14676	LECARO C.LUIS /O.Viteri/J.Norero	3	17	(18)	12	5	3	2	14	1	57
8	ARG	11043	BETTINI PEPE /L. Calabrese/ Diego Gner	7	4	11	6	(18)	4	10	7	13	62
9	ECU	14671	SANTOS JRAFAEL /K.Quintero /D GRubio	9	(15)	6	14	10	7	8	5	9	68
10	ARG	11037	RICOVERI ROBERT /G.Berberian/ L. Authier	19	5	7	4	3	(22)	12	16	7	73
11	ECU	15150	SOLA FRANCISCO /C. Casal/ A. Iturralde	17	9	(23\OCS)	10	8	12	15	9	5	85
12	USA	14160	HAYES BRIAN /Steve Davis/ Jan Davis	10	1	(23\OCS)	3	9	14	4	23\DNF	23\DNF	87
13	ECU	14160	LEON MARCELO /Ole Emmick/Clara Ordoñez	13	12	14	13	16	6	16	3	(32\DSQ)	93
14	ECU	15094	PLAZA ANDRES /J.C.Plaza/Fdo.Coronel	18	16	(23\DSQ)	11	21	16	3	12	12	104
15	ECU	14379	CALDERON JAIME /S. García/J. Klemperer	1	13	19	7	19	8	18	8	(23\DNF)	107
16	ECU	14099	PLAZA MERINO M /L.Benites/J.Ferretti	1	16	(23\DSQ)	11	21	16	3	12	12	109
17	ECU	14541	BAQUERIZO CESAR /O.Rodriguez/F.Panchana	12	(20)	17	5	20	20	6	17	15	112
18	COL	14802	TAMAYO GUSTAVO /N.Guerrero/ J. Delgado	5	(23\OCS)	12	16	14	19	17	18	14	115
19	ECU	14389	MEIRA SEBASTIAN /Fco. Soriano/J.Palacios	11	18	9	(20)	13	15	20	13	17	116
20	ECU	14675	DYCK OLAF /Ada Dyck/G.Cordovez	16	11	13	(19)	12	18	13	19	16	118
21	ECU	14678	HERRERA SEBASTI /H.Herrera /C. Drouet	14	19	2	18	17	17	(23\DNS)	23\DNF	23\DNF	133
22	ECU	15096	MONGE XAVIER /Lobo y Pollo Rodriguez	20	21	16	17	(22)	21	21	20	18	154

“How the South was won” (but not by us!!)
by Brian Hayes

Matt Burridges fine article in a recent Lightning Flashes, titled "How the West was won", showed how he and his team managed the travel, the conditions and the competition to win the North American Championships in San Diego. Well this article is an exact mirror to Matt's in that it will cover the overall experience but will differ with one notable exception. The author of this article and his team did not even come close to winning the South American Championships. In fact, due to many circumstances directly *within* our control, we were barely able to compete and, in fact, featured a scorecard with more letters than a healthy serving of alphabet soup.

It started innocently enough. New ILCA President Steve Davis, our class Executive Secretary Jan Davis and I decided that, if everything fell into place, we should try to go to the South Americans in Salinas Ecuador so that we could a) get together with the South American Lightning sailors to hear their ideas and opinions on the Lightning Class, b) show the international Lightning community that the class office and officers were committed to growing the class internationally and c) "show 'em how it's done"!! Well, 2 out of 3 ain't bad.

October 30, 2006- Introduction to Ecuador

I leave my house at 6am for a 10:25 direct flight from JFK to Guayaquil. I have 2 bags, my laptop, a couple of hundred dollars, very limited international travel experience and a couple of years of junior high school Spanish as my assets. Jan and Steve leave at around 8am Denver time but have stops in Houston and Panama City before arriving in Guayaquil. My flight lands on time at around 5pm and after collecting all my stuff I meet up with Arturo, Paco Sola's crew. I am whisked away to a local Café where we chat in "Spanglish" and await the arrival of several other local fleet members. Juan Santos arrives first. Juan's English is similar to my Spanish. Then more local sailors arrive. Carlos Lecaro, Santiago Romero and a few others. At around 8pm I am then whisked away again. This time to dinner with the "guys" at the Banker's Club in Guayaquil. After a great dinner I am taken back to the airport where I see Jan and Steve just as they arrive. The three of us hop into a waiting van and head off to Salinas, which is about 2 hours away. It is 11pm.. We arrive in at the Barcelo Hotel (pronounced bar-sell-o) in Salinas at 1am. Our accommodations, which have been arranged by Santiago Romero, are perfect. The hotel is quite nice and new with many modern amenities, which we are soon to discover, are not featured in many areas of Salinas. We arrange the sleeping so that Jan and Steve get the bedroom and I get the cot in the common area and we crash at around 2am.

October 31, 2006- "Try the Cerviche!!"

Our team begins to stir early. We are all used to getting up fairly early, especially President Davis. If Steve isn't cranked up and doing something by 6am I am told there is something wrong. Steve's the Energizer Bunny.. Last to bed, first awake. (More on this later). Carlos Lecaro comes by the Barcelo and picks us up around 11am for the 2 mile drive to the Salinas Yacht Club ("clob-day-yots" for the taxi drivers). The club is awesome. Plenty of room. Two hoists. Lightning Bar. We find our boat and rig it, as there is not much activity at the club on a Tuesday. After a while Jan and Steve decide it's time for lunch. We sit in the outdoor restaurant. Now I'm not saying this is verbatim but this is my recollection of the conversation.

Jan: Oh, they say we have to have the cerviche!

Brian: What's cerviche?

Steve: Oh, it's a mix of things like squid, shrimp. Sort of a salad kinda thing.

Brian: And you eat this?

Jan: Oh it's delicious!

Steve: (to server)Uno cerviche mixto por favor!!

Jan: (to server) Si!! Cerviche mixto!!

Brian: (to server) Diet Coke and toast.. por flavor!!(my Spanish is not good!!)

6 minutes later

Steve: This is really good!! How's yours, Jan?

Jan: Awesome!!

My toast tastes great if you're interested.

The rest of the day went harmlessly. We meet Marcel Leon and his wife and crew and sit at the Lightning Bar and had dinner with them and a few others while sharing lots of stories and great laughs. We retired back to the Barcelo and Jan went off to bed while Steve and I went to the bar and casino (we won \$30) before retiring.

November 1, 2007- Why is that lady on the ground??

Wednesday dawned and the practice race was scheduled for 2pm. We helped Marcel with his boat as well as Olaf Dyck and Cristobal Perez. We sailed out with perhaps 13-14 other teams for the practice race, a 5 leg windward leeward, and raced 4 legs then dropped out to sail against some of the competitors to check their trim and set up. Opening ceremonies were scheduled for 8pm (which come to find out really means about an hour later Ecuador time) and Jan, Steve and I arrived plenty early. A traditional flag raising ceremony, with Jan doing the honors for the lone US team was followed by a formal indoor ceremony with many dignitaries, including Steve, giving speeches.

Now I'll stop here because this is about the time that our trip turned from being fun and frivolity to an exercise in creative crew replacement and stamina. Remember the cerviche from early??

Well here it comes. Literally..

After dinner was served Steve was chatting with Paco while I was attempting to ply some of the locals into a drinking game when I hear "She passed out. She fell straight to the floor". Now I'm not certain what or who they are talking about but I look on the balcony and I see Jan surrounded by many concerned sailors. Steve darts outside and I follow. Jan had passed out and fallen down. Not sure why but she doesn't look well and we quickly ask for a ride back to the Barcelo so she can rest. Needless to say Jan is totally incapacitated for the next 24 hours. Details not required. (See above: cerviche!!) I adopt a new mantra. Cerveza, rum, toast!!!

November 2, 2006- How do you say jib in French?

We awake for the 1st day of the championship short one crew. Jan is out. We put her on the "unable to perform" list, give her bananas, juice and water and head to the club. I have a 9am clinic scheduled (which, as we learn, is really 9:40) and we need to find a 3rd for the day. The clinic goes well as I use a whiteboard to draw prebend concepts and discuss headstay sag in my best Spanglish. We all head over to my boat and display the effect prebend has on the sail shapes and field questions as best as I can. The "reunion de Captains" is at 11 am (which really means, to my amazement, 11am) and I listen in and catch a few key phrases while being assisted by Paco with some translations. Racing is at 1:30pm and at noon Steve and I are introduced to our 3rd, Pierre. Pierre is a Spanish and English speaking Frenchman living in Ecuador (and I thought I had identity issues!!). His kids are sailing the Opti Regatta and he is game to go racing. He is very good. Pierre quickly gets the hang of proper heel and can fly the kite well. We finish the day with a 10,1,OCS. Steve looks tired. Kinda sluggish. Pierre is fresh as a daisy. We have a cerviche and head back to the hotel to check on Jan. Dinner is at 9pm (yeah right) on the beach and we want to see how Jan is doing. We have a 7pm meeting scheduled for the ILCA but postpone it until Friday, as we don't think Jan will be up to it today. Steve looks tired and curls up in bed at 6:30pm. Jan does the same. I don't see either of them until the next day.

The beach party is awesome. Our host, Xavier Monge, has the party right in front of his home on the beach. I arrive at 9pm (way to early). Find the bano (bathroom) and grab a glass of wine. A bonfire is stoked up and tables are set up on the beach as well as 2 bars, dozens of tiki torches and a huge buffet. I gather near one of the bars and chat with many fellow sailors. All are concerned about Jan and I am now concerned about Steve. Remember Steve is the Energizer Bunny. He's in bed at 6:30. Not good. I finally eat around 10:30 and sit with Cesar Baquerez and his wife and enjoy some great conversation and learn more about Ecuador, the Galapagos Islands and the Salinas Yacht Club. The Baquerez's kindly offer me a lift back to the hotel and I gladly accept it so I am back and in bed by 1am.

November 3, 2006- Who's this guy who looks like Steve??

I am the 1st one to wake up. I knock on Steve and Jan's door. 9am. "You guy's alive in there?" A minute later Jan comes to the door. I ask Jan, "How ya feelin'? "Better" she replies. Steve is in a fetal position on his bed. "Is that a good sign?" I ask her. She nods, "Nope". OK. Plan C.

Steve awakes and is determined to sail. Jan is up to it today as well. Jan is at 60%. We estimate Steve at 35-40%. Nearly 100% between the 2 of them. Not bad. Jan and I prepare the boat while Steve rests upstairs at the club. We drop the boat in and chase the fleet out to the start line. Steve sleeps in the bow. Jan and I chat about lot's of stuff (but cerviche is off the topic list). We start the day with a 3rd but our stamina is not good and we get worse as the day goes on, not quite getting left enough and sailing poorly in general, to finish with a 9,14. We sail in and Steve looks green. Jan is better. We have a South American ILCA organizing meeting that Steve is to run but we get him back to the hotel and put him to bed. We won't see him for another 14 hours. Jan and I run the roundtable discussion and we come away from the meeting with a lot of good ideas and a feeling that, under the right circumstances, the opportunity for future success for the Lightning in South America is attainable and we are excited to see that the local sailors are anxious to help. Time will tell how we successful we are as a team in moving forward and implementing some of the ideas that were discussed at this meeting.

That evening is the awards dinner for the "Copa de Santiago Romero". It is an annual race sponsored by Santiago Romero. The race had been held about 2 weeks prior but the party is really what it is all about. Starting promptly at 9pm (read: 10pm) this was an event not to be missed!! Open bar, sushi bar, pasta bar, chicken, steak, shrimp, 6 piece band, beautiful trophies for the winners and personalized t-shirts for every one who competed with a caricature of each competitor on their own t-shirt. This event was 1st class all the way!! Dancing, food, interesting party masks (ask Jan!).. One thing I do know. A great party translates well in any language!!

November 4, 2006- Finally we're all in one piece..Except the mainsheet!!

Saturday morning comes and Steve is moving and Jan is moving. Everyone is healthy(ish)!! Finally our team is together. Let's see if we can salvage this regatta. 3 good finishes can put us in a position to be as good as 2nd. I'm confident we can do it. Steve has much more energy today and Jan is way better. We head out to the course with high spirits. I do a survey of the boat on the way out.. Looks good. But.. "Hey Steve. You think that little chafe in the mainsheet is OK? Oh well. Gonna have to be since it's an internal boom sheeting we can't re-tie it". (Note the clever use of fore-shadowing here)

1st race of the day we win the pin. Sail fast to the left (re-read results of Pavlov experiments the previous evening). We were fast enough to get under Juan Santos bow and tack and led at the 1st mark. We held our lead on the run and lost 2 boats from the right on the next beat. Lost another (from the right) on the run for a 4th. We're still in the game. 2 more top 5's gives us a small chance for 2nd and a good chance at top 5.

Race #8. Individual recall. Is it us?? We go back. Last at first mark. Last at 2nd mark but closer. We work left and the boats on the right go light. We get breeze and a header. Back in the game again!! We tack. BIG lift!! Top 10?? Maybe better?? BANG!!! Now I don't ever remember breaking a mainsheet before in a Lightning. Been sailing them for the better part of 4 decades. Can't even recall SEEING a mainsheet break. But there is a 1st for everything. Broken mainsheet + internal sheeting boom = thanks for coming, your consolation prize is backstage. We limp in to the club holding the tail of the mainsheet 1:1 and begin to break the boat down. We slip of the boom end cap and re-lead the mainsheet so the boat is ready to go for the next time. This certainly wasn't the boats fault. It is our responsibility to check the equipment and make certain it is race ready. With all the other "items" on our agenda during the week we missed the chafing on the sheet. Our scores were 10,1,OCS,3,9,14,4,DNF,DNS. Solidly 12th. Mid-fleet. Not quite as good as Juan Santos and his team. They had 2,3,4,2,(11),2,1,4,2. Dominating!! Congratulations to Juan and his team. They sailed great!

The awards dinner was as impressive as every other party. There was food, wine and dancing as usual. Carlos Lecaro, the regatta chairman, did an excellent job the Master of Ceremonies (I could easily be out of a job). Each competitor was recognized as well as individual race winners. Also, in ILCA tradition, a raffle was held with 100% of the proceeds donated to the local Red Cross (which everyone agreed is a great way to allocate the funds). Carlos and Co. raffled off 20 North Sails hats and bags as well as misc. ILCA gear. They were HOT items!! The crowd was in a frenzy!! Good times!! Steve, Jan and I hung in there until around midnight (also known as "when the party just gets started") as we had an early van back to Guayaquil so I could catch a Sunday flight. We wandered around thanking all our hosts as we worked our way to the door and crashed back at the Barcelo around 1am.

Reflections- or "Do I really want to remember all of it?"

I've been back from Ecuador for a few days and I'm now just getting re-adjusted. I learned a lot on this adventure. In no particular order:

- 3 years of sleeping through Spanish class in Junior High School does not qualify as having even rote knowledge of the language. I'll be taking Spanish lessons this winter/spring.
- The typical American diet is different than that of the typical Ecuadorian (although I'm certain this statement could substitute any non-US country and be accurate). The food in Ecuador is delicious, but I discovered care must be exercised when trying "new" foods. Bottled water, Coca-Cola Light, chicken, rice, pasta. All good for me. Cerviche. No offense but not so much for me.
- The sailing talent in South America is deep. The fleet was tight all the time. A 1st was followed by a 14th. A 19th by a 5th. Everyone was in it all the time. It was fun racing. These guys could all sail the NA's and be competitive. No question!!
- I'd struggle to find a better place to race Lightning's in the world than Salinas. 8-12 knots every day. Small shifts and a little chop. Never to windy. Rarely too light. Races start at 1:30pm. 3 races and in by 5:30 pm. Dark by 6:15 pm (every day of the year).
- The Salinas Lightning Fleet took us under their wing and made us feel welcome and comfortable. From the Commodore of the Yacht Club, through the competitors and the fleet, to the staff and the marina crew we were treated like honored guests. I'm hopeful that we can extend the same courtesies when our ILCA family members from South America visit us here for the North Americans. The Salinas Yacht Club and all its members showed to us why everyone considers them a 1st class operation. Many thanks from Jan, Steve and myself!

