Miami Midwinter Coral Reef Yacht Club Coconut Grove, Miami, Florida March 11–12, 2003

Pos	Bow#	Sail #	Crew	R1	R2	R3	R4	R5	Total
1	24	15083	JEFF LINTON, AMY LINTON & MARK TAYLOR	5	4	11	1	7	28
2	23	14682	BILL HEALY, JOANN JONES & NICK MERCIER	20	1	4	11	2	38
3	28	15168	THOMAS ALLEN, JOHN HUMPHREY & VICKI MATTHEWS	13	17	2	4	4	40
4	4	15181	PHIL GROTHEER, GEOFF BECKER & BILL WARD	16	6	3	3	16	44
5	25	15125	JODY SWANSON, SKIP DIEBALL & TOM STARCK	10	20	12	6	3	51
6	15	15064	LARRY MacDONALD, ELLEN STARCK & DEBBIE PROBST	6	9	1	15	24\ZFP	55
7	17	14752	STEVE HAYDEN, BARR BATZER & JAMEY RABBIT	8	16	5	24	8	61
8	6	14794	CRISTOBAL PEREZ, CHRISTIAN PEREZ & FRANCISCO PEREZ	11	22	10	21	5	69
9	42	1437	BETSY ALISON, SUZY LEECH & LEE LEYDA	7	14	16	16	19	72
10	19	15119	DAVID STARCK, JOE STARCK & HEIDI THOMA	4	3	47\OCS	2	18	74
11	7	14951	DAVID PECK, NINA PECK & JONATHAN FARRAR	18	11	14	17	14	74
12	1	14900	JAMES CRANE, BRENDA CRANE & ROBERT CRANE	47\OCS	12	6	9	1	75
13	33	14855	RICHARD HALLAGAN, TAMMI JAMISON & HENDRIX TENEYCK	41	21	9	5	6	82
14	40	14740	W.G. FAUDE, ERNIE DIEBALL & JARED DRAKE	9	2	17	7	48\OCS	83
15	27	14688	BRIAN HAYES, GREG FISHER & KATHLEEN TOCKE	26	18	13	8	25	90
16	31	11011	TITO GONZALEZ, KLAUS ENGELL & JUAN PABLO del SOLAR	1	8	8	27	48\OCS	92
17	14	14709	JUAN REID, FERNANDO GALLYAS & FELIPE HERMAN	3	5	24	13	48\OCS	93
18	22	15122	JIM CARSON, JIMMY ROE & JARRETT LYNN	17	27	29	14	11	98
19	3	15103	STEVEN DAVIS, JAN DAVIS & TRAVIS MAIER	29	10	20	12	30	101
20	51	15151	FRANK ATKINSON, KURT TAULBEE & VALERIE HOLLY	2	13	47\0CS	18	23	103
21	21	14851	CHED PROCTOR, KATHRYN JOSENHANS & TODD JOHNSON	47\OCS	7	7	19	24	104
22	12	14851	JOEL HUMPHREY, MARK ALLEN & MOLLY HOPKINS	15	19	33	37	12	116
23	39	14739	JACK ELFMAN, CINDY LISTER-ELFMAN & MIKE HOLLY	23	39	21	20	13	116
24	18	15171	JOSHUA GOLDMAN, DEIRDRE CRAMPTON & DAN NEFF	28	29	15	32	20	124
25	37	14073	GARY HURBAN, DIEGO LEON & MICHELLE SUMPTON	12	24	22	35	36	129
26	29	15130	CHRISTOPHER VANN, BARBARA VANN & JAY VANN	14	31	32	10	48\OCS	135
27	2	14781	JUDY HANLON, BOB SENGSTACKEN & DAVID SCHMAHL	37	33	26	39	9	144
28	60	14960	MITCH HNATT, GINGER HNATT & RICK POKORNY	19	15	18	44	48\0CS	144
29	20	14111	BOB SHAPIRO, MARGO KRUKONIS & BRAD WINSLOW	34	26	37	25	22	144
30	34	14930	STEPHEN HORWITZ, BOB HARMAN & PAUL CALVET	33	43	35	31	10	152
31	9	11649	HECTOR LONGARELA, HUGO LONGARELA & TOMAS WAGMAISTER	33\ZFP	28	47\0CS	23	21	152
32	11	14374	JON EWING, EAMONN deLISSER & HEIDI deLISSER	32	25	28	36	31	152
33	26	15093	JOAN HURBAN, GARY SCHNEIDMAN & TIM MILLHISER	38	34	19	34	28	153
34	30	14975	PAUL WURTZEBACH, MONICA TREJO & JES WILLIS	25	36	47\OCS	29	17	154
35	46	14866	BILL MAUK, STUART deLISSER & SUZY BATZER	21	35	25	28	48\OCS	157
36	8	14905	DAVID GORMAN, CHANTAL LEGER & JAY DEAKIN	31	38	23	26	48\OCS	166
37	35	14854	RICHARD BUKOWSKY, JR, TRACI BUKOWSKY & ROBERT SHAW	36	41	40	22	33	172
38	16	14214	HUGH HUTCHISON, MARC VENABLES & DICK MOYER	39	40	27	42	26	174
39	10	15158	DAVID SPIRA, DAVE ADAMS & MARCEL WOLF	47\0CS	30	31	38	29	175
40	32	14801	MAURICIO VALENZUELA, ALBERTO VALENZUELA & TOMAS VALENZUELA	40	32	38	33	32	175
41	36	14275	JOHN HUGHES, KATE BRUSH & ANN BRUSH	22	44	34	30	48\0CS	178
42	41	15054	JONATHAN LANGE, PHILIP LANGE & KATHRYN HANSON	27	37	41	40	35	180
43	5	14396	KENNETH DEYETT, ADAM PHILBERT & GEOFFREY GIBBY	47\OCS	23	39	48\DNS	27	184
44	52	13861	RANDY CLEE, DAVE HOLLAND & ANDREA STRINGOS	30	42	30	41	48\OCS	191
45	13	14122	GEORGE KOCH, GEORGEANN KOCH & CHRIS WEEKS	42	45	36	45	34	202
46	47	14384	PATRICK GALLAGHER, BRUCE BROWN & NADINE LAVENDAR	35	47\DNF	47\DNS	43	48\OCS	220
47	38	13858	ROB MUIR	48\DNS	48\DNS	48\DNS	46	37	227

Day 1 March 11, 2003 By Richard Bukowsky

It was Monday night, the weather was warm, and the crew would be flying in tonight. Traci first, then Bob Shaw. Bob's plane was scheduled just a little later that Traci's, so we would hang out at the airport waiting for his. The boat was rigged, some last minute repairs completed earlier in the day. Then the phone calls started. Bob's flight had been cancelled, and it was the last for the evening. He did manage to get on the first flight the next morning to arrive in Miami at 10:00 a.m. First race scheduled to start at 11:30 a.m., 1 hour drive from the airport, OK, we're missing the first race.

Tuesday morning brought another day of fair Florida Winter in Miami, 82 degrees, sunshine in the morning, and clouds in the afternoon with the threat of local showers. Traci and I woke early and went directly to the club to enjoy the wonderful breakfast they provided. The plan was for Traci to drop me to rig and launch the boat while she met Bob at the airport, and would drive him straight back.

I was hanging out, waiting for everyone to launch and depart, then I would drop the boat in the water and wait for the crew. I kept waiting, and except for the early birds already in the water, everyone was in a holding pattern too. The winds were light, but there was wind. Finally boats began to launch, much later than I had expected. The last boat left the harbor at 10:45 a.m., the last boat except for us that is. Traci had already found Bob, and they were on there way, but traffic was heavy...

Bob and Traci made it just as I had finished launching and putting the trailer away. It was late, and Bob was anxious to get going, he still had aspirations of making the first race. So we paddled and we sailed, and we paddled and sailed. The fleet was across the bay, at the South East entrance to Biscayne Bay. Apparently that's were the wind was, because it was pretty light were we where. As the 11:30 a.m. deadline approached we were still a mile from the fleet, with little hope of making it to the starting line before I time expired. But as 11:30 approached, things didn't seem to get anymore organized. Boats were still working to weather, flying chutes, nothing indicated the organization of a start. When we finally arrived to the starting area, it was just in time for the RC to move the starting line ¼ mile to the east and south to adjust for a wind that was beginning to clock to the left, but it was also beginning to build. The promise of some great racing was looking better, and it looked like we had made it in time to race in all three race for the day.

It would turn out to be one of those nasty days for the RC, as the wind just teased all day, building, then letting off, shifting 80 degrees and building again, and letting off, shifting back 60 degrees.

The RC did a great job with the day. Race 1 finally started around 12:45 or 1:00 p.m. For us, we usually anchor the back of the pack, so the first start was a real surprise to us when we started well, kinda' like the textbooks, where you are supposed to start in clear air and find a good lane. We sailed a nice first weather beat, staying in a freshening breeze the whole time. We were all afraid to say anything, but this is why we keep coming back, the hope of getting it right, and just doing better. So we rounded the weather mark in a pack of boats, and there were lots of boats behind us, this ain't bad we thought. The first downwind went OK too. But at the end of the second upwind, there we were, we had been chewed up and spit out the back of the fleet again.

Race 2 proceeded right after the downwind finish of Race 1. Just a little time to set up the course and we were back in the sequence. The first race was light winds, probably 6-10 variety. Race 2 was looking like it might be more exciting with winds building to 8-12. And there were plenty of shifts, and lots of velocity changes, so the game was on. This time we didn't even get any teasing, we just got spit out the back right off the bat in this race. But the wind began to show signs of building again, and along with that, the wind went left some more. Way left. The RC adjusted well and started the second weather leg 100 degrees to the left of the first

Race 2 finished, and RC began to get ready for Race 3. But the winds wouldn't cooperate. The wind would shift, the RC would postpone, the wind would come back, then it would change, and the poor RC just kept struggling to get a race started. Finally, it looked pretty good, and the gun went off. I was toward the boat end, and as we were starting I suddenly saw the entire fleet flop over to port. Signally something significant was about to happen, we waited for the shift, flopped over to port, and realized we on the layline. The RC didn't like the way things were shaping up, so a quick abandonment flag, and the race was over, and we would try again.

RC was bound and determined to get Race 3 started. I figured we would be finishing in the dark, but they were dedicated in their effort to start the race, and that's why we were all there. So they were finally successful in getting the third race off, and we were treated to a glorious sunset over Biscayne Bay as we sailed into the club.