

# Canadians at St. Pete

*The girl in the water is the skipper and is instructing her crew how to come back and get her. (Spinnaker was up when she fell out.)  
Ask Dave Sprague.*



# 1983 CANADIAN OPEN

## THE WINNER TELLS HOW

The Canadian Opens in Montreal. I can remember the first time we went to the Canadian Opens in Montreal. We figured we were pretty good then. I found out about a year and a half later that the divided colour of the water flowing down Lake St. Louis is the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa converging. I thought it was depth differences and I didn't know enough to ask the crew, who undoubtedly knew the real reason.

We have been back once since and apart from all the free beer that the other crews drank, it turned out to be quite the memorable time, ashore and afloat. And into the bargain, we came in fifth. Definitely a fun time.

This year we have already made the thousand mile trip to Toronto twice for the Pan Am Trials, Parts 1 and 2. Now here we were on another thousand mile drive. But this one was different. This time the ice at our end of things was gone and we had had a bit of a chance to do some sailing, and we had decided we'd see if we couldn't show a few others how as well.

Despite planning to leave at a comfortable time in the morning, in fact we left very comfortably in the evening. But it seemed the gods were with us. Pulling out of Thunder Bay, lightning started to dance across the skies, and continued all night... A spectacular display that lasted until dawn and we were finally emerging from the North Country. We felt we had to earn that display.

Blair Sandberg and Don Shanks were the hot shot crew and, in fact, we were able to get things organized with at least a minimum of fuss. The first race was light, flukey air and we tried to stay in by shore and out of the current. We rounded the first mark second to last and decided the current wasn't that important. Going up the second beat, a boat to windward kindly told us that our painter was dragging. Our speed increased so dramatically that we worried the current was important after all. Pete Sulman nicely won the race, followed by Billy Layton and Archie Cameron. We salvaged eighth and were content, anyways.

The second race had a little puffier air, again generally from the southwest. We were able to get an excellent start and led until very near the finish when Mann from Montreal rode a puff from the right and looked to win. We ducked him to get inside and beat him by a foot. Susan MacDonald, also closing at the finish, ended third, and Dave Sprague had his second fourth.

We had a great wait for wind on Saturday, with things as varied as dodging weed beds and other floating debris, to buzzing the committee boat to keep us happy. The Race Committee, who had helped at the Olympics, was up to the tricky winds, and set a good course just as the fresher breeze came in. Although we started badly, we were able to quickly clear our air, and went on to win. By now we were very confident in our boat speed, and Don and Blair were picking up most of the shifts. Susan MacDonald was second and Pete Sulman third, keeping things nice and tight.

Saturday's second race had us looking quite good after the start, only to realize the first leg had been substantially shortened and that now we had overstood by a mile. We

rounded 15th, but Don flew the chute to a "T" and Blair watched for puffs so that as we neared the finish, it looked like we might even catch Archie Cameron who was leading. This was not to be, as Archie rode over us and won the race. Into the bargain, Susan MacDonald beat us as we didn't shoot the line properly. Quite a frustration.

The third race of Saturday started at 3:00 p.m.; after being on the water since 8:00 in the morning, and with winds still high, it would be an endurance contest. Immediately Cameron, MacDonald and ourselves worked to the lead, and rounded in that order. Things stayed that way until on the second last leg MacDonald did a masterful job of planning past Cameron. Coming in to the finish, it looked like we had Cameron also, when we were able to tack under his bow, but he simply sailed over us.

We found out from Archie later that he had had his board up a few inches and his jib at the spreader tip to power a little better through the chop. We had wondered why we were hiking ourselves silly and he was still passing us.

With one race left for Sunday, and after a throw out, Bailey and Susan MacDonald were tied for first with eight points. Cameron was third with twelve points, so we had to beat MacDonald, plus be no more than four behind Archie. Everyone went to bed early.



Sunday again brought light air and although we had a fair start, Cameron was a little better to the left and MacDonald a little better to the right. We cleared our air only to be covered by Susan. Several tacks later, Susan landed right on us, but too late to stop us tacking away clear. We worked to the inside of a major windshift, and rounded 4th with Cameron 10th and MacDonald 12th. We were able to move

up to 2nd in the dying air, Cameron to 6th and MacDonald to 7th, meaning we had indeed won the Canadian Opens. Don made an excuse and flew home, but Blair and I had a great drive despite the distance. As we endured our umpteenth hour of not seeing another living soul, we'd just grin and push the pedal down a little more.

## CANADIAN OPEN LIGHTNING CHAMPIONSHIP 1983

Final Pos.	Boat No.	Skipper & Yacht Club or Fleet	RACE FINISHES						Pts.
			1	2	3	4	5	6	
1	13515	Ross Bailey, Thunder Bay	(8)	1	1	3	3	2	10
2	13671	Susan MacDonald, R.H.Y.C.	(10)	3	2	2	1	7	15
3	13667	A. F. Cameron, R. St. L.Y.C.	3	6	(9)	1	2	6	18
4	13658	Dave Sprague, Toronto Bay	4	4	(6)	6	6	1	21
5	11177	Pete Sulman, National Y.C.	1	5	3	7	7	(11)	23
6	10356	David Fretz, Buffalo Canoe Club	9	7	(16)	4	9	4	33
7	13653	Jay Mann, R.St. L.Y.C.	(23)	2	5	5	10	13	35
8	12802	Tom Ward, Buffalo Canoe Club	6	(19)	17	8	4	3	38
9	13609	William Hunter, R.H.Y.C.	7	12	13	10	8	(16)	50
10	12969	Porter Bailey, Thunder Bay	17	13	10	11	(23)	5	56
11	13141	George Layton, R.St. L.Y.C.	14	11	7	(24)	5	20	57
12	13610	Russel Scrim, R.St.L.Y.C.	15	9	12	12	(23)	9	57
13	11331	John Gorrie, Toronto Bay	5	(20)	15	15	12	10	57
14	13048	Norm Clegg, Toronto Bay	(24)	14	19	9	11	8	61
15	13509	Bill Layton, R.St.L.Y.C.	2	18	8	23	(24)	14	65
16	13011	Tadd Helmer, Willow Bank	11	10	4	23	(24)	24	71
17	13480	Pierre Cloutier, R.St.L.Y.C.	19	(21)	14	13	13	17	76
18	13198	Louis Cascon, R.St.L.Y.C.	13	8	11	(23)	23	23	78
19	11294	Alan Hutchison, R.St.L.Y.C.	12	17	18	16	(23)	19	82
20	13590	Ron Davis, Thunder Bay	16	15	(23)	23	23	12	89
21	13670	Gerry Wood, R.St.L.Y.C.	20	16	(23)	14	23	18	91
22	11275	Pat Nolan, National Y.C.	18	22	(23)	23	23	15	101

( ) Throw-Out Race

## 1983 CANADIAN OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP

by David Sprague

This year's Canadian Open started last year at Thunder Bay when Russ Scrim said "yes, we'll host the Canadians in 1983 at the lovely Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club." The fact that I had his arm pinned behind his back and was twisting didn't upset him very much, I don't think, because he and the rest of the Montreal crowd pulled off one of the best Canadians ever. And as soon as his arm heals, we'll twist it again to go back.

The Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club sits about 10 miles upstream from Montreal, where normally there are light winds, a 2-3 knot current and, at that time of year, a significant number of weed patches. This year Russ got rid of all that and we had no current (hardly any, anyway), good wind, and only one weed patch (at the gybe mark, where we all found it).

Participants came from Thunder Bay, Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, and New York, with a total of 22 boats ranging from the newcomers of Jay Mann/Perry Owen to the old age pensioners who shall remain nameless, lest they not invite us back. Most everyone made it to the Club with no trouble except for one Old Salt (Bill Hunter of Hamilton)

who decided to replace his radiator on the way. He subsequently dropped my crew off in my hotel room at 3:30 a.m. ensuring that as many people as possible suffer from his misfortune.

Racing started a bit late due to the light winds from the west. The race committee, headed by Doug Woodward on *Cara Barca* got off to a perfect start and they continued to run exceptional races for the next two days.

Dave Sprague, Pete Sulman, and Dave Fretz started at the boat, tacking immediately for the shore with the bulk of fleet following, because the current is normally lighter on the north shore and you pick up a nice lift as well. Sprague and Fretz went furthest in anticipation of the strong current and grossly oversteered. Sulman picked it perfectly and rounded 1st and continued to build his lead for the rest of the race. Bill Layton and Archie Cameron, both of RSLYC, were second and third and we picked up fourth by the end of the race.

The second race had the mark end favored a bit more so the fleet spread out on the line a bit. Almost everyone tacked for shore right after the start and those who started at the

R.C. boat did best. The wind continued to be spotty, but, by the end, Ross Bailey of Thunder Bay won, with newcomer Jay Mann in his bright red, new/old (16 years) *Lollipop* second, with Sue MacDonald (Larry junior's little sister) third and Sprague a consistent fourth again.

For our second day of racing, Saturday, the day dawned with light winds and warm weather. We started the first race of the day with a major shift just at the start and everyone on port so there was a postponement a millisecond before the gun. We then waited for the wind to settle and come in which it did an hour later. This time it paid to go left on the beats. Most of us didn't, but the smart ones did and at the finish it was Ross Bailey first, Sue MacDonald second, and Pete Sulman third. The wind started to build during the race and the Ron Davies, Hurley Hughes combo from Thunder Bay gave an excellent example of how not to handle a boat after the tiller breaks. They dumped and proved that a Lightning **will not** self-drain with 600 pounds of crew and only 15 mph winds. They were the first to drop out of the day's racing, and by the end of the day there were 7 boats that didn't sail all the races due to dumps, breakdowns or fatigue.

By the second race of the day the wind was over 15 and puffy. I never did figure out which side was favored as they went by us on both sides (middle was not favored). Archie Camerwon won it by going left. Ross was second, with Sue third, and I think they were on the right.

It felt like midnight when the third race started and the wind was still up. I was so tired I can't remember the race except to say that Sue MacDonald won it with her "Pan American Crew". Archie was second and Ross third. (We had our third 6th of the day to win some sort of prize for consistency.)

After the end of 5 great races and 2 days of sailing it was Ross Bailey in first with 16 points, Sue second with 18, Archie third with 21, Sulman fourth with 23 and Sprague

fifth. Sunday's race would allow a drop, so we were all busy trying to figure how to move up the ladder. Then the party started and all was forgotten.

The Royal St. Lawrence hosts a great Caribbean party each year that is sponsored by Air Canada and it was stupendous. That party, coupled with the disco at the Hilton where Norm Clegg had gotten us all a special rate, combined to do in a few, but surprisingly enough all the boats made it to the line in time for the sixth race.

We waited for the wind and it looked like it had settled after some 60 degree shifts. The shore side looked good but there were good patches to the left as well. The mark end was a bit favored so we started in the clear there and drove left. The bulk of the boats went right or stayed in the center. We played the shifts on the left until Sue tacked right in front of us forcing us further left than I really planned to go, but Fate was with us. We knocked as we went out so we tacked back to find ourselves in the port lay-line and heading 10 degrees higher than anyone else. We rounded first, Porter Bailey (Ross's smarter brother) rounded 2nd. The boats paraded around the course until the last weather leg which had been changed. On this leg the wind went really spotty and I aged two years as Ross Bailey and Tom Ward from Buffalo started to pick off boats. By the end of the leg it was Sprague first, Ross Bailey second, Ward third, Fretz fourth and Porter fifth.

Ross won the Canadians for his first time with Sue MacDonald second, Archie third, Sprague fourth, and Sulman fifth. Fleet 215 put on a great Canadians which could hardly be surpassed!!! The Toronto group is planning now to outdo it next year when they host it.

All of us who sailed appreciated very much the efforts of all the people who helped run the races from Doug Woodward the Race Chairman, the spouses and friends who weighed and measured boats, registered us and to the staff at RS&LYC who ran the boats it was great. Thanks.

## Wild Blue Thanksgiving

By James Bailey

That boat's name was *Wild Blue* and we wanted to sail it from Thunder Bay to Amethyst Harbour. That's where our camp is on Lake Superior. It's a pretty big lake. That boat's name wasn't always *Wild Blue*. It used to be called *Stoned Wizard*. I've heard my brother Ross call it a lot of other names too, but now it was *Wild Blue* cause it had it right on the stern. It was official, taped in big solid letters. Masking tape's good for that. There was a lot of other things taped together on that boat, too. Lightnings are different these days. Everything is taped together.

October's a good month if you like big waves and cold weather. Superior's a good lake for that too. I know. We got outside the breakwall and a monster wave came down from above and broke right over my head and shoulders and into the boat. Ross told me to open the bailers but I didn't move. I couldn't. I was still in shock; not just for a second but for a long time. Lake Superior water is ice-cold in October and I was drenched to the skin. For the rest of the trip I felt like I was submerged in a tank of ice water.

We still had fifteen miles to go when we caught that one. Thanksgiving weekend in October, seven in the evening, sun going down, 38 degrees and six of us aboard. Good thing there were six 'cause the waves were about eight feet and the winds were twenty-five knots. Ross said we were on something called a "downwind run." He said you used your spinnaker for that.

In those kind of seas the boat seemed to just sort of slide down the waves. The board starts to hum and you tend to lose steerage occasionally. Only on the big ones though, when you really bury the bow. We didn't do that much after we took the spinnaker down. Ross said we should. That was just after we took on that real big one. After he told me to make sure the bailers were working. They were working because after I took off my wool mitts to dig the dead leaves out of the well at the back of the center-board trunk, the water drained real quick. It wasn't even up to the seats anyway.

Well, like I said, that was all in about the first ten minutes

of sailing and after we got the jib up we sailed real well. We only had about twenty miles to go in all so we thought we'd be there in about three hours. It didn't take that long, but Ross, he was our skipper, said that was only because the winds don't seem to die out so early in the evening in the fall. I don't know 'cause I haven't sailed much. Mostly I was just staying in one place not moving. Not for anything. I was still drenched from that first big one, huddling and shivering in the darkness. Even when the skipper got excited and shouted, "Slack the main sheet," I didn't move. We were moving along pretty good as it was and I didn't want to go any faster.

The way we were sailing it seemed you'd slide down a real big one, stall for a moment as the cap of the wave caught up to the boat and went rolling underneath you real frothy and sassy, churning like it was trying to climb aboard if you gave it a chance and then you'd slide. I mean slide. We'd go just a-screaming down the face of a wave and into the trough. The other five said we were going pretty good. All I knew was that the boat seemed a little skitterish to me. Maybe the rum and coke I was drinking was going to my head but that boat seemed more like a Laser than a Lightning. Seemed we were always shooting down a big wave and as soon as we were really rocketing we'd start to veer to one side or the other and bury a gunnel up forward. Jim Mikilinski looked back at me and said that that was called broaching. Ross said it wasn't even close to broaching and

that there was no danger but I wasn't worried anyway. I was just watching the spray fly by and then waiting to see another one climb up astern. I liked the big ones, Ross was on the tiller and he must of liked them too. He always seemed to be glancing back at them anyways.

There were some islands we were trying to use as landmarks on the way down the coast, but we couldn't see them in the darkness. Mostly we just steered where there were no reefs. At least we didn't see any.

She calmed down alot as we approached Amethyst and rounded Judges Point after the twenty miles sailing from Thunder Bay. We sailed straight up North Bay in the cold and the darkness and everyone kept saying what a good sail it had been now that it was almost over. Funny though, 'cause after we got to the dock everyone went straight up to the roaring fire burning in the camp. No one even waited to tie the boat up. Ross and I moored 13515 with some old manila line I had at the dock, but we didn't fold the sails. Our hands were too numb. We just stuffed them up in the bow and went up to sit by the fire. I wrang my clothes out first though.

Up at the camp they said two hours was some kind of a record. I figured six in a Lightning, covering twenty miles in the dark at 38 degrees, with our reigning Canadian Champ at the helm was pretty good for a Thanksgiving sail myself. We sat around the fire for a long time after that sleigh ride. It was nice and warm after the run down.

## NORTH SAILS

**Since 1977 North Sails has been committed to the production of faster Lightning Sails. Though heavily outnumbered on the race course, our customers have achieved results like these:**

### 1983

World Championship	2nd
North American Championship	2nd
South American Championship	1st
European Championship	3rd
Erie Districts	1st
Connecticut, Rhode Island Districts	2nd
Michigan Districts	1st

**Right now we are working towards even faster sails, and better results. So join up with the winning team for 1984**

**North Sails East** • 189 Pepe's Farm Rd.  
Milford, CT 06460 • (203) 877-7621;  
TWX 710-462-2875



**North Sails Detroit** • 22960 Industrial Dr. West  
St. Clair Shores, MI 48080 • (313) 776-1330

## FOR 1984

# 1983 EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP

The 1983 European Championship of the International Lightning Class Association was held at the beautiful Italian island of Procida off Naples. The temperature was usually hot and humid and the winds mostly light from southerly direction. The water was abnormally hot because of the volcanic origin of the area.

The organization was really excellent and the hospitality of the Italian District proverbial. The Race Committee did a very good job given the windshifts and the sometimes difficult conditions because of the fickle winds.

The Championship was open so we had the pleasure of racing against our Lightning friends from the American Continent. At the end of the series the standings were as follows:

In the open championship Tom Allen with his daughter Brenda and his son Jimmy crewing were first. In second

place was Jay Lutz with his crew Escalara and Healey and third was Larry McDonald with his very able crew.

In the European Championship George Andreadis with crewmen Lymberakis and Zouganellis were European Champions for the second year running, runner-up was the Italian boat skippered by Palomba and crewed by Mieli and Vaccari and third was another boat from Italy skippered by Sergio Messina and crewed by Nizza and Vitaggio.

In all there were thirty-four boats participating in the European Championship.

The prize-giving ceremony was really a sumptuous one with all the local authorities of Procida attending. At the end we bid each other farewell and wished each other luck for the next Championship which will be held on the waters off Pori, Finland in July, 1984.

## 31ST EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP 1983

Fin. Pos.	Boat #	Skipper & Crew	Race Finishes						Pts.
			1	2	3	4	5	6	
1	11459	G. Andreadis, C. Limberakis, S. Zouganellis	10	8	1	4	1	6	20
2	13036	S. Palomba, M. Mieli, Vaccari	4	10	6	1	5	9	25
3	13706	S. Messina, A. Nizza, P. Vitaggio	5	34	3	6	10	1	25
4	13374	L. Coccoloni, Del Santo, Ratti	7	6	4	2	6	18	25
5	13099	C. Luthy, P. Taschler, E. Sonderegger	12	2	9	7	14	4	34
6	12637	U. Wyler, M. Stauffer, T. Schärer	8	4	14	14	7	5	38
7	13481	A. Attina, M. Attina, G. Alagna	36	1	2	13	22	2	40
8	13455	G. Pellegrino, V. Tranchida, A. Marino	1	26	15	19	2	3	40
9	13414	R. Crucitti, A. Messina, R. Arcuri	11	16	28	3	4	8	42
10	12297	F. Cruciani, G. Battisti, F. Cruciani	9	3	7	16	11	24	46
11	13065	F. Baghetti, G. Clemente, Caiaffa	3	13	10	36	12	13	51
12	13462	F. Nicchiarelli, S. Rustichelli, M. Nicchiarelli	17	9	18	12	3	22	59
13	13692	H. Schmid, R. Hofer, B. Buchschacher	18	14	5	21	8	14	59
14	13161	U. Schaer, E. Schaer, S. Schaer	2	11	13	11	36	26	63
15	13264	E. Lo Sardo, F. Sorrentino, M. Lo Sardo	6	15	8	24	24	10	63
16	12914	K. Maenpaa, E. Maenpaa, O. Wikman	13	12	17	15	13	12	65
17	12572	G. Despland, P. Hann, A. Crivelli	20	5	20	5	15	20	65
18	13346	B. Roccheggiani, R. Bozzi, R. Brugia	15	7	12	18	16	25	68
19	13505	L. Hammar, H. Hammar, P. Suorsa	14	17	16	17	19	15	79
20	12860	C. Lambelet, R. Passeri, S. Bartoletti	28	21	19	8	17	19	84
21	13557	A. Zerilli, P. Zerilli, P. Soldano	16	22	11	22	18	28	89
22	13802	C. Tsantilis, P. Schilizzi, C. Damigos	21	24	21	9	28	23	98
23	13715	L. Merola, M. Lo Sardo, F. Lo Sardo	24	20	22	10	25	31	101
24	12904	L. Grisotti, G. Bosetti, M. Canepa	19	23	23	20	27	21	106
25	13402	P. Marino, G. Dara, G. Cammarata	27	18	26	27	26	11	108
26	13091	P. Gmur, T. Huber, T. Gmur	32	31	25	28	9	17	110
27	13068	F. De Regis, F. Rossi, Z. Bortolaso	23	19	27	26	21	33	116
28	12571	R. Herzog, K. Herzog, U. Herzog	31	25	24	33	29	16	125
29	13345	P. Benetti, L. Tezza, L. Vivani	33	30	31	29	35	7	130
30	13074	J. Weilliman, R. Knoepfi, H. Kunz	25	33	33	23	20	32	133
31	13561	H. Nisonen, A. Uitto, A. Autio	22	28	30	25	30	29	134
32	13357	S. Lahdemaki, H. Lope, T. Tarkkonen	29	27	34	31	31	27	145
33	13037	S. Searpocchi, P. Barbacci, Vicarelli	30	32	32	30	23	30	145
34	8620	A. Vivani, G. Armeni, A. Moroni	26	29	29	32	35	35	151

35 Points — DNS, DNF, 36 Points — DSQ

# XXIX SOUTH AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP

By Mario Abinzano

**Tuesday:** The 29th South American Championship is underway. Competitors and boats are starting to arrive. Six have trailed across the Andes Mountains from Chile. Two boats from Peru and one from Colombia arrive. Former and current World Champions, Mario Buckup and Walmor Gomes Soares, respectively, arrive from Sao Paulo with their boats. Things are moving smoothly on-shore. Unfortunately, the Rio de la Plata (Silver River) is not so smooth. Flooding up river has created strong currents and the river is filled with "camalotes," a floating water plant. I decided to change boats and sails — hoping for the best.

**Wednesday:** Entries total 18 — good boats and first class crews — including two World "tops" — a great regatta is expected. A practice race is scheduled. The air is nice — 15 knots — but there are too many camelots, so the race is cancelled. We have a problem! No preparatory race! We can't practice with our new boat!

**Thursday:** The Race Committee decides to move the regatta to Club Universitario. We finally get our boat in the water and have some time to trim and tune, etc. We brush with Mario Buckup and our speed looks great. I wonder why I changed boat and sails one day before the series. My other boat had led me to victory in the preliminaries. Oh, well, it is done.

We start the first race in six knots of wind and no camelots. We get a good start on the left end and are moving quite fast. We round first with a good lead over Tristan Aicardi of Chile. The wind picks up on the last leg. We have some trouble controlling Tristan, but we hold our lead and win the race. It's late, but the water is clear of camelots, so the RC starts a second race.

The wind is now 15 knots, but still no camelots. Mario Buckup gets a good start and we can't keep pace with him. We have a lot of trouble as the wind keeps increasing. Mario wins this race and we finish seventh. I stayed at the club late into the night, tuning and retuning the boat. It seems a little better, but tomorrow will tell.

**Friday:** The third race starts in seven knots. There are some camelots in the water today. We feel confident in light air

and have a fair start. We lead for four legs, but make a mistake on the run and Tito Gonzalez wins. We finish second. At this point the standings are very close. Manolo Gonzalez has been very consistent and seems to be in the running, along with his brother, Tito, and Tettamanti. We feel we have a chance.

The fourth race starts in 15 knots. It is very windy, but we are doing well. It seems the new tuning is working. Boat speed is so even that a mistake means death. We make a mistake and finish fourth. Buckup wins.

**Saturday:** The fifth race starts in 10 knots. We are discouraged because Tettamanti and the Gonzalez brothers are very good in windy conditions. We see them making plans to cover each other. Nobody seems to care about us. We give it our best, but end up fourth. Buckup wins another one. The wind is beginning to die.

The wind has died to five knots for the sixth race. We do some quick calculations and realize that any one of five boats can win: Buckup, T. Gonzalez, M. Gonzalez, Tettamanti, or ourselves. The air is light, but we've done well in the light air races so we are smiling. The others seem pre-occupied.

The flag is up. We get a fair start, but Buckup rounds first. We are second and Tito Gonzalez is third. Tettamanti and Manolo Gonzalez appear far back in the pack. Buckup goes down and we pass him, as does Tito. We hold our lead on the second beat and ensuing run. The wind begins to pick up on the last leg. Buckup is very fast. We can't stop him! The left side of the course looks good — we are on the right side. !\*#! It's very hard going to the left, but we have no alternative. The finish line is getting closer. Buckup tacks and crosses in front of us. We know that he knows he needs to win plus put four boats between us to beat us. So we tack right behind him. If he wins, we are sure to be second. He makes some late desperate moves to put boats between us. No good. Mario wins the race and we are second.

Suddenly my crew, Claudio Fassardi and Juan Jose Grande, grab me and throw me into the water with a cheer. We have won the South American Championship.

Fin. Pos.	Boat #	Skipper & Crew	Race Finishes						Pts.
			1	2	3	4	5	6	
1	12747	Mario Abinzano, Claudio Fassardi, Juan Jose Grande	1	9	2	4	5	2	14
2	12812	Mario Buckup, Michael Norris, Cristina Martin	9	1	9	5	1	1	17
3	11011	Alberto Gonzalez, Roberto Rebori, Christian Herman	6	3	1	6	2	AB	18
4	11037	Horacio Tettamanti, Hugo Longarela, Hector Longarela	4	5	3	2	6	7	20
5	13396	Manuel Gonzalez, Pablo Barahona, Cristian Barahona	3	2	6	9	4	NL	24
6	11450	Tristan Aicardi, Felipe Cubillos, Pablo Gallyas	2	8	4	7	AB	5	26
7	11721	Walmor Soares, Saul Domiani, Marcelo Viana Reitz	15	10	10	1	3	4	28
8	13404	Rufino Melero, Javier Melero, Manuel Jose Philipps	5	11	13	3	9	3	31
9	11041	Roberto Ricoveri, Pablo Soldano, Rolando Turrado	7	4	7	10	8	8	34
10	11040	Rodrigo Zuazola, Jorge Zuazola, Carlo Rossi S.	8	6	5	11	AB	9	39
11	12741	Jose M. Blanco, Alberto M. Naya, Javier Blanco	12	7	8	14	10	11	48
12	8411	Javier Pascuchi, Maria C. Pascuchi, Sergio Dobrila	10	18	14	12	11	6	53
13	12513	Nicolas Cubillos, Patricio Middleton, Antonio Benvenuto	13	15	11	13	7	13	57
14	13039	Juan F. Novion, German Schicht, Andres Novion	14	13	12	8	AB	NL	66
15	10997	Luis Bryce Delgado, Rodolfo Stiglich, Enrique Garrido	11	14	17	17	12	14	68
16	13203	Roberto Matarras, Hugo Araz, Alberto Larrea	17	17	AB	16	13	10	73
17	13295	Angel Vila, Valeria Vila, Alejandro Colombo	16	12	15	18	AB	12	73
18	12519	Jose Barreda Moller, Fernando Barreda, Gonzalo De Cossio de Asin	18	16	16	15	NL	NL	84

19 Points — AB, NL