



## 23º CAMPEONATO MUNDIAL DE LIGHTNING HIGUERILLAS—CHILE—2005

***Tito González, Rey de los Mares***



El timonel chileno confirmó su condición de monarca del velerismo, conquistando su sexto campeonato mundial, el quinto en el Lightning y el cuarto como timonel, igualando el record del mítico Thomas Allen III.

El chileno Alberto González lo hizo de nuevo. Después de adjudicarse el Campeonato Sudamericano de Lightning con un espectacular repunte en la última jornada de competencia, en el Club de Yates Higuierillas (Concón) Chile, Tito González ganó su sexto Campeonato Mundial en vela, el quinto en la clase Lightning y el cuarto como timonel, igualando el record que el estadounidense Thomas Allen III ostentaba desde 1977 y que hasta ahora parecía irreplicable.

Aunque tuvo que reemplazar a uno de sus tripulantes apenas dos días antes del Sudamericano y diez días antes del Mundial, el chileno soportó con éxito esa mala noticia, la presión del mundo náutico chileno—ansioso por ver un triunfo en casa—, el gran nivel de sus rivales y las cambiantes condiciones del viento en Concón, que parecía no favorecer a los deportistas dueños de casa.

En la primera jornada, con una flota de 45 embarcaciones de representando a Chile, Argentina, Ecuador, Estados Unidos, Canadá, Brasil, Suiza y Finlandia, Tito clasificó 1º y 2º, pasando de inmediato al primer lugar de la competencia, acompa-

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ñado por su hijo Diego (18 años) y por Cristián Herman, con 3 puntos negativos, seguido por el estadounidense Jody Lutz, con 9 (3-6) y por el chileno Cristóbal Pérez, también con 9 (5-4).

Sin embargo, el segundo día del torneo, una descalificación por partida adelantada y un 10º lugar en la siguiente prueba dejaron a González en el 12º lugar, con 59 puntos, y entregó el liderazgo del torneo a la estadounidense Amanda Clark, con 25 unidades, escoltada por sus compatriotas Ched Proctor, con 27; y Jody Lutz, con 31.

Al día siguiente ni siquiera hubo regatas. Un frente de mal tiempo provocó un temporal que afectó a toda la zona central de Chile y dejó a los yates en la marina. El Comité de Regatas decidió adelantar el Día de Descanso de la flota y retomar las pruebas 24 horas después.

Ese sería el día de Tito. Ganó la primera regata, pero los fuertes vientos obligaron a postergar el inicio de la segunda carrera. En ese momento, el chileno había subido del 12º al 8º puesto. Pero



*Tito leading the fleet*

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quería más. Por la tarde, se corrió la sexta regata del torneo, donde clasificó 4º, y además se aplicó el único descarte de la competencia, con lo que recuperó el primer puesto, con 18 puntos, seguido por el estadounidense David Starck, con 20; y el chileno Pablo Herman, con 34.

De regreso a la cima, González estaba feliz, pero preocupado por no poder cometer un solo error más. En la jornada siguiente, se anotó otros dos triunfos parciales, y estiró las diferencias con Starck. A falta de una sola regata, el chileno suma-

permitió igualar el registro histórico del estadounidense Thomas Allen III (ganador en 1961, 1963, 1965 y 1977), y que a sus 74 años también se hizo presente para competir en Higuera. González ya contaba con los campeonatos de Colombia 1987; Finlandia 1995; Ecuador 1999 y Estados Unidos 2003, las tres últimas como timonel. En el recuento final, el chileno sumó 21 puntos negativos (1-2-10-46\*-1-4-1-1-1), seguido por el estadounidense David Starck, con 41 (33\*-10-4-1-2-3-15-4-2). Tercero finalizó el chileno Pablo Herman, con 48.



*Alberto "Tito" Gonzales, Diego Gonzalez & Cristian Herman*

ba 20 puntos, mientras que el estadounidense acumulaba 40. Más atrás se ubicaba el chileno Pablo Herman, con 41, y con toda la ilusión de alcanzar el vicecampeonato.

Pero la regata final estaba destinada a Tito. Aunque pensaba realizar una navegación conservadora, y tocó la primera boya, pasando a lugares secundarios, González terminó avanzando pierna a pierna, para ganar la regata y el 23º Campeonato Mundial de Lightning 2005, donde no sólo revalidó el título planetario que obtuvo en 2003, sino que además sumó su quinta corona del orbe en esta especialidad y el sexto triunfo planetario de su carrera (en septiembre había ganado el Mundial de Etchells, en Estados Unidos).

El chileno se proclamó pentacampeón mundial y además entró en la historia del Lightning, con cuatro cuartos títulos como timonel, logro que le

Más atrás se ubicaron los estadounidenses Jody Swanson (52 puntos), Allan Terhune (64), Jody Lutz (67), Ched Proctor (73), Bill Mauk (78), Amanda Clark (83) y el chileno Juan Eduardo Reid (84). El canadiense Larry MacDonald fue 17º (134); el suizo Urs Wyler, 22º (162); el argentino Roberto Ricoveri, 24º (184); el brasileño Tommy Sumner, 29º (209); el finlandés Skari Pesola, 40º (281); y el ecuatoriano Carlos Lecaro, 41º (285).

Con estos resultados, Tito González se consolidó como el velerista chileno más exitoso de todos los tiempos, con seis campeonatos mundiales (cinco en Lightning y uno en Etchells), seis títulos sudamericanos (cinco en Lightning y uno en J-24) y cuatro medallas panamericanas (en Lightning plata 1983, plata 1991 y oro 1995; y en J-24 bronce 2003). A Tito González, la prensa chilena ya lo llama el Rey de los Mares...y con razón.



## **South American Championship 2005, International Masters' 2005 and World Championship 2005 Sailing and On-shore Thoughts**

*Bob Bush—Scenic photos by Bob and Sterling Bush*



Our trip to Chile was smooth and uneventful. We flew in via São Paulo, meaning we had a beautiful view of the Andes. We had already started our descent into Santiago and were at 26000 feet when flying across the 20,000+feet Andes. Santiago is about 35 degrees south of the equator and at similar longitude with Boston—check it out on a globe. There is no short cut for the airplane. The Santiago airport is nice—similar to regional airports in the US. Though travel-weary, immigration and Customs was a breeze. Chile has a reciprocity fee to enter the country of \$100 for US citizens (less for other countries). This fee is because the US charges Chileans \$100 to enter the US. The trip from Santiago to the town of Con Con was very easy via the prearranged bus and we had 16 other sailors with us. It took about two hours through foothills containing vineyards, orange and olive orchards and through a very large fertile valley filled with corn, leaf greens, cabbage, potato (and where the Driscoll company harvests berries) and finally down to the Pacific Coast through the relatively large city of Vina del Mar, just north of the main seaport of Valparaiso. We arrived at the yacht club around 3:30 in the afternoon (Chile at this time of year is two hours ahead of the eastern US) to see the high winds and waves that are quite typical each afternoon. The water temperature is about 60 degrees F (15 degrees C). With the air temperature near 80 degrees F; the sea breeze is very strong.

We were staying at the Playa Paraiso (Paradise Beach) in Con Con. The hotel is about 2 km from the yacht club; the distance can be walked in 30 minutes, or you can take a bus (which we did, many, many times) for 300 pesos. \$1.00 = 500 Chilean Pesos. We also were given rides many times by people with cars—thank you very much. The main road is right next to the beaches. There is nothing but beautiful blue ocean to the west for thousands of miles.

Con Con proper is up a pretty big hill from the beaches—maybe 200 feet. There are multiple sets of stairs from the town down to the beach. Our hotel is inset into this hill and has terraced rooms ascending from the coastline. Each room has an ocean view and patio with gorgeous cascading flowers streaming down over the ledge near the railings. The floral trend continues at every hotel, restaurant and personal home in the area. On the next page is a picture of one of the best landscapes. Remember it is spring in November in Chile. This home was along the walk from the hotel to the yacht club.



From the coastal roadway the town's scenery is spectacular. We see workmen sweeping the streets by hand broom every day and raking the beach for a clean look for the town of Con Con. The area is known as the Gastronomic Capital of Chile (according to the signs) with many restaurants and outdoor markets selling the local fish and vegetables. There are probably 15 restaurants within walking distance of the club. The evening music is relaxing with the 70-80s music and some interesting renditions of Rolling Stones songs and we watch the moored boats dance with the rhythm swinging with each swell of the ocean. The Higuierillas (say "ēgō rēyās" with a Spanish accent) Yacht Club clubhouse is quite nice with a beautiful harbor—mostly for big boats. There is a nice restaurant (where Fillet Mignon [from nearby Argentina] is \$8.00).

We came to South America to sail in the Lightning Worlds competition only, but if we found a crew, we would sail in the South American Championship



as well. A local young man wanted to sail and out we went. The communication was challenging. Carlos spoke very little English and we spoke very little Spanish. With all of our collective high school and college language skills we did communicate—via sign language and made up words. Vang is vang, but ‘dump the chute’ did not translate well, so we were conservative in the heavy air. Carlos is an excellent sailor and all was well on the boat. He shared several bits of knowledge about Con Con and the wildlife. We enjoyed seeing an occasional sea lion (I think it is a “sea fox” in Spanish) as they pop their heads above water to see what was going on when all these Lightning boats entered their bay. This animal is big up close to the boat with large saucer eyes and arching whiskers. I thought we were heading for a log, when the log moved—and moved quite quickly! There are lots of pelicans in the area because the fishermen bring the catch of the day into the heart of this seaside town and scraps are their reward. A lone penguin was sighted by one of the sailing group. Friendly stray dogs wander the coastline with tails wagging or sleeping in a shady spot. All the dogs had amazingly defined territories. The dog that had adopted the local yacht club as her own was a small black shorthair mixed breed which greets all the sailors with her tail wagging and ears perked on her daily rounds. We found her sleeping on someone’s boat cover one morning. We all stepped over her without disturbing her sleep. She loved lapping the disposable plastic sample wine glasses. She is a true Chilean wine dog.

There were about 25 boats on the starting line for the South Americans. The morning race was delayed for lack of wind and then we had 2 recalls. Finally the races were off with an individual recall. More on the racing later.

After the final races of the South American Championships, we enjoyed camaraderie and activities. The opening ceremonies for the Worlds had the sailors attending in blue blazers with the Naval Band playing familiar songs. The international flag raising ceremony had a representative from their respective country reveal

each of the flags simultaneously. Local dancers in Spanish costumes performed two traditional dances with silver spurs on the boys boots and a cocktail party followed which was out of this world. The local drink, Pisco Sour, is like a double shot whiskey sour with extra lemon juice and goes down very smoothly—after the first two. The hors d’oeuvres were a meal in themselves with shish kabobs, stuffed meat pastry, wraps and fresh fruit skewers. On another night there was a Chilean barbeque with the local “35 SUR” wine flowing freely, giving you a good idea of how far south both the winery and we were.

The racing in the mornings was light to medium (skipper on the high side, forward crew down or in the center, middle crew windward side or higher). The afternoon race is when the breeze really kicks in. Some days the breeze is just strong (15–20 mph). Some other days, it really comes in and the breeze is all that a Lightning can stand. Some days we were at the class maximum wind velocity (25 mph at the start is the guideline).

Every day had waves across the racecourse. During the morning races, the waves were leftover slow rollers of reasonable size, 6–10 feet maybe. The waves seemed to be traveling from 260 degrees on the compass. The morning wind was normally from about 315 (stopping and shifting to 220 in the afternoon). The waves were large enough that on port tack the jib would back momentarily and then you would get a huge apparent wind lift when sliding down the waves. Starboard tack was much easier to steer as you were climbing the waves nearly straight on. The steering took us quite a bit of time to adjust to. A similar problem occurs downwind. On port jibe, you were going with the waves and everything was relatively straightforward. On starboard jibe, the spinnaker would back and then be over trimmed when moving across the waves. This led to major adjustments on the spinnaker and some lively discussions on pumping. In general, the waves were not large enough to surf during the light air, but how best to adjust the sail was a difficult question. Can it be right to pull in both the sheet and guy without that being a pump? What is repeatedly pumping?

The morning races did not have an easily chosen favored side and some significant gains could be made both upwind and downwind. The afternoon races were entirely different from the morning races. The sea breeze comes in at different times depending on cloud cover and a host of other influences. A reasonable gauge for timing was to look inland and try to see the snow-capped Andes Mountains through the haze. Once these mountains became visible, the sea breeze was coming. Most of the time, we were in sunshine, but



looming off to the south was a wall of clouds that looked ominous, but never moved in our direction. Possibly these clouds were from the colder waters of the Antarctic.

The wind would typically shift to 230 degrees and then slowly swing left to 210 degrees. The breeze would come in pretty quickly across the racecourse and then continue to build for the next four hours. The highest winds that I heard from the RC were 26mph, however the top of the racecourse was probably 5–10mph more. More typically, we would be racing in 15–20 mph at the RC and more at the top mark. The waves definitely stayed at an angle to the wind. On starboard tack, we hardly noticed the waves; on port tack, you were climbing over the tops and straight into the troughs. The waves did build in size. For example, I estimated that I was sitting with my eyes 4 feet above the wave trough. When you were in a trough and the next boat was in a trough two waves away (I think), you could not see their numbers but could read their country letters. Assuming this is 5 feet down on the 30-foot mast, this makes the waves 9 feet tall. I am not so sure of that number, but the waves were very, very large. Maybe that boat was in the next wave, in which case the waves would be 15 feet high.

To aid the fleet in the really heavy winds, the RC sailed us very close to shore, actually in a shallow bay. At the top of the race course, the windward mark was probably 500 yards, maybe closer, offshore and maybe 200 yards beyond a point that defined an end of the bay. In this way, the fleet was able to sail inside of the heaviest winds—except for the last 200–300 yards. During the upwind portions, in the heaviest air, we would have both sails well eased, with the main flapping and the jib trimmer was steering the boat. Trim and the boat bears off (and heels), ease and the rudder takes control again. It was heavy. Luckily the puffs were not large, but it was mostly steady heavy air.

The downwind legs during the heaviest air were very risky. During the South American Championships, many boats either did not sail in the big breeze or did not put up the spinnaker. We sailed but did not fly the chute that much.

In the Worlds, we slowly got more and more aggressive and during the eighth (second to last) race, in the biggest breeze, we got to the top mark and decided we were going to fly the spinnaker. We sailed up the last part of the beat on port tack about 5 boat lengths from the mark. We overstood the top mark on purpose as the waves were very large and the breeze had to be close to 30 mph. We tacked (a slow and careful process) and were

able to slide down over the five boat lengths and around the mark. Three boats were inside of us and tacked slightly early, but the big waves were there to knock them toward the mark and we never saw them again. None of these boats made the mark.

From the windward mark to the offset mark was a very fast planing reach, taking about ten seconds. Nobody was going in the boat to get the spinnaker ready for hoisting just yet. After the offset mark, we were able to get the boat steadied, got the pole and board up, took a look around the racecourse and popped the chute. I thought we were going fast before, but the chute just took control of the boat and we were simply hanging on. I could not change course to avoid anything. Luckily the waves were not steep at this point and the bow did not tend to dig into the waves ahead (the bow was too high!). I had noticed a few boats without chutes about 200 yards ahead and to windward of us. We caught them in two minutes.

Only the top 500 yards or so of the run were in the really big breeze where the boat was going over the waves. After that, the run was just a very strong—still 20+ mph, planing run with big waves. Now the waves did come into play and there were some very quick accelerations. We decided to take down the spinnaker rather than jibe it. The boat we rounded the windward mark with, jibed the chute and they rounded the leeward mark 200 yards ahead of us. We passed about seven boats including a few down.

The wind did not let up, but the RC had pity on us and shortened the race to finish at the 2nd windward mark—a very wise and much appreciated move. The results speak for themselves with the number of DNF's in this race of only three legs.

The final awards banquet consisted of one half of a lobster for the appetizer and prime rib and roasted vegetables for the entrée. Several bottles of the local wine were on the table for us to indulge in. Parting gifts for this special event were photographs given to each competitor. They were presented individually in the presence of the assembled crowd. The regatta and race management were superb—what an effort by all those involved.

This was my 5th World Championships, 3 as crew and 2 as skipper. It is expensive. The best part of going to the Worlds is that you can travel to another country, visit exciting places, and see history and different cultures while with a large group of friends. Oh—and sail in a regatta in a great venue and great competition. Greece is beckoning in 2008.

## 2005 Lightning World Championship Diary

Dan Egan



### Day One

Check in day. All sails measured, boat weighed and formal stuff like that. I arrived in Santiago at 9:30 AM and was at the yacht club by noon in time to help out with the hauling of the boat, washing the bottom and the weigh-in.

This is the second week of racing. Last week was the South American Championships and the World Master Championships. Tito, the current World Champ won the South Americans, but it was a close race. Not for our boat—which was in fact the last place North American boat! The Bushs raced with a young man from Santiago who spoke no English. I think they had some communication issues on the boat.

The opening ceremony of the Worlds was also the awards party for the South Americans and the Masters. It was cool—the raising of the country flags and the local color guard supplying the tunes and the kids dressed in traditional get ups and dancing on the lawn of the Yacht Club.

Most of the stories surrounding the first week of sailing is about how hard the wind blows. On the



last day of the South Americans six boats flipped! Gusts up to 30 mph! The waves they say are really BIG! We'll see.

### Day Two

There are 46 boats here from 9 countries. We are one of the two boats from New England! Today is the practice race a 2 PM start. The wind is blowing on shore, small gusts and slightly shifty. We were the third boat to leave the harbor. The first thing you notice clearing the seawall is the sea swells! Big Swells! Actually the biggest I have ever seen.



Opening Ceremony



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A lightning mast is 28 feet high. At times you could barely see the tops of the mast of the other boats on the other side of the swell, most of the time you could not see the sail numbers. The swells are covered with choppy waves, which makes the boat hard to control. If you ride up the swell right you can feel the boat rise as you climb to the top. On the top heading down the back side of the swell the boat accelerates and starts to outsail the wind. The sails luff making it very hard to handle the boat and to sail close hauled.

The port tack is the worst because we are sailing across the swells instead of up and over. This puts us parallel to the coast and is pushing us downwind in the wrong direction. Figuring out what side of the course is favored is hard.

This is the first time I have been in a sailboat race with 46 boats. It is hard to keep track of who is who and what is going on. The starting line is 2 minutes long!! So plenty of room. Matter of fact, every one seems very polite and there is very little jockeying going on. Squam Lake starts are a lot more intense, this seems mellow!

At the gun most everyone is over the line and a general recall is signaled. Maybe about 12 boats sail away not realizing the flag is up. The committee boat does not hail you if you are over. It is up to you to know. So in this case the general recall flag is up and we turn around to start again. We started with clear air on the committee boat (windward) end of the line. Most everyone was middle of the line to pin end.

The second start is much the same. They fly the individual recall start flag and no one turns around. For some reason, we and most of the USA boats we know pick the right side of the course. We are surrounded by the current North American Champion, past World Champions and several other notables. But no boats from Chile, Brazil, Argentina or Columbia. Oh yah, the boat from Finland and Switzerland were over with us as well. And we all watched the rounding of the first windward mark from the BACK of the pack. Our boat was in 40th place!

Later at dinner we discussed paying more attention to the South American boats at the start and less attention to the Heros from the north!

The downwind leg was wild, the sloppy water and the large swells caused the boat to bounce and accelerate down the back side of the humps. The kite was difficult to fly because the boat would catch up to the sail and it would collapse and since it is my job to keep it full it made for a long leg.

The race was six legs long! But with the waves building and the wind dying they shortened the course to four legs. We chose the leeward ball of the gate to round and once heading back upwind thanks to a shift in the breeze we battled back to about 24th place at the windward mark.

Now remember this was a practice race, and I now know that it is not cool to finish a practice race! WHAT, doesn't make sense to me. I guess no one wants to win because someone will say, yah, but that was just practice. So everyone sailed past the finish line and into the harbor. I was shocked! I have never sailed by a finish line on purpose without finishing! I once skied past a finish line in college and didn't know it. I still think I won that race.

Well anyway, I wanted to finish. Why? Because we would have won and all we had to do was cross the line. But I was outvoted and informed that there were no prizes for winning the practice race.





Well, what ever happened to pride!

Then it happened! Tom Allen, Sr., four-time World Champion and multi-time North American Champion and currently 76 years old, headed his boat to a beam reach and pointed directly for the finish line. He took the gun without fanfare, without a trophy and with a look of pride and satisfaction on his face! The day belonged to him!

## **Day Three**

The number one rule in sail boat racing is, do not sail in bad air. Bad air is created when sailing upwind and there is a boat in front of you. The lead boat creates turbulent air, if you are sailing in that air you are SLOW, very SLOW.

We were closing in on the first windward mark in the first race. Potentially sitting in 12th place, at the layline we tacked onto starboard and were an estimated 50 yard away from the mark. It seems, however, that I forgot that the fleet is 46 boats strong, and that's when it started. It's called being closed out! We were about to be closed out in a big way.

The first boat came across our bow and tacked in front of us and slightly up to our starboard side, bad air from one boat you can survive especially within 50 yards of the mark. Then the second boat flopped over in front of us just to leeward of the first boat, then bang another, and another, four boats now and we were stalling, then five, and the sixth one squeezed in and the door was slammed shut! With no boat speed and falling miserably off to leeward we had to take a short hitch to port and then back to starboard and eventually we made the mark.

What looked like a 12th had become a 22nd and the downhill run in the swells along the rum line while most of the fleet reached wide right made matters worst. Later that day back at the dock one of the Canadian racers was commenting to me about what it was like to finish in the back half of the fleet.

He said, "When I am in the top ten, I am wired for sound and can think of nothing else, but in the back half, like today, all I can think about is how much I have to pee!"

To me it was a little different, maybe it is because I am a newbie, but back there in the second half of the fleet to me it was the best damn seat in the house! The only other time in my life I was this close to world class sailors was as a child when I observed the America's Cup from the bow sprit off the USS Coast Guard Ship the Eagle in Newport. I was 12, so now being so close to so many great sailors, it was overwhelming.

In this fleet there are at least 10 former World Champions and equally as many North American Champions, add in a few Collegiate All Americans, some professionals who work for sail companies and you start to get the picture of who these guys and girls are.

The day was perfect, nice breeze 10-12 knots, the big swells were back; in fact they may never leave! And off on the horizon there is a cloud bank that makes for a back drop only God could create or an artist could only try to paint. So viewing this race from the back of the pack with boats rising and falling with the swells, tacking and jibing around the big yellow marks and the setting of the spinnakers, it truly is inspiring, poetry in motion.

Well if the number one rule in sailing is avoid bad air, then the number two rule is get in a commanding position and what I witnessed Four Time World Champion Tito Gonzales, the Tiger Woods of sailing do, was execute both rules perfectly!

Right from the start Tito had clean air. Starting at the pin end, he was the most leeward boat. Tito had clean air and with no boats upwind of him, he was in a commanding position. He jumped out in front of everyone.

With 46 boats it is hard to get clean air and while everyone else was trying to make their next move and gain clean air, he was just motoring away. Just before we got closed out I watched him round the first windward mark five boat lengths in front of





*Amanda Clark & Victor Lobos (the one with his leg in a cast)*

the next boat and set his spinnaker perfectly! Once we rounded and got our kite up I could see him off in the distance.

Tito races boat number 11011\*, it is the oldest boat in the race. Going back upwind I had time to set my stopwatch; I wanted to see how far ahead he was. At the second windward mark he was 2 minutes in front of the next closest boat. We were still going upwind and he passed within 40 yards of our bow. Our 22nd the first lap had become more like a 35th.

At the third windward mark Tito was in front of the second place boat by 4 minutes and we would not reach that mark for another 25 minutes. It was an unbelievable race for him. He had clean air, great position and just put the hammer down. He was in a race but not the same one we were in. No, he raced with the wind and sea, everyone else raced against them both.

In the second race I discovered who Amanda Clark is and if you don't know, do a Google search. She has been written up in Sailing World Magazine several times. She sails out of New York and is one of the two women skippering here at the Worlds. She stands about 5 feet 5 inches and her crew doesn't stand much taller. In fact one has a cast on his leg and the other one is a teenage boy. Amanda led the entire second race and it felt like everyone was rooting for her. It was as if a "hey Amanda is leading" silent whisper was spreading around the fleet with each passing leg. Even my skipper who rarely notes anything such as this let out a, "Wow, Amanda is going to win this thing."

\*Editors Note: 11011 was many-time World Champion Tom Allen Sr's boat, sold years ago to Tito's father. Tito has used this sail number ever since. The hull used by Tito was 14843.

Lucky for us, our back of the pack seating had moved up slightly. In the second race we were 17th at the first mark and just prior to rounding were upwind of and next to Tito. That was short lived, when he tacked over to port and drove down an alley of clean air and we pressed on, again forgetting to shadow the locals, he rounded in 5th place. At the second windward mark he had maneuvered into third place and at the third windward mark he was chasing down Amanda solidly in 2nd place.

We were 12th at the second windward mark and sailing well. The third lap for us was not good. We broke rule number one on the third upwind leg, thus not able to take advantage of rule number two and our third downwind leg proved to be less than text book. We finished a satisfying 20th and there seemed to be a lack of niceties being shared amongst the three of us.

Tito is leading the series with 3 points. The second place boat has 9 points. Amanda has 10 points. We have 57 points and stand ready to pounce in 32nd place just two points out of 31st.

One class design sailing is great. Everyone has the same boat, same sails, same amount of crew, sails on the same water as everyone else in the same wind but it is always amazing how people will complain about the conditions that is, if they didn't do well.

Back at the dock the long faces were comical. The team from Finland, their skipper was mumbling to himself about never have seen conditions like this. A team from Brazil was sitting and staring off into space on the side of the dock and others just looked like they had lost a loved one.

As I was leaving for the night I overheard a former North American Champ fruitlessly complaining to one of the old timers on the race committee that with two finishes in the mid to upper twenties, he may not be able to place near the top, in fact he is in 22nd place currently.



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I thought hey this guy is well within our reach. Matter of fact, we beat him in the second race! Just then I heard the old timer turn to him and say, "This is the World Championships! That means the best in the world are here, what did you expect?"

I smiled to myself and walked along the coast road back to the hotel.

## Day 4

Thirty-five seconds to go before the start of the first race today and we were staring at the middle of the race committee boat, our sails luffing, 45 boats below us and five of them were yelling at us in Spanish. At thirty seconds our skipper yelled to stop all forward motion, which is hard to do on a boat because there are no brakes on boats. Reaching up I grabbed the boom and backed the main as hard as I could, the boat stopped. At twenty five seconds I said out loud, "We have no room, we are not going to make it!"

The boats below us were still yelling and trying to close the slight gap that remained between them and the committee boat. The problem was, they were also early and needed to slow down. Their sails were luffing as well, and they were now in irons, pointing directly into the wind.

At twenty seconds it was obvious they had lost all boat speed and maybe just maybe we might squeeze into the hole. We trimmed the jib slightly and moved forward into the space, fifteen seconds, time dragged as we crept toward the line, looking up it seemed that four of the five judges on the committee boat were staring down at us!

Ten seconds, we now had secured the windward position, five, clear air awaited, three, two, one, we were off to a great start!

We sailed our best up wind leg yet. Closing in on the first windward mark on port tack, three boats were ahead of us and one bearing down on starboard, it was Tito and we weren't going to make it. We tacked and he rolled over the top of us. We were pinching to make the mark in bad air seconds later. We hit the mark as two other boats rolled over us.

At the windward mark there are two marks. One you round and bear off slightly and 30 yards later another one called the Off Set mark, where you pop your chute and head down wind. It was in this space that we decided to perform our 360 degree circle, the penalty for hitting the mark. Good in theory, but with 25 other boats rounding the marks at the same time makes for an interesting loop.

We jibed, the skipper slipped, lost control of the tiller and with the boat spinning wildly out of control up into the wind and as we were tacking by mistake but on purpose, a herd of boats were whizzing by, some yelling, some staring, some dodging

out of our way, then as if by magic, we were back in line and scrambling to put up the kite. Our fifth had become a twentieth and what had started as a very good day was turning into a very long one!

We were still somewhat in the hunt at the leeward mark and we decided to play the right side of the course. We were in good company, Tito was just ahead of us and to leeward, and several other respected racers were in the area. Soon it was just Tito and us, everyone else had tacked away. We were betting on Tito to be right—a safe bet to wage—and we had stayed on this side too long now to give it up. We kept saying, he must know something, a wind shift ahead, surely Tito can't be wrong!

Tito is a national hero down here. His picture is on billboards, wine bottles, some of his trophies set above the bar and articles of his victories are plastered all over the yacht club. The first day of racing the entire school emptied and the kids lined the docks chanting Tito is number one, as he cast off the dock and rounded the jetty heading out to the start.

Everyday, helicopters are flying above the race course with television cameras and the press awaits him back at the dock. He has won world titles in Lightnings, J24s and most recently in Etchells, and I think he has a Gold medal. His teenage son Diego sails with him.

But he is still human and today he proved it. We picked the wrong day to follow Tito. Exploring the right side of the course put him in 10th place for the race and for us, with our wisdom, we stayed there a little longer than he did and it simply put us, in our place.

The first race took close to three hours to complete and we slid progressively back each long windward leg. Sailing in traffic is tough going. Boats are going every which way and you are constantly searching for a lane of clear air, which if you do find one, is short lived. On



*Bill Mauk, Suzy Coburn & Bill Fastiggi*





one tack you cross a boat and think, yeah!, we picked one off, then on the next tack you lose two boats. Frustrating, very frustrating.

Sailboat racing is a combination of mental and physical skills. If you don't concentrate for the entire time you are on the water, you can't win. Boats, skippers and crews have to be prepared. I am convinced that sailing is what taught me to multi task. If you are one of those people who use the statement, "I can only do one thing at a time", sailboat racing is not for you!

I was raised to be crew. Racing with my older brother Bob from the time I was seven, my place was in the front of the boat. Crews deal with tangled ropes, crawling on the deck to free a caught sail, jibe the spinnaker pole, trim the sails, count down the starting sequence while watching for other boats and among other things, take the bulk of the verbal punishment!

My other childhood skipper was Frankie Hanson. We raced on a small dingy sail boat known as a Sprite. Frankie was a few years older than me and I was small and light. We won many races around the Boston Harbor and Quincy Bay. He had two octaves of speaking, yelling and whispering.

We were known for our arguments on the water. In fact one day it got so bad that Frankie actually picked me up by the scruff of my neck and threw me overboard and then sailed in circles around me screaming at the top of his lungs. Richie Killfoil, the sailing instructor, came over in the power boat and was 15 minutes calming him down and convincing him to pick me up and out of the water. We loved sailing together!

For some reason, skippers whisper in light air, it's not fast to speak loud, unless of course the crew is messing up, then it is extremely fast to yell. This week is making me sorry for every time I ever yelled at a crew. Because my job on the boat is to fly the spinnaker, speak when spoken to, and take a daily dosage of tongue lashings. Payback is a bitch!

No one boat has won two races yet this week. Boats that finish in the back one day, win the next. The Swiss skipper who complained to me on the bus yesterday morning that he had no experience in such rough seas rounded the first windward mark of the second race in first place. He hung on to finish second. Tito won the race but was disqualified for being over at the start.

To win this series you have to be consistent, and the leader board tells the tale. Amanda Clark is winning. Ranked number one in the USA for 470 racing, she is on the USA Olympic team, her 470 crew is racing on another boat. For some reason they don't race Lightnings together. Her finishes are 9th, 1st, 5th, 6th. Once the press figured out Tito was disqualified for being over at the start and there was a new person sitting on top, they went wild over Amanda. Ched Proctor is in second. His finishes are all top 11. He works for North Sails and is said to have written the tuning guide for the Lightning Class. A long time sailor and known around the world, he seems very confident and a real steady eddy.

The other women skipper, can't remember her name (Jody Swanson), is the current North American Champion. She is from Buffalo, New York. I think she sits top five right now with all top 15 finishes.

# WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

The top Chilean boat right now is sailed by a teenager [Editor's Note—not a teenager but apparently much younger than Dan!]. His middle crew is his brother. The front man is slightly older. They are impressive. Middle of the road every start, but they never stop working the boat and adjusting the sails. They are very focused and have all top twelve finishes.

Tito has slipped down a bit with his 10th and disqualification. But if we have 6 races, they will only count your best five. There at least 9 races scheduled so we are not even halfway through yet, being that we are only four races into it.

The top ten right now are all in a position to place. And the next five boats after that are still in striking distance. We had a rough day and have slipped back a position to 33rd. I was told at the beginning of the week that top ten was our goal. That may have been a little unrealistic, and for sure at this point that might be out of reach, but we haven't given up yet.

The cream rises to the top which is evident in the standings right now. The forecast is for rain tomorrow, Thursday is a rest day and then Friday and Saturday we are scheduled for two races each day.

## Day 5

Wednesday, it rained hard in the morning and forecast was for the same all day. So all racing was canceled for the day. It was nice to have the day off, the sun came out around noon and it turned into a great day.

Our hotel is right on the beach. The waves are large and the water is coast-of-Maine cold. Surfers and Boogie boarders ride the waves and the beach is full most days. Two surfers died this week on the beach when they got a little off track and hit the rocks that surround the area. One body was found!

## Day 6

Thanksgiving Day and I have the runs! The skies are clear and everyone is predicting a very windy



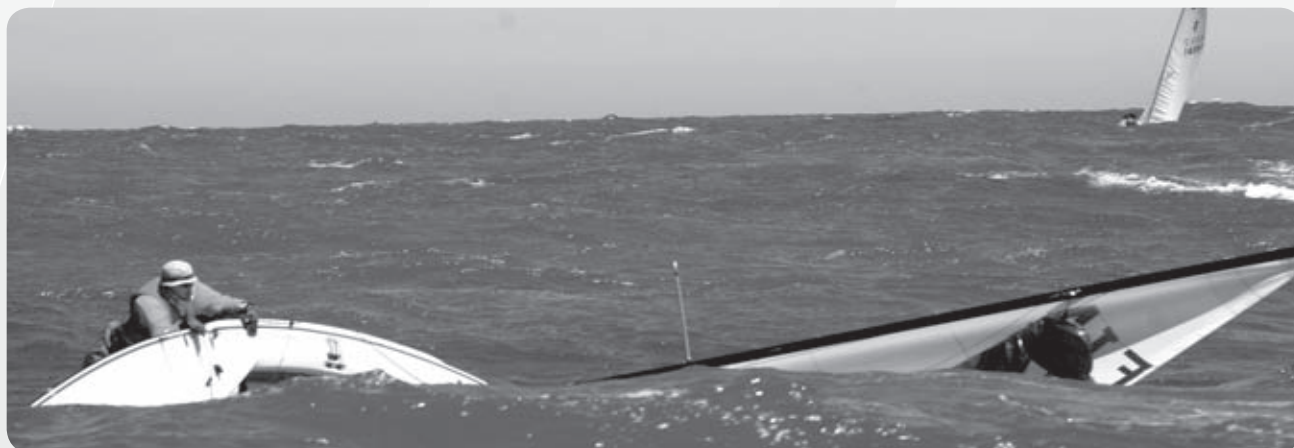
day. All the racers that were here for the South American Championships knew what was coming. Those of us who had never sailed here before had only heard stories.

I was stalling getting on the boat and thinking of one more trip to the men's room, when Chris, a crew on one of the Chilean teams said to me, "Big winds today, hold on tight!" "Ya, brother, in more ways than one," was my reply!

The winds were blowing over 24 knots. Races can not be held over 27 knots. The breeze was steady and the seas were big. The swells were back and they were nasty—overall a great day for a race.

I wasn't scared until the second downwind leg, we had just rounded the mark and popped the chute, one of the Brazilian boats to leeward was screaming at us. I wasn't quite sure of the translation until the boat to windward from New Jersey clarified things by calling us a few choice four letter words.

Then the order came from the back to jibe! The scene was a little chaotic. We were surfing down a 8-10 foot swell, going so fast the boat was humming. I was straddling the centerboard box with the main sheet block pressed against my back. The Brazilians had driven over us, we were bearing off and I had seen the top boats pull off jibes downwind so why not us.







The boom came flying over and the skipper was screaming for me to dump the spinnaker, which means to let all of the air out of it. But no way was I going to do that, it was full, we were still surfing, the boat was upright and I was holding on for all I had. And beside, we were in 37th place in the race with 9 boats behind us, I wasn't about to give up such a position, the World Championships were on the line.

The day divided the men from the boys! And the division was clear. The top 15 boats were sailing so well in the big winds it was impressive. When a Lightning is sailed well in conditions like these it looks like it is flying. You can just see it cutting through the water going up wind. The top boats were absorbing the swells and gaining ground with every puff. It was very cool to watch. It was so windy after the first race that they sent us in for a 2 ½ hour break. Racing started up again at 4:40 and the winds had not let up

Tito walked away with the first race, Amanda held on with a 6th and still had the lead, but the second race would be the sixth race of the series which meant boats could now throw out their worst result so the standings at the break were temporary. The teenage team from Chile had a great first race. They finished 3rd, with every race they get better.

46 boats started the second race, 36 finished! The Ecuadorian broke a mast after capsizing. At least five boats were involved with collisions, and all involved had major damage and one boat is missing three feet of deck! The rest capsized or had broken parts. We survived to finish and nosed out the Finland team for a 35th finish.

The stage is set now for the last two days of racing. It is suppose to blow hard again for the next two days, which means anything can happen, but for sure all of the boats in the top ten have a shot at the podium.

Here is what it looks like (best 5 races so far):

- 1) Tito—1st, 2nd, 10th, 1st, 4th = 18 pts
- 2) David Starck  
10th, 4th, 1st, 2nd, 3rd = 20 pts

- 3) Pablo Herman (teenage team)  
4th, 14th, 12th, 3rd, 1st = 34 pts
- 4) Jody Swanson (Current NA Champion)  
7th, 11th, 3rd, 6th, 8th = 35 pts
- 5) Amanda Clark (US Olympic Team)  
9th, 1st, 9th, 6th, 13th = 38 pts
- 6) Ched Proctor (North Sails)  
6th, 5th, 5th, 11th, 16th = 43 pts
- 7) Juan Reid (former NA Champ)  
8th, 8th, 8th, 14th, 6th = 43 pts (local)
- 8) Allan Terhune  
23rd, 3rd, 9th, 5th, 5th = 45 pts
- 9) Bill Mauk (crew is from Vermont)  
2nd, 14th, 14th, 7th, 12th = 49 pts
- 10) Jody Lutz (former NA Champ)  
3rd, 6th, 6th, 16th, 18th = 49 pts

Tito, looks pretty unbeatable but if he had one bad race a lot could change. David Starck is sailing very strong and hasn't made many mistakes. Pablo is amazing, he and his brother race Lasers and they really work hard. Jody, I think, will end up top three somehow. I have been watching her all week and she just keeps chipping away. The word is that Amanda's crew is too light for this heavy air and that will eventually see her slip further down. Ched tipped over today in the second race; he was in 9th place at the time; he managed to right the boat and hold on to a 16th place. He looks very serious and ready to rumble. Juan Reid, a local, knows the wind and the waves but I don't think will crack the top five.

Allan Terhune is mad, he sailed into a hole, lost the wind during the South Americans, and that race cost him the series to Tito. He is here to win, but with the terrible start on Monday, he needs someone in the top three to make a big mistake. If that happens, he might get as high as 4th. Bill Mauk won the Etchells Worlds as Tito's crew. He is sailing well but I don't think we will see him in the top five. Jody Lutz was at one time in second place. Don't count him out! He could win two of the three remaining races.





*Dan's team*

## **Day 7**

Well the day started out slow. We drifted for about two hours before they started the race—then BANG! The wind came in and to quote my dad, "It blew to beat the band!" Another favorite of my dad's is "It was a real Nantucket sleigh ride!" Both were true today.

The wind builds here, and it is unreal. The downwinds are completely wild. Keeping the boat upright is a real concern. Today was no different from yesterday—boats broken, busted and flipped everywhere. From the front to the back of the fleet, it makes no difference. The wind is so strong that one wrong move and you're done.

Tito did his thing again today and won both races. He is now 20 points ahead in the series and has it wrapped up. David Starck is hanging on to second by one point. He had a terrible first race with a 16th. We almost beat him and actually rounded the last windward mark in front of him.

The teenage wonders from Chile continue to chip away. They are now in 3rd. We rounded the first leeward mark next to them. We were top 20 at that point and they climbed back to 5th. Very impressed with those kids.

Jody Swanson continues to hang tough. She remains in 4th place but is out of third by 7 points, and I don't think she will catch the teenage wonders. Allan continues to move up climbing three places today to 5th; he is 7 points behind Jody and if he wins tomorrow, he might move into 4th.

Amanda has slipped back to 6th and might slip further back if tomorrow's races are held with a big breeze. Jody Lutz is climbing back after flipping over yesterday. His first race he had a 3rd, the second a 10th, that hurt but he is now in 9th, one point behind Amanda, my guess is he will nip her out tomorrow. Ched Proctor is now in 10th—a tough first race today with a 14th, he is 2 points back and I think he will stay there.

We had our best day of the week with two 18th places. We sailed well upwind constantly today, and I talked the big guy into flying the kite in the

second race. We only flew it once in the first race and that slid us back. If we had flown it all three legs I think we could have been top 15.

In the second race it was blowing close to 30 knots. They shortened the race to 1½ legs. With the kite up it was the fastest I have ever gone on a Lightning. We must have been on a plane for about 5 plus minutes. The boat was totally beyond our control but we had it balanced and no one moved. Wisely we took it down to jibe and held on upwind to the finish. We moved up 6 places. We are in 30th place in a three way point tie with 29th and 28th. The surge is on and one good race tomorrow and we could crack the top 30 overall.

## **Day 8: The Final Day at the Worlds**

The last day of racing and the wind is blowing from a completely different direction, steady at 8-12 knots, an overcast day. Many of the boats that had either broken mast or been involved with collisions are back out ready to race. At the first start we are in the worst position of the week, upwind of the committee boat with no room to move, five boats below us and we are completely out of the running as the gun goes off. Luckily for us it is a general recall.

My skipper has a weird habit of sailing away from the starting line in the wrong direction with less than three minutes to the gun. His wife has to remind him at every start not to get too far away. He has done it again and we get the boat turned around heading in the right direction but time is ticking. We finally find an opening halfway down the line as the gun goes off and we are racing.

At the start if you are sailing in bad air, you can't point as close to the wind as the other boats and eventually you end up sailing behind boats you may have started next to. It's called getting spit out the back. Well we were getting spit out the back and forced to tack across all of the boats to windward of us. This requires a multiple series of tacks as you dodge your way up and into clean air. Speaking with the other boats it was estimated that every time you tack you lose 3-4 boat lengths.



*Heavy air*



We eventually sailed our way into clean air and were at the first windward mark in the top half of the fleet. Dave Starck was in first place. He was sailing strong; Tito was in second place, Bill Mauk third. We were coming at the mark on a port tack; several boats were bearing down on starboard. Tacking too close, we fouled a boat and had to do a 720 just prior to the mark. We lost about 6 boats on this maneuver. Not learning from our mistakes, we made the same infraction at the same mark our second time around. Two sets of circles in one race are too much. On our second set of circles we lost another 6-10 boats including the ones we need to beat to finish in the high twenties.

Our fate was sealed. 30th place in the 2005 Lightning World Championships, we had sailed good most of the week and fallen victim to our own bad mistakes and errors, the biggest one was bad communication on the boat. We finished on the last day with a couple of notable boats. Amanda Clark had her worst day of the event, and Tom Allen, Jr. finished just behind us. At the awards ceremony, several of the top ten boats commented on how important their crew was on helping them sail around the course. It takes three people to sail a Lightning well, and it takes a long time to develop a crew that works well together. Our boat had a lot to learn from the others.

Sailboat racing is a game of percentages. The young Chilean team finished 3rd once again sailing from behind up to the top. They were always calm and always working to improve their standings. At the awards the place went wild for these guys. It was a huge accomplishment for them to do so well.

Back at the dock the DJ was playing "We are the Champions" by Queen, the press was swarming around Tito and his crew. It was quite a scene. It was great being a part of it all. Dave Starck finished 2nd, the Chilean brothers finished 3rd, Jody Swanson (Dave Starck's wife) finished 4th. Allan Terhune hung on to 5th place, Jody Lutz was 6th, followed by Ched Proctor in 7th, 8th was Bill Mauk, 9th was Bill Mauk and Juan Reid hung on to 10th place.



*Alberto "Tito" Gonzales, Diego Gonzalez & Cristian Herman*

At the awards party Dave Starck spoke about how important it is to prepare to compete at this level. He said that he and his crew had been preparing for over a year. I know that Allen Terhune's crew told me that they have been doing the same. Both boats came down a week early to compete in the South American Championships. But in the end Dave said that no one was as prepared as Tito, and if in the future anyone thinks they are going to beat Tito, they better be willing to dedicate more time and more resources to beating the King of Lightnings.

Tito, for his part, was very humble all week. A sure and confident man who seemed to be enjoying himself, he said it was a great thing to win and especially with his son as his crew. Most of his speech was in Spanish but I was in awe of it anyway.

It was an amazing experience, what a week of sailing. Sitting on the plane on the way home, I was missing the boat. The first thing I did upon arrival a week ago was find the boat and sit on it at the dock. I love boats! I can't sit on the beach or by a pool but I can sit on a boat for hours and being out on the Pacific Ocean for 7 days straight was amazing. The wind was steady and strong, the waves were so big and the coastline with the Andes Mountains towering in the background was spectacular.

At night, going to dinner and talking sailing with different crews and skippers was equally amazing. The whole trip was like one big overload of information on how to tack safely in the high seas, how to drive the boat over the swells, or the differences in sail and boat makers. We had started every race with the best of them. Flew our spinnaker in 30 knots of wind with boats tipping over all around us, stuck our bow in places it didn't belong, and been tested by the largest ocean in the world.

***And I loved every part of it!***



# WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP



## Club de Yates Higuierillas Lightning World Championship

***Sailed: 9 Discards: 1***



Rank	Bow	Nat	Sail No	Helm	Crew	R1	R2	R3	R4	R5	R6	R7	R8	R9	Nett
1	35	CHI	11011	Alberto Gonzalez	Diego Gonzalez & Cristian Herman	1	2	10	<del>000</del>	1	4	1	1	1	21
2	50	USA	15252	David Starck	Ian Jones & Scott Ikle	<del>33</del>	10	4	1	2	3	15	4	2	41
3	27	CHI	14454	Pablo Herman	Luis Felipe Herman & Claus Engell	4	<del>45</del>	14	12	3	1	5	2	7	48
4	42	USA	15125	Jody Swanson	Skip Dieball & Tom Starck	<del>24</del>	7	11	3	6	8	4	9	4	52
5	7	USA	15232	Allan Terhune	Katie Terhune & Jarrett Lynn	<del>24</del>	23	3	9	5	5	2	8	9	64
6	2	USA	15166	Jody Lutz	Jay Lutz & Derek Ganger	3	6	6	16	18	<del>DNF</del>	3	10	5	67
7	3	USA	14821	Ched Proctor	Ned Roseberry & Jay Lurie	6	5	5	11	<del>47</del>	16	13	7	10	73
8	9	USA	14866	Bill Mauk	Bill Fastiggi & Suzy Coburn	2	14	<del>26</del>	14	7	12	10	16	3	78
9	25	USA	14740	Amanda Clark	Victor Lobos & Will Brown	9	1	9	6	13	15	7	<del>27</del>	23	83
10	21	CHI	14709	Juan Eduardo Reid	Pablo Lorca & Matias del Solar	8	8	8	<del>48</del>	14	6	18	6	16	84
11	24	USA	15083	Jeff Linton	Amy Smith & Mark Taylor	20	24	1	<del>26</del>	9	11	20	3	13	101
12	39	USA	15260	Bill Faude	Jared Drake & Ernie Dieball	16	31	7	13	<del>32</del>	7	8	14	8	104
13	6	CHI	14742	Alejandro Perez	Sebastian Bejide & Cristobal Grez	15	3	17	<del>40</del>	19	9	19	17	15	105
14	32	USA	15168	Thomas Allen Jr	Jim Allen & John Humphrey	23	<del>29</del>	12	20	4	2	9	12	24	106
15	28	CHI	14794	Cristobal Perez	Cristian Perez & Francisco Perez	5	4	40	<del>000</del>	8	14	21	11	6	109
16	47	USA	14957	Ryan Ruhlman	Patrick Wilson & Nick Turney	12	27	13	<del>34</del>	25	10	16	5	11	119
17	10	CAN	15246	Larry McDonald	Joy McDonald & Kevin Robinson	7	11	2	<del>000</del>	12	33	6	<del>DNF</del>	17	134
18	12	USA	15205	Bob Wardwell	Mike Healy & Billy Healy	10	12	16	19	27	13	<del>35</del>	21	20	138
19	16	USA	15257	Rob Ruhlman	Abby Ruhlman & Maegan Ruhlman	13	13	25	5	11	20	<del>DNF</del>	20	32	139
20	38	CHI	14734	Jorge Gonzalez	Claudio Gonzalez & Tomas Depolo	17	<del>37</del>	18	17	10	17	11	23	29	142
21	11	USA	15265	Steven Davis	Travis Maier & Mike Ledger	<del>34</del>	21	15	7	22	18	12	26	26	147
22	1	SUI	13790	Urs Wyler	Walter Durr & Gilbert Durr	22	<del>36</del>	22	4	31	23	31	15	14	162
23	43	USA	15241	Pierce Barden	Paul Whitesides & Doug Sherwood	18	16	43	2	30	26	<del>DNF</del>	19	22	176
24	13	ARG	11037	Roberto Ricoveri	Manuel Ladogana & Federico Mera	<del>32</del>	17	23	27	21	RDG -24	RDG -24	RDG -24	RDG -24	184
25	15	USA	15255	Richard Hallagan	Tammi Jamison & Hendrix TenEyck	31	9	<del>33</del>	28	15	29	22	24	27	185
26	44	USA	15220	Ryan Flack	Jennifer Flack & David Spira	29	19	24	24	20	24	23	28	<del>38</del>	191
27	26	USA	14888	Bob Sengstacken	Daniel Zitin & Mino Tsutsui	14	30	20	35	28	<del>DNF</del>	26	32	18	203
28	41	USA	15235	John Faus	Sarah Mergenthaler & Ian Gilliland	28	32	21	29	29	30	14	22	<del>35</del>	205
29	49	BRA	14894	Tommy Sumner	Guatavo Harada & Felipe Brito	19	26	19	23	34	<del>DNF</del>	30	<del>DNF</del>	12	209
30	22	USA	14654	Bob Bush	Sterling Bush & Dan Egan	<del>37</del>	20	29	30	36	35	17	18	25	210
31	20	CHI	14609	Andres Gomez	Cristian Winkelman & Nicolas Lewin	42	38	32	8	23	<del>DNF</del>	29	13	36	221
32	8	CHI	14795	Ignacio Perez	Edmundo Perez & Thomas Elton	35	22	28	<del>000</del>	37	19	24	25	34	224
33	17	BRA	14893	George Rider	John Jansen & Peter Comber	11	34	<del>35</del>	32	33	25	27	34	31	227
34	33	USA	14881	Paul Gelenitis	George Francis & L.D.	27	28	27	15	26	21	37	<del>DNF</del>	DNS	227
35	36	USA	14942	Richard Moyer	John Townsend & Dave Sharp	30	35	30	21	38	<del>DNF</del>	33	35	21	243
36	37	CHI	14255	Rodrigo Amunategui	Santiago Lorca & Juan Fco. Amunategui	26	25	31	25	<del>DNF</del>	27	DSQ	<del>DNF</del>	19	245
37	18	BRA	14378	Mario Backup	Telma Backup & Marc Backup	25	33	39	<del>000</del>	24	28	32	<del>DNF</del>	28	255
38	45	CHI	14632	Felipe Guerrero	Fabio Bojlesen & Jorge Salgado	38	<del>40</del>	38	37	35	22	25	30	33	258
39	5	CHI	13282	Alfred Shermann	Pablo Ramirez & German Ehrenfeld	40	43	<del>45</del>	22	40	32	34	31	39	281
40	4	FIN	14331	Sakari Pesola	Riitta Kangas & Pekka Bollstrom	41	39	34	33	<del>DNF</del>	36	28	33	37	281
41	23	ECU	24676	Carlos Lecaro	Paco Solá & Oscar Viteri	39	18	36	38	16	<del>DNF</del>	DNS	DNS	DNS	285
42	31	USA	14415	George Glenn	James Glenn & Chappy Hopkins	44	45	44	39	<del>DNF</del>	31	36	29	41	309
43	40	ECU	14160	Marcelo Leon	Maria Clara Ordoñez & Ole Emmick	36	44	42	36	42	<del>DNF</del>	39	<del>DNF</del>	30	315
44	14	USA	14811	Thomas Allen Sr.	Jane Allen & Mark Grinder	43	41	37	31	39	<del>DNF</del>	38	<del>DNF</del>	40	315
45	19	CHI	14236	Maximiliano Vera	Stanley Franz & Rodrigo Mesa	45	42	41	40	41	34	<del>DNF</del>	<del>DNF</del>	42	331





*The Bay at Con Con*



*Opening Ceremonies*



*A new kind of welcome from the Chilean Navy*



*Dancers at the Opening Ceremonies*



*Club de Yates Higerillas*

## Higuerillas Yacht Club Con Con, Chile November 15-19

*Peter Hall and Crew*

What more can you ask for? High drama, 25 knots of breeze, crazy big and steep waves, final results decided on last leg of last race, friends, sun, all this within ten minutes of the great Higuerillas Yacht Club in Con Con near Viña del Mar in Chile.

Before summarizing the racing, all the competitors are very appreciative and thankful to Pablo and his race committee for running excellent races, for good wine, food, and friendship, and most importantly, "arranging challenging and exciting sailing conditions!"

For those of you who did not make it, you missed a great event in a wonderful venue. Even the massive remote control crane and its operator were spectacular! Our accommodations were first class, within walking distance of the club and with a spectacular panoramic view of the race area. The hospitality and food of the Chilean's is "to die for." As a country, Chile is on a roll—no deficit, electing democratically a single mother, doctor President, construction development everywhere along the coast, and ten years of prosperity.

Although the final results are not the most important—great fun sailing in every wind condition is—I would like to credit all the masters and their "experienced" crew in navigating in those tough windy conditions. We raced 5 races, no discards, and the final top 6 competitors were:

- 1) Peter Hall
- 2) Jim Carson
- 3) Bill Mauk
- 4) Mario Buckup
- 5) William Hofmeister
- 6) Kip Hamblet

None of these "mature" helmsmen would have survived without a great crew keeping the boat upright most of the time! I particularly would like to congratulate three boats: 1) Bill Mauk and crew Bill Fastiggi and Suzie Coburn for tough competition until the last moment; 2) Jim Carson, Jay Lutz and Michael Schon for coming second in incredible conditions; and, 3) the enlightened Champion Tito Gonzalez, Diego Gonzalez and Cristian Herman for winning the South American Championships, World championships and teaching all of us who the KING is! I am glad I will be too old when Tito really becomes the MASTER.

We arrived Sunday afternoon, November 13, dead tired but happy to see the boats, sun, and some wind. Phil Kerrigan, Jay Deakin and I got organized quickly, went sailing in 20–25 knots of breeze and quickly recognized that Con Con had tough steep waves. Allan Terhune practiced with us Monday and Tuesday, and getting good sailing time helped us. Chartering Ched Proctor's boat gave me a high comfort level that everything would work in all conditions.

**Sailing Day 1:** In the first race, in 10–15 knots, our start was underwhelming. Everyone went hard left, and we clawed our way back to win a tight race over Jim Carson and Bill Mauk.

In the second race the wind was dying, the waves were brutal on port tack, and the jib was often folding in. Our (my) extra ballast was not helpful in slowing us down to eighth spot in the masters and 16th in the overall South Americans! My crew asked me to loose 50 pounds that night! Dick Hallagan won, with Mario Buckup and Bill Mauk in 2nd and 3rd respectively.

**Sailing Day 2:** The next race was in very light, flat conditions. Bill Mauk led most of the race. We passed him on the fourth leg (downwind), and the race was abandoned on the fifth leg. It was apparent that Bill Mauk and crew were sailing incredibly well in all conditions.

A massive breeze rolled in from the south, and we started the 3rd race in 18 knots which was to build to 25 knots with bruising waves. While we were well in front, Allan Terhune passed us, and we eventually finished 2nd in the South Americans and 1st Master. Bill Mauk posted a second (Masters) in this race and continued to lead the Masters event.

**Sailing Day 3:** Race 4 in heavy wind had everyone going left, and again we finished 3rd in South Americans and 1st in Masters, with Bill 5th in South Americans and 2nd in Masters. Bill was still leading, but we are not ready to give up!



*Suzie Coburn, Bill Fastiggi & Bill Mauk*



# INTERNATIONAL MASTERS

Race 5, the final race, SHOW DOWN—BIG WIND! We started at the committee boat, got forced to tack six times, and looked up to see Bill Mauk 100 yards ahead of us upwind, and 300 yards ahead of us downwind. This was TROUBLE, but we had an extended 8 leg course. Jay Deakin wouldn't give up. He suggests that I might consider hiking a little! Then the wind started to build to 27 knots at the weather mark, eight-foot steep waves, and boats were tipping everywhere!

This was really exciting, but Bill was way ahead of us. Every leg we pulled in the distance, and half way up the 7th leg and last windward, we finally ground him down. The last run was a nautical survival test. I forgot to pull up the centre board. Bill Mauk closed to 50 yards, and it was time to jibe!

HELP!

Both boats execute an out of control jibe, we steer through two dumped boats and five rescue dinghies, and Bill crashes. Thankfully no one is hurt and the finish line is 300 yards off. We survive to win the Masters and place 3rd in the South American championships, but Bill, Bill and Sue made this a classic dramatic finish—REALLY GREAT RACING at its best.



*Peter Hall out front*

Most importantly, my loyal crew Phil Kerrigan and Jay Deakin did a fantastic job of never giving up, sailing fast in all conditions, staying upright, and having lots of fun.

The Lightning Class deserves congratulations on celebrating yet another event with challenging and exciting conditions, good friends, and everyone a CHAMPION. We look forward to Greece in 2007.



*Urs Wyler, Walter Durr & Gilbert Durr from Switzerland*



*Mark Grinder, Jane Allen & Tom Allen, Sr*



*Richard Hallagan, Craig Thayer & Rick Ten Eyck*