

31ST SOUTH AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP

By German and Tito

The 31st South American Championship regatta was organized this year by the Peruvian yachting Association, and held January 16 to 20, 1985 on the waters of Callao Bay. Callao, a Folklore town, is half an hour from the capital, Lima, and is a nice place with long beaches and warm waters.

Sailing conditions are ideal at summer time and this year was no exception. The bay offers sheltered waters, and constant trade winds vary from 5 to 15 knots. During this event the weather, as usual, was sunny and warm with no tides or currents.

Entries included one boat from Colombia, three from Ecuador, seven from Peru, and four from Chile. Brazil and Argentina didn't show up because of the difficulty bringing their boats over the terrain by car. All foreign delegations were housed at the Peruvian Marine.

To fly to Lima usually takes 3 hours, but our trip was full of emotions. After three stops in our small local airports in Chile we landed in La Paz, Bolivia to make a connection to Lima. At the airport we saw the Police's dogs smelling our luggage including our sails to make certain that we were just sailors.



After a short visit to La Paz (3 hours) by taxi we finally got into the airplane, until the engines were fixed at that time, we were suffering the effect of puna (lack of air), finally we arrived in Lima.

Manolo and his crew went by car with double deck trailer where our boat was carried. They spent five days driving 3000 Km. with a couple of "Panne" on the roads.

On the other hand one of the other boats from Chile (Macuco), supported by Alan Vicente Bond and skippered by "Serrucho" Cubillos, weren't so lucky on the way from Santiago to Lima when at 4 o'clock in the morning "Niki" Olivares (Manuel) the driver M.N.O. took off out of the road (sleeping— crushing the car and breaking the boat.



Fortunately this crew made the Regatta arriving hours before the pre-race with the help of a truck. Next time drive slow, guys.

The six races were well organized by the Peruvians as were the social events. We appreciate the kindness and treats from our country brothers.

The closing ceremony and later the dinner with the flyn Dutchmon Barreda at "La Rosa Nautica Restaurant" (special invitation) was unforgettable for the whole Chilean team.

Well, we can't forget the runner-up of this event because he has been so many years in the Lightning class and he deserves our congratulations for his competitive performance during the series. Keep going Dr. Pepe Barreda, you are doing super!

If we are lucky to win again we promise everybody to send a dozen pictures, a couple of copies of the standings and a real explanation of how we won!

P.S.

The only inconvenience we had was to rescue Jaime (spinnaker man) from the Gibeloa boat in between races.



33RD EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP

by Christoph Luthy



European Champion Christoph Luthy sailing "Domi-nike" with family three days before the European Championship. From left — Dominique, Corinne (8 months), Christoph, Monique, and Florence. There were two other adults and two children on board with the Luthys when the picture was taken.

The 33rd European Championship was well organized by the Cercle de la Voile de Grandson on the west end of the lake of Neuchatel. The weather forecast for that whole week of the 21st to the 27th of July became exceptionally sunny, dry and extremely warm; real vacation days. The first thunderstorms and strong gusts, which are otherwise quite often during that time, came one hour after the championship was over. Maybe it was some luck to us.

We arrived at 9 o'clock in the morning of July 21st, the second measuring day in the harbour of Grandson. We were the latest coming, all were waiting (for us); almost all boats and sails were measured. Sail measurement was quickly done by Certified Measurer Urs Wyler and his crew. Our old Murphy & Nye Spy of 1975 could just be moved to the minimum marks on the floor and we were very happy to sail still with our good and light tight reacher. Then our 8 year old *Domi-Nike* was hooked up at the hoist. We had to put in a total of 12 kg lead, one piece more than two years ago. We found finally a great piece of a thick rail, which we fixed under the cross-seat.

In the tune-up race, great *Domi-Nike* seemed to be as fast as she was in 1978 and 1983. I wanted to try some more rake in the mast as usual. I have now more than 1.50 meter. It was a good feeling. I knew, I have a great boat, and a good crew with Peter Taschler and his girl friend, Eveline Sonderegger. We were very light, which should be no problem, when the wind would not exceed beaufort 5. The boat was well prepared. I had spent three vacation days before the race to work on details. Great attention was put for all to the under water surface and to the centerboard. Both had been cleaned with acetic acid, treated with new filler carefully where

necessary, smoothed and polished with silicon turtle wax. All seemed optimal, when we crossed the line direction northeast in the morning of July 22nd. We were in the top fleet at the weather mark, but we were about at the 20th place when the wind had died and the race was abandoned at noon. What luck! The fleet was towed home for lunch.

Late afternoon a Joran, a termic wind coming down from the Jura range was blowing with force 2-3. Good tacking in the slightly shifting wind conditions was very important. We finished first followed as in the tune-up race by Maenpaa from Helsinki and Wyler from Murten. The Greek boat with a young ambitious top crew was fourth and Galletti, the Italian Champion in the 470 was fifth. From the top crew we missed only George Andreadis from Greece, who regrettably could not defend his title in Switzerland.

The second day became very hot and very long. From ten in the morning to one in the afternoon we were sitting around before the starting line waiting for wind. Eveline was very happy laying in the sun on deck doing nothing. I decided to have a clear head and stayed mostly behind the sails in the shadow. We were towed in again for luck to the pleasant clubhouse. At four in the afternoon the fleet, crossed the line for race Number 2 — direction southwest. We decided to start at the very right side and to make first a short tack to starboard, because I felt that the wind would turn to the right quite early. Yes indeed, five minutes later we moved back to port direction first mark far in front of the fleet. However what we realized first was learned by others soon, and the fleet moved further in the direction of the new wind. We were caught soon, when Perret and Schar a little later were planing under spinnaker direction of the first mark, the committee decided to abandon this unfair race, which was once more much better for us.

At five o'clock we had a good start. As the day before we were pointing against Joran direction west. Behind Galletti we were second at the last mark followed by Wyler. Then we did not realize another windshift to the right and with the upfreshing wind Scharer and Schar passed us with full speed from behind and moved in first and second in front of us.

At seven in the evening the committee decided to run the third race immediately following, because the weather forecast allowed no delay to finish the whole series. This start should be a real chance to us. I was feeling still in very good condition and some other crews seemed to have received enough (sun) for the day. We rounded second again, at the last mark behind De Regis, and the fleet seemed to be under control, since we were carefully watching now for a windshift coming from the right. Near the finishing line we were astonished however to be caught up by Aromaa, who came from far behind on the other side of the race course. He crossed our bow from left and moved in first, before us, De Regis, Wyler and Despland. With a five point lead after three races in front of last year's runner-up Wyler, we were very lucky and realized our chance to win our first European's and we wanted to win this time. But, at the harbour, Wyler and we were called in astonishingly to the jury office

by Nicchiarelli, who saw us infringe against rule 41.2 on the second weather leg without doing any protesting. But we could not remember to be in any unfair situation by our best knowledge. The curious protest was rejected concisely by the jury, and we were both lucky, because none of us would ever have been profited more, when team-racing against foreign boats, which is not a Swiss manner.

The fourth race was started in a light termic wind from north and was strongest along the southern borderline of the lake. The boats, who found the best way throughout the seagrass near the shallow border rounded first at the weather-mark and didn't lose their position to the finish. Galetti won that race in front of Mantzagriotis, Wyler and Vitaggio. We ended seventh only, because we had an infringement with Aromaa on the first leg and were obliged to make a full 720° turn. That was our throw out! We realized, that our boat was not as fast as before. Back in the harbour we found then some of that damned seagrass in our centerboard trunk, even though Peter dived below the boat 10 minutes before the starting gun to clean the centerboard hole from dirt.

The fifth race was quite familiar to the fourth. Wyler had a lot of courage and sailed nearest to the right borderline rounding first always. We just caught Lambelet on the finishing line and got second, Maenpaa was fourth, Galetti sixth.

The situation before the last race was still open for the first three boats. Galetti however could only win the series with another first and only then, when we were no less than sixth and Wyler worse than fourth. To beat Wyler we should cross the line at least behind him, in that case he would be under the first five boats. Otherwise we should be in front of him, because of Galetti, he was not going to match-race us out of the race.

The sixth race was started again in light, but more

unsteady, wind from the north as the days before. We were starting in the middle of the line in free wind. Galetti was on the left side, pointing far out in the open water. Wyler did go along close to the borderline as he did before. Watching carefully to both we rounded about sixth or seventh at the first mark in front of them. On the second weather leg we observed that the wind tends to turn to the left, and Galetti passed us from the sea side. Although the boats moving down the borderline under spinnaker had good wind, we took the middle way down to the leeward mark. Galetti began his last leg by a tack to port. We were following him to the seaside, but tacked earlier below him on his leeward side. Because the wind was still turning left, we could point the finishing line in a long tack. Galetti really had a fine nose and caught the leading Maenpaa quite on the line and got his necessary first. We ended happily in the third position followed by Despland. Wyler finished seventh and lost his second place over all to Galetti with the same number of points because of the bad last race.

With the last boat crossing the line, the wind died and with it the stable weather-situation. Hours later, gusts and thunderstorms were coming from the west, — but we were sitting together enjoying ourselves in the mountain cabin, eating huge breadslices with melted cheese and drinking bottles of wines of that region. The race was over, we had fun, we had won!

This championship at Grandson was a real vacation — trip for all of us, winners and losers. The hospitality of the people of de Cerele de la Voile de Grandson was great. Thanks goes to the President of the Organization Committee, Gilbert Despland and his many helpers. We had a lot of fun. We never will forget the great parties, as the one we had at Achille Crivellis home, DuPasquiers wine cellar, and the official dinner inside the courtyard of the Castle of Grandson.

33rd EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP 1985

Cercle De La Voile, Grandson, Switzerland

Fin.	Pos.	Boat #	Country	Skipper & Crew	Race Finishes						Pts.
					1	2	3	4	5	6	
	1	13099	Switzerland	Christoph Luthy, P. Taschler, & E. Sonderegger	1	4	2	7	2	3	12
	2	13878	Italy	Carlo Galetti, D. Mazzola, & C. Allegri	5	3	7	1	6	1	16
	3	13790	Switzerland	Urs Wyler, M. Stauffer, & B. Gasser	3	5	4	3	1	7	16
	4	12914	Finland	Kari Maenpaa, E. Maenpaa, & O. Wikemann	2	15	12	9	4	2	29
	5	13455	Italy	Pasquale Vitaggio, V. Scorpocechi, & L. Vicarelli	6	13	13	4	8	5	36
	6	13840	Switzerland	Gilbert Despland, F. Eggenberger, & Ph. Winteregg	7	11	5	16	13	4	40
	7	13130	Finland	Terho Aromaa, Kimmo & Jari Aromaa	17	7	1	12	15	6	41
	8	13481	Italy	Alessandro Atina, M. Atina, & A. Rallo	10	8	8	10	5	10	41
	9	12860	Switzerland	Claude Lambelet, A. Lambelet, & J-Cl. Du Pasquier	11	9	10	11	3	15	44
	10	13161	Switzerland	Urs. Schar, Ernst & Suzanne Schar	8	2	20	18	7	12	47
	11	13801	Greece	Geo. Mantzagriotis, G. Kalligeris, & A. Gypreos	4	12	DQ	2	9	21	48
	12	13462	Italy	Fabio Nicchiarelli, S. Rusticelli, & P. Barbacci	AB	10	9	5	18	9	51
	13	12952	Switzerland	Stefan Scharer, W. Stadelmann, & K. Herzog	9	1	16	6	20	22	52
	14	13841	Italy	Francesco De Regis, F. Rossi, & M. Babbi	18	17	3	20	11	8	57
	15	13692	Switzerland	Hans-Peter Schmid, R. Hoffer, & U. Zeier	12	19	21	8	10	13	62
	16	12951	Switzerland	Jacques Perret, R. Bossart, & H. Hausamann	14	14	11	13	12	14	64
	17	12572	Italy	Nando De Amicis, A. Lovato, & C. Angeli	15	24	6	17	14	18	70
	18	13705	Switzerland	Ernst Beyer, H. Heiz, & H. Muller	22	6	15	15	21	20	77
	19	13557	Italy	Gianni Pellegrino, P. Zerilli, & G. Clemente	16	18	19	14	17	19	84
	20	13074	Switzerland	Juerg Weilenmann, H. Kunz, & A. Nosedà	13	23	22	21	23	11	90
	21	12307	Switzerland	Roland Baumgartner, Regula & Stefan Baumgartner	19	20	14	23	16	24	92
	22	13802	Greece	Costas Tsantilis, S. Papanioniou, & K. Damigos	21	16	18	24	24	17	96
	23	12258	Finland	Jussi Karkkainen, J. Nurmi, & Nurmi	DQ	22	17	19	19	23	100
	24	13561	Finland	Hartti Nisonen, T. Patusuo, & K. Porthen	20	21	23	22	22	16	101
	25	11858	Switzerland	P. Grandguillaume, A. Grandguillaume, —	26	26	26	26	26	26	130

1985 CANADIAN OPEN

by Bill Hunter

The 1985 Canadian Open was hosted by the Buffalo Canoe Club, July 26, 27, & 28, and was won by Jim Crane. Now, if you want to know how Jim Crane won this year's Open, I can't help you; but if you care for some of my observations, read on.

If you have never sailed out of Buffalo Canoe Club, you should know it's actually in Canada. So, their hosting of this year's Open under Commodore Tom Allen is not so strange. Suffice to say, as anyone who has raced there will appreciate, the committee did its usual great job. B.C.C. members all seem to be very knowledgeable regarding Lightnings. Not surprising really when you consider all the topnotch Lightning sailors they have produced.

Because my crew had other commitments, I found myself crewless. A couple of years ago, we held a retirement roast for Stu Anderson. There must have been about two hundred people who stood up and told how they sailed and learned from Stu Anderson. I must have been the only one there who had never done so. My sailing Prowess having peaked some years ago (it was more of a small hill, really), I don't find myself deluged with offers to crew; I did the smart thing and phoned Tom Allen, who finally broke down and agreed to take me on.

Now, on to the Race Course where winds were light to moderate for the five races.

Race 1 — Started at the pin end, buried. Tom said, "Let's tack." I said, "Are you Sure?" Tom said, "YES." So we tacked into another boat's cockpit. Owner of said boat looked surprised. Tom apologized, did our circles, and started about last.

Now I, and a lot of Helmsmen like me, tend to get very upset when we do this sort of thing. Not that Tom wasn't upset with what, to me, would have been a disastrous start. The difference with the good sailors is that what's done is done. Forget it! So Tom did, in what I would call a very steady, cool, workmanlike manner, and we finished fourteenth.

Race 2 — Good Start: Good first weather leg until we reached the weather mark. I expected we would round about sixth. But! Why do people approaching on port tack sail as though some miracle (like Moses parting the Red Sea) will occur and they will find room? They don't. We get Hit. They have to do Circles, and we lose some boats. Again, Steady, Cool, on with the race, and we finished seventh.

Race 3 — Good Start: Good first leg: No problems at the marks: On second weather leg, Tom senses a weather shift, says "Get the Pole on", and get ready to hoist the spinnaker: Sure enough, wind shifts. We get the spinnaker up first and jump from about sixth to first at the weather mark. Hold first place until just before the drop mark and finish second, losing out to Peter Bone.

Race 4 — Good Start, Good First Leg: First at the weather mark and we lead all the way to finish first. Isn't it great when things go right. Boy, this is easy. (Tom says I only hiked at the finish line for the photographers.) But the amazing thing is we are in first place. After all these years, I have a chance to win the Canadian Open! Who cares if I'm only crewing for an American.

Race 5 — If we finish in the top ten, I think we can do it. Good Start: Half of the fleet goes right, the other half left. We are leading in the right hand fleet. A slight problem develops. Jane Allen, my fellow crew, and I cannot find the weather mark. It seems obvious that the rest of the right hand fleet hope that we know where it is. We don't. Meanwhile, the left hand fleet knows where they are going. We finally lead the right hand fleet around the mark. (First in our division.) Jim Crane goes on to win the regatta and we finish well enough to place second overall. NOW for some important points.

- If you aren't doing too well and have never tried it, maybe it's time you did. Contact the best sailor in your fleet, district, whatever, even from another class, if necessary; Ask, beg if you have to, but try and get a crew spot for a series. Open your eyes and ears.
- Keep things in perspective. Keep cool. Sailing isn't football. If you make a mistake, you can't go out and hammer someone on the next play. Don't get down on yourself. Do what the good guys do, go to work!
- Plan for mark roundings. Don't expect miracles!
- Be sure you know your job on the boat and do only that job. But do it well!
- One difference between the really good sailors and rest of us — that ability to read the wind and the water; to feel and sense changes. There is a lot you can learn, but I feel the good ones are born with it.

GOOD SAILING & GOOD LUCK!

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