

REPORTER

THIS ISSUE:

- MESA Championship
- Western Michigan Championship
- ILYA Championship
- Eastern Championship
- NCESA Championship Regatta at Chautauqua
- Blue Chip Regatta at Pewaukee

photo: Fred Vullo





I look back at the '88 sailing season with positive thoughts. First and foremost, the national championships at Chautauqua was well attended. In terms of numbers, the regatta was not a large one, but anyone that organizes and manages a national regatta is always overly optimistic. I was impressed by the sailors who attended. . . I've been active in this organization for years and saw yacht clubs represented that I didn't know existed! Let's give credit to sailors who travel from the far corners of the earth to sail at our championship regatta. This is a positive sign that our publicity, goodwill and fantastic class is beginning to pay off.

The regatta at Chautauqua seemed to be well run, especially in the social events and in particular the lunches and dinners. However, I still think there has to be work done in the race management area. The NCESA board and its regatta committee have to communicate with the host yacht club over a longer period of time. A year is suitable.

Race management personnel depend on the guidelines set forth in the NCESA Yearbook/Rulebook. It is the responsibility of the host club to see that these guidelines are met. Chautauqua, like a few other yacht clubs, certainly can handle national-caliber regattas. But work still must be done to supply race management officers with the best possible personnel and equipment.

At the Nationals, I had an opportunity to crew on a new E. It certainly was a pleasure to sail. It feels that the new boats have an extra gear for faster speeds, and simpler deck layouts make for more enjoyable sailing.

Our class is continuing to grow, and from what I observed in New York, many E-sailors are willing to drive long distances to promote and sail at championship events.

The strength of the class is in its members — whether you're sailing at ILYA, ECESA, MESA level, or the National Championship level. Build and promote this class from within. Just because we only sail from June to September doesn't mean we can't promote and build for the next year.

Paul Wickland, Jr.



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MESA CHAMPIONSHIP 1988

July 10, 11, 12

by Augie Wisnosky and Jack Robinson

The drought stricken Midwestern United States and dominate high pressure with isobars 200± miles apart almost always hints at the wind forecast "E" Sailors fear most ... "light and variable." Yet in light of such odds (not withstanding the ILYA Invitational being held the same weekend) six "E" boats from Wawasee, Indiana, joined three from Indian Lake, Ohio; three from Lake Carlyle, Illinois, and seven IBYC boats to celebrate our 10th Anniversary.

The volleyball court at IBYC was the venue for action and dominated Chuck Medlock and the kids from Wawasee on Friday morning - - then the fun began. The race committee noticed the movement of a leaf on a 60-foot oak tree and reported to the fleet that the "winds were up," and we all went nuts!! And so began MESA '88.

Five races, of six scheduled, were sailed mostly on the low side for crew, with O and OW courses set by R.C. Roger Carlson and Tom Klaban exchanged regatta lead four times and were tied after Race No. 2. So, perhaps it was fitting that Tom Klaban, a Charter Member and dominant force in the regatta since its inception, pulled out yet another championship with a win in the last race; edging Roger Carlson, another Charter Member and top sailor. IBYC's E.C. Haas had two nice finishes in Races 4 and 5 (4th and 2nd) to seal 3rd Place. Chuck Melock from Wawasee got serious after the first race to get a 4th. IBYC's Barry Nelson's two 3rd Place finishes gave Barry a 5th overall, 1 3/4 points ahead of Mike Rian, who finished 6th.

Great Regatta!! The last keg of the "no ticket" beer blew air as Tom Klaban was receiving his Championship Trophy.

Skipper	Club	1	2	3	4	5	Total	Finish
Tom Klaban	ILYC	2	1	1	7	1	11 1/4	1
Roger Carlson	IBYC	1	2	2	2	11	17 3/4	2
E.C. Haas	IBYC	6	13	4	4	2	29	3
Chuck Medlock	WA	13	4	5	8	7	37	4
Barry Nelson	IBYC	3	7	18	9	3	40	5
R.M. Rian	WA	7	15	11	1	8	41 3/4	6
George Snook	WA	DNS	5	7	5	6	43	7
Casey Call	WA	DNS	8	9	3	4	44	8
Tom Ewing	ILYC	4	9	10	11	10	44	9
John Call	WA	16	3	12	10	5	46	10
T.H. Bier	CSA	11	6	3	DNF	17	57	11
David Crosby	CSA	10	10	6	20*	12	58	12
Jack Robinson	IBYC	5	12	15	12	18	62	13
Pete Hagar	ILYC	9	14	8	16	15	62	14
John Wisnosky	IBYC	12	17	13	13	9	64	15
Bob Robinson	IBYC	14	16	16	6	13	65	16
Pete Gass	CSA	8	11	19	18	14	70	17
Jim Singleton	IBYC	15	18	17	14	16	80	18
Mark Beesley	WA	DNS	19	14	15	19	87	19



photo: Dean Reed

Chris Hedrick and crew
as seen sailing the course
at the Chautauqua Nationals.

Further along in this issue,
W-47 demonstrates extreme
spinnaker striking problems.

1988 WMYA CHAMPIONSHIP

by JoAnne Wickland

The 59th Annual Championship Regatta was held on Muskegon Lake August 10 - 13th. Not only did E-Scows race during the four day event, but C's, MC's and Butterflies also sailed.

Dave Freye from Muskegon is the commodore of the WMYA and also sails E's with MU-1 Pete Price, did a fantastic job in entertaining the huge contingent of sailors.

Muskegon Yacht Club, as some of you know, has the capabilities to hold a large event, did a fine job with little trouble and lots of help from its staff.

With the E's being the first class to start the regatta race #1 was light and variable out of the east. Charlie Harrett, Sr., the principal race officer, set up a long W2½. Because of the variable conditions, a different boat had the lead at each mark. Persistence paid off for Denny Malone (TO8) who finished first. Paul Eggert (SL39) and Tad Welch (SL12) played the shifts perfectly downwind along the southern coalpile to finish second and third to start the regatta off in interesting fashion.

Race #2 was started the following day at noon with a more consistent pattern and velocity. A southerly wind dictated a beat to the coalpile. Boat speed began to play an important part as Malone, Eggert, Charlie Harrett, Jr. (SL111) and Larry Price (CR13) began to battle each other around the 01 course. This time it was Eggert's turn to overtake Malone and take the top spot while Harrett and Price battled for third and fourth.

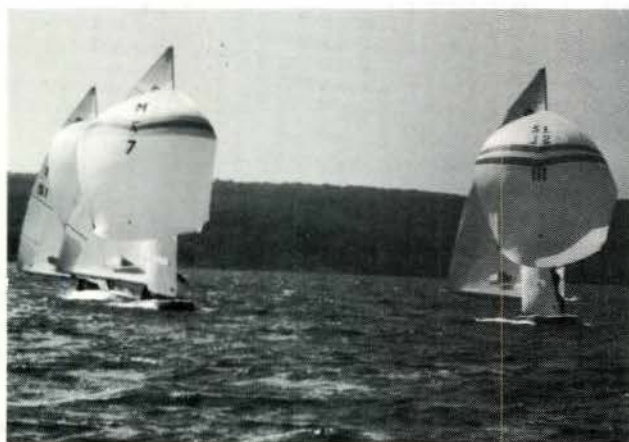
Race #3 and 4 were back-to-back, held on Friday afternoon. Winds were perfect - 10 to 15 mph from the southwest and very predictable and consistent. Few mistakes were made by the leaders. Charlie Harrett, Jr. picked up two first places in both races. Charlie, not new to the class but not sailing much this year, finally was beginning to dominate in the medium air conditions. His speed and patience were paying off. Because of Harrett's 16th finish in race #1, he probably wasn't going to be the overall winner, but he certainly could be a factor on who was going to win. Malone, with his two second place finishes in races 3 and 4, was 10 points up on Eggert going into the final Saturday afternoon race.

Now doesn't it always seem like the last race is always windy and something dramatic will happen? Well, it did! Malone was sailing well in the top 3 after the first windward leg of the last race. The wind, southwest at 20 mph had put three or four boats already to an early retirement, soon put Malone over on his side. He couldn't save the boat and turtled it. This pushed Eggert into 1st place overall, and Harrett 2nd. Larry Price sailing out of Crystal Lake was accustomed to the heavy air finished 1st that race and that gave him 4th overall.

The sailing schedule was run without any problems, thanks to Charlie Harrett, Sr. and his crew of race personnel.

The 1989 Regatta will be held at White Lake.

1. Paul Eggert — SL39	2	1	4 4	3	24.7
2. Charlie Harrett, Jr. — SL111	16	3	1 1	2	30.7
3. Denny Malone — TO8	1	2	2 2	17	32
4. Larry Price — CR13	15	4	7 10	1	58
5. Dan Garrity — TO5	5	8	8 7	4	59
6. Pete Price — MU1	8/13	7	3 6	8	63.4
7. Happy Fox — SL8	12	5	10 5	5	64
8. Tad Welch — SL12	3	13	5 8	DNF	71.7
9. Tom Monroe — MU-10	13	6	16 3	9	73.7
10. Paul Wickland — MU-22	10	10	6 13	7	75.7
11. Bill Walters — CR100	6	9	9 9	13	75.7
12. Tad Keller — TO111	4	12	14 12	10	80
13. Ron Dunwell — SL-1	11	15	12 11	6	83
14. Pat O'Brien — SL-7	14	11	11 14	11	91
15. Ed Schindler — CR110	7	14	13 15	17	96
16. Tom Spelman — SL73	17	17	17 16	12	109
17. Herb Knappe — SL18	16	16	15 17	DNF	116



Charlie Harrett, Jr. leading Bob Sevey to a bottom mark at Chautauqua.

No, that is not smog coming in on Charlie's port hand... it was caused by a lazy shutter in the editor's camera.

ILYA CHAMPIONSHIP REGATTA

August 21-22-23

by Harry and Peter and Sam

Fifty-one boats showed up at Lake Geneva for this year's E Scow Inland Championship from August 21st through the 23rd and enjoyed great winds which allowed the full schedule of six competitive races. Once again Harry Melges proved that he is the best by scoring two bullets on the last day to edge out Brian Porter for the Championship, but not until the last race. Overall Harry won three of the races while Brian captured the other two perpetual trophies. Rounding out the top five were Buddy Melges, Peter Fortenbaugh, and Tom Burton.

Sunday, August 21 — Race 1 — W3½, Wind: SE 0-10

The regatta started Sunday morning in light and shifty southeast winds at the same time the Geneva Power Boating Society held their weekly wave making session. This made for a very challenging race in which the winners were those who were able to stay in the puffs the longest and keep the boat moving through the lulls. After a general recall or two, the race got underway. The southeast wind direction always makes for a very shifty and tricky wind direction, causing many place changes. A race for first emerged between Doug Kuller and Don Nelson half way through the race. They were periodically challenged by Bob Biwer and Brian Porter. On the last lap, Porter appeared to be winning going up the last beat. The wind played some more nasty tricks, so Kuller was able to sneak ahead for the victory.

Race 2 — W2½, Direction: Easterly, 8-15

David Ferguson emerged as the leader at the first mark, and thus created a battle between himself, Brian Porter and Peter Slocum for the lead. Three-quarters of the way through the race Buddy Melges also joined in the hunt after sailing up through the fleet from about 15th. On the last beat it was between these four sailors. By then the Easterly was very evident and building. Porter and Slocum played the favored left side and emerged as favorites. Ferguson was able to carry a nice angle off the right to hold on and edge out Slocum for second.

Monday, August 22 — Race 3 — OW-1, Direction: Southerly, 5-15

On Monday the Power Boaters had to go to work, and the sailors were left with flat water and medium breezes. After a general recall, the fleet got off to a good start. The left appeared to be the favored side, so it became a drag race to the left from the line. Harry Melges was able to tack and cross ahead with Peter Fortenbaugh and Buddy Melges close behind. The reaches remained unchanged. On the second beat Harry was able to get a better shift to the left and extended to a comfortable lead. Tom Burton was sailing a consistent fourth with Doug Kuller close behind. The race remained unchanged until the last lap. Buddy got by Peter on the run, and breezed to a second, while Peter finished comfortably in third. Kuller got by Burton near the finish to capture fourth. At this point Buddy moved into the regatta lead.

Race 4 — W3½, Direction: Southerly, 5-18

The afternoon race saw a similar situation to race #3, with the left being favored. It was imperative to overstand on the left side to carry the biggest puffs into the mark. The boats who tacked on the layline faded close to the top mark and several boats screamed in from the far left. Peter Slocum at the first mark, then Peter Fortenbaugh at the second windward turn led the race, with Bob Biwer, Porter and Harry Melges rounding out the top five. Positions changed little until the final beat. Porter and Harry began a fierce tacking duel to the finish, while the two Peters played the left side, with Fortenbaugh ahead. At the finish, Porter took the gun, Fortenbaugh was second, and Harry third. All three finished within seconds of each other.

Tuesday, August 23 — Race 5 — W4½, Direction: NW-N, 5-18

The flotation panel flag was hoisted and many boats took on a fourth. Harry was able to grab a port tack resulting in an early lead. David Chute came screaming into second place on the second run to make it a tight race. Harry went into the cover mode and managed to stay ahead. Porter sailed through the fleet from deep to finish a close third, and maintain his regatta lead at 31.4 to Harry's 33.7.

Race 6 — W3½, Direction: W, 8-22

After lunch, the wind had switched to the west, thus setting up a long windward leg and a tight race. The start was port end favored, with Bob Sevey winning the start with Harry and Buddy close behind. Shortly after the start the boats on the right got a shift. The Melges' were banging the piers on the South Shore, tacking about fifteen times, waiting for the left shift to come. It did . . . near the top of the leg, pulling them from a mid 20's position to third and fifth at the first mark. Brian Mathewson and Russ Dorrow rounded in the lead. The placing at the top mark didn't seem to matter much because the run that followed was one of the wildest ever. About thirty boats were even one minute after the top mark. Again Harry and Buddy went for the South Shore, riding out a puff about 100 yards wide, jibing about twenty times back and forth through the puff. It was hugging the shoreline - apparently the only big puff on the water. By the leeward mark Harry slid into first, with Gordy Bowers, Buddy and Porter close behind. Harry put a close cover on Porter who took one bad tack and suddenly lost his close position. Buddy sailed by Bowers and from then on places didn't change much, with Porter crossing in 10th. The regatta win went to Harry for the third year in succession.

ED. NOTE: The 1989 REPORTER Spring Issue will (hopefully) feature some fine photography taken during this 1988 ILYA Regatta at Lake Geneva. Gems of this sort are a bit like quick silver. . .

11:SCOREE **ILYA CHAMPIONSHIP REGATTA — CLASS E** 28-Aug-88

OVERALL	YACHT	SKIPPER	TOTAL	RACE 1	RACE 1	RACE 2	RACE 2	RACE 3	RACE 3	RACE 4	RACE 4	RACE 5	RACE 5	RACE 6	RACE 6	
PLACE			POINTS	PLACE	POINTS	PLACE	POINTS	PLACE	POINTS	PLACE	POINTS	PLACE	POINTS	PLACE	POINTS	
=====	=====	=====	=====	=====	=====	=====	=====	=====	=====	=====	=====	=====	=====	=====	=====	
1	I 1	Melges, H. III*	33.7 *	5	10 *	12	18 *	1	0 *	3	5.7 *	1	0 *	1	0	
2	I 49	Porter, Brian	47.4 *	3	5.7 *	1	0 *	14	20 *	1	0 *	3	5.7 *	10	16	
3	I 11	Melges, Buddy*	56.7 *	6	11.7 *	4	8 *	2	3 *	8	14 *	11	17 *	2	3	
4	BH 13	Fortenbaugh, P.	69.1 *	17	23 *	6	11.7 *	3	5.7 *	2	3 *	8	14 *	6	11.7	
5	M 9	Burton, Tom	76 *	7	13 *	7	13 *	5	10 *	AUGE 1-3		12 *	9	15 *	7	13
6	M 8	Chute, David	86 *	8	14 *	16	22 *	10	16 *	17	23 *	2	3 *	4	8	
7	M 111	Kuller, Doug	87 *	1	0 *	11	17 *	4	8 *	15	21 *	7	13 *	22	28	
8	M 14	Evans, Rob	93 *	23	29 *	5	10 *	7	13 *	5	10 *	10	16 *	9	15	
9	M 11	Bowers, Steve*	101.4 *	19	25 *	14	20 *	16	22 *	11	17 *	6	11.7 *	3	5.7	
10	M 15	Slocum, Peter	106.7 *	11	17 *	3	5.7 *	21	27 *	4	8 *	16	22 *	21	27	
11	W 12	Nelson, Don	108 *	2	3 *	25	31 *	12	18 *	12	18 *	4	8 *	24	30	
12	W 1	Hannaford, Jule	122 *	32	38 *	21	27 *	9	15 *	16	22 *	5	10 *	5	10	
13	A 9	Darrow, Russ III	123.7 *	15	21 *	19	25 *	6	11.7 *	7	13 *	12	18 *	29	35	
14	M 67	Ferguson, David	124 *	12	18 *	2	3 *	18	24 *	10	24 *	20	26 *	23	29	
15	U 9	Sweitzer, Tom	133 *	21	27 *	9	15 *	22	28 *	19	25 *	15	21 *	11	17	
16	U 4	Koch, David W.*	135 *	20	26 *	20	26 *	11	17 *	21	27 *	14	20 *	13	19	
17	CH 6	Turner, Rick	155 *	9	15 *	23	29 *	26	32 *	25	31 *	18	24 *	18	24	
18	LE 5	Lenhard, Walter	157 *	16	22 *	33	39 *	8	14 *	29	35 *	19	25 *	16	22	
19	X 3	Foote, Robt. Jr.	165 *	25	31 *	10	16 *	27	33 *	23	29 *	13	19 *	31	37	
20	I 47	McGinley, Jim	173 *	18	24 *	DNS	58 *	17	23 *	13	19 *	22	28 *	15	21	
21	M 88	Sigel, David	173 *	10	16 *	8	14 *	20 + 30%	41 + 10 + 60%	47 *	23	29 *	20	26		
22	W 6	Bartholdi, Chas.	182 *	29	35 *	17	23 *	28	34 *	35	41 *	25	31 *	12	18	
23	UM 11	Nelson, Brant	182 *	34	40 *	29	35 *	19	25 *	9	15 *	17	23 *	38	44	
24	A 11	Emory, Will	194.8 *	43	49 *	13	19 *	23	29 *	20	26 *	AUGE 1-4		30.8 *	35	41
25	X 10	Gallun, Rich	198 *	27	33 *	28	34 *	13	19 *	14	20 *	DNS	58 *	28	34	
26	W 136	Mathewson, Brian	200 *	28	34 + 18 + 60%	55 *	29	35 *	24	30 *	26	32 *	8	14		
27	CH 5	Turner, Marc	203 *	33	39 *	35	41 *	31	37 *	27	33 *	24	30 *	17	23	
28	M 7	Sevey, Bob	208 *	22	28 *	DNS	58 *	24	30 *	28	34 *	21	27 *	25	31	
29	U 3	Biwer, Bob Jr.	214.7 *	4	8 *	DNS	58 *	15	21 *	6	11.7 *	DNS	58 *	DNS	58	
30	I 10	Colman, Charles	215 *	35	41 *	24	30 *	37	43 *	26	32 *	27	33 *	30	36	
31	A 6	Trester, Robt.E	222 *	42	48 *	26	32 *	25	31 *	31	37 *	29	35 *	33	39	
32	W 30	Johnson, Skip*	234 *	30	36 *	30	36 *	45	51 *	37	43 *	30	36 *	26	32	
33	A 4	Curtes, Mike	235 *	38	44 *	22	28 *	33	39 *	39	45 *	28	34 *	39	45	
34	M 18	Swift, Michael	241 *	44	50 *	32	38 *	36	42 *	43	49 *	31	37 *	19	25	
35	M 2	Adams, Brett	249 *	45	51 *	39	45 *	40	46 *	40	46 *	35	41 *	14	20	
36	U 25	Burns, Bill	253 *	41	47 *	27	33 *	44	50 *	32	38 *	37	43 *	36	42	
37	HO 31	Rochelle, H.P.	253 *	26	32 *	37	43 *	32	38 *	36	42 *	34	40 *	DNF	58	
38	J 2	Cummins, R.	255 *	36	42 *	31	37 *	43	49 *	33	39 *	36	42 *	40	46	
39	UM 16	Abramson, Dave	257 *	24	30 *	15	21 *	34	40 *	44	50 *	DNS	58 *	DNS	58	
40	I 44	Perrigo, Jeff	263 *	13	19 *	DNS	58 *	35	41 *	38	44 *	DSQ	58 *	37	43	
41	H 9	Krone, Marsh	266 *	14	20 *	40	46 *	42	48 *	30	36 *	DNS	58 *	DNS	58	
42	I 9	Ferguson, Howard	280 *	31	37 *	DNS	58 *	30	36 *	DNF	58 *	DNS	58 *	27	33	
43	J 12	Schloesser, Jack	280 *	40	46 *	38	44 *	41	47 *	41	47 *	DNS	58 *	32	38	
44	D 66	Mattison, Phil	288 *	49	55 *	36	42 *	47	53 *	34	40 *	DNS	58 *	34	40	
45	W 11	Kenyon, David	291 *	37	43 *	DNS	58 *	38	44 *	DNF	58 *	32	38 *	44	50	
46	J 8	Basilieri, J.L.	297 *	39	45 *	34	40 *	39	45 *	45	51 *	DNS	58 *	DNF	58	
47	IB 27	Haas, E.C. Jr.	306 *	46	52 *	DNF	58 *	50	56 *	42	48 *	38	44 *	42	48	
48	M 105	Crawford, Peter*	310 *	47	53 *	41	47 *	48	54 *	46	52 *	40	46 *	DNS	58	
49	J 26	Hansen, Bradford	319 *	50	56 *	42	48 *	49	55 *	47	53 *	DNS	58 *	43	49	
50	I 88	Lyons, Steve	323 *	48	54 *	DNF	58 *	46	52 *	48	54 *	DSQ	58 *	41	47	
51	WA 49	Beesley, Michael	347 *	51	57 *	DNF	58 *	DNS	58 *	DNS	58 *	DNF	58 *	DNS	58	

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EASTERNS A.K.A. ECESA REGATTA

AUGUST 4-5-6, 1988

by Jay Darling

Was it his new haircut? Was it the new boat? Perhaps it was his new yacht club. Maybe the crew. The boat name. In any event, Erik Johnson, now of Toms River (formerly of Lake Chataqua) triumphed over 42 other boats at the 1988 Easterns held at Keuka Lake on August 4th to August 6th. A bit of an historical perspective is in order at this point. In 1974, the same Erik Johnson, then a brash 19 year old, travelled from Chautauqua to Barnegat Bay and nailed *five* bullets in six races, only to lose the Easterns by the barest of margins by a foul. In 1980, he missed the crown in Chautauqua again by a foul. Then, the last time around at Keuka in 1983, he put together finishes that would have won any other Easterns in recent memory, but for the unfortunate circumstance (for Johnson) that Bill Allen chose that year to make a one-time-only Easterns appearance. He just missed at Chautauqua in 1985. To say Johnson was "snake bit" in this particular regatta over the past decade or so was perhaps an understatement. Thus, the victory is to be savored all the more fully.

The victory was unequivocal and convincing. Keep in mind that all six races in the regatta were sailed in the exact same southerly (varying only in velocity), and the obvious (from the first leg on) path to weather was, without exception, to go right.



"Was it his new haircut?" photo: Fred Vullo

Accordingly, at every start (with the one exception of the fifth race,) all the smart money (and the top finishers in the regatta) steamed to the western shore. This was not a "bang the corner" course, however. Given the narrow axis of the lake, what one did to succeed was not hitting a corner, but play or "manipulate" the right shore. In and out, back and forth, hit the lifts and duck the headers was the way to go. It was a game within a game, as, contrary to the usual practice, the person hitting the layline last from the shore would invariably be worse off than one who had abandoned the shore just seconds earlier. In other words, leave the right too early, and you die. Leave too late, and you muddle. In any event, when the three days were done, none played the game better than Johnson.

This was hard to see coming after Day One. Figuring all of this out early was Michael Fortenbaugh (last year's winner), the victor in Race One, followed by veteran Toms River sailors Dan Crabbe and Cliff Campbell. Conspicuously absent at this early juncture was Johnson in 12th. Day Two, however, was his alone. Three races. Three bullets. Not since 1974 (see above) had a streak like this been seen. Erik the home run king.

The significance of the three bullets must be focused on a moment to be fully appreciated. In the first race on Day Two (the second race overall), five-time Easterns winner Dick Wight led at the first weather mark. Wight often waves good-bye at this point, but Johnson blew by off wind and, once in front, he simply could not be caught. In race two, Johnson was trailed by four former Eastern champions (Bill Campbell, Dick Wight, Cliff Campbell, Mike Fortenbaugh) and former national champion Scott Callahan. In the third race, finishing second and third were speedsters Peter Fortenbaugh (destined to be winner of this year's Blue Chip) and Bob Broege. In the last race of the day, the 1987 champion Had Brick, together with Dave Magno, joined Peter Fortenbaugh and Callahan in doomed runs at the fellow holding all of the aces. The point to be made here, if it is not already self-evident, is that all of the "big dogs" were ever nibbling at Johnson's heels. One mistake of any significance would have moved him back in the pack, and in a hurry. It was quite an exhibition.

That evening's parties were noteworthy in two particulars, the first being the luring of the ungainly and top-heavy "Keuka Queen" steamship close to the Club, where it was then well ambushed by several funnelators. The second was the most impressive dancing performance by an unidentified (at least to me) young lady, who was joined for one exquisitely madcap performance by Bill-Bob Nutz.

Going into the last day, Johnson was slightly ahead of both Peter and Michael Fortenbaugh, who, in turn, were marginally ahead of Dick Wight and Scott Callahan. The regatta was still up in the air. The obvious game plan for Johnson was to sail well, but conservatively, and always within reach of the Fortenbaugh brothers. Wight and Callahan really needed a pair of aces, coupled with one or more aberrational finishes by the others, to make a real run. Callahan then satisfied his part of the equation (and thereby came in second in the home-run derby), by winning both races. In fourth and second in the two races, however, was Johnson, sailing conservatively but *quickly*, with nearly flawless tactics and that was enough to win.



"the unofficial and unrecognized winner of the 'Best All Around' cup except for Johnson"

Although Johnson had the regatta well in hand on that last day, his crew insisted in giving him one good scare at the very last leeward mark, where Joe Federico went fishing for lake trout with the chute. Making this specific lapse dramatic was the circumstance that Peter Fortenbaugh was immediately astern of Johnson at the time, and, had the crisis not been solved quickly, the ending of the story may have well been different. Mention of this rinsing is in order, for it to be proven that Federico is not without some minor flaws, as one must give credit where credit is due by noting that the only individual who has won the last two Easterns is Joe Federico, most recently with Johnson, and last year with Mike Fortenbaugh. Thus, the overall game plan for any successful Eastern's campaign must now necessarily include the services of Federico as crew. Indeed, he was heard to comment, as Johnson crossed the finish line at the end of the last race, "This will be very good for me." Whether it will be good for Federico or not, it certainly was good for Johnson, who sailed fast and smart to beat a most capable fleet. Also deserving credit was Richard Getman, the third of a three man boat.

One interesting circumstance was the adoption this year of the low point scoring system instead of the Olympic System, which had been the standard for years. The purpose of the change was to ensure closer scoring, thereby enabling more boats to make a run for the roses. This change was universally applauded and in fact produced the desired result.

By decree of this author, the Hard-Luck Award was not presented this year, although Dan Crabbe qualified for it. Much to everyone's delight, however, the Clubhouse Award was pulled from the closet and dusted off (having last been won by Mike Heinrich in '86 at Hopatong), and this went by unanimous acclaim to Peter Fortenbaugh who, by coupling this off-the-water trophy with his on-the-water second, would make him the unofficial and unrecognized winner of the "Best All Around" cup except for Johnson.



"the 'Big Dogs' were nibbling at Johnson's heels."



"This will be very good for me."

ED. NOTE: These photos by Fred Vullo were all swiped from his work at the Chautauqua Nationals.

EASTERN CLASS E SLOOP ASSOCIATION

KEUKA LAKE — AUGUST 4-5-6

Yacht-	Skipper's Name	1	2	3	4	5	6	Points	Position
T-18	Erik Johnson	12	1	1	1	4	3	21.25	1
BH-13	Peter Fortenbaugh	5	8	2	2	5	4	26.00	2
BH-37	Scott Callahan	17	6	4	4	1	1	32.50	3
MR-10	Dick Wight	11	3	8	6	2	6	36.00	4
T-17	Cliff Campbell	3	4	6	11	12	5	41.00	5
IH-27	Had Brick	7	10	9	3	7	9	45.00	6
BH-17	Mike Fortenbaugh	1	5	5	9	6	19**	69.75	7
LA-99	Dave Magno	24	20	14	5	3	8	74.00	8
CH-6	Rick Turner	4	14	16	20	9*	2	78.00	9
T-5	Bill Campbell	25*	2	10	10	8	11	79.00	10
T-67	Stu Wells	9	12	11	12	24	23	91.00	11
BH-12	Bill Fortenbaugh	18	7	22	8	16	21	92.00	12
LE-5	Walter Lenhard	16	24	7	18	10	17	92.00	13
BH-4	Bob Broege	15	16	3	23	13*	14	97.00	14
HO-31	Peter Rochelle	6	23	18	14	30	7	98.00	15
BH-11	John Harkrader	33	9	12	17	18	10	99.00	16
BH-10	Doug Love	10	11	23	13	15	18	103.00	17
MC-55	Mark Beaton	21	13	24*	7	11	31	120.00	18
KU-37	Curt Wright	23	15	26	25	17	16	122.00	19
KU-18	Art Wilder	29	18	21	16	19	22	125.00	20
CH-5	Dick Turner	8*	21	15	21	23	25	126.00	21
CH-15	Dave DeLancey	22	33	17	29	14	13	128.00	22
MA-3	Bob Armstrong	20	30	19	19	20	24	132.00	23
BH-2	Sam Merrick	19	22	13	15	27	15**	137.00	24
KU-1	George Welch	28	17	27	28	25	27	152.00	25
LA-150	John J. Applegate	38	19	32	22	31	12	154.00	26
HO-42	Dean Lennox	27	25	29	32	22	20	155.00	27
T-8	Dan Crabbe	2	38	DNF★	33	35	30	158.00	28
KU-3	Chris Hawk	30	34	33	26	21	33	177.00	29
KU-5	Irv Spear	13	29	30*	DNF	26	26	180.00	30
HO-37	George Drawbaugh	31	28	28	24	29*	28	181.00	31
HO-13	Craig Bradley	14	31	37	31	34	37	184.00	32
KU-15	Russ Cook	26	26	31	DNF	38	29	193.00	33
HO-40	Charles Johnson	35	27	35	34	32	35	198.00	34
HO-23	Alan Ruiter	32	DNF	20	DNF	28	34	200.00	35
HO-32	Tom Wiss III	DSQ	36	25	30	33	32	200.00	36
BH-19	Winfield Dougherty	36	35	39	27	36	38	211.00	37
KU-7	Phil McHenry	37	32	38	DNF	39	39	228.00	38
KU-16	Joe Spitz	42	39	41	35	37	36	230.00	39
HO-29	Richard Hoff	41	40	36	36	40	40	233.00	40
LE-6	Cliff Coombs	40	37	34	DNF	41	DNF	238.00	41
KU-8	Jim Hallahan	39	41	40	DNF	42	DNF	248.00	42
GL-65	Claud Fenema	43	DNF	DNF	DNF	43	DNF	258.00	43

* — 30% Penalty

** — 60% Penalty

★ — 20 Points Awarded for Breakdown



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- Dedication:** At Melges, we're very dedicated to the E Class, helping it to be one of the best classes in the world.
- Consistency:** We take pride in our quality control. We guarantee your sail to be exactly the same as the National Champions.
- Service:** Our company was built on service. We attempt to have a highly qualified person at every regatta, to assist our customers and answer their questions.
- Performance:** Melges sails and boats continue to dominate the E Scow circuit, and 1989 will prove to be even better.

1988 REGATTA RESULTS

Nationals 1st
Inland 1st
Easterns 1st
Blue Chip 8 out of top ten boats

Western Michigan 1st
MESA 1st
Wawasee Open 1st
Keuka-Chautauqua 1st
Down Bay 1st

1988 NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP

September 8, 9, 10

Chautauqua Lake

by Sam Merrick



For the third year in a row, Harry Melges won the National Regatta, but instead of the runaways of '86 and '87, the 1988 version was a win by a whisker -- a margin of 1.25 points. That count was the product of the final race emerging from a tie score after five. It took every resource of the Melges' downwind boat handling skill and covering tactics to master the brilliance of Peter Fortenbaugh's upwind performance.

Fortenbaugh (no backstays, tight rig, mast forward no matter what) was the event's sensation going to windward. He led at the first mark in three of the six contests -- two by substantial margins, and second in another. His superior speed from indifferent starts earned him a tie with Melges at 11.75, with one to go. He had a lead of 200 yards over the pack at the end of the first beat, but that was his high. By the leeward turn Harry (and others) had caught him. From then onward, Harry applied a covering operation with ruthless and skillful determination for the remaining five legs of the course. And so he won again.

Sailing conditions for this regatta were great -- best on the final day. Chautauqua Lake is a long body of water with a southeast-northwest racing area and a two mile fetch at its widest. Hills dominate the southwest shoreline and thereby provide some dicey wind patterns. The breezes never arrived in time for the scheduled 10 A.M. start, but no race was endangered by the time limit and no race had to be held over for another day. Back-to-back contests after a noon start was a sparkling final day with its 20 knot blasters.

Rick Turner, the regatta chairman, and his cohorts had done a great job for the shoreside events. The food in quantity and quality will remain memorable -- the three lane buffet sandwich lines allowed quick service between races. Ditto for the evening repasts. Quality in handling protests was assured with Runnie Colie as chairman in that department; the writer as chief on the water did his best to substitute for Mike Meyer with the assistance of Louise McGowan, Mary Hill, Ted and Maud Brennan, Ozzie and Norm Johnson in "mark set" and the gang on the principal boat committee.

Several observations:

1. There appears to be no settled way to assure speed upwind in tuning the rig. Of the top group, Melges relies on the 4:1 backstay to control backstay sag as the wind increases (see his article in the **Summer 1988 Reporter**). But compare the Fortenbaugh brothers and Scott Callahan (2, 4 and 6) with their tight shrouds and no backstays. Peter Fortenbaugh especially was every bit competitive with the Melges approach in the heavier winds of the last day. So how to go?
2. Some of the top group relied on runners for the runs except in the regatta's lighter moments; others used reachers entirely, even in the heavier air of Races 5 and 6. How about Melges with his entire crew on the rail in 20 knots courting disaster on a wild plane -- reacher or runner in those conditions?
3. Five of the six contests were of the windward-leeward variety. It is fair to say that this is the preference of most of the top performers. The one triangle course (WT) went sour in Race 4 because the wind got whimsical instead of the increase planned in the forecast. Follow-the-leader aspects of reaching legs may be relaxing, but the downwind challenge not only demand reaching techniques, but much more besides. Membership views on this point need to be communicated to Board members.
4. The increasing competence of the sailors from Barnegat Bay was demonstrated by eight boats among the top ten finishers. Only Melges and the Porters upheld the midwesterners' past dominance. Dick Wight winning two and in a strong second in Race 4 until a massive hole overtook him just short of the windward mark might just as easily won as Melges or Fortenbaugh.
5. There was a remarkable consistency among the top seven who picked up all but sixteen of the single digit finishes. Reynolds, Bill Campbell, Lenhard and Rick Turner each had two; Cliff Campbell, Harrett Sigel, Beaton, Magno, Broege, Hill and Dick Turner each had one. The entry list of 46 was normal sized for an eastern regatta in the far west of New York State, but the balance was different. The eastern fleets produced all but eighteen, Mid-states nine (seven from Wawasee and two from western Michigan). The Inland area, the center of scow country with the largest number of votes on the Board of Directors, fielded eight. But the big fleets on Pewaukee, Mendota and elsewhere in Wisconsin were represented by two from Lake Geneva -- what gives?



"Crews on First Five"

1. Hans Melges, Judd Hirschberg, Jason Hirschberg
2. Christian Donohue, Bonnie Adams, Henry Colie
3. Jay Darling, Betsy Lucas, Bill Wight
4. Whitney Dow, Jonathan Burke, Katie Everitt
5. John Porter, Tom Freytag

Race by Race Analysis

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, FIRST RACE: start 11:34, Course W3½, Wind 6-10 at 240, changed to 215. On the first beat, the wind settled in 25 from the start. Lack of room required resetting leeward mark in time for second run. Early leaders were Brian Porter, Erik Johnson, Melges, Mike Fortenbaugh. Melges took the lead on the last beat despite Porter covering. Wight and Callahan went right on the first beat and were deep but made big gains by early jibes on the runs. Callahan, P. Fortenbaugh and Wight in photo finish for 5, 6, and 7th places

SECOND RACE: start 3:51, Course W3½, Wind 6-10 at 180. Potential leeward end jam required line reset. P. Fortenbaugh led at every mark - by 200 yards at first turn, but losing much distance on runs, a regatta pattern. Johnson a threat on second beat. Melges from fourth became second on the third beat and concentrated on Porter on the last beat. Fortenbaugh home free.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, THIRD RACE: start 12:03, Course 3¼, Wind 8-15 at 220. Two general recalls, four individual on third try; right side favored, Porter, Wight, Callahan, Johnson and Melges at first mark. Porter and Wight had hot contest with Wight taking lead on third beat. Porter lost P. Fort on same beat but regained second on run. Top four well spaced over rest of fleet. Best race for Dick Turner and George Hill in 6 and 8.



Here come the brothers Fortenbaugh with father not far behind.

FOURTH RACE: start 4:02, Course WT, Wind 3-12, 255-225. Two general recalls, four individuals on third try including Melges and Callahan. Wind developed major light spots. P. Fort led at first mark with Wight close, but doomed to get stuck while 12 boats go by. P. Fort led brother Mike until reaches. Final beat brought Buzz Reynolds into second on private air. Charlie Harrett, Mark Beaton, Dave Sigel, and the Campbells all had first ten finishes. Melges squeezed an eleventh in hazardous safe leeward position tack in front of Wight, with Porter in thirteenth, all three throw out finishes.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, FIFTH RACE: start 12:05, Course W3½, Wind 10-15, 280. Wight's race from perfect start at pin and long tack to left side. Wight's start rolled over P. Fort, but same long starboard tack to south shore brought him to second at first mark - the lifts off the shore paid big dividends. Stronger air out in lake paid off on runs. On first run Melges and brother Mike had almost caught Peter, but it was not till the second run that they picked up a big puff just after passing the offset that they got by. After that Melges applied vigorous covering tactics on Peter, while Mike made an easy second. The score after five with worst race out was Melges and P. Fort tied at 12.5, Porter 12, Johnson 13, Wight 13.5, Mike Fort 14.75. Close!! The final race was back-to-back.

SIXTH RACE: start 1:56, Course W2½, Wind 12-20, 290. Again left side toward shore was best on beats, Johnson (Chataqua native) and Wight went right and lost chance to win. P. Fort led at first mark, but had dropped to 7th at end of first run. Callahan briefly in first until jibing away from wind. Mike Fort led Melges and Porter into leeward mark, but the margins were minimal. Melges passed Mike with better speed. Porter gambled by going right and lost badly. P. Fort turned on his upwind speed and recovered to third behind Melges and Callahan. On the third and last beat, P. Fort tacked to starboard at the mark with Melges to windward and Callahan on his hip. Melges forced Callahan to tack and was then free to concentrate on covering P. Fort. Reynolds, Lenhard and Sigel made good finishes in 6, 7, and 8 positions.

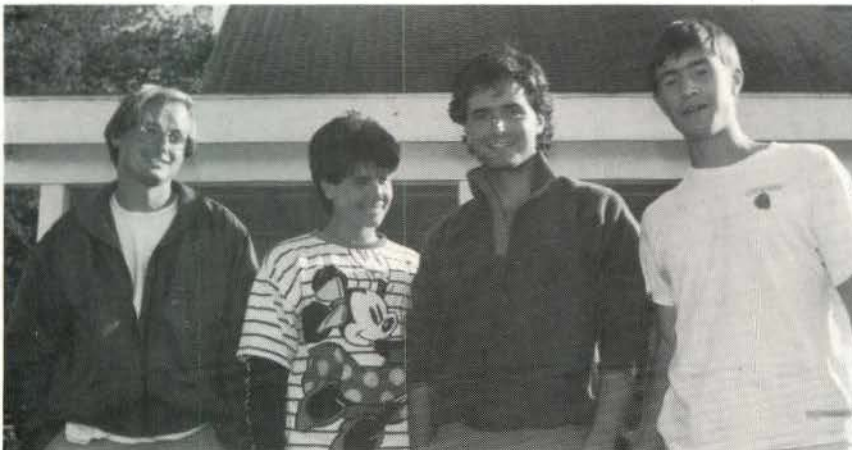
Reporter photos



Sometimes it was good to get back to square one.



Harry and Hans - third time around



2nd place Peter with Bonnie, Chris and Henry



Bonnie Adams receiving the coveted gal's trophy from chairman, Rick Turner and Vice Commodore, George Hill



Mike Fortenbaugh g



A well-earned 3rd



photos: Fred Vullo



an interesting trophy

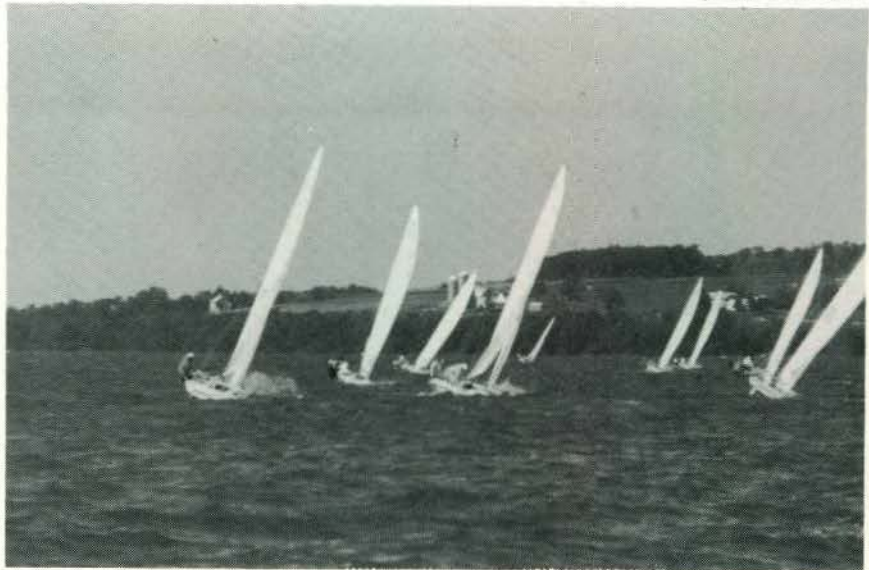


for Dick Wight



photo: Dean Reed

photo: Dean Reed



That gorgeous farmland!

photo: Fred Vullo



Who said Geneva had a corner on power boat wakes?



BC-7 and crew from the far mid-west won the admiration of RC Boat #4 by their unflagging perseverance and good humor despite the NCESA's equivalent of the ILYA's black flag.

1988 REGATTA RESULTS

1. Harry Melges, III — J-1	1	3	5	11	3	1	12.50
2. Peter Fortenbaugh — BH-13	6	1	4	3	4	2	13.75
3. Richard Wight — MR-10	7	5	1	12	1	5	18.5
4. Mike Fortenbaugh — BH-17	4	8	16	1	2	4	18.75
5. Brian Porter — I-49	2	2	2	13	6	9	21
6. Scott Callahan — BH37	5	6	7	23	5	3	26
7. Erik Johnson — T-18	3	4	3	10	8	11	28
8. Cliff Campbell — T-17	10	11	11	6	11	16	49
9. Bill Campbell — T-5	14	16	9	7	10	12	52
10. Buzz Reynolds — TH-T	16	14	15	2	16	6	53
11. Walter Lenhard — LE-5	12	7	10	24	17	7	53
12. Chas. Harrett — SL-111	13	18	12	4	14	13	56
13. David Sigel — M88	17	31*	21	8	13	8	67
14. Bob Sevey — M7	8	20	18	19	12	15	72
15. Mark Beaton — MC55	22	15	19	5	37*	18	79
16. Dave Magno — LA-99	15	10	DNS	25	7	24	81
17. Bob Broege — BH-4	23	9	26	16	24	10	82
18. Rick Turner — CH-6	23*	23	23	9	9	22	86
19. Bill Fortenbaugh — BH-12	26	12	20	32	19	14	91
20. Dick Turner — CH-5	25*	27	6	34	15	19	92
21. George Hill — W-15	21	13	8	31	20	23	93
22. Peter Rochelle — HO-31	24	31	14	17	21	28	104
23. Woody Jewett — M-77	27	22	29	14	18	25	106
24. George Welch — KV-1	19	33	13	27	27	21	107
25. Doug Love — BH-10	31	21	17	28	25	17	108
26. Curt Wright — KU-37	18	30	27	29	26	DNS	130
27. Bill Walter — CR-100	28	47**	39	15	32	20	134
28. Russ Cook — KU-15	37	29	28	18	33	29	137
29. Dan Crabbe — T-8	35	45	35	20	22	27	139
30. David Delancey — CH-18	25	19	47*	33	28	37	142
31. Robert Donat — LE-8	20	25	36	35	30	38	146
32. Cliff Lewis — MA-18	32	35	22	22	38	36	149
33. Irv Spear — KU-5	30	26	31	21	DNF	DNS	155
34. Bill Warner — T-1	29	32	25	39	34	38	158
35. Rod Russell — WA-14	34	39	47**	26	29	30	158
36. Chuck Medlock — WA-2	43	34	34	30	37	31	166
37. Casey Call — WA-99	47*	37	24	42	39	26	168
38. Georg Snoor — WA-20	38	28	37	36	31	38	170
39. Chris Hedrick — WA-47	41	36	38	38	35	33	180
40. Tom Ewing — ID-4	39	38	40	37	36	38	188
41. Mark Kiefer — BC-41	42	40	41	44	42	35	200
42. Warren Wilson — BC-7	44	41	43	45	41	34	203
43. Jackson Smith — CH-30	45	44	42	43	43	32	204
44. John Call — WA-7	30	DNF	32	41	DNF	38	206
45. Terry Moorman — WA-3	40	42	DNS	DNS	40	37	206
46. Craig Seger — CH-11	46	43	44	40	DNF	38	210

ED. NOTE: It's always fun to watch someone else suffer the runaway spinnaker agony. WA-47, you are not alone!

Reporter photos



"Hmm - guess we didn't quite get it in!"



"Hmm - too bad it didn't look like this on most of the run."

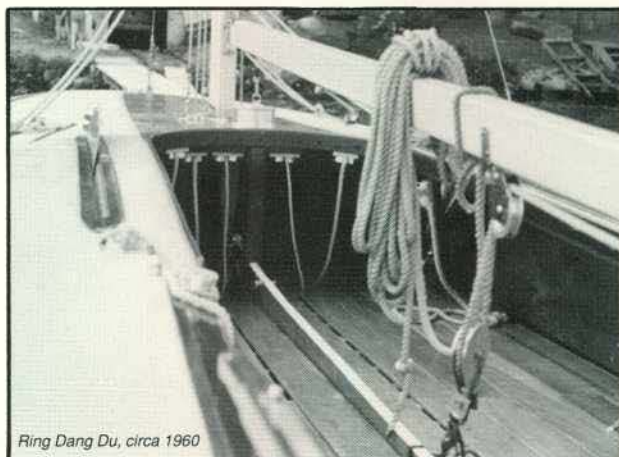


"Oh, oh — — — oops!"

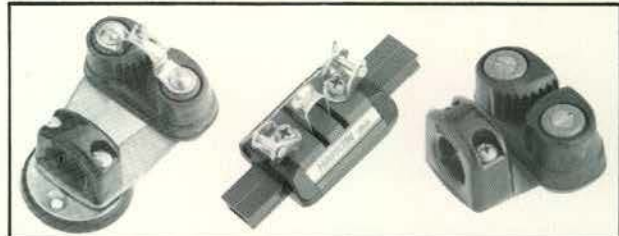


Not quite ... but almost ...

RING DANG DU STARTS A REVOLUTION.



Ring Dang Du, circa 1960



The very first blocks made by Peter Harken back in 1960 were for his E scow, *Ring Dang Du*. "I had learned from sailing scows and iceboats that sheeting in was not as important as being able to sheet out real fast — bang!" said Peter. "I thought blocks with light, low inertia plastic ball bearings that didn't require lubrication would work a lot better than the metal balls and races that were commercially available."

Peter was right and *Ring Dang Du*, with its revolutionary rolled in cockpit and homemade ball bearing hardware, managed to win its share of races — in spite of the skipper.

Today, although materials have become more exotic, the sound engineering principals behind the original design of Harken blocks haven't changed. Scow sailing hasn't changed either. It's still competitive racing at its best and scow sailors, from X boat to A boat skippers, continue to rely on Harken blocks to help them win.

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1988 BLUE CHIP REGATTA

September 23, 24, 25 - Pewaukee Lake, Wisconsin

The 1988 Blue Chip Regatta was unusual in several respects. Most importantly, by winning, Peter Fortenbaugh of Bay Head Y.C. became only the second Blue Chip winner from the East, Willie DeCamp having won in 1980. As a result of the Fortenbaugh win, another unusual fact was that Harry Melges did not win for the first time since 1985. Finally, the participants in the Regatta enjoyed three days of sunny, warm weather.

All day Friday and Sunday morning provided fine sailing with beautiful weather and moderate breezes. Unfortunately, the high pressure system remained stationary with a flat calm on Saturday, and at no time was there sufficient wind to start a race. The racing for the day was abandoned at 3:00 P.M.

The result was a three-race Regatta, a close contest among the top three boats. Under the Olympic scoring system Peter Fortenbaugh, Harry Melges, and Brian Porter were essentially tied going into the last race — 5.7, 5.7, 6 — in that order.

But to return to the beginning, the first race on Friday morning was set for a 295 degree wind, blowing at 10 - 12 miles per hour. The course was Windward-Leeward $3\frac{1}{2}$, and at that angle, the windward mark was established near the North Shore. The winner of the race was established early. Melges headed directly for the South Shore after the start, caught good wind and a good shift, and remained well ahead for the remainder of the race.

The race for second was close, initially among Fortenbaugh, Porter and Dick Wight. On the third time going into the weather mark, the North Shore provided Fortenbaugh and Porter with an advantage; giving them a substantial lead over the next group. Porter eventually prevailed, finishing second to Fortenbaugh's third. There was a close battle for the next three positions, with Wight finishing just ahead of David Chapin (the Mystery Guest) who had passed David Chute at the finish line. Chute sailed a particularly good race, as he had been a premature starter and had to return for a second effort and a long chase to catch up.

The afternoon race on Friday had the best wind of the Regatta. The Committee set an OW course for 275 degrees. The wind was at its best on the first leg with puffs of 15 - 18 miles per hour. Fortenbaugh looked as though he might gain the early lead; however, he ended on the right side and lost to boats coming in from the left, led by Wight and Porter.

On the second reach (third leg of the course), the order became quite tight. Wight gained on Porter, but had a spinnaker problem at the bottom mark and lost perhaps six boats.

For the balance of the race, the first six remained close. Eventually, Melges, Fortenbaugh and Porter got out ahead. Fortenbaugh, on the last two legs, chose to go for the risky North Shore. The first time, he gained substantially, rounding just ahead in first place. He then lost both Porter and Melges downwind. However, on the last time up, he again went to the North Shore and was just able to pass them again at the finish.

In the second group, the advantage of being to the right had become clear, as the boats reversed order up the last leg, with Chute taking fourth, Bob Sevey taking fifth, and Wight in sixth.

Thus, at the end of two races, Fortenbaugh, Melges and Porter were in a virtual tie, with finishes of 3-1, 1-3, and 2-2, respectively. Wight and Chute were tied with 4-6 and 6-4, the only other boats in top contention.

After the lost day of Saturday, the 18 crews mustered early on Sunday morning. The breeze being relatively light, the Committee set a windward - leeward $3\frac{1}{2}$ course, sighting 270 degrees. The wind was 8 - 12 during the race, out of the West, so a long course with less effect from the shores was allowed - Pewaukee's Best!

The first leg established the order that held to the finish, although the competition continued close. The fleet almost evenly chose either the North or the South Shore. The North Shore proved unproductive, particularly for Melges. Fortenbaugh, Peter Slocum and Wight came from the South Shore and toward the middle and gained an advantage with Slocum rounding a close first.



"——but Peter did sneak by!"

photo: Fred Vullo

Slocum had trouble negotiating the short leg to the offset mark, and was passed by both Fortenbaugh and Wight. Fortenbaugh gained a great puff early on the next leg and pulled ahead, and Wight was able to use it to gain on the rest of the fleet.

Because of the stability of the westerly breeze, there was less chance for sudden comebacks, so it became a parade for the first two boats. Fortenbaugh followed by Wight just sailed the last five

legs in unhampered order with the championship locked up.

Melges and Porter, quite far back at the first mark, made little progress during the first half of the race. On the last two legs, they were able to gain and finally finished a close third and fourth.

The participating club members from Pewaukee Yacht Club did their usual fine job. Particular thanks goes to the Chief Race Officer, Charlie Mayer, and the Regatta Chairman, Tom Hyslop.

THE E BLUE CHIP

as viewed in the Pewaukee Lake YC newsletter, “Letters and Headers”

The Premier Scow Event of the year - the PYC sponsored E Scow Blue Chip was held in beautiful, sunny weather but a mixed bag of winds. The sailing competition was fierce, as always, and the social part was true to our standards.

Twenty boats took part. Harry Melges III's strangle hold (3 straight years) was finally broken by Peter Fortenbaugh of Little Egg Harbor, N.J. In fact, he is only the fourth non-ILYA sailor to win since the event started in 1966. (Dennis Connor was the champion, 1977.) Melges had to settle for 2nd place. Brian Porter was 3rd, Dick Wight of Mantoloking, N.J., 4th, and David Chute of Minnetonka, 5th. PYC Sailors David Koch and Tom Sweitzer were 8th and 9th.

Heavy rains on Thursday delayed the arrival of some of the boats so it was a late start on Friday but the winds were heavy. Melges won in the morning, Fortenbaugh in the afternoon. Saturday was a washout, no wind at all. Fortenbaugh took Race No. 3 in moderate air on Sunday.

The mystery guest, Dave Chapin of Newport Beach, California came with the best of credentials. He is only 29 but has to his credit the USYRU Single Handed; the Snipe U.S., North American, Worlds and a Pan Am Games Gold; Sunfish Worlds and was the One Design Sailor of the year in 1979 and 1982. Lately he has been sailing in Solings but way-back-when he sailed scows at Springfield, IL. Well, your resume' doesn't help much against Blue Chippers but Chapin finished a respectable 6th, helped by crews Mike Sanger and Rob Perrigo. His finishes were 5-12-8.

Funny thing about this years champ. He had sent his regrets to the committee but changed his mind. When BH-13 showed up on the lawn, everyone wondered who it was. And he needed housing, too! Actually, he had sent word via another sailor but the message never arrived. So Kathy Hyslop moved the kids around - she already had Chapin there - and Judy Maier helped out too. Fortenbaugh has been told he is "required" to come again.

Tom and Kathy Hyslop want to thank all the volunteers for their hard work to put another great regatta in the record books.

Name	Boat Number	Finishes	Points
1. Peter Fortenbaugh	BH-13	3-1-1	5.7
2. Harry Melges, III	I-1	1-3-3	11.4
3. Brian Porter	I-49	2-2-4	14
4. Dick Wight	MR-10	4-6-2	22.7
5. David Chute	M-8	6-4-5	29.7
6. David Chapin	?	5-12-6	39.7
7. Bob Sevey	M-7	14-5-7	43
8. David Koch	V-4	13-8-8	47
9. Walter Lenhard	LE-5	12-7-11	48
10. Peter Slocum	M-15	8-14-10	50
11. Larry Price	SL-13	11-10-12	51
12. Tom Klaban	ID-11	9-11-13	51
13. Tom Sweitzer	V-9	7-18-9	52
14. Rob Evanas	M-14	16-9-14	57
15. Don Nelson	W-12	10-15-15	58
16. Roger Carlson	S-1	18-13-17	66
17. Paul Wickland, Jr.	MU-22	15-18-16	67
18. E.C. Haas, Jr.	IB-27	17-16-18	69



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From the ARCHIVES

ED. NOTE: Sam Merrick sent the following article (Part 1) to your editor with no intent of including it in this REPORTER, but rather because of the latter's interest in Sam's current literary project concerning author F. Slade Dale.

Your editor elected to publish it (at the 11th hour) in this issue in the hope that many E-Scow sailors would share his enthusiasm for this warm and charming writing. Should two of the REPORTER subscribers (about twice the number of written comments received annually) request publication of Part 2, it will indeed be included in the Spring 1989 issue.

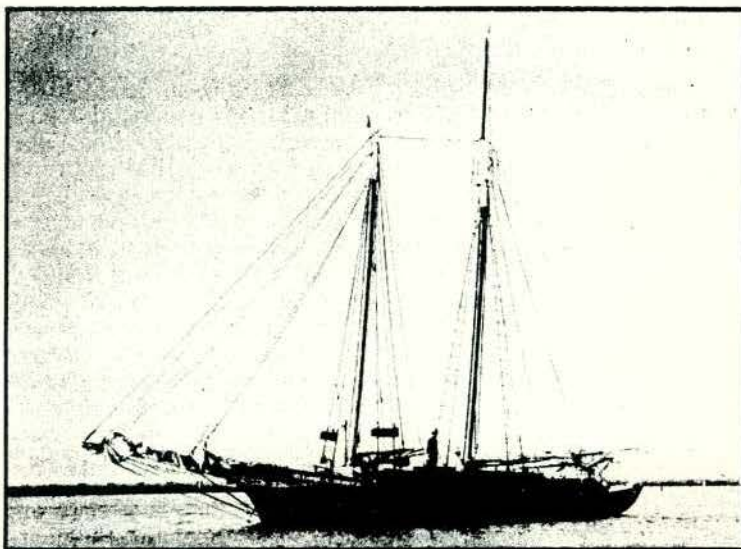
NOTEWORTHY BULLETIN: Noted author John Rousmaniere, on behalf of Mystic Seaport, has invited Sam Merrick to give a talk on the history of Inland Scows at the Second Annual Mystic Seaport Yachting History Symposium next February. This is indeed a high compliment to Sam and it should be an entertaining eye opener to the salt walter, keel boat, displacement yachters attending the meeting.

Old Emma Comes to Barnegat

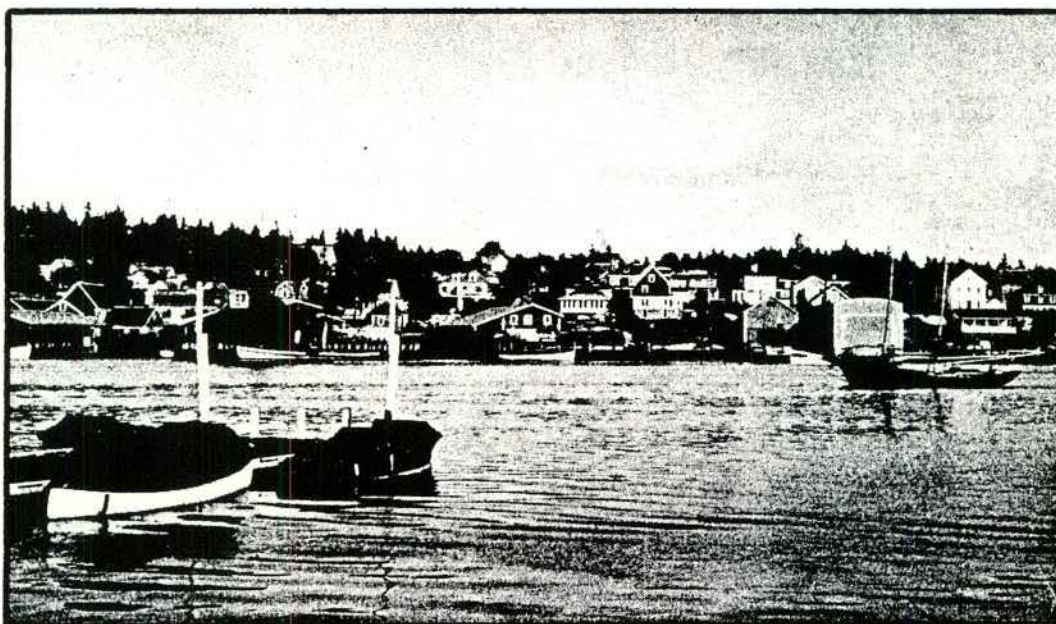
The 65-Year-Old Smack Meets with
Some Difficulty in Adjusting Herself
to Modern Conditions

By

F. SLADE DALE



Reprinted from *Yachting* June and July 1933



In spite of her sixty-five years "Emma" was a thoroughbred, beyond question

Old Emma Comes to Barnegat

And the Crew of "Postscript" Prepare to Take Up a New Form
of Yachting in Keeping with the Times

By F. SLADE DALE

BARNEGAT BAY is essentially salty, and it belongs to the sea as much by tradition as by the never-ceasing flow of its tidal waters. Over the breaking bar of its inlet many a vessel has chanced her way into shelter since the days of Henry Hudson, and although history tells us that this worthy explorer himself took but one brief look at the breakers on the bar and then headed the *Half Moon* offshore again with all haste, humbler sailors came in his wake to conquer the surf and make Barnegat their home. So down in the lower end of the bay, near the inlet, the baymen are salty by nature, born in the salt meadows with the boom of the surf in their ears.

But farther up, where Peter Jenness and I got our start, and developed a weakness for old hulks, around Bayhead, Kettle Creek and Metedeconk River, the water isn't quite so salty, and the baymen are only brackish too. Indeed, if it weren't for the vivid imagination and glib tongue of every true Metedeconker many of the upper bay's recognized salts would never have acquired their seagoing reputations. But swapping yarns is a highly developed art in Barnegat's headwaters, and by the time he's sixty nearly every Metedeconker has talked himself into enviable standing as an old sea-dog, even though his only offshore experience was pound-fishing off the beach.

Up until a few years ago you could drop into Hulse's general store almost any winter's evening, 'way up the sheltered river, and listen to deep-sea thrillers that would make you seasick — for the Metedeconker begins his tale where Captain Voss leaves off. Being fresh-water salts ourselves, Peter and I used to listen to these colorful tales year after year with all the rapture of which small boys are capable. We enjoyed them all, and

we didn't try to distinguish fact from fiction, nor ask embarrassing questions when a particularly thrilling incident, which we had come to know by heart, was recounted with glaring discrepancies from time to time. We grew to love the old boats which we heard so much about, and we gloried in their triumphs over the elements. We gave rapt attention to the valiant Metedeconker whose skilful hand brought his vessel safely through it all — and not a little thanks to providence for sparing him so that he could tell us all about it.

We had our favorite stories, of course, and one of them was Uncle Charlie Loveland's tale about a pooping sea that all but swept his vessel clean. This was a vivid yarn about a deckload of green water and railroad ties, and it required unusual exertion in the telling; often it was hard to get Uncle Charlie launched upon it. But let somebody spit generously on the red-hot stove at just the proper time, and the next moment you'd hear Uncle Charlie starting in to tell about the big sea that hissed just like that under the stern of the *Annabelle* — only louder.

With a background like this it was only natural that we should begin to lead fantastic lives ourselves, and when we went sailing in the summer time we weren't just two boys sailing our sneakboxes; we were lordly captains of vessels made famous by the red-hot stove of Metedeconk. Over and over again we sailed the old *Pauline* up the bay in a howling northeaster, with fifty thousand hard clams on deck and nary a one washed overboard. We drove the *Jessie G.* against a green-eyed souther and put her across the bar in the Mud Channel with less than three feet of water on it, and she drawing every bit of four. We scuttled the *Celestine* off Brigantine to quench a fire in her hold, then patched her up, bailed

her out, and sailed her into port on time, and never got a drop of water on the cargo. When we began to sink in the old *Harriet S. Brooks* off Sea Girt Light in 1866 we set her down on the beach at the top o' high water, and so gently that we never cracked a timber; and we cursed the cook for being a fool and breaking an ankle when he jumped to the hard sand.

All these things and countless others we accomplished in our sneakboxes in the summer time, after winter rehearsals around Mr. Hulse's stove. We decided that all old boats had heroic pasts in keeping with Metedeconk traditions, and we soon acquired warped ideas about the virtues of every old hulk which we came upon. Even Captain Dorsett's old hay schooner up Beaverdam Crick took our fancy for a season or two, and it was our ambition for a long time to fix her up and sail her around the Horn — a dangerous part of the coast which we knew lay somewhere south of Barnegat, probably below Atlantic City.

But for all our love of the bouncing *Jessie G.*, the flaming *Celestine*, the gurgling *Harriet S. Brooks*, and Captain Dorsett's *Rosamund*, it was the *Emma C.* which we especially revered. As fine a little smack as ever worked the banks, we had heard them say, with more than her share of seagoing virtues. If the performance of our sneakboxes was particularly praiseworthy on a windy day it wasn't in them that we went sailing home that night, it was in the *Emma C.* herself, all dry and comfortable just like your own parlor. But where she hailed from, or what she was, or where she was built, we never knew; she was just a name around the Metedeconk stove. But she was a wonderful vessel of course, for Captain Joe Tilton had been her skipper, and Captain Joe never went to sea in anything but the best vessels afloat; he said so himself.

Then gradually the years began to deal harshly with our idols of Metedeconk and we found ourselves exploring new seas, with only vague memories of such companions as the old *Pauline* and the *Jessie G.* Uncle Charlie Loveland, Captain Joe Tilton, and the *Emma C.* all seemed to grow indistinct together, and like Santa Claus finally disappeared entirely over the horizon of our realistic world. We were left disillusioned, with a growing suspicion that we could never find a yacht capable of doing everything that real Metedeconkers might expect of their boats. We knew that some day we'd have to find an old fishing smack or a cargo vessel, or some sort of venerable hulk that could live up to the traditions of our boyhood days. We'd be on the lookout for some kindly old ship in which we could round the Horn again with Uncle Charlie and Captain Joe, even though we might have to do it all at anchor — or hauled out on shore beyond the reach of hungry worms and seeping water.

* * *

More recently, in the fall of 1931 to be exact, Peter and I found ourselves possessed of a modest surplus of capital.

"We might put it in the bank," we considered.

"Or buy an old boat somewhere."

"Maybe we should buy some good stocks or bonds," said I thriftily, thinking of the bargains in Wall Street.

"No use taking a chance," countered Peter, "we might as well blow it in on an old boat that we *know* isn't worth anything!"

So, having sold our *Postscript* the year before, with the thought that even a small yacht might prove a burden in a year of depression, we now found ourselves distastefully marooned without a boat, and we concluded

that we'd have to find an inexpensive substitute. We therefore donned our shabbiest clothes, dumped our duffle bags into the rear seat of the rustiest Ford in Ocean County, and set out with only eleven dollars between us — a state of affairs that would obviously impair our credit amongst strangers and prevent our laying down a deposit on the first nice old boat that we might run across. We had had our unguarded moments of enthusiasm in the past.

We set our course north and east for the coast of Maine, and resolutely ignored Boston and Gloucester on the way. A Gloucester schooner might make a good ship for us, we thought, were it not for the fact that the type has a wide reputation to be lived up to, and we had no desire to be the lowly crew of a touted ship. What we wanted was a kindlier vessel that would welcome a bit of inexperience at the wheel, and that would just sigh or creak gently when we did something wrong in a crisis. None of these boats for us that take charge of things at every opportunity!

To be sure, we gave fleeting thoughts to other boats that we had met in our travels, but nothing that we had known seemed to fit completely into the sentimental background of our Metedeconk memories. We could appreciate the qualities of a bugeye, for instance, if for no other reason than because it hailed from the glorious Chesapeake. A Pamlico Sound oyster dredger had a ramshackle charm for us too, but this was getting away from the sea and didn't meet our mood any better than the modern oyster fleet in our own South Jersey waters. The cargo schooners and sponge sloops of the Bahamas had attracted us in their native waters, but they needed sheltering keys and obliging weather to make up for the shortcomings of doubtful hulls. The buoyant spongers of Tarpon Springs left recollections of beam and freeboard, lively sheer and gay Greek paints, but two Metedeconkers couldn't enjoy sailing a boat with a name on the bow which seemed to spell "Restaurant" in a foreign alphabet. We were ready to concede something, however, to Greek boatbuilding artistry, and we decided that our yawl-boat would be a Greek sponge dinghy with red, blue, and yellow stripes around it in place of a cotton rope. But what form the hull of our ultimate ship would take depended on what we might find in Maine. We knew that many an old vessel retreated there to spend her last days.

On a few controversial specifications, such as keels and centerboards, and auxiliary motors, our minds were already made up. But the matter of rig we were willing to leave to fate, for it has never made much difference to us whether the inaccessible reefpoints on the end of a main boom were those of a sloop or a schooner. In passing up the benefits of an auxiliary motor we felt we would be justified by any one of a dozen reasons, the most obvious in our case being that no Metedeconker is ever in a hurry to get anywhere. And if time is no object, of what use is a motor?

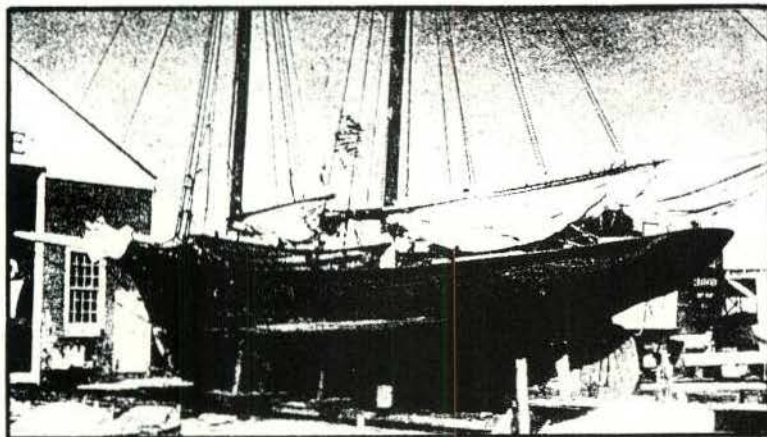
But it would be a little more difficult to explain how a fresh-water salt who had practically grown up under the tarred whiskers of Barnegat's Commodore Crabbe — and who was apprenticed aboard the *Alice* under the shoal-draft tutelage of Henry Howard and Commodore Munroe — could ever be found at the helm of a boat with a keel. I shall attempt no explanation except to say that when about to be spliced to the end of a centerboard fall for life, Peter and I suddenly became involved in the development of *Postscript*, and ignored all our early training in a desire to make sure that the new ship would stay right side up a greater proportion of the time than our sneakboxes had done.

So we went on our way to Maine to look for a picturesque old boat with a keel, but we knew it would have to be a shoal-draft keel in order to float over the bar at Barnegat Inlet, and we told ourselves that this being the case we might still get the blessings of Commodore Munroe, Skipper Howard, and the Shellback of Barnegat.

Our search was a long one, and discouraging too. Maine's coastline seemed endless, and at first we thought

questioned fishermen while they baited their trawls and patched their lobster pots. Waterfront housewives dropped their washing, dried their hands, and put us on the trail of likely vessels. Dogs barked at gates and brought men out of barns, and children told us where to look for their grandfathers. Everybody was helpful, and almost without exception knew of a boat somewhere that was just the thing we were searching for. But in each case the particular gem in question proved to have just burned up, or it had been converted, abandoned or destroyed; or the worms had gotten there ahead of us. Always we were assured that just a few miles further there were a lot of good vessels. "There's some sloops at Camden." "You'll find her at Cutler." "She was tied up at Machias." But as we got further and further east we began to hear of more and more good vessels in the west, and we finally realized that it was all a myth; the old boats were gone and we were a few years too late. We stopped at Eastport to let the Ford cool off, while we pondered dismally on our prospects.

And while we were pondering over our problem, three fishermen, miles away in Jonesport, with a box full of oakum and



In spite of "Emma's" shallow draft, her underbody was shapely

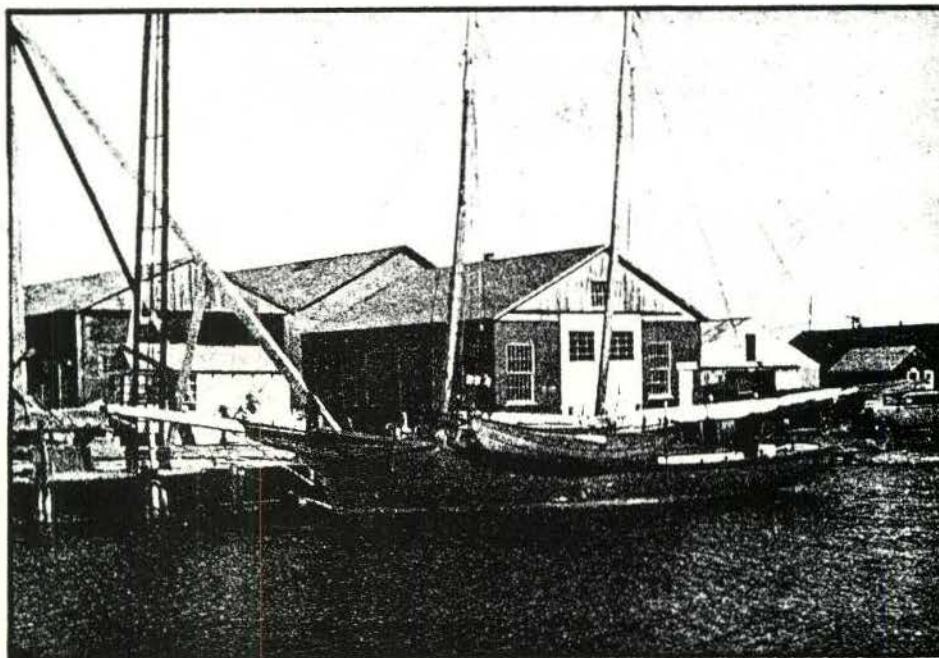


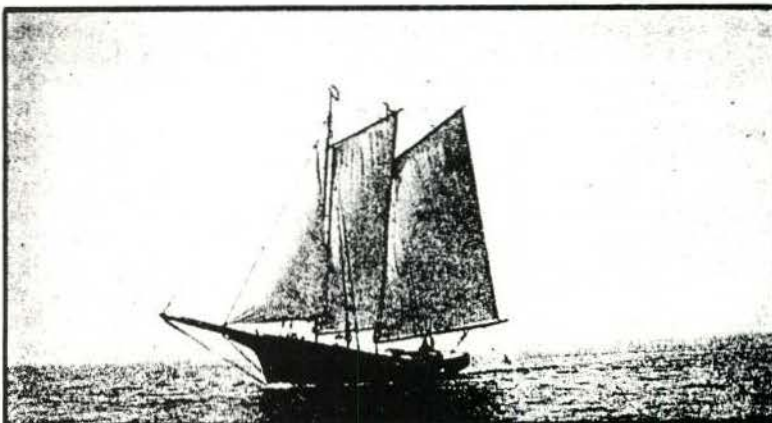
Photo by F. W. Tupper

"Emma" has a solid background of tradition

"True, she was a little bald without her topmasts"

that its supply of boats would be unlimited too. But if we were light-hearted and confident in the early days of our hunt we soon grew apprehensive; the old boats were suffering an astonishing mortality and the modern ones with their cut-down rigs and powerful motors lacked color and personality. And it proved harder to find a working boat that was for sale than a yacht, for even in hard times a man can eke out a scrappy living with an old lobster boat or a clam sloop, and he's not so anxious to sell his vessel as the yacht owner who finds that his boat only adds to the complications of his economic situation.

We pressed our inquiries everywhere; in stores and homes, in barns and boats. We



caulking irons, sheet metal, white lead, cedar wedges, and other articles of last resort, stood pondering the problem which confronted them in the form of a graceful little schooner laid up alongside the dock over a tide.

"She's old for certain," said one.

"A cat could jump through her anywhere," said the man at the stern. The man at the bow wasn't saying anything, but his hand spoke volumes; it was lost from sight in a gaping cavity between the stem and planking.

"There's only two things to do with her," mused the man at the stern, "keep patching her up, or tow her up the crick and leave her."

"Or sell her to somebody quick," added the owner.

But as there was no purchaser in sight the *Emma C. Berry* absorbed another dose of oakum and on the following tide was off down Moosabeck Reach, with her hold full of bait to sell to the lobster boats. Her foresail was in tatters and her rigging looked ready to let go at the first gentle breeze. The mainsail and jib hadn't felt the tug of a halliard in over a year, and lay rotted in their stops. In the after cabin, where the skipper's quarters had once been, two thumping mechanisms of rust and corrosion urged her forward down the channel in a din of unmuffled blasts, and two jets of flame and smoke came belching forth through her cabin portholes to add to her humiliation.

Aft, on deck, stood a bucket of water; at regular intervals the man at the wheel dipped up a cupful and threw it expertly through the companionway in the general direction of one of the red-hot exhaust pipes, and an immediate response of steam and pungent odors told him that the side of the cabin trunk was fireproof for another three minutes. Four gallons of gasoline, a quart of oil, a bucket of water, and one major breakdown, were the hourly averages when the ancient *Emma* was coordinating at her best. And a hundred and thirty strokes on the pump.

But for all her worries the *Emma C. Berry* showed unmistakable signs of her breeding, and with her easy sheer and graceful form still intact after a hard life of fish and freight she clung tenaciously to the memories of her launching at Noank in 1866, when she knew that she was the most popular vessel in a fleet of more than a hundred smacks.

It was not a 65-year-old schooner, however, that brought us to George Beal's waterfront one evening a few days later. After all the old wrecks we had seen along the coast we were afraid of anything more than half that age; and we had concluded that a sloop, and not a schooner, would be more our size.

"Something under forty feet, sloop rig, and not too old," we told Beal.

"Let me sell you my boat," Beal replied with fervor, "she's just what you want—maybe a little longer, forty-six feet, and a little older, she's sixty-five, but she's only got one more mast than a sloop."

"Sounds like just the thing," said Peter laconically.

"And in good shape too," added Beal, "I put in some new frames six years ago, a new stern, and new planking

amidships where she had a fish well. She's really almost a new boat. In fact," he added, warming up to his subject, "in fact I'd rather have her than a new boat—but I'd sell her."

"What's her name?" we asked, with only casual interest.

"*Emma C.*," replied Beal.

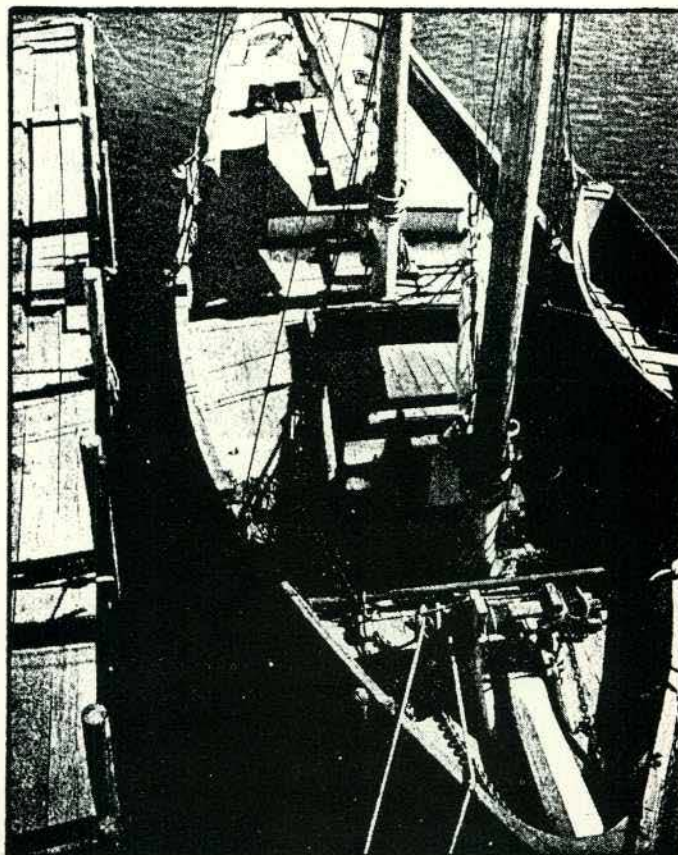
"What!" we roared.

"*Emma C.*," repeated Beal, "*Emma C. Berry*. Sometimes we call her by her first name, sometimes by her full name, and sometimes just the *Berry*. And sometimes," he added with more sincerity than salesmanship, "sometimes we call her a damned old sieve. But she'd make you a good boat, with a little more work done to her."

But we weren't listening to Beal; we were harking back to Uncle Charlie Loveland and Captain Joe Tilton around the Metedeconk stove; they weren't calling her an old sieve, they

were saying that she was the finest little smack off Nantucket.

It was midnight before we located the *Emma*; we searched in Beal's motorboat amongst islands and rocks, lobster buoys and fish nets, until our persistence was rewarded. We saw two raking masts against a black sky and then a dim form below them gradually turned into an anchored hull. Peter and I strained our eyes in the darkness, and yet were at the same time almost afraid to look. Here was to be a terrible disillusionment, or the fulfilment of a dream; for once the sanctity of those Metedeconk tales was to be put to the test—and supposing the *Emma C.* should fail us! But no danger; as we came alongside she emerged from the darkness like a beautiful apparition, or an angel, or whatever it is that registers a sweet vision on two fevered brains. She was lovely and that was all there was to it; we fell in love with her at sight and have stayed so ever since. Perhaps there were other *Emma C.*'s besides the *Berry*, we thought, but if this wasn't the little smack that Captain Joe used to praise to the skies, it was surely one that he would have raved about if he had known her. True, she was a little bald without her topmasts, and there was an old automobile tire hanging over the side from a broken rail, and a rusty exhaust pipe stared at us from a cabin



The deck layout shows a score of details distinctive of her type

port — and somebody had patched her with a plank that took a great-circle course over the turn of her bilge. But we weren't bothered with mundane considerations like these; here was a ship from the heavens, and we knew that if we lived long enough all these things could be corrected, one by one.

"She's ours!" I whispered to Peter as we stepped reverently to her deck, and although it seemed to give a little under my foot and felt a little punky I knew that we could fix that too, for I recalled that "though the *Mary Jane* be rebuilt frame by frame, the *Mary Jane* she still remains."

"Where does she leak most?" Peter asked the hands, as Beal was pointing out to me the soundest portions of the rigging.

"Up forward," said one.

"Aft," came simultaneously from the other. Beal groaned.

"These fellows are thinking of buying her," he hastened to advise the hands, as a precaution against any further blunders. But of course we weren't thinking of buying her at all, she already belonged to us and all we had to do was to justify the price Beal was asking.

"She's a nice boat," Peter was saying, "but he's asking three times what she's worth. It wouldn't cost such an awful lot to build another one like her."

"But it would take sixty-five years," I reminded him.

"Moo would like her all right," said Peter, thinking dutifully of our little mascot of the West Indies, "we could have a bigger sandbox than in *Postscript* and we could keep some mice in the bilge; perhaps we owe it to Moo to buy her. And besides, she's really an antique, and they always cost more than they're worth."

So we gave Beal the shock of his life by paying what he asked, then formally took possession by signing some papers in the Customs House and burning a sulphur candle in the forepeak. We bought her by candlelight, without seeing her bottom and without looking under her flooring or behind her ceiling; we were afraid if we looked we would find something wrong — and then what would we do?

Of course, as anyone will tell you who knows anything at all about old boats, the first thing to do before considering purchase is to make a thorough examination. This doesn't mean sticking a penknife into the topsides as you come alongside, or looking in the bilge for water; it means ripping up the flooring and ceiling and looking at the vitals of the ship. It means hauling out, and searching for worms and rot in keel and deadwood, stem

and rudderport; it means making a mess of another man's boat — and it's seldom done. We had no intention of doing all this, and no desire, for the ship was afloat and we expected to be able to keep her so until we could get her home to Barnegat. The *Emma C.* had nautical "it" and that was our first essential. She had proper proportions, graceful sheer, a low, unobtrusive cabin trunk, and perfection in a score of details relating to the cargo hold, the rail, the bowsprit and the rig. She was a thoroughbred beyond question, perhaps the very last of a distinctive type. Everyone who had known her had admired her, and some of the folks in Jonesport thought it was silly for anybody to design new boats when they had one like her to copy. She'd make a comfortable home at sea for some time to come, we thought, and when she got *really* old she'd look great on shore, with flower boxes along each rail.

We emerged joyfully from the Customs House and when the ancient *Emma* heard the news that her hard days were over she literally wept for joy — at the rate of a hundred and thirty strokes every hour. But she needed new canvas for the jaunt to Barnegat, so we set out down the Reach and headed west for Boothbay Harbor, to the tune of deafening blasts from the cabin portholes, which said to everyone for miles around, "There goes old *Emma*."

And as Beal Island faded astern, and with it *Emma's* old associations, Peter and I came into undisputed ownership of this vague thing we had bought in the night. Our spirits rose, and our courage too; we dared begin looking around in dark corners of the bilge. Even if all her frames weren't sound, we thought, at least she had a solid background of tradition, and we could build on that.

We discussed changes that we'd make and places where we'd sail; for now that we had a cargo hold we'd have to visit many ports and pick up many cargoes. There was stone to be brought for a bulkhead, and seed oysters for new beds; sponges and beachcombing to be gathered in the Bahamas, and cordwood to be carried for Commodore Bonnell; gravel and fertilizer in the Chesapeake, and tomatoes in the fall for Campbell's soup. The venerable *Emma* heard all our talk about the improvements and changes that would make all this activity possible.

"But gosh," she thought, "I've heard new owners talk like this since '66: I hope these fellows really do something about it — before I get old."

(To be Concluded)



photo: Fred Vullo



Pastoral start



Son chasing father



Traffic

photo: Dean Reed



A Kueka sandwich for the Commodore



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