



## **REPORTER**

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*One of the better jam-ups in the last 25 years*

*Reporter photo*





## THE COMMODORE COMMENTS:

### COMMODORE'S COMMENTS

The 1989 "E" scow sailing season is over. For many of us it ended with the National Championship at Oshkosh, for others it ended at the Blue Chip at Pewaukee. By most accounts it was another good year for the "E" Scows in all of our associations. For me it was a very special year as Paul Wicklund and the association turned the helm of the National organization over to me to steer for the next two years. I am honored by the confidence you show in me and will try to be worthy of the responsibility.

I would like to thank Paul, all preceding commodores, and all current and former directors for the fine organization NCESA is today. We have one of the finest sailing organizations in the country.

As good as NCESA is, I think it can be better. When I look through the records I find that although our membership has remained rather stable over the last few years, our regatta attendance has declined for the last ten years. When I first looked at the number of boats at the national regatta, it appeared the numbers were up and down without a definitive trend. However, when the numbers are evaluated by location of the regatta, there is a clear downward trend. The attendance since of the regatta, there is a clear downward trend. The attendance since 1977 by regatta location is; in the east 65, 53, 53, 48 and 46 boats, in Michigan 69, 48, and 42, and ILYA 79, 61, 53, and 44.

There are many reasons for this. One design sailing is down in all fleets, the last few regatta sites have not been where we get our largest participation, costs are up, so fewer people are going to regattas even though they are still sailing locally. All of these probably have had an effect on regatta attendance. The regatta attendance is only the symptom, the real concern needs to be the health of the fleet at the local level.

I would like to **challenge all of you**, the backbone of the NCESA, to help promote the "E" scow at the grassroots level. This needs to be a "three prong effort". *First*, we need to make sure that everyone sailing "E"'s is a member of NCESA. *Second*, we need to find and encourage new sailors at our local clubs. *Third*, we need to find and assist new fleets in our local areas.

The first item goes without saying, having everyone a member is not only good for the treasury, but helps the fleet by getting the publications into everyone's hands. The second and third items are the key. We need to identify and encourage new members to join our fleets, and we need to nurture and encourage. In the last three or four years we have seen participation at the National Regatta from previously unheard of fleets, Wawasee and Cormorant Lake are two that come to mind. We need to have a new fleet represented *every* year.

We need **YOU** the local sailor to help find these new sailors (and fleets) and offer your help with turning, rules, and basic race strategies to encourage their participation. The bottom line is: these new "E" sailors are a great market for used boats and sails. A strong used market makes the cost of sailing lower for all of us and this will promote an even stronger, larger class.

Have a good winter and see you next year.

George Hill



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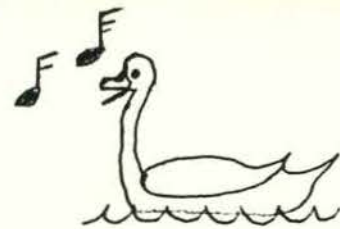
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# SWAN SONG



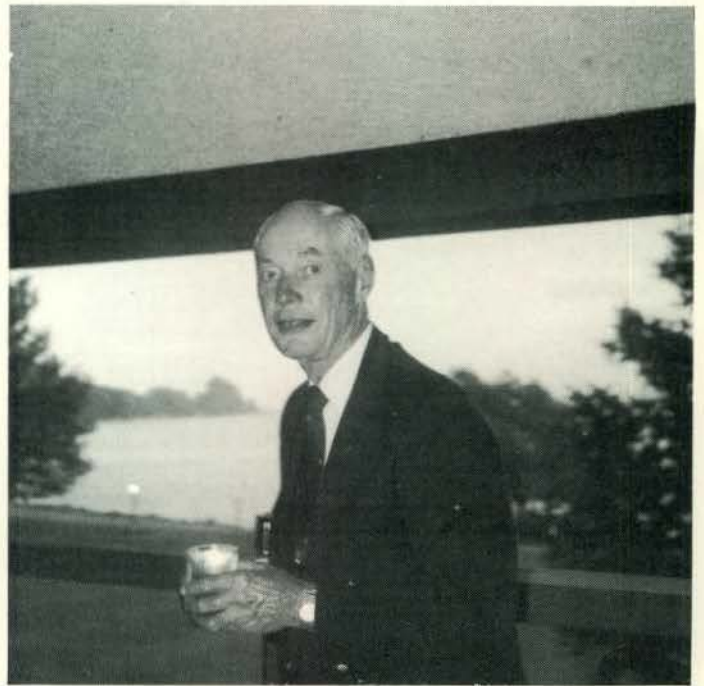
## This Editor's Final Note:

Your old editor isn't sure he ever heard a swan sing but he thinks he's heard one make a heck of a racket....so, he won't worry too much as to how this Swan Song reads other than to say "au revoir, adieu, etc." after being with the *Reporter* readership since the mid '60's and to comment if the publication provided fruitful information and occasional entertainment it is thanks to those great sailors, friends and contributors such as Sam Merrick, Mike Meyer, Nat Robbins, Walt Smedley and Buddy Appel who are joining in this final Swan Song chorus.

We extend a warm welcome to Robin Johnson and Brian Haumersen who are willing to take on future *Reporter* issues and wish them all the best and hope they can keep Willie deCamp, Jay Darling, Mike Fortenbaugh and the western writers cooking up good stuff.



*Sam Merrick*



*Nat Robbins*



*Walter Smedley*



*Mike, Dede Meyer, Maudie Brennan and the old editor*



# MESA CHAMPIONSHIP REGATTA, 1989

by Ted Beier

The Midstates E Scow Association Championship regatta was held at Carlyle Lake, Illinois on July 14 through July 16. Twelve boats from four MESA member clubs attended. The weather was unusually good for Southern Illinois in July with temperatures in the high 80's and east to southeast winds of between 5 and 12 mph. At first it appeared that E.C. Haas of Springfield would run away with the event by bagging two firsts and a second. However, Casey Call from Wawasee kept coming on and won the last two races plus first place in the regatta. Tom Klaban from Indian Lake ended up second, and Haas dropped to third in the final standings.

S/N	Helmsman	Race Finish Position					Total	
		1	2	3	4	5	Pts.	Pos.
IB-2	Carlson	3	5	3	5	4	20	5
IB-27	Haas	1	2	1	7	7	17.5	3
IB-30	Robinson	7	3	2	4	2	18	4
IB-100	Wisnosky	6	6	10	9	5	36	6
ID-1	Hagar	DNF	8	6	6	6	39	7
ID-4	Ewing	11	9	9	3	10	42	8
ID-11	Klaban	4	1	4	2	3	13.7	
							5	2
S-10	Bunse	8	10	12*	8	12	51	12
S-14	Gass	10	7	8	12	11	49	11
S-17	Crosby	9	11	7	11	8	46	9
S-27	Beier	5	12	11	10	9	47	10
WA-99	Call	2	4	5	1	1	12.5	1

photos courtesy Ted Beier





# CARLYLE SILVER CUP REGATTA, 1989

photos: Jeanette Beier

by Ted Beier

The 1989 Carlyle Silver Cup Regatta was held on October 7 and 8 at Lake Carlyle. The early fall weather was nippy, but sunny with early morning temperatures in the 40's, and warming to the low 70's by afternoon. Five good races were completed in the two days in shifty north to northwest winds of 5 to 12 mph. In this type of condition on Carlyle, where you're beating toward a high bank with trees, hitting the corners may work once in a while. The more constant payoff is to stay near the middle, and tack on the shifts right away. All the races were quite a drill on compass arithmetic. On Saturday afternoon, several shifts would tack you without moving the helm.

Right away Casey Call from Wawasee showed that he remembered Carlyle from the MESA Championships back in July by taking two quick firsts. He consistently stayed in the top three in all races to finish the event in first place. Several others had their moments of finishing among the leaders, but no one else sailed consistently (all finishes in a span of two or three positions) except Ted Beier from Carlyle who took second place honors overall. Roger Carlson from Springfield had the best of the fluctuating fortunes to end in third place.

On Saturday night the group was treated to a free feed by the Carlyle fleet. The menu consisted of the traditional chili and beer, and was augmented this year with Cajun chicken wings, layered salad and a large selection of hors d'oeuvres. Several said that it was their best fed regatta of the year.

S/N	Helmsman	Race Finish Position					Total	
		1	2	3	4	5	Pts.	Pos.
IB-2	Carlson	7	2	1	9	2	20.75	3
ID-4	Ewing	5	7	4	1	5	21.75	4
S-10	Bunse	4	8	2	8	6	28	6
S-14	Gass	2	3	5	7	9	26	5
S-17	Crosby	9	6	9	6	7	37	9
S-27	Beier	3	4	6	3	3	19	2
WA-1	Pinney	6	DNF	8	5	4	32	7T
WA-10	Smith	8	8	7	4	8	32	7T
WA-99	Call	1	1	3	2	1	7.25	1



Winner Jim McGinley in form



Tom Klaban - OOPS!



First time out in '89 for Chuck Medlock,  
Lake Wawasee



Lotsa WA-'S



# 1989 WESTERN MICHIGAN REGATTA WHITE LAKE, MICHIGAN

by Pete Price and Jeff Hoch

The 1989 WMYA Regatta was held at the beautiful and nostalgic White Lake Yacht Club on August 10-13. The medium air prevailing out of the south/south-west throughout the 4 day event, made the south shore the place to go, and getting there even more interesting.

The first race had Paul Wickland first off the line and leading the entire race. As Paul stretched out his lead, Pete Price, Jeff Hoch, and Denny Malone were trading back and forth for 2nd through 4th. At the last leeward mark, Hoch was 2nd with Price 3rd, and Malone 4th. Places changed several times during the last leg with Price beating Malone by inches at the line for 2nd, and Hoch finishing 4th.

The second race had 8-10 boats rounding the first mark very close to each other. Price, Happy Fox and Hoch went right on the first downwind leg while the majority of the other boats went left. Right was the way to go with Price, Fox, and Hoch finishing in that order.

Race 3 and 4 were back-to-back Saturday afternoon. It seemed that all the E-boat skippers were out watching the C-boats maneuver around course, planning out their strategy for the afternoon races. Malone came out strong, winning, with Price second, Paul Eggart coming into play 3rd, and a new-comer to the E fleet, but not to sailing, Brian McMurray.

Race 4 - Charlie Harrett got it in gear, winning over Malone in much lighter air. Paul Wickland came in third, and Pete Price nipped Tom Klaban at the finish for 4th.

Going into the final race brought us some real wind with gusts from 15-20. With Price in first in the standings, Malone in second and Harrett third, Happy Fox was fast off the line with Charlie Harrett not far behind. Price had a hard time finding a place at the leeward end and started last but sailed through the fleet finishing third behind Harrett and Fox with McMurray 4th and Wickland 5th. Bringing Pete first overall with Charlie in second and Denny third.

The awards were presented Sunday afternoon with Paul Wickland taking the Howard Baxter Trophy home for winning the first race, Denny Malone with Munroe Memorial, Charlie Harrett, the Gibson, and Pete Price with the Johnson & Chronicle Cup. The crew of the winning boat, Ted Price, daughter Mary Shuba, and Dave Freye were presented with the Barry Bricker Memorial.

We have to thank White Lake Yacht Club for hosting this fun-filled week of racing and to Charlie Harrett Sr. for doing such a flawless job on setting the windward leeward courses. And we hope to have an even better turn out at Macatawa, Holland next year.



Rear Commodore Denny Malone and Past Commodore Paul Wickland going for it



*We'll let Charlie H.'s work at the Blue Chip fill up these two "holes" above and to the left.*



# RACE RESULTS

## 1989 WESTERN MICHIGAN

WESTERN MICHIGAN REGATTA - 'E' RACE  
WHITE LAKE YACHT CLUB 1989

RACE	BOAT	SKIPPER	SC 1	SC 2	SC 3	SC 4	SC 5	TOTAL
1	MU1	P. PRICE		0.0		8.0	5.7	19.7
2	SL111	C. HARRETT	15.0	8.0	10.0	0.0	0.0	33.0
3	TO8	D. MALONE	5.7	14.0	0.0		13.0	39.7
4	MU22	P. WICKLAND	0.0	16.0	11.7	5.7	10.0	43.4
5	SL8	H. FOX	10.0		24.0	16.0		56.0
6	WH88	B. MC MURRAY	16.0	23.0	8.0	13.0	8.0	68.0
7	SL39	P. EGGERT	14.0	15.0	5.7	22.0	11.7	68.4
8	TO4	J. HOCH	8.0	5.7	20.0	20.0	16.0	69.7
9	SL13	L. PRICE	11.7	17.0	14.0	17.0	15.0	74.7
10	ID11	T. KLABAN	13.0	18.0	17.0	10.0	20.0	78.0
11	WA2	TROY	17.0	10.0	23.0	11.7	25.0	86.7
12	MU11	T. MUNROE	18.0	11.7	15.0	23.0	21.0	88.7
13	CR37	R. MORRIS	20.0	22.0	21.0	14.0	19.0	96.0
14	CR110	E. SCHINDLER	21.0	24.0	16.0	18.0	17.0	96.0
15	TO13	E. DETAR	24.0	13.0	22.0	15.0	23.0	97.0
16	CR100	B. WALTER	22.0	21.0	13.0	24.0	18.0	98.0
17	SL3	P. O'BRIEN	23.0	19.0	26.0	25.0	14.0	107.0
18	SL88	L. FOX	19.0	26.0	23.0	19.0	24.0	111.0
19	SL12	L. WELCH	25.0	20.0	18.0	21.0	28.0	112.0
20	SL1	R. DUNWELL	26.0	25.0	25.0	26.0	24.0	126.0
21	CR81	G. MC MURRAY	28.0	27.0	27.0	28.0	26.0	136.0
22	SL73	T. SPELMAN	27.0	29.0	29.0	27.0	27.0	139.0
23	IB27	C. CRAIG	30.0	28.0	28.0	29.0	28.0	143.0

### TROPHIES

Chronicle, Johnson, Bricker, Gibson, Munroe, Baxter



*Past Commodore Paul Wickland*



*'89 Westerns starting line*



# ILYA E SCOW CHAMPIONSHIP CUP — AUGUST 24 - 26

by George Hill

The ILYA championship regatta was held at Green Lake, WI August 20 - 26. The "A" and "C" fleets sailed the first half of the week with the "E", "M-20" and "MC" fleets sailing the second half of the week. The first half of the week was beautiful with all fleets getting in their scheduled six races. For the E's, the wind disappeared after four races.

Thursday morning the E fleet sailed off to the "West" course with a fleet of 48 boats. The first race was a W2½ in a ENE wind of 10 to 12. After some close sailing up the long windward leg, the positions at the first mark were; Peter Fortenbaugh, followed by Rob Evans, Russ Darrow, Rick Roy, Brian Porter, Harry Melges and, out of a 2 year retirement, Jake Hoeschler. At the 2nd mark after more close racing and many changes of place, Fortenbaugh still led with Melges in second followed by David Chute, Hoeschler, Tim Ziegler, Evans, Porter, and Jim McGinley. For the rest of the race Melges chased Fortenbaugh and managed to reduce the gap, but couldn't get by while the rest of the fleet continued to swap places.

Thursday afternoon the second race was again W2½, with a wind much like the morning race. Again like the morning, the racing was very close with much shifting of places. At the first mark it was Evans followed by Mike Curtes, Victor Schultz, Porter, Strothman, Melges and Fortenbaugh. After the days sailing, it was close with Porter 1-3, Melges 2-3, and Evans 2-4.

Thursday evening was the ILYA annual membership meeting. After a fine dinner Commodore Morgan ran an interesting (and quick) meeting.

On Friday morning the fleet returned to the West course and then to the west of the West course. The race committee felt that they could get a better course in the SSE wind by going west. However, there were comments heard like: "this is mountain time," "what area code is this," "is a passport required when we return." One ex ILYA Commodore reported by going to the bow of the boat he could see the edge of the water where years ago Magellan sailed over. After a short delay a W3½ was posted with the wind varying between 3 and 8. In the light air there were several postponements and recalls. At the first mark it was Evans with a nice lead followed by Sheldon Ecklund, Gordy Bowers, David Evans, Strothman, (someone said it looked like a local race at Minneatonka) Tom Sweitzer, and Roy. By the second mark Rob Evans had extended his lead to over two and half minutes, followed by Sweitzer, Porter, Ecklund, Jule Hannaford, Rich Gallun, Bowers, Roy, Jeff Baker V85, and Melges. There were many boats making big gains. At the third mark (second windward) Evans had extended his lead to over 4 minutes over Strothman (11th at last mark), Ecklund, and Porter. By the third

windward mark it was Evans with Melges cutting into this big lead, then Sweitzer, Porter, Strothman, Baker, Fortenbaugh, Hannaford, and Roy. By the last leg Melges had eliminated Evans lead and it was a tight boat race. Melges finally won by about a boat length.

For the fourth race the wind has shifted back towards the East and steadied in velocity from the morning. Although it was only 6 to 8 there were not the holes of 2 and 3 that had characterized the morning. Again the course was W3½. At the first mark it was Strothman, Baker, Melges, Roy, Evans, and Porter. By the middle of the race Melges had begun to open a nice lead followed by Hoeschler, Baker, Evans, Slocum, Chute, Strothman, Porter, Ecklund and Hannaford. By the finish Melges had extended his lead to better than 2 minutes over Baker who had another 2 and half minutes on Chute.

Friday night there was a pasta smorgasbord (everyone was carbo loading in preparation for the last two races on Saturday) followed by the E fleet meeting. There was much discussion most of it centered on requests by the Inland with regard to the regatta format and location. Two new E fleet committee members (NCESA directors) were elected, Rick Roy from Pewaukee and Jim McGinley from Geneva.

Saturday dawned with a mirror smooth lake and it looked like all of the pasta consumed the night before was not going to be needed. The race committee waited until 12:30 and then with still no wind in sight abandoned the racing for the day. This left the final standings Melges, Evans, Porter, Strothman and Baker.

This author had the pleasure of sitting on the Jury for the entire week, (all six fleets) and would like to make some observations of the racing as observed by the jury. During the course of the (32 races) there appeared to be the normal altercations on the water with a good number of acknowledgements, a few (very few) protests, and some I don't want to be bothered with a protest. We were not sure if the small number of protests was because; 1) too many competitors still don't want to be bothered with a hearing, 2) the sailing was really very clean, or 3) the new USYRU 20%, 50%, DSQ penalty system is causing more use of the "I" flag.

It was the general feeling of the jury that the new 20% is not too hard to take and more people are willing to fly their "I did it" flags. There are still the minor incidents that may technically be a foul but are so minor that people are applying the no harm foul rule. If you intend to take a 20% penalties make sure you do it right. During the Inland there were several cases of people flying "I" or requesting 20% that had not complied with Appendix 3, 2.1 and therefor were penalized 50% under 2.4. If you are wrong and want only 20% not 50% make sure you comply with all three parts of 2.1.





# ILYA CHAMPIONSHIP - AUGUST 20 - 26

SKIPPER/OWNER			Race 1	Race 2	Race 3	Race 4	TOTAL POINTS
I1	Harry Melges III	1	2	3	1	1	8.7
M14	Rob Evans	2	4	2	2	5	24
I49	Brian Porter	3	3	1	12	7	36.7
M10	Jack Strothman	4	6	4	6	8	45.4
V85	Jeff Baker	5	17	21	7	2	66
M6	J. Hoeschler	6	10	15	15	4	66
BH13	Peter Fortenbaugh	7	1	8	9	32	67
M8	David Chute	8	5	34	11	3	72.7
W1	Jule Hannaford	9	23	13	10	10	80
H101	Bill Shelton	10	15	27	5	11	81
A9	Russ Darrow III	11	8	7	25	18	82
V26	Rick Roy	12	9	22	8	21	84
V9	Tom Sweitzer	13	22	25	3	17	87.7
V3	Bob Biwer	14	21	16	16	14	91
M11	Gordy Bowers	15	28	17	13	9	91
M1	Sheldon Ecklund	16	19	34	4	16	95
M15	Peter Slocum	17	14	5	DNF	6	97.7
V722	Tim Ziegler	18	11	28	20	19	102
M12	Edmund Chute	19	35	14	23	12	108
A4	Mike Curtes	20	26	6	26	27	108.7
M111	Doug Kuller	21	12	10	DNF	13	109
M7	Bob Sevey	22	29	18	18	20	109
W87	Ken Broen	23	32	19	24	15	114
M25	Crawford/Dennis	24	20	19	31	26	120
I47	James W. McGinley	25	7	29	14	DSQ	124
M3	Steve Schmitt	26	13	23	DNF	23	133
V4	David Koch	27	18	20	DNF	22	134
LE5	Butch Lenhard	28	27	11	37	35	134
M88	David Sigel	29	30	26	22	33	135
V177	Ty Lentz	30	24	30	32	28	138
W6	Chas. Bartholdi	31	16	31	29	39	139
X17	Victor Schultz	32	25	12	30	DSQ	141
J12	Jack Schloesser	33	38	33	21	30	146
X10	Rich Gallun	34	34	32	17	50	157
X3	Robert Fouts, Jr.	35	41	36	28	29	158
V25	Bill Burns	36	40	47	27	24	162
N5	Jeff Butzer	37	37	39	33	31	164
J1	Jeff Schloesser	38	39	35	19	49	166
H14	Billy Mattison	39		41	34	25	174
J2	R. L. Cummins	40	36	43	35	37	175
M18	Mike Swift	41	33	42	42	36	177
I66	Wm. Gage, Jr.	42	42	40	38	40	184
M101	David Evans	43	44	38	36	42	184
L5	John T. Teska	44	31	DSQ	39	44	188
L1	Bill Mac Neill	45	46	44	43	41	198
V66	John Ruf	46	43	DSQ	41	46	204
L8	John Atchison	47	45	45	44	47	205
L10	R. Hovey Tinsman	48	48	46	45	43	206
L4	Mike Jankowski	49	47	47	50	50	218



*With no photos from this year's Ragatta, we dug into the archives to fill the holes.*





# HARE RAISING SPEED

**Melges Sails Set the Standard in  
Fast E Scow Sails . . .**

**CHECK OUT THESE RESULTS FROM 1989:**

1st thru 6th Nationals  
1st ILYA  
1st Easterns  
1st Invitational  
1st Western Michigan  
1st MESA  
1st Wauwasee  
1st Nagawicka

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Photo by Steve Schmitt



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# ECESA CHAMPIONSHIP

by Jay Darling

I think the only real problem in reporting on the 1989 Easterns is to come up with the appropriate sports analogy for Harry Melges's compelling performance. "Touchdown" fails because it is singular. "Home Run" has the same flaw. "Hat Trick" is inadequate; more than three races were sailed (and won) by him. "Sweep" is just too tame a tag. "Rout?" Better, and certainly accurate. "Pitching a perfect game?" On a degree of difficulty, Harry's show would be comparable, but that also seems such a mild moniker.

What we're talking about is five bullets in five races and, to be quite candid, none of them were even close. I guess this isn't literally comparable to the perfect game analogy because Harry didn't lead at every single mark — but he almost did that too. To recount this regatta involves none of the wonderful subtleties and nuances of a given portion of any one leg in which a race was made or broke. The picture coming up on recall is not a crucial start or a missed shift or a failed shackle. Instead, it was looking up, at all times following all starts, and seeing "Teal" with (at a minimum) its nose out on its company, in clear air, and on the lifted tack. Anytime you looked to the mark, Harry was between it and wherever you were. His dad once remarked that the whole purpose of the exercise is get a first place start and then increase your lead. I guess, to some people, Buddy is easy to understand.

"Grand Slam?" I actually think that's pretty close. It would have to be a tennis one, however, as baseball's are routine compared to the five victories. The obvious poker comparison flunks because there are only four suites. Five aces don't occur unless you cheat or there is a wild card. Harry did it fair and square, and there weren't any jokers in the deck. The Easterners couldn't even really get close enough to gang race him.

All races were sailed downbay, where the last Easterns took place when hosted by Barnegat Bay. In race one, an 8-10 south-southwesterly, Harry went left early on, caught a nice shift, and that was that. Novels and movies aren't fun when you know how they end, and I think the same sort of discomfort was already being felt, if not expressed, by the rest of the fleet. Peter Fortenbaugh and Erik Johnson finished second and third, but neither of them really pressed Harry. In reconstructing the destruction, Teddy Beaton offered an interesting observation. It was his opinion that Harry rarely had much of a lead at any first weather mark, but he did by the time he got to the offset. In other words, in those few seconds of chaos and disarray experienced by the masses when rounding, hoisting, jibing, etc., "Teal" was always well-heeled, with minimal disruption and movement, enabling Harry to get out just that little extra bit into clearer air, calmer seas, and a bigger lead.

The Scow fleet shouldn't feel as if it's the only whipping boy. Harry clobbered a tough J-24 fleet in Chicago this past summer as well with another perfect score. Maybe he's kind of like the Bo Jackson of sailing.

In race two, the wind came up and made for some fun sailing. During the second weather leg, a big shift hit on the right side and Harry, Peter Fortenbaugh, Mike Fortenbaugh, Jack Lampman, Erik Johnson, and Bill Campbell all made money with it. Indeed, it appeared, but only for a minute or two, that Lampman got a bit further right than Harry and may have actually been in the lead. These fellows ended up being the top six in that race.

Race three presented a fluky westerly, and at the start the wind went way left. The problem was that it then went way right up at the weather mark, and the people who went way left got clobbered (e.g. Mike Fort). Peter Fort was over at the start and made quite a comeback to finish tenth. In this contest, Harry (by staying right on the first downwind leg) and Erik Johnson got way out on the pack, and the real jousting was occurring for positions three through eight. Dick Wight made a big move on the last weather leg by catching a big shift on the left and passed several boats to finish third.

Race four went off in a medium southerly, and a big shift just prior to the start made the boat end way favored and caused the usual congested mess there. Staying sane and starting further down the line were Harry and Dave Magno, who then did great on the left-hand side (why aren't you surprised?). Mike Fort finished second for his best finish of the series, followed by Magno, Dan Crabbe, Peter Fort, John Harkrader, and Brian Porter (who also made the trip from Geneva).

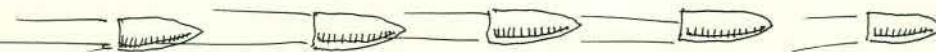
Of note off the course was that evening's festivities, highlighted by Bill-Bob Nutzel's rendition of the "worm" on the dance floor, and the dark and desperate actions of those sailors that Bill and Sherry Campbell were unlucky enough to host. One of those pirates scored a first of sorts by becoming ill after just having eaten a plate of corned beef hash with several chocolate milk shakes. Another genius lay down his weary head on the hot tub cover in the Campbell's house where the foam cover looked soft and inviting only to find out that the cover was foam only. Splash.

The fifth and last race (insofar as the sixth race was never started) presented a big edge to those starting at the pin end. Bill Campbell got a bit too big of an edge though, and was called back. A fresh 15-18 mph southwesterly provided the locomotion, but, unfortunately, much of the race was a parade, with Harry in front, generally covering Peter Fort, with Porter in between. Peter, in turn, was generally covering Johnson, who was just behind Wight, who, in turn, was covering Magno. Got it?

Harry, due to a prior commitment, was unable to attend the award ceremony, where he won every trophy, but he was ably attended by his Eastern "ringer" crew, Betsy Lucas, who abandoned usual skipper Dick Wight in order to sail with the Rock Stars. A wonderful moment occurred when Sam Merrick shared his notebook from the first Eastern's with the crowd at dinner. A hearty thanks to the well-run effort on land and sea by host Toms River.

Another nice touch was the reappearance, after an absence of several years, of Mike Fortenbaugh's Bay Head flag. Rumor has it that it spent much of the time the past few winters keeping hunters warm in a Zenda duckblind.

The lack of the perfect sports analogy is still troubling. As Ruthian as it was, it was not unprecedented, Sam Merrick having won all races in the Eastern's a while back. Of course, as even Sam will grudgingly admit, having the only metal spar in the fleet didn't hurt him any. Sweep? No, these happen all the time, and in many sports. In the end, I don't have the clever answer, but I do know that, in any one Eastern's, this record can only be tied, never broken.

BULLSEYE! 





# EASTERN CHAMPIONSHIP    AUGUST 1, 2, 3 1989

I-1	Harry Melges III	Teal	1	1	1	1	1	3 1/4
BH-13	Peter Fortenbaugh	Theo Phrastus	3	2	10	5	3	23
CH-18	Erik Johnson	Black Sheep	2	5	2	14	6	29
MR 10	Dick Wight	Feather	4	10	3	10	4	31
I-49	Brian Porter	Shadow Fax	9	9	5	7	2	32
LA 99	Dave Magno	Magnum Force	8	8	6	3	7	32
BH-17	Michael Fortenbaugh	Breathless	6	3	13	2	15	89
BH-11	John Harkrader	Bay Rider	16	7	8	6	9	46
LE 8	Jack Lampman	Elusive	18	4	11	11	5	49
T-8	Dan Crabbe	Duster	7	19	12	4	12	54
IH-7	Buzz Reynolds	Buzzin	14	13	15	15	10	67
T-17	Cliff Campbell	Ol' Blue	13	18	4	19	24	8
MC 55	Mark Beaton	Bernie	22	14	9	24	8	77
T-5	William Campbell	Dark Star	12	6	7	DNS	16	80
CH 6	Rick Turner	Effleorage	5	16	26	18	18	83
MA 3	Bob Armstrong	Emotion	20	11	19	13	22	85
HO 31	Peter Rochelle	Happ E Ness	17	17	27	12	13	86
BH 4	Bob Broege	Hugger Mugger	10	21	22	17	17	87
BH 7	Corbie Day	Esprit	11	DNF	21	9	14	94
BH 8	Russel Lucas	Eclipse	21	20	20	8	23	101
BH 2	Sam Merrick	Fast Fax	26	26	14	16	24	106
LE 5	Butch Lenhard	Top Gun	28	12	23	25	20	108
BH-10	Doug Love	Leptokurtosis	23	24	17	DNS	11	114
CH-5	Dick Turner	Falcon XIV	15	25	38	20	27	117
T 67	Stu Wells	K.O.D.	19	22	36	22	21	120
IH 44	Fred Slack	Slack Tide	32	15	18	32	29	126
HO-37	Chuck Drawbaugh	Sensation	33	34	16	28	26	137
T-1	Bill Warner	E-Raser	27	27	34	21	28	141
LE 3	Walter Lenhard	Me	24	23	35	26	DNS	148
HO 32	Tom Wiss	Renny	31	DNF	33	23	25	151
CH 1	Marc Turner	Augury	30	31	28	34	30	158
LA 150	John Applegate	Crab Apple	35	29	25	29	DNF	155
HO 13	Craig Bradley	Erratic	25	33	37	38	31	156
HO-23	Alan Rulter	Silver Fox	29	31	32	31	34	158
MA-18	Cliff Lewis	WA	36	28	29	33	33	160
HO-40	C. B. Johnson	Pandemonium	34	30	38	27	32	161
KU 15	Nelson Macan	Dynamite	37	DNF	34	35	DNS	172
CH 30	A. J. Smith	Doom E	38	DNF	31	36	35	179



*No sailing action photos or even of clubhouse noon lunch activities were forthcoming from this Regatta but we were pleased to receive this photo of an unusual and unique Go-Fast which propelled its skipper to a 3rd place overall finish. Perhaps a little more fine tuning might have done the trick.*

*photo: Linda Rochelle*



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# E SCOW NATIONALS - SEPTEMBER 7 - 8 - 9 OSHKOSH YACHT CLUB — LAKE WINNEBAGO

by Sam Merrick

The 1989 Nationals assembled forty-four strong on September 7 under the guidance of the Oshkosh Yacht Club, all set to confront the terrors of Lake Winnebago — terrors because trouble comes when the wind blows across its shallow fourteen foot depth and 400 square mile surface. Winnebago, translated by a native from Indian language, means stinky or dirty water. The chop, stirred by a good breeze, insures good mix of dirty bottom sediment. Oshkosh is situated on the west shore at approximately mid point of the lake's forty mile north-south axis. The "terrors" held off until the final day of racing September 9.

For the fourth time in as many years, Harry Melges III became again the E boat national champion — adding to his now five consecutive ILYA championships — a record breaking accomplishment for which there is no precedent, not even the record of his famous gold medalist father. But the story almost ended differently — until Race 4 started twenty minutes before the 3 PM deadline, Melges was in second place behind the great upwind sailing of Peter Fortenbaugh.

The weather was badly behaved: on Day 1, the six race series was delayed until after lunch by a dense fog. Then two back-to-back contests on moderate southwesterly air got the fleet back on schedule. For Day 2, a light fluke morning air, more southerly than the day before, caused starting trouble. The postponement flag had an airing twenty seconds before the initial starting gun, thanks to a leftward shift requiring the course to be reset. Again a last minute shift jammed the Leeward end, necessitating a general recall. Almost an hour late, the fleet got off to more than two hours of slow sailing missing the time limit by twenty minutes — that by the grace of an increased wind velocity on the final two legs.

The lunch break did nothing for the elusive wind: a start in three knots at 3:30 got the boats spread widely apart, but not around the windward mark an hour later. Cheers greeted abandonment signals as the lake subsided into a glassy calm. For Day 3, things changed dramatically — a steady rain and a gusty twenty-five knot northerly made it agreeable to linger in the harbor well past the scheduled 9:30 warning gun. When the fleet was finally goaded

Reporter Photos



*RC chairman Don Williquette appears to have gotten everyone's attention*



*Some slept until noon on Day One*



*The amicable fuzz were always on hand except when Winnebago's big waves kicked up Day Three morning*



*No panic here - seasoned RC personnel have early on provisioned their respective crafts.*



into action, it became apparent that Winnebago's terrors had arrived, and that a race in such conditions of big waves would be something special. For the first time in a National Regatta, flotation panels were required. The starting sequence was well under way when it became apparent that the starboard line boat was dragging its anchor — that, and the prospect of multi-rescues in extreme conditions, determined the race committee to return to shore and wait out the weather. It was in the context of a 3 PM starting deadline that wind somewhat abated shortly after two, a time when 16 boats had already packed for travel. The remaining twenty-eight embarked on Race 4.

Just as it was at Chatauqua in 1988 (see the cover of the Reporter - backstay issue), the dramatic element of the Regatta was provided by the struggle for top spot between Harry Melges and Peter Fortenbaugh. By the end of three races, they were tied on points at 8.75, with tie breaking procedures giving the lead to Peter's 6-1-2 over Harry's 3-5-1. Thus Harry needed that Race 4 which almost didn't happen, a possibility that he did his best to prevent by sailing to and fro past the harbor entrance while the fleet huddled on shore intimidated by the high seas. When the race finally got underway, Harry sailed a conservative fourth place and became 1989 Champion, while Peter, after a bad start, capsized during a jibe attempt shortly after rounding the first mark. As between Peter and Harry, Race 4 was an anti-climax.

Courses for all four races were W2½ set for the minimum eight

mile distance rather than the "preferred" ten — preferred under the NCESA By-Law, but not appropriate for Races 1 and 2 sailed after lunch, not for Race 3 in the light air, nor for Race 4 given the late start and long drives home. It has become increasingly apparent that windward courses are preferred because of the greater challenge of downwind tactics and strategies instead of the parades likely on reaching legs which are a part of triangle courses.

For a mid-west regatta site, the entry list was small — less than in 1988 at Chatauqua. Presumably, memories of past rough treatment by Winnebago was a factor, although the Class flotation panels ought to have helped reassure the stay-at-homes. Next year's Inland Regatta scheduled for the same location will be a good test of class strength. By state, Minnesota provided fourteen, not counting the three "BC" boats from Cormorant Lake across the Red River from Fargo, N.D. New Jersey was next with nine and Wisconsin third. From Indiana's Lake Wawasee alone there were five, in third place, by fleet ranking, compared to nine from Minnetonka and seven from the Barnegat Bay fleet.

Race management was under the expert direction of Don Willequette, assisted by Snuff and Snake Schneider and the Brennans plus many others from the local fleet. Mike Scharpf and Dave Sitter were the honchos who organized the event in grand style — providing food, patrols, launching, etc. This writer had the honor to serve as a member of a very unused protest committee under old friends of many scow wars, Ed Malone and Art Best.

*Reporter photos*



*This was one of the Regatta's better starts*



*If you don't think the port end of the line isn't used just ask Boat 4*



*Please do not ask the editor where SL-111 came from*



# RACE BY RACE SUMMARY

## September 7 - Race 1

Wind: 195° - 205° at 10-12 knots, Course W2½. Start 1:30 PM. Heading right toward shore had the benefit of shifts but also a gradual clocking. Erik Johnson and Mike Fortenbaugh toured around the course essentially unchallenged by going hard right from the starting line. The two Lenhards from Little Egg, Charlie Harrett and Melges all found the right side to their liking on the first and subsequent beats. Melges gained third place on the first run — a position held for the rest of the contest. P. Fortenbaugh, behind at first, got free on the second beat to use his upwind speed and closed on Melges. He had to take a short port tack hitch for the windward mark and played it conservatively by ducking Harrett and Lenhard. Melges covered Fortenbaugh on the third beat so well that Harrett as well as Peter Slocum almost caught him at the finish, both leading Fortenbaugh; Melges thereby had gained a three point edge on his rival.

## September 7 - Race 2

Wind generally 190° at 10-12 knots; Course W2½, Start 3:40

The lesson of the first race to go right as soon as possible was picked up by the whole fleet. Melges, starting one third down the line tacked early for what appeared to be a jump on the fleet; this translated into first place at the first mark a few seconds ahead of Had Brick and P. Fortenbaugh. Walter Lenhard, Harrett and Jack Lampman next went around together. Two thirds down the run (port jibe toward the shore being as rewarding as it was going up), Melges in the lead jibed first. This move allowed Fortenbaugh to assume first place by a length of open water at the bottom mark. Melges by bearing off got his air free, but sagged off and tacked after eight minutes away from Fortenbaugh's continued port tack toward the shore. That allowed Brick to pass Melges on his long port tack following Fortenbaugh. Melges tried an early starboard jibe on the second run, so that Lenhard took over third. The Melges magic got into more trouble on the final beat from Harrett who had hit the right corner and crossed the finish ahead of Melges.

## September 8 - Race 3

Wind 100° - 165° at 1 to 6 knots; Course W2½. Start 10:55.

The general backing wind aborted the first sequence. After the marks were reset, a general recall preceded the final effort in which five boats were spotted early. Unlike the day before, going left into the lake was as good as getting to the shore. Bill Campbell, Brian Porter and Tom Burton, in that order, were all beneficiaries of the left side. P. Fortenbaugh, from the right, followed Campbell at the first mark. Melges in ninth at the first mark, passed five boats on the run and went for the second beat about 90 seconds behind Campbell. The wind all but vanished as the leaders headed upwind by going left. Porter tacked back to port first, looking for

wind, but he lost Melges who rounded the top mark in the third spot behind Campbell (still leading) and Fortenbaugh. Melges jibed immediately for a long slow ride that carried him into first place at the bottom mark and ultimately at the finish. With the wind picking up, Fortenbaugh passed Campbell on the final beat by going faster.

## September 8 - Race 4 attempted.

The southeasterly of the morning had diminished again for a start in possibly three knots. The wind was soon to disappear to near zero. After an hour with boats no nearer to the windward mark than a half mile, the contest was abandoned.

## September 9 - Race 4

Wind 015° - 350° at 20 knots, Course W2½. Start 2:40

Going left early toward the shore paid substantially thanks to shifts and less chop. Fortenbaugh took an early port tack to get clear air from a bad start. Melges had the perfect start at the favored leeward end, then went over to port tack two minutes later, as a loose cover over Fortenbaugh. With the wind backing, the leaders at the first mark were Porter, Harrett and John Dennis - these three about 15 boat lengths ahead of a group in fourth, a position rapidly occupied by Melges. Fortenbaugh, hurting from his early port tack in twelfth jibed into a disastrous capsize and was towed to shore. Melges settled into a comfortable fourth place with the championship won. All further action related to the order of finish as between Erik Johnson with an accumulated score (after three races) of 16.75, Porter 21, Slocum 24, Brick 26, and Harrett 27. With Porter in first place at the windward mark and Harrett in second, their chances for the place and show looked bright. Half way down the run Harrett picked up a super gust which carried him well past Porter, so that the order became Harrett, Porter, Dennis - good until the final beat when Porter got close enough to Harrett to get him enticed into close covering, with Porter trying to get on Harrett's port hip and enjoy the benefits of lift from the nearby shore. After some twenty matching tacks, the Porter effort succeeded and he was rewarded by a big port lift while Harrett, heading 15 degrees lower, went out into the lake and second place - good enough to get by Johnson, Brick and Slocum in the final standings.

*Postscript: I hope this is my swan song for reporting the Nationals. My suspicion is that such an effort is not read enough to be worth the trouble for a successor. My advice to him or her is to avoid providing an account that can be found in the chart containing all the finishes. Accuracy, which is the only excuse for such a history, is possible, but it needs a small fast boat, good binoculars and a tape recorder. Good luck to the successor.*

Reporter photos



*M-1 successfully pulled the fleet over the line for three consecutive recalls. Photos at left caught by Boat 4's candid camera show two of them. Photo above sees Jay behaving nicely*



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Because of Winnebago's "terrors", Sunday AM saw some of the ready-for-home and 16 E's packed up



Meanwhile Harry III and crew pranced around the harbour goading the fleet to come out and play.



Porter's working on Peter Slocum



Too bad this ain't color. Mike F.'s chute is a rare pink



The camera lens invariably flattens out the waves but this shot shows that Winnebago was living up to its reputation



...in close pursuit!



# REGATTA RESULTS - NCESA OSHKOSH

		RACE 1	RACE 2		RACE 3		RACE 4	
REGATTA								
POSITION	SAIL#	SKIPPER						TOTAL PTS.
1	I-1	HARRY MELGES III	3	5	1	4		12.75
2	I-49	BRIAN PORTER	9	8	4	1		21.75
3	SL-111	CHARLES HARRETT	5	*	5	2		29
4	T-18	ERIK JOHNSON	1	9	7	13		29.75
5	IH-27	HAD BRICK	15	2	9	6		32
6	M-15	PETER SLOCUM	4	7	13	11		35
7	T-5	BILL CAMPBELL	13	15	3	10		41
8	BH-17	MIKE FORTENBAUGH	2	13	20	8		43
9	LA-99	DAVID MAGNO	8	14	P	7		44
10	CH-6	RICK TURNER	14	23	P	8		50
11	BH-13	PETER FORTENBAUGH	6	1	2	DNF		53.75
12	W-1	JULE HANNAFORD	11	20	10	18		59
13	M-25	JOHN DENNIS	26	21	11	3		61
14	M-14	ROB EVANS	12	19	14	22		67
15	M-9	THOMAS BURTON	29	10	6	23		68
16	M-7	BOB SEVEY	17	17	27	16		77
17	W-10	BOB ZAK	20	12	26	21		79
18	UM-11	BRANT NELSON	28	25	18	9		80
19	LE-8	JACK LAMPMAN	21	6	12	DNS		80
20	V-3	ROBERT BIWER	30	24	16	14		84
21	LE-3	WALTER LENHARD	7	3	31	DNS		84
22	M-111	DOUG KULLER	16	30	32	12		90
23	M-10	JACK STROTHMAN	18	11	23	DNF		97
24	J-2	ROBERT CUMMINS	31	37	17	17		102
25	J-12	JACK SCHLOESSER	25	38	25	19		107
26	J-1	JEFF SCHLOESSER	37	36	21	15		109
27	BH-10	DOUG LOVE	24	18	22	DNS		109
28	MU-22	PAUL WICKLAND	23	22	19	DNS		109
29	LE-5	BUTCH LENHARD	10	27	29	DNS		111
30	M-77	WOODY JEWETT	33	31	34	24		122
31	W-11	DAVID KENYON	39	35	24	25		123
32	WA-14	ROD RUSSELL	32	39	35	20		126
33	WH-88	BRIAN MCMURRAY	22	29	30	DNS		126
34	M-1	JAY ECKLUND	27	26	28	DNS		126
35	V-1	DAVID PERRIGO	19	33	33	DNS		130
36	A-4	MICHAEL CURTES	35	16	P	36	DNS	132
37	W-15	GEORGE HILL	34	28	39	DNS		146
38	WA-3	TERRY MOORMAN	38	32	40	DNS		155
39	BS-41	MARK KIEFER	44	44	43	26		157
40	WA-7	JOHN CALL	40	34	38	DNS		157
41	WA-31	MICHAEL RIAN	36	43	37	DNS		161
42	BC-8	RICK HILL	41	41	42	DNS		169
43	BC-7	WARREN WILSON	42	40	44	DNS		171
44	WA-10	MICHAEL SMITH	43	42	41	DNS		171

SUBMITTED BY: DAVID SITTER

\* 13 Penalty Points

## CREW MEMBERS ABOARD TOP THREE FINISHERS

**I-1**      **Hans Melges**  
**Judd Hirshberg**  
**Suzanne Kelsey**

**I-49**      **John Porter**  
**Tom Freytag**

**SL-III**    **Andy Burdick**  
**Scott Norby**  
**Jason Hirshberg**



# AND HERE WE PRESENT A M

Reporter photos this spread



Don Williquette really got a rise out of Art Best, Ed Malone and Mary Hill with whatever it was he said.



Half of Boat #4, Snake and Jim Bufton at the ready



Maudie Bre weather pre



Regatta chairman Mike Scharfe touching base with Jim and Snake



Commodore George Hill in a pensive mood



Nat Robbins and Mike Mey



Lady Snuff models a nifty rainsuit



Mike Meyer wondering (as usual) "Why the hell don't they sail?"



Meanwhile back at the Ranch, Maudie, Sam, Mike get some twelve year old R and R



# MIDDLE AGE CENTER SPREAD



nan and Sam apparently challenging Snuff/Snake's fiction



Coleman Norris, Mike Meyer, Ted Brennan and Ed Malone marking time out of the rain



r doing some hangar flying in front of an inattentive audience



Who said put what in your hat?



e and Dede



Coast guard weather sounds pessimistic



Crummy weather didn't bother the BC good natured crews



## TOP TEN MINUS TENTH



**1st** I-1 Harry Melges III



**2nd** J-49 Brian Porter



**3rd** SC-III Charlie Harrod



**4th** Erik Johnson



**5th** Had Brick



**6th** Peter Slocum



**7th** Bill Campbell



**8th** Mike Fortenbaugh



**9th** Dave Magno

**ED. NOTE:** 10th place was nailed by Rick Turner when he stayed upright and Peter F. didn't in the last race. Due to layout problems, find happy Rick and crew on page 25.



## 1989 BLUE CHIP REGATTA - Pewaukee Lake

Peter Fortenbaugh won the 1989 Blue Chip in the five race series which took place on September 22-23-24 on Pewaukee Lake — as usual, two weeks after the Nationals. This light crew, Henry Colie and Willie De Camp from the east and Dave Buckley (sailing four races) from nearby led the series after each of the first three races, dropped to second by a mere fraction in Race 4, then gratefully received the benefit of one of Pewaukee's unlikely flukies to win the second time in two years. Notably nobody won more than one race — a shift from recent history — so happiness was spread for winter musings.

The 1989 event failed to humiliate its mystery guest who almost won. Mr. Mystery was Gary Knapp, an Olympic team alternate in 1984 and again in 1988 because of his recognized ability in many of the Olympic class boats — like FD's Tornados, 470's and Solings. He more than justified his first "run" in scows — like Dennis Conner in 1972 finishing third, but then actually won in 1977 (with Buddy and Gloria Melges for crew) after acquiring a little more experience in America's Cup competition. Knapp

should keep this program in mind as he readies himself for a five year campaign pointing to 1994.

In winning, Fortenbaugh did not have to contend with Harry Melges against whom he sailed unsuccessfully in four major regattas in 1989. Melges was in France doing 5.5 class business. But he needed some luck to overcome defeat by Knapp who started the final heat with a comfortable lead over Fortenbaugh who had lost an early lead and was now running sixth. Covering on Pewaukee is not a reliable sailing principle, so Knapp didn't. His decision to go to the hitherto favoring south shore was understandable, but proved a mistake when Fortenbaugh went north and met a major starboard tack lift. On that episode Fortenbaugh took third behind Jeff Baker and Dick Wight, but comfortably ahead of Knapp in sixth.

As a final flourish after the race, ILYA commodore Lou Morgan took the eastern sailors and the mystery guest for a sail on an A Scow — for some of them their first. An A Scow is a cross between an M Scow and an ocean liner.

*Reporter photos*



*Even though it was REALLY bitter cold ———*



*You can bet there was some hot blood aboard the WA99 capsized at the dock!*

*Reporter photos*



*Race committees love to see a starting line shape up like the above - forming a concavity (?) with the middle*



*and the boys at the port end have no real sweat*



## Friday, September 22

**First Race:** The wind was 5-12 Northwest. The Race Committee set a course of W-L 2½ times around. The course involved the normal northwest weather mark, where you start near the Club and sail up near the north Shore. Therefore, there was always a good deal of change at the weather mark. On the first leg, Steve Schmidt (M3) went to the right and obtained the early lead. He held the lead through approximately ½ of the race. He then became close with Peter Fortenbaugh who eventually passed him and won with a good lead. I believe that Jeff Baker was in with them for awhile. There was a good race for fourth, and at the end, Gary Knapp, Dick Wight and John Dennis crossed the line at the same time. We sailed with four in our boat. The wind seemed strong to begin with but it diminished during the race, and we definitely were slower against the lighter crews upwind. All of the top six boats, except for ours, sailed with three.

**Second Race:** The wind was again northwest, however, it was much stronger. The race course was windward, leeward 3½ times around. Jule Hannaford gained an early lead, and gained throughout the race, winning by a good margin. I believe he added a fourth, making his crew quite heavy. Gary Knapp sailed a particularly good race, eventually beating Fortenbaugh in a race which was close.

## Saturday, September 24

**Third Race:** A front came through during the night, and on Saturday morning when we arrived at the Club around 8:30, the temperature was in the 30's and the wind was blowing approximately 23-25. It was blowing directly off of the North Shore, so there were times when you were sitting inside the boat. The race course was a double olympic. Tom Klaban was close to the lead in the beginning. He eventually took over first place and gained a substantial lead on the fleet. On the first two reaches, the fleet spread substantially. We noticed that as we rounded the first mark in 6th place quite close to the leaders, the leaders were suddenly way ahead. Thereafter the positions did not change a great deal, as Klaban, David Perrigo and John Dennis stayed out ahead. Fortenbaugh acknowledged a port-starboard foul against Jeff Baker,

but still led the regatta despite the 17 points after finishing sixth.

**Fourth Race:** The wind was about the same out of the north. Probably a bit lower, in the neighborhood of 13-18. The course was W3½.

None of the reporters could remember enough of this contest except that Charlie Harrett carried the Western Michigan banner to its best finish of the regatta, while Peter Slocum became Minnetonka's second race winner. With a diminishing northwest wind approaching Pewaukee's north shore produces lots of surprises and this race did.

## Sunday, September 24

The wind had backed overnight to west and southwest in the 3 to 10 range — course W2½ more or less aligned with the lake. During the race the lead changed frequently among a half dozen boats, but the two leaders, Knapp and Fortenbaugh occupied first place for substantial periods.

Fortenbaugh led at the 1st windward mark with Knapp well back. Downwind the wind seemed to encourage all to play the south side of the lake. Farther back, Knapp was able to discern a puff and veer; so he jibed toward the north. By the time the fleet woke up to what was happening, they could find no angle on which to jibe to get back to Knapp. Knapp rounded the 1st leeward with a nice lead.

On the second windward leg, Knapp held first by playing the left. Fortenbaugh had chances to whittle away at Knapp's lead but instead played the north shore in a futile search for something more substantial.

On the second run, Knapp increased his lead. Fortenbaugh rounded final leeward mark in approximately sixth.

On the final upwind leg another Pewaukee happened in that Knapp played the left, which had worked on the previous weather legs. Fortenbaugh, who was well behind, played the right. A huge starboard lift came down the lake. Fortenbaugh then made a beeline for a position directly upwind of Knapp. In some really squirrely going, Knapp almost broke through Fort, but couldn't quite make it — so with that Fortenbaugh captured the regatta.



*Perhaps only on Pewaukee Lake could Peter F. coming off last chute run hope to catch mystery guest Gary Knapp seen at far right heading for the finish.*



*— but, Peter and company rolled the dice with the right heading and just looky here what happened — No. 1!*



## MYSTERY GUEST

This years Mystery Guest is two time collegiate All-American Gary Knapp. He has competed in a myriad of fleets including: Tornados, Flying Dutchman, 470's, Solings, Interclubs, Penguins, Lasers, and ROR class boats.

He won the 1988 Tornado North American's and was the U.S. Olympic Team Alternate, in the same class, also in 1988. In 1987 he won again in the tornado at CORK.

In 1984 Gary was the U.S. Olympic Team Alternate in the Flying Dutchman class.

This is only a brief highlight of his sailing accomplishments. Gary is extremely excited to be here and is looking forward to competing in an E-Scow with the best of it's class. Please welcome Gary to the Fall Classic of Scow sailing and wish him a great regatta.

## 1989 E BLUE CHIP RESULTS

Pos	Sail#	Name	R1	R2	R3	R4	R5	Total Points
1	BH113	Peter Fortenbaugh	1	3	11*	4	3	36.4
2		Gary Knapp	4	2	10	2	6	41.7
3	V85	Jeff Baker	3	8	5	9	1	44.7
4	M25	John Dennis	6	4	3	7	5	48.4
5	M15	Peter Slocum	9	7	4	1	7	49
6	W1	Jule Hannaford	17	1	7	5	10	62
7	MR10	Dick Wight	5	6	DNF	8	2	63.7
8	ID11	Tom Klaban	12	10	1	10	13	69
9	V1	David Perrigo	15	9	2	6	16	72.7
10	M3	Steve Schmidt	2	13	8	18	9	75
11	SL111	Charlie Harrett	8	DNF	11	3	11	78.7
12	V26	Rick Roy	11	5	9	14	12	80
13	M10	Jim Gluek	16	14	13	12	4	86
14	CH6	Rick Turner	7	DNF	12	13	8	89
15	MU22	Paul Wickland	13	11	15	11	18	98
16	MU1	Peter Price	10	DNF	14	16	14	103
17	H101	Bill Smelton	14	12	16	17	17	106
18	WA90	Casey Call	18	DNF	17	15	15	114

\*penalty position

Photos: Ricky Lindemann



1st place: Peter Fortenbaugh



2nd place: Gary Knapp  
(that is **not** a trophy)



3rd place: Jeff Baker



4th place: John Dennis



5th place:  
Peter Slocum



6th place: Jule Hannaford



8th place:  
Tom Klaban



**A RINGER!** Well, we told Rick Turner we'd find space for his good 10th finish at Oshkosh





*Tom Klaban to weather of Gary Knapp at the start worked into a commanding lead and won Race 3*



*Klaban and happy crew with sails borrowed from Peter F.*



*Good looking stuff*



*— a case for buoy room*



*WA 99 appears to be caught in a tight blanket during this start*



*— but appears pretty serene crossing the finish line*





# *Only The Best*



*Bill and Bob Allen sailing their Melges E "The Original Hare" powered by Melges Sails.*

*Photo by Stephen Schmidt*

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# SECOND YACHTING HISTORY SYMPOSIUM MYSTIC SEAPORT MUSEUM

by Samuel Merrick

## INLAND LAKE SCOWS - AMERICA'S OWN RACING CLASS

### EDITORS NOTE:

*Sam Merrick, author of the following paper asked the editor to reduce its content to a more "conventional length." After several serious attempts to comply, the editor concluded that ANY sizeable deletion would deprive the reader of significant information. There is no fluff, smoke or fillers in the paper. Either print it all or don't. We think anyone the least interested in class sailing development will agree it would have been a real loss to have not printed the "story."*

*A real loss, however, is in not being able to view the forty to fifty carefully selected slides that accompanied Sam's presentation.*

Shakespeare's famous line, "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet" singularly fails when applied to scows. . . I suffer still to say I sail SCOWS. But attach the words "Inland Lake", then I marvel at those sailboats that have been part of my life since 1930. They are a tribute to the organization which developed such racing machines, the Inland Lake Yachting Association, which had the wisdom to take advantage of the many lakes available and to build on the efforts and disappointments of the East which had viewed SCOWS as undesirable freaks.

The term SCOW is not precise, since even modern SCOWS come in variations. But characteristics, which I list here are what, since THORELLA II in 1903, mark the type from other sailing craft:

- 1) light construction, like canoes, which when wood was replaced by fiberglass in the 70's, was carried over by size and weight;
- 2) no keel, skeg, or center protuberance to break a flat bottom surface (exception - the tunnel-hulled M-20);
- 3) a cross section generally rectangular but with rounded bilges (such as 12" or more radius);
- 4) bilgeboards - no centerboard;
- 5) double rudders, generally in line with the bilgeboards (exceptions - the single rudder for the C and MC).

SCOWS, unlike dinghies, go best when heeled and thus present a long cigar-like form in the water. In doing so, wetted surface is kept to a minimum. There are today six more or less one-design classes mostly built by two builders: Johnson Boat Works (White Bear Lake, Minnesota) and Melges Boat Works (Zenda, Wisconsin).

The history of how this uniquely American type of racing craft came about is an interesting one - American, with help in the beginning from Canadians. The spark that produced the SCOW (much to the surprise, even chagrin, of its inspired trustees) was the decision of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, in 1895, to offer "The Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup for Small Yachts" - a cup "to be sailed by yachts whose racing measurement shall not exceed the maximum limit of the so-called twenty-five foot racing class or fall below the minimum limit of the so-called fifteen-foot racing class of the Seawanhaka Club as such classification exists at the date of this instrument." The "classification" was the Seawanhaka Rule adopted in 1882 with a successful twelve-year history producing successful larger racing yachts. It was this: waterline length plus the square root of the

sail area divided by two. I am uncertain whether the waterline was measured with crew aboard, though some amount of agreed weight was often added. Expressed as a formula it was:

$$\frac{WL + SA}{2}$$

The British challenged for the cup in 1895 in the fifteen-foot class, but lost to ETHELYN, a neat little craft designed by W.P. Stephens, the author of the first volume of the fine history of the Seawanhaka Club in which he found satisfaction in the fact that his creation did not gain sailing length when heeled - no SCOWS for him!

A British measurement rule produced somewhat similar boats (but with less sail) and were called "half-raters":

$$15 (L) \times 200 (SA) + \frac{3000}{6000} = 1/2$$

the 6,000 being a constant for "raters". Under the Seawanhaka Rule, a 15-foot WL would be entitled to 225 square feet of sail and was mistakenly called a "half rater." But the term showed up in general use of that first contest, perhaps because it sounded fashionable.

The second contest (1896) was more interesting. The challenge came from the Royal St. Lawrence Y.C. of Montreal. To defend, twenty-seven different boats of the 15-foot class were designed and built - an outpouring of activity that seemed to justify the Seawanhaka Club's purpose in promoting small-boat racing by amateur sailors. These craft were designed by the cream of American designing talent, including Nathanael Herreshoff, Clinton Crane (fresh from Harvard), William Gardner, Starling Burgess and others. Opposing them was a Canadian bridge builder and amateur naval architect named Herrick Duggan. He was assisted later, we are told, by Fred Shearwood, also a bridge engineer said to be clever with the slide rule. It was Duggan's ingenuity in perceiving the design opportunities afforded by the Seawanhaka Rule that produced the winning competition of those years. He brought forth in building-block succession the elements we now identify as the modern racing SCOW - the characteristics listed in the opening paragraphs of this paper. In so doing, he could lay claim to being the father of the type - a claim supported by Crane, W.P. Stephens and their contemporaries, as well as the authors of several of the Inland Lake Yacht Club histories.

But let's return to 1896: Clinton Crane's EL HIERE (Arabic for racing camel - a considerable crown seeming like a hump) won the trials in customary Long Island Sound non-existent air. Duggan, as was to become standard, supported by fellow Canadians, was able to build and test six boats (shades of STARS AND STRIPES 1986-87), the last of which, GLENCAIRN, became the challenger. Duggan, working under the Seawanhaka Rule, set about the goal of producing a fast boat that that measured slow. From those he earned epithet "rule beater." The Rule had been adopted in 1882 when overhangs were modest. As time passed, Herreshoff and others began using the overhangs as a means of extending waterlines when their yachts were heeled under sail. It was precisely this avenue that Duggan explored successfully with GLENCAIRN; measuring twelve feet on the waterline, she was allowed a sail area of 324 sq. ft. (she carried 300). But when



sailing to windward, she had an effective waterline of fifteen feet. The waterline width was 5'4" upright and 3'11" when heeled. GLENCAIRN walloped EL HIERE in a manner to convince the oligarchs of the Seawanhaka Club that their Cup was producing "sidewalk boats" and "worth-less boxes" as dangerous as the "gravel wagons" (sandbaggers) to replace which their cup was offered. "Imagine," wrote W.P. Stephens, "the absurdity of having to keep these skimming dishes on their feet by getting on the windward rail and having to weigh crew members like jockeys before a horse race."

There were more shocks to come. However, the Cup was achieving one of the Club's objectives by encouraging amateurs to race in small boats instead of the yachting scene being dominated by a crew of professionals needed for the sandbaggers or large yachts. Rather than allow navel architects to continue "their football game" with the 15-footers, a new match (1897) was negotiated under the 20-foot class, but with a sail area limit of 500 — thus discouraging, they reasoned (without considering unmeasured overall sailing length) "feather-weight" construction for the purpose of shortening the waterline. For this challenge, Crane designed MOMO, and had her built in Canada where light construction techniques were advanced. Again, Duggan build and tested four boats and picked GLENCAIRN II as the fastest — she won over MOMO three straight.

Writing in 1928, but reviewing what he had accomplished, Duggan observed this:

"It may be well to review the experience with the type as now developed. With the boats at a proper sailing angle, the ratio of midship-section to effective waterline was so small that wave-making did not seem a serious factor, even at high speeds. At all events, divergent bow waves were not noticeable and the wave of displacement was very small compared to what one had been used to in the ballasted type with limited waterlines. Surface friction, therefore, seemed to be the largest retarding force, and effort was generally directed to getting a small surface or, at least, one of small transverse width. All of these boats with the flat floors were comparatively slow when not well inclined, probably due principally to the large area and poor form of the wetted surface and, in some measure, to wave-making by the short and steeper area curve. The hard bilge boat, with bilges closely approximating a sector of a circle, gave the smallest wetted surface and the best form when in the inclined position, but when sufficient inclination could not be obtained from the wind pressure, the crew to leeward begin little outside the centre of buoyancy, could not heel her sufficiently to develop her best performance and some flare was generally given to the sides."

(From *Sailing Craft* - Edwin Schoettle, Editor). There is no more accurate description of the SCOW.

For 1898, CHALLENGER (Crane-designed and a copy of the trial's disable winner SEAWANHAKA) incorporated what had been learned before. Duggan tried three variations of the GLENCAIRN type, but abandoned them in favor of DOMINION, a radical boat described by Duggan as "carrying to a logical conclusion" his previous efforts. DOMINION was somewhat a catamaran. Actually, she had a tunnel down her center 2-1/2 inches above the waterline curving upward at each end. She conformed to the 20-foot class (17'6" x 500), but stretched the waterline to 27 feet when sailing. Because hostility to catamarans had rejected an earlier effort by Nathaniel Herreshoff in such directions, Seawanhaka protested — and (how history repeats) a jury, chosen by the Canadians in accordance with the Deed of Gift, that

privilege of the defending club, denied the protest. DOMINION won the 1898 series easily, though not peacefully in public comment.

Actually, the sailors in this match had a good time in friendly competition.

The year 1898 was historic for the future of SCOWS with the founding of the Inland Lake Yachting Association (ILYA) which adopted two racing classes under the Seawanhaka Rule — 20 foot and 17 foot waterline lengths. The use of class "A" and class "B" did not come into the ILYA rules until 1900. In the lakes, this action produced a period of intense experimentation in feather-weight construction seeking to convert measured waterline length into heeled overall sailing length. For the lakes, this foolishness was cleared up, as we shall see, three years later, in the winter of 1900-1901, by the adoption of specific scantlings and overall lengths, 38' and 32' respectively.

Match racing between the different areas sailing "side walk" boats (Massachusetts Bay, Long Island Sound, Lake St. Louis and the Inland Lakes) was contagious. The White Bear yacht Club challenged the Canadians for a Seawanhaka Cup match in 1899, but had to be satisfied with a "special contest" because the Seawanhaka Club was given preference — that club having pulled itself together from the DOMINION fracas and being unwilling to conceive of its cup disappearing into the "remote hinterland" of Minnesota. A club member allowed himself to be quoted: "Interest in the cup would wither and die if it ever went to the lakes."

The "special contest" was between DOMINION and a boat named YANKEE, thought by White Bear to be the best available. Yankee was an "eastern" boat built in 1897, designed by Charles Reed, which had lost to MOMO in the trials. YANKEE was beaten three straight. The White Bear history devotes space to YANKEE, because she was said to be the first racing SCOW seen by J.O. Johnson, the revered founder of the Johnson Boat Works. YANKEE was described by Duggan as an all-out SCOW. But wait — we haven't assembled the SCOW yet. The "all-out" description fits hull shape only.

The 1899 cup match between Crane's CONSTANCE and Duggan's GLENCAIRN III was the last between these rival designers and rival clubs. It went the full five races, with the last ending in a Canadian victory of sorts that was no credit to either side. Unlike the DOMINION contest, the sailors themselves were ready for a declaration of war in this one.

It was time for a change, so White Bear's challenge was accepted for a 1900 match under a modified Seawanhaka Rule boat of 25-foot waterline, 500 sq. ft. of sail, plus stricter scantlings. Duggan's RED COAT beat MINNESOTA three straight. A similarly one-sided match took place the following year when the British challenged with GREYFRIAR and were beaten by Duggan's SENNEVILLE. The 25-foot class with 500 square foot sail area was again used. SENNEVILLE was an improved RED COAT.

The ILYA Regatta of 1900 had included a new boat named CAROLINE with a tunnel hull. CAROLINE didn't win, but she was fast enough to encourage the ILYA to adopt a rule requiring hulls to be no lower than their center point. Such a rule has since been a cardinal principle of SCOW design except for the M-20.

Much more importantly than the British challenge, 1901 was the year the ILYA held a landmark meeting on the future of the SCOW type. On the construction problem, detailed scantlings were adopted covering the size and material of planking, decking and ribs. Instead of using the Seawanhaka Rule, which incurred the troublesome problem of measuring waterline, it was decided to designate two classes more or less equivalent to the two then sanctioned, but based upon an overall measurement. Thus, Class A



would be 38 feet long with 500 square feet of sail to replace the 20-foot class. Class B would be 32 feet overall with 350 square feet and so replace the 17-foot class. The lightweight boats were "grandfathered" and remained competitive until they fell apart. But the SCOW type was so rapidly developing that new boats took over despite their additional weight.

Since the waterline no longer counted, the tendency to have ends higher in the water, which had earned the sobriquet "sow bell," was no longer necessary. Over a few years they were to get closer to the water and thus make more effective overall length when the boats were sailing in their proper inclined position.

The impact on SCOW development arising from the Seawanhaka Cup competition was to continue. A Bridgeport Yacht Club challenge for 1902 was accepted by Montreal and trials were held for some eight boats designed by C.D. Mower, Starling Burgess, Crowninshield, Huntington (a local SCOW enthusiast) and a boat builder from Oshkosh named Jimmy Jones who designed and built TECUMSEH. Jones was a talented sailor and designer, as well as a builder, but because he was a builder, ILYA deemed him a professional. So, as of 1902, his sailing talent was lost from sight in the Midwest.

TECUMSEH won the privilege of going to Canada. She was clearly the fastest boat in light air, but not until Jimmy Jones was brought in as her skipper after earlier failures. Her choice, a Bridgeport syndicate boat, by the Bridgeport Committee after a series of trials, was critically viewed by the supporters of the talented Eastern designers. This excerpt from *Rudder's* extensive coverage is glowing evidence of how skillful midwestern sailors had become:

"It has been the custom to decry western yachting and to picture freshwater men as a lot of lubbers. But though they may be guilty of breeches of etiquette, hoist two flags on one string, fire guns on Sunday and wear the names of their boats on their caps, when it comes to racing scows they know more about the game in one minute than we Eastern people do in a month. It will be a bitter dose for the Easterner to swallow to have to go to the West to learn what he fondly considers to be his own game, but if the West is to be beaten at scow racing, it can only be done by studying the freshwater man's methods."

Jimmy Jones, and a crew from Oshkosh, plus one from Bridgeport to give additional color to the Bridgeport nature of the challenge, arrived on Lake St. Louis to find Duggan's latest contribution to SCOW development in the form of TRIDENT equipped with bilge boards. Duggan had left the SCOW scene for Nova Scotia and other interests, but he had designed TRIDENT first. He wrote this: "TRIDENT was so named because she originally came out with a box for a centreboard and a box in each bilge inclined something over 19 degrees to the vertical. Experiments with DOMINION (1898) demonstrated that with a centerboard of 20% less width than GLENCAIRN her lateral plane was more effective, due no doubt to her small angle of heel. Early consideration was given to the introduction of bilge boards, the lee one of which would be practically vertical when sailing, but owing to the discussion over DOMINION, it was not thought well to introduce them and it was not until 1902 that they were tried. TRIDENT was built with three boxes, not as some suppose, because there was any doubt of the efficiency of the lee boards, but in case the use of bilge boards should be disputed as not being within the spirit of the rules."

In giving credit to Duggan for this most notable SCOW element, I concede entering an area of controversy. Credit is taken by some ILYA enthusiasts for an effort in 1898 by J.O. Johnson (founder as we noted of the Johnson Boat Works) to put bilgeboards in a radical boat named WEIRDLING. "Buster" Johnson, son of J.O.

Johnson, was interviewed in 1976. He reported that the effort to install bilge boards was his father's when he built MINNEZITKA in 1900 (not in 1898) for the Seawanhaka Cup challenge of that year. Her owner, Milt Griggs, was reported to have rejected the plan. Since the idea thus died aborning, we will be unable to verify who first got the idea of bilgeboards if it was not Duggan. Bilgeboards were so convincing a source of superior performance that they were put in all ILYA competitive boats after that 1902 match, which TRIDENT won easily.

While ILYA was being constructive and sensible, Massachusetts Bay led SCOW development into dead-end improbability. Competition for the Quincy Cup was based on a 25-foot waterline length and a limit of 850 pounds of live ballast, but unlimited sail area. *Rudder Magazine* ran a full page picture of OUTLOOK designed by Starling Burgess, 52 feet overall and, because so lightly built, sailed a series against OUTLOOK with a crumpled bow. OUTLOOK won.

Double rudders were the Canadian contribution to Seawanhaka competition in 1903 when a Massachusetts challenge from a Starling Burgess design called KOLUTOO was beaten by THORELLA II...like TRIDENT, but with rudders "waving like a duck leg" when the boat heeled. Double rudders swept SCOW country, but only after COMET II, so equipped and built in secret by Jimmy Jones, won the Island Regatta of 1903. One can speculate that Jones picked up the idea of two rudders from THORELLA II.

The Canadians last successful defense of the Cup was held in 1904 when White Bear fielded five boats designed by Mower, Crowninshield and Welsh, from the east, and by Jimmy Jones of Oshkosh. The Jones boat chosen to challenge after trials and renamed WHITE BEAR (ex-SIGMA) won two of the five races, but lost to NOORNA, equipped with curved boards and wire halyards. Both boats had bilgeboards and double rudders. NOORNA had a pointed bow, while WHITE BEAR'S bow was nearly square. The question as to which was (or is) better continued until the thirties, the more accepted "square" became refined in later designs, so that time obliterated the controversy. The cup returned to the U.S. in 1905 - but to Massachusetts with a Boardman designed boat named MANCHESTER.

While Montreal remained experimental with 32 footers, "one design" SCOW development became exclusively the interest of the ILYA - the hinterland beyond the pale of eastern yachting which was unfortunately not awake to the excitement of the boat that it had done so much to produce. The ILYA took up its burden like a careful horsebreeder, encouraging and enhancing good points, eliminating the bad. The freaks, usually grandfathered, were allowed to die, and unwise ingenuity prohibited. Innovations for change were tested for a season before being adopted. Perhaps ILYA success owes something to its customs and structure and a brief picture of that is in order.

The ILYA is an organization of clubs which are represented by delegates elected at a meeting during the week-long Inland Regatta - a gathering of whole families of SCOW enthusiasts. The delegates elect a board which meets during the winter for decision making. In its early years, it concentrated on two classes: "A" and "B." There were also experiments with a smaller boat which by 1911 had become a 20-foot C SCOW - cat rigged. For a brief period there were 18-foot D's, also cat rigged. By the end of WW I, the B's had all but disappeared, presumably too much like A's in their demands on crew work and transportability. The C's proliferated, especially in the many smaller lakes outside the SCOW strongholds of White Bear and Minnetonka in Minnesota, Geneva, Winnebago, Pine and Pewaukee in Wisconsin. ILYA remains to this day a club run association like a yacht racing association, but with more responsibilities, promoting the boats it sponsors.

Sail plans prior to WW I had been gaff-headed. Jibs ever since



1900 had become triangular, but mainsails needed the Marconi revolution of the twenties before taking that shape. The transition is illustrated in a picture of a 1922 Class A Inland Regatta start, in which there are five "Marconi" rigs, six of the older, low aspect, gaff-headed mains, and two with short gaffs. The short gaffs, as high in the air as the Marconis, were thought to permit sail shape control better than the simple triangular Marconi. By 1924, in a similar class A start, all but one is Marconi. For the C's, the class that traditionally has responded more slowly to innovation, the switch from the old gaff was not made until 1930.

Hull shapes settled into annual incremental changes, a process destined to continue until the seventies when frequent alteration of molds for fiberglass construction became too expensive to consider. These annual changes, often more in appearance than real, were partly market motivated, but also represented builder experimentation aimed at finding faster shapes. Hull shape was limited only by having to fit a hypothetical box with specified maximum and minimum dimensions. So there was room for experiment. Materials for ribs, hull planking, decks, etc., were all prescribed so as to discourage unsound construction.

The notion of a "family" boat — simple, cheap, crewed perhaps by the new woman emancipated from bloomers — was the persuasive influence in a decision taken in 1923 to start a new class to be designated "E," 28 feet overall. This was a pioneer move by ILYA — the first time it had not latched on to boats already in existence.

The "E" (always Marconi rigged) encountered difficulty at birth because a centerboard, to save money, proved unsatisfactory. So it was not until 1925 that the class became popular when bilgeboards were allowed. It was in that year that the "E" was adopted as a sanctioned class on Barnegat Bay where it has been a continuing success. Thus, the SCOW returned to the East. Let it be said that the "E" is no family boat. It attracted too many top-flight sailors to be just that, although with a crew weight limitation of 550 lbs. (until the sixties), there was room for good family sailors, age, sex, nationality immaterial.

With the declining availability of gardeners and coachmen required to man the "A" boat, the "E" was a fit for the time. Little by little the "E" abandoned austerity — allowing two spinnakers, two poles, curved boards (aluminum instead of boiler plate steel) and in time the whole panoply of go-fast gear. Compared to the "A", the "E" maintained a "plain Jane" image best illustrated by their different mast development. With the gaff abandoned, "A"'s blossomed out with hollowed, pear-shaped, and curved masts. For the "E"'s, the spar had to be round and straight. Bending was not allowed for the "E"'s which were fitted with running back-stays compared to the permanent masthead backstay running over a boomkin for the "A"'s adopted in the late thirties.

In 1933, a new option appeared for both "E"'s and "C"'s, borrowed from ice boats: a box-shaped (4' x 6') rotating spar supported by jackstays over two short struts on each side of the mast. Bending was prohibited, but the tension on the jackstays (fitted with turnbuckles) had everything to do with allowing bend when the spar turned about 75 degrees from fore and aft on each tack. Much later, in the sixties when good spruce became hard to obtain and expensive, all SCOWS went to aluminum extrusions, but in directions so different that they are worth describing.

The "C"'s, finding the simple rotating rig to their liking, retained that feature for an untapered, precisely dimensioned, shape. The "E"'s launched a two-year period of experiment and found Soling masts (tapered the top eight feet) to be better performers than the rotating spars. The availability of a supply, since the Soling assured a supply was an important deciding factor.

"A" boat spars are stepped "through deck" and have been since

the late thirties when it was discovered that mast bending could be better controlled. "E"'s came both ways prior to 1929, but like "C"'s their masts now rest on deck. The on-deck installing has two major benefits: one, that it spreads the downward thrust of the rig under sail, and, two, it is insurance against deck damage if the mast gets driven into the mud on a capsize.

It must be understood that capsizing is a part of SCOW sailing — but capsizing of a special kind which under ideal conditions allows righting the boat and continuing a race without loss of much except dignity. Unfortunately, the aforesaid ideal conditions are not always easily experienced. Because decks of SCOWS are wide enough to prevent water from getting into cockpits except under severe conditions, righting is accomplished by the crew getting on the bilgeboards. The aluminum spars, unlike the wooden ones of the past, furnish no flotation, so the crew's arrival on the boards must be quick enough to prevent turtling, or mud-sticking in shallower water. Even with reasonably prompt action, exit holes for the various modern sail controls have shortened the time to less than two or three minutes for the hull to remain water-free. "E"'s, after nearly twenty years with this form of misfortune with aluminum spars, are currently in the throes of developing foam panels to be zippered to the top of the mainsail. The result is offensive aesthetically, but it does the job of floating the mast.

In general, SCOWS have tagged along with the rest of yachting with their sails. While some sailmakers have specialized in SCOW sail manufacture, there have always been outside companies making inroads into the SCOW market. The SCOW experience with a racing spinnaker, a Genoa jib set on a spinnaker pole, will come later.

All the six SCOW classes are racing machines rather than day sailers. Going fast is what they are designed to do — like catamarans. But unlike catamarans, SCOWS need top-flight crew to get their best speed. Catamarans are quicker on close reaches, whereas SCOWS must be under spinnaker on a course 45 or 50 degrees from directly down-wind to attain their top speed. Catamarans have the benefit of modern technology for saving weight, and thus hold an advantage over SCOWS that have maintained weight requirements to what they would have been when they were built of wood. Catamarans also have had the benefit of design effort on rudders and boards; SCOWS are equipped with stock aluminum sheet. Perhaps there is a case for America's Cup competition in "high tech" SCOWS to disprove the conventional wisdom that monohulls have lost the speed crown to the cats.

Whether the "A" boat can substantiate its claim of 25 knots, there is no doubt that both it and the smaller "E" can exceed 20 in ideal conditions — that is when forward motion generates a significant increase in apparent wind. The trick is to "freshen" enough to get into a kind of overdrive without capsizing. The "A" SCOW, with its masthead spinnaker, is a sight to behold, though not much faster than the "E." To attain, then maintain, an ideal wind attack angle is what an experienced crew and skipper handle with poise and confidence. Unlike other sailing craft, heading higher when a puff strikes courts almost certain capsize. But heading off too far out of caution is slow — so steering between these points is critical. Heading off a touch, slacking the main, easing the vang, enough of each to maintain maximum power, but reducing it sufficiently to keep the boat on its feet is a textbook description of a wild and exciting experience.

While steering a SCOW is critical, it is also a pleasure: the pleasure of a balanced boat with instant and easy response in all wind velocities. The rudders are surprisingly small for the length and weight of the boats ("A"'s 1850 pounds, "E"'s 950) so the steering pleasure is a tribute to the successful trial and error design of the 85 developing years. Upwind SCOWS are fast and respon-



sive, make little leeway and can always be adjusted (sail shape, bilgeboard position, traveler controls, etc.) to attain a balanced helm. They can tack through 80 degrees although they are more a boat-speed performer than a pointer, particularly at opposite ends of the wind velocity spectrum.

Time has produced more speed, not so much from alteration in hull shape as from boat handling derived in turn from sail improvement and a revolution (Partly to take advantage of the new sail fabric) in marine hardware. This is not to say hulls have not changed in appearance — until the twenties, they seemed to have their bulk in the center of the boat. In the thirties, that "bulk" had moved aft — head-stays no longer came down to the bow plate and masts were stepped noticeably further aft. Bows have acquired a beautiful lean grace. Synthetic sail cloth which brought a whole new body of knowledge required of the racing sailor about sail shape adjustment not possible in the days of cotton, when he accepted within narrow limits what the sail-maker gave. The new hardware, particularly in these past twenty years, has allowed tailoring sail shape to changes in wind velocity, the backstay adjustable over its boomkin on the "A"'s transom was a small beginning. Modern SCOWS, through the mysteries of dozens of roller-bearing blocks hidden under the deck, can adjust about everything under way. So much for more upwind speed.

It is downwind where the combination of the new hardware and spinnaker development have not only increased speed, but altered entirely the way SCOWS are raced.

As in other boats, the arrival of parachute spinnakers meant more downwind speed. But it was not until improvements in spinnaker design that parachutes became reachers. As such, they displaced one of the SCOW's unique sails — the reaching spinnaker cut like a Genoa jib, but set flying at pole's end. Since the rules prohibited downhauling with any attachment forward of the chain plates, the inefficiency of large luff sag was inevitable for such sails. In the thirties there was some talk among SCOW sailors for allowing a Genoa, but that got no general support. The inefficiency of the reacher was not improved in the sixties, when for the sake of simplicity in jibing, the reacher was made symmetrical — out of necessity flat, since it had to present a leading edge in both directions. With a symmetrical reacher, jibing simplicity was accomplished by not having to go forward for turning the spinnaker. A small reaching cut parachute appearing in the seventies eliminated the value of the reacher, so spinnaker jibing symmetry as well as aerodynamic efficiency were attained.

It is in the context of handling a reaching spinnaker combined with the entire crew engaged in pulling the strings, that SCOWS are now sailed downwind, ice-boat fashion, with jibing angles hovering around 90 degrees. Thus, speeds are attained in today's SCOW sailing markedly higher than in their early days.

Two interesting features of racing are worth mentioning. One is a racing rule that says a yacht with a spinnaker (or in the act of getting one up or down) has right-of-way over another on other legs of a course. This rule, the so-called Inland Spinnaker Rule, has prevailed throughout SCOW country until recently since the thirties. Regrettably, the threat of liability suits has curtailed its use in major Inland Regattas. The increasing demand for rule uniformity required by our appeal decisions is likely to eliminate it. I believe this unique rule correctly recognized that a skipper with a spinnaker up is apt to be a blind skipper. The other feature is a move away from Olympic triangle courses in favor of windward-leeward courses — because jibing downward at high reaching angles from the rhumb line demands as much skill as tacking upwind. At the last National Regatta of the "E" class, five of the six races were all multiples of windward, with a small offset near the windward mark to remove some of the traffic hazards.

In closing, I say all hail to the Seawanhaka Cup, Herrick

Duggan and the Inland Lake Yachting Association. Eastern Yachting knows not what it has missed.

## CHRONOLOGY 1895-1904

- 1895 - Seawanhaka Cup offered; SPRUCE\* (British, designed by Litton Hope) defeated by ETHELWYN, designed by W.P. Stephens - Seawanhaka Rule 15 foot class
- 1896 - \*EL HIERE (Clinton Crane) defeated by GLENCAIRN (G. Herrick Duggan) under Seawanhaka Rule - 15 foot class.
- 1897 - \*MOMO (Crane) defeated by GLENCAIRN II (Duggan) (20 foot class)
- 1898 - ILYA organized - adopted two classes under Seawanhaka Rule 20 foot class, 17 foot class; 500, 350 SA respectively \*CHALLENGER (Crane) defeated by DOMINION (Duggan) Seawanhaka Rule 20 foot class-limit 500 SA
- 1899 - Special contest YANKEE (Charles Reed) defeated by DOMINION First effort by White Bear  
\*CONSTANCE (Crane) defeated by GLENCAIRN III (Duggan) under Seawanhaka Rule 20 foot class. ILYA winner ARGO (Jimmy Jones)
- 1900 - \*MINNESOTA (Gus Amundsen) defeated by RED COAT (Duggan) under Seawanhaka 25 foot class. 500 SA. ILYA winner EMANON (Jones)
- 1901 - ILYA abandoned Seawanhaka Rule by adopting two classes on basis on overall length A 38, B 32 feet, plus specified construction for sound boats.  
\*GREYFRIAR (Currie) (British) defeated by SENNEVILLE (Duggan) under Seawanhaka Rule 25 class. 500 SA. ILYA winner EMANON (Jones)
- 1902 - \*TECUMSEH (Jimmy Jones) defeated by TRIDENT (Duggan). This was a challenge by Bridgeport Y.C.  
ILYA winner ADERYN (Jones)  
On Massachusetts Bay: OUTLOOK defeats FLASHLIGHT
- 1903 - \*KOLUTOO (Starling Burgess) defeated by THORELLA II (Shearwood)  
ILYA winner COMMET II (Jones) First ILYA winner with bilgeboards
- 1904 - \*WHITE BEAR (ex SIGMA - Jones) defeated by NOORNA (Shearwood)  
ILYA winner ALPHA (C.D. Mower)

\*Denotes challenge series for the Seawanhaka Cup



Ed. Note:

Part one of this article appeared two issues ago. Part two was promised if at least one request first was received. Well, two full memberships resulted from publishing Part I, so here is Part II with no apologies from the editor who suggests you the reader dig out Reporter No. 24 No. 2 and reread Part I as a refresher.

## OLD EMMA COMES TO BARNEGAT

### Part 2

by F. Slade Dale

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



**I**N MANY ways the old-fashioned *Emma C. Berry* has had a tendency to simplify our existence during the past year, but for the first few days immediately following her purchase life seemed very complicated.

No less a sailor than Conor O'Brien is responsible for giving support to the statement that the only way for two people to get through a long voyage together is to live in opposite ends of the ship and never speak to each other. Peter and I thought this would be a good idea to apply to our vessel, so we took up our quarters in the forepeak and left the two motors to themselves in the after cabin. We didn't speak their language and had no desire to learn it; in our innocence we thought it would be sufficient to say "Good morning" to them when we got underway and "Good night" when we shut them off after a successful day's run.

But of course the scheme didn't work, because the motors refused to be left alone and demanded constant company. Indeed, it is doubtful whether we would ever have reached Boothbay Harbor and the peaceful simplicity which new canvas subsequently brought us, if it hadn't been for an old shipmate who joined us at the last moment. Frank Coyle had cruised to Florida with me by sneakbox, six years before, and he still had cramps in his legs as a result. I thought this would be a good chance for him to cruise in a spacious boat, with broad decks on which he could promenade — 125 times around to the mile — and a cabin in which he could yawn without sliding back the hatch. The *Emma C.*, I telegraphed, was greater in beam than the length of our sneakboxes and she had two good, though old, motors — but if he didn't mind bringing a few tools. . . .

We hadn't gotten further than Shabbit Island Ledge,



This photo of Peter Jenness (L.) and Slade Dale was provided and taken by younger brother Frank Jenness in 1930. Frank tended jib briefly on Dale's E scow in the mid '20's, lives now in Maine and in a bit of a "small world" department is an old, fey friend of Sam Merrick and Ted Brennan

which is the Robbin's Reef of Jonesport, when the starboard motor cried for help, and no sooner had Frank applied first aid with a tourniquet around the water pump and a wire and a piece of string on the ignition mechanism, than the motor on the port side wheezed a sad call for attention also. From that moment Frank did all his promenading below decks, and except for occasional time out to catch a wink of sleep or to take the wheel for a spell, he spent his days and nights hovering over his motors — *his* motors because Peter and I had disowned them, come what might. There were various definite things wrong with them, which Frank successively repaired, but I forget the details of their ailments. I do recall, however, that the starboard motor was a 2-cycle affair with one cylinder, which meant, in layman's language, that the chances were two-to-one that it would give constant trouble. And the port motor was a 4-cycle mechanism, with only half as many scheduled explosions, but it exploded in the crankcase as often as on the proper side of the piston, and it had valves and a clutch besides. Frank said it had two cylinders.

If Skipper John Henry Berry thought he had any worries back in 1866 when he went codfishing along the ribs of Nantucket Shoals, or anchored in 25 fathoms when the weather got thick or threatening; if he ever had occasion to doubt the gay young *Emma's* ability to beat her way down to Fulton Market with an extra big load of fish, or questioned her safety when hove-to under reefed foresail — if he ever had any misgivings under these circumstances, his ghost must certainly have paced our deck uneasily as we threaded our uncertain way amongst Maine's rocky ledges. Not fit to go offshore without canvas, *Emma* was no better equipped to go coasting under power; occasionally, in a broad open space, both motors would perform rhythmically, but let us approach a narrow pass or a jagged rock and



first one motor would cough and stop and then the other. And when we thus came to a halt and all might have been quiet except for the tinkering of Frank's wrenches or the sizzling of his arm on a hot exhaust pipe, there was the moan of an onshore wind in our bare rigging and the swash of waves on ugly rocks. Maine cruising seemed to be full of problems; I much preferred Jersey sand and Barne-gat mud.

In the three days that we spent on the way from Jonesport to the sail loft in Boothbay Harbor we thought a good deal about the changes that time and man had wrought in *Emma*. We visualized Skipper Berry standing confidently at the wheel of his substantial ship, but we couldn't imitate him successfully for under our feet were two 50-gallon drums of potential dynamite, which slopped liquid gasoline out of their leaky tops and effused inflammable vapors into the bilge. Sparks from the exhaust pipes eddied around the cabin trunk, to be drawn through the companionway into the abysmal depths of Frank's engine room, and in our minds it was just a question of which tank was going to blow up first. John Berry had slept peacefully in the

after cabin, surrounded on all sides by solid oak frames, oak planking, and locust trunnels, and with a sweetly salted bilge to contemplate; but we had been displaced from our lawful berths by the heat and filth of the Machine Age, and the only thing we could contemplate was the relief that would be ours when we were no longer forced to enjoy the benefits of such modern conveniences. *Emma* disliked this modern mechanical touch too, and did her best to shake herself loose from the motors, but it's hard work shaking ten tons of pebbles and *Emma* had to give up the idea and bide her time.

A week at Boothbay Harbor worked a big change; John Howell and Sanford Hyler fashioned us a new suit of sails out of No. 8 canvas, smartly tailored to fit all the curves in *Emma's* sprung spars, and the crew stiffened up the masts with new lanyards and wired home for money. Then, one afternoon, *Emma* sallied forth in her new attire, with nothing but silence issuing from her humbled exhausts, and the next evening she completed her shake-down passage, a sort of old-maiden voyage, when we groped our way to an anchorage outside Plymouth Harbor.

Under sail *Emma* showed her true self; docile and mellow she was, but capable of bestirring herself in lively fashion when there was a wind worth getting

enthusiastic about. It was those motors which bothered her, and while at first thought it might seem that a mixture of grease and cylinder oil in the bilge would be no worse than an emulsion of fish gurry and salt water, still, there were the ethics of the thing to be considered; smacks of the Civil War period were meant to sail.

We watched a rising breeze develop into a full-fledged

October northwester, and under the stern we could see two deep grooves cut in the water by *Emma's* dragging propellers. Being timid yachtsmen and not real salts, we began to think about reefing, but *Emma* simply braced herself with her two hard bilges planted far apart, and whistled for more wind. We wanted to foster such a spirit, so we made everything fast and stood out from under. *Emma* piled a tumbling wave high under her bow but reeled off the miles in spite of it, seven and a half nautical ones every hour; we could only guess how much faster she might have gone if her clean run hadn't been cluttered up with so many propellers. Frank decided that she was trying to rid herself of the motors by dragging them out through their stuffing boxes.



The "*Emma C. Berry*" at her new home port, Bay Head, after her voyage from Maine

And as *Emma* boiled along we wished all our friends could be aboard, for this was sailing! Here we had an old vessel rich in the sentiment that clings to craft that serve a useful purpose in life, and endowed with physical qualities not possessed by any yacht. Ours was a vessel that wouldn't make us slaves to paint and varnish; we could welcome friends on board with hobnails in their shoes, and we could let the dory bump alongside all night without worrying about the topsides. Being more burdensome than the yachts we had cruised in, *Emma* would afford us a chance to stow all the extra gear and duffle that we might accumulate, and when we went sailing anywhere in a hard breeze we'd go standing up, with bilge water lying in the bilge instead of climbing into the loo'ard bunks. We could chop wood on deck and not worry if smoke from the galley stove smutted up the foresail; we could have a workbench in the forepeak and a sail loft in the hold, and if we dropped a marlinspike from the masthead we'd know it wouldn't go through the deck; we could confine our expletives to the bother of retrieving the spike. If we wanted a shelf put up in the galley we wouldn't wait to have it done in a boatyard; we'd do it ourselves with any old piece of soapbox or driftwood, and we'd hang our clothes on boatnails driven into the bulkhead. With empty pocketbooks we could patch and splice and caulk our way through a depression, and instead of looking



shabbier and shabbier our vessel would become, in our eyes at least, more and more picturesque. We could cruise to Baltimore and Norfolk and make an anchorage alongside big schooners — and berate with feeling the barges, tugs and motorboats which have made things what they are.

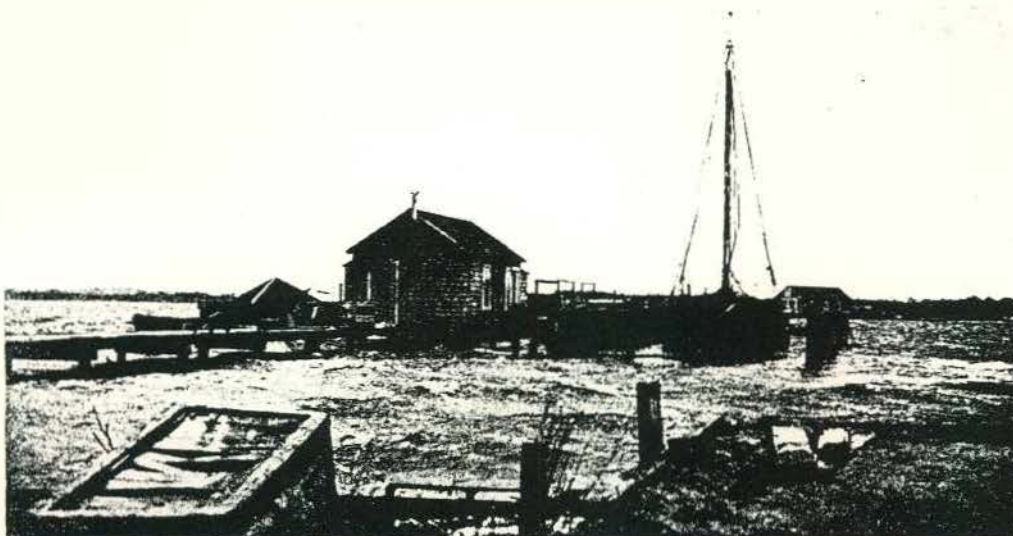
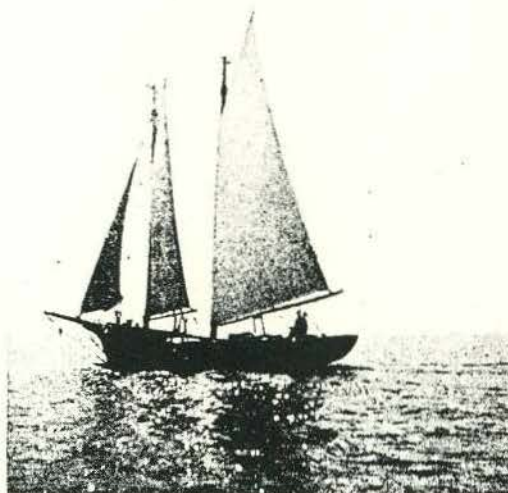
To be sure, we'd go places a little more leisurely, and require more time to beat out of a narrow entrance, but our season would be twelve months long instead of three and, anyway, there'd be no hurry about anything. We'd have room below for a coal stove in the middle of the cabin floor, and if there was too much snow to work on deck in January we could chop our wood in the hold and spend the day roasting a leg of lamb or a canvasback; we'd do our marketing in duck blinds and fish pounds, and in the Chesapeake we could make all our anchorages on top of oyster beds. It would be a pleasant life aboard *Emma*, away from radios and telephones, and we could live cheaply, too. We'd be one of many struggling little vessels along the seaboard, poorly rigged of necessity and financially unsound, endowed chiefly with a scarcity of cargoes. And if we *should* just happen to cast admiring glances at a shiny yacht once in a while, nobody would know what our true thoughts might be and we could swear aloud at all her brass and varnish — and wait until nobody was watching before we looked her up in Lloyd's to see who designed her and who might be her lucky owner.

As *Emma* bowled along we sang her praises, and it was a lucky thing we did so while we could, for presently we committed a tactical blunder that "riled" the old ship's nature. We chose a course homeward by way of the Cape Cod Canal and attempted to force *Emma* through it against her better judgment — *Emma*, who had grown up on Nantucket Shoals and knew her way blindfolded around the Cape. Motors and gasoline and propellers were a

discordant enough note in her ancient atmosphere, but anything as artificial as a dredged canal was pure poison to *Emma* and she did her utmost to mark the spot once and for all with the skulls and crossed bones of her crew.

We tore down Cape Cod Bay and approached the canal with a flourish; we got there so quickly that only one motor was ready to run, and as we lowered sail and were swept into the government waterway by a strong current, we were dismayed to discover, simultaneously with a signal from an official-looking person on shore, that we had no control whatever over the direction in which the hitherto docile *Emma* chose to point her rangy bowsprit. A puffy head wind from behind the trees took charge of our bow, a helpless rudder argued feebly with a fitful motor on the starboard quarter, and the quickening current carried us bodily forward through the canal. The man in uniform shouted to ask our tonnage and where we were going. We gave him our tonnage, and as we sped past with the current, moving more like a crab than a schooner, we told him that so far as destination was concerned his guess was as good as ours. We hoped we'd fetch the shores of Barnegat, but just then it looked more like the abutment of the bridge.

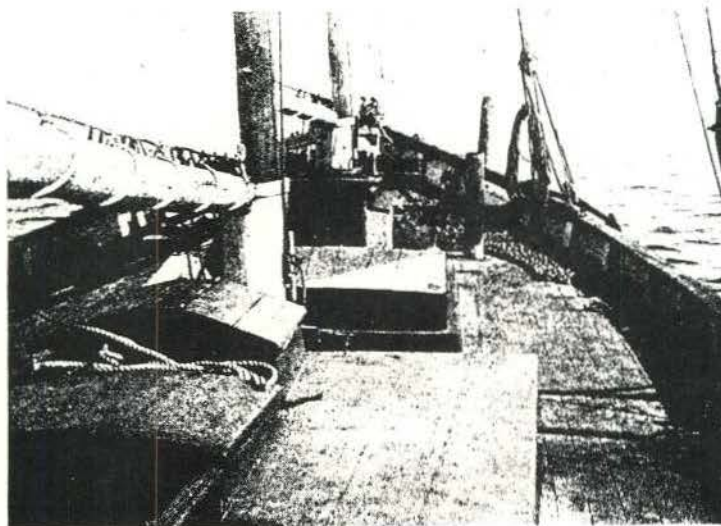
We blew for the draw and it opened just in time to let us wiggle through with scant clearance. The current was growing faster than ever, for some strange reason, and we were being swept along at an inspiring gait, although our inspiration was mostly a sense of impending trouble. Then a long stretch of canal lay before us and we had time to wonder what we would do if we rounded the bend in the distance and discovered at the last minute that the draw tender had not opened for us. We decided to have a rehearsal in the art of coming to a stop, so we planned the strategy that would bring us head-on into the current with the least destruction to *Emma* and the canal.



Top. "It is probably just her seagoing nature which accounts for all her virtues." Above. "Outside the window 'Emma' herself is lying peacefully in her slip"



We hauled over to the north bank, signaled Frank's department for full speed ahead on the starboard motor, waited a moment for a favorable puff of wind and a little more courage, and then spun the wheel. Deliberately *Emma* started to turn, got halfway around, then picked out one of the electric light poles that line the south edge of the channel and headed straight for it. The deck crew was properly panic-stricken. "Back her, back her!" we shouted to Frank, and rolled the wheel; by some miracle we swung back in time and *Emma* regained mid-channel, doubtless wondering whatever made us think she could turn around in a couple of lengths anyway. We started forward again through the canal, and Frank went to work on the other motor; we thought that with its aid we might twist *Emma* around by going ahead on one motor and in reverse with the other. Once, off Diamond Shoals, I had watched Captain Barlow coax the four-master *Herbert L. Rawding* from one tack to the other by trimming the spanker to windward and backing the foresail. "She's got to come," he had said, while we stood waiting anxiously for her to respond, "or break in two." But *Emma's* feeble motors could hardly have broken a match in two and although we tried many maneuvers and all sorts of combinations she always kept forging ahead through the canal, obviously with no desire to stop while she had such a strong current going in her direction. We expressed our opinions of the motors and they promptly retaliated by quitting altogether. Then, without steerageway, we were more helpless than ever, and the landscape con-



"We could chop wood on deck and not worry if smoke from the galley stove smelted the foresail"

of clearance. We were at work on the motors with cold chisels and hammers when the tug swung by.

"What the hell are you doing there?" somebody called to us, tugboat fashion.

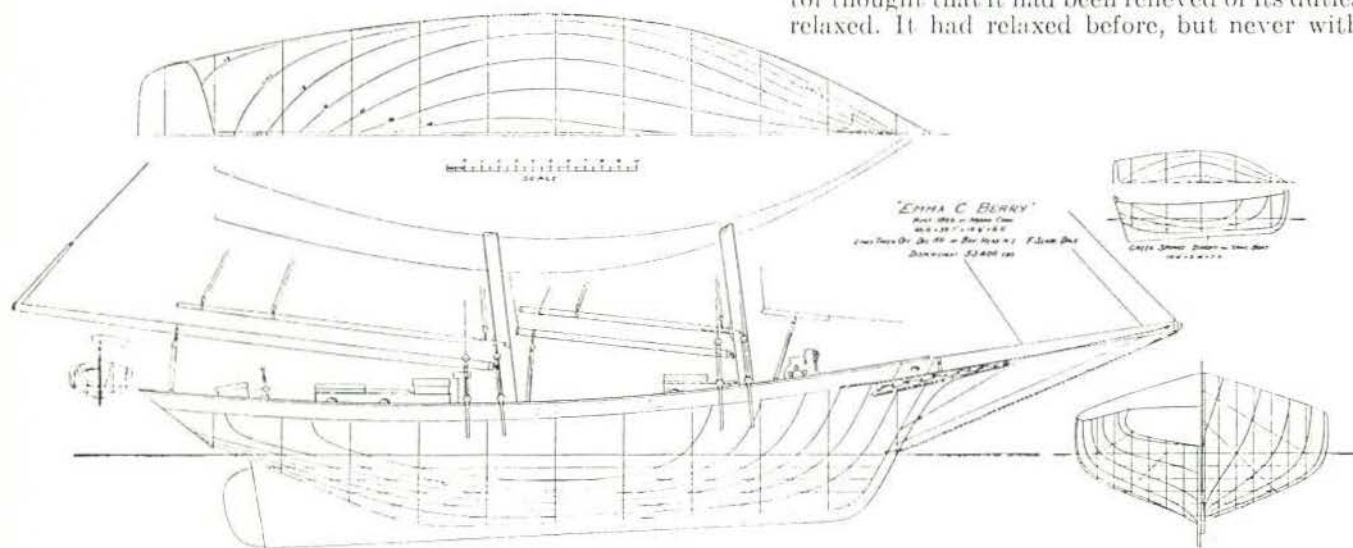
"We're not eating lunch," we replied, and then thought of all the things we might have said.

At the end of an hour Peter and I had completed the destruction of the starboard motor and were ready to give Frank a hand with his, but he waved us away. His motor was just beginning to turn over voluntarily when one of the canal engineers' boats came up astern and an imposing officer began writing down our history in a big black book, or as much of our history as he could piece together from the name on our stern and the telephoned report of the official at the canal entrance.

"You've got us all blocked up!" he bellowed, "and there's a big tow coming through. You can't stop in the canal!" He didn't know *Emma*.

"If you'll give us a line and get us turned around again, we can keep going," we explained confidently, as we heard Frank's motor idling nicely, "but we can't turn around without knocking down those lights."

"Well, make it snappy; we've got a lot to do," replied the officer, with a degree of prophecy which he didn't realize. At the first jerk of the tow line our surviving motor thought that it had been relieved of its duties, and it relaxed. It had relaxed before, but never with such a



The lines of the "*Emma C. Berry*," built in 1866. The dotted lines shown in the body plan indicate the midsection of a modern yacht



loud noise. When Frank reported that a connecting rod had come through the side of the crankcase I was almost afraid to tell the canal officer of our newest plight; the only time I have felt more chagrined was when I ran out of gas in the Holland Tunnel. The crew of the engineers' boat wasn't pleased with this development, either, and *Emma* heard strong language on every hand, but having taken hold of the lion's tail they were afraid to let go, and thus it came about that the shabby *Emma* was towed majestically the rest of the way through the canal, to the accompaniment of much official tooting of whistles, which made her feel very important. No matter what the humiliation, *Emma* always seems to come out on top.

At Price's Bend a few days later, however, we joined the fleet of the Cruising Club, and *Emma* and her crew were subjected to severe scrutiny. We prepared ourselves for the ordeal by rehearsing a fictitious story designed to conceal the fact that *Emma* was acquired by candle-light, and down in the hold we ripped off a couple of pieces of the ceiling just to make it appear as though we had made a thorough examination before we purchased her. We beat across the Sound from Bridgeport under full sail in a stiff breeze, and at the harbor entrance we met *Dorade*, reefed down and heeled at an angle that seemed scandalously yachty. *Emma* was standing straight up on her feet and thought the comparison was all in her favor — but she was thankful that *Dorade* was going in the opposite direction. When we related all the exploits of some of the other prominent boats that were present *Emma* was duly humbled, and as we drew close to the anchored fleet she began to perceive that she would cut a sorry figure in contrast with such fine yachts, so she luffed away from the stylish *Mistress* and came to anchor alongside *Mother Goose*.

Some of our visitors, who came aboard after lunch to look us over, manned the pumps and spent most of the afternoon with us; when it looked as though they might be late for supper we insisted that we heard the pump sucking air, and although nobody believed us they took this opportunity for a graceful retreat. The consensus of opinion seemed to be that *Emma* was a vessel with a great deal of character, and with a distinct atmosphere, especially, it was pointed out, in the bilge. Everybody to loo'ard knew that she had been a fisherman for years, and on every hand we heard the whispered word: "Sixty-five years old and still going strong!"

*Emma's* renaissance was now near at hand, but before we laid her up we had a last exhilarating sail in her off the Jersey beach. We passed the tip of Sandy Hook at dusk in a freshening breeze, and had hopes of reaching Manasquan Inlet at midnight, so that we could enter on the last of the flood tide. But the wind headed us as it freshened and at high water we were far offshore with no chance to get in the inlet until the next day. So we sailed back and forth off the coast all night, carrying more sail than we needed because it was easier for *Emma* to lug it than for her crew to take it in. The easy motion was a revelation, and although her bilges are hard and her beam great, it was apparent that *Emma* had learned a few tricks about comfortable behavior offshore. She carries her weights high and there are other technical factors in her favor, but underneath them all it is probably just her seagoing nature which accounts for all her virtues, for *Emma* never heard of such things as moments of inertia, radii of gyration, or metacentric heights. She hadn't even heard of initial stability until Pete and I talked about it, and for sixty-five years she had thought of herself as simply "stiff."

But she has an old-fashioned wisdom and a philosophical reasoning that has opened her eyes to many

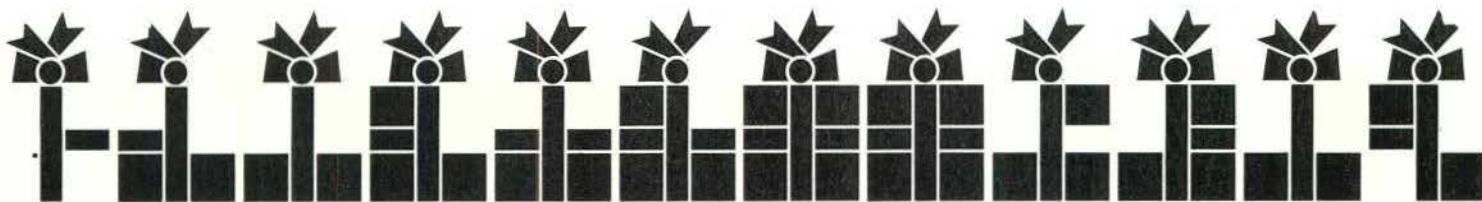
truths, one of them being that the greatest single contribution to seaworthiness and comfort offshore is a moderation of gait. Even in the old days, *Emma* explained, it was necessary to hustle to market and race other boats, and all that sort of thing, but notwithstanding this incentive nobody tried to build a really speedy fishing smack; they'd pay dearly for it if they did. What they built were smart sailers that could carry generous cargoes; little vessels that would handle properly and that would be easy on crew and gear — and that could always be counted upon to come home. There are more boats that are seaworthy because of their slowness, says *Emma*, than there are boats which are slow because of their seaworthiness.

We entered Barnegat by the back door, crossing the bar at the mouth of the stone jetties in Manasquan Inlet with scarcely a foot of water under our keel. After dragging bottom for three miles *Emma* emerged from the canal into Barnegat's headwaters, glanced around approvingly at the protecting shores that were close at hand on every side, and decided that she had gone far enough. It was two weeks before she could be persuaded to move from the spot in mid-channel where she had planted her long keel, and it took a belated welcome on Barnegat's part, in the form of an extra high tide, to put her in a tractable mood again. Then we had her hauled on the ways and stripped out clean inside, and after a few new frames had been scattered judiciously in her ends she was patched and caulked below the waterline so that she would stay afloat while the long process of rebuilding was underway.

Some day, we have promised *Emma*, we'll sail her away to some picturesque shipyard and spend the winter replanking her, but for the present she'll have to be content with the work that's going on inside. We've ceiled her with 2-inch long-leaf pine, her new bulkheads are made of 2½-inch cypress that we picked up at an auction, and her floor beams came off a wreck that Heaven and a northeaster sent us last winter. Of course *Emma* is destined never to acquire a yachty glamor; her age, the depression, and an indolent crew will effectively prevent it. Never, I'm afraid, will she reach the pinnacle of rejuvenation which should properly be the climax of a romantic history, for we've determined to stop working on her as soon as she's ready to sail again; after that we'll spend most of our time cruising, and we'll fix things only when they give way. We're no longer Boy Scouts and we're free to venture forth with all the unpreparedness that marks vessels which can't quite pay their way. If we carry away a mainmast, as has been delicately predicted, we'll have to prop up the remaining one with a watchful eye and coax *Emma* inshore to the nearest pine tree. We'll cruise cautiously for a while, within pumping distance of the mainland.

At the present moment a dripping northeaster comes sneaking in under the door and little rivulets wet my carpet, which is one of *Emma's* old jibs. Outside the window *Emma* herself is lying peacefully in her slip, where she has been lying patiently for a year and a half while Peter and I work on her occasionally and talk about her a great deal; little waves lap pleasantly against her sides, and a halliard slaps against her mainmast. Some worm-eaten sheathing on the dock thuds against the stringers, the wind moans steadily down my stove pipe, and from time to time I can hear Peter's hammer down in *Emma's* hold. Except for the constant booming of the surf over on the beach there are no other sounds; no radio, no trolley cars, no automobiles — just *Emma* and her simplicity. It's really not a bad way to spend your life, rebuilding an old boat — even if you never finish.





## Gifts for Your Sailors



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*Reporter photos*



*another happy tow to the bar,*



*or "Riding off into the Setting Sun"*



# Let's Hear It For Ted!

by Sam Merrick

This is a sneaky piece about Ted Brennan, who is relinquishing the high office of Editor with this issue of the Reporter. It's sneaky, because unknown to Editor Ted, this information has managed to get into the Reporter without his knowledge — something that hasn't happened since Vol. 1 No. 1 (Spring 1965) showed up six years after the birth of NCESA. Somehow, beyond even the memory of the willing victim, Ted agreed to be "Publisher" of the Reporter with Bill Bentsen "Chairman of the Editorial Board", and George Eddy "Managing Editor." By the spring of 1967, Ted announced the departure of Eddy to take charge of the then new One Design magazine — for pay, Bentsen had left to sail M-20's. So there was Ted alone, "Publisher-Editor", from which august station he was subsequently upgraded (following a unanimous vote of himself) to "Editor and Printer's Devil". By 1977, he got more circumspect as "Editor."



Teddy "roughing it" down in the islands

By whatever title, Ted has engaged in a labor of love (and fun, too) in getting out these twenty-five years 58 issues (my count) of the Reporter for the education and amusement of E boaters.

The 58 represents not two per year (the recent custom), but sometimes three or four per year, or one — depending upon Ted's not somewhat disorganized time clock. Always there was the Brennan touch, the cartoons of crazy sailors, egg-head old-timers and the gamut of weather "enjoyed" in racing. Too also were the beautiful line drawings, the arrangement of "pics" and their incredible captions.

Ted grew up in Point au Barques — a town north of Detroit where Lake Huron is joined by Saginaw Bay. During WWII, he miraculously escaped death in a plane crash while training for the Navy. Shortly after he had the good fortune to marry "Maudie" thanks to the good offices of the same George Eddy whom Ted met as a fellow convalescent in the hospital.

Ted's association with scows started in 1960 at a party where martinis often provide flight to the imagination — even a trip to White Lake for a \$500 investment and an incumbrance-on-trailer for the Wilmette back yard. Then ensued a search for enough water nearby on which to float the vessel called *Ineptune* — eventually he stumbled on Lake Geneva. Other *Ineptunes* came along but with such a name, you can imagine what followed.

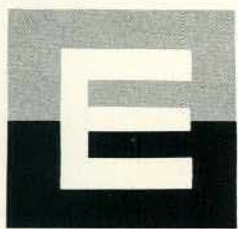
Ted and Maud became Lake Geneva residents in 1973 in a comfortable house with several hundred steps down to a boat house where is housed a beautiful 1930 vintage power boat which furnishes them moonlight voyages on the far reaches of the lake.

Ted's artistic interests run to boats — especially wooden boats, whether gas, steam or sail powered.

He makes annual pilgrimages to the Bahamas to participate in folk-event called Out Islands Regatta.

Until surgery deprived Ted of his regular voice, he was principal trombonist of any collection of jazz jammers willing to play all night.

Not all of our members know Ted, but all of them are grateful for what he has done for our class. This is our way of saying thanks, Ted. You're going to be one tough act to follow.



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