

## REPORTER

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Reporter photo







James R. Klauser, Commodore NCESA — talk about a tough act to follow! Thanks to Jim, the association is as sound financially as it has ever been and enjoys a solid base on which to grow. Fortunately, Jim has promised his continued support, and equally fortunately, Shirley has agreed to continue in her role as secretary/treasurer. Fear not — continuity is preserved!

As the new Commodore, I will strive to maintain the financial strength which Jim has fostered. Additionally, I intend to develop and institute fiscal philosophies whereby specific expenses are funded by specific income. This type of policy will make it far easier to budget and will provide a gameplan for financial planning from one administration to the next.

In the area of class development, I am committed to take positive action in establishing battleplans to spread the word about E Boats outside of Scow Country. In the near term, the Southeast Organization should be proposed to membership in the NCESA. In the long term, I look for regional associations developing in other areas of the country.

In order to maintain the strength of our class, we have to grow. I feel we should look to other parts of the country for this growth. In order for this growth to take place, however, we must resolve the turtling problem. I intend to see the problem resolved in this administration.

Lastly, it is imperative to the health of the class to maintain high levels of communication. For their efforts and accomplishments in this tough job, our publications committee is to be lauded. I stand committed to our publications and will do all that is necessary to ensure their continued quality.

I appreciate your comments.

Commodore Chip Ulrich

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### TRIBUTE TO JIM KLAUSER

Back in 1976, a new Secretary-Treasurer arrived on our scene to bring order out of some amount of chaos then extant in the fiscal affairs of NCESA. His name was Jim Klauser whose association with E boats had already lasted many years. He had sailed them enthusiastically and well and had been a member of the ILYA E boat Committee during the years preceding. As Chairman of our membership committee he had attempted to acquire more members for NCESA in that "frontier" of many boats and not so many members generally known as Minnesota and Wisconsin. He served under three Commodores — Sam Merrick, Stu Wells and the late Jack Breraton. When Jack suddenly died in 1982 shortly after becoming Commodore, Jim was able to take his place and has been our leader ever since.

During this time, the affairs of NCESA had been so well taken care of that "Jim" turned out to be two persons — Jim plus Shirley. Together they made a team of administration that our organization of volunteers rarely enjoys. You have to look through the files for reports, for minutes of meetings, for letters written, for loose ends gathered up to realize what a great job has been done. When Jim became Commodore, we made Shirley Secretary-Treasurer, so that the team could continue their good housekeeping. We think she's willing to keep at it, so that Jim's great service will be available — in the home at least if not in our highest office.

Good luck Jim and thanks for a job well done.

Sam Merrick,  
on behalf of NCESA  
the Officers, Committees and Members



*Commodore Klauser at speed.*



# HAD BRICK WINS EASTERN CHAMPIONSHIP

by Jay Darling

Had Brick, with a string of five bonus-point finishes, bested the rest of a forty-two boat fleet at Chautauqua Lake, New York, on August 1, 2, 3, to win the 1985 Eastern Championship. In some respects, the regatta was a replay of the 1984 Championship held on Barnegat Bay; not only after three races was the series a three-boat affair, but as was the case in 1984, three of these top boats were skippered by Brick and Mike Fortenbaugh.

The significant difference, of course, was the final order of finish, with Brick winning his first Eastern title, followed closely by Mike Fortenbaugh, who now has won back-to-back second place finishes, despite a rather remarkable 1-4-24-1-1-5-4-4-2-3 two-year record.

The first race, sailed on Wednesday afternoon, was a seldom-seen Double Olympic course, necessitated by the northeasterly breeze, which made the weather legs run more across the width of the lake than along its vertical axis. The breeze was moderate, 5-12 mph, and at the start all of the smart money said go left: the pin end was very favored, and a noticeable wind line was well within sight half way up the left side of the course. Predictably, the fleet headed for it. Naturally, the right-hand corner paid enormous dividends, and Dan Crabbe, who banged it like a drum, led at the weather mark.

Example #1 of Brick's perseverance: Had rounded near the back of the second five boats, but held on starboard at the jibe mark, as did Erik Johnson. When Had jibed back, he produced a much faster sailing angle toward the bottom mark, placing him and Johnson right on Dick Wight's heels.

Missing in action was Scott Callahan, who shortly after rounding the top mark very much in the hunt, capsized, somewhat amazingly in the light breezes, causing an unfortunate blemish on



Chautauqua Lake Y.C.

an otherwise imposing series of races.

Returning to the second weather leg, Johnson, sailing with three, soon passed Wight, who was sailing four-handed. The balance of the race lacked drama, as Johnson increased his lead and Wight was largely content to cover Brick loosely.

The second race punished those who frequented the middle of the course. Again, the pin end was favored and a big wind line loomed within reach. The whole fleet, however, having been jilted the day before, started well up the line and let Dick Wight, Bob Armstrong, and Scott Callahan get off to a big early jump. Example #2 of Brick's perseverance: Ten minutes after the start, Brick was far right, in no air, and DEEP. He and Erik Johnson had, however, seen a big starboard collect itself way up on the right weather shore, and they waited patiently for it to wind its way down to them. Most of the others who had headed right had bailed out earlier, lacking this discipline, and were doomed to wither in the middle. The starboard was so sweet that it shortly became a two-horse race, with Brick closing out Erik Johnson at the finish. Willie de Camp, Mike Fortenbaugh, and Scott Callahan rounded out the top five.

Yet again the left looked great at the start of the third race on Friday afternoon. For once, the elusive wind line arrived, and it arrived so convincingly that one really didn't need to go very far left to do well. Nevertheless, those who did, such as Sam Merrick, Scott Callahan and Mike Fortenbaugh had a far easier time of it than Wight, who essentially sailed right up the middle of the course.

This was, perhaps, the shiftest of the five races, causing an enormous number of position changes throughout the fleet on almost a minute-by-minute basis. The only constant seemed to be that the wind would fill in from the left at the weather mark, and this phenomenon enabled Dick Wight to pass Erik Johnson, Scott Callahan, Had Brick, Sam Merrick, and Mike Fortenbaugh on the last leg to take the gun.

After the second day of sailing, it was Erik Johnson with 13 points, Had Brick with 17.4, Mike Fortenbaugh with 26, Dick Wight with 36, and Willie de Camp with 42.7.

For a long, long time on Saturday it looked as if the series would wind up with only three completed races. The required volleyball playoff soon began, with an added degree of difficulty, however, as all players were constantly dodging well-aimed water balloons fired by the Funnelator princes, Erik Johnson and Rick Turner.

The race committee somehow managed to find some breeze well up the lake, however, and a starting sequence began in the barely moving breeze. It was here that Brick really showed his mettle. Those who went right, Brick and Erik Johnson among them, were in horrid straights, with no wind on the wrong side of the



Had Brick and Erik Johnson



course. Somehow, almost supernaturally, Brick maintained headway with no apparent wind on the water and sailed over, under, through, and away from the luckless half of the fleet that was right with him. Indeed, virtually even with Brick for much of the early part of the race were Erik Johnson and Dick Wight, who both rounded somewhere in the thirties and could only muster respective finishes of 14th and 15th. This effectively concluded Wight's threat, and moved Erik Johnson from first to third in the regatta overall.

Going into the last race, then, there was more or less a "tie" for the lead with Brick registering 27.4 points, Mike Fortenbaugh second with 29 points, and Erik Johnson on their transoms with 33 points.

The tale of the fifth contest is brief. Brick, Scott Callahan, and Mike Fortenbaugh all got good jumps at the start and slammed the left-hand corner, while Dick Wight sailed the right-hand corner to trail them closely at the weather mark. This group was

followed closely by Sam Merrick, Dan Crabbe, and Willie de Camp. Erik Johnson couldn't break from the pack and could not mount a drive for the leaders. Brick, of course, grabbed his second bullet of the series to make it impossible to catch him.

Hands down winner of the Bad Break Award was Scott Callahan, who had the best last four finishes of the fleet, following his first race immersion. Runner-up was Dick Wight, who would have placed third overall had not a slight brush with Mike Fortenbaugh in the third race (won by Wight) caused him to swallow twenty painful points.

Deserving of a hearty thanks is the CLYC, which hosted a fine regatta, greatly enjoyed by all who attended, and of course a sincere congratulations to Had Brick, aptly aided by John Engle and Bill Essex, the premier crew of the fleet. But the one individual who truly deserves a standing ovation is Chautauqua's Joe Federico, sailing with Mike Fortenbaugh, who hosted on two different nights what will forever be referred to as, simply, "Joe's parties."







*Commodore Dan Crabbe*



*Winner Had Brick and crew: John Engle, Bill Essex.*



*2nd place: Mike Fortenbaugh and crew: Chrissie Adams, Joe Federico, Dave Bogle.*



*3rd place: Erik Johnson and crew: Paul "Kong" Titcomb, Les Larson.*



*4th place: Willie deCamp who delivered a memorably lengthy speech at the Trophy Dinner.*



*R.C. Chairman Geoff Turner and R.C. Jenny Turner.*



# ECESA CHAMPIONSHIP REGATTA

Chautauqua Lake Yacht Club

August 1-3, 1985

Place	Skipper	Boat Name	Boat #	Race 1	Race 2	Race 3	Race 4	Race 5	Total Points
1	Brick, H.		IH27	3	1	6	5	1	27.40
2	Fortenbaugh, M.	Sweet Dream	BH17	5	4	4	2	3	34.70
3	Johnson, E.	Jazz	CH18	1	2	5	14	10	49.00
4	deCamp, W.	Sunshine	MA9	13	3	12	4	7	63.70
5	Callahan, S.	Silver Surf	BH37	0	5	2	1	2	64.00
6	Wight, R.	Feather	MA10	2	7	1	15	4	65.00
7	Merrick S.	Fast Fax	BH2	8	21	3	7	6	71.40
8	Crabbe, D.	Shellback	T8	4	11	28	3	5	74.70
9	Campbell, B.	Darkstar	T5	6	12	11	6	11	75.40
10	Campbell, C.	Ol'Blue	T17	7	6	10	8	23	83.70
11	Magno, D.	Magnum Force	LA99	10	10	22	10	15	97.00
12	Day, H.C.	Espirit	BH7	21	14	13	12	13	103.00
13	Lampman, J.	Elusive	LE8	17	19	24	9	8	107.00
14	Harkrader, J.	Evasive	BH11	9	13	23	26	9	110.00
15	Rochelle, P.	Happ-E-Ness	HO31	26	16	9	20	16	117.00
16	Turner, D.	Falcon	CH5	15	17	7	27	22	118.00
17	Love, D.	Leptokurt	BH10	16	27	8	23	14	118.00
18	Lennox, D.	Neulache	HD42	19	18	14	16	25	122.00
19	Cook, R.	Cooke	KU15	12	9	21	31	20	123.00
20	Turner, R.	Otchataqua	CH6	0	8	18	18	12	128.00
21	Drawbaugh, G.	Sensation	HO37	22	24	30	11	17	134.00
22	Fortenbaugh, W.	Theophras	BH13	11	23	29	17	27	137.00
23	Armstrong, B.	Emotion	MA3	18	29	19	25	19	140.00
24	Ulrich, C.		CH12	14	40	15	13	29	141.00
25	Wright, C.		KU37	20	25	17	21	31	144.00
26	Spear, I.	Trident	KU5	25	15	20	22	33	145.00
27	Bradley, C.	Loose Ends	HO13	31	28	26	19	28	162.00
28	Dunston, D.	Econker	MC1	23	34	25	34	18	164.00
29	Wiss, T.	Penny V	HO32	27	20	31	24	34	166.00
30	Rand K. Jr.	Kudos	HO18	33	26	27	29	24	169.00
31	Bargar, D.	Vita E	CH30	29	32	40	28	21	180.00
32	McHenry, P.	Maxi	KU7	34	22	36	30	30	182.00
33	Nesbitt, S.	Blackjack	CH21	28	36	16	39	41	190.00
34	Yates, M.	Shypoke	CH11	32	31	38	37	26	194.00
35	Welch, G.		KU1	39	30	34	33	32	198.00
36	Shipman, C.	Blue Max	HO28	30	33	37	32	40	202.00
37	Hawk, Chris	Predator 3	KU3	24	37	35	36	35	204.00
38	Mitchell, D.	Kamakaze	LE6	35	35	42	35	36	213.00
39	Anderson, C.	Space Invade	CH8	37	38	32	42	37	216.00
40	Delancey, D.	Herpezzz	CH15	36	39	33	41	39	218.00
41	Grosjean, R.D.	OK E	KU45	40	42	39	40	38	229.00
42	Burger, Ed	Dragonlady	CH10	38	41	41	38	0	231.00



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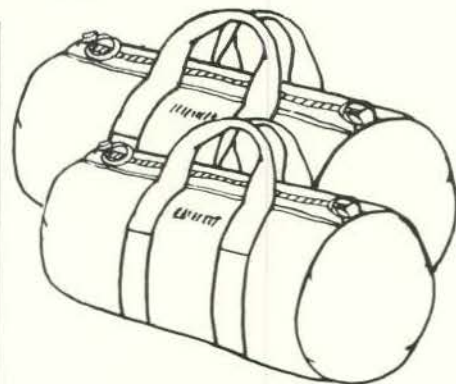
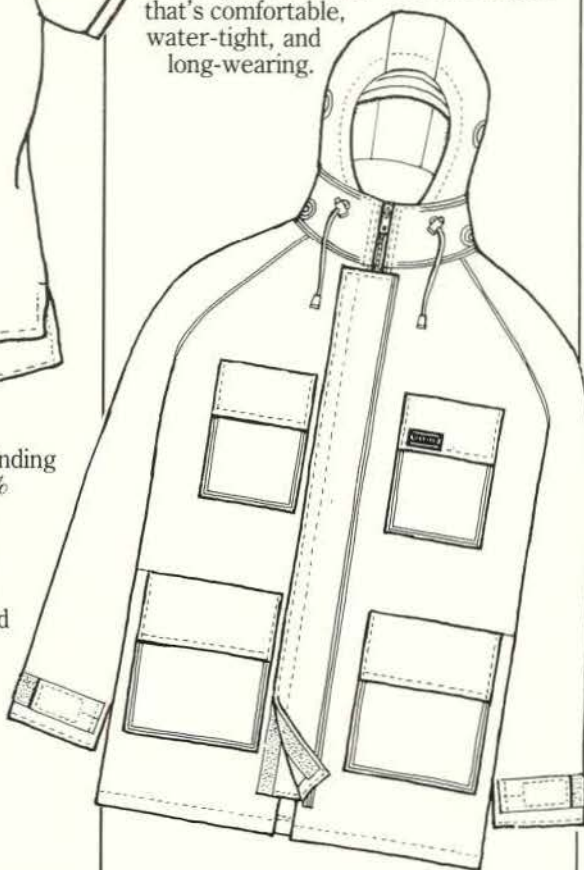


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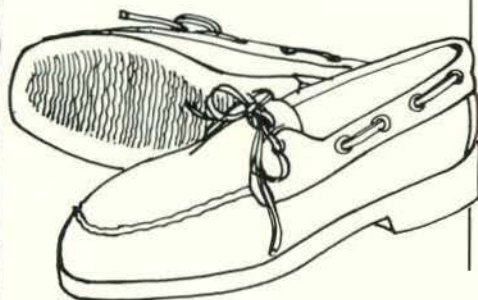
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# ILYA CLASS E CHAMPIONSHIP REGATTA

Green Lake, Wisconsin

by Mike Fortenbaugh

Reporter Photos



Fifty-seven miles to the south and forty-six miles to the east of the center of Wisconsin lies a cornfield owned and farmed by Stuart Johnson. Seventy-one years ago, Mr. Johnson took his first tractor ride and harvested his first corn stalk. His neighbors all agree that he is as old as the land in that part of Wisconsin or at least as old as Green Lake, which lies three miles to the west.

Late this August, Stuart Johnson was soundly whipping Bob Smith, who owns the general store, in their weekly checker match on Johnson's front porch. His farm house stands eighty yards from Route 23 which runs from Lake Michigan through Fon du Lac and right next to Green Lake. During the game, Johnson happened to look up and noticed an unusual cloud of dust coming down the road. Impatiently, Bob Smith complained, "Aw shucks Stu, keep playing this here game." Mr. Johnson looked back at the board, moved, and that shape which they had seen so far off went whizzing by with such a rattle and cloud of dust that half the corn crop fell clean off the stalks.

"What in tarnation was that?" screamed Bob.

"I reckon it's one of them new fangled tractors," responded Stuart Johnson as he jumped three more of Bob's pieces.

Well, that wasn't exactly a tractor. In fact, if you had suggested to Harry Melges III, since it was he who had just driven his scow past Johnson's farm, that his racing boat should go in a cornfield, who knows what would happen. But Harry never heard Stuart Johnson's comment and kept right on driving for three more miles until he hit Green Lake where nearly fifty scows were gathering for the 1985 Inland E-Scow Championships — a sort of "Best In The West." Actually, this was the first year when the Inlands were not restricted to only Western sailors and two Eastern boats from Barnegat Bay made the trip.

Green Lake, measuring more than seven miles in length and two miles in width, offers some of the best sailing in the Midwest. For Trivial Pursuit fans, Green Lake was formed when the original valley was closed at the west end by glacial erosion in the Pleistocene Epoch (was anybody at all sailing scows then?). With an average depth of 100 feet, Green Lake is supposed to hold more water than any other lake in Wisconsin, including Winnebago.

The first race began on Thursday with medium to light winds from a southwesterly direction. From the start, two "constants" were obvious: 1) the race committee always favored the leeward end of the start 2) Harry Melges III always won the start. Melges led race one to the finish line, taking the gun and establishing a tough pace. Next was Gordy Bowers in second followed by Brian Porter, James McGinley and Tom Burton who opened his series with a fifth.



*This photo is not out of focus - the Judges were simply shivering from the unseasonable cold.*

After lunch, the committee tried to start race two, but without luck because everyone kept jumping the line. After two general recalls, the committee shot off one gun and hoisted the most dreaded flag in their inventory, the notorious "O" flag. By itself, the "O" isn't that intimidating, but you have to understand that the "O" is really the BLACK FLAG! (Shudder, quiver, shake.) For those of you who have never seen the black flag or sudden death rule, it operates like such: Suppose you have an apartment in the city are are plagued by roaches. So, you wait until dark and sneak quietly into the kitchen. In your right hand you grip a can of black flag roach killer, finger poised on the valve. With your left hand you reach over the wall and find the light switch. With a quick breath, you flip the light on, spin around and "psst, psst, psst," spray those roaches. The ugly black creatures try to run but get two or three feet before they keel over with their feet sticking up rigid in the air.



Black flag in sailing is similar. The committee person in charge of calling boats over hides behind the starting flag. At one minute before the start, this person pops out and sights down the line, holding an imaginary can of black flag in one hand. Any "ugly" premature starter gets a quick and fatal squirt and is asked to retire from the race. DNS, no questions, no luck. Three boats died on the black flag start.



Most of the clean starters tacked immediately onto port to catch the big lift after the start. Again Melges emerged at the front, this time followed by Minnetonka Ace (one of many) Tom Burton. On the second to last beat, Burton and Melges got involved in a tacking duel. Melges, counting on his speed, let Burton get to the outside. Burton grabbed this small opportunity and converted it into a winning race followed by Melges, Porter, Bowers and Jay Ecklund in fifth.

After the first day of racing, most sailors gathered under the regatta tent for a steak dinner served up by the local American legion. After surrendering your dinner ticket, you received one nice-sized steak with one small hitch, unless you like it totally raw. So, off to the grill where the hoards had already gathered, jealously guarding their prize steaks and growling when you so much as cast an eye in that direction. Nearby, mysterious shadows kept sliding in and out of the trees, but no one paid any attention until they turned away from the grill to socialize with another sailor and looked back, and "Oh my gosh! My steak has been stolen!" That's pretty severe when the American Legion said too bad, you go hungry.

Racing began a half hour earlier on Friday with winds near 15 knots and slowly dying. Harry Melges III entered Friday's races with only 3 points. The closest competitors, Tom Burton and Gordy Bowers, were already 7 points off the pace with a 10 and 11. Brian Porter remained in the hunt with 11.4. Race 3 reinforced the dominance of the regatta leaders with them finishing one, two, three, although in reverse order. With Bowers winning and Burton and Melges in second and third, the scoring tightened under a five points difference. Dave Chute followed the three leaders with a fourth in the race and Tim O'Keefe captured fifth.

In race four, Melges positioned himself at the pin end of the line and as the gun went off, a heavy port tack lift came through. Melges escaped on port without a scratch and with a style he showed often, disappeared on the horizon. The rest was a race for second and the fleet rounded the weather mark only to be juggled by a large puff which sneaked in from the right side on the leeward leg. Racing continued back and forth until the final leg when a ten to twenty degree shift came from the right. Melges still won handily and was followed by Jake Hoeschler, Porter, Dave Koch, and Doug Kuller.



*The "other" Easterner lurking in the weeds.*



*Nice air but better get that board up.*



*Dick Wight hounding Doug Kuller.*



*Porter boat currently upbeat.*

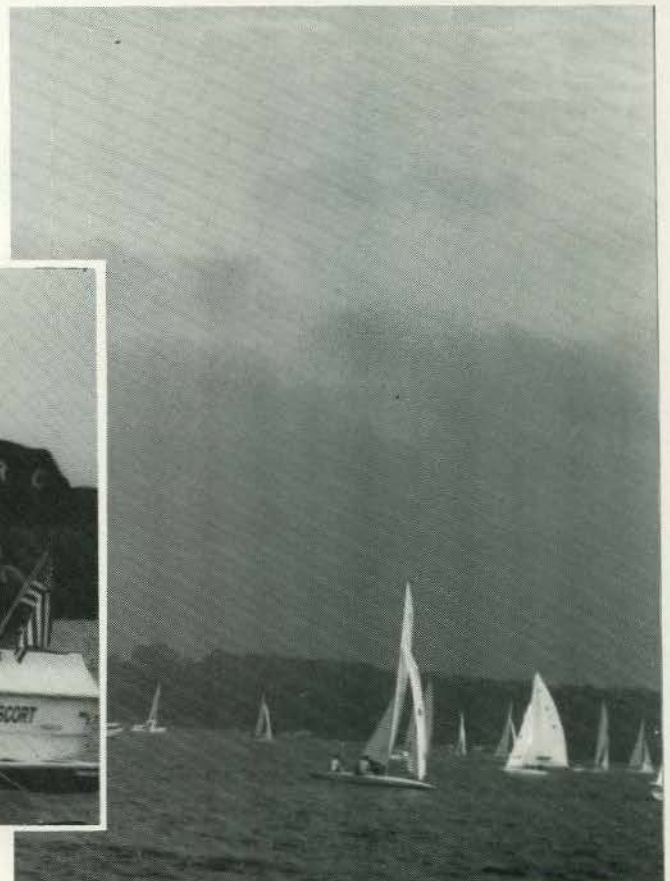


That was it for Friday's racing, but not for Friday's fun. Dinner was held in the same field above Green Lake which served as regatta headquarters, parking lot and concession stand. If it's Friday, it must be fish-fry and sailors were treated to shrimp, fish, potatoes and other delights (all cooked). Since fish like water, some racers naturally headed for the bars in preparation for the final day and hopefully two final races.

The first crews who arrived on Saturday morning took advantage of the weather by using the lake to shave with. But after the harbor gun, a few fantails of wind did appear. Most four person crews dropped one and the committee attempted a start but was forced to recall. Tiredlessly, they started again and off went race five. Only several minutes into the race, the winds began rising and, as predicted by the weather-radio, stormish winds of 15-20 rolled in from the right side of the course. Those on the left looked over their shoulder in disbelief and those on the right snickered, smiled and hiked harder to get around the mark in first place. Melges, who started at the pin end and had been working the left side, seemed dangerously "out-of-it." Nevertheless, using his great boatspeed and equally fine concentration and attitude, he climbed all the way back to fourth. In the glory light this race was Dick Wight from Mantoloking. (One scow sailor answered the question "Where the hell is that?" with "Why, where all the best scow sailors come from, of course." Take it or leave it.) Wight, from the East, edged out Tom Burton to win the race. Following these two hotshots were Richard Gallun, Melges and David Koch.

The race committee said they'd sail race 5 and 6 back-to-back and they weren't kidding. You had time to let a crew member use some friendly homeowner's bathroom, but those boats who sailed over to the far shore and dropped their rags received quite a surprise by the warning gun in the diminishing breeze. Ten minutes later, the pin end was virtually barren because most boats barely made the windward end in time. Race 6 was off and after two legs, Porter, Melges and Burton jumped out to a comfortable lead. The wind had a few more tricks to play before the regatta ended and so the wind dropped, shifted left and after the committee changed the marks, the wind shifted backhard right. So, the final leg was a bit of a reach and Brian Porter captured first, beating Burton and Melges. In fourth was the second East-coaster, Mike Fortenbaugh, followed by Eric Wilson.

The 1985 Inlands had come to an end, save the race for the crane and the hustle-bustle to get back on the road. Harry Melges, III, Hans Melges, Bill Frietag and (when the wind honks) Dave Wall, showed why they've dominated scow sailing this season. And as the sun set on Green Lake, only three miles away, five minutes by car and fifteen by tractor, Stuart Johnson had just harvested his last ear of corn and had sat down with Bob Smith to replay their weekly game of checkers when off in the distance, a mysterious cloud of dust was coming down Route 23.



Reporter photos

*It was tempting to run for cover.*





**ED. NOTE:**

This is how starting sequences look from Boat #4 which is habitually moored at the port end of the line. Boat #4 is sometimes referred to as the "Dumb Boat" by other RC personnel because it never wanders far from its initial location due to chores of installing the bottom mark, recording roundings there and performing the "Charlie" ritual when required. Cheap thrills enjoyed aboard Boat #4 occur with near-boardings at the start and while evading out of control yachts trying to round the bottom mark. On the other hand, Boat #4 is allowed to retire to the happy bar & grill as soon as the last bottom rounding has been completed.

For those sharp-eyed readers who might wonder how I-49 managed to port tack miraculously far up to weather, this is not due to magic on their part but because the editor inserted a "cheater" from another photo sequence.

REPORTER PHOTOS



# 1985 CLASS E CHAMPIONSHIP REGATTA

## GREEN LAKE, WISCONSIN

POS.	SKIPPER	RACES						PTS.
1.	I-1 Harry Melges, III	1	2	3	1	4	3	22.4
2.	M-9 Tom Burton	5	1	2	7	2	2	32.0
3.	I-49 Brian Porter	3	3	6	3	6	1	40.5
4.	D-55 Tim O'Keefe	6	10	5	10	15	27	97.7
5.	M-8 David Chute	21	14	4	9	14	7	103.0
6.	M-11 Gordy Bowers	2	4	1	12	DNS	11	104.0
7.	M-67 David Ferguson	7	8	17	18	7	16	109.0
8.	V-3 David Koch	25	17	16	4	5	12	112.0
9.	MA-10 Richard Wight	42P	7	7	19	1	13	118.0
10.	V-69 Eric Wilson	10	16	29P	21	9	5	125.0
11.	J-46 Dan Buckstaff	23	11	9	14	8P	26	127.0
12.	I-47 James Mc Ginley	4	26	11	20	24	9	128.0
13.	M-111 Doug Kuller	17	24P	18	5	17P	17	133.0
14.	W-30 Skip Johnson	15	24	19	13	10	18	135.0
15.	M-6 Jake Hoeschler	19	37P	8	2	25	23	145.0
16.	M-127 David Carisch	33	15	24P	11	21	14	154.0
17.	W-11 David Kenyon	16	19	15	35	31	8	160.0
18.	W-10 Bob Zack	32	13	13	24	18	25	161.0
19.	D-5 Fred Stritt	14	41	12	28	12	19	162.0
20.	I-9 Howard Ferguson	18	28	21	22	26	24	175.0
21.	I-5 Jeff Baker	20	20	32P	42	11	20	181.0
22.	H-9 Marsh Krone	8	30	27	39	28	29	197.0
23.	W-1 Jule Hannaford	9	DNS	25P	15	27P	35	199.0
24.	BH-17 Michael Fortenbaugh	12	DNS	48	8	43P	4	202.0
25.	V-115 Todd Haines	35	33	26	32	22	21	205.0
26.	A-3 Russ Darrow	36	22	25	25	29P	32	205.0
27.	M-5 John Wicks	34	25	35	29	16	31	206.0
28.	I-44 Todd Perrigo	39	18	39	44	23	15	214.0
29.	H-121 Jim Henkel	37P	32	31	48P	30	6	219.7
30.	H-74 Jack Loew	29	39	37	26	32	30	229.0
31.	J-12 Jack Schloesser	41	45	29	52P	19	10	232.0
32.	W-17 M. Schwartz	46	34	33	37	17	33	236.0
33.	N-5 Mike Rodee	42	23	34	30	20	DNS	237.0
34.	X-5 Richard Gallun	52P	DNS	20	27P	3	DNS	238.7
35.	A-5 William Tews	27	35	28	38	41P	36	241.0
36.	M-3 Mike Fanberg	30	29	36	43	33	38	245.0
37.	X-4 Albert Gallun	28	12	30	36P	DNS	DNS	246.0
38.	M-1 J. Ecklund	13	36P	DNS	6	DNS	DNS	246.7
39.	M-27 Rob Evans	38P	31	22	16	DNS	DNS	247.0
40.	W-87 Ken Broen	24	38	23	40	35	DNS	248.0
41.	I-39 Michael Kurzawa	50	27	52P	23	34	28	250.0
42.	A-11 Will Emory	31	36	38	31	40	39	251.0
43.	M-105 Brett Adams	40	37	41	41	36	34	265.0
44.	W-8 Eric Bloomquist	26	21	46	34	DNS	DNS	267.0
45.	H-1 Tom Blaskey	49	40	42	48	39	22	276.0
46.	X-88 Bruce Gallagher	44	43	44	45	38	37	287.0
47.	L-11 Jim Pendergast	48	44	49	46	42	DNS	317.0
48.	J-1 John Mc Andrew	43	42	45	50	DNS	DNS	320.0
49.	L-5 John Teska	47P	47	40P	47	DNS	DNS	321.0
50.	M-18 Michael Swift	45	52P	47	49	DNS	DNS	335.0
51.	L-120 Jankowski/Beck	51	48	50	DNS	DNS	DNS	341.0



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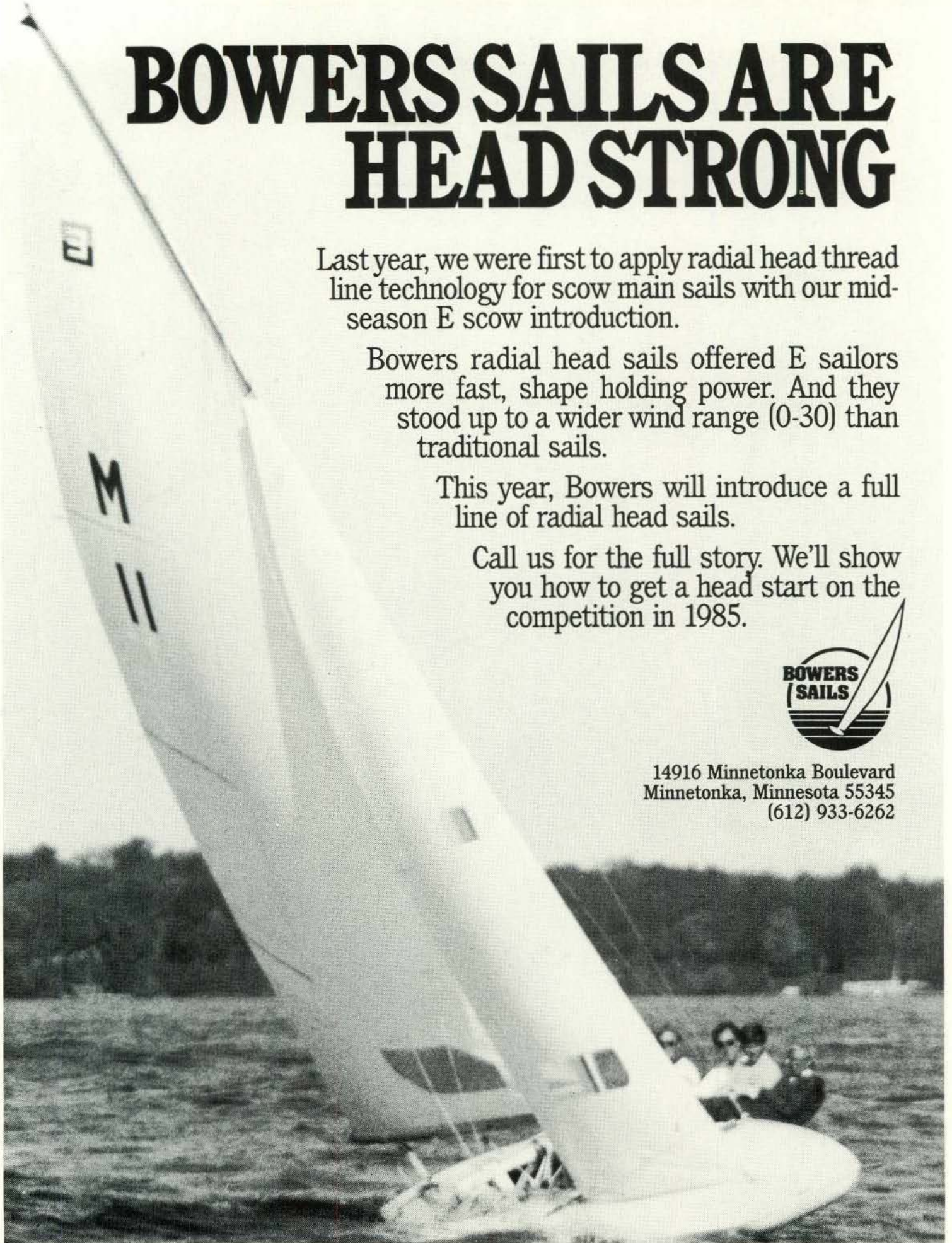
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# MESA CHAMPIONSHIP

JUNE 21, 22, 23

by Augie Wisnosky

A gulf high and an upper plains low were on a collision course over IBYC and MESA-land on June 21-23. The isobars were close together so the winds on Friday, June 21, were heavy at 25 knots steady with gusts higher than that.

Thirteen E-scows signed up for the MESA Championship; eight of them were IBYC sailors, three ventured from Carlyle Lake (Pete Glass, Charlie Pruetzel, and Bob Neubert) and two made the trek from Indian Lake, OH (Tom Ewing and Tom Klaban).

The opening round on Friday a.m. was a "mast breaker." The winds were southwest at 25 knots and the race committee called for a OW-1 course. Of the thirteen reluctant contestants, five finished the race. Tiller and sail trim work were crucial, as you might expect. Millisecond responses were required of crew who needed to respond to the shifts. Five boats capsized within forty minutes of each other, which made it tough for the three crash boats. Sailors had to take numbers! This was certainly a great opportunity to test flotation devices; unfortunately, none of the boats were equipped with either system...

The final survivors of Race #1 were Perlmutter (S-1), Carlson (IB-111), Ewing (ID-4), Powell (LS-4) and Jack Robinson (IB-1). One mast "ex" or "im" ploded downwind, and another boat suffered heavy hull damage. With the winds showing no signs of subsiding, the Race Committee decided to postpone.

Race #2 was sailed on Saturday morning in a northwest wind blowing 8-12 knots. A "band-aid" fix on CR-7 and a borrowed mast on IB-8 allowed everyone to be on the line. Tom Klaban took control of Race 2, but Bob Robinson, with his borrowed Holt Allen spar, was the surprise of this one when he finished second. Augie Wisnosky went to the left side in search of some lifts and was paid off with one long tack to finish third. E.C. Haas, a super C-scow sailor (whom I think secretly prefers the "properly rigged" E), finished fourth. Louis Powell worked on the fleet to finish fifth.

Race #3 was "red flagged" by Bob Robinson, who protested the Race Committee. Apparently a spotter boat at the pin end was not at anchor so an "infallible" decision by the Race Committee was not possible. A general recall was the order of the day, but didn't happen. The protest committee decided that Race #3 should be resailed.

Race #4 was sailed in a northwest wind of 8 to 12 knots. The pin end was favored on the start. Wisnosky tried a port start but a group of "starboarders" sailed down the line, and THIS TIME the spotter boat WAS anchored. When Wiz tacked to avoid a confrontation with LS-4, the northeast corner of Lake Springfield was dredged three feet deeper by Joe Brewer and his "Danforth" with boat in full throttle to attempt to clear the course. Close call! Powell's distraction at the start might have caused problems later when he bumped two boats on the course; a bigger problem was that he had only one acknowledgement flag...

Race #5, which was Race #3 resailed, was scheduled for Sunday a.m. with winds 10-15 knots. Herb Perlmutter and Tom Klaban sorted their way through the fleet to become a two-boat race for first while Tom Ewing and Barry Nelson were in phase with the shifts to stay close. Roger Carlson was still within striking distance. Upon rounding the last leeward mark, Klaban ran amuck with a spinnakered boat and took a 30% penalty.

After four races, Perlmutter had 24 points and with a third or better finish could take the MESA. Klaban was the guy to beat with 30.7 points. An ace from any of the next seven boats would guarantee some "silver."

Race #6, now Race #5, showed finale winds from the southwest at 15-25 knots. An OW-1 course was set on the long axis of the lake. Tom Klaban wasn't to be denied. He and his Indian Lake buddy, Tom Ewing, must have figured the shifts at Lake Springfield. They were in positions one and two with Roger Carlson nearby. Barry Nelson followed by E.C. Haas made the finish rather interesting.

Without a doubt, those thirteen boats raised hell in central Illinois! So come on MESA people; start traveling to regattas and join in the fun. Stu and Beth Cappellin and Sue and Louis Powell did a superior job in organizing MESA '85. All committees get five stars for their work. I'm sure all of the E-people who came to Springfield will attest to a great regatta. We're working on MESA '86 now. Congratulations Tom Klaban and crew.

## 1985 MESA RESULTS

POSITION	BOAT & SKIPPER	1	2	3	4	5	TOTAL POINTS
1	ID11 Klaban	DNF	1	2*	1	1	30.7
2	S1 Perlmutter	1	8	1	5	7	37
3	IB111 Carlson	2	11	5	3	3	41.4
4	ID4 Ewing	3	9	3	11	2	46.4
5	LS111 Nelson	DNS	6*	4	4	4	59
6	LS4 Powell	4	5	6	2**	8	59.7
7	IB100 Wisnosky	DNF	3	8	7	6	63.4
8	IB8 B. Robinson	DNF	2	9	6	9	63.7
9	IB10 Has	DNF	4	7	9	5	65
10	IB1 J. Robinson	5	10	10	8	10	72
11	S14 Gass	DNS	7	11	10	DNS	84
12	CR7 Pruetzel	DNS	12	DNS	12	DNS	93
13	S271 Neubert	DNF	13	12	DNF	DNF	94

\*30% Penalty



# 1986 WMYA CHAMPIONSHIP

by Mike Huck, Jr.

The E racing at the WMYA started like the weather. It was the slow dog days of August, and the wind was as sluggish as everything else. We went out in a dying easterly, and started the race looking over our shoulders for the expected west sea breeze from Lake Michigan. Everyone jockeyed for position to take advantage of the shift, but the wind sustained its direction for the first few times around the windward leeward course. It's amazing how fast the desire for the shift can change to reluctance when one hits the bottom pin and starts back upwind. Paul Eggert held the lead most of the way around the course, but was passed off the wind by Mike Huck, Jr. Art Brereton had come back from a lackluster first leg to also join the leaders in what was developing to be a three way race. The shift finally came through, and Brereton took the first puff around Huck, and never looked back. The shift had closed the fleet, and it all depended on a drag race to the finish line. The boats who tacked to starboard early made out well, and the race ended with Brereton winning, Wickland second, Eggert third.

The racing on Friday was again dominated by the anticipated shift, but this time it never materialized. The fleet started in a nice breeze across the narrow width of the bay. I should say most of the fleet; I elected to go early. I blame it on my crew who were MC sailors, and thought the boat ended at the mast. Art Brereton again won this race starting his eventual domination of the regatta. The rest of the fleet tried more and more frantic journeys to the right, but never caught the shift, and had to be content with just being even.

Saturday saw a program of back to back races in the afternoon. It was made even more interesting by the fact that every powerboat in the world was moving through the race course to view an offshore power boat race to be held at the same time. It made this Lake Geneva boy feel right at home. These were the heaviest races of the regatta, and the courses had some nice tight reaches. The first would always start out as a jib reach, and then the chutes would go up, and since they were up, would be jibed. The boats who had gone far right the first leg were well out in front, and I watched from the perspective of one who had explored the deep left so I can't really say what exciting battles occurred at the front of the pack. All I can say was that my rookie crew was gaining experience rapidly. I couldn't stop them from yelling as we surfed down one of the largest cruiser wakes I've ever seen, but they obliged me by hiking when we hit bottom. Art Brereton once again emerged as the winner, but the places had scrambled behind him to provide some excitement in the standings.

The second race was just a rumor to our crew. We had broken our jib halyard during the final leg of the last contest, and sailed the most poorly balanced C boat in the world across the line, and into the dock for repairs. We did watch some of it though, and boy, E scows are fast! Paul Eggert had won the race, but Art had sealed the series with a second.

The final race was marked by a sharp division between a hard easterly, and an equally forceful incoming westerly. The upshot of this is that there were several black holes in the middle. The corner shooters were having a field day, while the conservative types were executing 120° tacks, and gasping for air. More tight reaches provided an opportunity to play chicken at the leeward mark, and to try and guess where to cross the no man's land between the shifts. Art Brereton capped his series with a near perfect 1-1-1-2-1 record, and Paul Eggert finished second, Larry Price third, and Paul Wickland fourth.

I-101	1. Art Brereton	8.0
SL-39	2. Paul Eggert	14.7
SL-13	3. Larry Price	47.1
SL-22	4. Paul Wickland	48.7
CR-81	5. Mike Huck, Sr.	54.4
SL8	6. Fox/Rueterdahl	64.4
CR-82	7. Mike Huck, Jr.	70.7
SL-111	8. Charles Harrett	72.0
W-6	9. Chuck Bartholdi	73
SL-3	10. Pat O'Brien	73
TO-111	11. Bunny Kuller	82
W30	12. Peter Fox	85
CR-110	13. Ed Schindler	87
SL-12	14. Waring/Welch	89
TO32	15. Eric Nordberg	97
SL-1	16. Ron Dunwell	97
SL-18	17. Bob Knape	101



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1st - Blue Chip  
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# NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP 1985 LITTLE EGG HARBOR Y.C.

by Sam Merrick

Winning when it counts joined with great boat speed were the chief ingredients Scott Callahan needed to win the 1985 National Regatta. He was the driver of a crew consisting of Bob Koar, Paul Egee (for victory speeches) and Jenny Adams. The latter, by being a part of the group, became the winner of the Women's Championship Trophy. In second place was Callahan's club mate Michael Fortenbaugh. Thus did Barnegat Bay sailors along with five others in the top ten, dominate the event held by the Little Egg Harbor Yacht Club in fine sailing winds September 5, 6 and 7. Of the select ten, Lake Geneva took third and sixth with Jeff Baker and Brian Porter; Chataqua Lake ninth, with Eric Johnson.

Callahan's apparently easy first place in the last of the six races enabled him to break out of an essentially six-way tie. At the end of Race 5, Cliff Campbell was the hairline leader at 34.7, Dave Magno tied with Baker at 38.7. Between were Fortenbaugh and Porter tied at 35.7 and Callahan in fourth at 38 (all scores with worse race dropped). This tangle was blown apart by Callahan's flawless effort up and down wind on a 2½ W-L race in 10 knots of pleasant breeze. His only problem was to get clear of traffic at the start. "Had" Brick gave Callahan a cushion by finishing second — thus blocking off Callahan's pursuers.

Weather was "different" as usual. The East was suffering in a heat spell of high humidity, thanks to a Bermuda High system which pumps Gulf of Mexico air into the area east of the Appalachians. For reasons best known to others, the expected sea breeze southwester in the twenty knot range never materialized. Instead the fleet spent two days with westerlies bringing acute discomfort to all hands. Only on the third day did a moderate northerly bring relief. Except for the first part of Race 3 when the wind speed was gusting at twenty-five, the air seldom left the 10-15 range.

The Race Committee under the leadership of Mike Meyer did a fine job except for Race 5 — the first of back-to-back contests on the final day. Somehow the windward mark got dropped apparently short. Though the officials manfully asserted the first leg was over one mile (it had to be in order to fulfill the minimum allowed by the Rule Book) however for many, the experience of overstanding occurred at about the time appropriate for discovery of the mark's location. Magno sought redress after Race 6 to no purpose since there was no way to prove the point. Moreover there was no way to resail Race 5, nor to adjust the positions of everyone in Race 6 since it had been sailed on the assumptions of the standings after Race 5. So — life is often unfair!

Drag racing, getting your wind clear and concentrating on speed, was to be expected on the wide open spaces of Little Egg Harbor. Many went for the corners and made out despite the conventional wisdom against such behaviour. The shifts seemed undisciplined within timed phases. There was usually a pronounced shift near the top mark in the first four races, but Cliff Campbell nearly always prospered by going hard left. Drag racing it was by inland lake standards, but keeping a good lookout for wind lines and "puff ball" shots paid off more often than normally on these waters.

The new WT course lived up to its purpose to insure close racing and retain the challenge of heavy air reaching. It was used twice. The "A" course with its smaller jibe mark angle demonstrated its vulnerability to slight windshifts. Its presence in the Rule Book as an option to the Race Committee has doubtful validity. The W-L, given plenty of space available at Little Egg proved the best kind of outlet for skilled E boat racing — it was signaled thrice.



The "throw out" after four races, the current device adopted by NCESA, had more than its normal impact compared against counting every race. Of the top ten, three would have fared worse (Callahan, Porter, Eric Johnson), five better (Fortenbaugh, Campbell, Brick, Corby Day and Willie DeCamp), two the same (Baker, Magno). Callahan broke a lower shroud just before Race 4 and had to take a DNS. So the throw-out saved his Championship. Mike Fortenbaugh with every race counting would have won the regatta followed by Cliff Campbell. It strikes this writer, who is a partisan in favor of the throw-out as a cushion against disasters of man and the weather, that the Callahan example justifies the device. Because he was the fastest boat at the Regatta, he deserved victory despite being disabled. Callahan is a zealot for boat preparation, so cannot be faulted for sloppy maintenance. One is allowed to suspect that the shroud would not have let go were Callahan not such an aggressive proponent in favor of eliminating backstays. Conditions in Race 3 certainly made them desirable.

Collisions and near-misses were as numerous as ever and without many protests or acknowledgements. Four of the latter and two DSQ's constitute the total toll — clearly a small percentage of an accurate count of rule infringements.

The statistics on capsizes showed at least success in rescue procedures. In Race 3 there were eight: Erik Johnson, Doug Love, Bill Fortenbaugh (Mike's Daddy), Sam Merrick, Nick Imperata, Craig Bradley, Walt Smedley (the son), and Bill Kwaak. Runnie Colie waited until Race 4 for his swim. Most of these got up without assistance and none sustained damage of any consequence. The water at Little Egg is too shallow for turtling, but sticky black mud is difficult to clean up if the mast makes a play for it.

The Little Egg Harbor Yacht Club is a veteran at running major regattas — its warm hospitality and efficiency lived up to the highest standards. It was aided by a good group of visiting oldhands: Mike and Dede Meyer, Nat Robbins, John Hunt, George Hill, Chas Schneider, Ted Brennan, Willard Davis, Faye Bennett and of course the Commodore accompanied by Shirley, the Secretary-Treasurer.

## ED. NOTE:

Photos of Trophy Presentation will be published in the REPORTER Spring 1986 Issue.

Hopefully we will have Robert Degerberg's photography for this.



## GOOD ACTION AROUND THE COURSE



*Screaming reach — coming and going.*



*this sort of ploughing should be saved for the slopes.*



*two instances of the dreadful Aaaaa ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!*



# SUMMARY OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP REGATTA RACES

By Sam Merrick

## RACE #1 — WIND: Westerly 8-10 — COURSE: WT

Cliff Campbell and Colie went left all the way on the first beat — a strategy Campbell was to use the first four races. At the mark he was closely pursued by Baker, Stu Wells and Colie. Porter was well back, but jibed to port at the mark. His traditional downwind speed brought him to fourth at the bottom mark behind Baker, Wells and Campbell. Baker worked out a big lead on the second beat which he carried to the jibe mark at the end of the first reach following (Note: the triangle following the initial W-L part of the WT course). The second reach was Porter's mixture of smarts and good fortune by sailing past the jibe mark and then getting a heavy gust to bring him into first place at the bottom mark. Porter had made a good beginning to retain his championship and continue the streak of winning the first race of each National since 1982.

## RACE #2 — WIND: Southwest at 12, gusting to 17 — COURSE: W-L 2½

Cliff Campbell and Brian Porter looked strong at the beginning as they negotiated port tack starts. However, they were unable to clear Scott Callahan or Fortenbaugh who had started at the starboard end of the line in stronger wind. Callahan, Fortenbaugh, C. Campbell, and Dave Magno (in that order) held on starboard, as the rest of the fleet showed preference for the more reliable west shore. These four boats were able to separate from the fleet moments later as the wind filled in from the south with added velocity. Callahan was first at the weather mark followed closely by C. Campbell, Fortenbaugh and Magno. The ensuing run saw C. Campbell get past Callahan by holding on the port tack gybe until he reached the layline. Callahan gybed 200 yards sooner and was affected by lighter winds and the incoming tide (?). Callahan regained the lead minutes into following beat, but was in turn passed by Magno latter in the leg. The run saw Callahan vault into the lead once again the result of a big puff that funneled down the middle of the race course. Callahan's lead was 150 yards at the round up. He was followed across the line by Magno, Campbell, and Fortenbaugh.

## RACE #3 — WIND: Westerly 15-25 (gradually diminishing) COURSE: OL.

At the start, the wind was a good 20 knots gusting to 25. Boats going left on the first beat made out despite big lifts at the end of the beat from right. Vienckowski, Campbell, Porter were the leaders. The first reach was too close and too windy for spinnaker comfort. On the second reach, Fortenbaugh was a big gainer when he went high on port jibe and met a big veer "blast" that carried him into the bottom mark on the heels of the leaders — most of whom then went left for another "go" at what had succeeded on the first beat. Fortenbaugh went right and became the leader closely followed by Brick from the left corner. Fortenbaugh jibed on to port after rounding; went for the side where he had been before, and worked out a comfortable lead. On the final beat, he chose to cover DeCamp on the right rather than Brick on the left to win.

## RACE #4 — WIND: Westerly 8-18 — COURSE: WL 2½

Porter got hurt by being pushed over the line shortly before the start. Under the "one-minute" rule, he had to go round the ends. Magno, by a combination of early left then final right led at the first mark over Cliff Campbell (again going all the way left) and Brick from the right. Magno picked up a nice lead after jibing to port followed by Campbell, Day and Brick. The second beat was relatively uneventful with a long port tack for the leaders. The second run saw a dying breeze and brought Fortenbaugh, Johnson and Wright into contention. Magno covered the pack going right until Wright by having gone left picked up a big port lift. Magno went to cover Wright in time, but then the usual right veer required him to re-establish his position and be able to win out in a tacking duel over Fortenbaugh and Day.

## RACE #5 — WIND: Northerly 10-12 — COURSE: WT ("A" triangle)

The hot, humid weather had changed. Assuming the windward leg was actually one mile, the equal sided "A" course would have been the eight miles required by the rule book. Many thought the first beat was less than one mile — so many boats overstood.

Contrary to the prospects of a clocking wind, those who "banged" the left corner made out best — and best of all Jack Lampman who led at the windward mark by a big margin. Baker, Colie and Love followed. By the bottom mark, Dick Wight had sailed smart with his jibing angles to land in third behind Lampman (still well ahead) and Baker. Thereafter it became a three boat contest separated from the fleet. The first "reach" had become broad enough for jibing, so the second was destined to be close. Baker got past Lampman on the first reach, but Lampman regained the lead by dousing his spinnaker and sailing over Baker who was trying to carry his. The final beat became an intense covering match. Baker got by Lampman with a private gust on the left side. Wright working out of a loose cover, turned on the speed also caught Lampman not far from the finish.

## RACE #6 — WIND: Northeast 10-12 mph - COURSE: W-L2½

The phrase stay left could not have been more appropriate than in race #6. Scott Callahan after being deep at the start, rounded first by holding starboard until he reached the port tack layline. The incoming tide and a port tack lift (found only on the layline) were his greatest allies. Callahan's lead was 100 yards at the weather mark, he was followed by Had Brick, Mike Fortenbaugh and Jeff Baker. On the ensuing run Brick closed to within three boat lengths of Callahan by taking advantage of a puff (late in the leg) that partially eluded Callahan. Brick, however was unable to match Callahan's upwind speed, and it was Callahan by 75 yards at the weather mark. Callahan lead the rest of the way winning 2 minutes. On the last weather leg Brick successfully held off a furious challenge from Mike Fortenbaugh who needed to finish behind Callahan to win the championship. Porter withdrew in order to make a dash to the Soling Worlds, but his position was not good enough to threaten the leaders and defend his 1984 National Championship.



# E SCOW NATIONALS — LITTLE EGG HARBOR Y.C.

## BEACH HAVEN, N.J. — SEPTEMBER 5,6,7, 1985

			1	2	3	4	5	6	Cor. Pts.
1	BH-37	Scott Callahan	8	1	10	DNS	4	1	38
2	BH-17	Michael Fortenbaugh	20	7	1	2	11	3	38.7
3	I-1	Jeff Baker	2	18	6	17	1	4	45.7
4	T-17	Cliff Campbell	3	2	7	7	15	7	47.7
5	IH-27	Had Brick	5	23	4	4	13	2	48
6	I-49	Brian Porter	1	8	3	10	10	DNF	51.7
7	LA-99	Dave Magno	17	3	5	1	16	29	60.7
8	CH-18	Erik Johnson	15	6	DNF	6	7	5	67.5
9	BH-7	Corbin Day	40	14	11	3	8	10	72.7
10	MA-9	Willie De Camp	13	17	2	22	19	6	81.7
11	MA-4	Runyon Colie	4	10	16	26	9	15	82
12	MA-10	Richard Wight	14	DNF	14*	5	2	24	83
13	T-5	William Campbell	18	9	8	8	12	23	85
14	BH-10	Doug Love	7	26	DNF	12	6	8	88.7
15	V-69	Eric Wilson	12	11	13	11	23	12	89
16	MA-7	Ed Vienckowski	9	13	9	19	18	13	92
17	BH-13	William Fortenbaugh	11	4	DNF	24	14	17	98
18	MA-55	Andy Menkart	22	16	25	21	5	9	102
19	T-67	Stuart Wells	10	20	15	9	20	22	104
20	BH-11	John Harkrader	19	15	12	16	17	21	109
21	LE-8	Jack Lampman	39*	19	17	31	3	18	114.7
22	LE-5	Walter Lenhard	24	5	26	15	24	31	123
3	RU-18	Art Wilder	34	38	30	25	22	25	138
24	W-30	Skip Johnson	26	12	20	33	34	20	141
25	CH-6	Rick Turner	35	27	21	13	41*	16	142
26	BH-2	Sam Merrick	6	24	33	23	40*	30	145.7
27	HO-31	Peter Rochelle	23	25	24	27	36	19	148
28	T-8	Dan Crabbe	32	21	29	37	31	11	154
29	KU-37	Curt Wright	21	33	28	18	30	DNF	160
30	LE-30	Jim Stevens	16	43	DNS	29	27	26	171
31	MA-18	Cliff Lewis	30	32	31	36	25	28	175
32	IH-44	Fred Slack	41	37	23	35	**	14	183
33	MC-1	Dale Dunstan	31	30	34	20	41	38	183
34	LE-4	Doug Galloway	33	36	19	32	39	35	185
35	CH-5	Dick Turner	28	22	22	42	43	DNF	187
36	T-2	Nick Imperata	46	28	DNF	20	46	42	194
37	LE-22	John Christie	43	31	27	38	35	34	195
38	CH-30	Dave Bargar	38	DNF	37	30	28	33	196
39	HO-32	Tom Wiss	229	29	32	40	42	40	200
40	HO-13	Craig Bradley	27	35	DNF	DNS	32	32	203
41	M-101	Frank Jewett	25	34	46**	28	DNS	DNS	210
42	LE-6	David Mitchell	37	39	35	41	38	37	216
43	LE9	Chris Sencindiver	53**	41	DNS	DNS	33	27	224
44	LE-7	Walt Smedley III	44	DNS	DNF	39	29	39	236
45	LE-1	Bus Rose	47	42	36	43	44	42	237
46	MA-6	Bill Kwaak	42	40	DNF	34	DNF	DNS	240
47	LE3	John Coyle	45	44	DNS	DNS	45	41	252





Too bad there's no sound track for this.....or this.



about four seconds after the cover photo



Hard



Mike Fortenbaugh getting unburied.



"ring an

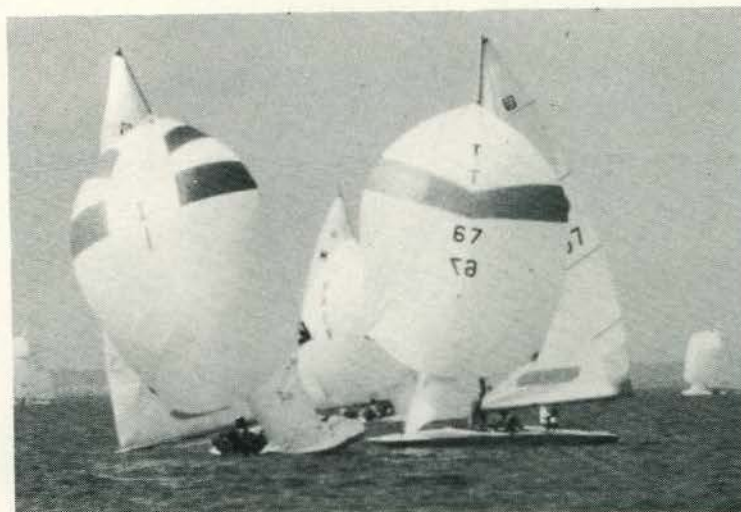


# OR RACING ON BARNEGAT BAY!"

Reporter photos



*Looks*



*Like*

a "safe leeward"



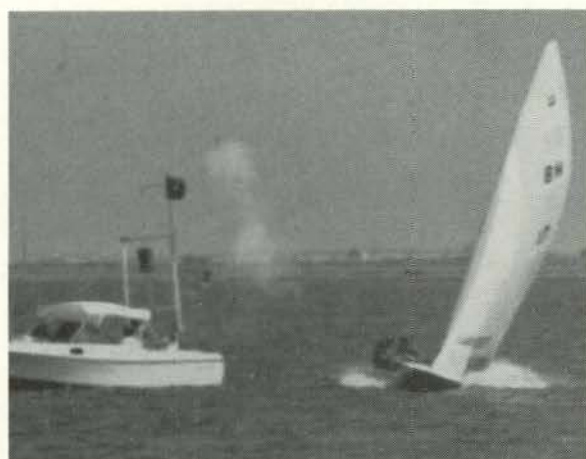
and the rosey"



*they'll make it*



# Colie Mains Blow the Doors Off the Competition.



**Bang!** Mike Fortenbaugh winning the third race of the 1985 Nationals.



**Bang!** Dave Magno winning the fourth race of the 1985 Nationals.

**NCESA National Championship — 1st, 2nd**  
**Blue Chip Invitational — 2nd**  
**Easter Regatta — 1st**  
**Lake Hopatcong Spring Invitational — 1st**  
**Toms River Invitational — 1st**  
**Little Egg Harbor Invitational — 1st**  
**Barnegat Bay Y.R.A. Championship — 1st**  
**Keuka Lake FLACE — 1st**



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Lampman and Baker reaching into the bottom mark — Dicey decision whether to carry Spinnaker or not to the mark.

Baker was slightly ahead and elected to carry. Lampman struck and escaped some nasty headers, reaching the pin about three boat lengths ahead. Photos taken from Boat 4.



The compulsive, post-race salt-rinsing ritual is not envied by the midwesterners.



## SPECIAL REQUEST

*ED. NOTE: Sam Merrick questioned whether to hold this (requested by Sam) article for the Spring issue. The editor thought it should be included here while our recall of that day is still fresh.*

RACE #3 — WIND: Westerly 12-25 (diminishing)  
— COURSE: OL  
by Michael Fortenbaugh

My remembrances of Race #3 of the Nationals are somewhat blurred, owing probably to the lack of sleep I got a night before. I can probably tell you more about the party which certain individuals, including myself, decided to keep going until 7:30. From 8 to 9, I slept inside the cockpit of my boat where my crew finally found me and with a mad dash, we caught one of the last tows out to the race course.

During the tow out, the wind picked up strength from about 15 to 20, to a steady 25 with gusts easily hitting 30. It was the consensus of the crew that the committee wouldn't race, especially since we could barely sail upwind at all. For the first time this year, I feared for my mast which has no backstays. But all the hoopla and wind ended up being a teaser since it died down before the start.

Bang, the gun went off. I believe we started near the windward end and managed to get onto port tack fairly early. The wind was essentially the same direction as the day before and our crew had noticed a peculiarity in the wind. When it blew out of that westerly direction, the closer one got to the western shore, the more puffs came as starboard lifts. These weren't just small puffs, mind you. They were big! Often, they were of the 20 to 25 knot magnitude. We nicknamed these big puffs "Astroblasters." You'd be sailing along with a nice port bent and up ahead, the water would go black and come swooping towards you. When it hit, you'd tack and look golden.

We went looking for these astroblasters off the starting line and eventually nailed a few. Unfortunately, the left side of the course paid off a little better and we rounded the weather mark near tenth. The first leg was a reach but the wind was too strong and the reach too light to set the chute so we kept ours down and planed right along. Anyone who put theirs up got a severe case of the slows. At the jibe mark, we popped the kite and headed high of the next mark in an attempt to keep planing while it seemed those boats holding lower were dropping off their planes.

Now, I'm not letting luck enter into this, but we did happen to get higher than the rest of the fleet and got to the area where the astroblasters were coming down. Although I wasn't thinking astroblaster, we happened to get there because I was trying to sail high. But once there, we realized our good fortune and zoomed down from up high. Coming into the mark we looked great. We jibed on the lay-line (jibed onto starboard) and were just zooming in with full speed when slip... my jib man, Dave Bogle happened to try some acrobatic stunts. His feet went out from under him while he was on the fore deck and 3/4 of his body went into the water off the leeward rail (we were planing as well). The only thing that saved us was Dave's quickness as he locked his hand and elbow around the sidestay and was able to pull himself back. So, we may have lost one boat, but over the whole leg we gained nearly 6 and had the leaders right in our sights. We rounded the leeward mark in about fourth.

The last blaster we got downwind told us exactly what our upwind plan was to be — head straight for the next one. So, we made a bee line right. After working up on Ed Vienckowski, we used our speed to power up to him. He was looking to tack but we had him pinned and his crew began giving me the "Let's tack" look. Nevertheless, we kept on in search of the big one. Then it came, and we tacked onto a huge starboard lift, so the boats in the middle were history. After the blaster dwindled, we went back to port in search of the next one. Soon, we had worked up near the western shore where the blasters came more frequently and for a longer time. We used this wind to begin the starboard trek to the mark. Boy did the race look nice at that point!

As we closed on the mark, one boat was still threatening; it was Had Brick approaching from the other layline. Apparently if one sailed left from the leeward mark all the way to the corner, one would get something resembling a blaster from the left. Had lucked into one and was able to ride it right up on our tail, putting him in second place as we rounded the weather mark.

This leg was straight downwind and when we rounded, the wind was somewhat light. We knew where it was coming from next so we jibed immediately onto port. Had kept going as did the next few boats that rounded the mark. At first we were moving slowly, but after what seemed to be several minutes, there it came... ASTROBLASTER time. Our crew gave out a combined cheer of "Astro." When each puff died, the crew would begin encouraging the next, "Come on astroblaster, come on!"

After we rode several of these breakneck planes down to the leeward mark, we had a sizeable lead, so, I told the crew for the first time how much sleep I'd gotten the night before. We rounded the leeward mark cautiously and headed right. Had came around a bit later followed by Willie deCamp. Had headed left and we covered him for a bit. Willie headed right. It seemed to us that Had's only hope was all the way to the layline and Willie was in the safer position so we abandoned Had and headed right with Willie. Had wasn't as lucky this time so we won the race.

That's all — Mike Fortenbaugh.



photo: Bunny Kuller

*Apparently Mike and crew saved at least one ASTROBLASTER for Runnie the next day.*



## VETERAN OLDHANDS

photos: Bunny Kuller



*Commodore Nat Robbins*



*Walter extolling Beach Haven weather.*



*Snuffy and LaVerne Schneider getting a laugh out of Sam Merrick.*



*Ed Lampman looking for the weather mark in Race 5.*



*almost the whole crew*

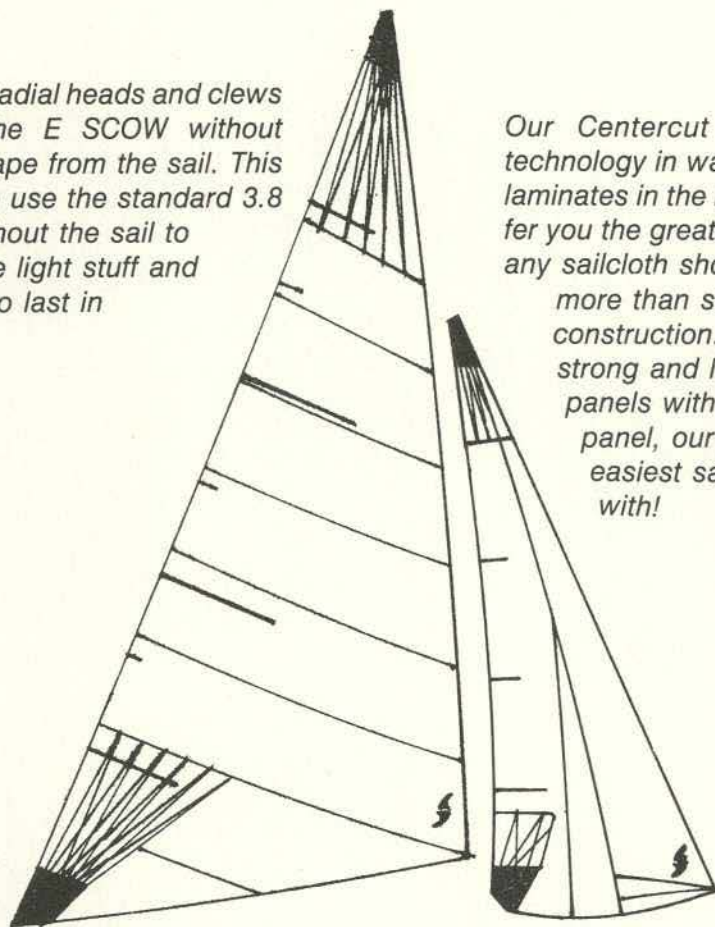


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## 20th ANNUAL BLUE CHIP REGATTA

### HARRY MELGES WINS BLUE CHIP

by Willie deCamp

With dazzling speed and consistency, Harry Melges III and his crew, Hans Melges, Bill Freytag III and David Wall sailed away with the 1985 Blue Chip Regatta at Pewaukee Yacht Club in a seventeen boat contest held September 20-22. Whether the young Inland champion's speed and savvy are the result of great genes or a great tutor may be conjectural, but the resulting problem for his competitors is certain: the kid just doesn't have bad races. On a lake notorious for vicissitudes beyond the endurance of the canniest skippers, Melges took finishes of 1 - 3 - 2 - 2 - 1 - 2 for a 28.3 point margin over Dick Wight of Mantoloking.

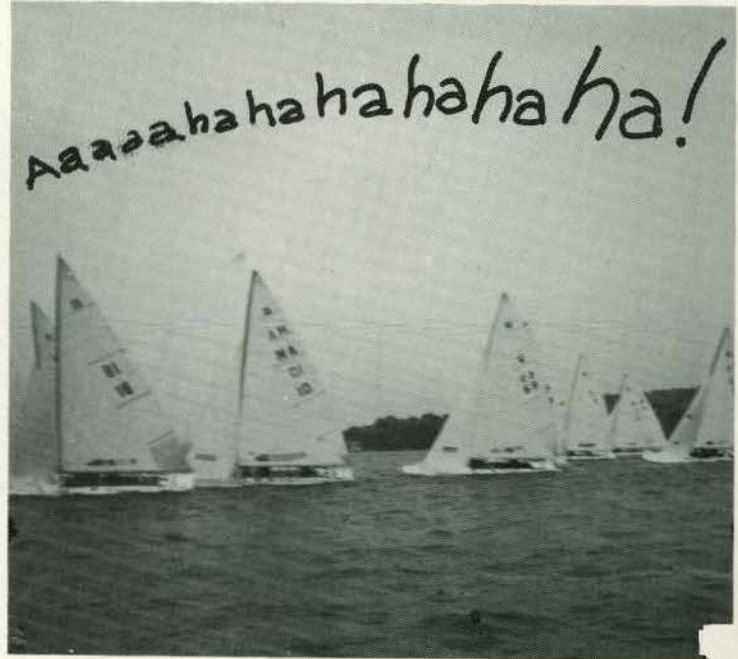
Friday's Race One was a windward-leeward 3½ affair sailed in a west-northwest breeze of 15-18 mph. Dick Wight, Bill Allen and Melges each led at various times. Making the final turn, it was Wight ahead of Allen and then Melges. The beat to the finish was a classic lead-changing contest in which, after much dueling, Wight failed in an attempt to pin Melges away from the finish line on port tack because to pin him would have bought too much time for Allen, who was nipping at their heels. Score one for Melges, with Wight second and Allen third.

Race Two, which followed immediately, featured an Olympic course which was visited on the first leg by a large persistent shift to the right, Dick Wight, partly through genius and partly through an inferior start, found himself on the inside of the bend. He led at the first mark in the company of Mystery Guest Jonathan McKee, Olympic Gold Medalist in Flying Dutchman at the Los Angeles Games. McKee, assisted by Bobby Guidinger and other local talent, was in no way fazed by either the upwind or downwind mysteries of the E Scow. On the second beat he closed on Wight and then passed him on the run. The tight final beat, a trademark of the Blue Chip Regatta, saw the four top finishers battling hard right down to the wire. On this leg Wight and McKee got an initial margin on third place Allen by positioning themselves to his right. Approaching the finish, Wight, on port, ducked McKee who was on starboard but not fetching. After both boats tacked, Wight, who was now on starboard, forced the Mystery Guest to take a second tack — which gave Wight the finish by a nose. A few boatlengths back, Melges, who had been pressing steadily, passed Allen to take third. This gave Melges finishes of 1-3 versus Wight's 2-1 to chew on during the lunch break. It proved to be the only time that Harry and company were not in the regatta lead.



photos: Dede Meyer

With the fleet standings beginning to separate, some at the back of the pack were beginning to show clear signs of succumbing to the strain of high-pressure competition. Frequently heard was the call of the Great Laughing Auk, also known as Federico's Lesser Eastern Auk, a rare avian species previously believed to have been hunted to extinction in the marshes of New Jersey and western New York state on account of its boisterous temperament, incredibly slow speed and complete inability to sense wind direction. The call of the Auk is a high-pitched staccato wail reminiscent of those emanating from the windows of institutions reserved for the severely disturbed. Fortunately, the approaching winter will provide those who raised it with a prolonged stress-free period in which to attempt a return to normalcy.



As the mental abilities of the Auk group were deteriorating, some among the regatta leaders, on the other hand, were becoming increasingly astute. Erik Johnson of Chautauqua led the afternoon contest throughout — his first of two consecutive races. Because the wind had softened to 8-14 mph. and had shifted more to the north, the course was a double Olympic across the short axis of the lake. The puffs in this race were tiny little things with room for only one or two boats. As a consequence, it was unusually difficult for any skipper with a poor start to achieve the clear air necessary to stage a major comeback. Melges moved from fifth at the first mark to a finish of second, which gave him the lead in the regatta. McKee moved from seventh to third, where he led a pack of four boats which finished in an overlapping train. Dave Ferguson of Minnetonka took fourth; Wight scored fifth; Allen sixth. The most conspicuous feature of this race — for those not taking such things for granted — was the high level of spinnaker work on a multilegged eggbeater of a course. It is a pity that the committee does not acknowledge on the clubhouse scorecards the names of the crews who work these boathandling miracles.

Saturday was no less a test of seaworthiness than was Friday, but for different reasons. This was one of those September days when Pewaukee Lake seems a bit too close to the North Pole. A cold and rainy wind blew in from the east at 10-15 mph., dictating a W2½ course for Race Four. The start was inauspicious: not one



of the seventeen Blue Chip skippers was within a boatlength of the line on the gun. The talent soon showed, however, and those spectators who could stand the weather were treated to an amazing comeback blitz by the Melges team. Finding himself buried in midfleet after the start, Melges worked toward the favored left hand side. With tremendous boatspeed and great windsense, Harry ground down his competitors individually, boat by boat and shift by shift. The race was not quite long enough for him to take Erik Johnson, however, who had won the start at the starboard end and had basically sat on the fleet for the duration of the race. Further back, Dick Wight managed to avoid disaster to his regatta standing when he moved himself from fifteenth to eighth by grabbing a well-timed shift off the south shore on the final run. Mystery Guest McKee was not so fortunate. He was riding in about seventh when a broken spinnaker halyard put him out of the contest.

For the fifth race conditions only got nastier. The wind came up to 14-18 mph. with more rain. Two general recalls lowered everyone's morale. When the fleet finally got started around the W2½ course, the mood was businesslike both because Melges appeared to be taking the regatta in hand and because warmth and dryness were figuring more prominently in most minds than finishing positions. Melges dug himself out of some traffic and installed himself permanently in first about one-third of the way up the first beat. Wight sailed in second most of this race. He was covering Allen, who was in turn covering Bowers, so there was a lot of synchronized tacking and gybing in this division. Remaining immune to this covering mania, Brian Porter picked shifts up the final beat and sneaked into third just before the finish. After this cold and tiring racing, an uncharacteristically quiet group of sailors ate a late lunch inside the yacht club.

Sunday's final race proved less taxing, although it did rain during part of the contest. Melges's 18.3 point lead over Dick Wight had him feeling so carefree that he sailed out to the racecourse

trailing a string of blue and white helium balloons from the end of his boom. Wight in turn led Erik Johnson and Bill Allen by 10.7 and 13.4 points respectively. With the wind from the southwest at 4-8 mph., the starting line of the W4½ course was placed in the slot just north of Rocky Point with the windward mark near the cove west of the yacht club. Melges, securely in first, had nothing to gain by starting aggressively; Allen, in fourth, had nothing to gain by starting conservatively. The former took a safe start near the unfavored starboard end while the latter pulled off a first place port end coup. Allen dropped one boat on the way to the weather mark, Mike Fortenbaugh of Bay Head, who chose a more propitious moment to tack onto port. Allen quickly retook Fortenbaugh, however, by getting his chute flying faster when he set.

After regaining the lead, Allen never trailed — but this was the Blue Chip, where "never trailing" cannot be construed as meaning that there was not excitement aplenty. Allen's lead accorded wildly as a parade of second place contestants successively took runs at the lead, usually by banging big southerly shifts off the Rocky Point shore. First it was Fortenbaugh, the Bowers, then Johnson and finally — you guessed it — Harry, who had nickelled and dined his way back from an intentionally undistinguished start. Allen's first got him by Johnson for third place in the final standings. Wight, who at one point in the race appeared headed for a fourth place standing in the final scoring, was able to hold regatta second thanks to Johnson's fall to fourth in this race and thanks to Wight's own climb to seventh. The final score was close: Allen trailed Wight by a mere four-tenths of a point, with Johnson just 5.3 points farther back.

Although it was an easy win on points for Melges, six hotly contested individual races added another great chapter to a wonderful autumnal E Scow tradition.

All Blue Chip photos: Dede Meyer



Dick Wight docking at end of last race while crews vie for position at crane above.





*All Willie needs is a briefcase to look like a New Jersey commuter.*



*Wally Schwarting & crew.*

### 1985 BLUE CHIP RESULTS

Harry Melges III I-1 (Hans Meges, Bill Freytag III, David Wall)	1	3	2	2	1	2	14.7	1
Dick Wight MA-10 (Mike Heinrich, Bob Broege, Willie de Camp)	2	1	5	8	2	7	43	2
Bill Allen M-44 (Charlie Harriet, Paul Goode)	3	4	6	5	4	1	43.4	3
Erik Johnson CH-18 (Paul "Kong" Titcomb, Dave Archer)	10	6	1	1	7	4	48.7	4
Gordy Bowers M-11	4	7	8	3	5	3	56.4	5
Brian Porter I-49	6	5	13	6	3	9	73.1	6
Jonathan McKee ?	9	2	3	DNF	9	8	75.7	7
Dave Ferguson M-67	11	8	4	9	8	6	79.7	8
Dave Chute M-8	7	16	9	4	6	11	86.7	9
Dave Koch V-3	8	9	10	7	10	10	90	10
Bill Campbell T-5	5	11	11	10	15	12	99	11
Mike Fortenbaugh BH-17	13	10	14	12	11	5	100	12
Corbin Day BH-7	15	13	122	11	12	13	115	13
Eric Wilson V-69	12	17	7	13	14	16	115	14
Jim McGinley I-47	14	12	15	14	13	15	119	15
Paul Wickland SL-22	16	14	16	16	16	17	131	16
Tom Klaban ID-11	17	15	17	15	DNF	14	131	17



# A CROSS-SECTION OF FINISHERS

photos: Dede Meyer



1st Harry, Hans and Frey.



4th Erik Johnson.



7th Jonathan McKee.



12th Mike Fortenbaugh.



13th Crewman Callahan for Corbin Day.



17th Tom Klaban is overwhelmed.



## JONATHAN McKEE 1985 "E" BLUE CHIP'S MYSTERY GUEST

The Mystery Guest for the 1985 Blue Chip Regatta is Jonathan McKee. His impressive list of sailing accomplishments begins back in 1976 when he took a first in the Canadian Laser Nationals. The following year he placed second in the 505 North Americans. In 1978 he placed first in the Prince of Wales (North American Match Racing). While attending Yale University, Jonathan was a College All-American in 1979, 1980 and 1981. He is also a four-time winner of the Snow and Satisfaction regatta.

Getting off to a strong start in the 1980's, Jonathan took first in the Flying Dutchman Canadian American Championships in both 1983 and 1984! In 1983 he took first in the Flying Dutchman Worlds. He won a Gold Medal in the 1984 Flying Dutchman Class. And in 1985 he already has two championships under his life-jacket, the 3/4 Ton North American and the Laser District Championship.

### PAST BLUE-CHIP CHAMPIONS — Held at Pewaukee Yacht Club

1966 - Gordy Bowers, M  
1967 - Jane and Bob Pagel, I  
1968 - Nat Robbins, M  
1969 - Gordon Lindemann (Mystery Guest)  
1970 - Stu Wells, W  
1971 - Bill Allen, M  
1972 - Bill Allen, M  
1973 - Bill Allen, M  
1974 - Bud Melges, I  
1975 - Harry Allen, M

1976 - Bill Allen, I  
1977 - Dennis Conner (Mystery Guest)  
1978 - John Gluck, I  
1979 - John Gluck, I  
1980 - Willie de Camp, MA  
1981 - John Gluck, I  
1982 - Bill Allen, M  
1983 - Gordy Bowers, M  
1984 - Bill Allen, M  
1985 - Harry Melges III, I

Dear Sam,

I did indeed sail in the Blue Chip, and it was a great experience, for a number of reasons. The scow sailors are a great bunch, friendly and considerate, yet very competitive. I was made to feel very much at home. And they are cagey, those boys. I'm sorry you couldn't make it. I got to Pewaukee a day early to practice, and this turned out to be well worthwhile, as I struggled to keep the boat charging. I must admit our practice did include a capsize (luckily not too many people were watching). But what speed! I was amazed at the acceleration on reaches. But steering with those small rudders was a real challenge. Luckily, my crew was excellent: Rob Perrigo on the bow and Bobby Gedding in the middle. They thought me to anticipate the "greenies" on the helm, and how to steer with the sails, especially easing the jib in the big puffs. It took some getting used to not sailing flat, particularly downwind. But finding the correct angle of heel seemed to be quite important. Apparent wind angles downwind were also critical, more so than any boat I've ever sailed. Watching the telltales on the shrouds, feeling the wind on your face, and listening to the chute trimmer all seemed to help. Picking the shifts downwind was also tough, partly because your apparent wind was shifting so much. Staying in maximum velocity seemed to be the most important thing; riding puffs for all they were worth. Staying in breeze was also key, especially in the lighter stuff. But equally important was staying on the lifted tack. The breeze was always pretty shifty and puffy, and those that could handle it kept rising to the top. The first two races were pretty windy, and we were quite fast upwind, mostly by accident. We had quite a bit of rake, and both shrouds were pretty loose. Rob let the jib car down about 5", which seemed to be good in the gusty conditions. We didn't quite have the awesome speed in more moderate air, so I don't have much to say about tuning in that stuff, except that careful steering seemed to be key. I suspect I was pinching too much before our speed had been built up sufficiently. Overall, I was very impressed with E-Scows and E-Scow sailors. Very fast and responsive, with demanding teamwork. Overall a great boat and a lot of. I hope I get invited again! I hope all is well with you & Elinor. Take Care.

Jonathan McKee



*photo: Dede Meyer*



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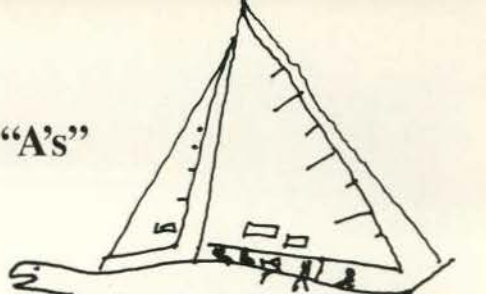




## EASTERN "E's" SAIL WESTERN "A's"

"Dueling Dinosaurs"

by Jay Darling



The 1980 Olympic Hockey Team looked like a sure thing compared to us. We had *nothing* on our side. First, we were Easterners for God's sake, and everyone knows there are no A-boats (and therefore no A-boat sailors) in the East. Second, we were chartering, sight unseen, a boat that we could envision only as forlorn, mossy, rotting, humpbacked and wooden, whose maiden voyage had been before the "Big One" and whose sails were Stone Age and not Space Age. Third, and focus on this for a moment, none of us had ever been on an A-boat before, let alone raced one.

Yet there we were, the one and the only Eastern A-boat All-Star team, poised on the brink of a quest of King Arthurian proportions: We had come to Green Lake, Wisconsin, the land of the giants, where Brian and John Porter buy clothes with "Medium" tags. It was here that the Inland Championship had been sailed since the 1800's without the nuisance of an Eastern entry.

The A-boat is a big E-scow. Such a description, although accurate, is an understatement of gargantuan scope. E-scows are fast; A-boats are *much* faster. The mast isn't walked up into place by two, three or even four of the crew. It is hoisted into place by means of yet another smaller mast (called a Gin Pole) that is itself first mounted on the deck, with a full complement of shrouds to boot. When one jumps on the foredeck, it doesn't move. An A-boat cannot be paddled, except perhaps imperceptibly in a dead calm, and then only by two crew, not one, both pulling furiously. The jib gives the illusion of being an E-scow main, sans the "E," and recut only slightly. The main is immense. The spinnaker pole is longer than a Laser, and at least two people are needed to jibe it. The cockpit height is not measured by the skipper's knee joint or calf as in an "E," but by his waist. It is the ultimate phallic symbol.

We fortunately possessed a team of some skill. Captain Dick was a 5-time winner of the E-scow Easterns. Bill Campbell, former College Sailor of the Year, National "E" Champ, and America's Cup participant, was the main trimmer. John Wright, also a past College Sailor of the Year, and 2-time America's Cup winner with Dennis Connor, was in charge of keeping the mast upright and in one piece. Peter Wright, principal organizer of the program and crew extraordinaire, was on hand to fly the chute. Lee Colie and Harriet Barton were in charge of boards and backstays, despite frequent warnings made in total seriousness by Bud Wallen, the owner of the boat, that no female should be allowed on board because "it gets lethal out there." I, lacking even a spark of perceptiveness, volunteered for the jib, a miserable chore.

Nevertheless, we had real room for worry when the morning of the first race greeted us with winds of twenty-five knots. To the enormous delight of the A-boat veterans on shore, we bravely and reluctantly set out early, alone, for a "tune up" in questionable conditions.

As this is related to you, bear in mind that the size of the rudders are only minimally larger than one on an "E"; measured on a percentage of steering area to boat size, they are much smaller. Therefore, Dick's first words to the crew as we screamed away from the beach on a plane were "I can't steer!" At best, he could only influence or fine tune the general direction in which the boat was headed. Gross movements required premiere sail coordination between the jib and the main, a coordination that not only we were lacking, but that was impossible to even attempt as all we were trying to do was not to ruin the boat irreparably.

The sanest thing to do (yet still to remain on the water) seemed to be to try to go to windward. The main, a high-tech, multi-colored combo of various synthetics, looked terrible. (We called it the "dog-doo" main and would only use it for the first race. The mast looked worse; it sagged terribly to leeward halfway up and again at the tip to such an extent that it looked as if it couldn't possibly remain upright for more than a few more seconds.

Alongside came Buddy Melges in a Whaler, but as we all desperately screamed for advice as to how to manipulate the mast into a remotely vertical spar, he would only volunteer such irrelevant gems as "Trim the jib; ease the main; hike harder." When we finally got him to focus on our plight with the spar shape, he beamed hugely and sped away.

By now, other A-boats were on the lake, and unbelievably to us, the race committee began to set a line. The breeze was *howling*. The next rude shock came when the pre-race jockeying began; there were twenty-three of the monsters, blasting back and forth behind the line. We were limping around the outskirts of all the mad dashing when our traveler car blew apart. Down came the main and Bill Campbell and John Wright set out to try and repair the car. Within seconds the assessment came forward to the cockpit: "We need a straight metal pin or a nail." Neither was on board. The ten minute gun sounded. Dick headed for a dock on the near shore, with the impossible hope that we could secure a repair of some sort and return in time for the start. I was rather pleased that we had a bona fide reason not to sail. What happened next is entirely true. As we sailed for the nearest dock, a fellow ran out to the end to fend off, and *he was wearing a mailbag*. Minutes later, the repairs made, we sped back to join the fleet in time for the start, only to have a general recall.

To place things in perspective at this point, it was blowing harder than when we had first set out, and two boats had already capsized. One boat blew up against the rocks and literally broke in half! All we could do for morale was to offer feeble jokes about how we hoped Dick had paid the owner's insurance premium. We were something less than cocky.

Again the gun went off. Amazingly, we had a first place start at the weather end. We took a short hitch to the right, and when we tacked back, the whole fleet was *behind* my jib window. We were in first, but only for a moment, as all the boats to leeward soon lifted up under us and ahead of us. Demoralized, we went right again, but as we tacked, the board did not go down, and we lost another six or so boats before that crisis was solved. We were deep and morale was low. A-boat racing seemed a stupid thing to do at this point.

But then some funny things happened. Unbelievably, some boats were still behind us, and we found our speed was as good as theirs. And, every time we counted sails, there were fewer and fewer. On every leg, one or more boats ahead of us would capsize, and we'd shudder and cringe, but then recover with the thought that we had gained another place. As I recall, the race was three and a half times around, most of which was a blur to me, except when suddenly on one downwind leg John Wright broke into hysterics with the announcement, "We're in the top ten."



Unbelievably, the velocity was increasing, and more and more boats capsized or simply blew apart. When I had to ease suddenly for a blast, trying to retrim was like trying to pull a bolt out of stone: I simply could not trim that huge jib a millimeter without assistance.

On the course, we were now actually passing boats by better boat handling, and we worked our way up to sixth by the finish, a result we were enormously pleased with. I am noting parenthetically that the race was won by Will Perrigo in an awesome display of heavy-boat handling. It is important to mention Perrigo because I can tell you about his boat. When the center stringer was being laid, he had a custom, foam-lined cooler built right into it. His crew proudly reports that it will hold one case of beer, with ice, right there within reach when needed. I think there is a lesson to be learned there, and a good one, about perspective.

The afternoon race was predictably canceled, as the wind was relenting not a bit. Not content to let an afternoon slip away, John Wright organized a team golf match on a full-sized course, also occupied with *real* golfers. Our "match" was played entirely in A-boat garb: wet sweaters, hiking boots, etc. The only casualty of this outing was the golf cart that John Wright "borrowed" from the pro shop, which was last seen headed down a steep embankment toward Green Lake. The driver at the time, Bill Campbell, refused to comment about his navigational abilities (and you will recall that it was he who was navigator on "Courageous" in the last America's Cup effort).

The second race was the next morning in another screamer, and it all seemed easy for a while as we followed in second place behind Jay Ecklund all the way up the weather leg. Just before the mark, however, we missed a big shift and, just like that, were dumped back to tenth, where we remained as none of the hotshots possessed the good manners to capsize or break down as they did the day before so as to enable us to pass them in the only way we knew how.

On a more serious note, however, it was beginning to dawn on us that we could possibly finish in the top ten if we could hold our program together, a result we all readily agreed was far beyond what we would have expected to achieve two days earlier.

That afternoon the breeze died out, and after rounding the weather mark somewhere around tenth, we managed to catch at least one boat a leg to finish fifth.

Overall, we were becoming a factor. Half of the Midwestern guys were enormously pleased, and the other half greeted us with scowls and treated us like lepers.

Tension was building. The A-boats were all moored together in a rock-lined basin, and we had fallen into the habit of pulling our boat along the rocks in the morning to load up. We were very careful to place a number of preservers on the rocks when we did this, and the boat never once touched a rock, but from a few lengths away, it did indeed look like we were simply beating the boat against the rocks.

On the morning of the third day, Bill Campbell was passing another A-boat team just as they were disparaging our apparent disregard for another sailor's boat, and when we heard of their comments, we were more than a little petulant that we were given so little credit (this will tie into the races, just be patient).

The fourth race probably should never have been started. Barely any wind showed on the water, and the fleet sat bunched for minutes after the start with sails flopping and a great deal of verbal abuse bouncing around from boat to boat. We started absolutely dead last, probably due to our unique sail-trim code, but Dick found a whiff here and a whisper there, and we began to move from the very back of the fleet forward. The funny thing was that we built up our own apparent wind as we moved, and we became, of sorts,

a self-generating perpetual-motion machine that just kept going forward. We sailed by boats, over boats, through boats. We passed boats to weather. We passed boats to leeward. We sailed under boats so close that we could touch their mains. Surely that would stop us, but it didn't. Halfway up the leg we were in second place, charging (with no air on the water) with the only boat left, crewed by those who cast aspersions on our seamanship earlier that morning. As we sailed right over them, the skipper, in a sincerely nice gesture asked, "How are you guys doing this?"

"Boat maintenance," volunteered John Wright. "We've been wet sanding her on the rocks for the past three days, and we've finally got the hull right."

We led at the mark by at least a third of a mile, and we kept increasing our lead. There were two concerns, however. The first was the time limit. We kept projecting our finish, and we knew it would be close. The second was that after the first mark, the committee changed the location of every other mark, as the breeze (what little there was) kept veering and backing, and we were getting hopelessly confused as to how many legs were left. So confused were we, in fact, that we missed the third mark so badly that we had to turn around and *set the chute* to get back to it. So much for an over-rated navigator! So much for first place! Needless to say, that put the fleet back into the hunt, and we were to round that mark in second place behind the Porters.

We were able to catch the Porters on the last leg, a dead downwind leg, of all things, but we were, in turn, just barely caught by Tom Burton, and we had to settle for second in the race.

Listen to me, talking about "settling" for second when, only two days earlier, we all would have been smug with two or three races in the top half of the fleet.

Incredibly, the overall scores now stood as follows: David Chute 36.0; Tom Burton 36.7; John Porter 36.7; and Captain Dick 40.0. Bearing in mind the Olympic scoring system being used, we were, practically speaking, in a virtual tie for first place. In fact, John Gluek, sailing with Jay Ecklund, asked us in all seriousness following the first race, "Are you guys winning this thing?"

We sensed destiny taking over. With one race left, we cockily calculated that with the bullet we would undoubtedly get, so long as any other boat than Chute, Burton or Porter came in second (which could easily occur with the likes of Perrigo, Ecklund, Jeff Baker and Bud Zinn, to name only a few of the "rock stars"), we would be the Inland Champs.

So much for destiny. Green Lake ran plumb out of wind and no more races were sailed, although we did our part to influence the committee into starting a race by having Jeff Baker push us around, with sails up, in an inflatable rowboat so as to make it appear that there was plenty of breeze.

Just one last thought. The name of our boat was "Vanguard," and although none of us was offended or displeased with this title, it seemed in order to re-christen the craft while being sailed under our auspices. Once again, John Wright came through with the big thought: "Coyote Ugly." "Coyote Ugly" according to John, is the description you give your bedmate when, the morning after, you view your companion sleeping across your arm on the adjacent pillow, and rather than waking the sleeping beauty, you chew off your arm so as to escape quietly rather than having to confront her. We were that sleeping beauty, snoozing blissfully in the arms of the great A-boaters, while they *almost* had to chew off their arms to beat us!



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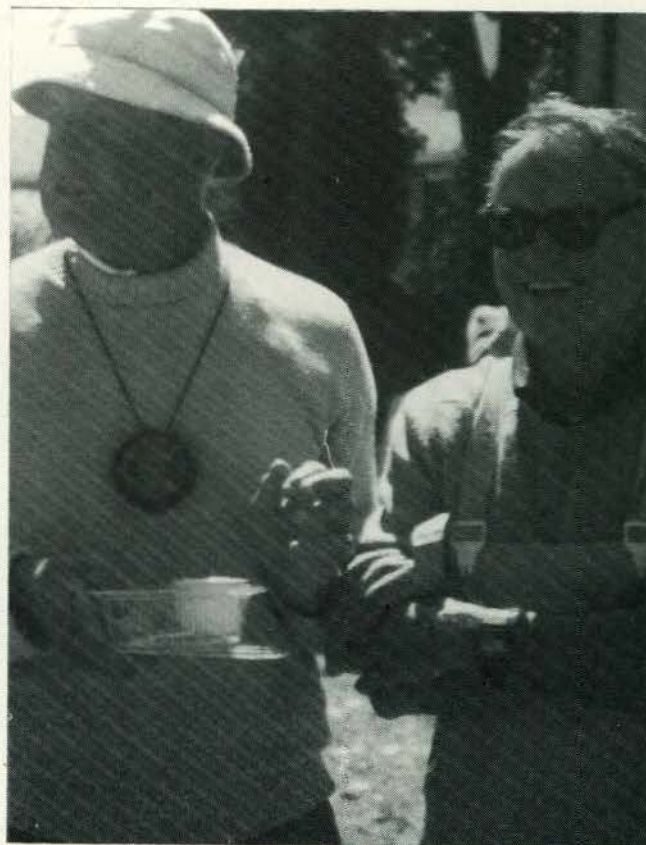
*Commodore Chip Ulrich and Betty Welch.*



*Erik Johnson putting the moves on Rick Turner.*



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*Jeff Baker, I-5 and Bob Zak W-10 sailed the whole Regatta in tandem.*



*This would have made a heck of a finish.*



*It didn't seem to make any difference what tack you were on when the "Zingers" came.*

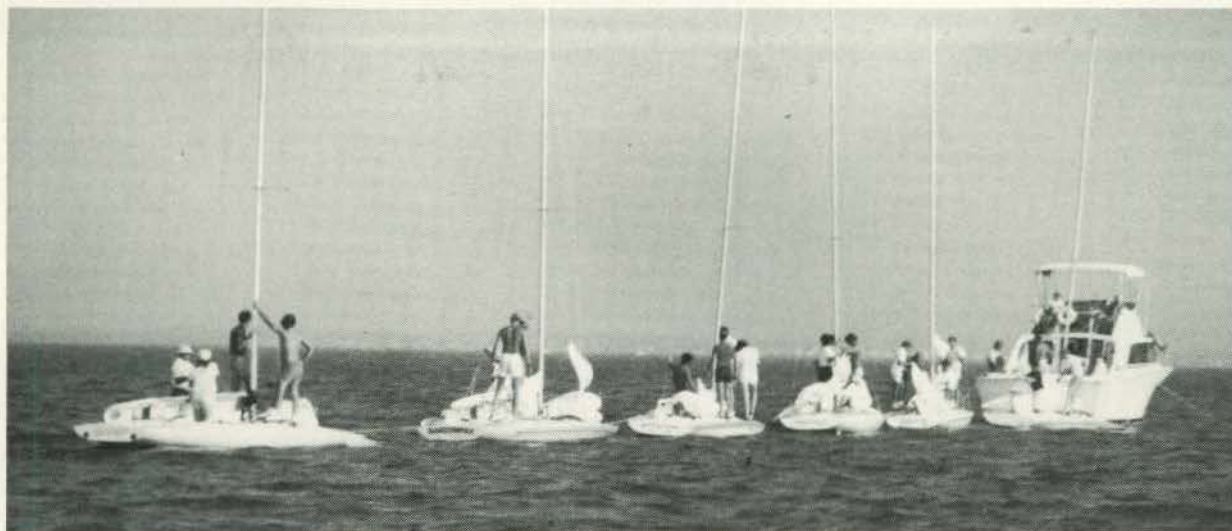


*Jeff Baker, Lake Geneva, First Place.*



## A last look at Little Egg '85

Reporter photos



*the ubiquitous Regatta tow.*



*one of several, unyielding obstacles to course-setting — and a scow at that!*



*Boat #4 under tow after Race 6 — resulting in "last to the bar!"*





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Boat(s)/Board(s) sailed most often \_\_\_\_\_

Rating system(s), if any \_\_\_\_\_



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