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"The Purpose of it all" ... Commodore Mike Meyer



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First in a "How to" Series on Technique and tuning

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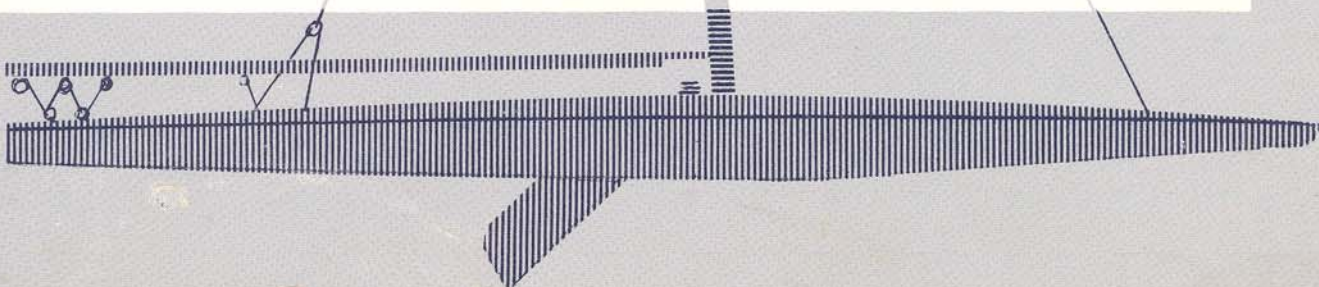
"The Protest Corner" ... unsolicited self-expression by those who really care



1965 Boats and Gear ... A roundup Report on the latest equipment



"Jibing Light sails"... Second in the "How to" Series covers Chute and Reacher Methods





MIKE MEYER TALKS ABOUT THE NCESA

While the NCESA was officially incorporated this past year, it really began back in 1959 when the first organized National Class E Regatta was held at Chautauqua, N.Y. By correspondence and telephone conversations between Dick Turner and Harold Koch, then Commodore of the ILYA, the event was arranged. An Interim Steering Committee consisting of two representatives from each of the three major organizations sailing "E" Scows, namely: the Eastern Class E Sloop Association, the Western Michigan Yachting Association and the Inland Lake Yachting Association was selected at that regatta to form a national organization.

The proposed final version of Constitution, By-laws, Scantling and Racing Rules were hammered out in a committee meeting in January, 1964. These were submitted to and approved by the membership in September, 1964 at Muskegon. In January, 1965 the second annual mid-winter meeting took place at which time further modifications to both by-laws and scantlings were proposed. These have been circulated to the membership and will come up for ratification next September.

All of this effort is primarily for one purpose, and that is aptly stated in our constitution, to encourage and promote amateur yacht racing in Class E Scows on a national basis.

In years past, the difficulty, cost and time consumed in transporting boats long distances discouraged events on a national basis. However, with the advent of throughways and tollways, trouble-free trailers and powerful automobiles the climate has changed. Skippers in one geographic area want the opportunity to sail against those in other remote areas. This healthy competition can now take place in an organized manner through the formation of NCESA.

We look forward now to new "E" fleets in other parts of the country joining us and participating in this growing class which has the fortune of racing one of the most superb handling sailing craft ever designed. We are looking forward to new members, new skippers and new entrants in the class and intend to put together and publish the kind of information that can interest and help the less experienced beat the old "pros." We've got the know-how in the organization, however, we'll need the support of all to put it across.

AND PAYS TRIBUTE TO MUSKEGAN

I was impressed by the pre-regatta notices and arrangements. Their advance publicity was excellent; including mapping, routing, motel accommodations, things to do, the fun had to be had. And when in your memory have you arrived in a city to find that you rate the big billboard attraction of "Welcome, National Class E Scow Association"? The other side of the Holiday Inn sign said, "Welcome Olympic Skipper, Bud Melges!"

There were many other things that made the regatta come off...the very efficient permanent crane installed by club members to handle almost any type boat. The mooring system was simple, easy, and economical; almost all boats were moored to the main dock with a single stern line parallel to the dock.

Our host club was also to be congratulated on the success of the Race Committee. The lines were perfectly set, the windward mark expertly placed, and the outer mark interestingly adjusted to give variation from race to race. I feel these were the best courses I've ever sailed in better than 30 years of regatta going!

I would like to make a special "hard luck" trophy award to Runie Colie. Not only did he break the gooseneck at a critical moment as he was close to winning the first race, but in the 2nd race, just as the starting gun was about to fire, a "barger" crashed into Runie's windward rudder and broke it off clean. Undaunted by this problem Runie sailed the entire race in a 15-18 knot breeze on the one rudder including a long reach on the no rudder side and finished 11th in a 40-boat fleet. Our Kudos for this great feat - it was a spectacular exhibition of superb helmsmanship!

And my Kudos to the crew of V-77. We came around the last weather mark in a close second position - they did a flawless job of getting the chute up in nothing flat - and then we quickly passed the lead boat to go on to win the 4th race. It was, honestly, a fun way to win one!

It was a great satisfaction to see the well-attended regatta and 1st official annual meeting of the NCESA. I feel now that the organization is a solid one, a going one - and one that is permanently established and on its way to a great future. See you at Little Egg Harbor.

1964 NATIONAL E REGATTA ROUNDUP



THE FIRST TEN

1 W. Grunow I-1	6 R. Colie M-4
2 M. W. Meyer V-77	7 B. Robinson M-1
3 B. G. Wathen M-11	8 R. E. Turner C-5
4 N. Robbins M-9	9 J. Chatain W-9
5 R. Pegel I-11	10 H. B. Comfort T-0



GRUNOW

Here was our plan! Bud Melges would hold jib, set spinnakers, fly spinnakers, navigate, pull boards, drop boards and plot the course. Gloria, next to Bud, was to hoist spinnakers, get out over the side in hiking straps, and keep the rest of us calm and collected. Then came my wife, Melita, who was told by Bud that all she had to do was come along for the ride and add weight. Well, as it turned out, she was not only a great aerialist, but did everything that I could not do in the back of the boat.

As we left the dock and headed for the first starting line, my touch on the tiller was like a wet fish. We got off to a good start and I thought we had her moving pretty well. But it was not like the good old days when you started, pointed her in the right direction, sat on the high side like crows on a fence, and just kept your sails trimmed. Bud, Gloria and Melita were in the straps and way out over the side. My man up forward had a few words of advice like, point her up, you're too high, keep her footing, more boat speed, get your....out over the side, use those hiking straps, don't watch the other boats, just steer, etc. I did not know what to do first so thought I'd give the straps a whirl. The boat went all over the course for a bit and just as I finally got settled down, I heard someone say "about", the board was down, the jib was out and I was very well tangled up in hiking straps, main sheet, etc. After losing four boats, and not exactly gaining the confidence of my crew, I got the boat around and made it to the high side. After the first triangle, we were amazingly in fifth place. This is how we finished and I was mighty thankful.

The next day was a heavy-weather day and we were without a heavy-weather main. George Eddy lent us his and, as it turned out, this was an important factor for us in winning the regatta. This sail was so "hot" that even I got better...at least I heard less and less from the front deck! All through the second race we were trading places with Jane and Bob Pegel. We were just ahead of them at the windward mark when Bob had some tough luck that gave us quite a handicap. Somehow their spinnaker got wrapped around the rudder and never have I seen a boat stop so quickly! Mike Meyer was still ahead of us, and we were closing the gap, but Mike was just flying

too fast and beat us by a hundred yards.

There was about the same amount of wind for the third race. With one leg to go and second behind Nat, we split tacks, trimmed everything block to block, hiked like acrobats...and won. It seems easy, six months later!

So far we had a fifth, a second and a first. The only problem with sailing a great boat with a great sail and Bud Melges on board, is that it leaves little room for excuses on the skipper's part. All I really had to do was hold the tiller and main. Believe me, sailing with Bud is a real pleasure for you will not find a person with a better touch for sailing or more will to win. I was skipping rather than Bud because he was heading for the Olympics in fall, and had been sailing the Flying Dutchman all summer and did not want to confuse the issue by getting used to the feel of a scow again.

The fourth race was a tough one for us. Thanks to some good shifts, we had worked up to first at the second mark. We were able to follow a little breeze and had about a half mile lead halfway to the bottom mark. Then the wind shifted to a beat and still we were lucky. We turned the leeward mark first with wind astern but Mike Meyer had closed our lead considerably. Going downwind was very streaky; Mike and Dick Turner were coming up quickly. Mike caught a puff to windward and rounded the mark first with Dick just behind us. The wind picked up to a high side breeze which suited us fine. We were able to foot better than Mike and got to the windward mark about 200 or 300 yds. ahead of him. Then Mike's years of steady sailing really paid dividends. As we rounded the mark, we laid off to set our spinnaker, thinking we were in a good puff. Mike read the water much better than I; continued to windward, hit a beautiful puff, set his spinnaker and went by us like we were tied to the dock. That was the race, Mike won it by what seemed like a mile.

The fifth race turned out to be the deciding race. All we had to do was finish right behind Mike Meyer and we had the regatta. This did not sound too difficult but began to look like it would be impossible 15 minutes after the start. I guess all of us just did not like the idea of following so we found ourselves on opposite tacks and on, what



turned out to be, the wrong side of the lake. Half way up, we could see Mike in very good position; we were a country mile behind. It was a shifty wind and a long way back to the fleet. We had no choice but to stay on the wrong side and just hope and work for the best. We were in the middle of the fleet around the first mark. Bud, Gloria and Melita worked together like they had been a team for years, nothing went wrong. Reachers were set inside spinnakers, spinnakers went up and down like magic or were jybed with no problems. By the time we neared the second mark we could almost read the numbers of Mike Meyer's and Nat's sails.

On the next reach, everything continued to run smoothly. Rounding the bottom mark we were fourth behind Nat, Mike and the Pegels but still a long way to go. Up ahead we noticed the first boats getting it on the nose. This was not good for they would come about and lay above us by twice the margin. Instead the lead boats continued to take it on the chin! Finally Mike came about and continued to stay ahead of us but we rounded the mark right behind him. The next mark found us still several boat lengths behind Mike with the Pegels right behind us. We knew if we could keep this position, we would win the regatta but we all wanted to win that race. We did about six quick come-about but still could not close the gap. We decided to try to outsail Mike on the starboard. Just before the bottom mark, Bud loosened the starboard jack stay and we felt we might be a little faster. Well, the boat might have been faster, but I certainly was not. No matter how hard I tried, Mike had a better touch than I did. Instead of catching him, he was inching away from us. Just before the finish, we got a little shift but Mike was right there and beat us by 2 or 3 boat lengths.

It was a great regatta for us but a real heartbreaker for Mike Meyer and family. They won three races and can be immensely proud of themselves. Without a doubt the Meyers are one of the country's best sailing families.

ROBBINS PEGEL

We'd been dissatisfied with our heavy weather windward performance the last two Sundays at home. So on the way to the starting line for the first race at Muskegon Bob decided that I should steer and he'd put his power

on the hiking straps. This proved to be a good combination. We outperformed the boats that had been beating us at home and felt we had boat speed as good as anyone. Bob took the helm for the reaches and runs.

As always, we tried to benefit from the local knowledge of other skippers. After clearing the starting line in the first race we kept one eye on Bruce Wathen and were pleased to find he was going our way, though a little ahead. It turned out he knew what he was doing! In the second race we found ourselves off to the west side of the course after the start. Felt a little panicky when the boats on the other side started to look good. Nat Robbins was under us and he used to sail in these parts so we stuck it out and, sure enough, finally got what we were looking for and came into the first mark ahead of the fleet. But this was the race Mother threw the chute under the rudders on the final run, so that we had to hike like mad to get from 25th to 8th on the final beat. (Thank you, crew.) Just happy we had a spare chute back at the Club, 'cause that new one was badly torn.

Did you ever try to set a reacher single-handed while the other three members of the crew are hanging over the stern retrieving the chute? It's not too difficult but if you have to go forward with the tack, take into account the fact that the man who usually does this can reach more than a foot higher than you can--lower the pole some BEFORE marching to the bow, it saves a trip.

When there were drifting conditions at the start of the fourth race, Bob wanted to take up on the turnbuckles to compensate for the stretching of the rigging in the first three heavy weather races. I disagreed. Bob acquiesced. We just didn't go anywhere! Had finally worked up to about sixth when I decided to keep the helm off-the-wind. Another mistake. Bob is without a doubt a superior helmsman off-the-wind. Dropped to the tail end and then Bob got us back to 14th on the final run.

We made the rigging changes before the final race, then the wind freshened half way around the course. Had a good battle to the finish with M-50. But Mama had a few tricks up her sleeve and Skip (on jib) found he had enough trims and eases left while Bob hiked hard to keep us rolling in for third. (What a team.) We were the best boat with three on board that race (500 lbs.) and were pleased with our performance, especially when a number



of boats crossed Mr. Colie's bow and beat him to the line, thereby drawing us up to series fifth.

We're learning, and have boat speed most of the time. If we use our heads we're tough. Our slogan for '65: THINK AND HIKE.

PEGEL ROBBINS

As far as the regatta was concerned, we were enthusiastic...but our own performance was rather disappointing. Here are some observations from my own experience that might be helpful.

In the First Race we sailed out into the lake under rather stormy and cloudy conditions. The off-shore wind tends to mislead most people, including myself. The wind was really blowing a lot stronger than I anticipated. We had a rather light crew weight (under 600 lbs.) and, therefore, I should have loosened the side stays more. This would have allowed the mast to lay-off and would have taken some of the stiffness out of the boat. As a result of not doing this, we were poor to windward, finishing about 7th. The reaches in this race were very long and fast. We took in an enormous amount of water from the spray. Without self-bailers we had a lot of water to get rid of and were not able to do so satisfactorily.

Lessons: Adjust the side stays for crew weight and wind. With big waves and/or long reaches, a self-bailing method is mandatory.

Just after the start of the third race a very large lake steamer sailed through the middle of the race course. We anticipated its course and speed reasonably well and anticipated the resulting wind disruption. We tacked to pass well under the steamer even though it meant tacking into a header. The net result, however, was that we arrived second at the windward mark. Here another good decision helped us. Normally in a triangle one would expect to set up a reacher on the second leg. Somehow I determined that the leg was being set much further downwind and so we put up a parachute. This proved to be just the right sail and pulled us well out in front.

Lesson: Plan that second leg well before the time necessary to set the lightsail.

And in the Fifth Race! Probably the worst thing that happened to us was the fact that we rounded the lee-

ward mark the first time with Mike Meyer. We tacked on the starboard for a long one tack beat. Mike was not more than 25 yards to windward of us and even. We sailed along like this without changing our position significantly for at least one-half mile. Then to my horror the boats behind us began to get a lift to windward. Mike split tacks in order to cover them. I continued hoping to get a knock down which would allow me to have a very favorable port tack. This never came! Yet Mike and the other boats continued to work up to windward of us. As it turned out, the more to windward the boats were, the more favorable the wind and the lift was. I still cannot explain how such different conditions could exist between boats so close to each other, especially on a large lake. As a result of not tacking myself in order to secure our second place position we dropped five or six places.

Lesson: There comes a time when you must decide whether to secure your present position or go for broke. In this case, I made the wrong decision. In any event, it is probably best to play the situation a little more conservatively unless your regatta standings are such that it is an all or nothing situation.



TURNER

In describing what may have caused our good (or bad) luck in the third race at Muskegon we would have to say that we expected light wind and we did what every competitive sailor does when he "guesses" for light air. Sail bags, extra battens, extra sheets, pliers, screwdrivers, shoes, sweaters, even our eleven year old daughter whose turn it was finally to handle the back stays were left ashore.

We put on our three year old baggiest sail and our newest jib, which also happened to be of the lightest dacron. We tightened our side stays so that there wasn't any slop and our jackstays so that there would not be much draft taken out of the mainsail in case the old man got excited and pulled in on the main sheet too hard. We also brought our main sheet travelers in as far as we dared, brought our board forward in the slot, and adjusted our jib leads forward in until the jib barely backwinded the main.

Having a little confidence that maybe now we could go as well as the fleet, we tried to find a spot on the line that had the fewest boats and also might look like the place the next puff would hit. For once we guessed right and hit the line with the gun-going and in free air. Confidence sometimes makes a difference. Having a good start in light air and with boat going well, we tried to hold our own - sailing for the puffs upwind where we saw them and not getting too far away from the body of the fleet.

Rounding the weather mark third we watched the leaders being headed and decided to stay as high as possible on the second leg with our reacher. Our biggest mistake at this point was that we vacillated in our judgment and went off the wind just long enough to let the fourth boat and winner of the regatta blanket and pass us as we both passed the two leaders when the wind quartered on a puff.

On the third and still reaching leg we pushed the panic button several times and gave our reacher a real up and down workout. This let Mr. V77 and family, sitting

as quietly and silently as stones, edge by and pass us to leeward.

From there on we held our third slot and tried, in vain, to catch the leaders but feeling very happy with a good third.

WATHEN

Racing on the home lake against sailors new to the waters is certainly an advantage...when the wind follows normal patterns. Even with flukey wind there is a psychological advantage.

At Muskegon we are used to strong, fairly steady SW and NW winds 90 per cent of the time. The effect of Lake Michigan only one-half mile away is to generate a good thermal breeze almost every afternoon in June, July, and August. In September the sun is lower and the days are shorter so that the thermal is not so dependable (as I think those of you who were here will agree!).

As it turned out, only in the first race did we feel that we know exactly where to go. We started in the middle of the line and drove clear across the lake in the heavy SW wind almost to the favored port lay line. Paul Eggert of Spring Lake and Runnie Colie were ahead of us on the port tack to the first mark. Paul broke his gooseneck at this point and we chased Runnie the rest of the way around. Bob Pegel and Bill Grunow were 3rd and 4th for most of the race and made us cover toward the middle of the course on the second and third beats. Meanwhile Mike Meyer came up the port side of the course on the last beat and gained enough to come in third. Colie broke his gooseneck near the finish line and we were finally able to break through for first.

The trend to extreme mast bend in heavy air causes difficulty in swiveling the mast and broken goosenecks result from frantic efforts to swivel after a tack. I use a bolt instead of a pin where the boom joins the mast fitting to get more support at this stress point. Does anyone have the answer to completely foolproof mast swiveling?



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WHEN IT BLOWS

BY BILL BENTSEN



When white caps are rolling do you inwardly dread the thought of the race? If so, join the majority...don't be misled by the "carefree" countenances around you...most are sheer facades!

Heavy air confidence is not just a state of mind or will...although a positive attitude helps. Confidence is mostly a result of having been there before; the accumulation of experience and skill, much of which can be self-taught by reflecting on your own experiences after you've been through them. The more you sail in heavy air - the less ominous will seem the wind sounds, the dark water and the chilling breeze.

But--heavy air experience is hard to come by; most seasons have really few strong wind race days. So...tip number one: Make yourself go out and practice when you're not racing. Actual races are a poor time to practice anything...they rarely allow immediate repetition of a maneuver or a sail change...or experiments with different rig adjustments.

Before going out at all, be sure your boat and equipment are in good condition. Don't have to worry about putting strain on the gear. Be sure the crew is properly dressed - cold induces fatigue and loss of concentration as well as fighting spirit.

Let's begin at the dock. Place a sufficiently long nylon painter low on a post or ring. This will keep the boat from jerking frantically. Don't leave sails or spare clothing on the deck--they'll roll or blow off. Put life jackets behind the board boxes; light sails forward under the deck; hang extra lines on hooks.

Before hoisting sails be sure halyards are clear, and main and jib sheets free to run. Have the boards up so the hull can move laterally with the wind shifts rather than sailing into the dock.

Set the outhaul at the maximum. Hoist the main quickly to the pre-marked halyard position and put on full downhaul for less wild flapping. To get the jib up without tearing the sail or breaking battens, hoist fast, while one crew member feeds the luff of the sail up, at the forestay. Then have him pull on the forestay to get the mast forward (be sure backstays are off), and securing the halyard will be easy. If it's really whistling, have someone control the jib with both sheets so it doesn't flap wildly.

Next, go sailing right away. It is just plain hard on your equipment to have everything rattling and snapping in the wind at the dock.

There are two ways worth knowing for getting away from the dock. If you have plenty of room, have the foredeck man give the bow a good shove away from the wind, have another person trim the jib flat immediately to get the bow off, and let the main run. Once on the desired course both sails can be trimmed properly.

(Many beginners make the error of keeping the main in, and not having the jib trimmed right away.) They either round up into the wind and land again, or find they have another boat in their gunsights with no chance of peeling off below its stern. Crunch.

In crowded conditions you can back down several boat lengths, by keeping main trimmed amidships and jib free, or hand held in just the right place and steering backwards. When you're out far enough, trim the jib to weather for a moment to start the bow off, then proceed as before.

Now that you're out there, sail to weather. Get the feel of the boat, and of the day's conditions. Get everyone's tail end over the rail. Hiking straps help. The crew should sit close together, just abaft the shroud.

Keep the jib trimmed hard; this is the only way to get it flat enough. Work the main in and out if needed; once the boat is really moving and "in the groove" this should be less necessary. Watch for the puffs coming; head up a little bit just before you think they'll hit. Sail the boat a little flatter than normal; she'll present less windage surface profile, should steer more easily, and will be much less likely to capsize.

If after sailing several minutes you feel everyone is settled down and performing his job well, and you're still having trouble holding the boat down without luffing too high, a few adjustments may be needed. Main outhaul and downhaul and jib luff should be maximum. Jib leads should be somewhat more out and aft than normal. Perhaps more mast bend is needed to flatten the main and free the leach. It can stand 8-10 inches of bend (or more) before it's in danger of breaking. Try the main travelers all the way out. By all means rake the mast aft one or two notches with the jib halyard. This will make a bigger difference than most all other tuning factors. Pull the bilgeboard up a few inches if you have a too-strong weather helm.

Once you have things adjusted to the extreme for heavy air, don't be afraid to trim the sails really hard. You may find this was all you needed.

At the start, try to avoid tacking or jibbing in the last 30-40 seconds. When you hit the line, be moving. After the start, "sprint" for as much of the first leg as possible. In large fleets especially this maximum effort at first will give you that little edge to get out ahead, into clear wind and water.

In tacking, make it snappy; swing a little beyond the new course if necessary, to get some acceleration. Pumping main two or three times also helps to shift down into second gear momentarily.

Rounding the top mark to best advantage means sailing around the arc of a large circle smoothly. Sail beyond the mark till you're sure of not hitting it if you do

have to bear off sharply. Let the jib suck forward, easing it at just the right time as the course changes; if necessary ease the main sharply to keep the hull on its feet. In other words, keep the boat moving fast; worry about getting the chute or reacher up afterward.

When jibbing, go from a run to a run, rather than reach to reach. Even though you may be turning a reaching mark, make the turn gradual enough so that the jibe itself takes place when you're headed downwind. Things will be more under control that way.

Getting back on the wind at the leeward mark is not hard if both sails are trimmed approximately together. Notice that the sails themselves are almost more important than the rudders, for steering in heavy weather.

With the race over, getting home again is the last project. In judging your landing, remember that both the wind and the waves will slow you quickly---don't allow too much room before you head into the wind. Come in fairly fast, and trim the main as you turn. Don't allow anyone forward of the mast until you are actually headed into the wind; otherwise making the turn is much harder. The entire crew should be ready to back down and go out

again for another try if the first attempt falls short.

Finally, get the sails down and off the boat now. Don't head for the clubhouse until everything is secure and ideally until the boat is out of the water.

A word about capsizes: Avoiding them is mostly a matter of everyone constantly on the alert, ready to shift weight or ease sheets the moment it's needed. Apart from that, keep the boat close to the wind on the weather legs, jamming her into the wind if a really hard puff hits, and downwind be ready to ease main and bear off sharply in the puffs. (Don't ease the jib; this prevents you from bearing off fast.)

If you do capsize don't give up. Get one or two people on the low board, pronto. Then someone out to the bow, to swim the boat into the wind. Now someone on the highboard and start bouncing. The mast will rise slowly, then quickly as the wind gets under the sails. Be sure everyone hangs onto the boat, however. It will drift faster than you can swim.

After your first heavy-weather day this season, read this again. You'll probably have some new ideas of your own on dealing with the days...when it blows.

