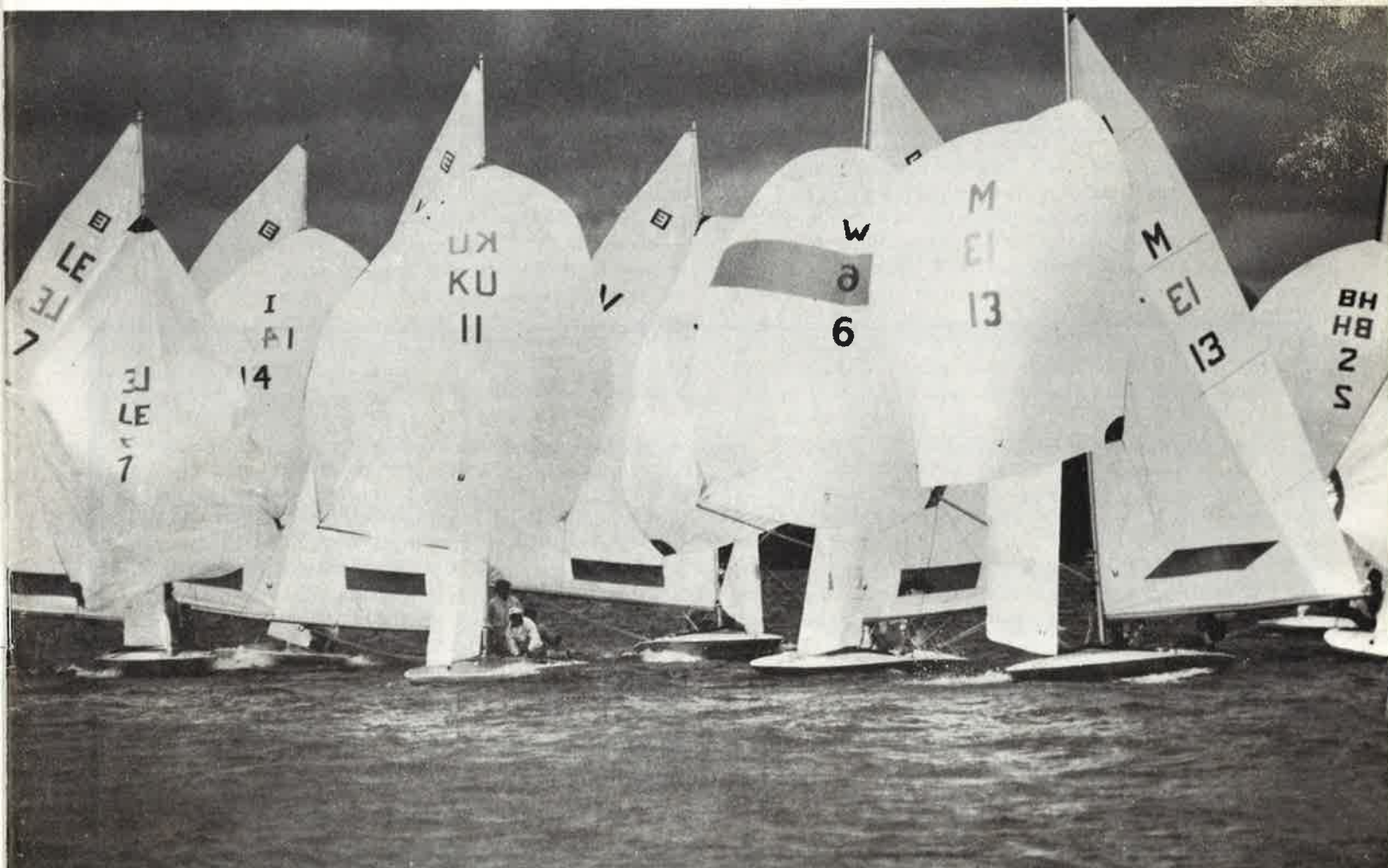


REPORTER

THIS ISSUE:

- BLUE CHIP - Gluek's Third - by Sam Merrick
- EASTERN Championship - deCamp's First - by Jay Darling
- WESTERN MICHIGAN Championship
- MESA Championship
- ILYA Championship - by Jane Hansen
- NCEA Championship at Muskegon - Sam Merrick
- STARTS - by Bill Campbell
- REGATTA PREPARATION - Willie deCamp
- BLUE CHIP Mystery Guest - Hans Fogh
- CAPSIZE (Sob!) - Willie deCamp



In Memoriam
COMMODORE JACK BRERETON

It is with deepest regret we inform the membership of the death of our recently elected Commodore Jack Brereton on January 4, 1982, after a brief illness. A fine sportsman, sailor, and true friend, Jack gave unsparingly of his time to his sailing class and friends and will be truly missed by all of us.

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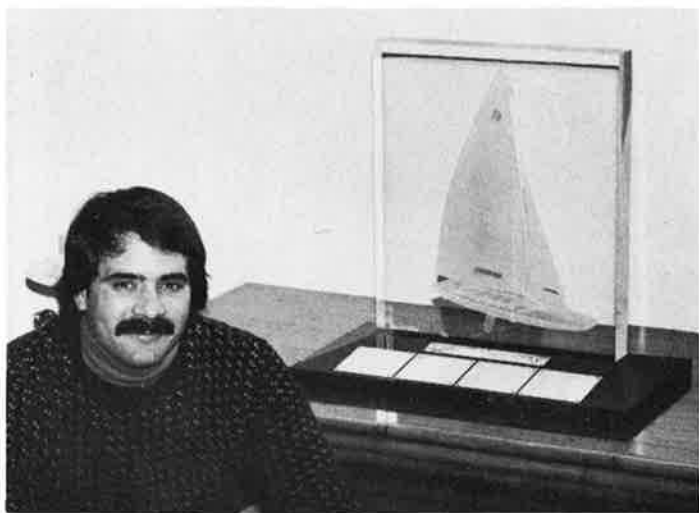
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BLUE CHIP WIN - GLUEK'S THIRD

By Special Correspondent Sam Merrick



REPORTER PHOTO

John Gluek put the icing on his very successful 1981 scow season cake by winning the Blue Chip with two bullets and a conservative "coast" in ninth in an abbreviated version of the annual Pewaukee classic. It was his third E Blue Chip victory, (1978 & 1979) and it earned him a custard pie wrap-around square in the face, at a moment in the presentation ceremonies when John was affecting his most gracious expressions of admiration for all those making it possible for him to win. Among those specially recognized were members of his winning crew - Billy Freytag, Hans Melges and Mike Sanger who had to be flawless in the razzle-dazzle conditions provided by the weather and Pewaukee's ever-near shorelines.

Gluek's win earned him possession of a permanent trophy - a newly created beauty of an E boat etched on the back of a Lucite (acrylic) block in a stand of oiled walnut. The trophy was a gift from the National Class E Association to the Pewaukee Yacht Club in recognition of its contribution in hosting so faithfully this event. A silver plaque bearing the E emblem and Pewaukee's ensign with space for winners through 2025 A.D. (this writer will have ceased sailing and writing by then), has been engraved with the winning skippers since 1966.

While Gluek won, hard luck winner was Gordy Bowers. Racing was scheduled to start on Friday, September 25, a day of drizzle and no air until afternoon when a light (3-5 kts) southerly appeared necessitating windward legs across the lake, shore-to-shore. An eight mile course needs to be a "double-Olympic". Bowers got away from the pack on the first two reaches and took over the lead by sailing right through DeCamp's wind to take the lead by over 3 minutes for the second beat. After that he kept air and movement while the rest seemed to have neither. At the last turn he had a 20 minute lead, but not much more for the time limit. With 2 minutes to go it looked as though he could make it - but the wind shifted enough to make another tack necessary - so three guns terminated his almost victory by just about 40 seconds.

The first completed race held after the wind began to build on Saturday was a dog fight which Gluek won after a struggle to get by Will Perrigo on the second beat. He

managed a comfortable lead for a time but had to work to stay in front of DeCamp who had squeezed a port tack approach of the first mark into a steady third position. Perrigo maintained his position and Bowers picked up a helpful fourth when Brian Porter shot the finish line (too early and not necessary!)

By Friday's second race, the wind had become brutal with a median 20 kts and considerably higher gusts arriving over the tree tops in sudden backs and veers. Bowers coming up the middle crossed the fleet with the first mark ahead, bore off for the offset, lost sight of it as the spinnaker went up and found he had to head higher to make it. At this crucial moment, a blast hit him for a capsize. He got up soon but not before half the fleet escaped. That he was able to climb back up to fifth was tribute enough to his skill.

With Bowers out, Gluek went on to win big-a convincing demonstration of sailing skill and smooth boat handling under the most difficult conditions. Bill Allen, proving himself on Sunday, might have given Gluek a run for his money. However, he caught his backstay on a spreader during a downwind jibe and acquired a permanent four inch mast bend forward - great set-up, draft forward, tight leech. That he managed a fourth in the race was a measure of great skill. Will Perrigo capsized twice - once downwind while jibing from which he got up, then on the third beat for good. Dick Wight and Mike O'Brien were also capsizing victims on badly executed jibes.

With Gluek's two bullets and the prospect of two races scheduled for an early 9 a.m. start, the lineup was Porter in 2nd with 13 points, DeCamp 16.0, Bowers 18.0, Allen 19.7, Stu Wells 23.7. But the weather was ready for spoiling catch up hopes. For once the wind was lined up for the length of the lake in a clearing, cold-front mode. With 18-20 knots at the start, it was building during the 2½ W-L course signalled. Bill Campbell, the National Champ, got the best of a pin-end start, held starboard for longer than anyone, then a long port tack to near the windward mark, was a good ten boat lengths ahead of Allen and the rest in close quarters. Allen used the second beat to close the gap and the final beat to slip past Campbell when the latter got stalled fending off one of those 30 knot blasts that by this time were standard fare.

The Race Committee, under Head Judge Joe Herbst, using one of those ball bouncing wind gauges, had seen a 53 knot gust reading and decided to halt proceedings for good. Within a few hours the predictions of gale force winds were realized - no conditions for sailing, for sure. Gluek gave up a good part of his fat lead by coming in 9th (15 points) but was still 4.7 ahead of Allen, 8 ahead of Porter and 9 ahead of DeCamp. Bowers dropped out after tearing a stainless bale off his boom - said bale an integral part of his sheet controls. Gordy found one-to-two sheeting more than he could handle - victim for the third time to Dame Unlucky.

Hans Fogh, Olympic medalist in the Flying Dutchman class, was the Mystery Guest. His day for practice was Thursday in no wind! He finished 18-9-8 on an upward learning curve and might have been a threat to the leaders with more time in the boat. He stayed upright in wild conditions and says he enjoyed the experience. (See his separate comments)

1981 BLUE CHIP RESULTS

1. John Glueck I-137	1	1	9	15 points
2. Bill Allen M-4	6	4	1	19.7 points
3. Brian Porter I-49	5	2	5	23 points
4. Willie deCamp MA-9	2	7	4	24 points
5. Bill Campbell	13	11	2	39 points
6. David Koch V-101	15	8	3	40.7 points
7. Stu Wells T-67	12	3	11	40.7 points
8. Buddy Zinn V-15	11	6	10	44.7 points
9. Gordy Bowers M-11	4	5	dnf	46 points
10. Bob Zak W-10	17	10	6	50.7 points
11. Doug Love MA-31	14	12	7	51 points
12. Hans Fogh *	18	19	8	53 points
13. Tom Sweitzer V-9	8	14	16	56 points
14. Larry Price SL-13	10	16	12	56 points
15. Will Perrigo V-18	3	dnf	dnf	61.7 points
16. Lon Schoor H-7	5	15	dnf	62 points
17. Tom Klaban ID-11	19	13	13	63 points
18. Dick Wight MA-10	9	dnf	15	64 points
19. Mike O'Brien I-47	16	dnf	14	70 points
20. Dan Crabbe T-8	dnf	17	dnf	79 points
21. Rob Wynkoop	dnf	18	dnf	80 points

* mystery guest

BLUE CHIP REGATTA TROPHY - Presented by NCESA to Pewaukee Y.C.

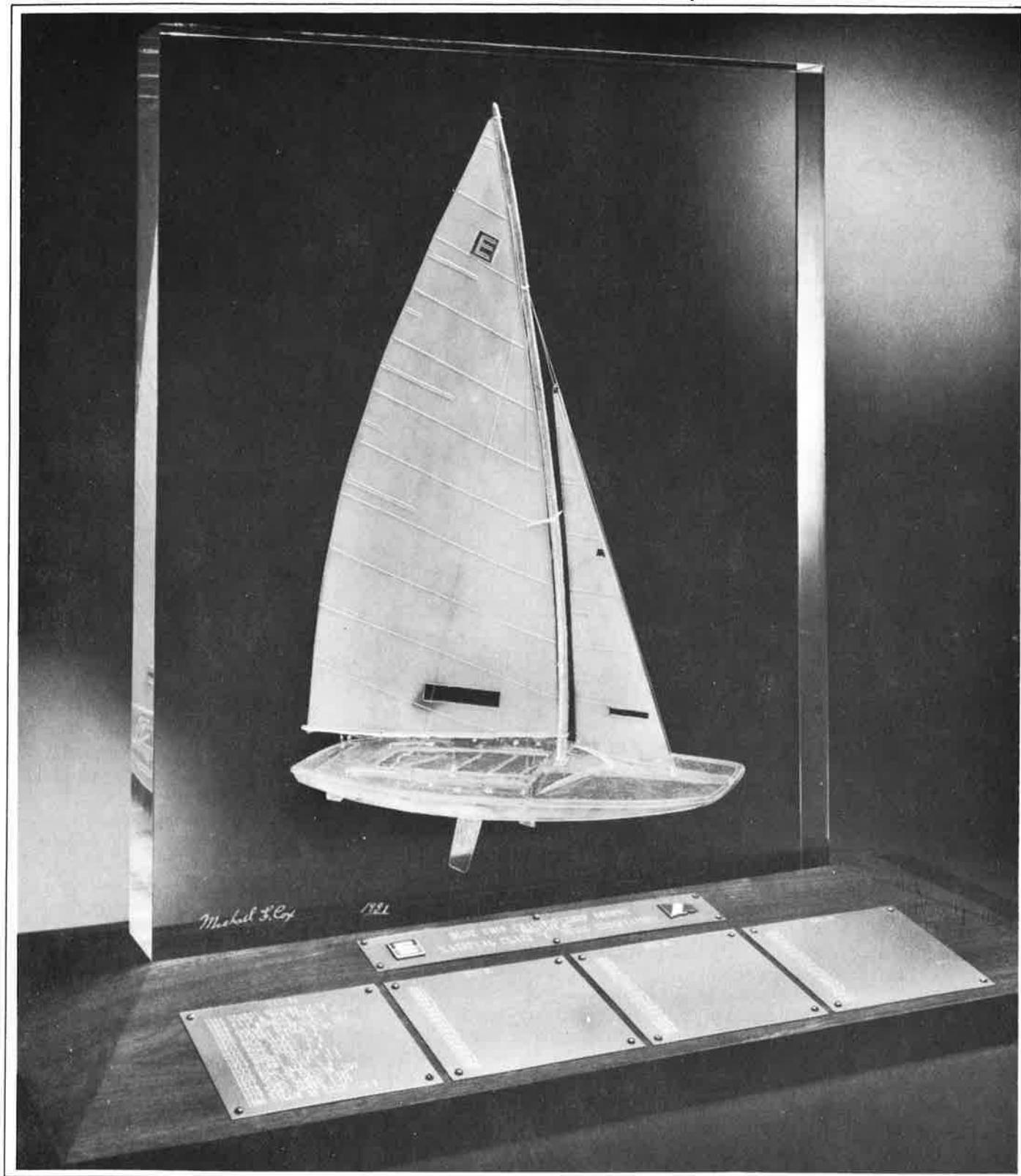
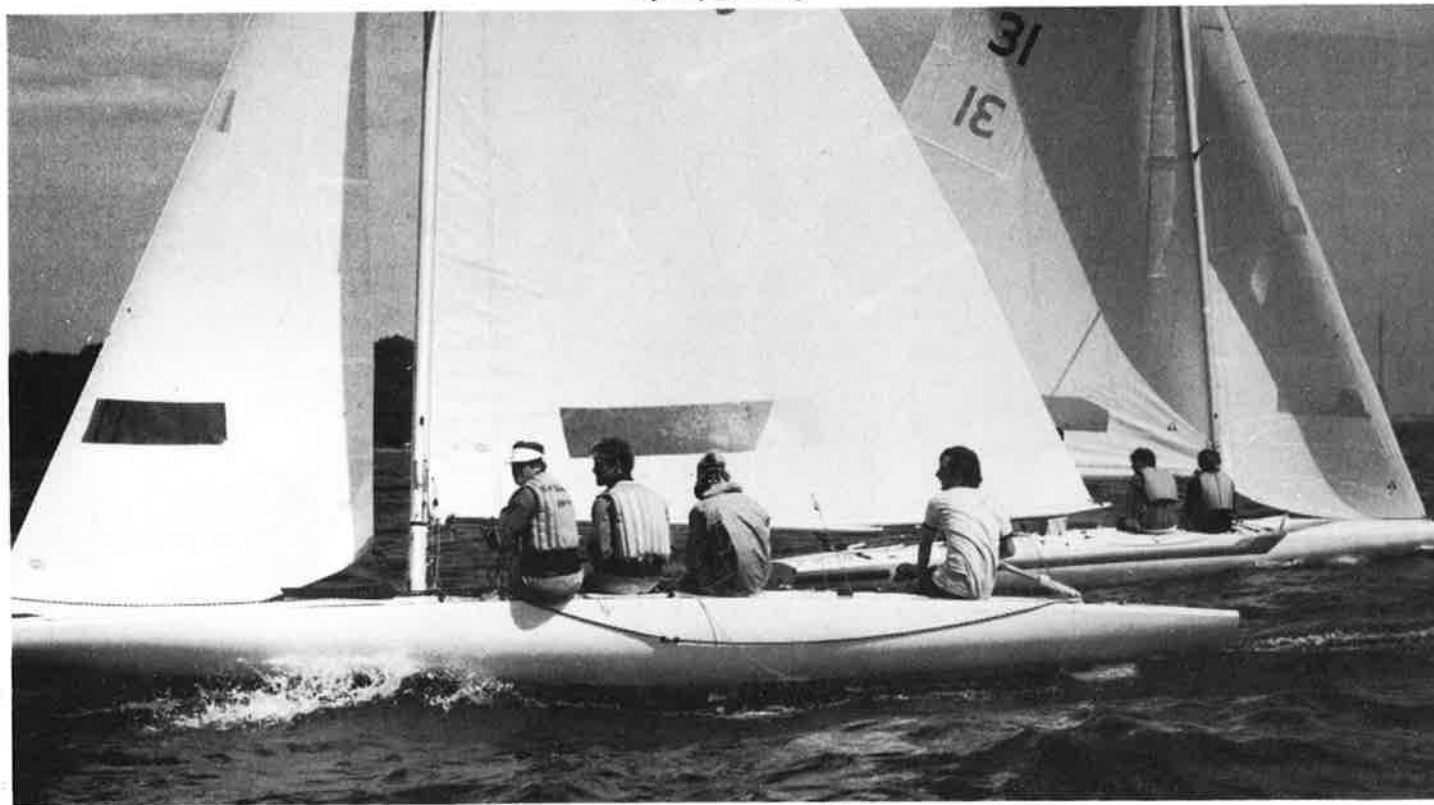


PHOTO COURTESY OF DICK AND LYNN CASPER

ABOUT THE TROPHY: IT IS A CLEAR ACRYLIC BLOCK, 21" HIGH X 22" WIDE X 2" THICK WITH A CLASS E-SCOW ETCHED/CARVED ON THE BACK SURFACE-- CLOSELY RESEMBLING STEUBEN GLASS AND IS SET IN AN OILED WALNUT BASE. WHEN SAM MERRICK GOT WORD OUT FOR A NEW TROPHY TO BE DESIGNED, LYNN AND DICK CASPER - VETERAN PINE LAKE YC E-SAILORS - WHO REPRESENT THE ARTIST/SCULPTOR MICHAEL COX, SHOWED SAMPLES OF HIS TECHNIQUES TO MIKE MEYER WHO SHOWED THEM TO TED BRENNAN AT A 3-MARTINI LUNCH. TWO LUNCHEON WORK SESSIONS LATER SAW THE DESIGN RESOLVED. TED PROVIDING THE LAYOUT AND DRAWING FOR THE E-SCOW, MIKE THE DESIGN OF THE BASE AND BROTHER BUD MEYER MADE THE BASE WITH LOVING CARE, ALSO PROVIDING AN APPROPRIATE TRAVEL CASE. LAST BUT NOT LEAST, ARTIST COX MET HIS DEADLINE. FIRST WINNER JOHN GLUEK WILL VOUCH THAT IT IS HEAVY.

DE CAMP EASTERN CHAMPION - FIRST TIME

By Jay Darling



REPORTER PHOTO

Willie De Camp, with a near-perfect series of 2-1-1, gathered his first-ever Eastern's crown on New Jersey's Lake Hopatcong. De Camp, with crew Tom Darling, Scott Callahan and Peter VanDuyne, combined impressive boat speed with sound strategy.

Forty-five E-Scows and crews enjoyed two days of fine air before calm nestled in on Friday, August 7, prematurely terminating the scheduled 5-race series. In fact, the wind presented to the sailors on Wednesday afternoon, easily a steady 14-18 mph with frequent gusts greatly in excess of that otherwise manageable range, made academic the question "does it pay to go three-handed when you have to live with it for three days?" Several skippers had planned three-man assaults, among them being veterans Sam Merrick, the last Eastern's winner at Hopatcong, Dick Wight, Bill Wight and Mike Fortenbaugh. Dick Wight, after labelling a quick three-handed practice "miserable" in the strengthening afternoon breeze, shanghaied local teenage talent for a fourth.

At the five minute gun preceding the first race's start, one wagering on a general recall was looking for easy money. The line favored its weather end and when coupled with appealing port tack towards the lake's right shore, placed an additional premium on a starboard-end start. After the predictable recall, and perhaps out of the panic borne from the rush of a horde of scows at and around the committee boat, the race committee altered the line sufficiently to get a true start on its second attempt.

Dick Wight off the weather end tacked to obtain the desired port lift. DeCamp, behind and to weather at the start, followed suit. Runnie Colie from his preferred pin-end position joined them on the favored right side. The quest then became maintaining maximum boat speed and

staying in sync through the increasing gusts. At the weather mark, Colie rounded first, followed closely by Wight. The second leg, first a run then a reach around a bluff that makes a dog leg course, provided lots of gusty action. After a tight reaching leg (the third) the first three boats were within a five boat-length span. Colie covered DeCamp for the second beat "up the slot", abandoning Wight, who beat both of them to the top mark by being the first to reach air on the left side of the leg. DeCamp escaped Colie's covering on the way back uphill.

The fifth leg, like the second, provided the climax. Up went the chutes, and, almost immediately, back down they came - too much to cope with. Spurring the mass decision to douse was Dick Wight who saw his hopes for a fifth Eastern title varnish with a capsize and rapid turtle. At the final turn it looked like DeCamp and Colie finishing one-two. Such a result was far too predictable for Hopatcong. Last year's winner Bill Campbell, not a factor in the early going, had been passing boats especially on the last run by dousing cleanly. He rounded the bottom mark in third and began what he hoped would be a rhumb-line course for the finish. At this point he was forced by Erik Johnson to climb left towards the feared western shore under the bluff where no wind might allow later boats to finish below him. DeCamp, accompanied by Colie, playing the middle, had stayed well away from the left side bluff, but sailed directly into a hole. Campbell saw, ahead at the finish area, air curling around the point that marked the last of the bluff. He headed for those. At this same time the lake granted DeCamp a last-second reprieve. It was the classic photo finish, neither skipper knowing who had won. The bullet went to Campbell. Fifteen capsized and turtled E boats had to be rescued at race end.

Thursday morning presented a fine, moderate northwest breeze of 5-12 mph. Once again recalls were the first order of the day. A minute after the genuine start it looked briefly like a two-boat race, with Michael Fortenbaugh off the upper half of the line and Bob Broege who, seeing several Hopatcong boats lurking at the leeward end "like cats" with a minute to go, had a classic port tack start at the pin. As on Wednesday, it paid to go right early until one reached the geographic header along Raccoon Island. Playing such shifts best was local Gus Baker who showed the way to the weather mark. On the long run down the lake, DeCamp, Wight and John Harkenrader passed Baker and Fortenbaugh. On the second weather leg it became a two-boat race for second place with DeCamp running out a comfortable lead, and Wight over coming Harkenrader. On the beat to the finish, Harkenrader passed Wight only to lose him again near the finish.

Thursday afternoon remained a reasonable consistant 5-12 mph for Race 3. As in the first two races, the favored path on the first beat was to get right early, the route taken by DeCamp and Dan Crabbe, each getting fine starts and subsequent jumps on the fleet. Broege, with another pin end start, joined them across the fleet and to the windward

mark, followed by Crabbe, Ed Barbahan, DeCamp and Bill Campbell. The fourth leg, intended to be a weather leg, was another close reach due to a big, backing shift. DeCamp made a key move for the lead going low on both Crabbe and Broege. The fifth leg, early a reach broad enough to fly chutes, ended as a beat as the wind finished its 150 degree shift. By now DeCamp had a comfortable lead (even by Hopatcong standards) and led the way on a beam reach with chutes to the finish. After three races, the Regatta standings were DeCamp, Colie and Campbell. It proved to be the end of the racing.

Friday dawned hot and windless and changed not one bit. No one left early, however, for yet to come was the Inaugural World Singlehanded E-Scow Championship, a creation of Sam Merrick and Runnie Colie. The contestants included Cliff Campbell, Gardner Cox, Dan Crabbe, Dick Turner, Ed Barbahan and Chip Ulrich. Crabbe showed the crowd some interesting uses for a jib, such as a sea anchor. The spinnaker work was mixed and confusing to the delight of crews watching at the clubhouse. Dick Wight managed to sneak by Colie for victory.

The Hoff Island was the scene of a fine party, now a tradition of Eastern visits to Lake Hopatcong.

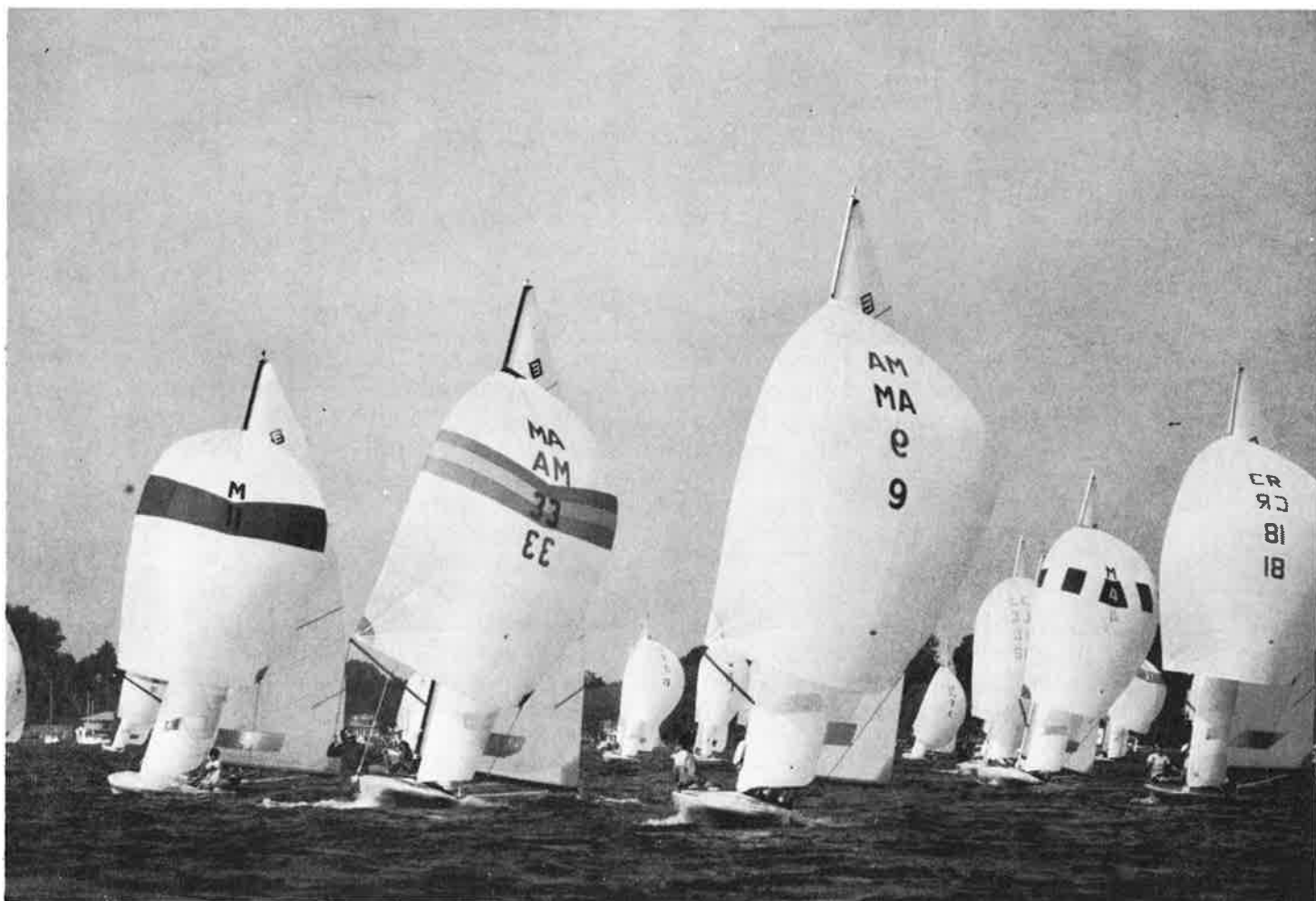


PHOTO: TED SLATER

WILLIE'S MOMENTUM FROM THE EASTERNS CARRIED OVER (ALMOST ENOUGH) AT MUSKEGON AS SEEN ABOVE.

EASTERN CLASS E SLOOP ASSOCIATION REGATTA

Lake Hopatcong

1	MA9	Willie DeCamp	Barnegat	2	1	1	3
2	MA4	Riuryon Colie Jr.	Barnegat	3	14	2	25.7
3	T5	Bill Campbell	Barnegat	1	18	5	34
4	MA31	Doug Love	Barnegat	13	5	6	40.7
5	T-8	Dan Crabbe	Barnegat	8	17	3	42.7
6	CH18	Erik Johnson	Chatauqua	4	16	12	48
7	MA5	Bill Wight	Barnegat	5	7	19	48
8	BH11	John Harkrader	Barnegat	18	3	14	49.7
9	T17	Cliff Campbell	Barnegat	7	10	15	50
10	HO23	Ed Barbehan	Hopatcong	6	21	10	54.7
11	HO37	George Drawbaugh	Hopatcong	11	6	21	55.7
12	BH2	Sam Merrick	Barnegat	19	8	13	58
13	BH4	Bob Broege	Barnegat	16	20	7	61
14	MA10	Dick Wight	Barnegat	DNF	2	4	62
15	MA15	Rick Turner	Barnegat	10X	19	11	72
16	MA6	Tom Barton	Barnegat	23	11	24	76
17	MA33	Tony Hermann	Barnegat	21	4	36	77
18	LA99	Dave Magno	Barnegat	DNF	13	8	84
19	LE88	Henry Bossett	Little Egg	24	15	32	89
20	HO28	Skip Shipman	Hopatcong	27	31	17	93
21	HO42	Dean Lennox	Hopatcong	35	22	18	93
22	HO31	Pete Rochelle	Hopatcong	34	23	22	97
23	HO13	Craig Bradley	Hopatcong	28	26	26	98
24	CH12	Chip Ulrich	Chatauqua	22	32	28	100
25	BH13	Michael Fortenbaugh	Barnegat	29	9	DNS	101
26	MA1	Peter Wright	Barnegat	23	29	31	101
27	MA55	Gardner & Vida Cox	Barnegat	20	27	9**	103
28	LE31	Jack Lampman	Little Egg	15	34	30	104
29	KU9	Bob Cole	Kuebe	9*	33	30	104
30	BH8	Russel Lucas	Barnegat	12	30**	29	105
31	T-1	Bill Warner	Barnegat	26	25	38	107
32	HO11	Gus Baker	Hopatcong	30	12*	34	108
33	HO25	Pete Manco	Hopatcong	32	40	20	110
34	T2	Jeff Lines & Nick Imperato	Barnegat	14	28*	23*	111
35	CH21	William Reynolds	Chatauqua	DNF	35	25	117
36	CH5	Dick Turner	Chatauqua	DNF	38	16	120
37	HO29	John Hoff, Jr.	Hopatcong	33	42	27	120
38	H)40	Charlie Johnson	Hopatcong	31	39	35	123
39	KU18	Russell Cook	Kueba	DNF	38	33	132
40	KU7	Phil McHenry	Kueba	25	DNS	DNS	133
41	HO36	Kevin Murphy	Hopatcong	DNF	37	39	134
42	HO32	Tom Wiss	Hopatcong	DNF	36	41	135
43	HO41	Wyn Gintner	Hopatcong	DNF	41	40	143
44	HO38	Ed Lill, Jr.	Hopatcong	DNF	43	42	148
45	MA7	Ed Wienkowski	Barnegat	DNF	DNS	DNS	151

WESTERN MICHIGAN CHAMPIONSHIP

August 6-7, 1981

Stu Wells (representing the WMYA's newest member, the Tom's River, NJ Yacht Club!) would up in the winner's circle with finishes of 1-7-1-5 during a series marked with winds from 6 to 20 mph. One race was cancelled due to persistent thunderstorms. Mike Huck (father of that name) of the host club was second with Larry Price from Spring Lake third.

The first race, which was held on Thursday, August 6, saw Huck Sr. lead around the triangle in light winds followed by Bob Nuffort of White Bear. The second beat was fairly shifty and when the windward pin was reached, Stu Wells had pulled in front to stay. Larry Price passed several boats on the run to wind up second, Huck Sr. dropped to third. There was no racing Friday because of persistent thunderstorms.

Race 2 on Saturday morning was gusty. Larry Price led until several yards from the finish when Mike Huck Jr. got on the right side of a shift and edged him out for the win. Paul Eggert of Spring Lake had worked his way into third

when a jibe near the leeward mark gave him an opportunity to demonstrate that aluminum and glass don't float. Tom Klaban of Indian Lake (Ohio) took over the third spot, Wells finishing seventh and Huck Sr. fourth. Price's two seconds put him in the series lead, however, Wells came back in the afternoon race with a win. Huck Sr. was second and Price dropped to 12th. By this time, Wells has 13 points and Huck Sr. 18.7 still very much in the running.

Around the keg after the afternoon race, Valerie Eggert announced in a voice loud enough to be well heard that turning over in the clear waters of Crystal Lake was almost fun after having done it so often at Spring Lake. Neither Spring Lake nor husband Paul come off well with that.

Sunday's finale produced the heaviest winds of the series with gusts above 20 mph. The first three boats finished with all overlapped. Happy Fox won it, followed immediately by Bob Wyncoop and Jules Hannaford. Stu Wells nailed down a regatta victory by finishing well ahead of Huck Sr. -- fifth and ninth respectively.

WESTERN MICHIGAN CHAMPIONSHIP

1	Stu Wells	T67	1	7	1	5	23
2	M. Hock	FR81	3	4	2	9	31.7
3	L. Price	SL13	2	2	12	8	38
4	B. Wynkoop	CR21	11	5	5	2	40
5	J. Hamoford II	W1	7	10	3	3	40.4
6	T. K. Laban	ID11	5	3	6	10	43.4
7	P. Wickland	C22	4	6	9	7	47.7
8	B. Nuffort	W3	6	12	4	6	54.4
9	M. Huck, Jr.	I137	12	1	16	4*	56
10	A. Fox	L8	13	8	7**	1	59
11	Bret Hatton	SC9	10	14	8	11	67
12	Wm. Brereton	CR7	9	15	13	12	73
13	L. Harrett	SL111	14	11	17	14	80
14	Graig Talbey	CX88	18	9	14	6	81
15	Skip Wynkoop	CR13	15	13	11*	13	82
16	Paul Eggert	SL39	8	DNF	10	DNF	88
				23		23	
17	Mike Riolo	SL5	19	16	15	17	91
18	Jeff Felinski	SL49	16	19	18	15	92
19	Charlie Frietig	SL11	20	20	20	18	102
20	Dick Howe	CR37	17	18	DNF	DNS	106
					23	24	
21	Herb Kngse	SL18	DNS	17	19	DNF	107
			24			23	
22	John Pattersen	CR8	21	DNF	21	DNS	113
				23		24	



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MESA CHAMPIONSHIP REGATTA



WINNER KLABAN SHARES TROPHY WITH NEXT OF KIN.

RESULTS OF MID-STATES REGATTA

1. ID11	Tom Klaban	21
2. ID4	Tom Ewing	28
3. S1	Herb Pearlmutter	28
4. ID13	Carl Back, Jr.	36.4
5. S7	Jack Brereton	40
6. ID9	Jeff Patton	41.4
7. S11	Walt Morgan	45.7
8. S111	Barry Nelson	49.7
9. IB2	Jim Singleton	57
10. ID17	Bruce Tompkins	58.7
11. WA20	Georte Snook	61
12. ID8	Fred Allen	73

Indian Lake, in the heart of Ohio was the site of the 3rd Annual MESA Championship Regatta. In attendance were boats from Lake Carlyle, Island Bay, Indian Lake and a special treat — a beautiful 1980 wooden Melges boat from the Wawasee Boating Association out of Indiana. Four out of five scheduled races were held.

Friday's racing enjoyed a nice southwest breeze of 7-12 mph, with one race in the morning and the second race held following a beer and lunch break.

The first race saw Tom Klaban in ID 11 take a few boat length's lead and stretch it throughout the entire race. Herb Pearlmutter finished with a strong 2nd, followed by Carl Back in ID 13, who squeezed in front of Jeff Patten in ID 9 on the last leg.

Race 2 got exciting. Jeff Patten took a seemingly insurmountable lead at the first weather mark but it didn't keep Back, Pearlmutter and Klaban from catching up. The lead see-sawed between these four who rounded the last leeward mark within a few feet of each other. The four boats split, two going to the right, and two to the left. At first it appeared that Patten and Pearlmutter on the right had caught a lift on the lay line for the finish. But a fresh southwesterly shift came in from the left shore and it carried Klaban across the line followed closely by Back, Patten and Pearlmutter followed.

Saturday morning dawned with barely a breath of air in conditions demanding special skill and patience. Tom Ewing of Indian Lake seemed to have private air as he slowly but steadily went around the course. Herb Pearlmutter finished with a decisive 2nd and Walt Morgan of Lake Carlyle squeaked by Tom Klaban for a 3rd place finish.

The afternoon brought slightly better winds, but by the time the race started, boats were drifting. Tom Ewing once again demonstrated his knowhow in light air by finishing first again. A battle ensued for second when Jack Brereton, Barry Nelson and Herb Pearlmutter rounded the last mark substantially tied. Brereton went off to the right by himself and caught air taking him across the finish line 2nd. Nelson and Pearlmutter battled it out neck-and-neck to the finish line, with Nelson squeezing out the 3rd place finish. Such a day of sailing needs beer and that was provided in good measure.

Sunday morning's scheduled race was cancelled due to lack of wind so that Saturday's leader Tom Klaban became the Regatta winner. Jack Brereton, our Commodore to be provided substitute action by slipping in his shower and being rushed to a hospital to have his right hand stitched up.

The trophies consisted of framed, beautifully hand-carved pictures of an E boat done in wood by Tom Ewing. Thanks to Janet Back and Joann Tomkins for superb lunches and everyone else at Indian Lake who contributed to a fine 3rd Annual Mid-States Championship Regatta.

THE 1981 CHAMPIONSHIP REGATTA

It Almost Wasn't and Maybe Shouldn't

BY JANE HANSON

The 1981 Inland Championship regatta was held in Green Lake, Wisconsin, from August 15-22. E sailors were to put in on Wednesday, August 19, with races scheduled for Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.

Launching of the seventy-plus boats went smoothly and efficiently, thanks to the efforts of Joe Norton and other helpful Green Lake Yacht Club members and the diligent scrutiny of local DNR (Dept. of Natural Resources) officials to make sure that no one was sailing a stolen yacht. While waiting in line to put-in, sailors were treated to the view of stately As, cruising downwind under full sail, promising good racing in the days ahead - it was the last wind to be seen for two days.

Thursday morning, seventy-nine boats started up the first leg of an Olympic course. The wind, (given the benefit of the doubt) could be called light and variable, and the canniest sailors quickly tacked over to the shorelines to pick up whatever there was of it. Despite everyone's best efforts, the race had to be abandoned before the first mark was reached.

Thursday afternoon and Friday morning were repeats of the Thursday morning weather conditions, with even less wind, if possible. The jokes about everyone being tied for first place were getting stale, and some even entertained thoughts of it being a no-race regatta. After Friday's afternoon hour gun, a few optimistic souls ventured forth to float around for an hour or so. Patience paid off, however, and by three o'clock there was sufficient wind to see the start of the first completed race. The winner was Bill Allen, followed by Lon Schoor. The race committee deemed the wind and remaining daylight sufficient to run the second race, back-to-back. Continually waning, the wind had slackened enough during the last upwind leg to park the latter two-thirds of the fleet. Because of this and DNR concern about boats sailing in the dark, the race was ended, counting the places of unfinished boats at their last bouy rounding. The winner of the second race was Tom Schweitzer followed by John Gluek. DNR probably has a manual describing the navigational terrors of sailboats without lights running the risk of colliding with boats.

Incredibly, there was not a single protest suggesting the race be thrown out. Perhaps gratitude for terminating the torture prevailed at any rate.

Sailors were able to get home in time to find dry clothes and get back to a great dinner served by the Green Lake Yacht Club at the headquarters area.

Saturday morning saw the last day of regatta with only two races having been sailed. Slightly overcast skies gave no indication of what kind of wind to expect. "Sufficient" seemed to apply once again, and the race committee decided on two back-to-back. Two recalls and a line change later, the third race of the regatta was underway. Winds were up and down all morning, requiring extra sill and foresight in "getting where you want to be" before they let up again. Winner of the third race was John Gluek, followed by Bill Allen. Gordy Bowers finished 42nd, Bob Nuffort 53rd demonstrating that experts in light air needed more than skill.

By the time the fourth race was sailed, winds had shifted and decreased dramatically, as though that were still possible. The leaders going into that final were Gluek with 16, Allen at 21, Melges at 28.7 and Lon Schoor at 29. Buddy Zinn at 46.7 was in fifth. By winning in Stu Wells' old boat (sunburst and all), Bob Zak lived down a 44th in Race 3 and captured a Regatta fourth. Zinn placed second for a regatta third, Schoor third for a regatta second. But where were the three leaders? It turned out that Barrett, Melges and Allen had turned to discussing sailmakers problems — but without Bowers who at 29th was still racing. Melges gave his chums the slip and was recorded 56th, Barrett 63rd and Allen 66th. How the mighty can fall!

The leader, John Gluek, saved his position in front with a 7th — and that ended the lesson that sailboats are more fun when there is some wind.

After the boats were out and the sails packed, a well-attended awards presentation saw the winners receive their hardware and toast their achievements at a complimentary champagne and cocktail party, graciously given by the Green Lake Yacht Club.

A BACKLOG OF LIGHT-AIR DRIFTING EXPERIENCE PAID OFF FOR JOHN SHOWN ACQUIRING SOME AT LITTLE EGG A FEW YEARS AGO.



1981 ILYA Class E Championship Regatta

1.	I-137	John Gluek, Jr.	7	2	1	7	29
2.	H-7	Lon Schoor	2	7	7	3	34.7
3.	V-15	Bud Zinn, Jr.	13	16	3	2	49.7
4.	W-10	Bob Zak	6	6	44	1	73.4
5.	I-47	Mike O'Brien	16	4	34	6	81.7
6.	X-1	Rich Gallun	8	18	15	17	82
7.	V-9	Tom Sweitzer	18	1	36	13	85
8.	M-15	Peter Slocum	22	13	26	4	87
9.	I-1	Bud Melges	4	3	9	56	90.7
10.	V-18	Will Perrigo, Jr.	10	31	5	23	92
11.	M-4	Bill Allen	1	12	2	66	93
12.	V-30	Mike Kotovic	20	35	11	5	94
13.	M-88	Tyler Middleton	11	21	10	36	102
14.	D-55	Tim O'Keefe	45	8	13	25	115
15.	V-69	Eric Wilson	23	10	12	47	116
16.	I-49	Brian Porter	15	17	21	39	116
17.	M-27	David Carisch	5	45	35	11	119
18.	W-1	Jule Hannaford IV	25	11	4	57p	119
19.	M-1	Jay Ecklund	14	19	28	37	122
20.	L-13	Joe Norton	31	9	25	34	123
21.	V-5	Tom Norris, Jr.	24	14	43	18	123
22.	V-111	Peter Barrett	12	23	16	63	138
23.	V-800	Doug Mills	38	37	27	16	142
24.	X-5	Dick Gallun	46	20	23	31	144
25.	M-11	Gordy Bowers	3	52p	42	29	146.7
26.	M-111	Bunny Kuller	43	41	20	22	150
27.	V-101	David Koch	27	42	8	57	158
28.	M-8	David Chute	36	60	33	8	161
29.	W-3	Bob Nuffort, Jr.	34	27	53	27	165
30.	H-11	Jack & Joan Bolz	17	48	29	50	168
31.	H-121	James Henkel	21	58	18	51	172
32.	I-199	Wm. Freytag, Jr.	40	38	51	21	174
33.	J-46	Buckstaff/Meyer	33	31	DF	9	177
34.	I-39	George Kiefer, Jr.	57	34	14	48	177
35.	V-7	Tom Sawyer	19	24	30	DF	177
36.	X-88	Bruce Gallagher	64	22	37	30	177
37.	V-115	Todd Haines	47	36	46	24	177
38.	I-4	Lars Brunk	56p	64	22	12	178
39.	M-77	Woody Jewett	59	39	38	19	179
40.	V-13	Ty Gutenkunst	71	5	70	15	184
41.	L-11	Peter Weinreis	29	43	63	26	185
42.	M-151	Steve Bowers	26	50	6	DF	185.7
43.	H-2	Doug Tormey	49	54	17	45	189
44.	Z-5	John Lundberg	28	25	56	61	194
45.	H-38	Bill Hanson	56	26	59	32	197
46.	A-7	Rick Trester	48	57	32	41	202
47.	L-120	Byron Hill	30	49	DF	20	203
48.	H-3	John O'Connell	39	66	52	28	209
49.	X-8	Kingston Swallow	50	15	54	68	211
50.	J-12	Jack Schloesser	70	30	39	49	212
51.	V-100	James Barry	55	47	57	33	216
52.	X-9	Charles Kotovic, Jr.	41	29	55	69	218
53.	I-44	Jeff Perrigo	62	33	19	DF	218
54.	M-3	Robert Bilger	53	80p	47	14	218
55.	H-10	H.S. Manchester	37	61	45	59	226
56.	X-4	Barb Seidel	51	65	49	38	227
57.	J-1	John McAndrew	73	40	40	55	232
58.	I-99	Jim Smith	35	DF	31	64	234
59.	M-49	John Wicks	54	46	50	62	236
60.	A-23	Jamie Wiebrecht	44	53	41	DF	242
61.	H-9	Marsh Krone	58	63	24	DF	249
62.	M-6	Gamble/Jamieson	32	56	71	67	250
63.	V-49	Jeff Seeboth	75	51	48	54	252
64.	W-11	Roy Mordaunt	61	62	61	44	252
65.	L-9	Howie Ferguson	66	32	80p	60	262
66.	J-5	Tom Wyman	65	74	69	35	267
67.	LP-10	Jeff Solum	72	67	64	42	269
68.	H-5	Brad Binkowski	67	DF	62	40	273
69.	LS-4	Lew Powell	68	71	68	43	274
70.	W-8	Eric Bloomquist	52	52	67	DF	275

AT THE NATIONALS - GO FOR THE COAL

September 10, 11, 12, 1981

BY SAM MERRICK



LOOK AT THOSE BLACK LIFTS GENERATED BY THAT COAL PILE!

REPORTER PHOTO

Bill Campbell, son of Cliff, became the National Champion for 1981 by beating out 47 other competitors in the mostly good breezes of Lake Muskegon. Campbell sails out of Toms River in the Barnegat Bay E Fleet. His third place in the final fifth race gave him a comfortable 12 point margin over Runnie Colie and 15 over Bud Melges, but it wasn't that easy.

Campbell's consistency was the key to his success. His 5-5-3-2-3 included no bullets, but he heft the individual contest winners to turn in their share of double digit finishes. He went into the final race with a mere 2.3 points ahead of Colie and 4.3 over Melges — too close for comfort. But his first beat in that final with its light air earned him a first mark rounding close on Gordy Bowers' heels and better than 10 boat lengths, and almost as many boats, ahead of his two nearest competitors.

"Go for the Coal" was the key to success in this 23rd running of the premier event for E boats. The coal was a substantial mountain stored for fueling a nearby paper mill. With the wind in the southwest, as it was for the first four races, these landmarks along with two large docked Lake Michigan ferries produced healthy port tack lifts off the shore on the left side of the course. These factors put a stiff premium on getting clear air at the start for the bee line to that left shore on starboard tack. An early port tack on the other hand to get out from under was a near certain loser. It can be safely guessed that Campbell won with his starts. Unlike Melges, he was never over early.

As the figures show, less than 10 points separate Colie in second from Brian Porter in fifth. All 4 (Colie, Melges, Bill Allen and Porter) had misfortunes in Race 3. Melges in a tight drag race from the line with Bowers, was recalled for his premature start well up the course. He and Bowers returned for a restart under spinnakers. For the others, the wind played a trick by backing some 15 degrees. So accustomed were they to going for the lifts on the shore that they and a substantial part of the rest of the fleet sailed right past the lay line. That is what accounted for Colie. Allen and Porter getting around the first windward mark in the twenties and hurt their chances to block Campbell from his victory.

Willie DeCamp, the 1980 Champion, looked as though he might repeat with his 4-6-2 going into Race 4 with its 15-25 knot gusty winds. But a rogue blast, perhaps as much as 35 knots caught him on the second reach at a point when he was actually in the Regatta lead, and turned him over for a fast turtle disaster. Without benefit of a drop race, DeCamp finished eighth overall behind Perrigo and Schoor. Perrigo's best performance was in Race 3 - he didn't overstand - but in the other contests he failed to measure up to his "top five" level of competition he has regularly turned in for his recent appearances on the national scene.

Lon Schoor was one of overstanders in Race 3, capsized in Race 4 (but righted and returned), and managed to loose or break various essential parts of his seven-year old wooden boat. He would be tough in a new boat, but certainly go no faster than what he was able to do with his old one equipped with sails well past their normal lifetime. In Race 2, he even managed to sail downwind successfully without a spinnaker pole which had disappeared on the race course.

Runnie Colie who has gotten old enough nearing 70 to merit special mention whenever he finishes, could have used a third place in the final race to repeat the National Championship he won on Lake Minnetonka in 1966. But that was not to be, and he had to return home satisfied with a mere second - recognized as one of the best on the course.

The wind and weather produced four good breezy contests on the first two days. At the starting area, the southwester tended to be 235, but was often 210 along that left shore where the coal pile was deposited — that is what produced the one way street. Wind velocities were 10-15 for Races 1 and 2. For Race 3, it was 10-20, and for Race 4 more steadily 20 with the heavy grabbers above that. On the third day, a near dead calm occupied most of the morning. This made it all but impossible to start the sixth race before the 3 p.m. deadline. The fifth race was sailed in 5-8 with the wind almost due west in patterns that made shift playing more advantageous than "going for the coal" as in the other contests.

Campbell's crew included his wife Sheri, who thereby won the Woman's Championship trophy for the second time -- she won it in 1980 when Campbell came in second. The rest of the crew which has sailed as a unit through two seasons consisted of the brothers Russ and Glen Lines. The team is very smooth. Bill Campbell is a recent graduate from the Naval Academy where he was an All-American in dingy sailing in intercollegiate competition. He presents an unflappable gosh-gee-whiz manner which somehow doesn't seem to fit the role needed for championship combat. But the hunger for victory is surely there as his short piece elsewhere in this issue shows.

The regatta was flawlessly organized by Paul Wickland with the enthusiastic support of many members of the Muskegon Yacht Club. Mike Meyer was the superb race committee chairman that the class has come to expect from one of its most successful competitors. He was assisted by that fine group of people whom we know so well: Nat Robbins and John Hunt from Minnetonka, Ed Malone from Fond du Lac, Ted Brennan from Geneva, Art Best from Cedar, Gordon Tousey from the local scene, and Jim McGowan from Little Egg.

At the risk of injecting some intersectional rivalry, the rising capability of eastern competitors seems assured -- especially those from Barnegat Bay. Long ago in the 30's, teams from the Inlands were regularly beaten by those from the east. But since World War II, things have been different - even lopsided, except when the National Regatta is held on Little Egg Harbor and except for that 1966 Colie win. Now at last there are a group of younger Laser generation sailors making up an E fleet of 32 boats which meets for two or more races every week-end during the June-August sailing season that will make the National Regatta more than a kind of second Inland. For the second year in a row, a Barnegat boat has won - the product of the kind of competition that prevails "back home" where the talent for winning is probably deeper than any on the Inland scene.

Bill Campbell, by winning, pulled a surprise. His great season at home was 1980 when he was all but unbeatable. In 1981 he seemed to have lost his punch, finishing fifth in the season's standings with not much boat speed. In his National victory he used the identical sails he had been using in 1980 as well as 1981. So what was new? He says he drilled new holes in his spreader brackets so that the spreader tips were three or four inches further forward. For the unlearned this bit of tuning makes the mast stiffer, so less mast bend, so a firmer leach, and thus a lesson about the need to tune to sail shape.

Race 4 had the benefit of video coverage to the extent one camera mounted a fast motorboat could manage. The resulting tapes got sell-out attention from crowds of competitors struggling for an unimpeded view when they were played on a modest sized TV screen. Cheers and jeers greeted some spectacular (we have to say apparent) fouls by port tackers at the windward mark roundings. This performance suggested a good case for designating a referee with the power to protest stationed at the first mark. "Bumper cars" is no way to treat an \$8,000 E boat, much less place well up in the national ranking.

Race-by-Race Synopsis

September 10 - Thursday

Race 1. Wind: southwesterly, 10-15; Course: olympic plus windward-leeward addition. Lon Schoor right from the start went for the left corner. He rounded the first mark followed by Melges who had started near the "pin end" but had not held on startboard. The first four boats overstood thanks to the substantial port tack lifts from the coal pile. Coming into the mark on starboard was a looser and overstanding no detriment. This was a standard pattern in this and races 2,3 and 4. Depending upon the shifts, it often paid to go right on subsequent beats, but not on the traffic of the first beat nor not for long. Colie, who normally goes for pin-end starts and is good at it, rounded third followed by Paul Eggert and Campbell. Melges took over the lead on the reaches for the

THOSE EASTERNERS FORCED THE GUN BOAT TO WASTE A LOT OF SHELLS.



PHOTO: TED SLATER

23rd Annual NCESA Championships



LOTS OF LEADBELLIES AT MUSKEGON LAKE.

REPORTER PHOTO



PHOTO - NAT & TWIN

BILLY CAMPBELL AND WINNING CREW LOOKING JUSTIFIABLY HAPPY AS NUMBER ONE.



REPORTER PHOTO

WHAT DID MIKE SAY TO CAUSE ALL THOSE SOMBER EXPRESSIONS?



REPORTER PHOTO

COULD REAGANOMICS CAUSE WALTER TO BE HATLESS?



TONY, GORDY AND WILL POURING ON THE COAL WHILE R FROM THE PILE.

Ship Regatta - Muskegon Y.C. 1981



K ROBBINS



PHOTO-TED SLATER

EVERYONE PULLING ON THE RIGHT STRING HELPED THE OUTCOME.



REPORTER PHOTO

GORDY AND CREW GIVING THE GUNBOAT'S COURSE BOARD A GOOD HARD LOOK.



PHOTO-TED SLATER

UNNING AWAY FROM THE



REPORTER PHOTO

ART BEST LIKES THE WAY THE FLEET IS BEHAVING AND GUNBOAT PILOT GORDON TOUSEY'S HAT SIGNALS ENCOURAGEMENT BUT SOMEONE ABOARD "STINGER" DOESN'T LIKE THE COURSE BOARD.

duration. Colie and Schoor played leap-frog for the rest of the contest -- Schoor better down wind, Colie up. Schoor was ahead going into the finish until a hiking strap broke and crew retrieval dropped him to third. DeCamp got by Campbell who managed a steady fifth around the marks. Eggert held on to sixth. There was lots of position changing among Dave Chute, Cliff Campbell, Gordy Bowers, Bill Allen, Will Perrigo, Tony Hermann and Brian Porter.

Race 2. Wind: southwesterly; 8-12; Course: the same. Colie got his pin start in the clear and went for the coal pile, Bill Campbell went with him for most of the way but tacked for the mark sooner and rounded first. Campbell went low on the reach so that Colie and Dick Turner blew past going high and getting more wind from the coal pile shore. Colie looked in trouble for a time with Porter, Melges, DeCamp and Wickland making progress to leeward, but another good gust from the coal carried him around the jibe mark first for good. Schoor with his good speed worked his way up to second by the end of the third beat and Allen up to fourth. Melges caught Campbell just before rounding the final bottom mark and then went on to pass Allen and Porter, battling for second by going for the coal, Schoor, without a spinnaker pole since the jibe mark was able to hang onto a seventh finish.

September 11 - Friday

Race 3. Wind: southwesterly; 12-20 and building; one general recall; Course: W-L 3½; Doug Love, starting one third down the line from the windward end along with DeCamp, went left (by this time, naturally!) and they were able to block all those starting below them who attempted to cross. Unlike the bulk of the fleet, they went over on port tack when they reached the layline of the new wind which had shifted left twenty degrees. Campbell (in what had to be the critical decision of his victory), Larry Price, Woody Jewett, Will Perrigo and Walter Smedley were equally alert or lucky and all sailed the rest of the race with a big boost over all the overstanders. Melges and Bowers got called back late enough after the start so they set chutes for the return journey. After the first mark, DeCamp tried going high to get past Love then thought better of it when a good gust caught up with those going low. Love, left by himself, picked up a grabber off the coal and thus developed a substantial lead which was never in doubt. DeCamp, Campbell and Perrigo distanced themselves from the fleet.

Perrigo got close enough to Campbell on the final beat to go for a plunge and an overstanding approach that might catch DeCamp. Unlike Melges' experience in Race 2, it didn't work.

Race 4. Wind: southwesterly, 15-25 building, with heavy shifting gusts; Course: olympic "B" plus a W-L addition; two general recalls. This race was all Melges who started near the pin and was never headed to win big. He and Bowers, sensing a port lift, broke precedent and took a port tack hitch before reaching the lay line-a move which paid off. Campbell went for the lay line and founded third. Bowers, Campbell, Dave Chute, in that order, charged down the first reach after Melges. Melges doused his chute after the jibe but not soon enough to get the message to Bowers and Chute to douse before. Campbell got his down before and blew by both while they were taming trouble. DeCamp met disaster halfway to the bottom mark. Campbell held on to a comfortable second place ahead of Bowers and Porter. Colie got the benefit of a miscalculation when Allen on starboard near the finish crossed Colie by four lengths for the apparent purpose of covering Chute. Colie on the layline sailed in to beat them both for a nice fifth.

September 12 - Saturday

Race 5. Wind: westerly, 5-8; Course: W-L 3½. A ten degree shift just before the start provided a predominant port tack for the first beat. Bowers, Bill Campbell, Allen and Cliff Campbell got away to a clean start, got some extra air and tacked on the long port tack well ahead of the fleet. They rounded the first mark in that order. Bowers in the lead jibed early to his left. Bill Campbell went halfway on starboard jibe. Allen kept going on his original starboard jibe toward the coal and car ferries. He got extra air near the shore and assumed a comfortable lead. Campbell beat Bowers to the mark and thus solidified his Regatta lead. He gave up covering Bowers on the last beat when prudence demanded watching Colie and Melges. Merrick, holding off a pack of pursuers caught Cliff Campbell on the final beat, but lost to Erick Johnson when he picked up some wind from an early port jibe course on the final run. So at the end it was Allen, Bowers, Campbell, Johnson, Merrick with Melges 11th right behind Colie in 10th. Campbell was the champ followed by Colie and Melges.



REPORTER PHOTO



PHOTO: TED SLATER

23rd ANNUAL NCESA NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP REGATTA

-Results-

1	T-5	William Campbell	Barnegat	5	5	3	2	3	34.4
2	MA-4	Runyon Colie Jr.	Barnegat	2	1	12	5	10	47
3	I-1	Bud Melges	Geneva	1	2	24	1	11	50
4	M-4	Bill Allen	Minnetonka	10	4	8	7	1	51
5	I-49	Brian Porter	Geneva	8	3	13	3	6	56.1
6	V-18	Will Perrigo	Pewaukee	12	10	4	8	8	84
7	H-7	Lon Schoor	Mendota	3	7	30	18	9	93.7
8	MA-9	Willie DeCamp	Barnegat	4	6	2	DNF	12	94.7
9	BH-2	Sam Merrick	Barnegat	17	15	10	22	5	98
10	CH-18	Erick Johnston	Chatauqua	27	13	17	10	4	99
11	CR-81	Mike Huck	Crystal	11	24	18	11	17	111
12	MA-31	Doug Love	Barnegat	22	12	1	9	18	114
13	T-17	Cliff Campbell	Barnegat	15	9	29	24	7	114
14	M-8	David Chute	Minnetonka	7	17	11	6	16	115.7
15	SL-13	Larry Price	Spring	19	30	6	15	25	124.7
16	M-11	Gordy Bowers	Minnetonka	13	18	37	4	2	125
17	T-8	Dan Crabbe	Barnegat	28	14	16	25	13	126
18	SL-22	Paul Wickland	Spring	25	11	7	23	36	132
19	M-27	David Carish	Minnetonka	26	22	14	17	24	133
20	M-77	Woody Jewett	Minnetonka	34	28	5	20	32	148
21	TO-8	Dennis Malone	Torch	36	36	20	12	15	149
22	MA-33	Tony Hermann	Barnegat	9	21	27	14	21	150
23	UM-55	Brant Nelson	Upper Minnetonka	24	16	34	28	20	152
24	CH-5	Dick Turner	Chatauqua	20	8	24	DNF	28	158
25	CR-21	Bob Wynkoop	Crystal	18	25	26	13	23	159
26	V-5	Tom Norris	Pewaukee	21	26	23	33	27	160
27	LE-31	Jack Lampman	Little Egg	31	31	21	26	22	161
28	SL-39	Paul Eggert	Spring	6	19	35	21	30	169
29	SL-8	Happy Fox	Spring	23	33	31	19	35	171
30	H-121	Jim Henkel	Mendota	14	38	28	DNF	14	172
31	W-3	Bob Nuffort	White Bear	30	27	9	DNF	29	173
32	BH-4	Bob Broege	Barnegat	40	20	22	16	19	174
33	LE-7	Walter Smedley	Little Egg	33	39	15	32	37	186
34	V-69	Eric Wilson	Pewaukee	16	23	20	27	DNS	190
35	LE-32	John Christie	Little Egg	32	35	33	31	38	199
36	H-99	Jim Klauser	Mendota	29	29	38	29	DNS	203
37	SL-111	Chuck Harrett	Spring	38	34	32	34	42	210
38	TO-4	Jeff Hoch	Torch	35	41	36	39	31	212
39	CX-88	Craig Tallberg	Charevoix	37	42	39	30	41	219
40	SL-9	Brett Hatton	Spring	44	32	DNS	DNF	26	228
41	S-7	John Brereton	Carlyle	DNF	37	40	DNF	33	232
42	WA-20	George Otto Snook	Wawasee	47	43	41	37	34	232
43	CR-37	Skip Wynkoop	Crystal	41	46	42	36	39	234
44	SL-5	Mike Riolo	Spring	42	47	43	40	40	242
45	LE-3	John Coyle	Little Egg	45	44	44	35	DNS	246
46	SL-49	Jeff Felinski	Spring	39	40	DNS	DNS	43	248
47	SL-18	Herb Knape	Spring	46	48	45	38	44	251
48	X-99	Gordon Lindemann	Pine	43	45	DNF	DNF	DNS	262



REPORTER PHOTO

POLLING THE FLEET: Shifting Crew Weight Ballast Devices

E-Scow sailors formerly stood out on the weather bilge-board, clinging to monkey rails or leaned out to the boat on her lines. (no fair hanging on to the side-stays.) In recent years, hiking straps have been authorized and have proven much more effective. Trapeze devices have been by-passed because of psychological considerations for the "over-40" crew members. Of interest is the A-Scow just ok,d two trapeze per boat.

The photo above shows yet another shifting ballast technique consisting of one or more 10-12 ft. planks called "prys". These are effective and (incidentally) develop new skills, coordination and muscle-tone among the crew. The boat in the photo is a 28 ft. Class A Bahamian Fishing Smack - apparently employing two prys. The low, sweeping, #3 canvas duck, loose footed mainsail makes tacking comparable to that of an E-Scow with vang under tension.

TEAR OFF HERE AND SUBMIT YOUR PREFERENCE TO THE BOARD.

☐ **Retain Hiking Straps**

☐ **Authorize use of pry**

☐ **Revert to riding boards**

☐ **Use all methods**

STARTS

BY BILL CAMPBELL T-5

Reprinted from The Newsletter of the
Eastern Association of Class E Sloops



PHOTO: TED SLATER

It's difficult to pin down exactly when a race starts. I'm not so sure that it doesn't start the night before when you have a hard time sleeping because you can't get the damn butterflies out of your stomach, except by counting imaginary spinnakers behind you as your dream takes off on the first reach. Or, for most of the Barnegat Bay people anyway, maybe it starts with the nervous giggles and attempts at "knowledgable" conversation on the tow to the morning races.

Chronologically, let's get closer to the starting gun. Everyone should have a ritual leading up to the determination of which end of the line he figures is favored. I start at one end, go head to wind and look to see which end of the line I'm pointing toward. Then I work my way down the line and do the same thing at four or five intervals on the line until I reach the other end. The favored end should become obvious, except, of course, on what seems to be the all too frequent occasion when three times the right end is favored, and three times the left end is favored. So, I work my way back down the line paying better attention and looking for some concurrence from the members of my crew until I decide where we will start.

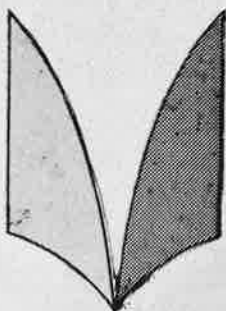
Of equal importance is the couple minutes of hard looking to weather to determine which side of the course looks better, which has more wind, fewer changes, where the prevailing breeze will fill, etc. As luck will probably have it, the right side of the course will be obviously better if the left end of the starting line is favored, and visa versa.

The more experience I get, the more I see how important the first couple hundred yards of a race are. I have recently

been caught in the trap of trying to start at the correct end, wanting to go the opposite way, which was the case in the first two races of the Easterns. As a result, I have been tentative at starts, starting about a third of the way from the favored end, invariably pinned by a fleet of five or six boats, all driving me in the direction I don't want to go, listening to me curse myself for letting someone else determine my fate instead of me. With the left end favored, and the right side the place to go, it is probably better to start on port tack at the right end of the line just to get out to the correct side of the course.

Once you've determined which end of the line is favored and you have some idea of where you want to go on the course, it's time to find out where exactly the line is. I try to move out past the right hand end of the line and sight down the line, through the left end flag, to a benchmark on shore. This gives me a good perspective of how far below the line I am, though for some reason it doesn't always prevent me from being the mid-line bulge.

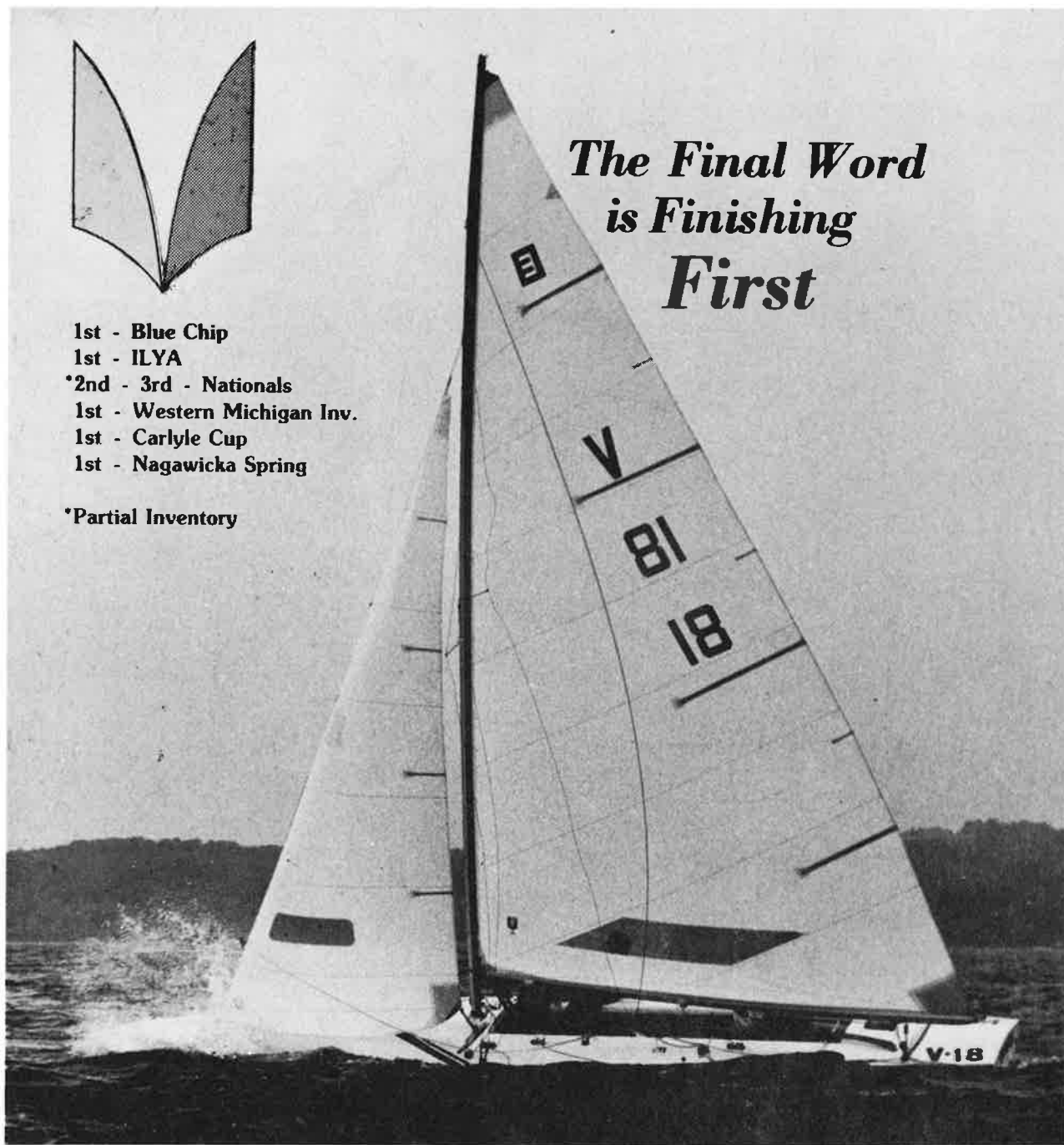
A good start is the fruit of a methodical and aggressive approach to solving these problems of where you want to start and where you want to be on the race course. It means staying close to the line in light air, hitting the line with speed, having no one on your lee bow, being able to tack as soon after starting as you want as well as a number of other well worn axioms. Most importantly, be the master of your own race. Don't let anyone else dictate where you have to go, particularly during the first few critical moments of the race.



1st - Blue Chip
1st - ILYA
*2nd - 3rd - Nationals
1st - Western Michigan Inv.
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A FIRST PERSON REPORT

PHOTO: TED SLATER



PART OF THE EASTERN POWERHOUSE COMING UP TO THE TOP MARK AT MUSKEGON - BILL CAMPBELL & RUNNIE COLIE LEADING THE WAY.

BY WILLIE DeCAMP

had sailed with all summer. The year I won the Blue Chips -- which seems like about 1880 -- I followed the same formula. I had my Nationals and Blue Chip crew lined up in May. It was a little more work, but the results were the same.

There is no typical Blue Chip, but the races in this one were illustrative of many patterns I have seen over the years. The first is that weather reports for southern Wisconsin tend to be the least reliable of any in the country. For the first two days of the regatta there was a front stalled over the area, and winds were very wet and very shifty. (Cliff and Mary Jo Campbell, who were present as observers rather than contestants, claimed that they had chosen not to compete this year because they had heard the long range forecast.) Conflicting reports kept coming in as to when the weather would clear and as to what the wind was doing on nearby lakes. When the front finally did come through, the wind did the expected: it increased and shifted from south to west. The moral here is that you have to sail with what you have got and pretty much ignore the forecast.

Tradition has it that the winds on Pewaukee Lake are hopelessly unpredictable. After five years of Blue Chips, however, I have found this not to be the case. The first attempted race on Friday morning was a classic example. The wind was southeast, coming across the short axis of the lake, and oscillating. As the wind went right it was imperative to go right to get big squaring lifts off the point just west of the yacht club. As the wind went to the middle of its range it was imperative to play the highly visible shifts up the middle. As the wind went farther left, as turned out not to be the case, it was imperative to go left in order to get the channelled breeze along the north shore. This may sound like gibberish to those unfamiliar with lake sailing, but to us it was as clear as day. We parleyed this successful diagnosis into first place roundings at both the windward and reach marks, at which point we fell prey to another all too common Blue Chip pattern.

After rounding the reach mark, we had a rainy, light-air reach to the leeward mark. We were so SLOW it still hurts to think about it. We lost three boats, including one hundred and fifty yards to Gordy Bowers. We wrote this miserable performance off to poor steering and poor spinnaker work. Later, however, Dick Wight made a telling observation: we were the only boat in the top twelve with four persons aboard. Everybody else had three. This is a major consideration in the Blue Chip. It is legal to drop off and pick up crew between races. I personally, feel this rule discriminates against eastern boats, which travel far to the regatta and for whose skippers it is awkward indeed to have to say, "Sorry, Jack, it's light air; you'll have to sit this one out."

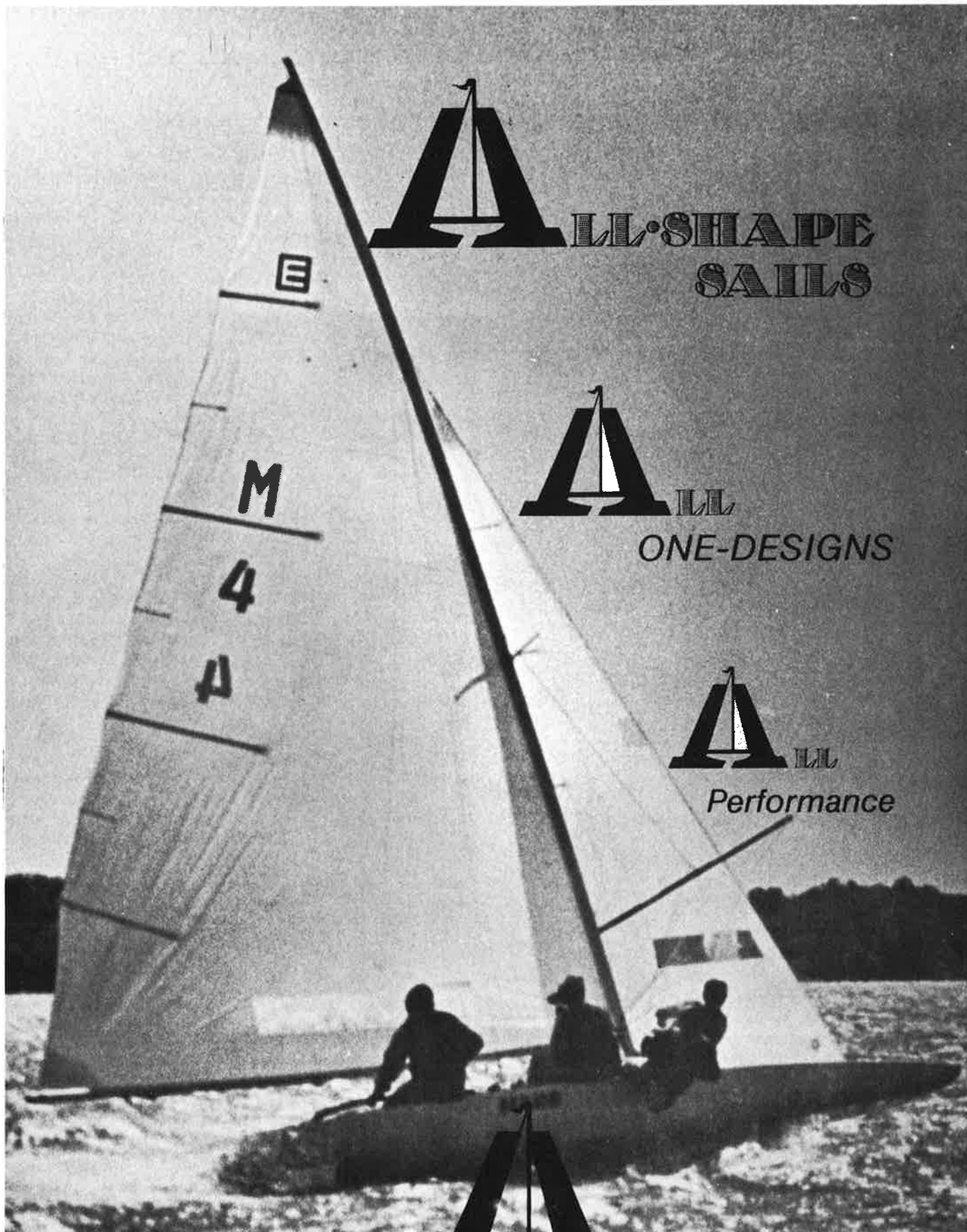
In the first counting race the wind was southwest. John Gluek had great speed in this race. He seems to have a lucky star hanging over Pewaukee Lake because in the two abandoned races he was really deep. In this race we finally derived an advantage from sailing with four. The wind came up halfway through the race, and we had the weight and the polished crew work to handle it. We came on strong at the end and almost caught Gluek at the finish.

This year was a good year for the East in the Blue Chips in two regards. First, our six boats is the largest delegation I can ever remember us sending. Second, it was a really great feeling to see our group be a powerful factor in each and every race. A look at the standings will confirm this last point, and in two other "races", ones which were abandoned due to time limit or windshift, our team was also a force to beat.

The Eastern boats present were Bill Campbell, fresh off his Nationals win; Doug Love; Stu Wells, in a boat which I think was brought down from Minnesota by his crew; Dick Wight, in the boat which Buddy Melges sailed in the Nationals; and Dan Crabbe, sailing Bob Broege's old boat, which was brought up from Zenda for the occasion.

In addition to all of this shuffling of boats, the roster of regular crews was also reworked. I was the only skipper who had what might be called a regular crew -- Scott Callaghan, Russell Lucas, and Nick Post. Everybody else seemed to be playing catch-as-catch-can, getting people who were excellent crew but who, nevertheless, had not sailed together and were not familiar with the boats in which they were sailing. Dick sailed with Bob Broege, Ann Colie and his little brother Billy. He labored under the additional distraction of wondering if the phone would ring to announce that he was a father. ("Hello, did she have the baby? Oh, yeah? Mallory or Adams?") Doug Love went with Had Brick, Peter Wright and Susie Pegel -- another formidable group, but they hadn't sailed together either

My point here is that in order to optimize your performance in this regatta you have got to make a concentrated effort. Peter Commette took second in this event in his first year in the class. How? Among other things, by showing up with his own boat and with the same crew he



Contact: **Bill**  **LL**EN

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Race two was a mostly heavy air race in which Stu Wells was the only "easterner" who really distinguished himself. (Because he now resides in Connecticut, Stu is the easternmost E sailor in the United States and is technically understood to come from the Far east rather than the East.) In this race there was fairly open water on both sides of the course, and both sides worked. I had some great luck on the left; Stu played the right. The real heroes of this race were Bill Allen and his crew. They capsized and filled just before the start. Undaunted, they righted, got it dry before the five minute gun, fortified themselves with a quart of brandy and finished fourth in the race. This had the unfortunate consequence of causing my crew to demand a quart of brandy before each race, and I actually found a bottle in the drawer while looking for some vice grips!

The final race on Sunday was your basic screamer, with the wind coming at 25mph out of the west down the main axis of the lake. The course was windward-leeward times three and a half. This was our reigning National Champion's opportunity to show the scow world how a crew of Barnagat and Little Egg sailors can handle heavy air. He took the start somewhere near the port end and led for most of the race until he was finally ground down by Bill Allen,

who was also fast in the heavy going. The jibes were really something in this race, especially if you showed up at the leeward mark on starboard tack and had to jibe with your spinnaker down ... it ain't easy!

There were a couple of lessons learned from the capsize in this event. Most important was that at the moment of completion of a jibe in heavy air the new guy has absolutely got to be square. If, after the boom comes over, you see the pole resting on the headstay, you might as well stop what you are doing and change into your swimsuit.

Another important heavy air strategy has been perfected by Bob Broege. Say you are running in heavy air on port jibe and know that if you jibe, you are going to capsize. What do you do if you see another boat approaching on starboard jibe? Answer: Pull out your yellow flag and wave it at him yelling, "You jibe! You jibe!"

The Blue Chip is a great regatta for learning and fun. Accommodations are free and the entry fee is reasonable. It is a great chance for officers in the class to find out what is on the minds of the top skippers and crews. It is also a great chance to talk to all of the sailmakers and look for go-fasts to work on over the winter. If you're invited, go!

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WE'LL TAKE ODDS THAT WHEN DICK TURNER WAS CHECKING HIS WATCH (ABOVE) HE NEVER DREAMED HE'D GET SO MUCH HELP IN GETTING BACK TO THE CLUB (BELOW).



REPORTER PHOTOS

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"MYSTERY GUEST" HANS FOGH

Comments on the E-Scow Blue Chip

When we were first invited to the E scow "Blue Chip", we did not really know what we were about to be involved in. Our only knowledge of scows was that they are fast machines and have been developing grounds for many of the top US Soling sailors. After spending a few seasons competing against the likes of Bill Allen, the Porter brothers, John Gluek, Willie de Camp and Gordie Bowers in Soling and FD, we knew that we had our work cut out for us.

Upon arriving in Pewaukee and locating our boat, we started cleaning it up and preparing for a little practice. But the wind was not very cooperative and we did not get a chance to see how to sail a scow until 2 days later, on Saturday. The first day of racing was abandoned due to lack of wind. Our third crew and local scow expert, Chuck Gorgen, helped us to find the control lines and explained what to do with the two rudders and boards. For the first time ever, we had to attend to not only the running backstays, but also tacking the lee board. The most difficult however, was that a scow is opposite to any other boat we have sailed, as it is faster when heeled over.

When pointing ourselves at the starting-line Saturday morning, we began to realize how fast these things really go. What we did not realize though, was how slow a scow is to accelerate from a stop. At 15 seconds to go, we started to sheet in. We were probably closest to the line, but when we looked back, the entire fleet was moving at about ten knots. As the gun went, we were left sitting on the line; lesson one learned.

After a frustrating race at the back of the pack, we headed in for lunch. On the way in we discussed strategy and boat handling and started phsyching ourselves for the

next race. It could not be worse, as we were nonchalantly sailing towards shore, sails trimmed and boom vang on full, a puff hit as we rounded a small point of land; lesson two learned. An E scow capsizes quite quickly, one man's job would be; be on the vang at all times!

We finally got organized and sailed in to the yacht club, slightly embarrassed, but nontheless wiser.

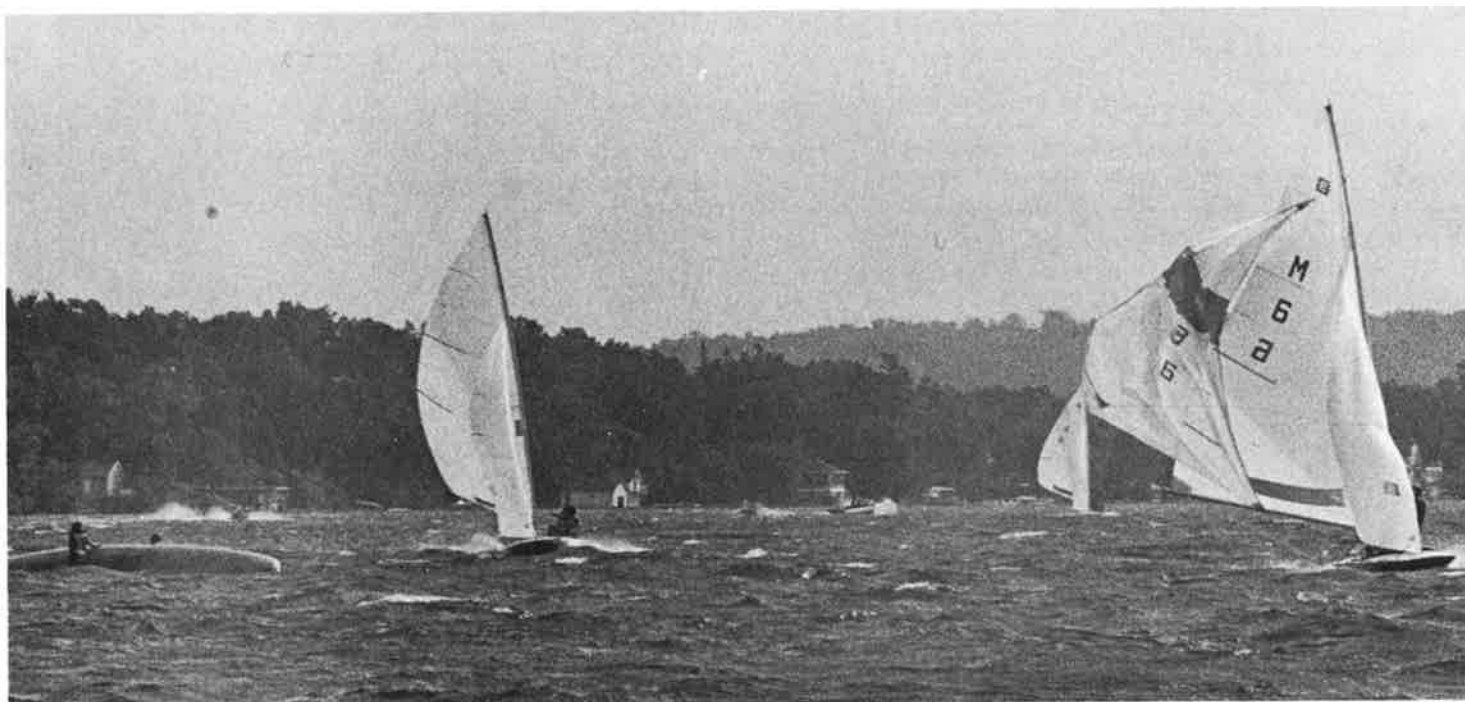
The Pewaukee Yacht Club puts on a great show at meals, good food, good fun and good friendship. It became apparent as we ate lunch, that one of the big attractions of the scow sailing was not only these formula one racing cars, but the family fun of traveling around to the other small lakes and seeing and sailing against friends.

Sunday morning we woke up to a cool, windy day and the breeze was building. The more it blew, the more exciting the sailing was. We felt most confident in the heavy air. In those conditions it was easier for us to be competitive. In light air all the small tricks of tuning and keeping the boat going makes a big difference in boat speed.

After sailing the entire windy race close to the front of the fleet and finishing 8th or 9th, our moral was boosted and our egos returned. The quick downhill ride with the spinnaker pole always on the headstay showed us the thrill of scow sailing.

We have always had great respect for the sailors that have come from "scow country" and we now have respect for their boats as well.

Now that we have a little experience in scows and since we enjoyed ourselves so thoroughly, we would love to be invited sometime to be "mystery guests" once gain.

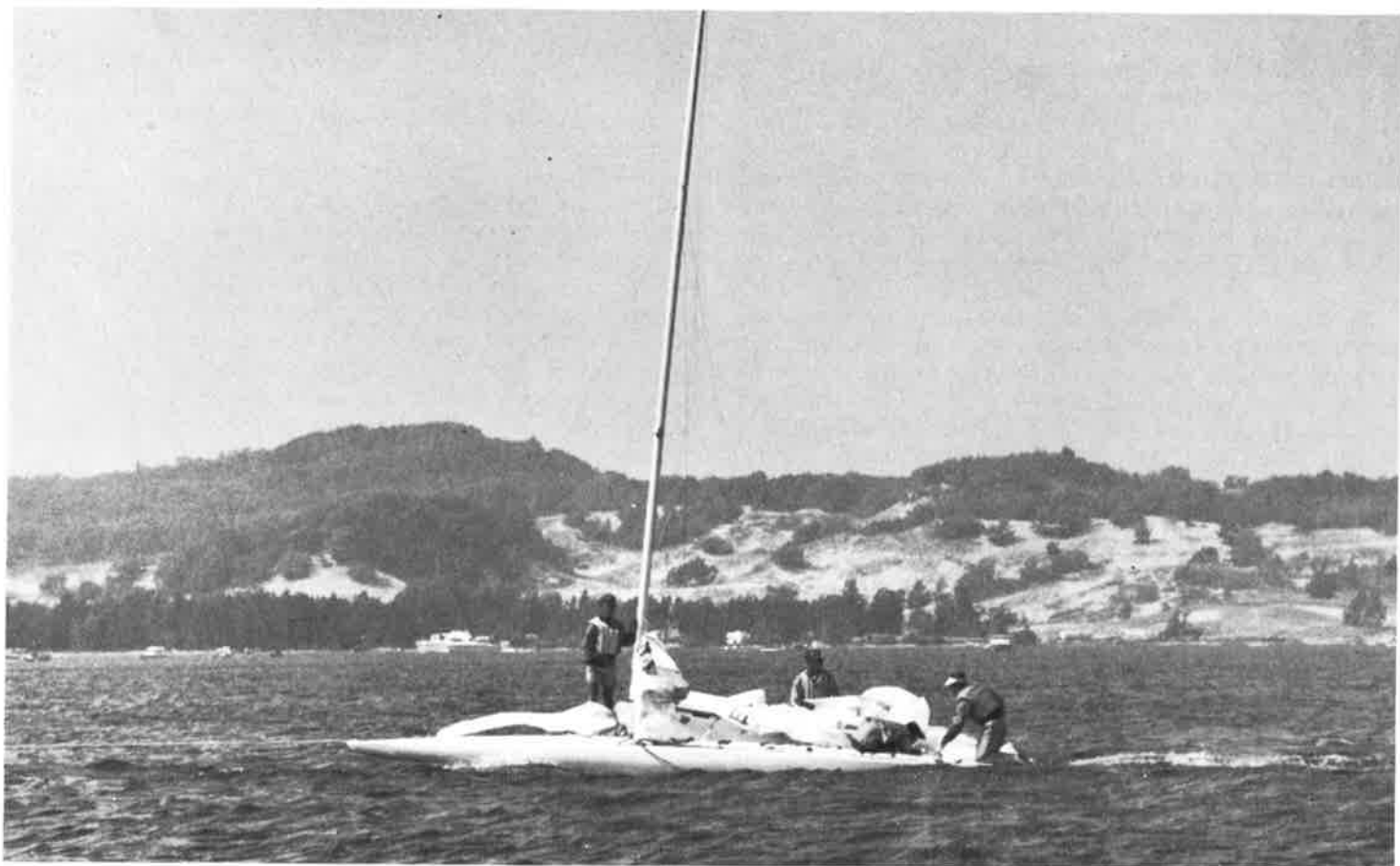


REPORTER PHOTO

PEWAUKEE - SUCH A PRETTY LITTLE LAKE, CAN SHOW A MENACING FACE TO VISITING MYSTERY GUESTS AS A RECAP OF SPILLS IN PAST REGATTAS WILL CONFIRM.

"A ROLL IN THE DITCH WITH WILLIE De"

BY WILLIE DE CAMP



REPORTER PHOTO

THE REPORTER UNWITTINGLY TOOK THIS PHOTO FROM THE GUNBOAT, WHILE ON STATION AT THE TOP MARK-- NOT REALIZING THAT THIS INDEED WAS MA-9, RECENTLY CAPSIZED BY WILLIE DE CAMP. TELL TALE EVIDENCE IS THE RUMPLED MA ON THE MAIN, A WHITE VISOR ON A CREW MEMBER AND A HULL DEVOID OF GRAPHIC DEVICES.

Ted Brennan has asked that I describe in twenty-five words or more how I managed to capsize while reaching with no spinnaker in race four of the National Regatta at Muskegon. This is certainly one of my more odious assignments as a member of the publication committee - no wonder Sam and Ted have trouble getting writers.

To begin with, I didn't really manage. It just happened! Every skipper wishes for his own private puff but, as we found out, there is such a thing as a wish being granted in excess. We were just making a move to roll Billy Allen when I thought to myself, "If only we could get a really big blast, we'd smoke this guy." Seconds later we got the blast - and more - and I felt like the sorcerer's apprentice trying to figure out how to turn this thing off.

I am pleased to report that everybody on board went down doing his duty: jib eased, vang off, traveler and main out, tillers to weather and everybody on the rail. It all took about two and a half seconds.

The frustrating thing was that this nasty little - no big - puff hardly even touched the boats around us. Bill Allen never even knew what happened. He looked back later, and when he didn't see us he probably just assumed that he had cut some really fast reaching sails. John Porter was sailing right behind us, and he didn't even get the puff. "That puff was looking just for you," he said. Doug Love claimed that

our stern went up so high that our bailers were showing before the boat even started to roll. This was probably the crux of the problem. The puff was high up and pushed the sails forward thereby pushing the bow down. In addition, the bow may have hit a wave generated by Bill Allen. She just stopped in her tracks and rolled over dead.

So how did it feel then? Well, wet. Talk about abrupt transitions. One minute we were rolling into the regatta lead in the National Championship, and the next we were wondering how we could possibly avoid shipwreck on that big rock on the east side of the course. Did I learn anything? Yes, two things. First, that I know nothing about righting capsized E Scows. (My only conclusion after dumping five times in the 1977 season was that it is best not to capsize in the first place - a conclusion that I now reaffirm.) Second, never count Runnie Colie out of a regatta. **ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN.**

Is there anything worse than capsizing while in contention for the lead in the Nationals? I wouldn't have believed it at the time, but there is. It's when on the very next day your competition goes out and beats you so badly that you don't even have a chance to claim that but for the capsize you might have won the regatta. Now that's adding insult to injury. Billy Campbell **where are your manners?**



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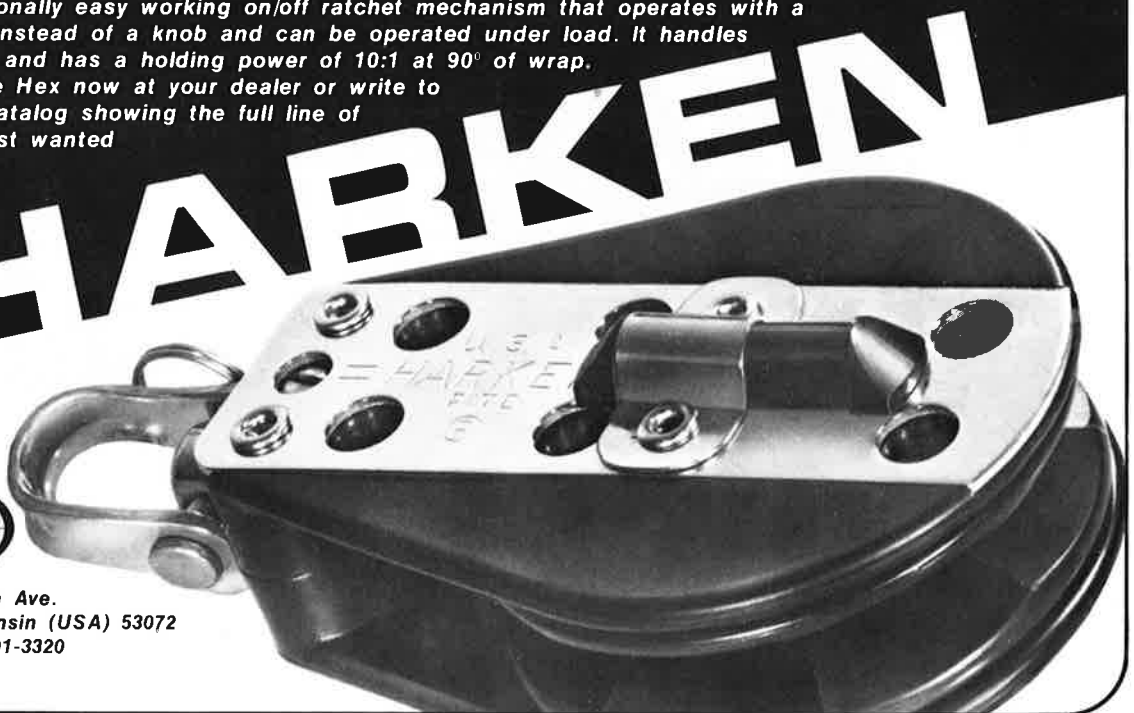
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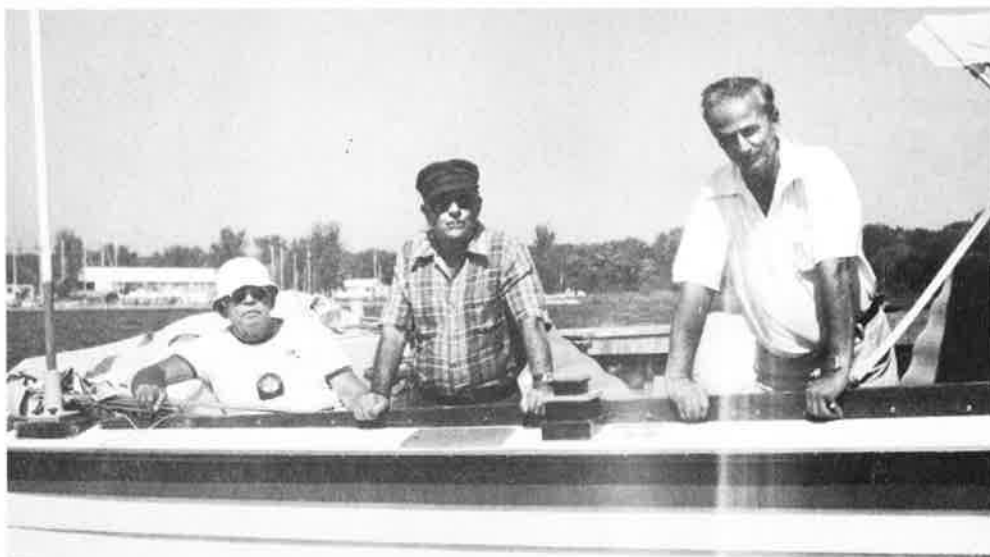
■ Commodore elect **Brereton** enjoying fringe benefits of his taxing duties.

Susie Allen caught what **Ed Roth** caught on his 30th birthday as delivered by pie-throwers **Pat Huttner** and **Will Perrigo**. **John Porter** looking on with approval.




■ Past director **Jim McGowan** scored a first by taking his T-shirt on safari in Africa.

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