

## **REPORTER**

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photo: courtesy S.J. Visanko



*Fourth race winner Erik Johnson, reaching behind committee boat looks on as Harry Melges nips Brian Porter and Dick Wight for 2nd place (at Minnetonka).*





## THE COMMODORE COMMENTS:

The brilliant colors of the changing leaves remind me all too well that the sailing season has come to a close. With it comes the end of my first term as commodore of the NCESA. A long drive to Connecticut has given me the opportunity to reflect on the accomplishments of this past year and also the tasks left to be completed.

I am extremely pleased with passage of the masthead flotation rulings. Forthcoming articles and mailings will detail the new rulings in advance of the 1987 season.

The national championship regatta held at Lake Minnetonka under the direction of Bunny Kuller, regatta committee chairman, was a resounding success. Our collective official thanks to those committees and individuals whose efforts were rewarded by a flawless regatta. A special thanks to Jay Ecklund for hosting Thursday's meeting and dinner at his small, but adequate, cottage on the shores of the pond.

Yes, all is well in scow country. One Melges has won our national regatta while another is off winning the right to bring "The Cup" up. Yet there are a couple of disturbingly dark clouds in an otherwise blue sky. I am troubled with the few number of new boats sold this past season and with our continued inability to attract ILYA members into the ranks of the NCESA. In order for this organization to continue to prosper, we must address not only the needs of our existing members, but define and meet the needs of those we wish to attract as members. We would appreciate your input in this regard.

The close of this season also brings the retirement of Shirley Klauser as secretary/treasurer of our organization. Not only is her job a thankless one, but it is probably the most time consuming and certainly critical in insuring a smooth-running organization. Shirley's long-term and capable involvement in this clan is much appreciated. We are very fortunate to have had the contributions of both Shirley and Jim. Thanks from all of us.

Our new secretary/treasurer is familiar to most of us in the East as the good-looking one on T-5, Sherri Campbell. Sherri has already had time in the barrel and has proven herself to be competent and conscientious. We are lucky to have such willing talent available to us.

Finally, my thanks to each and every one of you who has made my first year as commodore a rewarding and enjoyable one. I look forward to seeing you in '87.

Commodore Chip Ulrich



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# 1986 EASTERN CHAMPIONSHIP

## Lake Hopatcong, N.J.

### SOMETIMES HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

By Jay Darling

photo: Brian Hausermann



In 1962, a young Cliff Campbell won the Easterns at Lake Hopatcong, NJ; this year, his son Bill Campbell won the Easterns there, and in doing so perfected the best sort of trivia: Who is the only father-son combination to win the Easterns *and* on the same lake?

Sometimes history repeats itself. . . almost. Twice, years ago, at Hopatcong two of the top three boats in the Eastern Championship were Willie DeCamp and Bill Campbell, with DeCamp winning. Two of the top boats in this year's event were the same, but with Campbell on top by the scantest of margins. More about that later.

Campbell, with a 3-2-4(ack)-1, routed the fleet with a brilliant consistency in dealing with Lake Hopatcong's confused and fickle winds. Only a minor foul (which he acknowledged) in Race #3 gave his competition a shot at him.

Sometimes history repeats itself. . . but only in first races. Who has had the best series composed of first races in the Easterns over the past few years? Dick Wight, with a 1-2-2-1. His bullet in Race #1 was the stuff mid-winter dreams are made of. After one recall, the fleet started but sat, frustrated, at the line, unmoving, with sails sagging. Off in the lower right hand corner was Wight, in the most exclusive of breezes, with three of four on the rail. The race should have been a true horizon job, but poor crew work in leading Wight most of the way to the wrong leeward mark allowed Mike Fortenbaugh to finish a very close second. Team Campbell finished this one fourth, with fellow Toms River sailor Stu Wells in fifth.

Race #2 was started just off the clubhouse dock, and it, again, was essentially a two-horse beat. Bill Campbell started at the pin, with DeCamp jumping out well on the fleet halfway up the line. Those two put much distance on the fleet and Campbell seemed to have DeCamp well in hand until the last true downwind leg, when Campbell, rounding the weather mark first, set his chute in the light stuff, only to see DeCamp, with the aid of hindsight, sail right over the top without one. A rigorous tacking duel on the last leg closed the gap somewhat, but DeCamp caught a good shot on the left-hand side near the finish, which provided him with an ample cushion for the win.

photo: Brian Hausermann



*Bill Campbell sneaking out in front at start of Race #2.*



# EASTERN CHAMPIONSHIP RESULTS

SKIPPER	BOAT #	RACE 1	RACE 2	RACE 3	RACE 4	TOTAL
Campbell, B.	T5	3	2	4	1	31.70
DeCamp, W.	MA9	15	1	1	6	32.70
Wight, R.	MR10	1	15	2	14	44.00
Magno, D.	LA99	6	12	7	3	48.40
Callahan, S.	BH37	11	4	5	8	49.00
Campbell, C.	T17	4	16	8	5	54.00
Challoner, S.	BH17	9	8	3	24	64.70
Fortenbaugh, M.	BH17	2	7	30	2	68.00
Johnson, E.	CH18	34	11	6	4	76.70
Lucas, R.	BH8	10	19	13	15	81.00
Colie, R.	MA4	7	5	15	9	85.00
Crabbe, D.	T8	18	10	20	16	88.00
Rochelle, P.	HO31	12	20	11	22	89.00
Merrick, S.	BH2	28	3	14	25	90.70
Harkrader, J.	BH11	17	14	29	10	94.00
Wright, C.	KU37	19	18	22	13	96.00
Drawbaugh, G.	HO37	8	33	21	11	97.00
Armstrong, B.	MA3	24	6	18	28	99.70
Turner, R.	CH6	26	23	19	12	104.00
Welch, G.	KU1	25	22	16	17	104.00
Lampman, J.	LE8	16	36	12	19	107.00
Lewis, C.	MA18	21	29	9	27	110.00
Love, D.	BH10	14	9	26	18	117.00
Spear, I.	KU5	29	32	10	23	118.00
Lennox, D.	HO42	37	27	27	7	122.00
Kadimik, J.	HO23	30	24	24	21	123.00
Wells, S.	T67	5	21	37	DNS	130.00
Day, H.C.	BH7	33	13	17	DNS	131.00
Hoff, J.	HO29	23	28	23	33	131.00
Flood, K.	HO43	36	17	25	32	134.00
Rand, K. Jr.	HO18	27	26	33	26	136.00
Sencindiver, C.	LE9	13	39	32	DNS	152.00
Slack, F.	IH44	41	31	36	20	152.00
Slack, R.	IH16	38	30	34	30	156.00
Bradley, C.	HO13	22	40	38	37	161.00
Johnson, C.	HO40	20	42	43	36	165.00
Lenhard, W.	LE54	39	34	31	DNS	172.00
Wiss, T.	HO32	35	35	42	35	174.00
Baker, G.	HO11	42	25	35	31	177.00
Ginter, W.	HO41	32	43	40	38	177.00
Turner, D.	CH5	40	37	28	29	180.00
Lill, E.	HO38	43	41	39	34	181.00
Shipman, C.	HO28	31	38	41	39	186.00
Brick, H.	IH27	DNS	DNS	DNS	DNS	200.00



Overall, Campbell was leading, with DeCamp and Wight (who, in Race #2, rounded the first mark next to DFL, but managed to claw his way back to fifteenth) in hot pursuit. In fourth was Mike Fortenbaugh with a 2-7. In fifth place was Scott Callahan, who was laboring under two different but related challenges. First, because of personnel circumstances, Callahan had to sail the regatta with *three* different jibmen (never mind that the three — John Wright, Mike Heinrich, and Bob Coar — are, quite possibly, the three best “nosemen” in the racket). Second, on Thursday, the only day in which two races were sailed, his then-jibman spent much of the day chumming for lake trout. Despite this, or perhaps because of the speed generated in the calm waters accompanying his private oil slick, Callahan had a 4-5 Day #2, the best of the fleet on that day, excepting Campbell, who had a 2-4.

Race #3 could have and should have belonged to Wight, who got out early, but was burdened by the very real hardship of not having an accurate race course sheet on board. Wight did have the regular course sheet used by Hopatcong for its season championship, but did not have the substantially dissimilar sheet prepared just for the Easterns. Commented Wight, “It was just like sailing duckboats on the Manasquan River again, only worse.”



Pete Rochelle (HO-31), Jack Lampman (LE-8), Cliff Campbell (T-17).



Stu Challoner — note nice downwind work.

DeCamp, who trailed just behind Wight at the second and third roundings, finally played his ace, by no longer responding to Wight's crew's impassioned pleas for clues as to where the next mark might be, and sailed over the top of Wight to his second bullet of the series.

Of note was Stu Challoner in third for the race, and of whom it was commented later at the bar, “If the son-of-a-bitch could sail his leeward legs as well as his weather ones, he'd have three bullets and this regatta would be history.”

Campbell secured fourth for the race and could have had the regatta in the bag except for a slight error in judgement in a port-starboard crossing; thus, the acknowledgment. Even so, he was right in the hunt, trailing DeCamp and Wight by fewer than eight points.

Sometimes history repeats itself...but then it doesn't do it anymore because you start prematurely. Mike Fortenbaugh, who came in second the last two Easterns and who was making a good run for the hat trick, had a slam-dunk, beat-the-fleet start at the committee boat in the third race. Two flaws existed in the start, however. It was too early, *and* it was too close to the committee, who could then see who was the guilty party. Fortenbaugh's thirtieth effectively ended his threat.



George Welch (KU-1), John Hoff (HO-29), E. Lill (HO-38).



“Any of you guys seen Willie?”



Poor Fortenbaugh, this only began his day's difficulties. *Much* later that night the boat in which he and his social companion were in ran out of gas in the middle of the lake, thereby allowing him the noble chore of swimming the boat to shore. "It's not the same as pushing a car," he reported wearily the next morning.

For much of Friday it appeared that DeCamp had won for the second time at Hopatcong. Three races were in, and there was no wind. A bare southerly finally developed, however, and off went DeCamp, Wight, Campbell, Challoner, and Callahan to try for the crown.

Wight got the second-best start of the fleet near the pin end. The problem was that his father-in-law got the best start just below him, which caused Wight to eat enough gas so that DeCamp was able to slide down from on top and cover Wight relentlessly.

At this point, bear in mind the following: Campbell, Challoner, and Callahan each needed a bullet, practically speaking, to win. Callahan and Challoner didn't get off the line well and were never really factors. Campbell did, however, and was jousting for the

lead from the first crossing on. Wight, depending on the order of finish, had to put at least two boats between him and DeCamp to win. DeCamp had to prevent that and finish no worse than fifth to Campbell's bullet.

DeCamp hammered Wight on each tack, forcing Wight to continually bear off to free his air. The only flaw with this program was that Bill Campbell was skipping merrily away from the fleet in a horizo-job rout, thereby successfully concluding his part in the drama with the needed bullet. DeCamp abandoned the abuse-Wight tactic, perhaps a little too late, and set out to preserve the fifth place position that he was then in.

The only flaw was that DeCamp had mistakenly computed the score and believed that he needed a *fourth* or better to win the regatta. Thus pressed, he started to bang sides the last two legs, enabling several boats to catch up, one of which, navigated by Cliff Campbell, passed DeCamp in a crossing with one-third of the last weather leg to go. Somehow you knew Cliff wasn't going to lose that boat.

Sometimes history repeats itself...



Experienced craftsman Bob Armstrong achieves tuning perfection before Eastern Championship.

photo: Margaret Pilling



Dick Wight, bad side of Team Ta-Ta.



"Sorry Willie" sometimes history repeats itself — 6th place winner Cliff Campbell and the second half of Team Campbell.



Stu Challoner came out of nowhere to finish 7th.



"Mickleofsky Champ Dick Wight" He downs Mickleofsky offered by ECESA Commodore Dan Crabbe. No hands!



# ILYA CHAMPIONSHIP REGATTA

Lake Okoboji, Iowa — August 17-19

By Bob Zak

The 1986 ILYA Championship was held on one of the biggest and most beautiful lakes in Iowa on August 17-23. The Inland Championship is for Classes A, E, C, M-20's and MC's. During the first half of the week, E's raced on one area of the lake, and MC's and M-20's raced on another. During the second half of the week, C's raced on one course, and A's raced on the other. The regatta has been sailed for many years, with perpetual trophies for Class A awarded as early as 1898. Class E records began in 1925. The 1956 regatta was won by Buddy Melges II in a boat named Ginny V.

The 1986 regatta was one of the best anyone can remember in recent years. All six races started on time in winds that were generally medium to heavy. The judges set fair starting lines and excellent courses. A summary of each race follows.

## Race 1 — Course: W3½, Direction: 20°, Wind Velocity: 10-18

Just before this race started, David Chute from Lake Minnetonka was disabled due to a collision on the starting line. His side stay chain plate and several cam cleats were removed because of the accident. The rest of the yachts started in light winds that built. Harry Melges III was first around every buoy. The second and third place finishers also maintained their positions around every buoy. Second was Bob Zak from White Bear Lake, followed by Gordy Bowers from Lake Minnetonka.



*The magnifying glass read R to L: Fortenbaugh, Hill, Campbell, Magno, Bartholdi.*

## Race 2 — Course: W3½, Direction: 45°, Wind Velocity: 8-16

This race was highlighted by the first ILYA Championship race victory for Doug Kuller from Lake Minnetonka. Doug has been placing M-111 very near the front of the fleet ever since he took over the helm from his dad, Bunny. Bunny is the Director of Class E for the ILYA and the NCESA. Following Doug around the course were Brian Porter from Lake Geneva and Bill Campbell from Tom's River.

## RACE 3 — Course: OW, Direction: 125°, Velocity: 10-18

This race was led early by Dick Wight followed closely by Harry Melges. Harry was able to pass Dick near the first corner mark and lead for the rest of the race. Minnetonka sailors found this race to their liking because they occupied places 2 through 5. Jay Ecklund was the second place finisher and Jake Hoeschler was third.



*Jake Hoeschler & Company at work.*

## RACE 4 — Course: W4½, Direction: 120°, Velocity: 6-12

Tom Burton from Lake Minnetonka got into the lead of this race. However, the team on the I-1 yacht passed Tom the second time downwind and maintained the number one position for the rest of the race. Tom Burton was second across the finish line and Gordy Bowers was third. This race provided many holes for the unlucky. Bill Campbell and Dick Wight were two of the most notable among the unlucky.

The best unofficial party of the Regatta occurred the night after the fourth race. The Easterners sponsored the party probably to neutralize the better luck that ILYA sailors appeared to have in predicting the winds of Northwest Iowa. The party was great fun. The Village West security guards and police were required to end the event after considerable gin and rum were enjoyed. Much thanks are due the hosts. I expect we ILYA sailors will sponsor a similar party during the next NCESA regatta located in the East.



*Too close a reach for Will Emory's chute.*



# ILYA CHAMPIONSHIP REGATTA RESULTS

1986

POS.	BOAT	SKIPPER	RACE 1	RACE 2	RACE 3	RACE 4	RACE 5	RACE 6	POINTS
1.	I1	Harry Melges III	1	12	1	1	3	1	23.7
2.	M9	Tom Burton	4	10	7	2	4	2	51
3.	I49	Brian Porter	5	2	19	5	1	5	58
4.	M44	Bill Allen	6	8	18	4	2	19	85.7
5.	M11	Gordy Bowers	18*	4	4	3	9	23	89.7
6.	T5	William Campbell	13	3	6	25*	6	6	90.8
7.	M111	Doug Kuller	16	1	5	11	21	9	91
8.	M6	Jake Hoeschler	12	9	3	8	20	30	114.7
9.	BH17	Mike Fortenbaugh	11	5	36*	20	12	3	118.7
10.	M8	David Chute	14	26	8	26	8	4	120
11.	M67	David Ferguson	14	17	12	16	14	12	121
12.	W10	Bob Zak	2	13	32	22	16	15	131
13.	CH18	Erik Johnson	24	15	11	28	5	14	132
14.	LA99	Paul Magno	19	6	34	14	10	16	134.7
15.	D55	Tim O'Keefe	14	24	24	7	7	25	138
16.	I47	James McGinley	7	19	40	9	18	11	140
17.	V4	David Koch	17	18	27	18	24	7	147
18.	V9	Tom Sweitzer	10	14	23	15	23	26	147
19.	MR10	Richard Wight	8	29	9	46**	11	13	152
20.	W12	Don Nelson	18	16	22	23	27	22	164
21.	LA1	Steve Schmidt	29	20	20	13	13	33	164
22.	BH7	Corbin Day	30	23	14	33	22	8	166
23.	W1	Jule Hannaford	9	30	15	48**	17	17	172
24.	M1	Jay Ecklund	42	32	2	6	28	35	175.7
25.	CH6	Rick Turner	25	35	17	31	31	10	185
26.	M33	Fred Chute Jr.	23	11	50**	25	26	18	189
27.	BH10	Douglas Love	21	7	41	30	37***	24	196
28.	W6	Charlie Bartholdi	33	36	13	29	25	28	200
29.	W15	George Hill	32	22	39	35	15	27	206
30.	M127	David Carisch	43*	34	31	24	19	20	207
31.	M5	John Wicks	36	27	28	21	39	21	208
32.	J12	Jack Schloesser	22	25	16	38	38	34	209
33.	W11	Tews/Kenyon	39	31	25	27	32	32	222
34.	X88	Bruce Gallagher	26	21	36	37	29	43	228
35.	W8	Eric Bloomquist	43	38	35	12	36	31	231
36.	W87	Kenneth Broen	20	33	29	39	—	29	236
37.	M3	Mike Fanberg	38	43	10	36	34	40	237
38.	A11	Will Emory	34	39	30	42	30	39	250
39.	M2	Brett Adams	35	42	38	32	33	38	254
40.	X4	Richard Gallow	31	37	33	34	40	—	261
41.	J2	Robert Cummins	37	40	42	45	41	37	278
42.	I44	Jeff Perrigo	27	46	37	41	—	—	287
43.	W17	Michael Schwartz	40	28	44	46	46	—	290
44.	Z16	Tom Erickson	44	47	48	43	35***	41	294
45.	D20	David Everhart	50*	41	43	44	44	44	302
46.	M105	Peter Crawford	45	48	49	40	45	42	305
47.	M18	Michael Swift	46	49	47	48	43	45	314
48.	P85	Marty Palmer	DNF	45	46	47	42	50*	316
49.	V3	Lance Puccio	DNF	44	45	—	—	—	325

DNS = Did Not Start      DNF = Did Not Finish      DQ = Disqualified

\* = 30%      \*\* = 60%      \*\*\* = Pending



**RACE 5: Course: W3½, Direction: 180°, Velocity: 8-20**

Although other races had several restarts, this race required the infamous "Black Flag." The Porter craft, I-49 from Lake Geneva, got away with a leeward end start that allowed them to get ahead and lead around every buoy. Chasing Brian across the finishline were Bill Allen and Harry Melges. The most significant event of this race that I remembered was avoiding a familiar man in a small rubber boat driving around the middle of the course. The familiar man, Captain of Heart of America, was probably studying jibing tactics in heavy winds. I'm sure I speak for all of us in wishing the best of luck to Buddy in his effort to become the Challenger for America's Cup.

**RACE 6 — Course: W3½?, Wind: 10-18, Direction: 180°**

I can't remember hardly anything about this last race except that Harry Melges III won again. (I think there was a triangle in this course, at least I went around one.) Tom Burton, second overall, was second this race. Mike Fortenbaugh, BH-17, came awake after the previous night's fun to have his best race by finishing third.

I would like to take this opportunity to say thanks to many people on behalf of all us participants. Highest thanks go to the organizers and judges of the regatta from Okoboji, Iowa. This was the first ILYA Championship held there and I'm sure there will be many more. Thanks also to the ILYA Executive Committee for their usual highest quality running of the 1986 regatta. Finally, thanks to the nine teams from the lands east of Wisconsin that attended the regatta. It was a long drive to the most western lake in the ILYA. Special thanks to Mother Nature. The temperature and winds of this regatta were the best anyone could have asked for.



*Corby Day — more fine tuning.*



*Charlie Bartholdi, Bill Allen and John Wicks.*



*The Wizard made it in for a day.*



*Harriette Barton — One of Bannegat Bay's best crews.*



*Westerners appear to be having fun.*





*MISSING!! — Michael Fortenbaugh's Bay Head YC Flag discovered flying at Okobojie. It had been reported missing at the '85 Nationals — showed up at Okobojie '86 — was flown at the '86 Blue Chip and STOLEN AGAIN!*



*Doug and Ingrid Love.*



*Mastermind Mike Fortenbaugh and crew.*



*Tom Sweitzer and friends at Eastern — sponsored party for Westerners at Okobojie.*

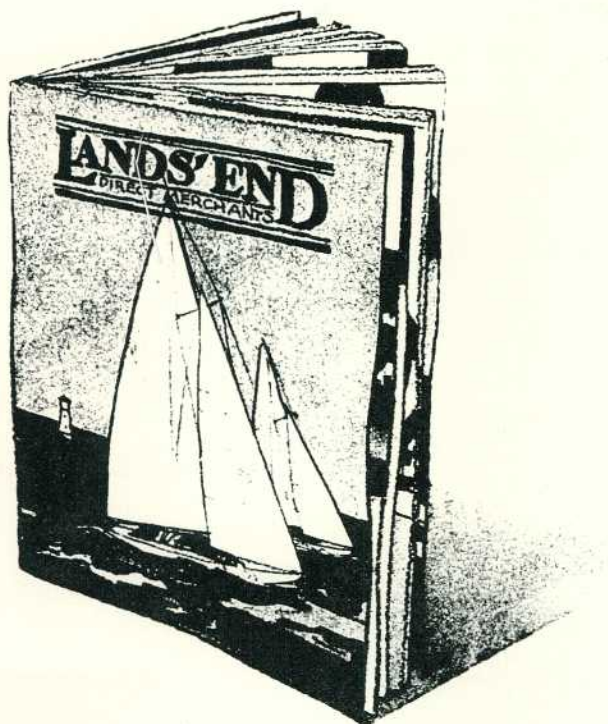


*Easterner's party at Okobojie.*



*Jay Darling & Mike Heinrich — Ahh so.*





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# WESTERN MICHIGAN CHAMPIONSHIP

Crystal Lake — August 7-10

By Joanna Wickland

Crystal Lake was the host of the Western Michigan Championship Regatta on August 7-10. Five races over four days were scheduled. Not only the E-Scows, but Mc's, C's, Butterflies, and Lasers competed for a total of 130 boats.

Only three of five races were sailed for the E-Scows. One was cancelled because of lack of wind and the last race was cancelled due to excessive wind.

Bill Walters (CR-100) from Crystal Lake, a new addition to E-sailing, was the dominant factor in all three races. With help from Buddy and Hans Melges, Bill seemed to jump out at the start of each race and continually increase his lead.

All three races were sailed in breezes out of the southwest at 15-18 mph.

Mike Huck, also from Crystal; Larry Price; and Happy Fox from Spring Lake battled to finish in the top four places.

Although it was disappointing for E-sailors to only get three races in, Charlie Harrett and his fine race committee did a fantastic job attempting to race five classes in just four days.

A good turn-out of E's at Crystal, along with a fantastic atmosphere, made the trip to Crystal a fun experience as well as a great vacation.

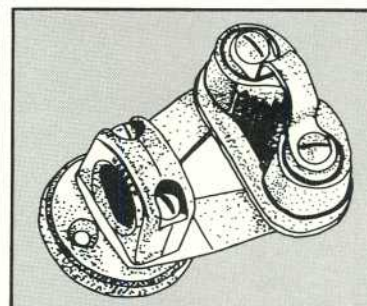
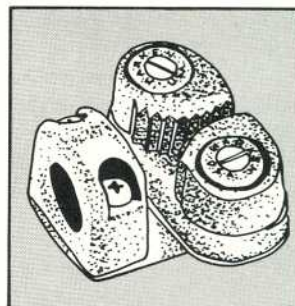
Next year sailors will be back to Crystal for the E-Invitational. Everyone's invited to join us at the first E-Scow lake in the world!

## WESTERN MICHIGAN RESULTS

1.	Bill Walters	CR-100	0
2.	Mike Huck	CR-81	21.7
3.	Larry Price	SL-13	24.7
4.	Happy Fox	SL-8	26
5.	Paul Eggert	SL-39	29
6.	Tom Klabin	ID-111	32.7
7.	Denny Malone	TO-8	36
8.	Paul Wickland	SL-22	39.4
9.	Bill Gerrity	TO-5	43
10.	Charlie Harrett	SL-111	52
11.	Bob Wynkoop, Jr.	CR-75	53
12.	Pat O'Brien	SL-3	53
13.	Gould/Mull	CR-87	54
14.	Ron Dunwell	SL-1	60
15.	Tad Welch	SL-12	66
16.	Bob Wynkoop, Sr.	CR-21	67
17.	Brad Keller	TO-111	67
18.	Ed Schindler	CR-110	69
19.	Peter Fox	W-30	73
20.	Miller	CR-44	77
21.	Jake Detar	TO-13	81
22.	Skip Wynkoop	CR-13	81
23.	Bill Simpson	CR-323	86

## Essential Equipment for the E Scow

If you do not own a pair of Harken H-2000 boat shoes, consider this. The H-2000's are engineered for action. They provide superior gripping on wet decks; they support and comfort feet; they are quick drying. The H-2000's — boat shoes that even feel good when wet.



New for 1987 — fixed and swivel cam bases. These are ideal for board controls, spinnaker halyard and topping lift controls. At left is part #238; the swivel box, right, is #240. List prices are \$21.50 and \$31.50 respectively. Ask your dealer for them now.

# HARKEN

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# MESA CHAMPIONS - IP

Lake Carlyle, Illinois — July 11-13

By Ted Beier

Hot, unstable weather caused by a week-long stationary front across the Middle West provided a mixed blessing of good winds and heavy afternoon thunderstorms for the 1986 MESA Championship Regatta. Only four of the six scheduled races were completed during the Friday through Sunday series with all afternoon races abandoned because of heavy lightning. Tom Klaban of Cincinnati, Ohio, won the series with a near-perfect record of three firsts and one second. Roger Carlson of Champaign, Illinois, was second overall followed by Herb Perlmutter of Kirkwood, Missouri, in third place.

Excellent 10 to 12 mile windward-triangle and windward-leeward courses were set on Carlyle's open water, thanks to Principal Race Officer Rick Stevenson and his Committee. Their careful attention to weather conditions and radio communications with the Clinton County Sheriff during the second race allowed them to attempt a race, and then abandon in time to get the fleet in harbor before a storm hit. The winds in this storm were strong enough to capsize boats without sails that were tied to the docks. Rick is the Vice Commodore of Carlyle Sailing Association and U.S. President of the International 470 Class.

The first race, Friday morning, was sailed in winds of 12-17 mph on a WT course with a weather heading of 210. Tom Klaban went far left on the first beat, found a big header to tack on, and hit the weather mark with a big lead which he held to the end. Roger Carlson and Herb Perlmutter rounded second and third, and they held these positions throughout also. The afternoon race was set on a 12 mile WL course with a wind which had increased to 15-20 mph. This race was abandoned near the end of the first run with Roger Carlson leading.

Saturday morning was rescheduled for back-to-back races which were completed under cloudy conditions and steadier southwest winds of 15-20 mph. The first race of the day was a 12 mile WL, and again Klaban worked the left side of the beat and rounded first. Perlmutter rounded second with Tom Ewing third and Carlson fourth. Again the finish positions were the same as first weather mark roundings at the top end of the fleet, but Klaban had to accept a 30% penalty.

The back-to-back race was another WT course with the southwest wind holding strong. Klaban and Carlson were very close throughout the race, but Barry Nelson found something on the right side on the last beat and finished ahead of them to take first place. Klaban finished second, and Carlson finished third, while Perlmutter with a broken vang had to settle for an eighth place.

At this point the racing was back on schedule, but not for long. The fleet stayed ashore on Saturday afternoon because of severe thunderstorm warnings from the weather bureau. However, none hit the lake or harbor area, causing some mumbling among those hoping for a throwout race.

Sunday morning brought clearing weather and a westerly wind at 10-15 mph which diminished to 8-10 by the end of the race. Another WL course was set and started in good order. Klaban, Carlson, and Perlmutter finished one, two, three in this race as they did for the entire series.

The MESA Annual Meeting was held Friday evening. Pete Gass of Carlyle Sailing Association was elected Commodore, and Bud Weeber of Indian Lake was elected Vice Commodore. Jana Cappellin and Ted Beier were reelected Secretary and NCESA Director. A motion was passed to open the 1987 MESA Championship Regatta to any E Scow sailor who is a member of NCESA.



Wisnosky, B. Robinson and Perlmutter going to weather in a heavy chop.



photos: Jeannette Beier  
Beier and Klaban heading for the top.





*Ted Beier awarding 1st place trophy to Tom Klaban.*



*Roger Carlson accepting 2nd place trophy from Ted.*



*3rd place to Herb Perlmutter.*

*ED. NOTE: Absence of DNF's below suggests competent boatsmanship by the fleet or Ted Beier equipped them all with the new flotation panels.*

**1986 MIDSTATES E SCOW ASSOCIATION CHAMPIONSHIPS**  
Lake Carlyle, Illinois

Pos.	Skipper/Crew	S/N	1	2	3	4	Total Pts.
1	Klaban/Tompkins, B. Hadley	ID11	1	1	2* (6)	1	11.7
2	Carlson/Thomas O'Toole, Kelly	IB111	2	4	3	2	19.7
3	Perlmutter/Shindel, G. Brewer	S1	3	2	8	3	28.4
4	Ewing/Ewing Patton, Patton	ID4	5	3	5	4	38.7
5	Nelson/Tompkins, J. Glenn, Noonan	LS111	7	8** (15)	1	6	45.7
6	Robinson, R./Clairmont Schaefer, Hadsell	IB8	8	5	6	5	45.7
7	Wisnosky, A./Wisnosky, J. Rohs, Henderson	IB100	6	6	4	9	46.4
8	Beier, Major Miller, Paoli	S27	4	7	7	8	48
9	Pruetzel, Shindel, R. Congdon, Lewis	S7	9	9	F	4	59
10	Robinson, J./Turcan Thunman, Steckel	IB1	10	10	9	10	63
11	Smith, C./Smith, S. Hatala, Heritage	S4	12	11	11	11	69
12	Gass, P./Bentledge Bass, L., Gass, W.	S14	11	12	10	F	72
13	Neubert, R./Udina Neubert, M., Laskowsky	S271	F	F	12	S	81
14	Weeber/Weeber	ID8	S	S	S	S	84

\* 30% penalty

\*\* 60% penalty



# 1986 NCESA CHAMPIONSHIP REGATTA

Lake Minnetonka, Minnesota — September 4-6

By Sam Merrick

No regatta in memory came up with as much joy of sailing as that experienced at the 1986 E Scow National held on Lake Minnetonka. Young Harry Melges won it all, but the other 52 entries had three gorgeous days of brisk breezes from the northwesterly quarter that provided a full measure of challenging combinations of strategy and tactics. What fun it was, even for those, fifteen in all, who spent time bottoms up!

The shape of the competition emerged after the third race when Melges took over the regatta leadership from Dick Wight. His five finishes with 2-9-1-2-1 enabled him to become a spectator for race 6 while five of his closest pursuers essentially tied in a 7.7 point spread sorted themselves in the sixth according to their performance and good fortune in the following regatta rank.

**Second was Bill Allen** who came from behind early in the race, but jibed early on the first of the two WT reaches and passed five boats to nip Fortenbaugh just before the jibe mark. With 29.7 points to Fortenbaugh's 29, he did what he had to do by covering for the final beat. As first woman, his wife Suzy won the Dede Meyer trophy for the second time.

**Third overall was Mike Fortenbaugh.** He had a great start and appeared on the way to winning the race until he ran into a shattering port tack header on what he thought was the lay line. He nevertheless developed a solid fourth position at the end of the second beat, only to have Allen move up from ninth to third and ahead. He struggled to break Allen's cover but couldn't.

**Fourth — Dick Wight** tried a pin start, miscalculated his speed, went over early and then tacked into the oncoming mass of starboard tackers. He got back on starboard before the mess got too complete. The chase boat caught him a minute later, so he retired. His chances for second place depended on what the others might do. Fortenbaugh then Allen took advantage of his idleness by their 3-4 finishes as recounted above.

**Fifth — Brian Porter** came roaring into the finish with a probable ninth from way deep. Ten yards away from the finish he had to tack for the line and promptly capsized. A ninth would not have allowed him to pass Wight so the loss of another dozen finishers while getting Shaddow Fox II upright did no additional harm.

**Seventh — Eric Johnson** finished down the fleet enough so that he had to eat the fourteenth he scored in Race 3. Thus he also lost his chance to catch Wight; but more than that he lost **Sixth place to Tom Burton** by a 1.7 margin when Burton won the contest.

The Melges accomplishment bore all the stamp of a continuing dynasty of that name. Boat speed to burn wedded to sound judgement on the wind shifts and channels sound like Buddy's doings — no better demonstrated than on the second beat of Race 3 when the victim became Gordy Bowers for the one race he showed his great form — great, but not good enough to stop Harry. Harry of course was not alone. His "little" brother Hans, Jim Gluek and Angie Sheahan made Harry's job look easy.

## A FEW OBSERVATIONS

- Don and Marilyn Gamble were everywhere as "Chairmen" in charge of the show. The island-bound Minnetonka Y.C. offers special problems of regatta management and they scored A plus, even to the brightly upholstered director's chairs taken home as prizes.

- "The old order passeth." Ed Malone, for years measurer and race committee judge, had taken his retirement seriously and gone south early. John Hunt, chairman designate for protests, found recovery from illness insufficiently incomplete, so he withdrew. Mike and Dede Meyer were driving back from Seattle. They were all missed.

- Six states were represented among the entries, but neither Mendota nor Pewaukee with big E fleets were represented at all. Delavan, Cedar and Pine have not attended the National Regatta for years, but the Wisconsin disinterest seems to be spreading. Compare New Jersey with eleven entries to the three from next door Wisconsin.



photo: Sam Merrick

*Overall winner Harry Melges III prior to white flag.*

## RACE BY RACE SUMMARIES

**Race 1:** Course WT, 260° Wind 22-28 mph.

Ex-National Champ Campell made a perfect start at the "pin" end but was unable to take a hitch into the big starboard lift which dominated the first beat. The leaders on the run, Burton, Melges, Wight, Hill elected long starboard jibes. First Magno (15th or so at the mark) then DeCamp (10th) then Allen (5th) jibed to port in moves which brought them to the fore. DeCamp led briefly and tried to consolidate his lead over Allen, but went too far on starboard jibe. Allen arrived at the leeward mark with a comfortable lead. Magno, Melges, Wight and DeCamp rounded in rapid succession. Typically phasing wind determined the tack choice in the early part of the beat. But approaching the Minnetonka west shore, the shifts became more rapid and more difficult for a reliable response. Allen held his lead, but Melges got by Magno and became the challenger for the rest of the race. In fourth spot at the end of the second beat was the "cover boat" M-6 on ILYA's brochure, sailed by Jake Hoeschler. The final beat was a tacking duel between Melges and Allen, with Allen remaining in the lead over Melges while Wight and Hoeschler benefited from the fray by getting closer.



# MINNETONKA NC



*Erik Johnson en route to rolling a seven.*



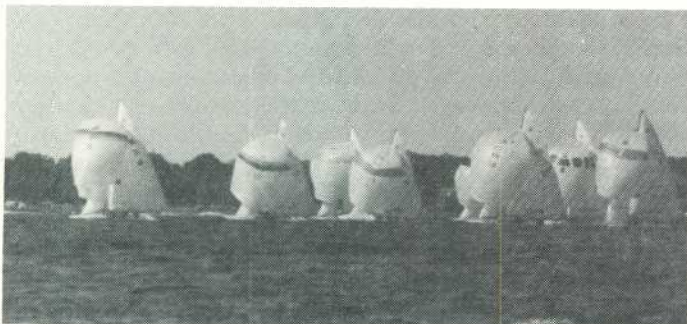
*Willie de making plenty knots.*



*Rick Turner approaching a crew in dire need of flotation.*



*Don Nelson about to tack.*



*Like a bunch of well-fed guppies.*



*A clump of running M boats.*

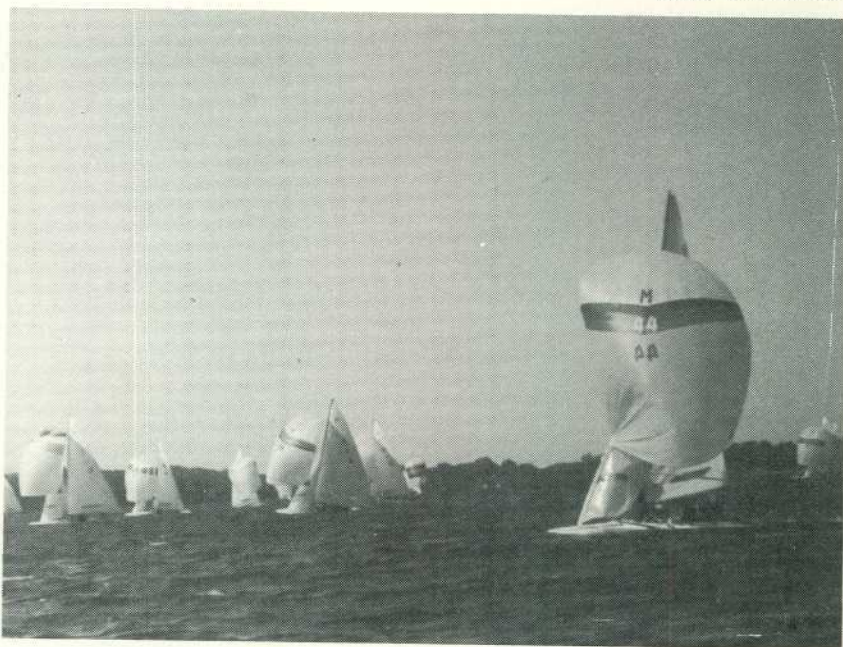


# SA PHOTO ALBUM

photos: Sam Merrick



*Bill, Suzie Allen and crew taking five.*



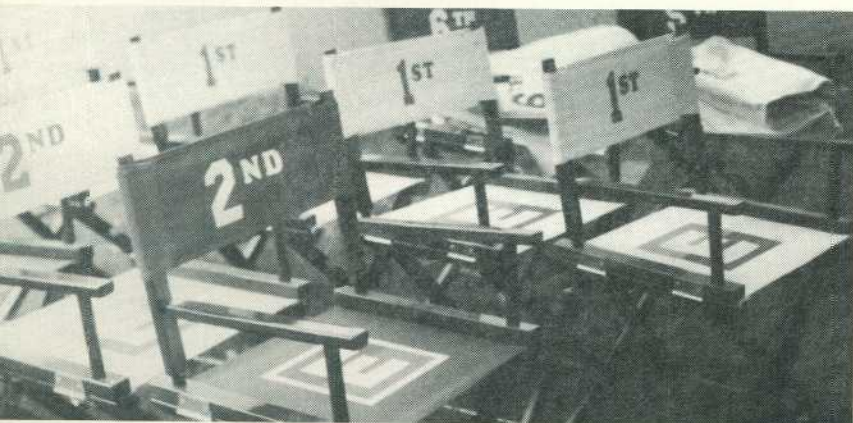
*Allen boat back on the job.*



*Brian Porter looking hard at another potential turtle.*



*Bill Campbell and crew.*



*Really inspired Prizes!*



*Is this a Team Melges double whammy, or did the photographer stay too late at a party.*



# 1986 E NATIONALS CHAMPIONSHIP RESULTS

Pos.	Yacht No.	Name	FINISHES						Cum. Pts.
1.	I1	Harry Melges III	2	9	1	2	1	DNS*	21
2.	M44	Bill Allen	1	13*	5	6	4	3	35.4
3.	BH17	Mike Fortenbaugh	DNF*	4	2	9	2	4	37
4.	MR10	Dick Wight	3	2	9	4	5	DNS*	41.7
5.	I49	Brian Porter	14	3	3	3	7	23*	50.1
6.	M9	Tom Burton/Bruce Martinson	8	8	10*	5	8	1	52
7.	CH18	Erik Johnson	12	5	14	1	3	16*	53.7
8.	LA99	Dave Magno	7	18*	4	7	11	2	54
9.	M8	David Chute	6	1	12	14	19*	10	65.7
10.	M33	Fred Chute Jr.	15	6	6	26*	6	7	69.1
11.	M111	Doug Kuller	10	12	11	29*	16	6	84.7
12.	BH13	Peter Fortenbaugh	16P*	15	8	20	10	9	92
13.	T5	Bill Campbell	11	28*	17	8	17	11	94
14.	LE8	Jack Lampman	30*	7	18	16	13	17	101
15.	M11	Gordy Bowers	18	22	7	30*	9	19	105
16.	MA9	William DeCamp Jr.	5	16	40*	22	15#	13	116
17.	W12	Don Nelson	25	14	37*	11	33	5	117
18.	M4	Peter Slocum	9	DNF*	13	13#	23	15	119
19.	W87	Ken Broen	23	21	16	15	18	DNF*	123
20.	W11	David Kenyon	DNF*	DNF	31	36	22	14	127
21.	W10	Bob Zak	20	10	19	17P*	29	21	129
22.	M127	David Carisch	19	34*	20	10	25	28	132
23.	MA45	Mike O'Brien/Mark Beaton	22	32	36P*	18	12	22	136
24.	M67	David Ferguson	21	11	DNF*	34	14	33	143
25.	UM88	Brant Nelson	29	24	21	19	20	DNF*	143
26.	M3	Mike Fanberg	33	19	27	21	40*	20\$	150
27.	W8	Eric Bloomquist	24	29	15	24P*	31	25	154
28.	M6	Jake Hoeschler	4	DNF*	26	39	36	26	159
29.	CH6	Rick Turner	40	DNF*	22	12	28	29P	161
30.	UM16	Dave Abramson	32	17	32	23	27	18P*	161
31.	LE7	Arthur Galoway	26	27	29	37#*	24	32	168
32.	M5	John Wicks	31	25	25	32*	26	31	168
33.	W15	George Hill	13	DNF*	33	27	DNF	12	168
34.	M1	Jay Ecklund	DNF	20	24	38P*	34	8	169
35.	M55	Tom Bugbee	28	DNF*	28	28	32	24	170
36.	BH7	H. Corbin Day	27	DNF*	23	31	21	DNF	185
37.	ID18	Jeff Lewis	34	30	30	DNF*	37	27	188
38.	M77	Woody Jewett	36	DNF*	35	33	35	30	199
39.	M105	Bob Sevey	DNF*	26	38	40	30	36	200
40.	CH15	David B. De Lancey	DNF*	33	39	41	39	35	217
41.	W1	Jule Hannaford	DNF*	23	41	25	DNF	DNF	225
42.	M26	Jack Zimmerschied	39	DNF*	43	42	42	38	234
43.	LA9	Erik Wilson	35	31	DNF*	35	DNF	DNF	237
44.	J12	Jack Schloesser	17	DNF*	34	DNF	DNF	DNF	240
45.	CB1	Mark Kiefer	41	DNF*	46	45	43	DNF	258
46.	M137	Barry R. Nelson	38	DNF*	DNF	DNF	DNF	34	261
47.	M22	John Davis	DNF*	DNF	44	44	38	DNF	262
48.	M27	Jerry Carisch	DNF*	DNS	DNS	DNS	41	37	267
49.	OK87	Mark Kremers	37	DNF*	45	DNS	DNS	DNS	271
50.	M333	Jim Johanson	DNS*	DNS	DNF	DNF	DNS	39	281
51.	CR44	Frederick T. Miller	DNS*	DNS	42	DNF	DNS	DNS	284
52.	UM2	Brooks Chandler	DNS*	DNS	DNF	43	DNS	DNS	285
53.	LA1	Steve Schmidt	DNS*	DNS	DNS	DNS	DNS	DNS	295

# = Requested Penalty Points

\* = Throw Out

P = Protest Allowed



**Race 2:** Course W 2½, 290° Wind 25-28 mph.

Again the pin end was best — Campbell tried again but went over early. Wight had a good rush and led. As the starboard tack left faded, Wight went over to port. Porter stayed on starboard another ten lengths crossing behind Wight, then hit a major port lift. This brought him a lead at the first mark over Dave Chute and Wight — the three close together and well ahead of the rest of the fleet, were never threatened. Lampman and Mike Fortenbaugh rounded a distant fourth and fifth. The second run proved decisive. Chute jibed early away from Porter and Wight, caught a blast and was ahead twenty lengths or better at the leeward mark. He sailed to an easy win. Porter had stayed ahead of Wight through the final turn, but not by much. Wight going faster got by after a ding-dong tacking duel in the final moments of the race. Melges had his worst race and Fred Chute the first of his three sixth finishes.

**Race 3:** Course WT, 310° Wind 12-18 mph.

Two general recalls with big jams at the windward end of the line. The third start looked the same but the boats were better behaved. Bowers, Melges, Fred Chute, Porter, Magno, Burton, Allen and Wight came out of it enough ahead of the first mark to avoid the following crowd. The run was almost entirely on starboard jibe with the wind backing. The second beat became a battle with Melges gradually overcoming Bowers in a series of tacks and covering tacks. Two hundred yards from the mark on a starboard lay line, both got a big header. Bowers tacked under Melges, Melges held long enough to cover the oncoming port tackers and a nice increase in velocity. Back on starboard for the mark, Bowers just made it ahead of Fortenbaugh, Allen and Porter — he had lost Melges. At the end of the two reaches Fortenbaugh had closed to within three lengths of Melges. Melges went to a covering mode to the right side for the last beat to block Fortenbaugh. With Allen, Bowers and Porter in the center where it might have been dangerous, they got into a big right shift from the shore which brought them in on a reach well ahead of their pursuers. The same shift helped Magno come in fourth just behind Allen.



*Campbell, Allen, Kuller, Fortenbaugh at port end of line no Black Flag this time.*



*Brian Porter (I-49), David Carisch and Peter Fortenbaugh rounding into spinnaker strikers.*

photos: Sam Merrick

**Race 4:** WO (4 beats), 320° D Triangle, Wind 10-20 mph.

Maybe out of the morning habit, most of the fleet was packed at the starboard end. However, Eric Johnson (and Porter a few lengths behind) tacked to port from the leeward end on a left shift and was immediately in first place for the rest of the race. Dave Carisch, Porter, Magno and Burton got the benefit of the same left shift but they were looking at Johnson's one minute lead by the first mark. The wind went light at the end of the run and that stretched Johnson's lead. Johnson handled his lead in classic form: starboard tack for half the lead distance, then port, but only for the other half until directly upwind from the starboard tack followers. He followed this routine for each subsequent beat. By the end of the second beat there were no new faces. Porter and Magno had passed Carisch, but Burton and Wight still followed. By then Johnson was 1 minute, 55 seconds ahead. On the broad first reach, Magno dropped back and both Allen and Melges moved up. The second reach was close; order unchanged. The wind had backed to 290°, so the run in light air until near the end made little impact except to reduce Johnson's lead as the boats following brought up the breeze. The last beat was characterized by increasingly shifting winds — then a wild reaching finish from above the starboard lay line with Melges, Porter, Wight, Burton and Allen crossing the line within a three minute span.



*David Chute winning the second race.*

**Race 5:** Course W 2½, 305°, Wind 12-20 mph.

The scramble at the start gave no big advantages. Wight looked ahead for a while, but Fortenbaugh, Johnson and Melges rounded ahead close together. At the end of the run, it was Melges, Johnson, Fortenbaugh with Wight and Burton not too far behind. Melges then took charge for a 35 second lead by the end of the beat. Fortenbaugh got by Johnson and so it was for the balance of the race. Melges had won the Regatta and retired lest his participation in the sixth race should juggle the struggle for second.

**Race 6:** Course WT (D Triangle), 325°, Wind 20 mph.

Most of the fleet went left with Fortenbaugh well in the lead after five minutes into the race. A few minutes before the windward mark a big right shift killed those on the left — like Campbell, Johnson and Porter. Fortenbaugh managed to stave off disaster by rounding sixth with Allen in tenth. But it was Magno, DeCamp, Ecklund, Kuller and Pete Fortenbaugh who led. Burton had a great run from seventh to second, but Magno held his lead. At the end of the second beat, it was still Magno then Burton. Kuller was in third comfortably ahead of Fortenbaugh in fourth. Fred Chute made it in fifth by shooting the left corner, on the subsequent reach. Allen in ninth jibed early, then back up under everyone other than Burton and Magno. No spinnakers on the close second reach. For the final beat Burton covered Magno and Allen covered Fortenbaugh.



photos courtesy S.J. Vizanko, a professional  
photographer in Minnetonka who generously  
provided the front cover photo as well.



*Skipper Doug Kuller with crew ILYA representative Bunny Kuller.*



## WE LAUGHED, WE CRIED WE WENT THROUGH A WHOLE RANGE OF EMOTIONS

By Mike Fortenbaugh

*(Mike graduated from college with a history degree but he really wanted to major in sociology. So, this is his first effort in this new field. We think it's an attempt to explain, from a sociological standpoint, why the Nationals were so much fun. Please bear with him.—Eds.)*

"Okay guys, one last time over the check list. Boat?"

"Check."

"Sails?"

"Check."

"Life jackets?"

"Check."

"Psych?"

"Check."

That was it. We piled into our '66 Lincoln Continental, light yellow, two hub caps missing, but it was a convertible and the top worked. Nothing else seemed to matter.

My brother was long gone and it was Tuesday evening before we got on the road, well behind schedule. I asked Dave to diagnose our status. He just wheezed, shook his head back and forth violently and gasped, "Drive, drive, drive." I think he had just taken a shot of Vodka — Absolut Vodka. I hope it was through his mouth. I just kept driving, my eyes glued to the road. Here we were, about to enter the Garden State Parkway, at the beginning of our journey. We knew where we were going, we knew how we were going to get there, and we knew where we'd be staying once we got there. It was too good to be true.

That's what I like about sailing — sometimes it's just too good. That's what keeps me racing. In fact, that's what keeps most of us racing. How else can four grown people have so much good, clean, competitive, non-violent, American fun? Dog sledding through the Antarctic? Nope. Writing for the E-Scow Reporter? Forget it. Sitting on a desert island with the most beautiful person in the world? Not even close. I know. I've done them all. And what's more, sailing on Lake Minnetonka is better than "too good." I know, I've sailed there. And to top it all off, staying with Dave Ferguson while sailing on Minnetonka is the best of the "too goods," I know. Actually, we know — me, my crew and assorted others. My crew just phoned and asked me to thank Matt for his bed. Thanks, Matt.

Our instructions said to get to Carson's Bay. We made it. I stepped out of the car, numb from the all-night drive. No one was there to welcome us except a nasty group of birds, the "state bird." Mosquitos and I have a history of not getting along. I guess it started when I picked up a swatter and a can of spray and went to town. In one day, August 6, 1983, I wiped out half the population in Bay Head. I was a killer. Anyway, that news traveled and every skeeter in the country lost at least one relative in my rampage. Since then, I've been a marked man in every mosquito's eye. Carson's Bay wasn't my kind of town. It had more mosquitos than anywhere else in the country. You'd think their Congressmen would have tacked on a bill to the latest law which declared the rose our national flower. If they could only have nationalized Minnesota's state bird, maybe they could have used federal funds to catch them and redistribute them evenly across the country.

Mosquitos or not, this was the Nationals and we were in Minnesota. I live in New York. Now being from the East, I've been conditioned to think in certain ways. That's just natural. But for the life of me, I can't figure why those mid-westerners do such weird things sometimes. I can understand a group of excitable

sailors who saw the perfect place to build a club house and who just started building and kept on until they finished. But you would think, and mind you that I'm from the East, that they would have at least once turned around and saw that their site wasn't connected to the mainland. They built on an island. I mean, come on! That's almost as bad as painting yourself into a corner. I know, I've done it. Maybe someday progress will get up north there and they'll build a four land suspension bridge to that island and charge \$2.00 for four axles.



At least whoever built the lake did okay. The same goes for whoever built the fans which provided us with enough wind for three days. If these two people had just gotten together during the planning stages, they might even have worked out the squirrely shifts that plagued the windward marks. That's how Harry won and he knows it. It certainly wouldn't be very fair if I didn't also congratulate whoever served up those hot and delicious meals at lunch. Someone said there was also a breakfast, but we never got out of bed until that was over. Regardless of how much time goes by, this regatta will stick in my mind, thanks to my stomach.

Let's get back to sailing — four people in a boat on a screaming reach — the American Dream all over again. I'm talking about parties, and there were parties. I know. I was probably there. Everyone wants to read about the parties, everyone except for the Federal Commission of Concerned Parents Against Sexually Explicit Song Lyrics. If they got their hands on this article, and all I talked about were the parties, out would come the scissors and snip snip. I mean, this article would be cut off from the Reporter just like the yacht club was from the mainland. Only difference is, this article and my journalism career would sink straight to the bottom. I know this is a general audience magazine. I can tell because it arrives without a brown paper cover. We knew we had to do something of PG value, but was that possible? Did Team Breathless ever do something we could write home to Mom about? I felt like Captain Kirk heading out into the unknown, boldly going where no one has gone before. We went bowling.



Bowling is the finest sport. Everyone can bowl — if they have Rayons. My brother loves to Bowl. I wouldn't admit to that. I don't own any Rayons. Greasy hamburgers, all-beef hotdogs, Budweiser and bowling. That's American culture. Even if Nicaragua invaded the U.S., they could never destroy America. There we were, the night before the regatta, finished with our dinner at T-Wright's. I leaned smoothly to the waitress and said in my best Humphrey Bogart, "Bowling."

"My me-oh-my! I know just the place. Yup, I'd be there myself if I wasn't working here. You are gonna love this place and have a blast. I mean a real blast."

She went on to tell us directions. We found the alley without any problems. The car didn't even run out of gas. That was strange, at that time of night we'd usually get less than a mile a gallon. Even stranger, as we arrived, another group of sailors was about to leave. We knew them — they were our friends. I can't divulge names in order to protect the innocent and the not-so. Besides, the Nicaraguans are probably reading this. Our friends turned around and went back in with us to bowl a few more games. "If you Americans are going in there," one of them said. "You'll need us for protection."

Our protection only bowled for a few minutes before getting tossed out of the alley. I'm not sure exactly why. I was too busy concentrating on getting my thumb out of the ball before it crashed down the lane. Evidently our friends had a hard time deciding which direction to bowl and couldn't quite grasp the concept of waiting until the machines had set up the pins before bowling. Maybe they were subversives. We took no chance and ordered a few more "decontamination" drinks. My crew and I wagered an amount (under three figures) on a game. Only later did I find out the pinko sympathizer was trying to hustle me. Back home he had his own custom ball, shoes and a bowling shirt with his name embroidered across the front in fluorescent red. Red! Wouldn't you know it. Luckily, I had the best game of my life, bowling 186 to his 179. America and John Wayne triumph again. He begged for a double-or-nothing match, so I gave him back his money during the next game. Keeping crews happy is easy. Nothing like a great game of bowling, golf or ping-pong, to take your mind off the regatta.

After the first day of racing, we went home to decide what to do that night. Preparing correctly for the night is a difficult process which requires great detail. First we'd make seabreezes, then take showers, then play beer pong and then sit around relaxing, trying to be one with the party. "Ah grasshoppers," the all-knowing voice would ask. "Where should we go tonight?" We targeted Jay Eckland's house, it was supposed to be big. By the time we got there, we were out of luck. Someone had scheduled the E-Scow party there as well. Now I can't believe anyone would invite sailors to such a house. Everyone knows sailors. Moreover, there weren't any bouncers to keep Team Breathless out. For out of five hotels have already put us on their black lists. We felt very honored and decided not to touch anything. We felt like the Grinch at Christmas time. "Hold on, Katie, put this stereo equipment back in the house. And by the way, put this tape on." Who said disco's dead? I asked Dave Ferguson what he thought of Jay's party and he said, "I had a great time."

Night faded into day but before it did, I caught glimpses of T-Wrights, dancing on top of a convertible and bouncers chasing people around the bar. It must have been an ordinary night. The next day was ordinary as well. We were late, we were nearly arrested, Team Breathless beat the Melges' in a wrestling match (a clear cut and decisive pin), Dave had a beer, Joe wore his sunglasses, Katie talked a lot, and we sailed two races. I have a feeling that if it wasn't for the nighttime, sailing would be very ordinary.

This evening we knew we had to attend the annual E-Scow banquet. There was something drawing us there. The Little Eggers promised us free cocktails (with good vodka), but maybe it was the sight of all the sailors in their multi-colored blazers. No, couldn't be. No one is that masochistic. When we got there, none of us could even see through those colors. Lucky we brought our sunglasses. Now a banquet isn't just a simple dinner. It's a very complicated game full of strategy and maneuver. This time I won and sat next to the best person, who incidentally, everyone else wanted to sit next to, too. No Joe, I can't print names. Just wait until the next banquet and look who I'm sitting next to again.

Midway through the banquet, about the time the speeches started, I started succumbing to an overpowering sense of paranoia. Whenever I turned around and looked at the table behind me, I saw things worse than bat-nightmares. Napkins! These people were wearing napkins on their heads! And what's more, they were laughing that blood-curdling call of the Auk. I kept looking to see if Jay Darling was slipping drugs into my Absolut and grapefruit juice. Crazy. Lucky we left quickly and I was able to drive. Lucky Ruppert's had valet parking. Lucky Joe could drive home.

Ruppert's. Ahh, Ruppert's. A pretty great dream, wasn't it? Ruppert's, as you might not know, was a night club in Minneapolis. A clan of sailors went there after the banquet. I was one of the lucky ones because the next morning I could still remember what happened that night. Now everyone has their favorite place in the world. If I got on the phone and asked, Jule Hannaford would say White Bear Lake, Runnie Colie would say Bay Head, Harry Melges would say Burlington, and Brian Porter would say partying with Team Breathless. But my favorite place, and it stands here on record, is Ruppert's. I've been to the hottest night clubs in New York and to some private parties which would shake up anything, but Ruppert's, it was pure magic. I'm not sure why that night was magic. Maybe it was the group of girls who kept asking me and my crew if we were single when we walked through the doors. Maybe it was the other scow sailors making the atmosphere perfect. Maybe it was the large black lady who sang those songs with such power. Maybe it was the dancing. But maybe, and this is a strong maybe, it was the three violin players dressed in red dresses, wearing headphones and playing the violins as they stood up and down in unison. They put a trance on everyone who stared their way. The Blues Brothers were even there. Who can forget Jake and Ellwood dancing? Who can forget any of it?

Do you ever notice during a regatta that when you go to sleep, morning comes so quickly. Do you ever think that it might be a Nicaraguan plot?

Regattas are three days long because the human body can't take a fourth. I looked this up in the Encyclopedia Britannica. You can always see proof of the regatta's last day. Consider the case of Harry Melges who was beset by a case of amnesia at the awards. He told the story about driving to Minnetonka. Apparently they stopped by the roadside and Hans bought fifty pieces of Bazooka bubble gum. According to Harry, since Hans had so many, he tried one and when he opened it up, the fortune read, "Your luck will never end." This proves the point. Harry forgot that he actually went through thirty-five other pieces before finding that fortune. Some of the discarded fortunes were: "Go right in the first race." "Tomorrow it will be windy." "Go left in the second race." "You'll meet new people." "Don't mess with our Eastern girls." "Go Left in race four." "Life is a roller coaster." "Who'd you get lucky with?" "Happiness is a vacation in Nicaragua."

We survived another nationals. Team Breathless was still together and a force to be reckoned with by every state trooper between Minnesota and New Jersey. We may have gotten older, but we learned something new. Nothing beats freshly squeezed grapefruit juice in your Absolut.



# The Results are in . . . . .



---

## **At South Carolina**

- The top 6 boats were Melges

## **At Nagawicka**

- 3 of the top 5 boats were Melges

## **At Hopatcong**

- 8 of the top 10 boats were Melges

## **At Keuka - Chatauqua**

- 4 of the top 5 boats were Melges

## **At ILYA Invitational**

- 7 of the top 10 boats were Melges

## **At ILYA Championship**

- 4 of the top 5 boats were Melges

## **At E Nationals**

- 5 of the top 6 boats were Melges

## **At Pewaukee Blue Chip**

- 4 of the top 5 boats were Melges

---

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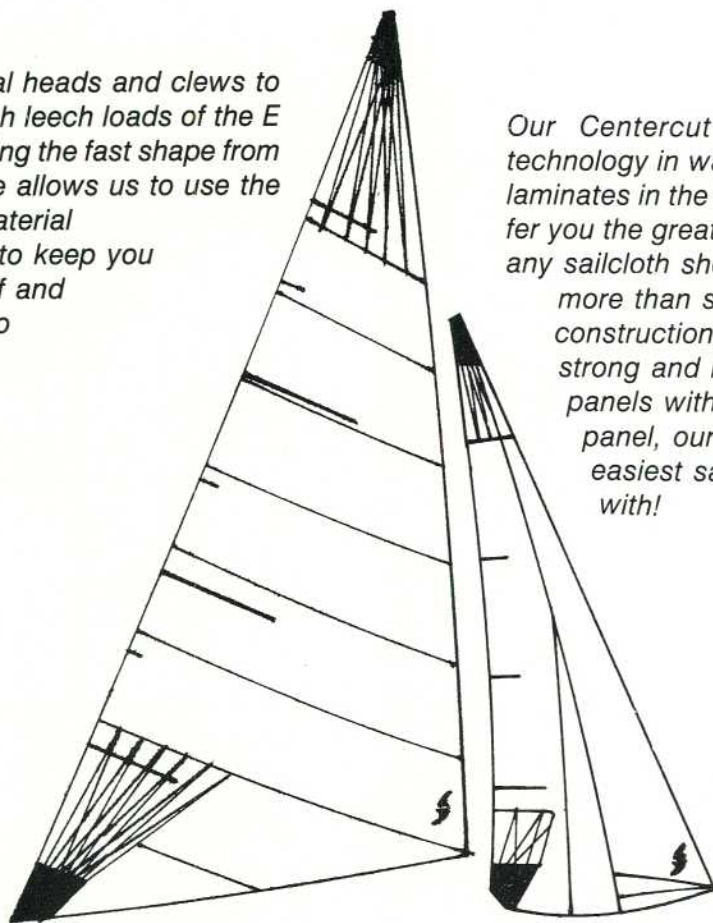
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# 1986 BLUE CHIP REGATTA

September 19-20-21 — Pewaukee Lake, Wisconsin

By Bill Allen

The 1986 Blue Chip brought with it typical fall Pewaukee weather with fog and drizzle on Friday morning and cool temperatures throughout the weekend. As Bill Campbell commented at the trophy presentation, "We Easterners love to come to Pewaukee because we always have such nice weather to drive home in." Sure enough, it was sunny and warm by Sunday afternoon.

The outcome of the regatta was made fairly clear as Harry Melges and crew won the first two races and then held on for their second straight title to add to an impressive string of victories during the 1986 season.

Race one was a 4½ windward leeward with a 10-12 mile per hour southeast breeze that saw Mike Fortenbaugh take an early lead with Bill Allen and Harry Melges close behind. Fortenbaugh led for the first two laps only to watch Allen and Melges jibe on a couple of streaks at the weather mark and take the lead. By the third weather mark Melges had snatched the lead with Allen close behind. As the two boats duelled after rounding the mark and performing a couple of jibes, Harry finally found the slot and took a commanding lead. Allen found the hole and rounded the leeward mark third behind Fortenbaugh. Melges went on to win with Fortenbaugh second, Allen third and Bill Campbell fourth.



*Pewaukee Lake Yacht Club.*



*Past Commodore Mike Meyer working on the weather.*



*Flat-calm-waiting.*



*Bill Campbell at Pewaukee in 1985 breeze.*



Race two was an OW course with a lighter breeze that had swung a bit more to the east. At the first mark it was Dave Magno leading, followed by Bill Campbell, David Koch, Harry Melges and Bill Allen. The positions changed somewhat on the second beat with Bill Campbell working to a comfortable lead followed by Melges, Dick Wight, Magno and Allen. As luck would have it, comfortable was not enough and as the wind died to just streaks, Melges was able to find that slot again and slip by Campbell, working the south side of the course. Wight snuck in second with Campbell third, Allen fourth and Magno fifth.

As the wind pooped out altogether, the fleet called it a day and went in for a round at the bar and some wonderful hors d'ouvres prepared by the Pewaukee Yacht Club ladies.

Saturday once again brought fog, but this time with almost no wind. Waiting finally turned into lunch as the wind tried to make its way around to the east. After a round of mud football and a false alarm, the wind finally swung to the east and we got a race started. The course was a 3½ windward leeward that again found Harry Melges in the lead, but it was the boats that jibed early, led by Brian Porter, that would have the lead at the leeward mark. Brian rounded first followed by Erik Johnson and David Koch, with Harry now in sixth. By the second weather mark, Brian had moved to a commanding lead followed by Melges, Johnson, Campbell and Allen. Campbell snuck by Johnson at the finish with the rest of the positions remaining the same.

At this point the fleet again retired to the land to get ready for the annual Pewaukee steak fry which once again was a tremendous success. But with a 9 o'clock warning gun for Race #4, it didn't last as long as it has in past years.

Sunday morning arrived with a fairly nice breeze from the east but as the fleet sailed down to the starting line the breeze began to fade. The Race Committee again set a 2½ windward leeward course and by the time the fleet got to the weather mark the wind had all but died. Steve Benjamin, the Mystery Guest, led, followed closely by Wight and Melges. As the fleet rounded the mark the boats from behind got a streak of wind and except for Benjamin the fleet almost flip flopped. As everyone jibed back and forth desperately to gain an advantage the wind filled in at about 12 mph from the southeast and found Fred Chute second followed by Allen, Koch and Tom Sweitzer. On the second beat the wind seemed to only be to the right of the rum line which found most of the fleet fetching the weather mark. If you got at all to the left you were seemingly hung out to dry which was the fate of Harry Melges as he rounded the weather mark second to last. Steve Benjamin held on to win the race and after a furious dogfight on the last leg, second went to Bill Allen, followed by Fred Chute, David Koch, Tom Sweitzer and Dick Wight. Harry Melges moved up to 12th to maintain a 4 point lead. As it was almost 11:30, the Committee sent the fleet in to bring an end to the 1986 E Blue Chip.

The final standings found Harry Melges taking first, followed by Bill Allen, Bill Campbell, Brian Porter, and Dave Koch.



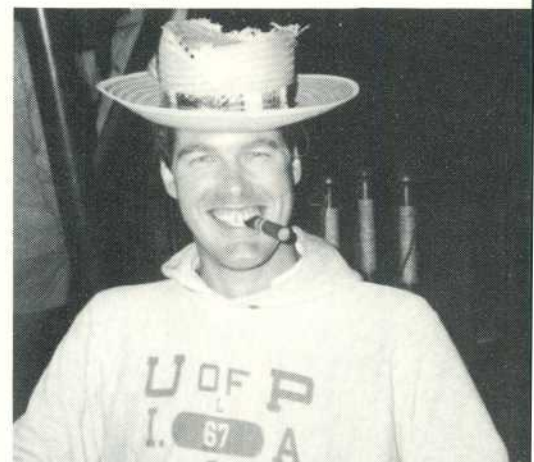
*The Porter Whaler/Party boat — what is Harry smiling at?*



*Jeff Baker and Mystery Guest Steve Benjamin.*



*Mike Fortenbaugh "becomes one" with his vessel during light air.*



*Sailing with Cliff Campbell is more than a Five-Race Commitment.*



# 1986 CLASS E BLUE CHIP REGATTA RESULTS

Pewaukee, Wisconsin

September 19-21

Boat #	Skipper	Race 1	Race 2	Race 3	Race 4	Points
I-1	Harry Melges	1	1	3	12	23.7
M-44	Bill Allen	3	4	6	2	28.4
T-5	Bill Campbell	4	3	4	11	38.7
I-49	Brian Porter	6	7	1	10	40.7
V-4	Dave Koch	10	8	2	5	43
MR-10	Dick Wight	12	2	11	6	49.7
BH-17	Mike Fortenbaugh	2	14	7	9	51
?-??	Steve Benjamin	17	10	9	1	54
V-9	Tom Sweitzer	13	6	12	4	56.7
CH-18	Erik Johnson	5	9	5	17	58
M-33	Fred Chute, Jr.	9	13	16	3	61.7
LA-99	Dave Magno	8*	5	8	14	63
ID-11	Tom Klaban	7	12	14	13	70
W-10	Bob Zak	11	11	13	15	74
M-6	Jake Hoeschler	15	16	15	8	78
LE-8	Jack Lampman	16	15	17	7	79
T-17	Cliff Campbell	14	17	10	16	81

## STEVE BENJAMIN 1986 "E" BLUE CHIP MYSTERY GUEST

The Pewaukee Yacht Club was pleased to welcome Steve Benjamin of Oyster Bay, New York as its 1986 Mystery Guest for the Blue Chip Regatta. After taking firsts in 1976 and 1977 in the Fireball Worlds, Steve was named as Intercollegiate Sailor of the Year in 1978 by Yale University. He was US Representative to the 1980 Olympics which were boycotted but took first in the Olympic Trials 470 Class. In 1980 Steve won the 505 Worlds and in 1983 was Top Helmsman - 1983 Admiral's Cup "Shenandoah". It's certainly no surprise that he took a silver medal in the 1984 Olympics 470 Class.

Steve is presently president of International Sailing Products and Ullman Sails East out of Oyster Bay, New York where he resides.

## BLUE CHIP CHAMPIONS Held at Pewaukee YC

Year	First	Second	Third
1966	Gordon Bowers, M	Bob Pegel, I	Mike Meyer, V
1967	Jane & Bob Pegel, I	Brad Robinson, M	Mike Meyer, V
1968	Nat Robbins, M	Dan Bowers, M	Bill Allen, M
1969	Gordon Lindemann (Mystery Guest)	Mike Meyer, V	Bob & Jane Pegel, I
1970	Stu Wells, W	Bud Melges, I	Bill Allen, M
1971	Bill Allen, M	Stu Wells, W	Danny Bowers, M
1972	Bill Allen, M	Dan Bowers, V	Dennis Conner, (Mystery Guest)
1973	Bill Allen, I	Stu Wells, W	Buddy Melges, I
1974	Bud Melges, I	John Gluek, M	Gordy Bowers, M
1975	Harry Allen, M	Bill Allen, I	John Gluek, M
1976	Bill Allen, I	Tom Norris, V	John Gluek, M
1977	Dennis Connor (Mystery Guest)	Gordy Bowers, M	John Gluek, I
1978	John Gluek, I	Peter Commette MA	Bob Nuffort M
1979	John Gluek, I	Bill Allen, I	Dick Wight, MA
1980	Willie DeCamp, MA	Bill Allen, I	Brian Porter, I
1981	John Gluek, I	Bill Allen, M	Brian Porter, I
1982	Bill Allen, M	Gordy Bowers, M	Bud Melges, I
1983	Gordon Bowers, M	Harry Melges III, I	Brian Porter, I
1984	Bill Allen, M	Dick Wight, MA	Bob Allen, M
1985	Harry C. Melges III, I	Dick Wight, MA	Bill Allen, M
1986	Harry C. Melges III, I	Bill Allen, M44	Bill Campbell, T5





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INVITATIONAL	1,4	1st 3 out of 5 races
KEUKA-CHAUTAUQUA HOME & HOME	1,2	
SOUTH CAROLINA	1,4	
NAGAWICKA	1,2	1st every race
SPRINGFIELD	1,2	1st every race
WESTERN MICHIGAN	1,2	1st every race

\* Partial inventory

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## FOUL ACKNOWLEDGEMENT DILEMMA

*By Bill Campbell*

The following cases are actual situations occurring at major regattas this year. Boats A and B finished in the top ten at one or more of the regattas.

**CASE 1:** It's the first leeward mark and the fleet is still grouped together. Boat A rounds the mark properly. Boat B rounds the mark and runs into A's transom. Obviously this is a foul by Boat B. There is no protest lodged by Boat A, though she made note to Boat B that a foul has been committed. Boat B does not acknowledge her foul.

**CASE 2:** Less than a minute before the start Boat A is on starboard tack moving down the line. Boat B is making an approach on port tack looking for a hole in which to tack. Boat B, while tacking, collides with Boat A, forcing Boat A head to wind and into irons. Boat A hails Boat B that a foul has been committed. Boat B completes her tack, starts and finishes the race. Boat B does not acknowledge her foul.

**CASE 3:** Boat A is sailing up the first weather leg on starboard tack. Boat B, on port tack, doesn't quite cross Boat A. Boat A hails Boat B that Boat B has fouled her and that she intends to protest. Boat B pleads for mercy to Boat A but Boat A puts her protest flag and sails on. At the finish line, Boat A does not protest. Again Boat B does not acknowledge her foul.

**CASE 4:** Boat A is approaching the weather mark on starboard tack just below the lay line. There is a line of boats forming up on the lay line above and behind Boat A. Boat B crosses on port.

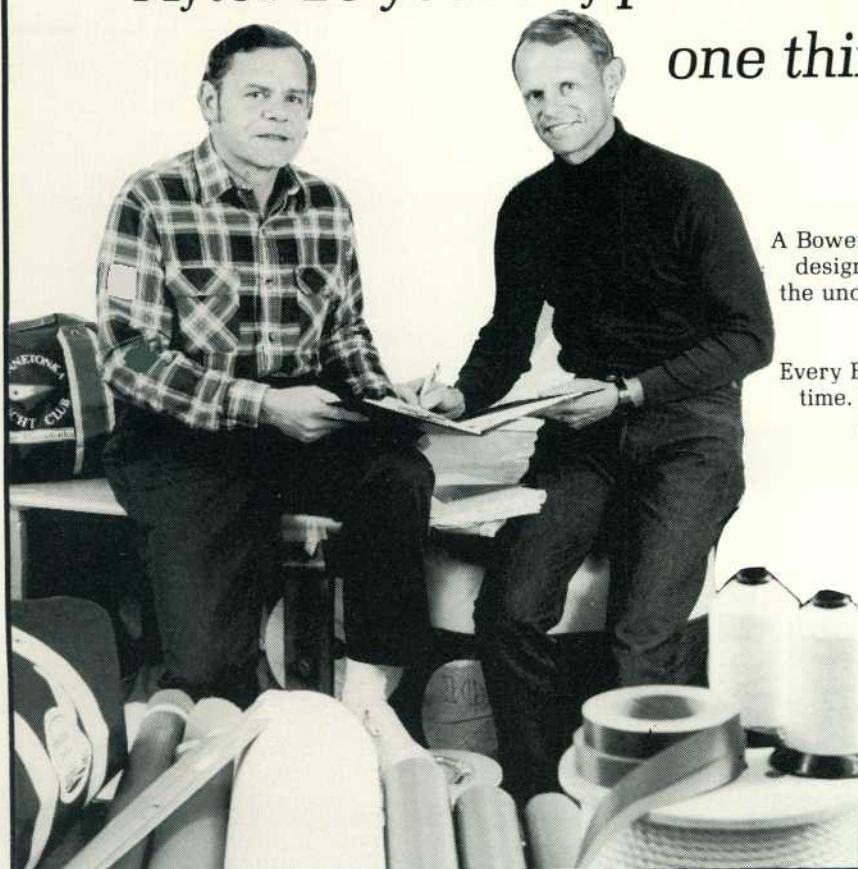
Boat A pulls her bow down to avoid Boat B. Boat A hails of her intention to protest, only to be met with a less than kind rebuttal by Boat B. Boat A does not protest because she carries no protest flag. Boat B does not acknowledge her foul.

In each of the four cases, Boat B fouled Boat A. In each case Boat B gained an unfair tactical and/or strategic advantage. In case one, Boat B advantages herself by not having to fall off below Boat A and perhaps losing more boats in the process. In case two, Boat B advantages herself by making the start on time by forcing her way into a hole instead of having to continue down the line and starting late in the third row. In case three, Boat B gets to the favored side of the course instead of tacking below Boat A and sailing off to the wrong side. In case four, Boat B just barely slips into a hole in the starboard tack line-up instead of tacking below Boat A, or ducking, and rounding the mark much deeper in the fleet.

To paraphrase an article by Sam Merrick, to pursue the notion that a protest should always be filed when an infringement of the rules occurs would sour the sport beyond all tolerance. How often can any one skipper file a protest without incurring the disapproval of fellow competitors? How quickly would he acquire the reputation of being a "policeman"? How long before his testimony becomes, shall we say, less than credible?

On the other hand, "The key to order in our sport must rest on the honesty and good conscience of the competitors themselves." At this year's USYRU Youth Championships, Ted Huang was leading the windsurfers by a good margin. He fouled the jibe mark and although no one protested or observed the foul, he rerounded properly, lost some boats in the process but still managed to win the series. Perhaps we can all take note and, like the youngsters, recognize our obligations under the rules.

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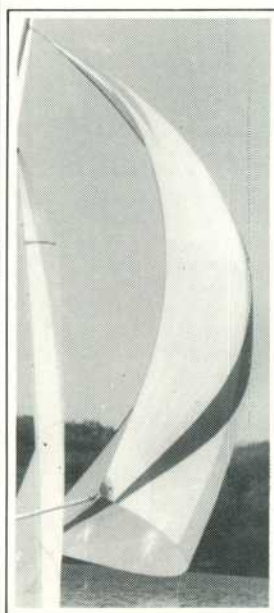
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# FLOTATION FACTS AND OTHER FLUFF

The following is taken from a conversation overheard in the gourmet laxative section at the Lakewood Drug Store...

**Q. I read on the men's room wall at the dog track that the "E" scow class passed a mandatory masthead flotation rule last spring. What gives?**



**A.** Simply stated, the rules define the size and shape of a pair of foam panels and dictate where and how they'll be fastened to the mainsail.

**Q. Yeah, but what about this mandatory sh... stuff??**

**A.** The only mandatory part is that starting with the '87 season, mainsails shall be equipped with zippers to accommodate the foam panels **and that the panels must be carried on board. Whether or not you elect to use the panels on the mainsail is, at all times, entirely up to you.**

**Q. You mean that the race committee can't raise a flag or make some other equally indecipherable signal which means "zip it in or you're out?"**

**A.** That's right.

**Q. You mean that when it's blowing stink I get to make a tactical decision as to whether or not to go with flotation?**

**A.** That's right.

**Hummm.....Sure sounds like it's gonna make those heavy air jibes a little easier on the nerves.**

**A.** You're starting to catch on. Ever thought about grad school?

**Q. Just what do these globs of foam look like?**

**A.** The panels were designed by an aeronautical engineer on loan to us from McDonnell Douglas (Ted Beier). They are roughly triangular in shape and appropriately airplane-wing-like in contour. The foam is closed cell polyethylene which is light, flexible and resists moisture absorption.



**Q. OK that doesn't sound too bad, but where do the zippers come in? You can't attach them to the foam, can you?**

**A.** You're even brighter than I thought...did you prep in Idaho? The foam is encapsulated in a heavy duty UV resistant material to which the zippers are attached along the front and back edges.

**Q. Then the other half of the zippers are sewn to the head of the mainsail?**

**A.** Bingo (Bozo).

**Q. That's simple enough but all this garbage attached to the sail has to look uglier than a mud fence.**

**A.** Interestingly, the only thing you are really aware of is that the installed panels are not translucent.

**Q. That's a good thing 'cause my friend Eddie was a translucent and he always embarrassed me with those dumb skirts.**

**A.** (Could I get someone else to finish this?) Surprisingly the newer mainsails have so many layers of material at the head as to render that area opaque. The opaque area is about the same size and shape as the flotation panels so it will not be immediately obvious who has opted to install panels and who hasn't.

**Q. OK, OK, now tell me the bad news...how much?**

**A.** \$100/pair in US funds. Lots more if you use Canadian.

**Q. Damn. That's a lot of dough.**

**A.** Admittedly, there are substantial front costs but look at it this way. First, since all dimensions are controlled by the scantlings (Henry Ford smiles on the NCESA), you only need one set of panels regardless of how many mains you have. Secondly, a set of panels should last for at least 5 seasons so your annual cost is a more modest amount.

**Q. Where can I get my panels?**

**A.** The panels are available from the NCESA. Simply enclose a check with your order and send it off to:

Sherri Campbell, Secretary NCESA

502 Lincoln Ave.

Pine Beach, NJ 08741

Please try to have the funds in your account to cover the check. Also, allow 3 to 4 weeks for all our volunteer help to process your order.


**Q. Will there be instructions on installing the panels on the sail?**

**A.** Practice on your pants all winter and you shouldn't have any problem. What fleet did you say you sailed with....?

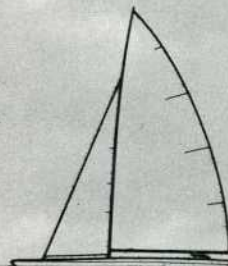
Here are a few points which may be a bit specific for our hapless friend:

1. Purchase orders have been issued for the panels and according to the suppliers, we should have completed product just after the first of the year.
2. Attempts will be made to have panels for sale at the major regattas, but *don't* count on it.
3. Zippers are also available through the NCESA should you wish to retro-fit any of your existing mains. The price has not been established but it should be in the range of \$25 per main. Zippers are available now.
4. Your sailmaker or local awning man (yes, there is a difference) can easily attach the zippers, locating them in accord with the scantlings.
5. You will undoubtedly have questions. If you can't get an answer call me at 716-763-1815.





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