

REPORTER

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We let Nat off the hook (this issue) for his "Commodore Comments".

The sailingworld was saddened by the death of "Gus" Larson last fall. His love for scow sailing came through in his photography over the years. "Gus" supplied various publications with some of their finest action shots of scow-racing. His many friends will miss him at coming regattas and all of us will be deprived of his talents.

For the first time in nine years, the Reporter has solicited advertising from firms that supply boats, sails, hardware and related products or services to the E fleets.

The obvious reason on our part is to help absorb production costs of the Reporter in it's present form since the Directors indicated they wish to retain the existing format.

While most class publications utilize advertising, we have resisted this practice (until now) for a couple of reasons. 1st - Aesthetically and technically it has been easier to design and assemble the layout and 2nd, we have felt there is just a touch of "friendly coercion" in soliciting support from our marine suppliers.

In an attempt to provide a sense of participation in the Reporter beyond the conventional ad layouts, we are going to ask these firms (on an individual basis) to contribute to a "trade" column, starting next issue. We hope they will share with the subscribers, some inside stories as to how their problems are solved; how certain product or marketing innovations came about; or possibly, some of the frustrations experienced in attempting to serve the cranky sailors ... etc.

The Reporter features two, extremely diverse bits of fiction in this issue - one is a swinging, contemporary, bit of fancy by Gary Hoyt (Author of "Go for the Gold") entitled "Sensuous Tempest". The other is several generation gaps in reverse - Part I of a Victorian Sailing Novel that not only takes one back to the white, cotton duck and naptha launch days, but will very likely send those possessing cultural sensitivity to the nearest rail.

Those who may be outraged at the inclusion of such material that is not related to the current, routine, E-Scow activities, can best retaliate by submitting photography and articles of dedicated interest sufficient to fill out twelve pages.

The next Reporter will feature information regarding the National Regatta that is being hosted by Crystal Lake YC. Maps, lodging, sailing information, etc., plus local "know-how" will be included.



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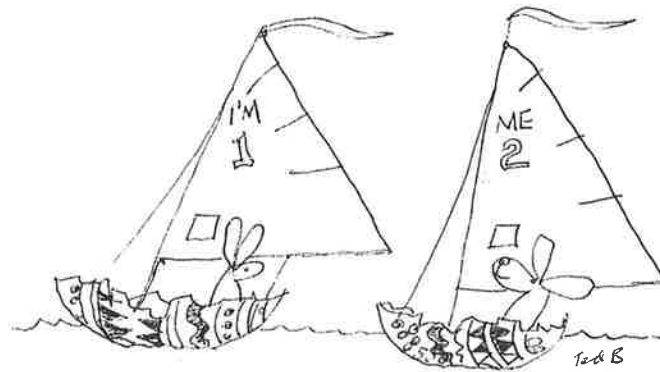
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7th ANNUAL EASTER REGATTA

At Lake Murray, S. C.



Northern and Mid-Western sailors left the ice and snow of their native environments once again this April and headed South to Columbia, South Carolina where the Easter E-Scow Regatta, the official National E-Scow Spring Championship series, has become a required season opener for serious Scow Sailors.

Thirty-four E boats, twenty-three from out of state, registered for the series sailed on April 20 - 22.

Two past Easter Regatta Champions were present to defend their titles in the Southern series. Cliff Campbell, 1970 Champion and Bud Melges, 1971 winner returned (with Melges in a crewing position). Once again the guests carried home the southern silver, with Sam Merrick of Washington, D. C. taking first place in a closely contested series.

Bill Allen of Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, and a crew member of Melges gold medal winning team at the 1972 Olympics took over the lead on the first weather leg and led the rest of the way in the first race with Merrick a close second. A 16 year-old teenager from Columbia, South Carolina, Robby Wilkins, astounded all by coasting to a comfortable third place win, with Paul Wickland of Muskegon, Michigan fourth and Garrett Sayia of Seaside Park, New Jersey fifth.

Winds for the first two races which were sailed back to back on Friday afternoon, blew 7 - 10 knots.

With Allen and Merrick repeating in the second heat, third place was claimed by Pete Price of Muskegon, Michigan with Henry Bossett of Spring Lakes Heights, New Jersey fourth. Other skippers whose prospects looked good after the first day's outing included Cliff Campbell of Beechwood, New Jersey, Dick Wight of Manasquan, New Jersey, and Brad Robinson of Deephaven, Minnesota.

Friday's races were run in temperatures in the upper 70's and clear sunny skies prevailed for the entire regatta. Following the long races in the hot sun, the day's activities concluded with the traditional barbeque supper and a movie of the 1972 Olympic Sailing brought by gold medal winner Bud Melges.

Saturday dawned with dropping winds. In the morning race, Merrick claimed first place by a wide margin by carrying the fading breeze around the olympic course. Among the early finishers under the drifter conditions were Dick Turner of Jamestown, New York, who improved on his earlier performance by turning up in second place, Paul Wickland, Jack Manning of Saginaw, Michigan, and Dick Wight. Due to a misunderstanding as to the starting time of the morning race, Bill Allen had the misfortune to be late to the starting area and was scored as a "DNS".

Saturday's afternoon race was postponed because of light air until late afternoon but was finally started at 3:30 p.m. over a shortened course. The wind again faded to drifter conditions and at one point on the course all thirty-four boats clustered in a tight slatting group. A breeze filled in on the final beat to the finish line, and once again Sam Merrick led the fleet home, with Bill Allen second, followed by Paul Wickland, Lon Schoor of Madison, Wisconsin and the local teenage whiz kid, Robby Wilkins, who was sailing a borrowed E-Scow for the first time.

Saturday night's social festivities included a cocktail party and steak supper, followed by a movie of the 1972 Easter Regatta and dancing into the wee hours.

At the Easter Sunday Church Service, held on the clubhouse lawn, the wind filled in from the Southwest at 10 knots and the fifth race of the series was started over the olympic style course. Bill Allen sailed a strong race to come home first, followed by Cliff Campbell, Sam Merrick, John Manning and Pete Price.

Final results for the series were:

Name	Home Port	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	Total Points
1. Sam Merrick	Washington D. C.	2	2	1	1	3	11.7
2. Bill Allen	Lake Geneva, Wis.	1	1	DNS	2	1	38
3. Cliff Campbell	Beechwood, N. J.	12	5	8	10	2	61
4. Paul Wickland	Muskegon, Mich.	4	14	3	5	12	61.7
5. Robby Wilkins	Columbia, S. C.	3	8	11	6	8	62.4
6. Dick Wight	Manasquan, N. J.	9	11	5	3	9	62.7
7. Garret Sayia	Seaside Park, N. J.	5	7	5	14	10	67
8. John Manning	Saginaw, Mich.	7	15	7	9	4	70
9. Dave Loughran	Mantoloking, N. J.	16	6	11	7	7	77.7
10. Arthur Simons	Columbia, S. C.	10	10	6	11	15	81.7

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TO: ALL FLEET CAPTAINS

The year of 1973 is an all important one for "E" Fleets all over the country. This is the first year that the National Class E Scow Association will be chartering fleets within the NCESA. This is your opportunity for your "E" Fleet to become a charter fleet within the National Association.

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Would you please advise me as soon as possible if you will have the requirement necessary to retain the charter plaque and that you plan to race for the 1973 National Class E Scow Association trophy at your lake.

With this letter I am enclosing application blanks for membership, and these can be filled out at your next meeting or earliest opportunity.

Please let me hear from you, as we need the information from you so that we can proceed to order the correct number of trophies and plaques.

Sincerely,

Jack Brereton
Membership Chairman
National Class E Scow Association

EDITOR'S NOTE:

JACK BRERETON HAS ASKED US TO HELP
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TUNING METAL MASTS

By

Stu Wells

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EDITOR'S NOTE: NAT ROBBINS CALLED THE REPORTER'S ATTENTION TO STU WELLS' ARTICLE IN THE EVENT WE NEEDED "HOW TO" MATERIAL -- WE DID. MIKE MEYER SUGGESTED WE GET BUDDY MELGES TO COMMENT ON STU'S OBSERVATIONS AS AN ADDED ATTRACTION -- WE DID.

Tuning the metal masts on E boats is a difficult, exacting and exasperating job. Each mast is slightly different and in order to get the absolute maximum speed at any given time the mast must be perfectly tuned in relation to the wind and the sail with precisely the correct bends. There is no question that the mast that is perfectly tuned for the exact wind conditions in which it is sailing will show superior speed.

Unfortunately, I have no idea how to accomplish the "perfect" tuning of the mast. Perhaps someone does, although I am not sure who it would be. The wind and wave conditions which we typically sail in, however, are so variable that a perfectly tuned mast would have to be constantly adjusted. The rig stretches with variations in the strength of the wind and the mast changes with waves and the trimming of sails. The cost in boat speed of the effort it would take to adjust the rig to respond to these changes is generally too great.

I ignore the subtleties of precise mast tuning and concentrate on sailing the boat. I have been very satisfied with the results of worrying only about the most basic elements. The most important of these basic factors is the fairly simple and obvious fact that a mast which bends off to leeward at the top loses power. This is lovely in heavy puffs when you are already hanging by your toes and don't want any extra power but it is disastrous in any less wind. As a consequence, I try to make sure that my mast is as straight as possible in the average or general wind conditions for the race. I do this just prior to the race as follows:

1. In light and medium winds I believe the mast should be very taut so that power is not lost on account of the mast leaning any farther to leeward than it has to. After making sure that my upper side stays are the same length, I tighten both to get the mast quite taut. I do this by tightening each stay on alternate tacks until the leeward stay is fairly taut. I do not think this should be carried to absurd lengths, however, since the key factor is the straightness of the mast.

2. Next I adjust the lower spreaders on each tack until the mast is straight all along its length. If this is not possible, the uppers should be loosened slightly to reduce the side ways thrust of the spreaders.

3. In heavy winds the uppers can be loosened so that the mast will lean slightly to leeward but the lower spreaders must still be adjusted so that the mast remains straight. The most important factor is the relationship between the two stays, and not the absolute tightness of either.

4. If a significant change in the general or average wind occurs during the race an adjustment should be made in the lower spreaders to compensate. If the wind increases the lower spreaders should be loosened to allow the mast to remain straight. Vice versa in light air. A quick visual check along the tunnel of the mast should let you know if the mast is fairly straight. Be sure to check each tack independently.

5. Almost every time that I have felt the boat was slow I was able to correct by straightening the mast.

6. For this tuning, completely ignore the heavy puffs. The mast will bend to leeward in these puffs by itself. This is one of the beauties of the new rig.

The above simple tuning procedure should be followed each race as the jib halyard and side stays will stretch over the season as much as two inches. It will most likely be necessary to pull the jib up higher as the season progresses and you should check from time to time to see that the mast is in a proper fore and aft position. This is largely a matter of trimming the mainsheet taut at the dock and adjusting so that the boom is approximately parallel to the water.

I want to reemphasize that during the race you should forget mast tuning as much as possible. A great deal of distance can be gained on competitors when they try to adjust their masts to gain the last few inches of boat speed.

Stu Wells' report on the tuning of metal masts follows the basics, and it is pretty much in accord with the theories relating to the Proctor and Holt-Allen spars. I believe that you can't argue with Stu's first two paragraphs, but he seems to over emphasize perfection in tuning. I would rather have more consideration given to jib and main sheeting after you've followed Stu's six steps.

On the Soling, as well as the E, we have found value in having a slight slack at the spreaders to increase power in the mainsail. This also has a tendency, with the slight s-curve, to bring the peak of the spar more vertically over the tack of the main. By so doing, it actually tightens the leech for the light-medium winds and adds the power of which Stu speaks.

Considering further that we have no backstay to maintain positive mast deflection, the main sheet that I mention is the big factor in controlling your mast bend. Also on the 1973 Melges E's, there has been developed an effective vang that will also become an important part of mast deflection and overall tune. Those with this rig have been thoroughly indoctrinated into the use of the vang, and I believe all of you will observe throughout the summer the effects vang and main sheet tension will have on boat speed.

Stu points up the effects of minor changes in mast tune that are directly responsible to boat speed. I agree, and I further emphasize that anyone trimming a jib around a winch or through a Harken Hexa-ratchet and cannot count the clicks or discern the clicks from a machine gun reporting is losing complete feel and tune of his sails in the sense of sheet tensioning. In all cases, take a click of a time, sit, wait, and evaluate loss or gain of speed through each sail adjustment. Because of these two points, the E's are performing at a higher rate of speed and a greater speed differential from the hotshots to the beginning sailors. I am hopeful that Stu's comments and these might help narrow the gap and put all of us in a real tight boat race. Good luck.

Buddy Melges

Sensuous Tempest

By Gary Hoyt - (A Reprint)

There's more to going fast than just having the right equipment and Garry Hoyt, Tempest, Snipe, Finn, and Sunfish pundit tells us all we ever wanted to know about speedual relationships but were afraid to ask

Twas about midway in the course of the Kiel Olympics, as I battled my way from mediocrity to obscurity, that I first realized just how much my physical relationship with my Tempest had deteriorated.

Granted that the quality of my tactical judgments would have tended to anthropologically place me somewhere between the Peking and Neanderthal periods. And that weather circumstances which frustrated Paul Elvstrom could be expected to atomize lesser talents. But beyond all this was the cold fact that my speed life with my Tempest had become almost non-existent.

Gone were those ecstatic moments of intimate rapport we had once known. Our speedual relations had become a matter of increasingly infrequent and unsatisfactory encounters, where perfunctory routine and unfeeling mechanics had replaced many meaningful involvement together. My once passionate partner had become frigid and unresponsive, to say nothing of dead slow.

In desperation I sought professional guidance. How could I build back that early magic, that close attunement where man and boat are locked together in mutual bliss?

On friends' recommendations I sought out kindly old Dr. Foster, a well-known authority in the field. He assured me that my grievance was not at all uncommon, and that given the stresses and tensions of modern racing there were more and more cases of discord between man and boat.

He first inquired as to my fidelity, and when I admitted to a few flings with other boats, he sternly warned that this kind of philandering in illicit affairs could only block progress towards a permanent relationship with my Tempest. He then turned to the question of technique, and wondered whether I was paying sufficient attention to the all important foreplay period. Did I spend proper time stimulating my boat's erogenous zones, or was I simply jumping aboard and expecting to sail away? Under his sharp questioning I confessed that I didn't go in for much of that fancy stuff - I generally just stroked the keel bulb a bit, and occasionally patted the rudder.

Doctor Foster explained that while attention to the bottom was important, this was not necessarily the most stimulating area to all boats, and that in any case I appeared to be overlooking the essential emotional build-up that every Tempest requires before giving herself completely.

At this point I protested with some heat that I kept my Tempest in more and better sails than any boat in the club, and had just recently fitted her with a new custom dacron cover that was the envy of the fleet. "Not enough" the good doctor reprimanded, "when did you last tell her you loved her, or send flowers on some sentimental occasion?"

I admitted I had trouble remembering birthdays, but what about the spray of Harken blocks I bought for our anniversary. Cost me an arm and a leg they did. And it's not every girl who gets a circular traveller and aluminum shroud adjusters, to say nothing of a 38:1 power ratio on her jib halyard.

"Don't expect to buy your way into speedual favors," the doctor cautioned, "there is no substitute for a full understanding of your boat's physical and emotional needs."

At this point Dr. Foster produced some large anatomical drawings of the Tempest. He explained that every Tempest has a little button which is the real center of its speedual sensitivity, and that many skippers were clumsily unaware of the precise location of this vital spot. I mumbled as how I figured it must be somewhere up there in the port bailers, but the doctor admonished that only tender exploration could confirm this, as it tended to vary from Tempest to Tempest.

He then proceeded to some embarrassingly direct questions about my own performance. He explained that being over the starting line early was definitely detrimental to a satisfactory speedual relationship, and urged that I improve my timing in that area.

Under the doctor's skillful probing, I admitted to some gnawing doubts about the size of my crew member. Here he reassured me that while a long crew member is often helpful, the normal Tempest is fully capable of satisfactory response to a wide range of sizes. He added that locker room comparisons were not really valid, and that attitude and position were more important than actual dimensions.

When pressed on position I said "hell Doc I just go the normal route, steering from behind the traveller like everybody else." Patiently Doctor Foster explained that any position that was agreeable to consenting adults could be construed as normal, and suggested that variety in this department might add some spice.

By this time I was really up to my ears with advice and good intentions, and at the doctor's urging I had a long heart to heart talk with my Tempest.

"Listen baby" I said, "I know I haven't always been the best of skippers, but I'm going to make it all up to you. This winter, when the rest of those broads are freezing their transoms out in the yard, you're going to be in Fat City inside the garage. And I'm going to stroke you till it blows your mind. All new rigging - nothing's too good for you baby, and then we'll hit all the high spots - Buzzards Bay, Long Island Sound, Pasaic River, the West Coast . . ."

She didn't say much, but I could tell she was touched. In fact I'm sure I saw her starboard bailer flutter. "By God, that's it - the starboard bailer - and here all this time I thought it was the port bailer!"

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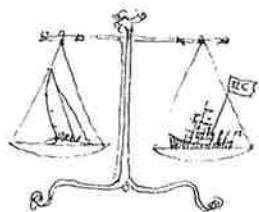
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The New Rules

Unwanted:
Law and Order from Race Committees

By Sam Merrick

In a published article (A Plea for Reality - Sailboat Week, January 8, 1973) I argued that enforcement of the racing rules was best left to the good conscience of individual skippers rather than an increased use of the policing power of race committees -- skippers who have traditionally accepted the penalties of their misconduct and withdrawn from races. Happily, the more competent the skipper, the more likely (in my experience at least) he was to take those consequences. The right to protest, clearly, is a useful and necessary guardian of this code to be exercised by those aggrieved, not for all occasions, but to curb the acts of piracy of those seeking unfair advantage from the tolerance of their competitors. I recognized the widespread practice of ignoring the most rule infringements -- infringements growing out of the normally (but not always) successful effort to avoid collision. I pointed out that the practice of ignoring rule infringements was central to prevailing standards of sportsmanship in the minds of race committee members and contestants alike, and that no great harm or lasting sense of injustice seemed to prevail -- probably out of a realization that everyone was doing his best to live under a complicated set of rules and that injustice balanced out.

I suggested that what might be an ambiguous and untidy situation to some was, in fact, the product of what seemed to me a sound assessment of the alternatives for rule enforcement based upon certain realities in the sport:

-Reality 1: There is a serious deficiency throughout the sailboat racing world of competent protest committee personnel (not their fault but a product of many factors which I spelled out in the January 8 article). A wag was not far wrong when he observed that this deficiency led not to the uncertainties of justice but to the certainties of injustice.

-Reality 2: Rule infringements cannot be policed comprehensively by race committees or other third parties because of the distances involved as the contestants scatter over large areas of the typical race course. Clearly, effective surveillance such as that used in other sports with referees and umpires is not available, nor is photographic assistance. Surveillance which depends upon the accident of observation, the happenstance of being present, must therefore constitute a capricious intrusion.

-Reality 3: The reputation for objectivity and neutrality of race committee members is best preserved by their refraining from involvement in incidents they may have observed -- absent the exceptional case. The danger lies in their colleagues accepting as fact their version of the incident or as an attack on their credibility if that version is not accepted.

-Reality 4: Post-race reconstruction of events which occurred rapidly and on the basis of testimony by a few witnesses who are partisan in their perspectives (usually two skippers) is an unreliable, but necessarily the principal, device for obtaining an accurate picture of what happened. Hence the sport cannot ever expect to rise or fall on the justice, absolute and true, to be dispensed from the protest process.

-Reality 5: A mark of a successful regatta is that few, the fewer the better, protests are filed. This is not an aberration but a nearly universal conviction.

Up until now, IYRU and NAYRU have seemed to acquiesce in the present system of rule enforcement based on the concept that essentially private rights are involved -- that is to say, only in the exceptional case will anybody, committee or contestant, reach out to enforce law and order if the parties immediately present are satisfied not to pursue a protest into writing and adjudication. Rule 68.1 is a beacon of clarity on the point: it says "a yacht can protest against any other yacht, except that a protest for an alleged infringement of the rules of Part IV can be made only by a yacht directly involved in or witnessing an incident". It is important to note how infrequently a witnessing yacht has thought it expedient to avail itself of the right to protest; the pressures have certainly been against him doing it and not the other way around.

Although the principle of 68.1 is somewhat modified by Rule 73.2 which permits a race committee to intervene as if it were protesting, it is once again significant how infrequently this power has been utilized. Rule 73.2 in its pre-1973 form was never a model of clarity; it has now been given a new subsection which seems to be redundant with the brand new 67 (about which more below). To review: Rule 73.2 allows the race committee to proceed "in the same manner as if it had been a protest made by a competitor" if it 1) "sees" (whatever that means -- thinks it sees -- one member of a patrol boat ??) an apparent infringement or 2) "receives a report .. from a witness who was neither competing in the race, nor otherwise an interested party .. (difficult to imagine such a person) or 3) has grounds from a protest hearing that a yacht "involved in the incident" (though not protested) committed an infringement -- the latter I would call the tar baby rule because it is often invoked against the yacht doing the protesting. A fourth subsection has been added in the new rules so that the committee can act if it has "reasonable grounds for believing that an infringement resulted in serious damage". But since 67 gives the committee the power to disqualify anybody in collisions in the absence of a protest likely to cause damage or not, the addition to 73.2 hardly seems necessary. Rule 73.2 has always struck me as potential mischief, but then only rarely has it been used.

Into this picture of laissez-faire government on the part of IYRU and NAYRU has been injected a new rule 67 and an Appendix (numbered 5 in my new IYRU rule book) which urges race committees to get busy and exercise more energy in two developments are unsound because they appear to ignore The Realities, the hardy truths of our sport, I have set forth above and discussed at some length in my earlier article.

Appendix V, the author of which is rumored to be our most distinguished Racing Rules Committee Chairman is a solidly argued case for the power of the race committee to inject itself into situations where protests have not been filed. Parenthetically the power to intervene seems to be not to be an issue, but rather the desirability of doing so. It is with respect to the desirability of intervention that the argument in Appendix V is not persuasive. Indeed it recites the several sound reasons why there has grown up a "tendency among race committees" not to institute proceedings under 73.2, reasons I had developed in my January 8 article as a basis for leaving things as they were. The key sentence is the final one: "Fully recognizing the dangers such as being overzealous, it is sub-

mitted that race committees should be encouraged to institute hearings under 73.2 when there occurs what appears to be a clear cut and significant rule infringement not protested by a competitor." To this I say why - in whose interest - by what standard of significance? I don't think there is agreement on the difference between a significant infringement and one that is slight. Every infractor that stays in a race has a bearing on the race whether by changing the score or by interfering with the progress of another. Is this change in direction to protect the interests of third parties or is it to protect the sensibilities of race committees? In order to carry out such a program, committees will have to recruit qualified persons in addition to those already absorbed in the mechanics of managing the race. But where are there talented persons in sufficient supply to hear and decide the present volume of protests, much less an additional load together with the responsibility for making accurate assessments of what is or is not a significant and clear-cut infringement?

On top of the Appendix comes the new Rule 67, standing at the beginning of Part VI - an oddly constructed and vaguely worded additional power to police infringements in the absence of protests. It reads as follows:

Rule 67 - Contact Between Yachts Racing

- "1. When there is contact between the hulls, spars, standing rigging or crew of two yachts while racing, both shall be disqualified, unless one of them retires in acknowledgement of an infringement of the rules, or one of them acts in accordance with Rule 68.3, Protests.
- "2. A third yacht which witnesses an apparent collision between two yachts and, after finishing or retiring, discovers that neither of them has observed Rule 67.1, is relieved by Rule 68.3(b) from the requirement of showing a protest flag and may lodge a protest against them.
- "3. The race committee may waive this rule when it is satisfied that minor contact was unavoidable."

Here indeed is an abrupt departure from the past: disqualification not for infringing a racing rule, but for failing to file a protest. But more than that it is a rule designed for a strangely limited set of circumstances, without procedural safeguards and subject to being suspended by undefined (therefore unpredictable) views as to what is minor and unavoidable. Its potential for being administered in an arbitrary and capricious manner, given the uneven caliber of race committees, appears considerable. The rule deserves analysis:

1. The rule applies to contact infringements only, but not all contacts. Thus a non-contact infringement no matter how outrageous or dangerous is outside the purview of Rule 67, as is also contact between sails or running rigging. Exactly why such distinctions were made is not clear. Does a spinnaker boom have to hit a shroud or may it graze an opponent's mainsail? Or a crew member hit by a stray sheet? Potential damage does not seem to have been the reason for such distinctions.

2. There appears to be no guarantee of a hearing unless a third party protests. A protest by a witnessing third yacht is apparently identical to the right given under existing Rule 68 except that both boats would be disqualified rather than the

one which committed the foul; but the procedure by which the facts would be determined would be the conventional one. But what happens if there is no protest? The rule says "When there is contact . . both shall be disqualified". Will the committee depend upon the relatively restricted channels of communication open to it in 73.2 and comply with the safeguards as though a protest had been filed, or does this language authorize it to hurl a lightning bolt on the basis of a report, say, from a patrol boat without a hearing? Earlier versions of the rule gave the right to disqualify "by action" of the committee - but leaving out these words have not helped us.

3. But having set up the strongest incentive for encouraging protests, Rule 67.3 empowers the committee to waive the rule under essentially whimsical standards, i.e., "when it is satisfied that minor contact was unavoidable". In other words if the committee is satisfied, all parties to the "contact" need not be disqualified, but only the rule infringer -- even though the contact was unavoidable ??? I have thought that unavoidability was not a basis for absolving from guilt, but there it is.

* * * * *

It is clear that the rule making bodies of our sport are concerned about unpenalized infringements of the rules. As an active practitioner during all the years since 1925, I find myself unable to share that concern -- particularly in cases of serious collision when protests blossom naturally from the sound and fury of the occasion. But if they are correct it seems to me the place to start is to build up the strength of the protest decision process, to develop a cadre of persons with a zeal for fairness and a grasp of the complexities of rule application -- persons who can restore some confidence in the process which is so universally lacking. To create pressures for more protests to be filed is to court more frustration and less satisfaction, and this surely is not the goal of anyone -- indeed the likelihood of an essentially unpleasant experience is why protests are not usually filed.



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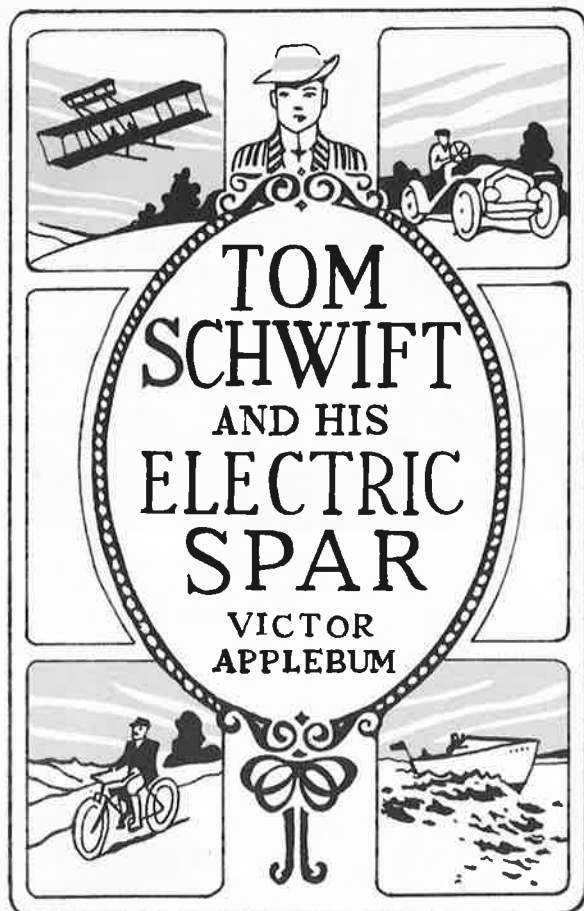
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OR

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BY

VICTOR APPLEBUM

AUTHOR OF "TOM SCHWIFT AND HIS CUB BOAT", "TOM SCHWIFT
AND HIS GIANT HANGUP", "TOM SCHWIFT AND THE WATERGATE
BUGGERS", ETC.

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK

GROSS & DUMBLOP

PUBLISHERS

Made in the United States of America

CHAPTER I

A Mysterious Spy on the Dock

"Oh, Tom, is it really safe?"

A young lady - an exceedingly pretty young lady, she could be called - stood with one small gloved hand on the outstretched boom of an E-Scow, and looked down at the young man, attired in a polyvinyl yachting parka under an Elvstrom super soft life jacket, who sat in the cockpit of the craft just below her.

"Safe, Mary?" repeated the skipper, as he reached in under the deck of the craft to make sure about one of the controls. "Why, you ought to know by this time that I wouldn't go out if it wasn't safe."

"Oh, yes, I know, Tom. It may be all right for you, but I've never been out in this kind of boat before and I want to know if it's safe for me."

The young man leaned over the edge of the cleverly padded cockpit, and clasped in his rather calloused hand the neatly gloved one of the young lady. And though the glove was new, and fitted the hand perfectly, there was no attempt to withdraw it. Instead, the young lady seemed to be very glad indeed that her hand was in such safe keeping.

"Mary!" exclaimed the young man, "if it wasn't safe-as safe as a church--I wouldn't dream of taking you out!" and at the mention of "church" Mary Nexter blushed just the least bit. Or perhaps it was the prospective excitement of the moment caused the blood to surge into her cheeks. Have it as you will, Dear Reader.

"Come, Mary! you're not going to back out at the last minute, are you?" asked Tom Swift. "You promised to crew with me. I won't heel the boat up very high if you don't like it, but my experience has been that once you're in the race it doesn't matter how high you heel. You'll find it very fascinating. So skip along to the locker room and Mrs. Burton will help you get into your togs."

"Shall I have to wear all those things - such as you have on?" asked Mary, blushing again.

"Well, you'll be more comfortable in a Canor-Plarex jacket," asserted Tom. "And if it does make you look like a scuba diver, why I'm sure it will be very becoming. Not that you don't look nice now," he hastened to assure Miss Nexter, but a yachting suit will be very-well, fetching, I should say."

"If I could be sure it would 'fetch' me back safe, Tom --"

"That'll do! That'll do!" laughed the young skipper.

"One joke like that is enough in a morning. It was pretty good, though. Now go in and tag up."

"You're sure it's safe, Tom?"

"Positive! Trot along now, I want to fix a wire and ---"

"Oh, is anything broken?" asked the girl, turning back again.

"No, not broken. It's only a little electronic dingus I put in my mast to make it easier to read my boat speed and the wind-shifts and to control sail and spar curvature as well as changing the ballast and over-all weight of the hull. Some of my fellow sailors feel this is an unfair device, and are trying to have the Rules Committee declare it illegal, but I know in

EDITOR'S NOTE:

THIS "NOVEL" WAS SUBMITTED TO THE REPORTER BY A DISGRUNTLED OLD E-SKIPPER WHO REQUESTS THAT HE REMAIN ANONYMOUS. AFTER READING THE MANUSCRIPT, WE CAN APPRECIATE HIS DESIRE FOR ANONYMITY.

my heart that most of them are poor losers just because I have won all the races so far this year. It has nothing to do with racing at all, and anyway this is only a little club race. You've been promising long enough to crew with me and now I believe you're trying to back out."

"No, really I'm not, Tom! Only at the last minute the boat looks so 'tippy' and the waves look so -- threatening --"

She glanced away from the dock and seemed to shiver just a trifle.

"Don't be thinking of those things, Mary!" laughed Tom Swift.

Mary sighed, and then, seeming to summon her nerve to her aid, she smiled brightly, waved her hand to Tom, and hastened toward the yacht club where Mrs. Burton the matronly secretary was waiting to help the girl attire herself in a yachting suit of plastic.

Meanwhile, an ageing gentleman approached the speedy E Scow "Whizzer" while Tom was making last minute adjustments to the patented apparatus under the deck.

"What's the buzzing noise, Tom?" asked his father, Mr. Swift, the senior inventor.

"That's the little motor I run from the new solid-state solenoids. Look here," and Tom twisted a knob counter-clockwise. "Look aloft!"

As his father peered up at the spar, he saw the annodized shape swell and grow at different intervals along its length. As the spar continued to undulate, the aging inventor observed what appeared to be a separate pair of spreaders emerge from the sides of the spar and as Tom twirled more knobs, the spreader arms extended themselves to clutch an upper shroud and the forestay simultaneously. A mechanism resembling a small radar-scanner, pitot tube and directional antenna protruded near the hounds, while the spar rotated and moved ahead several feet on a cleverly concealed track. The cockpit suddenly appeared to split in half but actually all that happened was the cockpit deck portion merely slid outboard about three feet.

"That's pretty good," remarked the senior inventor.

"I'll make it better next time," said Tom quietly with not a trace of boasting in his tones. "I've been asked to build a special hull to enter in the big regatta at Lake Carlopa next month. The officials are putting up a special prize and are urging me to enter"

"Hum! mused Mr. Swift. "Seems to me you ought to take a rest, Tom. You haven't been back from your gold-hunting trip to Kiel long enough to more than catch your breath, and now --"

"Oh, I've got plenty of time, father --- that is if you'll help me. I have a plan partly thought out. I trust ---"

He paused suddenly and listened. So did his father for they both distinctly heard stealthy foot steps creeping along the dock.

"Someone is out here, listening," said Tom in low tones.

"Perhaps it's Walter Medelly," suggested Mr. Swift, referring to a fierce but honorable rival.

"I don't think so," was the lad's answer. "He went to the 'Beer 'n Brat' party last night and probably will be under tow at the five-minute gun."

"Could it be Sam Murk?"

"No, Dad, I'm pretty sure -- wait! ---"

As he suddenly paused, a dark object sprang from behind a nearby post and sprinted along the dock.

"Here! Who are you!? Hold on!" cried the young inventor.

But the figure, clad in foul-weather gear with the hood up, never halted. Tom sprang forward, determined to see who it

was, and, if possible, capture him.

Tom was a good runner, and in a few seconds he had gained on the fugitive.

"I've got you!" he cried.

But he was mistaken, for at that instant his foot caught on a sloppily secured clove-hitch, and the young inventor went flat on his face.

"Just my luck!" he cried.

He was quickly on his feet again, and took after the fugitive. The latter glanced back, and, as it happened, Tom had a good look at his face. He almost came to a stop, so startled was he.

"Andy Forger!" he exclaimed as he recognized the red-haired, freckle-faced bully who had always proved himself such an enemy of our hero. "Andy Forger sneaking on the dock to hear what I had to say about my new boat! I wonder what his game can be? I'll soon find out!"

Tom was about to resume the chase when he saw Mary Nexter reappear. Tom gaily waved his hand to her.

"You're a picture!" he cried, as he saw how particularly "fetching" she looked in the yachtsman's costume which was like his own. Because of the danger of entanglement, Miss Nexter had doffed her skirts, and wore the costume of all sailors -- men and women.

"I wish I had my camera!" cried Tom. "You look swimmingly!"

"I hope that isn't any comment on how I'm going to feel if we have to make a -- capsized, I believe you call it," she retorted.

"Oh, I'll take care of that!" exclaimed Tom. "Now hop aboard and we're off to the starting line," and he helped her climb into the padded cockpit ahead of where he was to sit.

"Oh, Tom! Don't be in such a hurry!" expostulated Mary. "Let me catch my breath!"

"No!" laughed the young inventor. "If I did you might back out. Fasten the hiking straps and sit still. That's all you have to do. Don't be afraid, I'll be very careful. And don't try to yell at me to go slower or lower once the start has begun."

"Why not?" Mary wanted to know, as she settled onto the deck.

"Because I can't hear you very well above the sound of the electronic motors and because I'm the skipper. So if you have anything to say --"

Upon that note, Dear Reader, sails were smartly bent on the graceful "Whizzer" and she was expertly cast loose from the Lake Carlopa Yacht Club dock.

CHAPTER II

Andy "Twists" the Rules

Anyone who has taken a ride in a balloon will know exactly how Mary Nexter felt on this, her first E scow sail. As she looked over the side of the craft, she had a distinct impression that someone had pulled the earth from beneath her and at the same time, given her a shove off into space and for a moment she felt a great fear. Then the rush of air and water all about her and the rude shouts and commotion from the other E craft took her attention, and she calmed herself.

She looked at Mary sitting next to her. Of course all she could see was his back, but it looked to be a very sturdy back, indeed, and he sat there in the E scow as calmly as though in

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

a chair on the ground. Then Mary took courage, and ceased to grasp the sides of the cockpit that stiffened all her muscles. She was beginning to "find herself".

As Tom guided the speedy "Whizzer" to the starting area, his faithful crew members, Mr. Wakefield Damon and the veritable jib-tending giant, Koku were busy adjusting the electronic scantling compensators. How the young skipper befriended his crew is described later on in the book.

An ominous, darkening, sky accented the increasing velocity of the wind, reminding the contestants that alertness and foresight were the "order of the day." Mary Nexter's mind was a flurry of confusion as all the speedy craft swirled about in a seemingly incomprehensible pattern, as they jockeyed about, while sounds of cannon shots and loud, vulgar shouting assaulted her ears.

"Bless my stopwatch !" cried Mr. Damon. "Five to go!"

"Synchronize the octoratches," shouted Tom, above the rush of the wind and the flailing dacron sails all around. "I'll take her by the committee boat as if to make a normal start. Then I'll 'feint' as if to swoop under in order to execute an early "Polish" luff at the middle of the line. While they're reacting to that, we'll jibe and wear ship, and then we'll knife in on port tack right at the buoy end!"

As Tom was congratulating himself on the quick strategy, the "Whizzer" gave a dangerous lurch, and tilted at a terrifying angle.

"Are we going to turn turtle?" cried Mary.

"I - I hope not!" gasped Tom. He could not figure out why the solenoids on the ballast controls did not work, but he had no time to investigate, as the garishly-painted transom of the bully Andy Forger's "Slugger" slashed in front of his bow.

"Bless my barber-hauler!" cried Mr. Damon. "Two minutes to go!"

Luckily, the good-natured, jib-tending giant, Koku had shifted his weight to counteract the sickening heel of the "Whizzer" and to Tom's relief, she was again under control.

The young skipper was just commencing his diversionary tactics, when suddenly a severe gust of wind caught the "Whizzer".

"Take it up! UP! UP!" rasped a crude, hoarse voice to leeward. Our hero dextrously pushed the double-articulated tiller of his handsome E scow, but it was either a fraction too late, or a mal-function of the electronic, anti-contact, sensing device.

CRASH! The cruelly designed rub-rail of the red-haired, bully's "Slugger" rammed full force into the "Whizzer's" beautifully painted deck.

"PROTEST! PROTEST!" grated the taunting bully's shouts upon the young skipper's ears.

(to be continued)



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