Dave Batchelor prepares to round windward mark at 1981 Carolinas District Championship

Of Buoyancy, Capsize, and Other Things... 3
N.Y. Lakes District Governor explains Feb. 1979 Proposed Amendment... 7
Commodore Vance takes us on armchair visit to Roatan... 8
Race Results... 13
Letter to the Editor

June 16, 1981

Dear Editor:

I’ve begun this letter countless times, but have always stopped, hoping the harangue against ‘gold plating’ will stop. But it hasn’t. And enough is enough.

I have been associated with this fine class for 18 years. Until 1980, it was as a crew on various club and privately owned Scots in the Detroit-Ann Arbor area. I have seen, sailed, and competed against both boats that are as spartan as possible and advanced in rigging as the rules allow.

The constant and vocal criticism of racers and occasional day sailors who ‘gold plate’ their boats is tiresome, divisive, and unnecessary.

This controversy over the amount of equipment has gone on, it seems, forever. I can recall, in the early ’60’s, when an adjustable outrigger was considered so radical it was illegal—both by class rules and, some thought, morally! “It will be the ruination of the class,” people said. “It will lead to hiking straps and trapezes. The class will go the way of the Thistle, etc.” None of these things has happened—or is likely to happen.

I, like many other Scot sailors, sail a ‘state of the art’ Scot. What’s the difference between my ‘ruination’ boat and a current standard one? Very little. Basically: internal spinnaker sheets, through-deck topping lift, cunningham, and spinnaker halyard, and Waco 360 cleat for vang and centerboard. Is that the ruination of this class? Really?

My boat is clean, functionally rigged, and a joy to sail. I have beaten, and been beaten by, far less ‘sophisticated’ boats. I just happen to think my boat looks good and is easy to sail rigged this way.

Our current class rules are strict enough. I have yet to see a Scot with an excessive number of useless blocks, through-deck bailers, hiking straps, or a trapeze. Nor do I ever think I will.

Can’t we lay this to rest? Isn’t it time we realize that the rules we now have are enough, protect the integrity of the class, and yet still allow for individual approaches to rigging the boat?

Sincerely,

Patrick J. Barry, Jr.
FS 3421

Letter to the Editor

June 9, 1981

Dear Sir:

I bought a Flying Scot in 1976 and have enjoyed many hours of sailing. This was my first sailboat and I see no reason to change. However, Scots n’ Water used to have articles on sailing and technical articles on tuning the boat. In the last year or two its mostly a newsletter on where the races are, etc. I don’t race—there are only 3 or 4 Flying Scots on Lake Sunapee, N.H. where I sail. I would like to see more articles on technique in your otherwise fine publication.

Yours truly,

Allan C. Hirsch, D.M.D.

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SCOTS N’ WATER
Dear Dr. Hirsch:

Look for an excellent article on promoting fleet growth next month. I plan to attempt to obtain articles on a greater variety of topics.

Sincerely,

Paul C. Newton III

Letter to the Editor

June 11, 1981

Dear Editor:

We have heard much from the vocal extremes concerning the Scot running rigging. As a moderate, I believe the existing specifications are “about right” because of the flexibility they allow. You can either use the factory 3-man cleat system or a 2-man cleat system. This gives the Scot more flexibility because both 3 and 2-man boats can be raced competitively. Look at the competitors at the 1980 Sandy Douglass Regatta in Jacksonville, Fla. 1st, 2nd, and 4th place finishers were 2-man boats—each with a female crew—each with a 2-man cleat arrangement! The “more restrictive” advocates suggest we go back to the factory 3-man cleat system and find a pick-up crew. This may work for a famous sailor and boat builder but for the average sailor it is unworkable—I know!

The WACO 360 is the best thing since sliced bread for the 2-man boat. By the way, I’m told in a 3-man boat operation, the 3rd person can play the centerboard up and down with the factory cleat and gain 60 yards!

This controversy, of course, is not a Scot exclusive. Buddy Melges is now pushing to lock in his particular 3-man cleat system for the E Scow—to the concern of the East Coasters that desire a 4-man cleat arrangement. Same arguments. Same irrationalities.

One good thought—the other extreme position of “less restrictions” (that could turn the Scot into a Lightning or Thistle) seems less threatening due to lack of leadership.

Bob Schneider
FS 3262, Bayville, N.J.

1981 Wisconsin Cup Results
Lake Monona, Madison, Wi.

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Of Buoyancy, Capsize, and Other Things

by Gordon K. Douglass

June 13, 1981

Now that I have written my letter to answer the charges in the letter-to-the-Editor of Mr. A.C. Body in the May, 1981, S&W,—and cooled off considerably—I believe that, for the edification of all, I should give an analysis of why I believe Mr. Body's charges do not stand up under scrutiny. Let us start with his first paragraph in which he questions the veracity of my articles.

First of all, righting a capsized Scot is easy if the crew react promptly and properly. You should be sitting well out on the deck at such a time. As the boat heels more and more, and the deck angle increases to where you no longer can stay on it, it should be instinctive to try to stay on top of the boat by climbing up, by straddling the gunwale in preparation for sitting on the topside, if necessary. Don’t just sit there and hope it won’t happen. In my one capsize experience, as I report in HIGHLIGHTS, we climbed up, we stood on the centerboard, righted the boat and were on our way again in less than thirty seconds. It was easy. Other than possibly to rescue a crew member who might appear to be in danger of drowning, the first and only priority is to get the boat back onto its bottom.

According to Mr. Body, “It is apparent from the photographs of the 1980 Mid-Winter Regatta that even the best capsize the Flying Scot—”. Could be, but despite the implication, the fact is that not everyone who sails in the Mid-Winter Regatta is an expert. The fact is that many entrants are beginners, new to sailing. Charlie Wesley, who was in charge of rescue, reported in the March-April, 1980, S&W, that “Out of all the people on the five Scots we towed, only one person knew what to do with the towing bridle.” I sincerely hope that these were not our “best”. Isn’t such ignorance shocking? How many owners have given serious thought to rescue procedures, have purposely capsized their boat for the experience? Isn’t skill a part of sailing?

The Flying Scot could have been designed and built with an inner bottom, a la Albacore, and we could have “made the entire space under the seat into a buoyancy tank——”. I did consider it. Try to picture the Scot with six or eight inches less depth in the cockpit, and with much of the interior space taken up with tanks. For experiment we built tanks under the seats and in the bow. June 13, 1981, our capsize tests with these tanks proved that when the filled Scot lay on her side, the lift of the low-down tanks overcame the lift of the high-up buoyancy under the deck, with the result that the boat wanted to turn turtle rather than to right itself. We found that two men were not able to turn the boat right side up. We took out those tanks.

Everyone sailing a centerboard boat must face the fact that centerboard boats can, and do, capsize. I cannot think of any kind of centerboarder which I have not seen upside down. After all, there is some danger connected with everything we do. The person driving his car on the way to his club is in considerably greater danger on a busy highway than he is when he is out sailing. The aim of everyone should be to prevent a capsize. But if a rescue is needed, transom ports may help to empty the boat. This is true. But what may work for one boat does not necessarily work equally for another boat. There are many factors.

The higher the floor of the boat in relation to the water, the easier it will be to empty the boat after a capsize. Consider the Sunfish, for example, with its self-bailing cockpit which drains itself. The cockpit floor being higher than the water level, the water in the cockpit runs out. The Albacore cockpit floor is not that high in relation to the water level, but is high enough for much of the water in the cockpit, after a capsize, to run out through the transom ports. The Albacore is what might be termed half self-emptying. The Flying Scot is an entirely different kettle of fish. She has plenty of buoyancy. For those who talk about more buoyancy in the bow we have suggested an inflated inner tube lashed to the bow toggle. But without a raised floor, an inner bottom, she floats so low in the water that transom ports will be completely submerged. It should be obvious that no water is going to run out. The transom ports will not function until the boat is lifted sufficiently by a properly-used rescue bridle in conjunction with a tow by a motor boat with sufficient power to do the job. Requiring transom ports in all boats would accomplish nothing at all in itself, other than to be there. Transom ports will help only when the other conditions are met: there must be adequate power and boat handling, a properly-used rescue bridle, and knowledge on the part of the crew of the capsized boat.

There is little excuse for ineptitude and none for ignorance. It is not enough simply to hope it won’t happen to you.

Mr. Body’s letter has one good point, which is that every boat should have a spare, securely attached, extra winch crank. Should this require legislation?
I hope you get this in time to find your way to the NAC.

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SCOTS N WATER
The February 1979 Amendment, as sponsored by Fleets 31, 114 & 105
(Published in June, 1981 S&W)

by Mrs. Cynthia Rea
Governor, N.Y. Lakes District

President Don Hott and I agree that the rigging controversy should be put to rest. We differ in how to do that. President Hott wishes the Measurer to regulate modifications of the boat in the light of the rules as they now exist. The rules state that running rigging is optional. Therefore approved modifications are coming thick and fast, as I saw when I attended the March ’81 Midwinter’s Board Meeting. In addition a modification that the Measurer considers a freak contrivance (how’s that for a clear term?) can only be ruled out after someone has gone to the expense of modifying his boat, presumably believing his modification is not “freak”.

I do not believe that the majority of FSSA members want to permit such variation of rigging, and/or continued uncertainty about allowable modifications. The rigging controversy will go on—to the detriment of our class—until it has been proven that a 2/3 majority of members do, or do not, want an amendment to our Specifications. To settle it, the Board must present a specific amendment proposal for membership vote.

Therein lies the rub. What specific proposal? Since it would be meaningless to try to get a 2/3 majority on any of several proposals on the same topic at the same time, those who want to limit running rigging options must first agree on what wording of which proposal. For this reason Fleet #41 has chosen me as spokeswoman to urge other fleets to submit IDENTICAL proposals to the Measurer.

Fleet No. 43 sent the Board an amendment proposal in March ’81 which we have named “Feb. ’79”. Our proposal of ’81 follows the recommendations made to the Governing Board in Feb. ’79 by Jack Stewart, who had been delegated by the then Chief Measurer, Jack Seifrick, to study the matter and report to the Board. This proposed amendment has been sponsored by four fleets to date, 31, 43, 105, 114. We welcome the support of other fleets.

We believe “Feb. ’79” is a good compromise. It allows most of the modifications of running rigging that have already been widely adopted. It permits options which will retain the present characteristics of the Scot, i.e. a uniquely good boat for 2 to 4 persons, of varying weight, strength, and ability, for both racing and pleasure sailing. Racing will continue to be a test of helmanship, not mechanical innovation. New boats may be ordered with the owners’ choices of listed options, rather than modified at considerable expense to match the rigging notions of current winners.

I do not maintain that the terms of the “Feb. ’79” proposal are the only possible ones. I do insist that an amendment is urgently needed. Many proposals will result in none passed. Those of us whose first priority is to preserve the present characteristics of the Scot, end controversy and uncertainty, must compromise and agree in terms, even at the sacrifice of a device or two, which individuals may be fond of. Too many proposals will give the Board grounds to further defer action.

Perhaps this “Scots n’ Water” forum will help the fleets with different ideas to communicate with each other, to choose the best or best amalgam of proposals, to send to the Board with joint sponsorship, resulting variations. Those of us who agree on the goal must do this well ahead of the ’82 Midwinter Meeting, in order for the Board to take favorable action on presenting an amendment for membership vote at the ’82 Annual Meeting. We hope you’ll join us in backing the “Feb. ’79 Amendment.”

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JULY 1981
How do FSSA members beat the mid-winter blues? Why, they just join together and take a Caribbean Cruise!

by Fritz Trask and Commodore Bob Vance


Caribbean Sailing Yachts (CSY) charters, either bare boat or with skipper, what many of us believe to be the finest cruising yacht available today. At 44 FT, LOA and 13 ft. 4 in. beam, the CSY 44 is comfortable, reliable and easy to handle. As we found in the Grenadines three years ago, she sails like a dream on any point of sail higher than a beam reach, especially as the wind pipes up over 15 knots. Unfortunately, on this trip to the Bay Islands the winds were, for the most part, light and dead astern. These two conditions, especially when a following sea is added, place the cutter at a great disadvantage, causing her to wallow and thrash about more than is comfortable for great sailing. As distances between islands are greater than in either the Virgins of Grenadines, most of us found ourselves under power more than we would have liked.

Despite this, the trip was a memorable one. The Islands are beautiful, lush and in many instances, totally deserted, with crystal clear water and shining, palm-lined beaches. The snorkeling and scuba diving is especially spectacular as the easily accessible reefs abound with interesting and colorful plants and animal life.
Chief among the Bay Islands is Roatán, a 25 mile long and two
mile wide island which lies approximately 45 miles to the north of
mainland Honduras. To the east lies Guanaja, to the west, Utila,
and to the south, the Cayos Cochinos, a collection of small
volcanic islands and coral reefs.

The original plan was for half the fleet to leave the CSY Marina
at Brick Bay on Sunday, March 22 with the remainder setting sail
the following day. However, because of a confusion in scheduled
hotel accommodations, the majority of the fleet departed on
Sunday and powered, due to light air, to the Cochinos,
approximately 25 miles to the south. Most of us anchored to
protect against the predominant easterly trade winds and were
cought totally off guard by a howling norther which rolled in
during the night bringing gusts up to 50 knots and substantial
waves which tossed our big boats around like dinghys and made
sleep difficult, if not impossible. Fortunately, the wind abated
somewhat by mid-morning, and we all sought more sheltered
anchorages for a day of snorkeling and exploring.

After two nights at the Cochinos, the fleet split up, some
heading for Utila, others to the north shore of Roatán and still
others to Guanaja. Bob and Pat Vance, Len and Pat Berry, and
Fritz, Melissa and Teddy Trask aboard the yacht "Eureka," joined
five other boats at Port Royal on the southern shore of Roatán
prior to heading for Guanaja on Wednesday.

The Guanaja settlement, located on a tiny islet just south of the
main island, is a fascinating, cultural phenomenon. As Julius
Wilensky writes in his Cruising Guide to the Bay Islands of
Honduras, "This is the most crowded settlement in the Bay
Islands. It's hard to understand why thousands of people cram
themselves onto two small cays which are all one now, with such a
large green forested island, and so many attractive cays close by.
A maze of boardwalks, alleys and canals connect the whole complex.
It's a fascinating, haphazard, jumble of houses on stilts, bars, a

church, even a hotel, and docks—but it is very crowded and dirty.
Cayucos are packed in canals which penetrate to the very heart of
the settlement."

We tied up at a dock to go ashore to buy shrimp and explore
the island. We failed in the first endeavor, but had a wonderful
time in the second.

The smoke from a forest fire in the hills above the Settlement
harbor had blanketed the area, so for the night we moved further
east to the tiny harbor at Savannah Bight. We were greeted by a
man in a cayuco (who told us there was plenty of water where
there wasn't) and three dogs that swam frantically behind us for
the better part of 15 minutes before turning back to the island
from which they had embarked.

Once anchored boatoats of children converged on us. At
virtually every port we were surrounded by cayucos with anywhere
from one to eight friendly children aboard, some as young as 5
years old. Parents apparently do not worry about such trivial
possibilities as drowning, the necessity of hartering apparently
taking precedence over safety. At one anchorage, Len Berry
bought six beads, reportedly dug up from an ancient burial site,
for $15. On the final day, Tücia traded two T-shirts, a pair of blue
jeans and a cold beer for a beautifully carved piece of stone.

Our greeter at Savannah Bight consisted of Julio in one cayuco
by himself and Donald with his two sisters in another. They hung
around while we studiously ignored them until Donald
apparently became bored and paddled off. At this point Julio,
with the boat to himself, climbed aboard and sat on the deck
watching us prepare dinner. It took all of Bob's pidgin Spanish
plus a package of Waverly Wafers to convince him that it was time
to leave. As he departed, who should appear on the scene but
Donald. Julio nearly choked as he staffed down the crackers to
avoid having to share them, but this of course, led to Donald's
parking by our side in the hopes of receiving his own share. Fortunately or unfortunately, depending upon which side of the
tail you were on, Donald possessed none of the staying power of
Julio, and eventually left, probably deciding that another half
hour wait was not worth it for a few crackers.

The next day was our longest, as we rounded the eastern end of
Guanaja and headed west for the north shore of Roatán, our goal
being Big Bight, approximately 40 miles away. The day held
promise for a good sail but after a brief reach as we made the turn
westward we found ourselves once again running dead before the
easterly trades.

In the late morning we put in briefly at Michael Rock on the
north shore of Guanaja. This was the most picturesque spot we
encountered, with a high grassy slope rising above a beautifully sheltered beach flanked by palm trees and bluegreen waters. The girls snorkeled off the beach, three of the men took the dinghy to snorkel nearer the rock at the foot of the hill, while Fritz climbed through the long grass to the top of the hill to photograph the boat from above.

Once underway again we traveled under sail alone as long as we dared, but it soon became apparent there was no way to reach our intended destination or even a satisfactory anchorage to the east of it without help from the "iron jenny." Even with the motor, after a long afternoon under power, we had to shorten our course and put in at the delightfully named Pollytily Bight. Entering Pollytily is no mean feat, even when the sun is high in the sky, for the coral reefs which guard the entire north shore of Roatan are particularly protective here, the passage narrowing to a width of less than 30 feet at the mid-point of the entwined bay. Notwithstanding the fading late afternoon light, we inched our way carefully in without much as a bump, anchored far away from the small settlement so as to avoid the local dog and rooster chorus, set two anchors to ensure that we did not swing either toward the shallows to the north or coral to the south and spent the most peaceful night of the entire cruise.

The following morning we were off early as we were anxious to get in a dive in the morning and then make it to Anthony's Key Resort at the western end of Roatan for their afternoon dive. We made a brief excursion into Big Bight but elected to dive on the outside of the reef near the wreck of the "Syng." A Greek freighter which went down on the reef in 1903. Unfortunately, some fairly strong seas were making it quite rough near the wreck itself and three of us opted to dive in the deeper water near our anchorage. Len, as was his habit, when we three men were scubaing, snorkeled above us, Melissa, whose mask had broken earlier, stayed aboard, while Pat and Tricia snorkeled in close to the wreck. It was here that the only serious danger of the trip occurred, for Tricia found herself being slammed around in the coral and shallow water near the "Syng." Melissa, recognizing her plight, screamed to Len to help. Len, a strong swimmer, was able to get to Tricia and lead her to deeper, calmer waters, but the damage had already been done, and she was badly sliced up about her legs and arms by the sharp coral.

As luck would have it, when we did put in at Anthony's Key, we anchored alongside another of the Flying Scot cruise boats, "Daphne II," with two doctors aboard. We asked Dick Woellner and Chuck Murray, from Minneapolis, if they would take a look at Tricia's wounds, and while three of us went scuba diving, the two docs paid a "boat call." They concurred that the damage was not serious, but recommended some antibiotics to protect against the unknown "creepy crawlies" which can inhabit the reefs in the tropics.

We paid for the medical services with two bags of flour and two cans of peaches which we had not used, but which their boat was in need of. In return, Chuck's wife, Hilda, made us a peach pie. We felt that we ate extremely well aboard "Eureka," but we kept hearing rumors of fresh baked bread, chocolate eclair and other exotic creations being made aboard "Daphne II," and the pie confirmed them all. Our dinner that night consisted of baked lobster tails, canned corn and the fresh and still warm peach pie.

After dinner we all headed ashore for drinks, (Anthony's Key Resort makes a rum and tonic by filling a glass to the top with rum and then adding a splash of tonic on top), and entertainment (the main feature of the band is one member who plays his knuckles like a penny whistle).

The next day we powered west to the farthest tip of Roatan where we had heard reports of a 15 foot Murray eel, but unhappily, we were unable to find him. Trish stayed aboard while the rest of us dove and snorkeled, and upon our return we found she had negotiated her unusual trade of clothes and beer for her carved stone. After a heroic struggle to release our anchor from the coral in which it had snagged, we powered around to CSY where the check-in was accomplished quickly and efficiently. However, the news that one of Sasha's airplanes on which we were scheduled to return had been hijacked to Nicaragua left us all feeling somewhat less than confident about our return. When we found out that this plane represented 50% of their jet "fleet," we lost whatever hope remained.

At 6:00 a.m. the next morning, the airport at Roatan was pandemonium. Adding to the problems of disinterested officials and overly helpful native boys, all vying for the opportunity to carry luggage and collect tips, was the realization that there were far more people trying to leave the island than there were seats on the DC-3 making the flight to San Pedro Sula. "Eureka's" crew made it aboard the plane, but numerous others were left behind, standing forlornly on the porch of the small wooden building which serves as the Roatan International Air Terminal.

Contrary to our understanding of the flight plans, we landed at LaCeiba and were informed we had to disembark while the plane went back to Roatan to fetch the others. This solved the problem of getting everyone off the island, and an Electra Prop Jet which had been run in to replace the hijacked piece of equipment was able to ferry us all on to San Pedro Sula. In SPS we finally made contact with the errant jet, but here the honeymoon ended as four of the Flying Scot group were finally left behind. (They made it that afternoon on the next plane.) The rest of us took off again, naively thinking we were on a routine flight to New Orleans.

Enter the government of Beliz (formerly British Honduras. A scheduled 5 minute stop in Beliz to exchange three passengers took well over an hour. It was discovered the plane had been oversold for the final leg to New Orleans, and the Belizian government was reluctant to let the plane depart before extracting its pound of flesh for this breach of etiquette.

Eventually we were released, some of the people aboard, having been hijacked not just once by terrorists, but a second time by a government. The rest of the trip was uneventful despite the exasperatingly long process of clearing Customs in New Orleans. But it is an ill wind, as they say, and several of us were able to take home an unexpected dividend in the form of cases of pineapple originally placed aboard the hijacked jet by passengers who had long since gone home on other planes.

While others scrambled to find connecting flights or missing pieces of luggage, the Beirys, Vances and Traks ensconced themselves in the airport's oyster bar and consumed vast quantities of the local seafare (Len actually found a pearl!) and began to lay plans for the next trip two years hence. "Next time the trade winds will blow all the time. Next time even when the charts are wrong, we won't hit bottom. Next time . . ."

See you all in 1983!
Commodore Vance invites all of us to join him on the next ESSA cruise in 1983
Regatta Schedule


July 25-26—Capitol District Championship, Maryland State Championship, Deep Creek Lake, Maryland. (Contact Harry Carpenter c/o Gordon Douglass Boat Co., Inc. Route 4, Drawer AB, Oakland, MD 21550. Tel. 301-334-4848.)

July 31-Aug. 2—Duxbury Yacht Club Midsummer Series. 5 Races. Contact Ham Bowman, (617) 326-4225.


August 1-3—Junior North American Championship, Lake Norman. (To be sailed if 5 participants register by July 1.)

August 1-7—North American Championship, Lake Norman, North Carolina, Fleet 48. For chartering contact George Schirin, 821 Fieldstone Rd., Mooresville, NC 28115. (NAC Chairman is Hallam Walker, P.O. Box 2185, Davidson, NC 28036. Phone 1-804-892-1276.)

Aug. 7, 8, 9—Northeast District Championship, 5 races. To be sailed in conjunction with the Buzzards Bay Regatta and hosted by Beverly Yacht Club. Marion, Mass. Contact Chuck Winans (Home) (617) 785-0340, (Office) (617) 434-8616.


Sept. 12-13—Regatta, Potomac River, SA, Upper Bay (President’s Cup).

Sept. 12-13—President’s Cup, Potomac River Sailing Association.

Sept. 19-20—Lake Massapoag Fall Windup at Sharon, Mass. Contact Mike Kiely, (617) 326-1844.

Sept. 19-20—Fleet 1 Regatta, Cowan Lake Sailing Assn., Wilmington, Ohio. 5 races. Monumental-style pig roast Sat. night plus entertainment. Contact Sandy Eustis, 931 Paradrome, Cincinnati, Ohio, 45202. (513) 241-8230 or (513) 57-0618.

Sept. 19-20—Greater New York District Championships, Hempstead Bay Sailing Club (Fleet 46). (Contact Joe Alter, 516-481-0731 or 516-446-8600.)


Oct. 3-4—Virginia Inland Sailing Association (VISA). Smith Mountain Lake, Roanoke, Virginia.

Oct. 10—Last Chance Regatta—Richmond, Virginia. Contact: Bill Giles, 9514 Beckham Dr., Richmond, Virginia 23235.


Oct. 30-Nov. 1—Wurstfest Regatta—Canyon Lake Yacht Club, Canyon Lake (near San Antonio, Texas). (Contact: Robert Killian, 7915 Teak Lane, San Antonio, Texas 78209, 512-826-8631.)

Rick Baughers leads Jerry Hartman at 1981 Egyptian Cup (see art. on page 13).
Scots put it on the line
at BSC Ironman Open

by Bob Mewbourne/Captain of Fleet 118

Flying Scot Fleet 118 with guests from other FS fleets put 24 Scots on the line for Birmingham Sailing Club's Iron Regatta May 16th and 17th. This was good enough to win the Ironman award for the largest fleet registered and is the second year in a row that Scots have achieved this distinction. We have a streak going.

Moderate, and sometimes variable, winds prevailed throughout the regatta. Adequate for good racing and a challenge for every skipper—with an opportunity for him to demonstrate his ability to read the wind, and/or to prove the existence of his meaningful relationship with her royal fickleness, Lady Luck.

Top wind reader was Joe McFadden (2609), who was simply defending the first place position he established in last year's Ironman. Greatest distance traveler was Floyd Davis (2282) from Panama City.

Results

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Overall</th>
<th>Skipper</th>
<th>1st Race</th>
<th>2nd Race</th>
<th>3rd Race</th>
<th>Total Points</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>McFadden, #2609</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>5 3/4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>Mewbourne, #3287</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>11 3/4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>Ferguson, #397</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>12 3/4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td>Lawson, #3393</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5.</td>
<td>Davis, #2282</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6.</td>
<td>Wagoner, #1874</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Rick Baugher wins Egyptian

by Rex Bowers/Captain, Fleet 30

Rick Baugher left the 1981 Egyptian Cup Regatta (held June 6 and 7 on Crab Orchard Lake near Carbondale, Illinois) with a well-deserved and uncontrollable grin across his face. He had just soundly defeated a strong Fleet of eleven Flying Scot skippers from five states, seven of whom had sailed in the 1981 Midwinters.

Saturday morning brought overcast, some drizzle, and light winds 5 to 7 from the south. Rick Baugher led at all marks and was never seriously threatened. He finished about two minutes ahead of the second boat.

Saturday afternoon remained overcast and wet with less wind, still southerly. The race was shortened to one triangle, plus a beat to the finish. The committee boat ended was heavily favored so that several boats got "wiped off." Ted Glass lucked into the best start and led all the way. Baugher was close behind.

This left Baugher and Glass tied for 1st, Harry Carpenter and Jerry Harman tied for 3rd, and Striegel, McRae and MacKenzie pushing strongly.

The Fleet's In

High Rock Yacht Club
Invitational Regatta

Southmont, N.C.
May 30-31, 1981

by Larry Lewis
Secretary, Fleet 108

Nine North Carolina Scots showed up for a great weekend of racing. This three race Regatta enjoyed good weather—Winds 5-12, Sunshine, except for one Saturday night thunderstorm, and free beer with live Saturday night entertainment.

The Regatta was decided on the last race with the first three places as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Overall</th>
<th>Skipper &amp; Boat</th>
<th>1st Race</th>
<th>2nd Race</th>
<th>3rd Race</th>
<th>Total Points</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>Larry Lewis, 1300 Blue Goose</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>6 1/2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>Dick Schultz, 1885 Ghost</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>Kent Taylor, 12596 McToy</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Sunday's race was sailed in zero to 3 from the east (this regatta nothing like last year's gearbuster). Barry Moore won the start and led most of the way—however, drifting down to the last leeward mark Moore ran out of wind and into Hobie cats. Baugher, Carpenter, MacKenzie and Striegel all got through. Baugher finished first and grinned (sheepishly?) all the way home.

Results

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Overall</th>
<th>Skipper &amp; Crew</th>
<th>1st Race</th>
<th>2nd Race</th>
<th>3rd Race</th>
<th>Total Points</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>Rick Baugher, 2862</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3 1/2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>Ted Glass, 3617</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>8 3/4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>Harry Carpenter, 5601</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td>Leon Streigel, 1690</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5.</td>
<td>Bob MacKenzie, 1865</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

JULY 1981
GO FAST
Super Schreck Sails

Fast Flying Scot Sails, sails that make a difference, are now available at Paul Schreck & Co. Sailmakers. After years of testing, Paul Schreck has developed a suit of truly fast sails. Even racers who haven't quite mastered the fine points of tuning and trim have begun to win with these sails. The sails are just plain fast. In 1973 and 1980 Super Schreck Sails have produced these results:

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Harry Carpenter won the Egyptian Cup Regatta on Crab Orchard Lake, Illinois.

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