

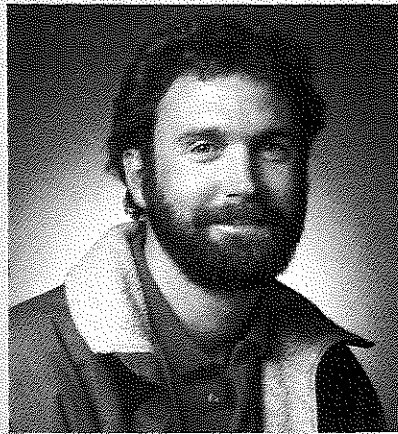
Scots n' Water

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE FLYING SCOT SAILING ASSOCIATION

VOLUME XXX, NUMBER 1, JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1988



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Scots n' Water

Registered Trademark. Publication No. ISSNS 0194-5637. Published bi-monthly by FSSA at 3008 Millwood Avenue, Columbia, South Carolina 29205. Volume XXX, No. 1. Subscription is \$8 a year included in annual membership dues. Second class postage paid at Columbia, South Carolina 29201.

Publication Deadlines: May issue, **March 1**; July issue, **May 1**; September issue, **July 1**; November issue, **September 1**; January issue, **November 1**; March issue, **January 1**.

Ad Rates: Write FSSA, 3008 Millwood Avenue, Columbia, SC 29205

Postmaster: Please send change of address to FSSA, 3008 Millwood Avenue, Columbia, South Carolina 29205.

FROM THE EDITOR

1987 AND BEYOND

1987 has come and gone. We celebrated our 30th Anniversary in grand style with the largest weekend regatta in the history of the FSSA. *Scots n' Water* published an excellent "Keepsake Issue," not only in content, but as our first color issue. Yes, the first thirty years have been something to brag about. Sales of new Flying Scots continue on at full capacity of the Douglass Boat Co. Efforts for a new Canadian builder and hopes of Fair Trade Laws promise growth in the future of Canadian fleets. We had record membership in the Flying Scot Sailing Association. 1987 was indeed a very positive year of growth and activity for the Flying Scot.

We can not stop and rest on our past success. The Flying Scot is one of the most successful one-design classes in sailing today. This issue of *Scots n' Water* illustrates just what this class is all about. Our founding father, Sandy Douglass, writes an autobiography which is reviewed. Everyone registers to attend the Mid-winter Championships. We see how fleets grow through fun and activities. Sailors take a day to share their boats with the handicapped or students wanting to learn about sailing. A fleet celebrates its first Anniversary.

The people of the FSSA are a story also. Pat Barry's profile is one of a second generation Scot sailor whose hard work and dedication to sailing and the FSSA has earned him national respect. Bob Vance's contribution is very unique. He takes the time to organize a FSSA Charter Boat Cruise which brings together a large cross section of Scot sailors in another part of the world. In the name of science and adventure we follow a Scot cruising on the Mississippi Sound.

Next we travel to some regattas. Some are big, some are small and one may be the perfect regatta. The GYA, Gordon Douglass Boats and the FSSA hosted the Championship of Champions where the best one-design sailors tested their skills in a Flying Scot, the class that dreamed up this event ten years ago. Great racing and publicity with a chance for us all to learn from the experts.

And don't forget our advertisers. Though they benefit from the class, they also support the FSSA and help make us better sailors.

Then there is a list of new members. Growth continues because of all of these things big and small.

The FSSA has worked hard to get where it is and must continue to work even harder to stay there. We are only limited by our determination and imagination. 1987 was a great year to reflect upon, but now it's time to get on with 1988. What are you going to do different this year to enjoy sailing the Scot, building the fleet, or helping the FSSA?

ATTENTION

Your Dues Must Be Paid By
February 28,
to be included in the
1988 Flying Scot Roster

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CONGRATULATIONS!

What a great Keepsake Issue the 30th Anniversary *Scots n' Water* was. I read every word and it makes me proud to have been a part of this dynamic organization for the past 28 years.

I hate to do this, but I have to update your Flying Scot trivia. You are correct that Fleet 7 has hosted more class championships than any other fleet, however, they have hosted five, inadvertently you missed 1973.

This issue represented a tremendous amount of effort on Pat's part, a true labor of love. I have kept every issue since 1965. Incidentally, if our official archives are missing any issues, it is entirely possible that I have it.

Again, thank you very much for bringing back so many fond memories of the people and events mentioned in the 30th Anniversary issue.

Bob Vance

Editor: Bob served as an FSSA officer for a decade as Treasurer, Vice President, President ('78-'79) and Commodore. He has organized several unique FSSA Charter Cruises including one this past summer to Alaska. Look for his story in this issue.

BOOK REVIEW:

SIXTY YEARS BEHIND THE MAST

by Gordon K. (Sandy) Douglass
McClain Printing Company
Parsons, West Virginia

by Betty Struckhoff

Sandy Douglass is a legend in his own time. He is a genius and not the sort of person one immediately warms up to. But his breadth of knowledge and experience, all 83 years of it, leave one richer for having known him. During the 1920's and 30's he was a world class competitor in sailing canoes. He designed and built the Thistle, Highlander and Flying Scot. Between the years of 1946 and 1971 he was 12 times national champion in either the Thistle or Flying Scot.

I first met Sandy last June at the 30th Anniversary Regatta for the Flying Scot. At least one Cincinnati television station had reporters at the Lake Cowan interviewing him. My contact with him consisted of a few pleasantries exchanged before the skippers' meeting. He was peddling his book and of course we bought a copy. Back home I found myself devouring it evening after evening.

It is not a great book. My enjoyment of it is due in large part to the fact that I like books which give one a taste of how day to day life in another era was lived. Sandy tells us about cruising Long Island Sound as a boy in a 43 foot yawl. Rigging it took all of a day. He tells of racing in sailing canoes and compares them to today's sailboards. He tells about living in the Dakota Apartments in New York City in the early 1900's when everyone dressed for dinner each evening. He describes vacationing in the 1000 Islands on the St. Lawrence Seaway when the water was clean enough to drink. We read how his small boat building business was destroyed by the second world war only to rebuild it later.

Sometimes the story is downright disjointed, sometimes repetitious, but you have to remember that this is someone going back over 83 years. When Sandy tells of boat building he uses technical terms not at all familiar to a Sunday sailor. At times I found the details overwhelming and impossible to follow. On the other hand, a chapter entitled "Light Weather Sailing" is one of the most simplified dissertations on the subject I have ever read.

Sandy is not modest about his accomplishments. Whether in sailing, boat building, painting or barbershop singing he is nearly always successful and, when not, he soon overcomes adversity. There is no doubt that he was very good at what he chose to do.

While the Flying Scot has been the biggest success designed by Sandy, the book leaves the distinct impression that the Thistle was his one true love. He strongly espouses his belief that the Thistle lost its popularity because the class rules permitted too much modification,

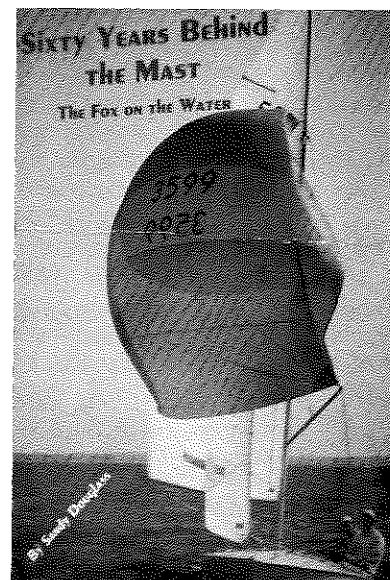
making it expensive to sail the boat competitively. Sandy's philosophy reigns in the Flying Scot organization in its resistance to new innovations in sail and gear. The Flying Scot continues to enjoy immense popularity, so perhaps once again Sandy is right.

Sandy credits the Lightning and Snipe Classes for pioneering the class organization that the Flying Scot Sailing Association is modeled after.

I had the opportunity to renew my acquaintance with Sandy at the Flying Scot North American Championships in July. Sandy surprised us by staying the entire week at Carlyle and was seen in his crisp khakis on a spectator boat for every race. Since by this time I had read his book, I welcomed the opportunities to chat with him. He always had stories to tell. Some of them I had read in the book but many I had not. He seemed to most enjoy telling those which exhibited a boyish sense of humor, such as when he tricked his wife Mary at a water fountain with multiple outlets. He told me a joke about two Sunday school teachers on their way home from a convention. I think my favorite story may be about his winning a recent Sunday race on his home lake (Deep Creek, Maryland) with a 60 year old neighbor woman, who was mistaken to be a teenager, as his crew.

I recommend SIXTY YEARS BEHIND THE MAST for anyone who has ever taken a small boat out on the water. In many ways, this is a history book about our sport, told by a slightly cantankerous octogenarian. Sandy Douglass has made a tremendous impact on our sport and is a true sportsman.

**JUST
RELEASED!**



The book is available
for \$20, postage paid.

Contact Sandy
directly at
P.O. Box 28,
Oakland, MD 21550

Gordon K. 'Sandy' Douglass chronicles his life in
his new book, *Sixty Years Behind the Mast*.

Read all about Sandy's exploits both before and
after he designed the Flying Scot.

Notice of Regatta

1988 FS Midwinter Championship

Site The 1988 Flying Scot Midwinter Championship will be held from March 28 through April 1 on the waters of St. Andrews Bay. St. Andrews Bay Yacht Club of Panama City, Florida, is the host club and organizing authority.

Rules The regatta will be governed by the 1985-1988 International Yacht Racing Rules, the prescriptions of the USYRU, the Class Rules of the FSSA, and by the Sailing Instructions.

Eligibility The competition shall be open to all FSSA registered sailors. Competitors must meet all ownership, class membership and yacht measurement requirements and must have paid all event fees.

Schedule	Monday	March 28	Registration and Sail Measurement 2 afternoon tune-up races	Thursday	March 31	1000	Race 4
						1400	Race 5
	Tuesday	March 29	Registration and Sail Measurement 1400	Friday	April 1	1000	Race 6
			1800			1800	Awards Banquet
	Wednesday	March 30	1000				
			1400				
			1800				

Sailors attending prior to 1987 should take note of the changes in dates and schedule!

Racing The Midwinter Championship will consist of as many as six races. If all six races are run, the competitor's worst finish will be discarded. Competitors shall place themselves in either the Championship or Challenger Division.

Courses Racing will be run on Olympic courses or variations thereof. Course length and sailing location will be determined based on sailing conditions.

Scoring The Low Point Scoring System, Appendix 5A, of IYRR, will be used.

Prizes Prizes will be awarded to at least the top seven finishers in the Championship Division and the top five finishers in the Challenger Division.

Measurement All sails will be inspected using the official FSSA specifications for sails. Mains and jibs that have a stamp from the 1986 N.A.C. will be waived from measurement. All hulls and equipment shall conform to FSSA specifications but will not be measured. All required and safety equipment shall be carried on board.

General A Midwinter Warm-Up Regatta will be held March 26-27 at Ft. Walton Beach, YC, approximately 50 miles west of St. Andrews Bay YC.

Docking and mooring facilities at St. Andrews Bay YC will be available beginning Friday, March 28.

Entries Entry fee is \$40 if pre-registered by March 25. Add \$5 for regatta site registration. Checks should be made out to Midwinter Regatta Fund.

Registrants should include their name, address, sail number and home fleet number.

Housing Some on-site tent and RV camping is available on a first come—first served basis. All motels are located within 15 minutes of St. ABYC. They are listed in order of proximity to the club.
Bayside Inn, 711 W. Beach Dr., Panama City, FL 32401. (904)763-4622. **Howard Johnson's**, 4601 W. Hwy. 98, Panama City, FL, 32401. (904)785-0222. **Days Inn**, 4810 W. Hwy. 98, Panama City, FL 32401, (904)769-4831. **Ramada Inn**, 3001 W. 10th St., Panama City, FL 32401. (904)785-0561.

Sailing Instructions Sailing instructions will be available at registration.

Contact Mail entry and check (payable to Midwinter Regatta Fund) to Mrs. Betty Smith, PO Box 406, Panama City, FL 32402.

FLEET REVIEW

FLEET 37, HOOVER RESERVOIR COLUMBUS, OHIO

By John Lewis and Nancy Hauck, Newsletter Editor

Fleet 37 sails out of Hoover Yacht Club on Hoover Reservoir just northeast of Columbus, Ohio. The club consists of all one-design center-board fleets ranging from Lasers to Highlanders. All fleets have an active racing program and they produce many excellent sailors. Fleet 37 has approximately 50 members with 44 Scots at the club.

Member Kreck Stewart was part of the original group that met and formed the FSSA 30 years ago. Jack Huling has sailed the Scot for 25 years and is one of the main fleet activists. He also doubles as the local Flying Scot Dealer and has helped find many a used boat for the fleet. Fleet 37 has had tremendous growth the last five years, with many owners being first time sailors. Jack has accepted the role of chief instructor for racing rules and also helps with much rigging and maintenance guidance. In recent years Jack's son Jay has also bought a Scot and joined Fleet 37 serving in 1987 as Fleet Captain.

Much of the secret of Fleet 37's success comes from a young enthusiastic group. There is at least one official fleet activity each month and during the sailing season there is fleet activity every weekend after the racing. Yes, this fleet knows how to have fun and that is really what keeps it growing.

They host the Buckeye Regatta every spring, the weekend before Memorial Day. It draws many of the best Scot sailors from all around the Ohio District and as far away as North Carolina and Chicago. This year's Buckeye Regatta had eight different fleets represented in the top 10 but nobody from Fleet 37.

Some of the best sailors are still developing and that includes some juniors. Sjoerd Jan and Barry Vanderhorst placed first and second at the regional Smythe Cup competition as part of the Hoover Junior Sailing Team which was awarded the regatta sportsmanship trophy as voted by their peers.

This year's Club Championship Regatta was sailed in Flying Scots on September 26. The fleet furnished the

boats for representatives from eight fleets. Skippers and crews are then rotated through a five race series to determine the Champion Class.

One highlight of the season is a fleet trip to the Lake Erie Islands in early October. The idea is to meet at Catawba Point and sail as a fleet to Put-In-Bay on South Bass Island. This year the weather did not cooperate. Temperatures in the forties and a heavy northwest wind over the open water of Lake Erie sent most of the fleet to the ferry. But John Gottwald assembled a crew of Hoover's best "men of the sea" for a thrilling beat to Put-In-Bay.

Much of Put-In-Bay's development goes back to the early 1900's and has stayed there. In the war of 1812, it was the site of Oliver Hazard Perry's victory over the British fleet. Several old Hotels and evening spots make up most of this picturesque town which thrives as the main harbor in the Islands. During the summer months Put-In-Bay is the place to cruise and party on Lake Erie. In the fall, the crowds subside but the Island stays alive until late October.

The group of twenty-four checked in at the old Victorian-style Park Hotel and enjoyed lunch. Then it was down to the harbor to watch for the intrepid sailors. It was a beat all the way from the mainland and the trip took a bit

longer than in past years. Around the point they sailed, into the waiting dock. They had quite a sail, learning the value of proper foul weather gear including boots.

The fleet headed for the shops to browse. Frosty's Bar and the big screen TV tuned to the Buckeye (Ohio State) football game caught the attention of the fleet as the afternoon wound down.

That evening everyone went out to the Skyway restaurant for Prime Rib or Walleye dinners. After dinner, most of the fleet answered the beckoning call of the Round House Bar. A great band played while the night was danced away. Fleet 37 has a Traveling Road Show that can challenge any fleet on the dance floor. Late night turned into early morning as we made our way back (next door) to the Park Hotel.

Sunday morning the group enjoyed breakfast and a walk to Perry's Monument. From high above South Bass Island you can nearly see from Toledo to Canada to Cleveland on a clear day. Another group sailed back with John Gottwald to Catawba Point. The wind still heavy and the waves still big, made for an exciting reach. Those on the Ferry boat were excited to watch the red Scot planing in the distance on their ride back.

Everyone pitched in to unrig the Scot and then had lunch at the Side Door restaurant near Catawba. The weekend adventure was discussed and all agreed this was the best Island Trip yet. Everyone hopes for better weather next October when they'll do it again.

Fleet 37 will be honing their sailing and partying skills all winter at various activities. First comes the Christmas Party where everyone exchanges gag gifts. Later, is the ever popular South Seas Party (in the dead of winter). One way to build a fleet is through fun group activities. For many, the sailing season is limited. A truly successful fleet should remain active all year. Fleet 37 looks forward to seeing everyone this spring at the Buckeye Regatta, May 21-22.

(continued on page 8)



The "Men of the Sea" leave Catawba for Put-in-Bay.

Fleet Review

(continued from page 7)

FLEET 137 HOSTS HANDICAPPED CHILDREN

On June 14th, the members of Flying Scot Fleet 137 from Southern Virginia provided boats for a very special picnic. The guests were a group of blind and visually handicapped youngsters with their families and teachers. The Denbigh Lions, a VA club of Lions International, hosted the picnic at Back Creek Park near Seaford.

The sky was overcast, the breeze light and the temperature was in the upper 80's. It was a perfect day for everyone to enjoy the feel of the breeze and experience a refreshing sail. The Denbigh Lions and their families provided plenty of food and drink while Fleet 137 furnished five Flying Scots. In all, about 80 people enjoyed the picnic which everyone hopes will become an annual event.

It was a very memorable experience for all those skippers and crews participating. The Lions add a special

thanks to the participating members of Fleet 137:

Mike and Nancy Ware
Jim Pickering and Natalie
Mark Manglesdorf and Chris
Andy Gillis and Juli
Richard Dickoff



Fleet 137 taking handicapped children for a sail.

FLEET 160 FLEET CHAMPIONSHIP

By John Beery, Fleet Captain

Fleet 160 of Lake of the Woods in Wilderness, Virginia held its first Fleet Championship with a three race series on September 19. Five of the six fleet boats competed in the championship held in light to moderate winds. Cloudy skies with the imminent prospect for rain (which held off) kept all of the power boats off the lake. The Scots enjoyed the flat water and it was a true battle of boat speed.

Bob and Gail Post (4.5 points) edged out John and Yvonne Beery (4.75 points) to take the championship with Clive Watson and Hugh Treacy taking third.

Ed: Congratulations to Fleet 160 on their first anniversary. In just one year they have shown the entire FSSA what fleet building and Flying Scot enthusiasm is all about. Much success to them throughout the years to come.

(continued on page 9)

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Parts and Equipment in Stock: All the parts for DOUGLASS or CUSTOMFLEX boats as well as WACO type 360° cleats, crew hiking aid, shroud covers, custom cockpit "tent" covers, stainless or aluminum winch cranks, sailcloth centerboard gaskets, TELO windvanes, plus all the necessary kits to update the rigging for your mainsheet, jib sheet, vang, and spinnaker controls. Do-it-yourself instructions and photos for all our kits.

Check your Gooseneck! We have all the parts to repair the STAR MARINE/KENYON gooseneck. Our uncollapsible universal replaces the inadequate universal which appeared beginning about 1971. \$6.50.

Accessories: AIGLE boots, absolutely the best wet sailing dinghy boat; CHUCK ROAST jackets and jumpsuits; HIGH SEAS PVDs and foul weather gear; ACCUSPLIT racing timers, at \$42 the slickest waterproof watch/stopwatch you can buy; LASER compasses, and much more. Call us for holiday or birthday shopping suggestions. Catalogue available.

New Items: HARKEN HEXARATHCET® riser, form-fitting molded black plastic platform. No maintenance alternative to wood block to wedge ratchet up to horizontal. Leeward cleating is easy in the heaviest of winds! Now no excuse for cumbersome across-the-cockpit sheeting. \$31 package has (2) risers, fasteners. HARKEN #150 cleat wedges, and instructions.

We ship daily by UPS on open account to FSSA members! We repair hulls, centerboards, and sails.

Fleet Review

(continued from page 8)

FLEET 159 HOSTS OSWEGO HIGH SCHOOL SAILING CLUB

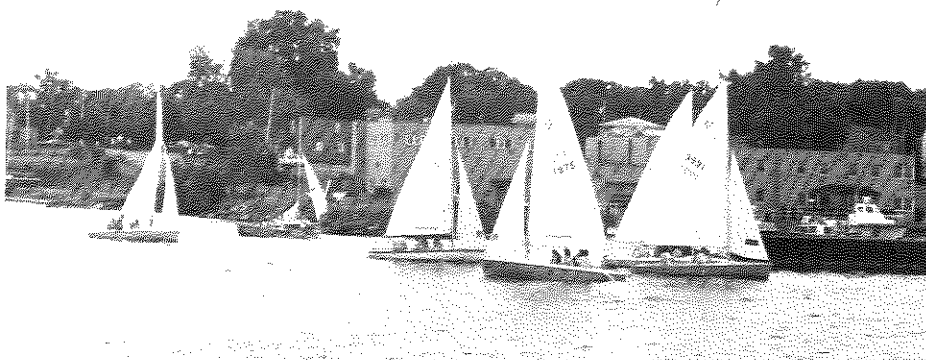
By Nancy Landry

Flying Scot Fleet 159 sails the beautiful windy waters of Lake Ontario in Oswego, New York. Chartered in 1985 with three boats, the fleet has grown to five members. The Oswego High School Sailing Club's new Scot is soon-to-become the sixth member boat.

The fleet's first event this year was hosting the high school Sailing Club's special daysail trip which took place in July. Club Advisor, Joe Rotolo, and Jim Landry have used their Flying Scots as teaching boats for the High School students and students of the Oswego Maritime Foundation for several years. When the students began planning their club's schedule of events in the spring, help was sought from the local Scot fleet for a daysail event. Four fleet members offered their Scots, guidance and personal time; Chris Rotunno, Fleet Captain #3991, Joe Rotolo #1875, Jim Landry #2920 and Jeff Walrath #3492 with Ben Fox sailing the school's own boat, #4357.

Twenty club members assembled at the Oswego Maritime Foundation's waterfront in the harbor, eager to sail the 15 miles southwest to Fair Haven State Park. Greeting them at 7 A.M. was an overcast sky with mist-laden moderate wind from the north. Everyone rigged the Scots and a skipper's meeting covered the group's itinerary, safety plans, and rosters for each boat. Plans for beaching the boats were also covered if severe weather endangered the fleet.

The five Scots cast off with four students and a fleet member in each



The student expedition tacks out of the harbor.

boat. The Oswego Maritime Foundation power boat manned by Alan Brumsted and Anatoly Newidomy followed for safety.

Winds out of the northeast put them on a starboard broad reach out of the harbor, heading north-northwest for 8 miles. With this wind direction, the plan was to alter course to the west and take advantage of a fast port broad reach. However, the wind shifted and came out of the north, altering the point of sail to a run. Rollers and waves were measuring six feet high because of unhampered wind blowing across 50 miles of open water.

During the four hour sail, students were rotated from skipper to first mate to crew. Most of the trip found the high schoolers actively sailing the fleet. Although this was not a race, competitiveness between the boats naturally occurred. This unofficial racing made the students very receptive to learning the finer points of sailing.

Many observations were made while sailing this Great Lake's waters. Lake trout were spotted several times breaking the surface in arching jumps. Lake trout often weigh 20 lbs. or more.

Much of the lakeshore is edged with sandless beaches. Baseball-sized rocks are found along the water's edge for about 50 feet and

heaped in banks. The rocks have been churned against each other for centuries by wave action making them round and smooth.

Beyond these rocky beaches are numerous marshes where cranes, herons, and ducks can be spotted. These swamps and marshes are prime breeding areas for many species of waterfowl. Of course, countless varieties of gulls were always around.

Oswego's prominent landmark from offshore is a local powerplant's 710 ft. twin stacks. These stacks remain in view for most of the sail to Fair Haven, which was discouraging for those not familiar with this occurrence.

There is a section of shore where high sandstone cliffs appear, slowly eroded by winter's gales. Seeing these cliffs, within the borders of Fair Haven State Park, let the fleet know they were close to their destination.

Sailboats began to quietly appear on the horizon, some with spinnakers flying. This sight was welcomed by all, especially those students who were feeling the effects of hours on constant rollers.

The crews carefully beached their boats in Fair Haven harbor on the sand behind the park's breakwall. Swimming and a picnic provided by the Sailing Club capped the day's event. The boats were put on their trailers and unrigged for the drive back to Oswego.

Fleet members found the Scot's stability and ease of handling invaluable when working with novice sailors. All agreed on the success of the second annual trip and are looking forward to many more. This event has proved educational to the sailors and a good promotion for Fleet 159. Some of the students' families and the students themselves are already considering buying Flying Scots.



Packing up the boats.



FISHER SAILS
330 W. SPRING ST.
COLUMBUS, OHIO 43215

Dear Fellow Flying Scot Sailors,

I'm sure by now you've seen our new advertisements or have heard that we've left the Shore Sails organization and have gone off on our own. Becoming an independent loft is a big step for us. We're extremely excited about the move and are confident it will work well for us. More importantly, we think it will work better for you, our valued Flying Scot customers.

Actually, nothing has changed at Fisher Sails—except our name and our logo. As you may already know, we've always performed our own sail design work and have done our own cloth purchasing. Our sails, which won 10 other national one-design championships in 1987, are our own **exclusive** designs. No other loft in the country is building these sails.

Results speak the loudest. In 1987, Flying Scot sails built in our loft swept the North Americans, placing 1st, 2nd, 4th and 5th. In fact, our design won 18 out of the top 22 places in the regatta. In 1986, our sails took 1st, 2nd and 5th in the North Americans.

We pledge to keep building the fastest, easiest to trim Flying Scot sails. But for you, our friends and customers, Fisher Sails also will provide the personal, fast service that we're so well known for.

Perhaps the most important news is that we're still the same sailmakers in the same place—the heart of one-design country. Now, more than ever, we want you to consider us your **personal** sailmaker.

As always,

Charlotte and Greg Fisher

OFFICER PROFILE:

PAT BARRY, A LIFETIME OF BOATING

By Cheryl Barry and Patrick Barry Sr.

Pat began his love affair with boating and the water at age three when his parents began vacationing at Glen Lake in Michigan's Leelanau Peninsula in 1952. Beginning with toy boats and sand marinas, Pat worked his way up through rowboats, outboard motorboats and sailboats through the years at Glen Lake. At age 12 he saved his money all winter for motor rental for the rowboat that came with the cottage.

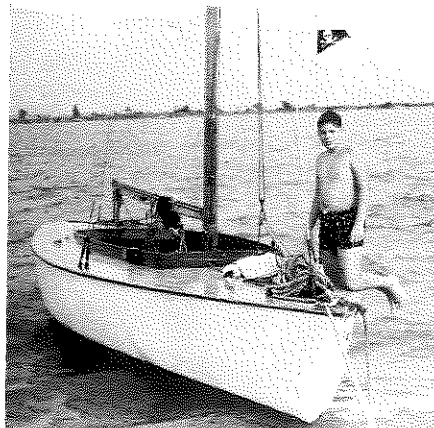
Pat enjoyed sailing Sunfish, Wood Pussy's (yes, that's a sailboat), and even a Sport Yak sailing dinghy at Glen Lake.

In 1961, the Barrys joined the Edison Boat Club, located on the Detroit river near Lake St. Clair. This was to open the world of "big" boats to Pat. Edison Boat Club owned a fleet of four 28 foot Club Sloops and eight Flying Scots. Father and son sailed Scots together and occasionally crewed on the Club Sloops.

In his late teens, Pat earned a position as crew on a 24 foot Crescent sailboat "Renegade." They raced on the Detroit River and Lake St. Clair and even participated in the ILYA Put-In-Bay series on Lake Erie. It was a real learning experience for Pat.

Pat also crewed with his Dad in Flying Scots. They raced on Lake St. Clair in Team Events against the Detroit Yacht Club and Detroit Boat Club. Three boats per club, best total points won.

About this time Cheryl and Pat met. She recalls spending every Saturday morning with Pat's mom towing the Scot down the Detroit River to Lake St. Clair. It was about an hour trip each way, which was necessary for a good race on the lake. Cheryl, not a sailor, enjoyed watching the exciting races as the Barrys sailed.



Pat with his Skull and Crossbone Flag on a Edison Boat Club 28 Foot Sloop in 1962.

Pat attended Eastern Michigan University. Before his senior year, Pat and Cheryl were married. That fall, he came upon a Flying Junior outside of a University garage. Pat not being one to shirk a responsibility, searched out the owners to find a newly formed E.M.U. Sailing and Scuba Club. At this point a whole new sailing career started. He became very active with the club, sailing on Ford Lake near the campus. Pat served on many race and protest committees and as Commodore for a year.

He sailed competitively in the Flying Juniors on the inter-collegiate circuit. He also learned the thrill of sailing and capsizing on icy lakes in early spring. A lesson well learned, Pat has never capsized a Flying Scot. After earning his Master's Degree, the boat of choice for the graduate was a 470. Strictly a racing boat with a trapeze for the crew, Pat enjoyed campaigning his "Vitamin B2."

At this time Pat began teaching at Howell High School. Within a year and a half, he had organized a sailing club and got the community to raise

enough funds to purchase an old E.M.U. Flying Junior. With this boat Pat taught the students his life long love of sailing. One student, Chip Lamar, still crews with Pat when he is in town.

Finding a crew was hard to get for the high performance 470, Pat purchased a Laser. He raced "Quohog" for several years throughout the Great Lakes region but sold it in 1975 to help purchase a home.

The sailing bug was still in Pat and after getting settled in the house, it was time to look for another sailboat. His dad stopped racing the Scot due to work conflicts, but Pat remembering the fun they had, took another look at the Flying Scot. The beauty, comfort and quality of the boat along with the one-design concept of racing sold him on his own Flying Scot.

Pat has since sailed with Fleet 20 at Portage Lake in Pinckney, Michigan. From the start, he took an active interest in the boat and the FSSA. He has also worked with T-J Sales and Boston Sails on selling boats and designing sails.

At the 1981 NAC at Lake Norman, Pat was involved with one of the more interesting protests ever filed. Leeward hiking in light air causes "droopy drawer" problems for many a sailor. You can't rock the boat for any reason, no matter who you might insult or entertain. Offending a lady skipper, Pat spent hours defending the "Unsportsmanlike conduct" protest which he won. His Scot has since been named "Moonbeam" and Pat has an ample supply of running shorts to alleviate his problem.

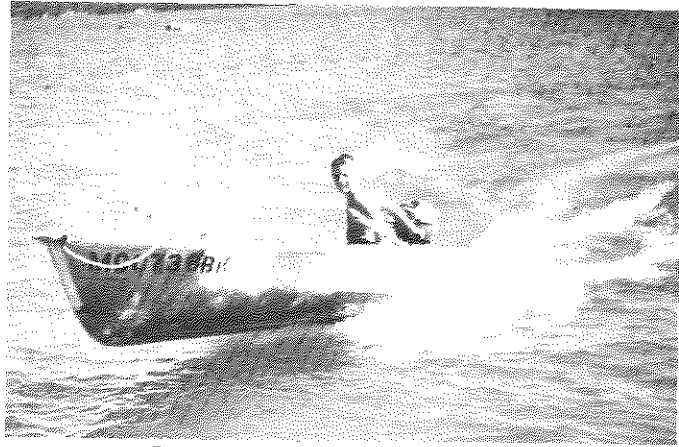
In 1982 Pat had his most memorable year of racing the Scot. He returned to his old Edison Boat
(continued on page 12)

Pat Barry

(continued from page 11)

Club to win the Michigan/Ontario Districts in an exciting series that Pat dominated. Upon winning, he presented an award to his dad for all he had taught Pat. That year he went on to win the Egyptian Cup and crewed on his own boat as Andy Fox skippered it to a victory at the NAC in Buzzards Bay.

Soon after that, Pat took on the duties as Editor of *Scots n' Water*. That also meant extensive traveling to many regattas to get out and meet more of the class membership and twist their arms for good stories. He also took time to be one of the prime organizers of the 1984 NAC in Hamilton, Ontario. This proved a major task as there was no local fleet and organization was tricky due to financial problems and ownership change within the Royal Hamilton Yacht Club.

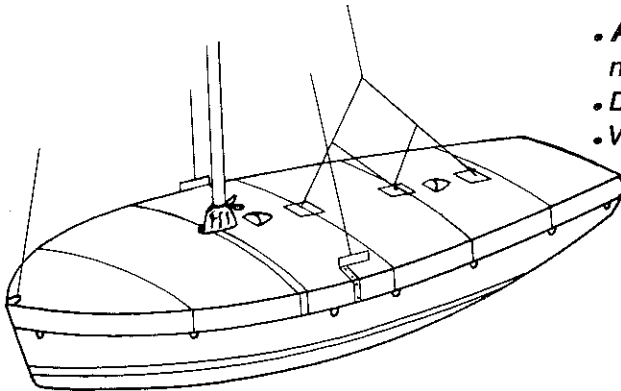


Power boating on Glen Lake at age 11.

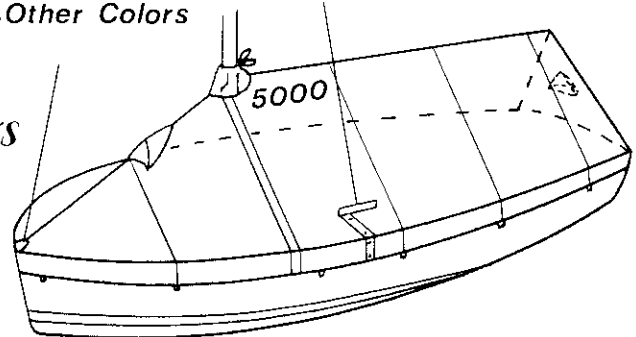


Pat and Skip at 1982 Michigan/Ontario Districts.

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CRUISING ALASKA AMONG MOUNTAINS, GLACIERS AND MARINE MAMMALS

By Peg Woellner and Bob Vance, Past Commodore

Printed words can never do justice to sailing Alaska - the magnificent sights, sounds and impressions. With the help of several participants on the FSSA Alaska Cruise in July 1987, we'll give you a taste of our experiences. Forty-two of us in two groups sailed for eight days each with Jim and Nancy Lethcoe of "Alaska Wilderness Sailing Safaris" on bare boats up to 44 feet long.

Our flight to Anchorage provided only a few dramatic views of the Alaskan Range through clearings in the clouds, but the lower altitude flight to Valdez was gorgeous. The ice-field covered Chugach Mountains and bay-filled coastline are impressive, though much of the time only the enormously high snow covered peaks were visible over the flat sea of clouds. The Columbia Glacier showed its unbelievable size as we flew over it with the lip that plunged into the ocean appearing as a tiny almost invisible edge, though it is three miles long.

Valdez is set at the end of a fjord in the middle of snow covered mountains (Little Switzerland), but the town itself is rather plain. A 1964 earthquake and 100 foot high waves wiped out the gold rush town where the 18 mile long Valdez Glacier was the start of the route to the Klondike gold fields. The pipeline terminal (in spite of dozens of acre-sized storage tanks) isn't the blight on the scenery you would expect. We stayed at a lake house in the mountains with Grizzlies, loons and trumpeter swans. Salmon were thick as they spawned in the nearby stream. A salmon bake on a hill over the bay finished off our 21 hours of activity though it was still broad daylight in the midnight sun.

On the day-long tourboat ride from Valdez to Whittier, the irregular coastline mountains were lush green

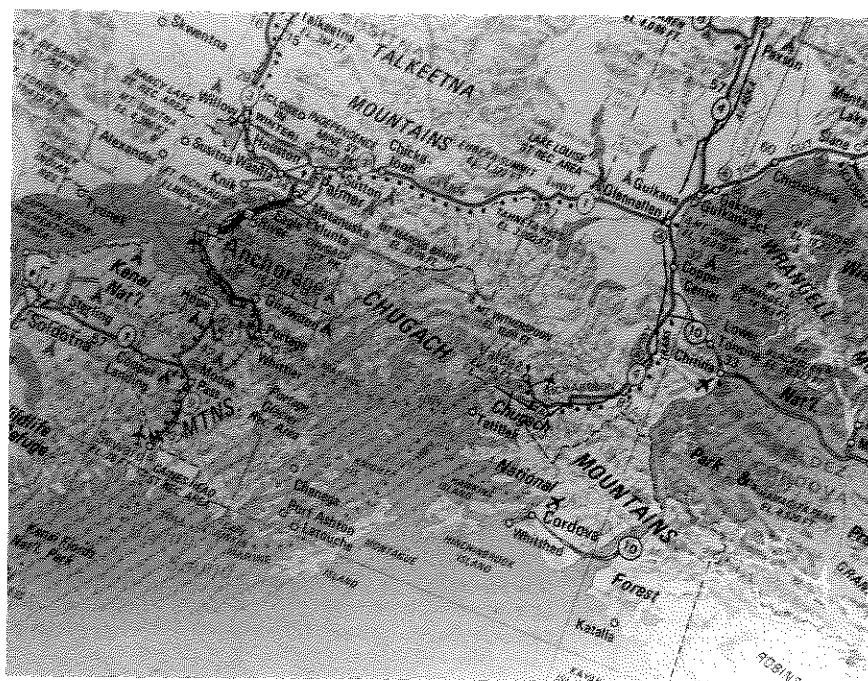
and pure white. The land rises so abruptly out of the ocean that the rain forest, bare rock and snow are suspended one above the other. The cold spring and summer had left much of the winter's buildup of snow. It is routinely roof-high in Valdez, and was recorded one year at 974 inches. With the first sunny weather, all the snow was beginning to melt into hundreds of waterfalls.

The Columbia Glacier is the biggest of the many tidewater glaciers we passed. It was totally different when seen from the fish's view under the towering lip than seen from our bird's eye view the day before. Since 1982 when it melted off its protective moraine, the Columbia Glacier has

been retreating rapidly (900 feet last summer). Enormous icebergs are calving off its three mile long face from both the cliff rising 350 feet over the water and from the 1200 feet beneath. We maneuvered slowly through strangely sculptured blue and white icebergs of all sizes. Many were sun bathing rafts for sea otters, harbor seals and bald eagles. We cruised past numerous islands, continuous snowy mountains and fjords, many of which we explored by sailboat the next week. Several Dall porpoises played next to our boat.

Marianne and Keith Smith sailed on "Arctic Tern III" with owners Jim and Nancy Lethcoe. With PhD's in English

(continued on page 15)



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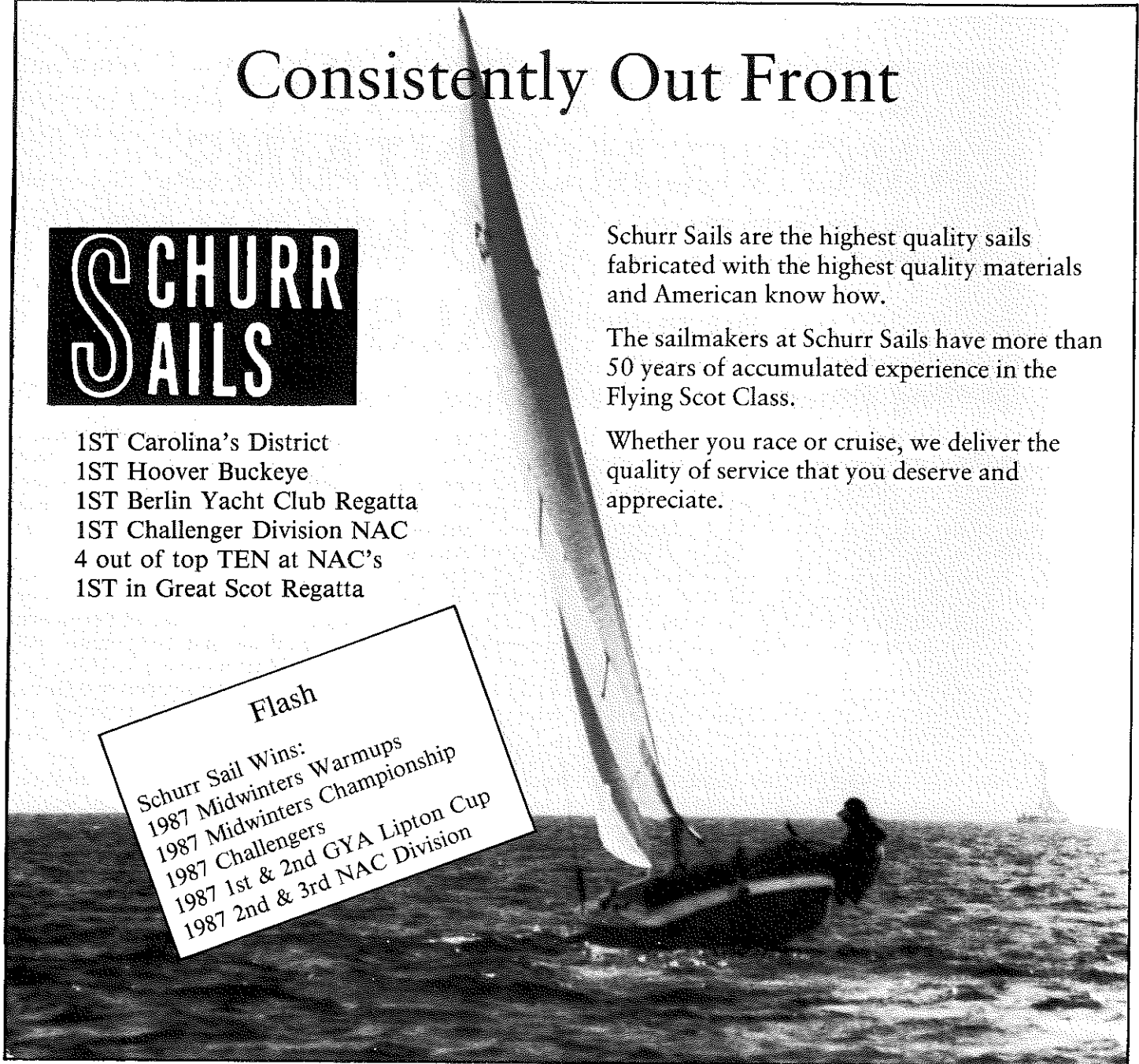
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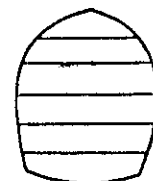
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Alaska

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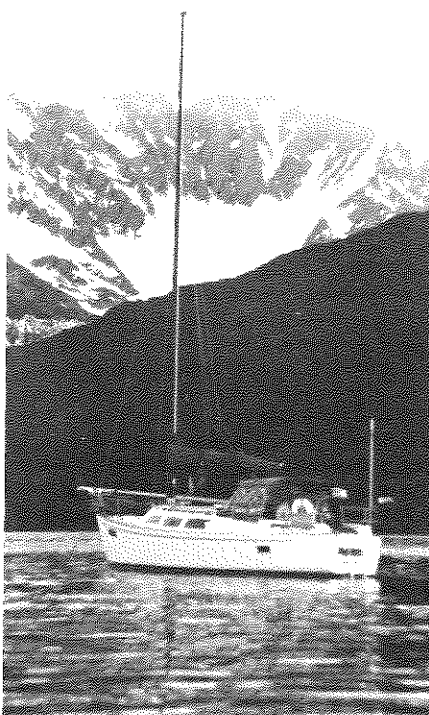
Literature and Far Eastern Religions, they now write books about glaciers and marine mammals while chartering sailboats. Marianne said: "Jim and Nancy were an important part of what was for us, an exceptional vacation. They are a most interesting couple with an in depth knowledge of Prince William Sound. Just as we thoroughly enjoyed our time aboard, so Jim and Nancy enjoyed sailing with this group. They were very complimentary about the level of sailing expertise and the spontaneous races which inevitably arise between Flying Scot sailors. The challenge to remain lead boat added spice to the day's sailing."

During the next eight days, we were always surrounded on all sides by an unbelievable combination of ocean fjords, Colorado Mountains and a Boundary-Waters-Canoe-Area type of wilderness. It was like sailing the most beautiful ski area you can imagine. The eastern part of Prince William Sound is more open ocean, with ships and rounded mountains. The Western part where we sailed is a deserted intricate network of fjord systems, ragged islands and twisting passageways surrounded by steep jagged snow covered mountains. Since most of the land is covered by snow and ice now, it is easy to accept the fact that everything was covered by ice only 10,000 years ago in the last glacial age. We sailed in deep U-shaped branching fjords with near vertical sides carved by retreating glaciers and flooded by a 100 foot rise in sea level from melting ice. Razor backed ridges remain between old glacier paths, and amphitheater-like cirques with 2856 foot deep basins were gouged out by the ice. It blows the mind when you're only 50 feet from the shore and the depth meter reads 800 feet deep.

There is no lack of protected anchorages and places to explore because the deeply indented shoreline of partially submerged mountain ranges in Prince William Sound is longer than the coast of California. Caribbean sailing didn't prepare us for sailing beside ice fields, anchoring with 25 foot tides, nor for being dwarfed by the surrounding mountains often rising directly out of the water to over 10,000 feet in height. That is 10,000 feet

above sea level, not from an 8,000 foot plateau as in the Rocky Mountains. The size of things totally threw off our ability to estimate distances and we sometimes felt very small in the mountain grandness. As we beat along in strong winds, we seemingly made no progress toward what looked like a nearby mountain which was many miles away.

At anchorages, and other more protected areas, our own private bit of sea and mountains were of more manageable size. We explored in our little rubber raft with oars and our rubber boots for climbing through vertical and always wet rain forests.



Though the same latitude as Labrador, the southern coast of Alaska is bathed by warm moist air from the equator, brought by the Japanese current and creating lush coastal rain forests rather than Labrador's icebound wasteland. From the water, the land seems to consist mostly of snow and ice, with a remarkably green border of Sitka Spruce and Mountain Hemlock. Underfoot exists an unbelievable variety of plants. A short hike can take you through dense, almost impenetrable rain forest, and lush flower filled wet meadows where familiar

blossoms are often found twice the normal size. To mountain tundra, everything is miniaturized. Rain Forests, tundra and snow fields cover the land. Less dramatic wetlands, high bush and boreal forest cover much of inland Alaska.

Every day we sailed through different parts of the sound, each astoundingly beautiful. Each evening we anchored in a magic cove surrounded by 360 degrees of beauty and ate delicious meals of fresh salmon, reindeer stew, and seaweed and clam soup. After dinner we explored by rubber raft and hiked under the midnight sun.

There were plenty of challenges, as acknowledged by David Solomon: "Our first night aboard in the marina at Whittier, the winds picked up to 30 knots giving rise to that dissonant chorus from the shrouds and spars. I awoke in the wee hours to hear my wife, Louise, (who is not that fond of sailing) sobbing with fear. Reassuring her, I said this would certainly pass by morning. All the while, I began to question the wisdom of this entire trip. By morning the winds had not let up as I contemplated making a 180 degree turn out of the end slip with the wind rushing abeam. With Jim's help on the dock, we tethered the stern and freed the bow, allowing it to swing downwind toward the rocky wall of the channel. Jim freed the stern line and I found myself heading rapidly towards the wall. I threw the diesel into reverse and thank goodness, our 44 foot "Midnight Sun" responded and backed gently away to begin our trip. We sailed only the smallest jib and raced dead downwind doing 7.5 knots."

As Bill Kobel put it: "Highlights? Well, I guess the first one was coming out of the marina in a howler that had us doing 5 knots on bare poles downwind."

We quickly passed the black legged Kittiwake rookery, where we sailed right up to the cliff covered with 12,000 birds nesting in the midst of four spectacular waterfalls. Two hours later, the sun came out, the wind moderated and we raised our genoa. We had light air and sunshine for the rest of the trip. That evening we anchored near a glacier where we saw Bald Eagles and large contracting and expanding flower-like jellyfish.

The next morning we took the first
(continued on page 16)

Alaska

(continued from page 15)

excursion off the boats. Nancy Lethcoe invited those interested to row the inflatable dinghies ashore for a nature walk through the tidal bog and mosquito infested marsh. Rick Vance gave us the feeling of that morning with his observation: "Slowly over the dead calm water, through the fog and mist came the strange groups of the landing party. Dinghy load after dinghy load of yellow, red, blue and orange clad beings with green spaceman-like headgear descended on the soft muddy tidal area. The 25 extraterrestrial appearing figures on this alien landscape spent the next hour squishing through the muck in search of strange, rare and unique life forms. They found such things as: worms, spiders, daisies and mussels! As quickly as this alien group had come to this place, they were gone."

Later that day we sailed past tidewater, valley and hanging glaciers, icebergs, sea otters and seals. We anchored between an island bird rookery on the 1880 moraine and the dark Serpentine glacier. We then walked on the river-laced new moraine and saw ice caves and a wolverine a stone's throw away. More icebergs the next day surrounded Cascade, Barry and Coxe glaciers where we spent several hours watching and listening to the thunderous calving of icebergs from the face of the retreating glaciers. In the silences between the groans and explosions of the glaciers, we heard a musical tinkling. It seemed difficult to believe that these delicate sounds came from the partially submerged iceberg, as air compressed by glacial weight for 10,000 years, burst forth. We replenished our ice box with a mini iceberg, and later with fresh salmon from a fishing boat after maneuvering through a mass of nets in one of the major salmon fishing areas of the world. Some of us caught flounder for dinner which we ate with Fiddlehead ferns gathered on a nature walk.

We found new meaning to the word "trail" as we tried to follow directions in our cruising guide for hikes to nearby mountain lakes and high ridges with spectacular vistas. After failing to find a single trail, we were told that "trail" in the Alaskan wilderness means a direction for bushwacking, rather than a specific route anyone



has ever taken before. It was quite an experience to hike up a 90 degree slope where nothing has been cleared since the last ice age and where Slippery Plant greases the rocks and Devil's Club gives a spiny handhold. Thankfully the rain forests are occasionally broken up by meadows where walking is easier, except through wet Sphagnum Moss hundreds of feet deep with hidden bottomless water holes. Everywhere were signs of river otter, Black Tailed Sitka deer, beaver, black bear, moose, mink and innumerable birds. What we actually saw was limited by the loud conversations necessary to scare off Brown Bear, a Grizzly almost as large as the giant Kodiak Bear. Foxes still remain on some of the islands, a remnant of animals imported by the Russians in the 19th century for fur pelts. Then the area was a major center for collecting sea otter pelts. We were glad that those playful backstrokers have now returned from virtual extinction.

Narrow, nine mile long, Esther Passage was a real peaceful sail. Tangled tree trunks showed where Williwaw gusts had passed with 100 mile downdrafts. (Groping through the Passage in impenetrable fog and icy rain the week before was exciting, too!). At Grommet Cove we dinghied miles down Shoestring Cove returning at dusk (midnight). Rain the next day gave us a chance to check out our new foul weather gear. (The first week's group hardly had a chance to dry out!). We were unable to sight any Humpback whales that usually frequent the area south of Esther Passage, but we were entertained by several killer whales and some Harbor seals. We managed to avoid the submerged mountain tops both charted and uncharted and arrived at Agayut Bay. Nancy Lethcoe led a

nature hike following otter, bear and Sitka deer trails. We went through bogs, wet meadows, and moss draped rain forests, up a ridge to a lake, waterfall and a view of the boats below. Another day through Humpback, Killer and Menke Whale feeding grounds wasn't too productive. Giant Stealer Sea Lions entertained us as we spent an hour sailing in circles a few feet from the large Long Island bell buoy which they were using as a diving platform and resting place to haul out on and roar at us and each other. Heavy winds made us reef and change headsails again with our indicator reading 35 knots rather than the 5 to 10 expected. (The first group enjoyed a gorgeous sunny day in the seventies at this point. They all wore shorts!). Before anchoring at Perry Island, we bought more salmon pulled in with gill nets as we waited.

Some whales were sighted on the way to Surprise Cove, but our biggest surprise was that it was the first time we saw other boats, after a week without any human sign except for the salmon fishermen. We were quite alone (or were we the first people ever there?) as we bushwacked, without the help of animal trails or meadows past a waterfall and up almost vertical slopes of dense undergrowth and downed trees to a mystical lost lake. There was a picture postcard view of our tiny boats anchored far below.

David Solomon said it all: "The trip really had to be wonderful to elicit from my wife, Louise, "You know, that really wasn't that bad."

Several of us went to Denali Park and on up to Fairbanks. Bill Kobel put it: "Denali was beautiful. Mt. McKinley was absolutely clear; not a cloud and awesome. We saw Grizzly, moose, Dall sheep, caribou and wolf. I'd consider a trip through Denali Park a must for anyone going to Alaska."

What could possibly be an encore to all this?

Bob Vance is currently planning the next FSSA Cruise for April 1989. After the land up north, the only place to go is the "Land Down Under." That's right he is planning a cruise of the Great Barrier Reef of Australia. It may seem early, but make your plans now! Final details are not available yet but we will publish them as soon as they are available. If interested let Bob know so he has some idea of how many to plan for. His home phone is (203) 637-3264 and the office number is (212) 349-1632.

CRUISING THE MISSISSIPPI SOUND

By John Meriwether and Al Rees

Last Easter we decided to spend the holidays sailing the Mississippi Sound among the barrier islands. We took Al's Flying Scot and sailed out of Pass Christian, Mississippi where Al frequently races. John is a serious camper and high country backpacker. Our plan was to sail out to the islands and camp our way along the chain of fine, white beaches. Our planned course would provide us with the opportunity to relax, try out Scot #4001 as a cruiser, sightsee and pick up some sediment samples to compare with John's research concerning environmental radioactivity in Louisiana soils and sediments.

Our first day we were forced to remain in port due to high winds. We camped and relearned the trying ordeal of the Gulf Coast biting gnat,

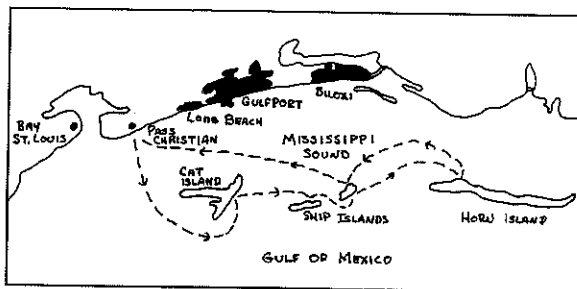
who use insect repellent as we Louisianians use hot sauce. Buccaneer State Park, near Bay St. Louis, is a nice place with deep pine woods and quiet inlets from the bay.

The next morning found us looking around Pass Christian for a popular cosmetic product reputed to have mystical powers to repel the gnats which often abound on the islands. We found the product, in whose behalf we will now testify, in a plumbing shop whose owner's daughter sold this line. The proprietor also urged us to chew tobacco because "it got into your skin and kept the bugs away." Our preparations were effective and we won the battle with the much heralded gnat.

We packed our possessions in slings and nets under the decks of the

Scot and sailed through the harbor. A boy about ten called out from a boat that is frequently used as a spectator boat by the Pass Christian Yacht Club, "Is there a race out there?" No, on this trip we were only racing the wind and ourselves. We cleared the harbor and headed southeast, bound for Cat Island. With excellent winds, we arrived in time to have a fine lunch on the beach along the southeast shore. We waded into the inlets off Smuggler's Cove and took samples of the rich ooze for analysis. We left nothing but our footprints and set sail for Ship Island, actually West Ship. It was rudely torn from its eastern extremity by Hurricane Camille in 1969. The Ship Islands along with Horn and

(continued on page 18)



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Mississippi Sound

(continued from page 17)

Petite Bois are part of the Gulf National Seashore.

The sea was rough by now and we mistakenly chose to dock at the long pier which serves the ferries that bring daytime visitors to the island. Nothing was damaged but our pride as we banged around in the breakers by the middle of the pier. We managed to tie up and disembark. One of the ferry personnel remarked, "What's this. I've never seen a Scot this far out. History is being made." We beamed a little and the less than elegant landing seemed a little less important.

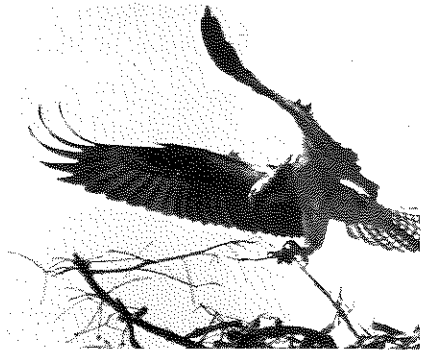
Fort Massachusetts, on the western end of the island, was built just prior to the American Civil War to guard the favorable anchorage in the Sound just off the island. The British had used this island to stage the attack on New Orleans in 1812 and the fort was established to prevent a re-occurrence. The invention of the rifled barrel cannon during the Civil War made brick forts, like this one, obsolete. Visitors find beautiful brick arches, domes and spiral stairs as monuments to the mason's art and a structure which is a reminder of a chapter in the eternal arms race. Hooded warblers, clad in brilliant yellow and olive, flitted through the galleries where Confederate military and political prisoners bided time until the war ended.

We reached East Ship Island as the sun, a glowing orange ball, sat on the edge of the world. We found a leeward beach, and camped for the night. Gemini stood high and straight in the brilliant sky as we slept with a steady cool breeze from the northeast.

The morning came alive with feeding birds and cruising porpoises. Our anchors and lines had kept the Scot neatly in place. We set off on a brisk walk to the wooded, central portion of the island. To our delight the reports that osprey were nesting here were true. The sea eagles build nests which appear to be about three feet across and are set high in rather bare pine trees. We pointed out a nearby nest and the circling osprey to some young men, who were making camp near the beach and probably disturbing the birds. Their very serious reply was, "Oh, its all right, I don't think they'll bother us." We easily counted eight nests and saw ten birds at one time. The osprey feeds by soaring over the water, hovering, then plunging in after its prey. Unlike pelicans, which we also saw feeding nearby, an osprey does not rest on the water to eat, but rises immediately on powerful wings. After a rather intricate shaking motion to rid themselves of water, they head back to a perch to eat or feed their young.

We sailed east ahead of a fine wind with all sail flying and visited Horn Island, the largest of the group. Its lagoons were warm and taking samples was a pleasure. We watched various terns and laughing gulls soaring overhead. Horn, like the other barrier islands, serves many functions: guarding against erosion, protecting the waters of the sound and providing a lovely haven for us and other beasts.

Our last day dawned bright, clear and calm. Our breakfast was eaten in a setting for which some would pay a fortune. We broke camp, took a pleasant walk along the beach and then shoved off. We only had a slight breeze and we almost cleared the end of the island, then, dead calm. We

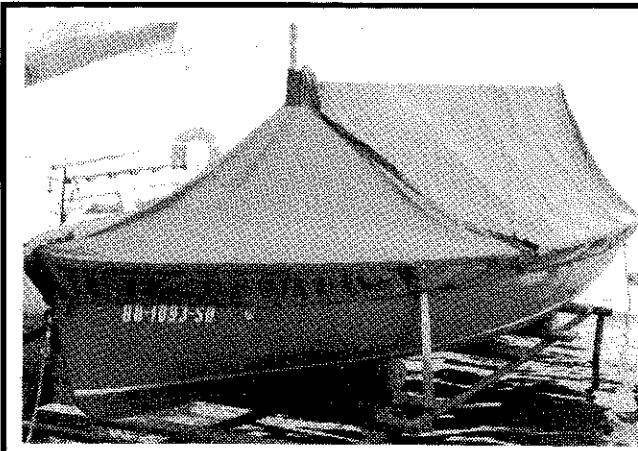


Osprey photographed by Bill Ford of the Louisiana Department of Wildlife. Cover of the May/June issue of "Louisiana Conservation."

paddled clear of the island and settled down to wait, a hard job for a racing sailor. After about two hours, a whisper of a breeze came and we hoisted the spinnaker to catch what we could. We slowly moved, but even a small wave stilled our headway. About eleven o'clock we began to catch the sea breeze. We sailed for three and one-half hours close enough to the wind so we could just keep the spinnaker drawing. We danced over the light sea with the Saturday Metropolitan Opera production of Samson and Delilah as our companion. We tacked once to seaward and then flew with all sails into the harbor at Pass Christian.

We recommend the Flying Scot for cruising as long as one doesn't expect to carry extensive provisions and equipment. Efficient packing is essential. In all, we sailed about seventy miles and found delight for the senses and spirit.

John Meriwether is Professor of Physics at the University of Southwestern Louisiana. Al Rees is a Family Practice physician at Hamilton Medical Center in Lafayette, Louisiana.



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THE GLOW IN THE DARK

By Paul and Chris Nickerson

What makes for a perfect regatta? This is a question many fleets try to answer as they plan their regatta each year. Somehow you must create a regatta that everyone wants to go to. You should have a trophy for every participant. A lobster dinner on Friday evening just might encourage some early arrivals, even if they travel ten hours to get there. How about a campfire for everyone to meet around? Make the registration free and of course all meals and drinks provided. For the evening entertainment you need the best jam trio the FSSA has to offer.

For winds we'll order something in the 10 to 15 knot range. Dessert will be a few puffs around twenty for some fun planing. Of course the temperature in the mid seventies will give a few hardy folks a chance to work on that tan while the trees start to turn vivid yellow and red. Finally, a twenty knot tail wind to push you home when its all over.

Thursday night we finished packing up everything by 9:00. A quick last check of the bearings proved comforting. We wanted to get away early on Friday for we had 475 miles to travel. The kids were off to school and a weekend with friends. This was to be mom's and dad's last regatta of the year and a getaway weekend. While there was some craziness in our blood, we also knew that there would be many old acquaintances and we looked forward to visiting with the people and knew the sailing would be very competitive.

The traveling went fast. With a sixty five mile an hour speed limit in many states, we seemed to make much better time (although I only travel 5 mph faster). I think traveling a touch faster than the truck traffic is a psychological relief. When we rolled in around 5:00, people had already started to arrive for the weekend. The fire was being built but the live lobsters hadn't landed yet. There was time to rig and launch the boat before the evening activities.



Paul Moore Jr. and Suzie Knight pick out a Lobster.

We arrived back at the yacht club shelter as the "Boys from Boston" unloaded the lobster. Many more sailors had arrived in the last hour and the party was in full gear.

After numerous hellos with both old and new acquaintances, it was time for a lobster. First one claw, smash, then the other. Next, the tail. "Who was it who said they wanted the head?" The hootenanny had started at the campfire and it was time to sing along. Jack Leipper had brought his bass fiddle while Paul Moore slid the harmonica through his lips. Penny Brown and several others traded strums on the guitar. The fire roared on and so did the music. "Who wants another lobster?"

Late arrivals kept coming in but just about every boat arrived on Friday night. Thirty-two boats had pre-registered for the regatta. Clear skies revealed many stars and the sliver of a moon was as orange as the fire. Glowing smiles showed everyone was having a great time. "What do we do with the extra lobsters?" Nobody had caught last years castaways so this year it was into the pot and Saturday's gumbo.

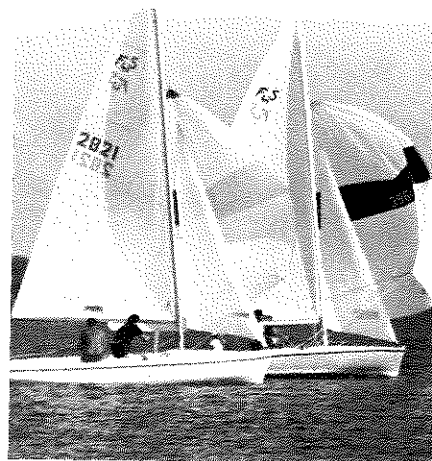
Some regattas don't even start until Saturday morning. The coals were

still hot from the night before and after a few logs on the fire, we created a thermal breeze that built with the day's activities. Steve Hartman arrived with the buffet breakfast and Paul Moore served his infamous campfire coffee. Now it was time to get serious about racing. "Let's test the winds with a balloon launch." Out of sight! "Do we really need a skipper's meeting?"

We finally get into our boats, already tired from the days activities. The lake is low and the race committee has trouble finding a place big enough and deep enough to start the 32 boat fleet. We get a good start and go left. Are we looking for farmland or just too tired to tack? It doesn't matter because we are going to be first at the mark by a few boat lengths. The reach is tight and shifty but the chute handles just fine until we get a big header. "Get it down. Get it back up. Gybe Ho!" We hold on to our lead. This is some good racing in tricky situations. Greg's got the overlap. "Where the (expletive) did Bellows come from? The Right!" Now we are out of phase and in the middle. A fun race to talk about later.

The winds stay strong for a good second race and everyone is ready for a shower and dinner. Many find a pillow irresistible. The gumbo and chicken buffet is delicious. A Kamikaze toast is made as everyone winds down from the day's activities. The campfire is a great place to relax as the trio is back to their music.

(continued on page 20)



John Clark and Hank Hodgson battle on a Reach.

Regatta

(continued from page 19)

It is hard to believe this whole scene. For several years the Hartmans; Jerry, Mike, Steve and Janet have been working for the perfect regatta. It has grown out of friendship through their class travels. This is a way they say thanks to their many sailing friends from all around the country. The "Glow in the Dark" once referred to the nuclear power plant across the lake. Now, even though the plant is finally on line, it refers to the warmth and camaraderie amongst the participants. Why else would people travel all day or fly in with 100 lobsters for a weekend regatta? The night goes on and a few hardy souls keep the midnight coals glowing.

Sunday dawned warm and windy. A postponement was necessary so everyone could savor the breakfast of bacon, sausage and French toast cooked by the Hartmans. The wind was holding up so nobody seemed



The Saturday Morning Balloon Launch.

too concerned with getting the last race in. The standings are very tight entering the last race with one point separating second through fourth place. Four points separate the rest of the top ten. Yes, there is excellent

competition on the race course at this regatta too. Greg Fisher wins the last race for top honors in the "Hot Rod" Division. Jerry Hartman manages a fifth which gives him a well deserved victory in the "Meltdown" Division. Clinton Lake has provided perfect conditions for a perfect regatta.

Everyone enjoys lunch topped with some fresh Gulf Coast shrimp brought by Steve Bellows. Awards are presented to each participant starting with 32nd place. It has been a long enjoyable weekend for everyone. The eight hour trip home goes fast as we reflect upon the last three days.

FINAL STANDINGS	Race	1	2	3	Total
Hot Rod Division					
1. Greg Fisher	75	2	1	1	3.50
2. John Clark	2821	5	2	4	11
3. Harry Carpenter	4019	3	3	6	12
4. Steve Bellows	4115	1	6	12	18.75
Meltdown Division					
5. Jerry Hartman	4140	8	7	5	20
6. Hank Hodgson	3961	10	9	2	21
7. Paul Newton	4401	7	12	3	22
8. Jack Stewart	1342	9	10	9	28
9. Jack Leipper	1858	4	11	14	29
10. Bob Schneider	3951	6	19	7	32

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INTERNATIONAL WHISKEY SOUR REGATTA

By Dan Goldberg

The 1987 Whiskey Sour Regatta took on an international flavor as Canada was represented for the first time. Beautiful weather and perfect winds greeted the 20 boats that participated in the annual September regatta hosted by Fleet 80 of the Moraine Sailing Club at Lake Arthur near Pittsburgh.

Bob Gelman, with Dean Marlin crewing, came on strong with 2-1 finishes on Sunday to overtake Fleet 80 Champion Dan Goldberg for first place. Gelman and Marlin sailed consistent in the 6-race (one throwout) series, never finishing below 4th place. Goldberg led after Saturday's races but found himself sailing circles (720s) in both Sunday races.

Hot streaks were also sailed by Greg Madzelonka who started with a 1-2 and David Bloomberg who won the 3rd and 4th races and were a close third.

"Farthest travelled" award went to Canadians Doug Smith and crew Kenzie and Amy Dickson. Seems Doug needed a new mast and Gordon Douglass Boats was not too far away. They were also there promoting the 1988 Canadian Nationals to be held at Stoney Lake August 13-14.

After the four races on Saturday, the starving sailors enjoyed delicious steaks at the Whiskey Sour and Steak Fry. Everyone enjoyed the unseasonably warm late September weather and the challenging winds.

FINAL RESULTS		Total
1. Bob Gelman	3571	9.5
Dean Marlin		
2. Dan Goldberg	3637	13
Kathy Kennedy		
Jim Starr		
3. David Bloomberg	2862	14.5
Cecil Bloomberg		
4. Greg Madzelonka	2028	22.75
Joni Rejs		
Marsh Perrott		
5. Doug Quade	4166	27
Sue Quade		

HARVEST MOON SHINES OF FLEET 65

The 1987 Atwood Lake Harvest Moon Regatta continued its reputation of fickle winds, exciting racing and great social events. Friday night's registration party found most of the fleet stomping their feet to an excellent Country and Blue Grass trio on the yacht club porch while working

on a keg of beer and some hot dogs.

Saturday morning brought overcast skies and only the hope for wind. The winds filled in but remained patchy. In the first race Bob Cornish found a puff to his liking which got him around a mark while the rest of the fleet remained stationary. He broke away from the pack and was never seen again. The winds were a little bit steadier for the second race and the locals took control on the longer course.

A cocktail party with plenty of homemade hors d'oeuvres was enjoyed by all of the competitors. For those who dared, a Margaritaville party completed Saturday's events.

Sunday's race saw more light and fluky wind. Bob MacKenzie celebrated his birthday winning the race but the locals took the top three places. Jack and Martha Stewart were first followed by Dave and Jody Solomon and Bob and Dale Cornish.

Fleet 65 will be hosting the 1988 Ohio District Championships and hopes many of you will plan to attend.

LAKE TOWNSEND'S MAYOR CUP

By Fields Gunsett

Fleet 126 hosted the 1987 Lake Townsend Yacht Club's Mayor Cup on September 12th and 13th. Fifty boats from 6 one-design fleets participated. The Scots were the largest fleet with 15 registered boats.

The regatta was put in early jeopardy by threatening weather conditions. After a one hour postponement due to a heavy thunderstorm the regatta was held in overcast but excellent weather conditions. The winds were shifty and moderate for all three races. Michael and Dorothy Duncan from Lake Norman kept their winning ways going (they won the Challenger Division at the NAC) with a one point victory over Richard Schultz and Regina Cohn. The last race was the difference as the Duncans took a first while Shultz could only manage a fourth behind third and fourth place finishers Macon Singletary and Larry Lewis.

The race committee of Neil Benson, Jere Woltz, Chris and Cathy Hudnell, Michael Cohn and Carol Meetze did an excellent job running the races. Plans for 1988's Mayor Cup are for September 10th and 11th and all Scot sailors are invited to attend. For additional information contact Sam Eich (919-852-7279) or Fields Gunsett (919-299-2341).

FINAL RESULTS		Race 1	2	3	Total
1. Michael Duncan	3638	2	3	1	5.75
Dorothy Duncan					
2. Richard Schultz	1885	1	2	4	6.75
Regina Cohn					
3. Macon Singletary	2110	3	6	2	11.75
Lee Currin					
4. Larry Lewis	3933	8	1	3	12
Starr Lewis					
5. William Robertson	1292	5	5	7	17
Virginia Summerell					

GULF DISTRICT CHAMPIONSHIPS

By Terry Dees

The 1987 Gulf District Championships were hosted September 12-13 by Fleet 102 at Fairhope Yacht Club on Mobile Bay. Twenty-eight boats from Atlanta to New Orleans assembled for the four race, one throwout series. Race Chairman Charlie Dees ran an excellent regatta in less than ideal conditions.

The first race was delayed by lack of wind. Eventually it filled in at 5-10 knots as the boats made their way around the gold cup course with Steve Bellows and Dunkin McLane leading the pack. The winds filled in more for the second race at 10-12 knots. Benz Faget and Rusty Weaver found these conditions to their liking and took the win and early regatta lead. A thunderstorm caught the fleet on the last leg before all boats could finish. With a throwout, this did not effect the overall standings as some boats took a DNF.

For the third race the start was again postponed by light air but as the winds picked up so did Larry Taggart with Laurie and Dodie Osley. Their win coupled with Benz's second left them separated by only two points, but almost assured of the top two positions. Adam White and Steve Bellows needed a win in the last race to have any shot at moving up to second place.

The winds stayed at 5-10 knots for race four with Benz again pulling away for the win and District Championship. District Governor Jerry Dees was pleased to see a good turnout from the inland lake part of the Gulf District as well as GYA participation.

FINAL RESULTS		Race 1	2	3	4	Total
1. Benz Faget		2	1	2	1	3.50
Rusty Weaver						
2. Larry Taggart		3	4	1	9	7.75
Laurie and Dodie Osley						
3. Adam White		4	3	3	2	8
Tom Mathews/Michael Hage						
4. Steve Bellows		1	5	7	6	11.75
Dunkin McLane						
5. Roy Tripp		6	2	6	4	12
Billy Ross						

STARTING LINE

1988 MIDWINTERS MARCH 28 - APRIL 1

Hosted by St. Andrews Bay Yacht Club in Panama City, Florida, this annual event has become known for tough competition, great social events, and first class race management. See full page regatta notice in this issue. Contact: Allen Douglas, P.O. Box 752 Panama City, FL 32401 (904) 785-7500.

1988 NORTH AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIPS

JULY 18 - 22 Lake Norman, North Carolina

Fleet 48 at Lake Norman reports that preparations are proceeding well for the 1988 NAC. Lake Norman Yacht Club is situated on the Davidson Channel of Lake Norman. There is a wide expanse of lake here to set the Olympic Course for any wind direction.

The weather conditions in the summer are highly variable and greatly influenced by the "Bermuda High." If the Bermuda high is firmly entrenched, it generally blocks weather systems from moving through and there are light winds. If the high is displaced, anything can happen. At the last two NACs hosted by Lake Norman, one was a complete blow out (the effect of an offshore tropical storm) and the other saw light winds all week.

Whatever the sailing conditions, you will have a great time at Lake Norman. The Yacht Club occupies 30 acres around a pretty cove with lots of shade trees and a good view of the lake. There is a two story clubhouse where most of the meetings and dinners will take place. There is ample launching and docking and this should prove to be a fun relaxing week.

There is excellent camping at the club with plenty of space for anyone wishing to do so. There is a newly remodeled pavilion with dozens of picnic tables and a bathhouse for the nearby swimming beach. Some

members may make campers available and limited guest housing will also be available

Hotel accommodations include a reserved block of rooms at the Holiday Inn at Cornelius, at exit 28 off of I-77. This is a new hotel with 120 rooms and banquet facilities. Rooms with King size beds also have Jacuzzi tubs, and they advertise entertainment nightly in the lounge. The cost is quoted as follows: 1 person \$48, 2 people \$52, each additional adult \$6. Children stay free with parents. This block of rooms will be held only until June 15th so reserve early. With all the committees hard at work, the 1988 NAC will be a great week of fun and sailing for everyone.

Contact: Michael Duncan, 827 Ashmeade Rd. Charlotte, NC 28211 (704) 364-7842

1988 CANADIAN NATIONALS

AUGUST 13-14 Stony Lake, Ontario, Canada

Fleet 148 is planning another Canadian Nationals to be held at Stony Lake in August of 1988. Their Nationals in 1986 proved to be a great success and they assure us more of the same. There will be a limit to the number of boats due to limited lodging (the fleet hosts everyone in cottages) so make your plans early.

Contact: Doug Smith, 33 Havenbrook Blvd. Willowdale, Ontario N2J1A3, (416) 498-9162.

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**LAKE NORMAN
(Great 48 Regatta)**

**APRIL 30-MAY 1
Charlotte, NC**

Get your racing started early with this always well attended regatta. Camping on club grounds. Midwinter participants are welcome to drop their boats off here on their way home for this regatta.

Contact: Michael Duncan, 827 Ashmeade Rd. Charlotte, NC 28211 (704) 364-7842.

**HOOVER RESERVOIR
(Buckeye Regatta)**

MAY 21-22 Columbus, Ohio

First regatta in the Ohio District and always attracts an excellent group of sailors.

Contact: Jay Huling, 877 Prince William Ln. Westerville, OH 43081 (614) 882-4591.

BERLIN RESERVOIR

**JUNE 11-12
Youngstown, Ohio**

Sail against one of Ohio's most competitive fleets. Camping is available on the club grounds.

Contact: Jack Leipper, 1213 E. Eleventh St. Salem, OH 44460 (216) 337-9435.

**DEEP CREEK LAKE
(Maryland Invitational)**

**AUGUST 6 - 7 Oakland,
Maryland**

A large local fleet provides excellent competition and skippers may chose to sail in either A or B fleet. The courses take you around this beautiful lake in the mountains of Maryland. Many motels are available in this resort area and we may recommend you arrive a day early to enjoy the area and possibly a tour of Gordon Douglass Boats.

Contact: Dick Gregory, Rd #1 Box 82 Boswell, Pa. 15531 (814) 629-6297

**LAKE TOWNSEND
(Mayor's Cup)**

**SEPT. 10 -11
Greensboro, NC**

Kick off the the Carolina's fall circuit with this excellent regatta which attracts many of the district's finest Scot sailors.

Contact: Fields Gunsett, 1103 Monticello St. Greensboro, NC 27410 (919) 299-2341 or Sam Eich (919) 852-7279.

**ATTENTION ALL
REGATTA CHAIRMEN!**

Please contact the editor immediately with your regatta dates for 1988. This is to insure that they will appear in the May issue of Scots n' Water.

FLYING SCOT NEW MEMBERS

BOAT #	DISTRICT	NAME	ADDRESS	CITY	STATE	ZIP
1579	Capitol	George Clark	819 Emerald Dr.	Alexandria	VA	22308
3920	Capitol	Richard Darr	6064B Essex House Sq.	Alexandria	VA	22310
4365	Capitol	Steven U. Ramsdell	5580 Ann Peter Dr.	Fairfax	VA	22032
2302	Capitol	William C. Kreamann	3400 Glenn Ave.	Glennedale	MD	20769
4380	Capitol	Frank J. Carlisle, Jr.	PO Box 65	St. inigoes	MD	20684
3798	Capitol	William H. Brewer	9511 Skyview Ct.	Richmond	VA	23229
4391	Capitol	David Upton	5908 Harbourwood Pl.	Midlothian	VA	23113
3643	Capitol	Orrin Baird	6157 30th St., NW	Washington	DC	20015
4387	Carolina	Hugh J. Grant, Jr.	100 S. Boylan Ave.	Raleigh	NC	27603
4326	Carolina	Richard L. Knowles	508 Stoneycreek Rd.	Chapel Hill	NC	27514
4381	Carolina	Kenneth G. Lloyd	3728 Medford Rd.	Durham	NC	27705
3142	Carolina	Charles A. Nichol	1508 Ward St.	Durham	NC	27707
4327	Carolina	Robert I. Becker	Rt. 9, Box 135	Mooresville	NC	28115
2635	Carolina	Robert D. Thayer, III	13 Bufflehead Dr.	Mooresville	NC	28115
4355	Carolina	Fred C. Whitaker	213 Windward Dr. SW	Roanoke	VA	24014
1314	Greater NY	Robert Gregor	38 Hendrie Ave.	Riverside	CT	06870
4022	Greater NY	Joseph E. Orzano	15 Stewart Place	White Plains	NY	10603
1570	Greater NY	Vincent P. Donnelly	444 Valley Road	Fairfield	CT	06630
1705	Greater NY	Donald R. Friedman	4 Vista Ave	Old Greenwich	CT	06780
2427	Greater NY	Hugh P. Malone	22 Jane St.	New York	NY	10014
4384	Greater NY	Jeffrey C. Kroll	30 Wardell Ave.	Rumson	NJ	07760
4298	Greater NY	Martin D. McMahon	1 Timber Hill Dr.	E. Hanover	NJ	07936
4274	Greater NY	Joseph Harris	88 Hillside Ave.	Monsey	NY	10952
4386	Greater NY	George R. Benninghoff	28 Druid Hill Rd.	Summit Shore	NJ	07901
3841	Greater NY	Ryer S. Malone	One Oakland Terr.	Maplewood	NJ	07040
2440	Greater NY	James R. Finnecy	49 Merriebrook Ln.	Stamford	CT	06902
3239	Gulf	Col. Dick Cline	6501 Luxemborg Cir.	Montgomery	AL	35117
3095	Gulf	Berkeley Merrill	4221 Antietam Dr.	Birmingham	AL	35213
2797	Gulf	William Watt, Jr.	2648 Montevallo Rd.	Birmingham	AL	35223
2613	Gulf	David E. Thomas	1729 Stafford Dr.	Baton Rouge	LA	70810
2560	Michigan-Ont.	Dennis Hoorn	9760 West Gull Lake Dr.	Richland	MI	49083
4336	Michigan-Ont.	Marilyn Polter	13174 Riker Rd.	Chelsea	MI	48118
3482	Michigan-Ont.	Dave Swinton	48633 Chambury Ct.	Plymouth	MI	48170
4383	Michigan-Ont.	Ronald P. Sorce	Rt. 2, Box 47	Green Lake	WI	54941
0441	Michigan-Ont.	Beth & Bob May	R.R. #2	Norval, Ont.	Can.	L0P1K0
3695	Michigan-Ont.	Minna & Howard Stein	8 Loganberry Crescent	Willowdale, Ont.	Can.	M2H3H1
2512	Midwestern	David Schoch	1070 Hohfelder	Glencoe	IL	60022
4376	Midwestern	Charles W. Longwell, Jr.	14 Wildwood Dr.	Mt. Vernon	IL	62864
4309	Midwestern	John Dresser	143 Green Meadows Dr.	Greenfield	IN	46140
4268	Midwestern	Dr. Fred B. Goslin	RR. #6-Watergate	Oley	IL	62450
3826	Midwestern	Terry L. Smith	1116 E. Northwood Dr.	Appleton	WI	54911
0207	Midwestern	Robert D. Sullivan	500 N. Vine	Appleton	WI	54911
0792	New England	Peg Martin	33 Seminary St.	Middlebury	VT	05753
1215	New England	Robert H. Pierce	24 Charter St. #3	Boston	MA	02113
4399	New England	Larry Smith	94 Charles St.	Boston	MA	02114
0163	New England	William C. Street	Goddard Memorial Hospital	Stoughton	MA	02072
3290	New England	Moery Waituck	98 Rosewood Dr.	Stoughton	MA	02072
1399	New England	Stephen M. Woodworth	47 Fordville Rd.	Duxbury	MA	02332
4356	New York Lake	Robert D. Pietrafesa	7573 Hunt Lane	Fayetteville	NY	13086
3563	New York Lake	Richard J. Fleury	Star Rt., Box 675	W. Oneonta	NY	13861
2354	Ohio	James W. Richardson	10700 Deershadov Ln.	Cincinnati	OH	45242
4321	Ohio	Nancy Nern Rudy	740 Lafayette Ave.	Cincinnati	OH	45220
2534	Ohio	Paul J. Turner, MD.	1731 Arbutus Dr.	Hudson	OH	44236
1564	Ohio	Stan Edelstein	1420 Locust St. #170	Philadelphia	PA	19102
3860	Ohio	Spence Pearson	710 Pennstone Rd.	Bryn Mawr	PA	19101
4236	Ohio	Raymond Rarry Scott	1211 Youngsford Rd.	Gladwyne	PA	19035
4111	Ohio	Herb Hurley	3405 N. Market	Canton	OH	44714
4310	Ohio	O. David Solomon, MD.	20525 Byron Rd.	Shaker Heights	OH	44112
2028	Ohio	Greg Madzelomka	431 Browns Ln. #212	Puttsburgh	PA	15237
0572	Ohio	Robert P. Stratton	4350 Asbury Rd.	Erie	PA	16506
0375	Ohio	Charles R. Zellefrou	432 N. McLean St.	Butler	PA	16001
1578	Ohio	Fred Maskrey	2416 Raleigh Dr.	Lancaster	PA	17601
4256	Ohio	John R. Northrup	1817 Hunter Dr.	Mechanicsburg	PA	17055
0406	Ohio	Rick Koessel	15 Baldwin Lane	Rocky River	OH	44111
0664	Ohio	Tom Lacey	3060 North Cloverly	Furlong	PA	18925
1653	Ohio	Harry C. Smith	425 Avenue A	Horsham	PA	19044
3332	Prairie	Stephen & Pat Strom	2110 Woodhaven	Cape Girardea	MO	63701
4120	Prairie	Parks G. Carpenter	314 N. Broadway	St. Louis	MO	63102
1822	Prairie	William J. Shannahan	932 Claymark	St. Louis	MO	63131
2965	Prairie	Jerry S. Cover	Rt. 4, Box 118	N. Platte	NE	69101
2387	Texas	Thomas P. O'Brien	4115 High Knoll Ln.	Seabrook	TX	77586
1213	Texas	J. Bettencourt	Rt. 12, Box 112	Abilene	TX	79801
0081	Florida	Robert Vannoorbeeck	23740 S.W. 147th Ave.	Homestead	FL	33032
0741	Florida	Sarah & Bryan Klein	2004 Eighty Second St. NW	Bradenton	FL	33507
4151	Florida	C. Diane Truman	4606 Country Hills Ct. NO.	Plant City	FL	33566

CAVEAT EMPTOR

Submissions for "Caveat Emptor" must be 50 words or less. A \$10.00 fee is charged per insertion. Advertisements are due **two months** prior to publication date. Contact: FSSA, Donna Welle, 3008 Millwood Ave., Columbia, S.C. 29205 (803) 252-5646.

FS 0000 - There is only one 0# original wooden proto-type hand built by Gordon K. Douglass. Purchase of a Sea Bird yawl necessitates sale. Asking \$8500 or make offer. Contact: John Soule, RDI Box 339, Redwood, NY 13679.

Wanted to Buy - Douglass only. Preferably located in New England, New York, New Jersey area but willing to travel further. No older than 10 years. Dick Fraser, 119 Hendrie Ave., Riverside, CT 06878, (203) 637-1060.

FS 1874 - Douglass, white deck, buff hull, Main & Jib, Strl. Trailer Tilt. \$3500 or best offer. Anxious to sell. Bob Wright, 1078 Bryn Mawr Dr. Yuba City, CA 95991 (916)673-3453, (916)741-1300 Ext. 203.

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FS 2800 - Customflex, lightblue, white deck w/Pamco trailer. Murphy-Nye sails, motor bracket & 2 HP British Seagull motor incl. New tires. Boat & motor in very good condition. Kent Atkins, 2100 Ash, Hays, KS 67601, Phone: Home (913)628-8622, Office (913)628-8251 Ext 208.

FS 3061 - Dry sailed, hardly used. New sails. Sterling w/accessories. Thrudeck halyard big hexaratcheted spinnaker, pole lift, foreguy. Cover, crotch, bridle, OB bracket, Danforth, paddle, compass, index, Cunningham, lifting line, leeward sheeting, internal outhaul, shimmed ctrbd/360, 8:1 vang. Harken main-sheeting. Mushroom, chain mooring, bouy \$5500. Negotiable. Lou Goldman, (516)536-3629.

FS 3163 - Customflex, white deck/yellow hull w/blue stripe in excel. condi. two suits of sails, spinnaker & race equip. w/Harken blocks. Many accessories, compass, anchor, Boom tent cover, full deck cover (hardly used), Pamco trailer, spare tire, and lifting bridle. \$4400. Donn Colbrunn, 5303 Parview, Clarkston, MI 48016, (313)625-6153.

FS 3867 - Douglass, 1983, white hull/deck, TeeNee trailer, Mariner 2 HP motor, tent cover, M/J/S, many additional extras. Fully equipped Scot in excellent condition, priced to sell \$5400. Call or write, Pete Kulaski, 9 Shepherd Rd., Malvern, PA 19355, (215)644-3299.

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