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Scots n' Water

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE FLYING SCOT SAILING ASSOCIATION

VOLUME XXIX, NUMBER 5, SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1987



1957-1987
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COVER: FS 1 gives FS 3883 a good
race at the 30th Anniversary Regatta
on Cowan Lake.

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1987

FSSA KeepSake Issue

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1987

Volume XXIX, Number 5

THE CONTENTS

4	THE QUIZ
5	THE WELCOME
6	THE SKETCH
7	THE BIRTH
12	THE HISTORY
16	THE 30TH ANNIVERSARY REGATTA
22	THE FLEETS
23	THE DESIGNER
25	THE BALLAD
26	THE MEMORIES

The Advertisers

2 Shore Sales	15 Michelob Sailing
4 West Scot Corporation	21 Barrington Chandlery
5 Sailors Tailor	22 United States Yacht Racing Union
9 Rooke Sails	26 TJ Sails
11 Sebago	28 Schreck Sails
12 North Sails	35 Schurr Sails
14 Lipstuff	36 Gordon Douglass Boat Company

Scots n' Water

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FLYING SCOT TRIVIA TIME!

How Well Do You Know The Flying Scot and Her History?

Some of the answers are contained in the stories following; some aren't. Why not take the quiz before proceeding? Answers on page 34.

1. The Flying Scot was born in what Ohio town?
2. What was the number of the first fiberglass Flying Scot?
3. How old was Sandy Douglass when he started the Flying Scot project?
4. Name 3 other sailboats Sandy built at one time or another in his career.
5. How many builders have built Scots?
6. What company is our current principal builder and where is it located?
7. What is the most recent Flying Scot built? (As of July, 1987)
8. What is currently the most popular boat color?
9. What is the minimum hull weight for a Scot?
10. What must a centerboard weight?
11. How long are the Scot's mast and boom?
12. How many square feet of main and jib are carried?
13. Who first made sails for the fledgeling Flying Scot?
14. How old was Sandy Douglass when he won his first race?
15. Sandy was also well known for his competitive ability in what other sport than sailing?
16. In what year was our first class championship held? Where? How many boats participated?
17. What fleet has hosted the Class championship the most times?
18. In how many different locations have the championships been held?
19. How many boats attended our largest championship? When and where was it held?
20. What Scot sailor has attended every FS championship regatta ever held?
21. When and where was our first Mid-Winter Championship held?
22. In what year was the FSSA founded?
23. How many Districts are there in the Association?
24. How many Fleets are actively sailing?
25. How many members currently belong to the FSSA? (As of the 1987 NAC?)

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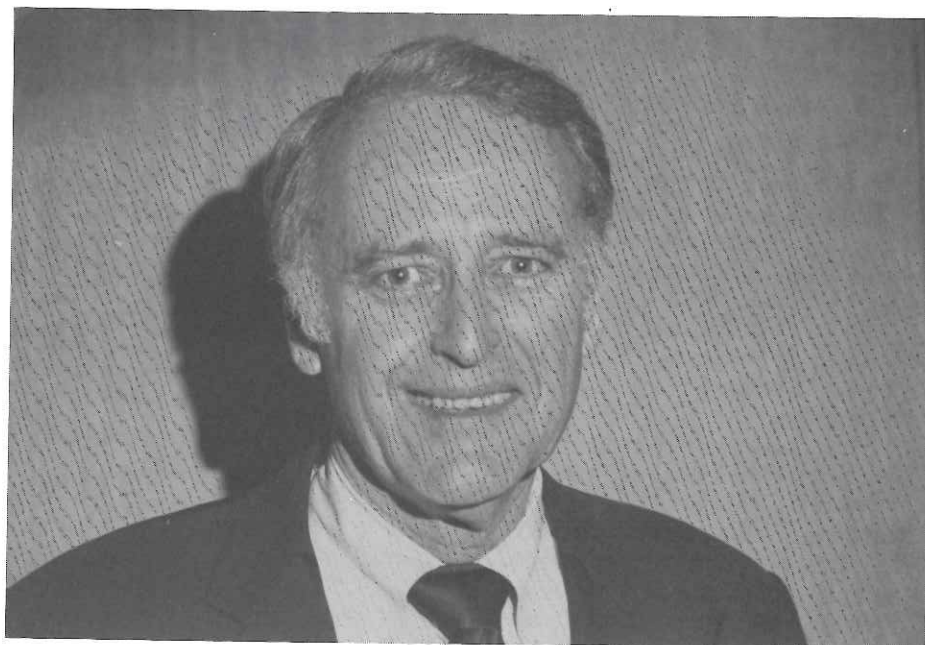
My warmest greetings to *Scots n' Water* readers, whether Flying Scot sailors, sailors of another class, or those just interested in sailing.

The thought of reading this 30th Anniversary Issue is very exciting to me since our Editor, Pat Barry, has cut me in on what he has planned. To span 30 years of the Flying Scot's life, covering high points and experiences by many members, and, most of all, Sandy's own thoughts of the beginning from a perspective these many years later will be a spellbinder for new and old!

The only bond stronger than the resin in Sandy's Scot is the bond among the members of the Flying Scot Sailing Association. What a cross-section we find in our midst: from doctors and lawyers to teachers and preachers, from creaky-jointed oldsters (that hurts!) to the young Juniors who are our future.

How can one boat attract such a diverse group? I don't think it's the price; although the Scot's not expensive, it does take some bucks to buy even a used one, if you can find one. She's not a particularly unusual design nor is she the fastest one-design around.

Ah! "One-Design"! I think that's the key. In my opinion the factor appearing most often in reasoning why the Flying Scot is still one-design is her designer and our founding father, Sandy Douglass. Throughout her history the Scot has pitched and yawed from the winds and waves of those wanting change but with Sandy at the tiller and dedicated FSSA



E. Paul Moore, Jr.
President,
Flying Scot Sailing Association

leaders in the crew the Scot has never lost her true course as a family one-design sailor/racer.

30 years later we see our Scots essentially the same as when Sandy first sailed her on Lake Erie one cool fall day. There have been changes. The sailing industry's improvements in rigging and hardware have been carefully and judiciously adopted to Scots old and new. But still, FS 1 has all the performance of our newest boat, FS 4375.

The FSSA itself is healthy and strong for reasons that parallel the

strength of the boat itself. Good design. Good planning. Good leadership. A strong designer leading the way.

In both the boat and the Class, the common factor has always been Sandy Douglass. Still sailing? Not quite as much. Still interested? Still active? Still helping? You can bet your Scot on it!

Thanks to our members, our leaders, and most of all, Gordon K. 'Sandy' Douglass for our boat and our Class as we celebrate the 30th Anniversary of the Flying Scot.



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THE BIRTH OF THE FLYING SCOT

Sandy Explains How The Scot Was Born

Gordon K. Douglass

The Idea

I have long contended that there is little point in bringing out a new boat which would compete directly with other successful boats of its type; and I wrote years ago that "in order to find a place in the yachting scene a new boat must contribute something new and interesting to the sport of sailing."

While my years of experience had given me a pretty definite conception of the planing family-racing boat which was needed in the 19-foot field, I had not introduced such a boat because for many years the Lightning had dominated that field. It wasn't until 1956 that I thought her hold could be challenged.

In 1956, because of frictions within the company, I finally decided to break away from Douglass & McLeod, Inc., and start my own operation in Mentor, Ohio, to build the first two boats I designed: the Thistle and Highlander. My experience in trying to build my first post-D&M Thistle clearly showed me that my best interest lay in divorcing myself completely from any such association.

That meant starting cold with a new design, a new operation, in a new medium - fiberglass - at an age when some men are thinking of retiring. It was at best a challenging prospect and but for an innate streak of stubbornness I might not have accepted the challenge.

The Early Stages

The summer of 1956 was a busy one for me, faced as I was with finding a new shop in which to start work, buying tools and equipment, completing and moving into a beautiful new house in Kirtland Hills, building the Thistle, then designing a new boat and investigating the intricacies of fiberglass construction.

In 1939 I had been the pioneer in the use of moulded plywood hulls for sailboats but now realized that the time had come to change to fiberglass.

The first part of this history first appeared in the May, June, and July, 1974 issues of Scots n' Water. Details to complete the history were provided by Eric Ammann, Bob Greening, and Pat Barry.

*You can read much more about both the boat's beginnings and Sandy's personal history in his recently-released biography, *Sixty Years Behind The Mast*.*

Members with further details, stories, documents, or pictures that would add to our Class history are encouraged to send those to Pat Barry.



Laying up an early hull at the first Oakland, MD plant.

Designing the hull was no problem because I already had a clear idea of what was needed for a planing family boat. Such a boat should have the safety of wide side decks, but also a roomy cockpit.

How could I resolve this problem? The solution was to lower the deck and to shape it into the form of seats, thus combining the advantages of both. Why had no one before thought of this?

The engineering of the structure was another matter. Fiberglass offers opportunities but also presents problems. Being denser than wood, it must be thinner, and being thinner it lacks stiffness and should be handled differently. It is flexible, and yet flexing can be its greatest enemy because it can lead to cracking. When I learned that a balsa sandwich was being tried in an effort to add strength without weight, I decided to go in this direction.

The autumn of 1956 passed quickly as I worked to run the lines, build the molds and finally the wooden prototype which I would use for testing and later as a plug for building the fiberglass molds. I completed the boat late in December and right after Christmas we headed south for trials.

Would she perform as I had expected? Would she prove to be good enough to warrant being put into production?

To my great relief she came up to expectations in nearly every way. I had built her with a 250-pound centerboard to make her self-righting but found that much weight to be unnecessary for stability as well as undesirable in other ways. (Aren't we glad I cut the weight down to 100 pounds?) I also soon found that while the seats kept out the spray, they also held quite a puddle of water and that drains were most desirable.

Following the trials, I was confident enough of her potential that I announced the new design in the January, 1957 issue of *YACHTING* magazine.

(continued on page 8)

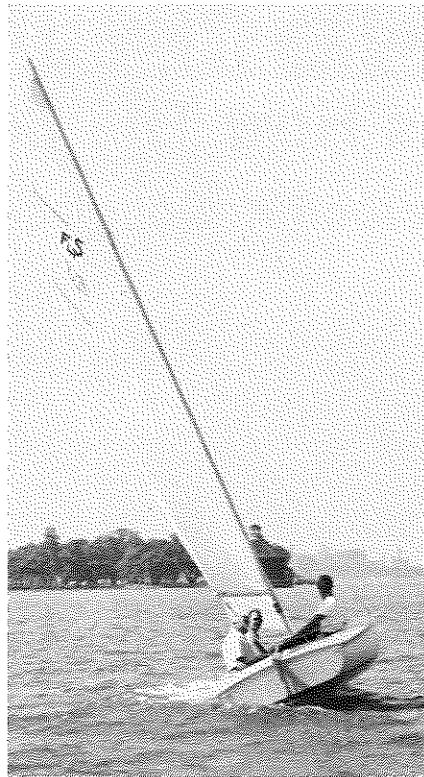
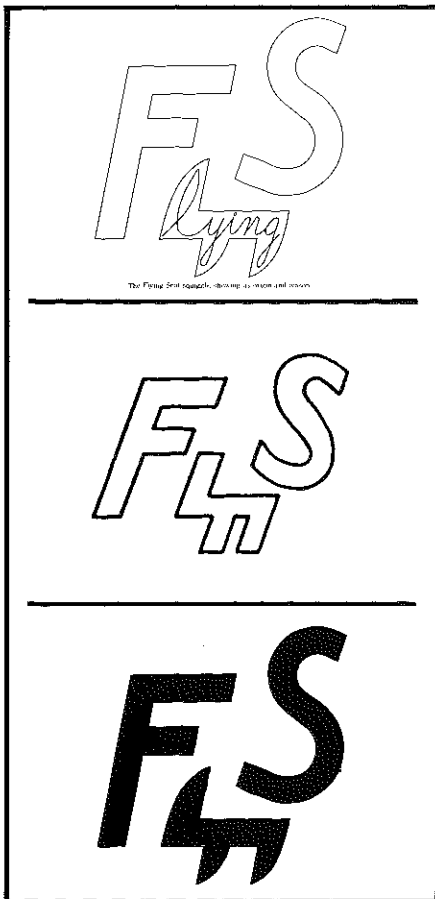
Birth

(continued from page 7)

Choosing a Name

Believe it or not, the biggest problem in designing the Flying Scot was in deciding on a good name for the class and then a suitable emblem. With some 600 classes already on record, the field has become somewhat restricted. "Flying Scot" has been the name of the famous London, England to Edinburgh, Scotland express train. There was also a famous yacht in the '90's by that name. It seemed to be a good choice to go with the names Douglass, Thisle and Highlander.

The emblem presented an even more acute problem with even fewer choices. After futilely trying to come up with something Scottish but not too intricate for the sailmaker, such as bagpipes would be, I decided to use the two letters, F and S. But two letters do not make a good emblem. After more experiment, I designed and added the squiggle, transforming the two letters into a good emblem; an emblem with recognition value. The squiggle actually is a very stylized word, "lying" which, with the F, gives the Flying S.



Sandy takes a sail in one of the first fiberglass Scots ever built.

Building the First Scots

Other than some minor changes, I was well pleased and looked forward to the next step - getting into production - little realizing the problems and heartbreaks I would face in the coming months!

With 20 years experience in building wooden boats the construction of the wooden prototype had been no problem. My next major step was to prepare the prototype for use as a 'plug' for building the fiberglass molds. While I was proud of the job I had done building the prototype, I realized she would not do because the slightest imperfections of any sort would be reproduced in the molds and by them, in all future boats. Further, square corners and sharp angles being anathema to the fiberglass worker, everything must be given a radius. I spent weeks of work in filling and sanding using plaster to create the beautiful smooth lines we admire. With automotive undercoat and repeated spraying and sanding, I built up surfaces until they were optically perfect. Finally she was ready.

Now I was faced with learning fiberglass techniques - dipping my hands into polyester resin for the first time - but knew that what others could do, I could do.

Fiberglass reinforced resin had been put into use during World War II and I figured that by 1956 the techniques should be well developed. I soon discovered even the leading manufacturers, engineers, or fiberglass salesmen knew very little about its use in my application. In some cases, I even knew more!

With the help of Gerry Browne, a salesman-engineer from one of the glass companies, the molds turned out beautifully. As we built the molds I learned the basic skills of handling glass and resin.

Now I was ready to build the first boat. I hired an 'expert' and we worked for several days in laying up the first hull: parting film, gel coat, cloth, mat, woven roving. We would install the centerboard trunk the next morning.

In the morning we discovered that one of us had somehow forgotten to mix into the resin either the promoter or the catalyst and the resin had not reacted. The resin and roving were a gooey mess laying in the bottom of the mold.

That hull went to the dump and we started again.

I was disgusted, discouraged, depressed, and running low of funds. This was my low point.

June was well along by the time we had the first good hull and deck ready for assembly. Fortunately I had by this time received some orders for boats, thanks to the brave few who had enough faith in the reputation of one Gordon K. Douglass and perspicacity to place their orders sight unseen for a new boat which had not even been built.

Things were looking up, but time was pressing.

She looked just beautiful in the bright sunlight. A perfect job. But soon I noticed a bulge on the deck surface; first one, then another, and another.

Horrors! The balsa blocks we had used were too large to fit the curvature of the deck, leaving an air pocket over each block which now was expanding in the sun.

I wasted several more hours trying to fill the voids with resin from a hypodermic needle. It didn't work and that deck went to the dump. Another low point!

The boat had to have flotation. I wanted to use styrofoam but was told it could not be fastened into place

(continued on page 9)

Birth

(continued from page 8)

with fiberglass straps because the resin would dissolve it. The engineers came up with the brilliant idea of fastening the styrofoam in place with linoleum cement.

Desperate, we tried it in the boat, installing them with the boat upside down.

Beautiful! The next day, with Jack Brown due to arrive to pick up our first boat, we turned her rightside up. Soon we heard a clunk! Then another clunk! It was the styrofoam falling down. The linoleum cement did not work.

Jack arrived and it was too late to try anything else. But Jack was understanding and headed back for Benton, Illinois, with no buoyance equipment on his boat; only the assurance that I would somehow solve the problem and complete the job in Benton.

The solution to the problem we found was to use fiberglass straps, but to insulate them from the styrofoam with strips of waxed paper which protect the foam until the resin has cured.

My wife, Mary, and son, Alan, and I had a delightful visit with the Browns in Benton.



EBC's first three Scots sail against the last of the Club Cats they replaced starting in 1958.

It is easy, now, to laugh at the problems we faced and the mistakes we made in the beginning. In retrospect the solutions to problems often seem simple and obvious but to the pioneer who had to feel his way along, that season of 1957 is one I'll never forget.

The First Year

We had built two Scots and three more were on order. Would the boat sell? Would we ever have a class? And perhaps even reach the magic goal of 100 boats?

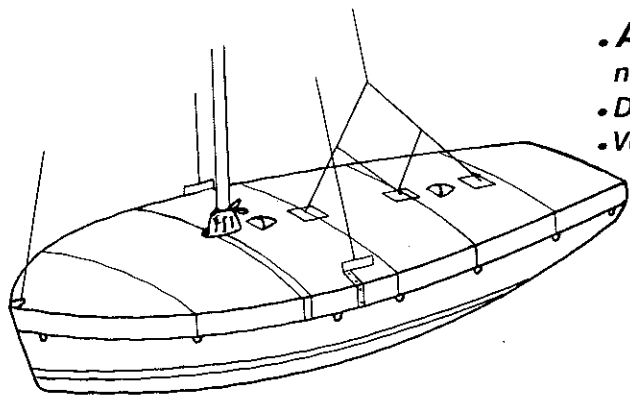
The first Flying Scot was the

Brown's, but it was first sailed with them at the Cleveland Yacht Club.

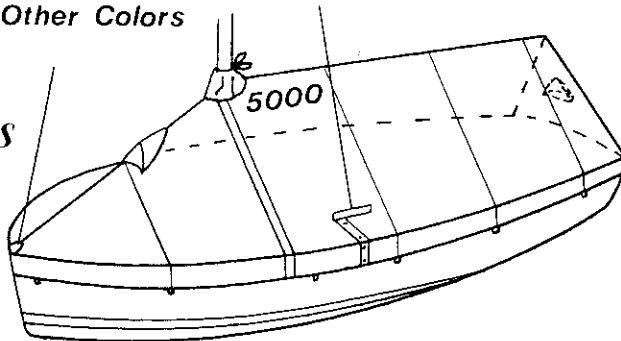
I had been aware for several years that the clubs of the Detroit River Yachting Association had been looking for a replacement for their wooden 22 foot Interlake Cats. By this time they had tested all of the boats which they thought might be of interest to them without finding one which met all of their requirements for stability, roominess for day sailing, speed, handling, and durability with a minimum of maintenance.

(continued on page 10)

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Tent 6" Skirt	249 ⁰⁰	265 ⁰⁰	278 ⁰⁰
Tent Full Side	299 ⁰⁰	315 ⁰⁰	330 ⁰⁰
Sail # Installed	25 ⁰⁰		

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Birth

(continued from page 9)

Hearing that I was about to launch and sail a new boat, their selection committee requested a chance to sail the Scot. I arranged to meet their group, headed by Bob Greening from Edison Boat Club, with the Browns at CYC. Jack Brown was happy to have a chance to rig and sail his new boat and the committee asked to take the next one to Detroit for further tests. They decided to adopt her and the Edison Boat Club lead the way in ordering three Scots for delivery in 1958. This was the sort of break I had been hoping for.

In addition to building the boats on order I was making every effort to promote the Flying Scot and one objective in delivering number 16 to John Shedd in November, 1957 (many of these early boats were built out of sequence because some wanted them now, some the following spring) was to demonstrate the Scot to a group from Riverside, Connecticut.

We met at City Island and Chuck Rettie and Lew Howe ordered numbers 27 and 28.

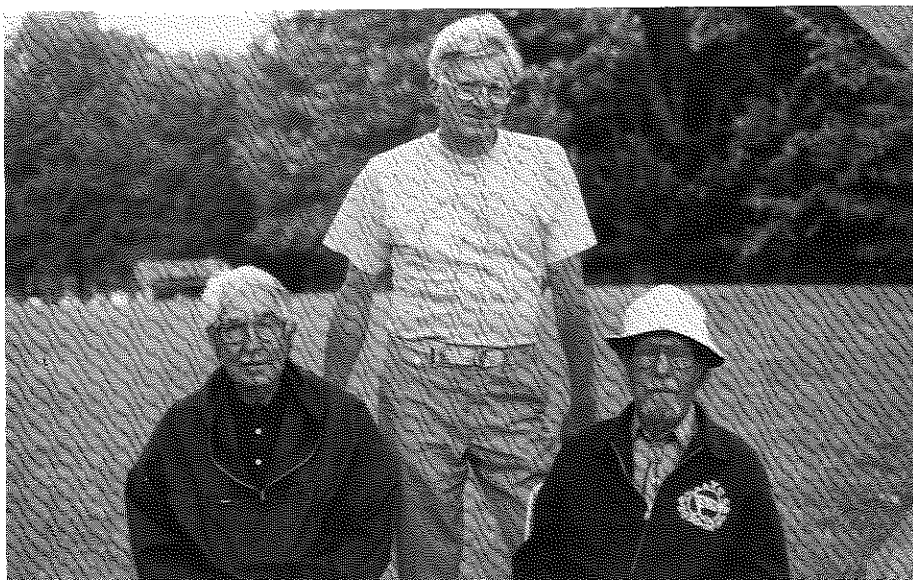
On another delivery I stopped to see Dick Tappan of the Tappan Stove Company in Mansfield, Ohio. Dick passed the word around and there was an interested group of sailors examining the Scot, inside and out.

The group was impressed and ordered numbers 49 through 57. This was another great break.

Movement and Growth

In June, 1957, Eric Ammann joined the company. A graduate of the University of Montana in forestry, Eric worked for a big lumber company in Cleveland. Eric had heard about me and my new boat and, not liking his job, was considering a change. Eric knew nothing about fiberglass and little about boats, but we liked each other and Eric came to work for me. He soon became my invaluable assistant.

Our first shop had been attached to the back of a beauty parlor in Mentor, Ohio. The operator told me that her customers complained of the terrible odors emanating from my operation and that I would have to leave. I managed to persuade my landlord to let me stay, but only after I promised to keep my doors and windows closed at all times. Then we really did have a stench!



Cresten Stewart, Bob Greening and Sandy Douglass — 3 Class Founders — re-unite at the 30th Anniversary Regatta.



The finish line in one of the light air races at the first-ever Class Championship in 1959.

It was a great relief to us, late in the summer, to find a larger building to move into. Here I could employ more men and we could at last open the doors and windows.

The winter of 1957-58 passed rapidly. By May, 1958, we had lost all hope of saving our newly-built home, which was condemned because it lay in the path of an intended new highway.

It was by chance that we had settled in Mentor, solely to live near my new business, D&M, and for the same reason had built the new house in Kirtland Hills. With the impending loss of the house, and working in a temporarily rented building, Mary and I realized that we no longer had any

permanent ties to that area, no reason to stay there.

More and more we found our thoughts going to Oakland, Maryland, and Deep Creek Lake.

What had it to offer us? Oakland was nearer to the geographic center of sailing east of the Mississippi. Located high on the Appalachian Plateau, Oakland had cool summers, beautiful mountain scenery, and nearby Deep Creek Lake for summer sailing. In addition, the labor market seemed favorable. What made it even more irresistible to us was the knowledge that our friends, Earl and Margurite Zepp had commenced to

(continued on page 11)

Birth

(continued from page 10)

build a new home on the lake and were offering their town house for sale.

Our plans were drawn, we found a suitable ex-automobile dealership building in which to work, and Eric, his wife Mary, and their children agreed to move with us.

With everything settled, we finished the summer's schedule of boats and with Flying Scot number 34 laid up in the mold to protect the sur-

face of the mold, we loaded our shop equipment into a van and headed for Oakland.

That year we had quite a few changes. But I, at last, found the time to build Scot number 100 for myself. What a satisfaction.

In a desire to continue to expand the sailing of Flying Scots, over the years Gordon Douglass Boat Company licensed many builders to construct Flying Scots. Ranger Boat Company in Seattle, Washington, Lofland Boat Company in Wichita, Kansas, and Customflex, in Toledo, Ohio were our American builders,

with Customflex holding the license the longest from 1959 to 1979. For a short time Tanzer Boat Company and the Shark Shop were our Canadian builders.

From its slow, unsure start the sales of Flying Scots progressed steadily and the dream of seeing 100 Scots built was surpassed many times over!

'Modern' History

In 1971 Sandy retired from decades of sailing, racing, and boat building. Keeping the Flying Scot 'in the family', Sandy sold the company to his long-time, trusted assistant, Eric Ammann.

The company remained headquartered in its initial Oakland plant until 1975 when Eric and Mary oversaw the construction of a large, customized building just outside Oakland, in Deer Park. The site sits adjacent to a small cemetery where unlike earlier neighbors, Eric reports that the residents are "quiet and don't mind our noise!"

Gordon Douglass Boat Company employs between 10-12 people, including Mary Ammann who runs the office and business end of the operation. Eric oversees the production of the boats while Harry Carpenter handles marketing and delivery. John Clickener, a Flying Scot sailor from Virginia, recently joined the company. In truth, Eric, Harry, and John are all 'jacks of all trades' and handle most jobs interchangeably.

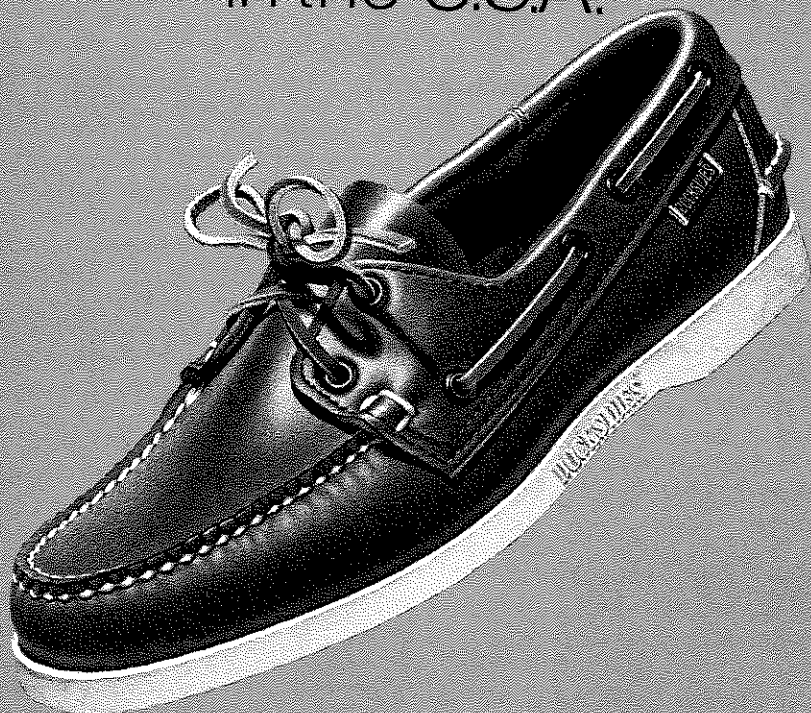
After several years with no licensees building Scots, WestScot Corporation, located in Sandy, Utah, began building the boat under Eric's direction and assistance in 1984. To date, they have built about 25 Flying Scots in an effort to expand the boat into the western part of the country and service existing owners in the southwest and far west.


Douglass Boat Company currently builds about 125 boats a year and often has a waiting list due to the continually increasing popularity of the Flying Scot.

Sandy's dream of a successful one-design family daysailer-racer has clearly become a reality.

The future of the boat is in the capable hands of an outstanding builder, a strong Class Association, and over 4,375 owners who will insure that the boat continues to thrive in an ever-competitive market for the next 30 years.

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A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE FLYING SCOT SAILING ASSOCIATION

Direction and Dedication are the Hallmarks of 'The Class of the Classes'

"You potential owners have some terrific thrills in store...the biggest is delivery time! Oh boy!"

Those words, written by Russ Stinchcomb of Newton Falls, Ohio, in December, 1958 characterize the initial enthusiasm of the pioneer Scot sailors that helped to build not only the Flying Scot as a one-design class, but the Flying Scot Sailing Association, as well. Much of the early history of the Class has faded from memory, never been written, or lost. What remains, however, tells a great deal of what went through people's minds as

they began the association to which we all belong. And what remains explains why both the Scot and the Association have taken their place in the forefront of one-design sailing.

Having been a member of several classes in the past, our designer Sandy Douglass saw the need to develop a strong class association. Knowing the association must be strong and have a clear sense of purpose right from the beginning, he felt that the governing bodies of his earlier-designed Thistle and Highlander had let the class stray too

far from its original course and that, eventually, it would cause great problems. Thus, when the original 40 orders for Flying Scots were filled in the summer of 1958, giving Sandy both time to take a breath and the belief that this newborn was going to survive after all (40 more were on order), he encouraged several members to meet with him for the purpose of creating an association to foster Flying Scots and Flying Scot sailing.

(continued on page 13)



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History

(continued from page 12)

Having just moved to Oakland from Mentor, Sandy asked Dick Peake of Cincinnati, Ohio, to serve as temporary chairman and call a meeting.

An interested group of new owners met in November, 1959, in Mansfield, Ohio for the purpose of creating an association. What to call it? Bob Greening, who had just convinced his Detroit Edison Boat Club to purchase Scots as a replacement for their Club Cats, argued for Flying Scot Association. Bob recalls, "It was rejected because at the time there was a popular outboard motor called the Flying Scott and the members feared that our Association might attract outboard motor owners!" The group expanded on Bob's idea, calling itself the Flying Scot Sailing Association.

The Steering Committee then determined that a constitution was necessary. Sandy brought along several, including that of the Lightning Class. Theirs had been based on that of the earlier Star Class. With the necessary modifications made, the Class adopted the Lightning's format. We thus owe a debt of thanks to both the Lightning and Star Classes.

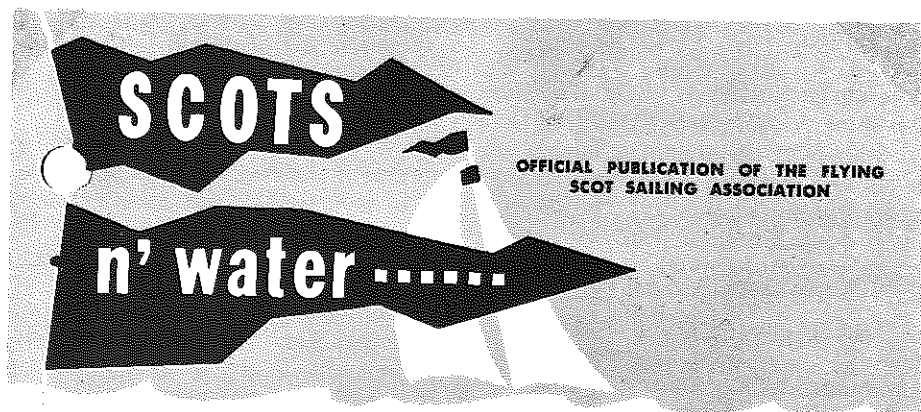
Finally, an election of officers was held so that the Association could conduct business and move forward. Truman Clark was elected our first President, with Bob Meese as Secretary-Treasurer, and Bob Schneider the Measurer. The Executive Committee was expanded in December to include Bob Greening as Detroit Representative, John Dayton as Eastern Seaboard Representative, and John Lacey as our Chicago Area Representative. The birth was completed.

What is known of the early years of the Class's early years comes primarily from the Class newsletter. Thankfully, these have been preserved and are on file at our Association office in Columbia, South Carolina.

Like the Class, the publication needed a name. How best to do it? The first editor, Secretary Bob Meese, called on members for their suggestions. A contest was run and the various submissions were tried each month for seven successive issues of the one-page, 11x14", mimeographed newsletter. The names tried (in order) were: Plane Talk, Scot-Tlebut, Scot-Issue, The Pibroch, Scots n' Water, The Mast Head, and Undecided. The

name Scots n' Water was selected and published with a very attractive masthead on the July, 1959 issue. The magazine notes that "the suggestion came in from V.W. Kenerson, FS 58, as 'Scots n' Soda' - we changed it to suit our tastes."

The dues were a whopping \$5.00 for Active Members and \$2.00 for Associate Members. The call for funds must have been successful as the next month's issue reported 28 Active and 10 Associate members. Within two months the Class had 55



Vol. V, No. 1

Jan.-Feb. 1963

Early Scots n' Water masthead

The publication's name was eventually registered as Trademark #765924 in April, 1964. Class member G. Kendall Parmalee was an expert in such matters and handled the process for the Class.

Scots n' Water reflected the early years of the Class well by promoting and encouraging the boat and the Class, printing names and addresses of new members, helpful hints, and class business. One early promotion touted the 'international' flavor of the Flying Scot with Major Gene Erickson's report that he had been cruising FS 31, his "dream boat" over the Nicaraguan waters "filled with naught but ancient commercial buckets."

Class business took the form of soliciting comments, ideas, and help as well as membership. The December, 1958 issue - the second ever published - explained the difference between Active and Associate Members and said, "We are now in a receptive mood for 1959 memberships as we anticipate some expense in the continued publication of this item plus preparations for the 1959 National Regatta. May we suggest that all owners should become Active Members and many of you skippers may want to register your crews as Associate Members. All it takes is a check payable to the F.S.S.A. Are we getting through?"

members. It may be reassuring to today's officers to know that the Class has a long and historic need to ask for money!

As members joined, fleets were chartered. The first four assigned in December, 1958 were: #1, Cowan Lake, Ohio; #2, Leatherlips YC, Columbus, Ohio; #3, Sheridan Shores YC, Wilmette, Illinois; and #4, Mansfield Sailing Club, Mansfield, Ohio. Fleet growth was rapid with nearly every early issue saluting a new fleet or two.

Keeping the Class as one-design as possible was Sandy's strongest and clearest goal. (And still is!) To that end, Registration and Measurement Certificates were drafted early on and were to be forwarded to members as soon as possible by the Executive Committee.

Further, Sandy Douglass reported in the January, 1959 issue that discussions with several sailmakers had produced the final figures for the official sailplan. Measurer Bob Schneider was to re-draft the plan, which would then become part of the official specifications. Due to the lateness of this process, however, Measurer Schneider felt compelled to tolerate some minor variances in the early sails when they were measured for the first time at the 1959 Championship.

(continued on page 14)

History

(continued from page 13)

The Class's reliance on regattas as a method of pulling the members together was evidenced early. The very first regatta notice was that of a national championship to be held on Clear Fork Lake, Mansfield, Ohio, in late August, 1959. This offer was extended at the Steering Committee meeting in November, 1958 and Bob Greening recalls that it was granted to Mansfield because the lake was small and everyone knew that future championships would be larger, necessitating a bigger body of water, making this perhaps Mansfield's best chance for a national regatta.

The first local regatta notice was an invitation by Bob Greening: "The Edison Boat Club, Detroit, Michigan, extends an invitation to Flying Scot owners to compete in races at EBC." Two other notices in that January, 1959 issue were for the Ohio Interlake Yachting Association's regatta on Atwood Lake, June 20-21, 1959 and The Interlake Yachting Association's annual Put-In-Bay, Ohio regatta on August 10-12, 1959.

The early success of the Scot could be seen not only in the increasing numbers ordered and the steadily advancing FSSA membership, but also in the respect afforded the boat from others. One noteworthy sign of recognition came from the donation of funds from Otis M. Cummings and Louis J. Ott, of Mansfield, Ohio, for the purpose of purchasing a permanent national championship trophy. What is impressive is that neither gentlemen sailed a Scot! Both owned and raced Y-Flyers, Pistols, and Lightnings. The men were made Honorary Associate Members for their kind donation.

Sandy first had a chance to test the Scot against other craft at the 1958 One-Of-A-Kind Regatta. Reporting in the March, 1959 issue of Scots n' Water, he wrote that

I was generally well-satisfied with the performance of #100. Four of the five races were characterized by winds of about 25 miles in which the Scot performed very well but was outclassed by many of the strictly racing machines with trapezes, hiking straps, etc. In one race in which the wind held at 15, I was with the front-runners all the way. The Scot

performed very well at what she is, a comfortable, stable, family-style, planing sailboat.

The first regatta report ever was that of the Atwood Lake regatta. The eleven boat field was led by Ted Beach (FS 10), Dick Peake (FS 18), and Tru Clark (FS 55). It was one of not too many Scot regattas that Sandy was not to win, as he finished 5th in the fleet.

The first national championship attracted 32 boats to Clear Fork Lake for a regatta that featured great excitement and revelry centered around two days of light air racing. Sandy showed his light air mastery besting the fleet with Dick Tappan of the local fleet second and Detroit Bob Greening third. The Scots n' Water story summarized:

Many interesting stories go untold. The air was generally flat - the food was generally good - the booze was generally wet. We have a wonderful group of people sailing Scots, and judging from the many comments and letters, we feel

sure that all who attended had a swell time. Now, let's think about next year and see who can knock off the old Master.

The very first Annual Meeting was held that Saturday evening with 155 skippers, crews, and guests in attendance. The first election of officers saw Jack Beierwaltes become President, Charles Silsbee become Secretary-Treasurer and Bob Greening, Albert Bigelow, and Hank Cooper elected as Vice-Presidents. Tru Clark was named Commodore and Bob Schneider remained as Measurer. Officers were to be elected annually with generally a one year term of office planned.

In other official action the Prototype boat was accepted in the Class and assigned number 0. The first Amendment to the Constitution was proposed in an effort to more clearly specify some items of the Running Rigging. It was to be voted on at the next Annual Meeting.


The Treasurer's books showed a

(continued on page 15)

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SCOTS N' WATER

History

(continued from page 14)

30 Years of Flying Scot Growth

FS 1	1957
FS 100	1959
FS 500	1963
FS 1000	1966
FS 2000	1971
FS 3000	1977
FS 4000	1984
FS 4380	1987

Beierwaltes and was used in Flying Scot promotional material for many years.

In the early 1960's the Class began having a Mid-Winter Meeting which was held in New York each year. That meeting was later moved to the time and site of the Mid-Winter Championship that began in 1967.

The strong foundation laid nearly thirty years ago has served the Flying Scot and the Class well. While there have been advances in the quality of materials used in construction, rigging, and hardware, the Flying Scot remains today essentially the same boat she was when the first boat was built. This is due, largely, to the foresight of the original Steering Committee who agreed with Sandy that the boat should never compromise quality for economy, simplicity for unnecessary sophistication, or the common good for the selfish interest. The close working relationship of the builder - then Sandy, now Eric - to the Class is virtually unique in one-design sailing. Working together, the Class

and builders have promoted the Flying Scot and the people sailing her. This relationship has fostered the steady growth of the boat and the Class, both of which have prospered year-in, year-out in the face of new competition, poor economies, and periodic declines in small-boat sailing.

The Flying Scot and the Flying Scot Sailing Association have truly been 'The Class of the Classes' for the past 30 years.

This report was written by Pat Barry based upon information from Sandy Douglass, Bob Greening, Eric Ammann, and the numerous past Editors of Scots n' Water.

If you have further information, documents, or pictures to add to our Class History, please forward them to Pat Barry so that a more complete history can be assembled, recorded, and published in the future.

current balance of \$436.07 after all expenses were paid.

Helpful hints were part of the earliest issues of the newsletter. The first ever was submitted by Julius Blankstein for the February, 1959 issue and explained how he solved the vexing problem of holding on to the tiller when one wanted to sit in the back of the boat and not hold the tiller extension provided.

It may relieve past, present, and future editors to know that obtaining material for the newsletter was a problem even then. The first 'article call' was published that same issue and asked: "Who wants to contribute a short treatise on the technique of make a Scot plane?" It appears the call went unanswered as a search of the next nine issues showed no such 'treatise'. In fact, a few years later Sandy, himself - perhaps weary from then writing most of the articles? - offered a free Scottish 'bonnet' to anyone who sent in an article. We're not sure if even that helped!

Pictures, too, were a problem to obtain. Though the earliest newsletters did not have the ability to publish them, later ones did. With few available, one editor elicited a spinaker from a sailmaker and offered it as first prize for the best picture submitted. The prize was won by Jack

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THE 30TH ANNIVERSARY REGATTA

Friends, Old and New, Gather to Celebrate the Flying Scot

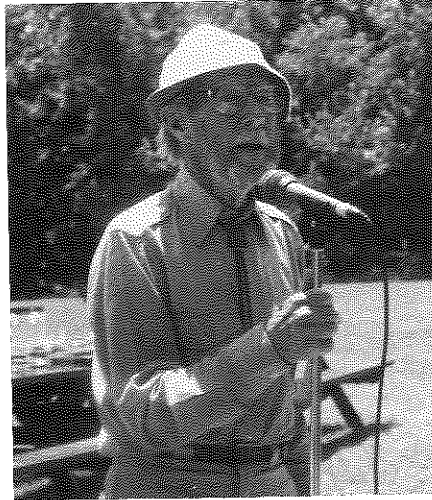
Pat Barry Secretary

Quick now! What were you doing June 27th and 28th this year? I hope that whatever it was, it was even half as enjoyable as the 30th Anniversary Celebration.

72 skippers and their crew raced on the Cowan Lake, the homewater of our Association's first fleet. Joining them were many, many Flying Scot sailors and Class members who made the trip just for the celebration. And of course, the 'old Master' - Sandy Douglass - was there to add his wit, wisdom, and official 'seal of approval' to this important event in our boat's history.

If there has been a more perfect regatta weekend, I have not yet seen it. As the crews and guests began arriving in the early afternoon Friday, they were greeted by the warm temperatures, blue skies, and good wind that lasted the entire weekend. More importantly, everyone was greeted by a warm, well-prepared regatta committee and all basked the weekend in the warmth of caring, friendship, and excitement that could only be generated when young and old, new and legendary, meet to celebrate an event as significant as this.

Members came from all parts of the country, signifying the diversity of the boat and the Class. Talented racing crews drove or flew in from both South and East to join the racers in the heartland of Flying Scot sailing. Virtually every class officer was in attendance as were several District Governors. Three of the few remaining 'founding fathers' of the class - Sandy Douglass, Bob Greening, and Creston Stewart - attended and delighted sailors all weekend with stories from the early days of Scot sailing. And while the regatta may not have had every top racing team in the Association, there were many present and the sheer number of boats sailing dwarfed most Class Championships



Sandy Douglass, himself lead off the 30th Anniversary Celebration.

ever held.

The friendly feelings evoked on Friday grew on Saturday morning as those present gathered for the largest group picture in Association history. Though they were to soon begin racing against one another for the championship of this important event, the mood was happy, caring, even filled with love for each other and the Flying Scot. A clear, organized, but casual Skipper's Meeting at Lake Cowan's edge followed the picture.

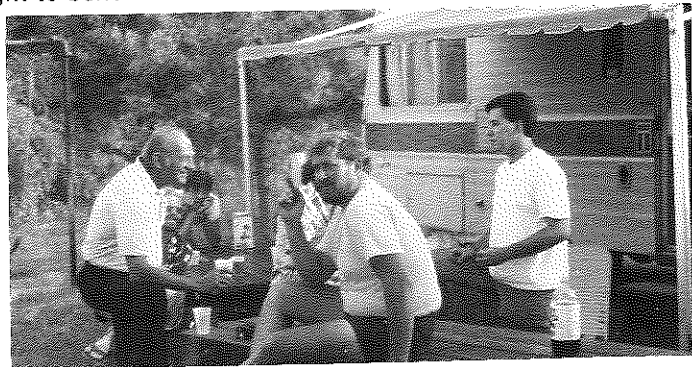
Numerous spectator boats - some overflowing with people so much that they began taking on water! - powered out to watch the fleet as they sailed downwind under spinnaker to the starting line. The sight of 72 boats, most with spinnakers flying, in the clear blue sky over the tiny lake was truly a sight to behold.

With so large a fleet and so little room, sailors were assigned into three divisions for the first race. The top ten finishers in each division sailed the final three races in the Championship division. The remaining members were assigned into either the Open Challenger division or the Husband & Wife division. With such a division, it was possible for many sailors to win some of the beautiful crystal provided by Fleet 1 and the Gordon Douglass Boat Company.

The scores from the morning race were carried over to the remaining three races, which did or didn't please, depending on the score! The sailors were so happy to be there together, though, that most accepted their fate happily and endeavored to do their best in their division's final races.

Good fortune continued to shine down upon the fleet as the wind filled in to a moderate breeze down the long axis of the narrow lake, thus making for long weather and downwind legs. As the first division fleet reached the weather mark and began their first run under a canopy of beautifully flying spinnakers, the wind increased abruptly. Well managed and not as easily noticed on the initial run, the wind played havoc with crews as they gybed and headed on the beam reach across the lake. Some spectacular near 'crash and burns' occurred as one boat after another was hit by gusts pushing 30 miles per hour. The boats

(continued on page 17)



Jerry Hartman looks as if he's telling another tall tell!



pleasantly situated. For many, that final hill nearly took their measure after a hard day of windy sailing.

The sailing was soon forgotten, however, as the freely running beer and pop from the nearby refrigerated trailer helped with the pause that refreshes. Most spiffed themselves up with a shower and some clean duds and prepared for a midwestern party evening.

Cowan's traditional pig roast nourished empty stomachs while a dj played tunes from the '50's on. With an incredible collection of records and a great sound system, people really got into the swing of things. Many even participated in an impromptu 'limbo' contest. Crews spent several hours dancing, talking, and sharing wonderful new and old memories. The mood was as festive as I've ever seen.

Flickering fireflies lit the way in the deepening night as couples and crews slowly drifted off to nearby campsites, vans, or motels. Many stopped often to stand and look heavenward at the incredibly clear summer night which exposed thousands of sparkling stars that looked so near you would have thought if you could stretch far enough you could reach up and touch one. It had truly been a beautiful day and night.

(continued on page 21)

CHAMPIONSHIP DIVISION

SAIL SKIPPER	CREW	FLEET	1	2	3	4	TOTAL
1 3560 Dan Irvine	Don Irvine	1	0.75	0.75	6	4	11.5
2 1 Harry Carpenter	Karen Carpenter	6	0.75	2	7	2	11.75
3 3599 Marc Eagan	Gayle Eagan	98	3	5	0.75	6	14.75
4 4224 Ralph Manee	Ethel Manee	31	2	4	2	7	15
5 15 Steve Bellows	Michael Kane		0.75	3	18	0.75	22.5
6 2793 David Neff	Robert Neff	97	3	7	8	10	28
7 4343 Ira Cohen	Cathy Cohen	46	2	9	12	8	31
8 4140 Jerry Hartman	Lynne Foltz	135	2	8	20	5	35
9 42 Ken Kleinschrodt	Amy Kleinschrodt	55	6	16	4	9	35
10 3883 Thomas Hohler	Chris Czaplanski	80	4	12	21	3	40
11 4175 Fritz Wagner	Bob Skillman	20	3	13	16	12	44
12 3886 Mike More	G & J More	1	4	15	11	15	45
13 4115 Bernie Knight	John Domagala	83	7	11	15	16	49
14 1342 Jack Stewart	Martha Stewart	65	7	17	5	22	51
15 1858 Jack Leipper	Rosalie Leipper	19	6	18	14	13	51
16 4150 Douglas Macmillan	Audrey Macmillan	6	8	20	13	11	52
17 3753 John Eilers	John Crawford	1	6	6	30	17	59
18 70 Jay Huling	Dave Parker	37	8	22	9	20.5	59.5
19 264 Bob Summerfeldt	Wallackson, Hayden	9	9	14	23	18	64
20 3889 Lynn Goodwin	Paul Piazza	1	10	24	3	27	64
21 11 Jack Anderten	Jayce Anderten	31	5	27	10	23	65
22 1138 Bill Booth	Tom Booth	52	9	10	26	20.5	65.5
23 4310 David Solomon	Jody Solomon	65	4	26	22	14	66
24 401 George Leet	Rich Riedel	1	9	19	17	30	75
25 2303 Richard Newell	Susan Hauser	97	10	23	19	24	76
26 3743 Geoff Place	Jan Place	1	7	21	25	25	78
27 5 Rob Cowles	Ken Bachilus	16	5	29	29	19	82
28 3652 Bob Peterson	George Murphy	1	5	25	27	26	83
29 1428 Doug Buddemeier	Linda & Julie B.	15	8	28	24	28	88
30 3808 Rob Freemont	Fremont/Emmerich	1	10	31	28	30	99

Regatta

(continued from page 16)

and crews handled the winds well, for the most part, with only a little residual panic left from dousing the wildly flying spinnakers as they headed upwind for the long grind to the weather mark. After viewing the difficulty that many top sailors had in the gusty conditions, few people flew spinnakers the rest of the day.

Following a delicious lunch break, the divisions were announced and the crews intrepidly headed out for the course once again. Winds remained strong and gusty and were all that most crews - sailing with just two in anticipation of the usual light inland lake winds - could handle. Following an exciting early afternoon race another race was sailed immediately afterward. The sun, warm temperatures and high winds remained until nightfall.

Many very, very tired, sore, but still rather happy crews crawled up the steep hill overlooking the water on which the Cowan Lake Sailing Association's beautiful facility is



OPEN CHALLENGER

SAIL SKIPPER	CREW	FLEET	1	2	3	4	TOTAL
1 3850 Sandy Eustis	Scott, Sandy, Eric	1	16	0.75	0.75	2	19.5
2 3096 Bob Cornish	Dale Cornish	65	18	5	2	3	28
3 1808 Art Bernstein	Bill Barrett	19	11	2	11	5	29
4 2931 Michael Kelley	Bob Wooden	1	13	3	5	8	29
5 3637 Dan Goldberg	Monica Berton	80	16	7	7	0.75	30.75
6 3556 John Danks	Danks, Danks, Emmerich	1	13	6	6	9	34
7 7 Paul Lee	Gayle Klien	16	12	9	8	7	36
8 3718 John Dye	J.C. & Liz Dye	1	24	4	3	6	37
9 142 William Reinke	Phil Morgan	48	12	14	9	4	39
10 1282 Ted Gramines	John Stipovich	65	15	12	4	13	44
11 3561 Adrian Boie	Berry Franz	1	19	11	12	11	53
12 2462 Kevin Bove	Don Bates	1	11	13	10	20	54
13 3363 Julian Magnus	Carol & Nancy Magnus	1	17	10	14	14	55
14 1472 Eric Scarpa	Beth Hoeffel	1	19	8	19	10	56
15 3633 Jack Horrell	Caroline Freeman	1	18	15	13	15	61
16 1973 Mason Colby	John Lancester	1	19	17	16	16	68
17 3343 Mary Robinson	Lori Mutersbaugh	15	21	16	15	18	70
18 2 Trina Bresser	Karol Bresser	16	23	18	20	12	73
19 3642 Girls Kruze	Andrejs Smiltars	1	20	21	19	17	77
20 2354 Jerry Gantzer	Kurt Gantzer	0	24	21	20	19	84



30th Anniversary Re

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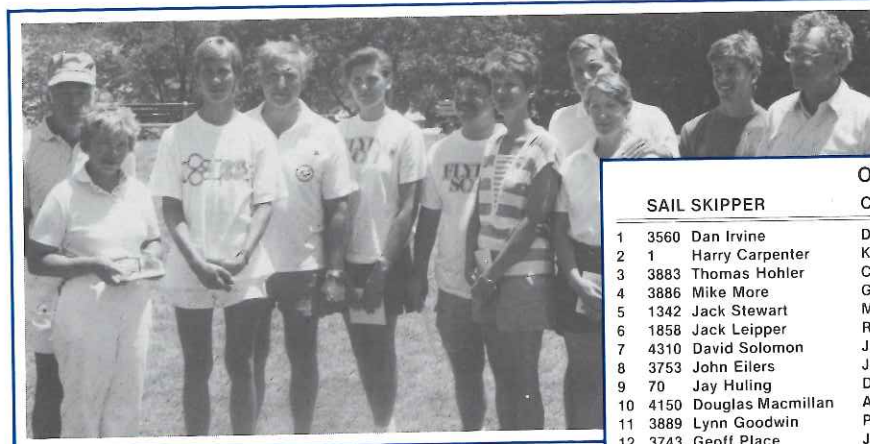
HUSBAND & WIFE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP

SAIL SKIPPER	CREW	FLEET	1	2	3	4	TOTAL
1 1 Harry Carpenter	Karen Carpenter	6	0.75	0.75	5	0.75	7.25
2 4224 Ralph Manee	Ethel Manee	31	2	2	2	2	8
3 3599 Marc Eagan	Gayle Eagan	98	4	3	0.75	3	10.75
4 4343 Ira Cohen	Cathy Cohen	46	2	4	7	4	17
5 42 Ken Kleinschrodt	Amy Kleinschrodt	55	7	6	3	6	22
6 3883 Thomas Hohler	Chris Czaplleski	80	5	5	11	5	26
7 1342 Jack Stewart	Martha Stewart	65	9	7	4	9	29
8 1858 Jack Leipper	Rosalie Leipper	19	7	8	9	7	31
9 11 Jack Anderten	Jayne Anderten	31	6	12	6	10	34
10 4150 Douglas Macmillan	Audrey Macmillan	6	11	11	8	8	38
11 3743 Geoff Place	Jan Place	1	9	9	12	11	41
12 2303 Richard Newell	Susan Hauser	97	12	10	10	12	44



HUSBAND WIFE CHALLENGER

SAIL SKIPPER	CREW	FLEET	1	2	3	4	TOTAL
1 4321 Jack Rudy	Nancy Rudy	1	15	4	3	2	24
2 3666 Rick Baugher	Jo Baugher	19	22	0.75	2	3	27.75
3 742 Rob Spring	Joyce Spring	0	25	2	0.75	0.75	28.5
4 4029 Margaret Carson	William Sanjour	97	13	3	5	9	30
5 171 Hallam Walker	Cathie Walker	48	11	8	7	4	30
6 2666 Tim Barrett	Wanda Barrett	1	15	9	4	6	34
7 4229 Chuck Hoffman	Bev Hoffman	1	12	7	14	8	41
8 2297 Karl Vanderhorst	Yanny Vanderhorst	37	16	6	6	15	43
9 4296 Jim Harris	Beth Strudehoff	83	20	10	8	5	43
10 3865 Sam Noe	Lynn Noe	1	17	12	9	7	45
11 4257 John Beery	Yvonne Beery	160	17	5	10	13	45
12 3649 Jerry Hilk	Julie Hilk	1	14	11	11	16	52
13 3658 Gerry Saul	Ann Saul	1	18	16	12	10	56
14 4 Clark Ashby	Rhoda Ashby	30	14	21	13	14	62
15 3416 A.J. Angelo	Marilyn Angelo	139	25	13	15	11	64
16 2567 Don Mates	Linda Mates	1	14	15	17	18	64
17 4228 John Burnside	Suzanne Cooper-Burn	97	20	14	16	17	67
18 3148 Bruce Courts	Karen Delong	37	22	17	18	20	77
19 467 Alex Luque	Maria Luque	1	23	18	19	21	81
20 88 Bill Tingle	Molly Tingle	80	24	22	23	12	81
21 4304 Bob Friedman	Elaine Friedman	1	21	21	23	19	84
22 3263 Bruce Gordon	Debbie Gordon	1	24	22	23	22	91



OHIO DISTRICT CHAMPIONSHIP

SAIL SKIPPER	CREW	FLEET	1	2	3	4	TOTAL
1 3560 Dan Irvine	Don Irvine	1	0.75	0.75	3	3	7.5
2 1 Harry Carpenter	Karen Carpenter	6	0.75	2	4	0.75	7.5
3 3883 Thomas Hohler	Chris Czaplleski	80	3	4	10	2	19
4 3886 Mike More	G & J More	1	3	5	6	7	21
5 1342 Jack Stewart	Martha Stewart	65	9	6	2	10	27
6 1858 Jack Leipper	Rosalie Leipper	19	7	7	8	5	27
7 4310 David Solomon	Jody Solomon	65	3	13	11	6	33
8 3753 John Eilers	John Crawford	1	7	3	15	8	33
9 70 Jay Huling	Dave Parker	37	11	10	5	9	35
10 4150 Douglas Macmillan	Audrey Macmillan	6	11	14	7	4	36
11 3889 Lynn Goodwin	Paul Piazza	1	14	11	0.75	13	38.75
12 3743 Geoff Place	Jan Place	1	9	9	12	11	41
13 3652 Bob Peterson	George Murphy	1	6	12	13	12	43
14 401 George Leet	Rich Riedel	1	13	8	9	14	44
15 3808 Rob Freemont	Fremont/Emmerich	1	14	15	14	15	58

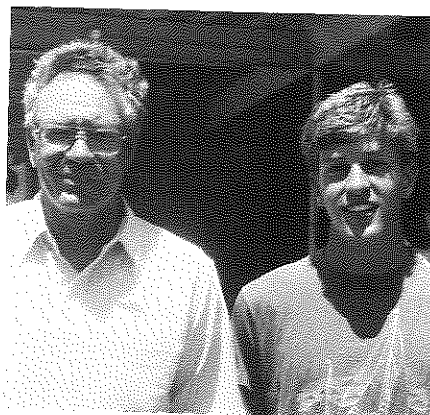
Regatta

(continued from page 17)

There were those, though, that refused to relinquish their spirits to the night so quickly. They convened at Jerry Hartman's 'Bay Hilton' for a long night of story telling, joke swapping, and comfortable silences that can only be shared among friends as they sit around a warming fire on a cool summer's night.

While the next morning showed some casualties from the party the night before, most skippers headed for their boats in good stead. The tone remained friendly but in the air was also a feeling of competition - as crews sought to sail one final race for a trophy position - and melancholy - as crews realized that this event would be over soon; too soon.

As it had all weekend, this day, too, brought what people wanted as the final race was sailed in a perfect 10 mph breeze against a clear, blue sky. With the winds down, all made use of their spinnaker,s creating a sea of color that can only be imagined now.



Crew Don and Skipper Dan Irvine win the 30th Anniversary Regatta.

When the smoke cleared from the finishing guns, the division winners became clear. 16 year old 'local boy' Dan Irvine and his crew, dad Don, bested an all-star field of Scot sailors including defending NAC Champ Marc Eagan. With the crews so even in talent, Danny's 'local knowledge' really did pay off! The Open Challenger division was also won by a somewhat older local "boy." Sailing with his long-time crew Scott Litwin, regatta organizer Sandy Eustis

showed his transom to the fleet with several fine finishes. His finest perhaps was his final race second. Not because it was his highest finish (he already had two firsts), but because he sailed the race with Eric Ammann and Sandy Douglass aboard! (Sandy and Eric missed their spectator boats so Sandy Eustis graciously offered to transport them out. As they drew nearer the starting line in the light wind, it became apparent that it would be difficult to get them situated on a boat so Sandy asked them to sail with he and Scott! Just goes to show you that a Scot sails well with all kinds of weight!) The Husband & Wife Division was also won by local 'kids' Jack and Nancy Rudy. (Hey! Wait a minute! I see a trend here!) Sailing their new Scot #4321, aptly named 'Blast Off', the Rudy's never won a race but finished consistently well once the divisions were set.

In the race-within-a-race format, two more groups were to be recognized. The Ohio District Championship was won by Dan and Don Irvine by virtue of their slim 1/4 point victory over Harry and Karen Carpenter in the Championship division. The Carpenters, however, became the first winners ever of the newly-sanctioned Husband & Wife National Championship. Sharing the striking wood half-tone trophy donated by Charlotte and Greg Fisher, it was hard to imagine a couple more fitting or representative of the intention of the award.

The awards ceremony was, as you can imagine, l-o-n-g. But it was delightful. One had the sense that no one really wanted this wonderful, historic weekend to end. The many, many winners were even willing to be rounded up for the numerous history-preserving photos from this event. The concluding remarks by Sandy Douglass and Eric Ammann brought a fitting end to this, the most wonderful of regatta weekend celebrations.

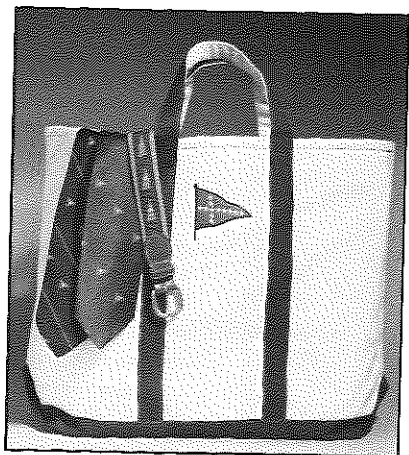
Those who came took away colorful t-shirts, momento trivets, original sketched Flying Scot note papers, and many, many crystal trophies.

Most significantly, they took away a renewed love for their boat, the Class, and each other.

Where will you be when the Flying Scot celebrates her 35th Anniversary at Cowan Lake in June, 1992? I would hope we already know the answer!

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FLEETS

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2. Lake Freeman, IN
3. Lake Michigan, IL
4. Clear Fork Lane, OH
6. Deep Creek Lake, MD
7. Long Island Sound, CT
8. Lake St. Clair, MI
9. Klinger Lake, MI
10. Moriches Bay, NY
11. Sandy Bay, MA
12. Lake Erie, OH
14. Kiser Lake, OH
15. Gull Lake, MI
16. Detroit Rvr., MI
19. Berlin Lake, OH
20. Portage Lake, MI
21. Barnegat Bay, NJ
23. White Rock Lake, TX
24. Candlewood Lake, Ct
25. Lake Michigan, WI
26. Maumee River, OH
27. Kerr Lake Rsvr., NC
28. Choctawhatchee Bay, FL
29. Prairie Cr. Rsvr., TN
30. Crab Orchard Lake, IL
31. Upper Barnegat Bay, NJ
32. Galveston Bay, TX
33. Fanshawe Lake, CN
34. Clear Lake, IN
37. Hoover Reservoir, OH
38. Mobile Bay-BYC, AL
40. Tomales Bay, CA
41. Crystal Lake, MI
42. Potomac River, DC
43. Skaneateles Lake, NY
44. Eagle Harbor, WI
46. Hempstead Bay, NY
48. Lake Norman, NC
52. Lake Orion, MI
55. Mobile Bay, AL
57. Nantucket Sound, MA
58. Boston Harbor, MA
59. Keystone Lake, OK
63. Susquehanna River, MD
64. Middle River, MD
65. Atwood Lake, OH
66. Lake Sabine, TX
67. Canyon Lake, TX
68. Lake Monona, WI
71. Smith Mtn. Lake, VA
73. Raritan Bay, NJ
75. St. Andrews Bay, FL
76. Lake Massapoag, MA
78. Boque Sound, NC
79. Mississippi Sound, MS
80. Lake Arthur, PA
82. Lake Gelndale, PA
83. Lake Carlyle, IL
85. Lake Martin, AL
88. Lake McBride, IA
89. Lake Perry, KS

90. Biscayne Bay, FL
95. Lake Minnetonka, MN
96. Lake Ponchartrain, LA
97. Chesapeake Bay, MD
98. Bay St. Louis, MS
99. La Noyc, LA
100. Lake Washington, WA
102. Mobile Bay, AL
105. S. Shore, Ma. Bay, MA
106. Lake Maloney, NE
108. High Rock Lake, NC
109. Otsego Lake, NY
111. Lake Lanier, GA
113. Elk Lake, MI
114. Delevan Lake, WI
118. Lake Logan Morgan, AL
121. Lake Tuscaloosa, AL
123. Lake Metigoshie, ND
124. Duxbury Bay, MA
125. Lake Hopatcong, NJ
126. Lake Townsend, NC
127. Barren Rvr Res. TN
130. Chautagua Lake, NY


131. St. Johns River, FL
132. Phantom Hill Lake, TX
134. Car. Coastal Waters, SC
135. Clinton Lake, IL
137. Chesapeake Bay, VA
138. Galveston Bay, TX
139. Lake Marburg, PA
142. Long Island Sound, CT
143. Pymatuning Lake, OH
145. Caygua Lake, NY
147. Piesco Lake, NY
148. Stony Lake YC, CN
149. Portsmouth Harbor, ME
150. Lake Conway, FL
151. Lake Eufaula, AL
153. Lake Arthur, LA
155. Swift Creek Rsvr., VA
157. Navesinr River, NJ
158. Lake Murray, SC
159. Lake Ontario, NY
160. Lake of the Woods, VA
161. Sacandaga Lake, NY
162. Barnegat Bay, NJ

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United States Yacht Racing Union

Officer Profile:

Gordon K. 'Sandy' Douglass, Designer

Ed. Note: in the "early days" of Flying Scot sailing, everyone knew Sandy Douglass. He built most of the boats, promoted them, even delivered them. He was highly visible at regattas throughout the country, and you could always plan to see him at Mid-Winters and the N.A.C.'s

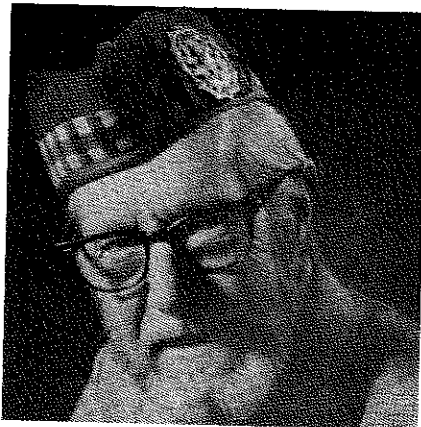
Unfortunately, though, as the Class has grown and as Sandy's time and energy for sailing has decreased with age, countless hundreds of current Scot sailors know little more about Sandy than that he created the boat we all love.

In all too brief form, then, let me introduce those of you who have never had the pleasure of meeting and knowing him to our designer, Sandy Douglass.

You just know when he enters a room. Some conversations become hushed while others rush to say hello and express their happiness at seeing him. He takes it all in stride, seemingly unflappable. His erect carriage, precise movements and controlled air belie the intensity and competitive drive that make him one of this country's great sailors. This is the stuff of which legends are born.

Unlike many designers who create a boat then, at some time in the future, quietly walk away from it only to be noted as "Designer" in the official plans or on the Class stationery, Sandy has always been associated with this boat and this class. He has always considered this, his third, and final, successful class boat, as "his" boat. His allegiance to the Scot manifests itself in many ways, from his continued attendance at major national events to his home still being only a long stone's throw from the factory in Oakland, Md.

Sandy grew up in New York City, but developed his love of the water and watercraft with long summers spent in the Thousand Islands area of New York. He graduated from the



SANDY SAYS . . .

For much of Scots n' Water's life Sandy had a regular column, Sandy Sez, in addition to his frequently published helpful hints. It seems only fitting to conclude this Anniversary Issue with some words from 'the master' on the 30th celebration of his finest sailboat.

What are my thoughts about the Flying Scot after 30 years? Needless to say, I'm pleased. With 4,380 Scots built to date, I'm proud of our growth as well as with the standing of the FSSA in yachting circles.

All of this has not been accomplished without strains and pains. One of my first questions was whether or not the deck would fit onto the hull! It did! But it later had to go to the town dump.

The FSSA and I have been fortunate in my very smart decision to hire an attractive young man who applied for a job knowing at the time little or nothing about sailboats and how to build them in fiberglass. An even smarter decision was to ask Eric Am-

mann to move his family to Oakland with us.

Finally, I am pleased with my subsequent willingness to sell him the Douglass Boat Company when I retired in 1971. Surely I could not have picked a better successor!

I have set various goals to reach. First, of course, was to see if the boat would float. Next was to reach number 100. (One reason for this was that I had decided on this number for my own boat!) Then of course it was number 1000. Now that that is passed, the next, I suppose, will be number 10000. Will we never be content? With prosperity we have lost the intimacy of the low numbers when many of us knew all of our owners by both name and boat number. Alas, those days are well past.

A great concern I had with the future of the boat had to do with the referendum on the 'Rigging Amendment' of 1982. Would it pass or would it not? If it had not, I would have considered that the Class had repudiated me! Perhaps you can understand my inner turmoil as the votes were being counted? Despite the opinions of some members of our Governing Board, the amendment passed by an eight to one majority.

It is my opinion that this was the finest thing we could have done for the future of the boat and the FSSA. As long as our members abide by the spirit of the amendment's reasonable restrictions the Class should continue to prosper.

I have seen and made some very, very good decisions in my life. Probably the best of all, though, was my decision to ask Mary Taylor to marry me some 54 years ago.

As I reflect back on the 30th Anniversary Celebration at Cowan Lake this year my thoughts are that all is going very well with the Flying Scot and the Flying Scot Sailing Association.

(continued on page 24)

Profile

(continued from page 23)

Collegiate School in New York, the oldest prep school in the country, then from Dartmouth College with a bachelor of science degree.

While he enjoyed sailing as a youth, his earliest success was in rowing. Having been runner-up in the double-blade tandem paddling class at 16, he won his first national championship at 17. With different partners, he won that class for three more years, and between 1932 and 1937 he won 13 other championships in various classes. Sandy was so good, in fact, that he went to the 1936 Olympics in Germany as a member of the Canadian Olympic Team. While he had always campaigned as a member of the Gananoque, Ontario, canoe club, he was a U.S. citizen and was disqualified from the competition.

Not wanting to waste his trip overseas, Sandy spent the summer in England racing 10-Square-Meter Canoes with the now-famous small boat designer Uffa Fox. Fox's influence would soon be seen in this country through Sandy's work in other classes of sailboats.

Sandy's earliest boat designs illustrate both his knowledge of successful lines and his ability to define the "leading edge" of hull and rig performance. He was the sole North American builder of the one-design International 14 during the pre-war era. He was also a leading competitor in the physically-demanding International 10-Square-Meter Canoe.

His experience with these "high tech" boats of the era led to the development of a boat which, even today, remains one of the most unorthodox in appearance of all sailing craft: the Thistle. Sandy introduced the easily-recognized, undecked, plumb-bowed, 17-foot boat at the annual Put-In-Bay, Ohio, race week in 1945. Scoffed at initially because of its unusual design, the Thistle's sailing performance so overwhelmed observers at that week-long regatta that Sandy left the island in Lake Erie with orders for 30 boats! And before selling his original boat, Paukie (Scotch for "foxy" or "schrewd"), in 1956, Sandy and his outstanding crew and wife, Mary, had won five Naitonals, placed second twice, and third once in 11 years of competition in this still-"hot" class.

In order to build the Thistle, Sandy

joined forces with Ray McLeod, a painting contractor in Painesville, Ohio, who had just purchased a small yacht building yard, thus forming Douglass and McLeod, a firm which still prospers today.

A few years after the formation of the new company, the 24-foot Raven was introduced and sailed. In order to have a boat to compete with her, Sandy designed the Highlander. At 20 feet, and very powerfully rigged, the boat was designed to be sailed with four men or two couples. That class has been successful, as well, though with less than 1,000 boats, built and sailed primarily in the Mid-West, it has never reached the popularity of the nearly 4,000 Thistles sailed throughout the United States.

Being a very large and powerful boat, Sandy saw the limitations to her becoming enormously successful. And with the parting of ways between him and Ray McLeod, Sandy once again set out to design a new boat.

His personal philosophy being that a new boat should be introduced to the market only when it will fill a void, Sandy saw no reason to develop

another boat in the size range of the Lightning until the advent of fiberglass. With its low maintenance, versus wood, and its design potential, Sandy now saw a reason to build an attractive alternative to the popular Lightning.

The story of the actual creation of the Flying Scot is well-chronicled by Sandy himself in the first two articles of *Highlights of Scots n' Water*. The boat was designed and first sailed on Lake Erie, off Cleveland Yacht Club, in 1957. Since that time, over 4,000 Scots have been built, making it the most successful of his many popular dinghies.

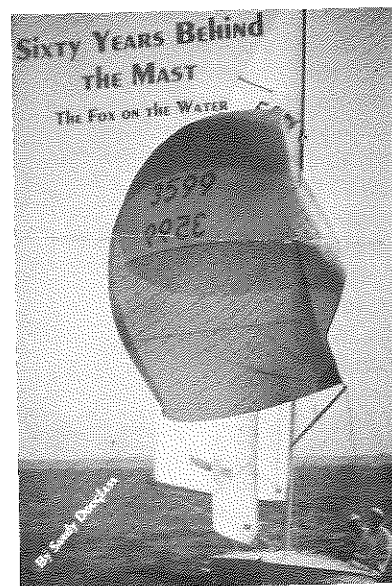
Sandy's philosophy in designing and building the Scot centered on having a boat that was well-built, but exciting and able to be sailed by a wide range of people, in size, number, and skill. He has always felt that a strict one-design boat was in the best interests of all purchasers, past and future, and was the truest test of one's sailing skill. He has fought consistently to maintain that concept, often when people were convinced

(continued on page 25)

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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.

The Ballad of Sandy Douglass

E. Paul Moore, Jr.
President, FSSA

Sung to the following tunes:

Casey Jones Sandy Douglass is a sailor's name,
In his 19-footer, boys, he won his fame.

Sweet Adeline Across the blue in his canoe
He set his sail and then did hail.

Drunken Sailor What do you do with a racing sailor?
One who has mastered the wind and tiller?

Shanandoa So Sandy went and built his Thistle,
And his Highlander did make them whistle,
And with all of these he did not slow
For a family boat that was soon to show.

Clementine Bagpipes playing, kilts a'swaying,
New boat coming, like as not,
Sandy's there - with a flare-
There she is! His Flying Scot!

You Take The High Road Oh, you take the high tack,
And he'll take the rhumb line,
Sandy'll be there a'fore ye.



The Fox on the Water

Profile

(continued from page 24)

that changes were "necessary." He points out with pride that our Class, which has essentially supported his philosophy and the Scot itself, has continued to grow steadily at 125 boats a year while other classes, even his own Thistle and Highlander, have not enjoyed this steady growth, a fact he believes is directly proportional to the amount of added "go-fasts" that a Class allows.

Sandy's competitive success continued in the Scot, as well, until his "retirement" from racing in the late 1970's. Until that time, it would be impossible to chronicle all his victories in the Scot, but suffice it to say that he won seven North American Championships.

While his life of 80 years has been

devoted to sailing, both as a hobby and a profession, Sandy is a multifaceted individual. Those who know Sandy well know of his intense involvement in barbershop quartet singing, something that began in Ohio (with the "Mad Flatters") and continued long after his move to Maryland (with the "Mountaineers"). Sandy became accomplished enough to become an International judge, as well. What many people don't know about Sandy is that he also eeked out an existence as an artist during a time in the 1930's and was exhibited in the National Academy and numerous state and national shows.

No discussion of Sandy would be complete without mentioning his wife, Mary. Talk to Sandy for any length of time and her name will always enter the conversation. Sandy

is justifiably proud of her sailing ability, having crewed for him in most all his major successes in both the Thistle and the Scot. She "retired" from sailing in 1972 after a sailing injury to her knee. But, like Sandy, Mary had musical interests and expanded her work as a trained concert pianist and by teaching piano in her community.

Sandy and Mary have a son, Allan, who has apparently inherited their musical talent and appreciation for the beauty of sound. Today Allan builds musical instruments and composes music.

In all too brief a fashion, then, this is Gordon K. "Sandy" Douglass. Brilliant designer, outstanding sailor, unique and interesting individual. I hope that you all have the opportunity to introduce yourselves to him someday.

Scot Sailing Evokes Memories

My name is Bob Slocum. I race my Scot on Lake Minnetonka near Minneapolis, Mn., sailing out of the Wayzata Yacht Club. We are Fleet 95.

The time was 1986, near the end of the sailing season and a long and lively Championship Series - an 18 race series stretching out over the entire summer.

The last race of the season was scheduled, as usual, for 1:30 Sunday afternoon. In September, it can get blustery. This race, however, was no ordinary event for two of us: Dr. Ken Heithoff and I, going into the 18th and final race of the season, were in an absolute tie for 1st place. We each had identical points; the same number of 1sts, 2nds, 3rds; and had each beaten the other an equal number of times. So whoever was to win the last race would win all the marbles for the season.

The morning started out bright and sunny, but with a brisk 20 mph breeze. After breakfast, I went straight to the garden to pull weeds. (Pulling weeds is a great pre-race tension relaxer!) My wife called me in for lunch just in time because I had eliminated all the weeds and was starting in on the petunias. (One tends to lose track while engaged in mindless activities.)

In May, 1987 we asked 200 Association members to recount their favorite story, memory, or use of their Flying Scot. We thank the following members for their thoughts, words, and pictures.

Lunch time. Who can eat lunch before a big event?

At 1 pm, my crew arrives and we set out to the race course. The wind has increased to 25 mph. We cover the 1/2 mile to the race course in no time at all. Rather than fight the waves and 100 other keel boats in the starting area, we decide to hover in the lee of a protective shore until the Scot start approaches.

The gusts increase.

One less experienced Scot sailor decides it's too windy and withdraws. Then another. A few keel boats pull out and go home.

Our 10 minute gun goes off, muffled completely by a howling wind. The rest of the Scot fleet withdraws.

Except Ken.

Five minutes until our start. There's only two of us. We are oblivious of the

weather. The Championship is at stake!

Trying to be heard above the roar of the wind, my crew yells out the final 10 seconds. Bang!

We each have a good start. Progress, however, is slow through the 4 foot waves. We both take on lots of water from flying spray. We'll bail after rounding the windward mark.

Ken inches ahead. He's fast in heavy air. The wind increases to a steady 35 mph. Halfway up the leg, it increases more. So does Ken's lead. We are soaked, we can't hear each other over the wind. Tacking is an adventure.

100 yards from the windward mark and in a 40 mph blast, the first inkling of withdrawing crosses my mind. Forego the Championship?

Erase that thought! Ken is rounding the windward mark. Maybe the wind will let up. We round the mark and are hurled downwind by a bone chilling gust.

Sighting ahead, we witness the unbelievable: Ken is putting up his spinnaker! What a competitor!

In the next 30 seconds, the 50 mph blast that we are in hits Ken. His boat is full of water (as is ours). The water shifts for-

(continued on page 27)



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MEMORIES

MEMORIES

MEMORIES

ward, his bow nosedives in a wave, and the spinnaker and main, under full power, break the mast and boom in half. The whole rig lands in the water.

We whiz past Ken and his crew. They're safe and all accounted for though somewhat pale. I yell at him something about taking up gardening, have a nice day - and we are gone.

The season championship is in the bag. Or is it? The 50 mph gust isn't a gust. It's steady! We are approaching the gybe mark all too fast. Our Scot seems to be skipping from one wave top to the next. We grip whatever we can hang on to so we don't fall out.

We are going so fast, we forget about gybing. I also realize that rounding up and coming about at the mark is equally insane. Centrifugal force will have us over in seconds.

One of my valiant crew, son Peter, executes a nearly impossible order. At top planing speed, he goes forward, finds the halyard crank, and pulls down the main-sail. Somehow, we stow it and the boom below deck level.

We're still too fast. Take down the jib! Now, under bare poles, we round the mark and head for the next one on a beam reach. For 10 minutes the wind howls and, hitting us at a right angle, actually pushes us toward the next mark.

The wind lets up a bit. We raise the jib and start to pass some struggling, well reefed keel boats. In another 10 minutes, we raise the main again with the wind down to 30, and once again we're under control.

The second windward leg is easy, by comparison. A nice 15-20 mph wind. Downwind, the spinnaker fills nicely but doesn't stay full the whole way. The wind is dying. We round the final mark for the last beat and begin to look at our watches. This race does have a time limit.

Agonizingly we creep toward the finish line. It's like one of those dreams in which the train is leaving the station and you are running down the platform which turns out to be wet cement.

With time nearly expired, we drift across the finish line.

The victory cannon sounds, and we paddle home in a dead calm.

I'm ready to take up gardening in earnest.

Bob Slocum
FS 2576
Wayzata, Minnesota

There are now thirteen Scots racing in the Stony Lake Fleet - 100 miles northeast

of Toronto and site of the Canadian Championships last summer. A new fleet is forming at Lake Muskoka, 100 miles to the west - and a Canadian Scot will be trailored to Belize next winter to start a new fleet on the Atlantic inside the second longest barrier reef in the world.

Flying Scots are alive and active in this part of the world!

Sailboats have been raced on Stony Lake since the turn of the century. In the early years, through the thirties, the dominant class was the 14 foot, gaff rigged, lap strake dinghy. In 1937 a 14 foot International was introduced and it grew to become the major class through the fifties. Then the Y Flyer took over through the sixties and seventies.

In 1966 Kenzie Dickson brought the first Flying Scot to Stony Lake. He was lonely racing it against other classes until 1979 when he persuaded Jim Collins, who had returned to Canada to buy one. Jim's brother Robin bought another the following year.

Stony Lake is an island community, populated by families in the summer months, many whose ancestors first came here in the late 1800's. Our Scots are launched in May and taken out for winter storage in October. We race each Saturday and Sunday in the summer and use them for family and social sailing during the week. We sail often at night with up to eight on board - plus spirits. One late night, a group of seventeen teenagers were on a Flying Scot near an island populated by ancestral ghosts. A ghost appeared - radiating a grey, green glow - causing all seventeen teenagers to try to scramble under the decks together. (Oh, to be a teenager again!) Try to do that with seventeen people in a Y Flyer or a Fourteen Foot International!

Kenzie, with this story, and by force of personality and good salesmanship, persuaded five Y Flyer owners to buy Flying Scots and arranged for a Canadian builder to supply them. A sixth went to an ex-Stony Laker at Lake Muskoka. We now have thirteen Scots at Stony - owned by: Kenzie Dickson, Jim Collins, Robin Collins, Sandy Beatty and David McCumber, Susan Beatty, Doug Smith, Alick Ryder, John Fisher, David Miller, Don Steinbrink, Garry Sanford, Fred Brookshill and Doug MacTavish.

Garry Braund brought the first Flying Scot to Lake Muskoka. It is named 'The Alibi'. Garry is a lawyer, a skier, a magician, a musician, but mostly a raconteur, Muskoka is a similar setting to Stony Lake - a perfect place for a Flying Scot. If there are no ghosts there now Garry will produce them. Ron Clarke and Mike Keefe are new owners of Scots. Muskoka hosted Stony Lake at their inaugural regatta on

June 20 & 21st.

After meeting Barend and Janny Fioole in Belize last winter and sailing on the Atlantic inside their famous barrier reef, Garry recognized another place for the Flying Scot to thrive. Now Barend and Janny are proud owners of a Scot they will sail this summer at Gananoque on the St. Lawrence, then take to Belize, on the Atlantic just south of Mexico, this winter.

Flying Scots are alive and active under Canadian jurisdiction in Canada and Belize.

Jim Collins
FS 3302
Ontario, Canada

Each year for the past 5, Flying Scot Fleet #15 has had the honor and fun of hosting the Gull Lake Yacht Club Championship Regatta, The Boudeman Memorial, in Flying Scots. This championship series determines our Yacht Club champion from the best skipper and crew in each of our seven fleets: Stars, 210's, Lightnings, J-24's, Miscellaneous Cruisers, Flying Scots and Snipes. It is held the Saturday after Labor Day in normally excellent winds.

This Regatta is named in honor of Bob Boudeman, former President of the Upjohn Co. and The Gull Lake Country Club. A distinguished commodore of the The Gull Lake Yacht Club, he helped start the Junior Sailing Program, and was a nationally ranked Star Class skipper.

To prevent damage to boat and rigging, each Scot used in this round-robin series carries a host who is the owner or designate. He or she alone adjusts rigging, etc. up to any limits they feel is acceptable, as requested by the Fleet Champion or one crew. Boat and host stay together for all seven races. Fleet champ and crew sail in each of the seven Scots selected for the series. Spinnakers are not used since Stars, Snipes and some Cruisers don't carry them.

The keel boat skippers, Stars, 210's J-24's, and some Cruisers, often have more difficulty with a Scot than the others. Hosts usually make sure the board gets down, but the Cruiser champ still managed to turtle my Scot during last year's regatta!

Our Fleet gets rave notices on the handling ability, comfort and ruggedness of the Scot and excellent publicity for the Fleet. It's a good series that will continue, as long as no major damage occurs and sportsmanship of skippers and crews continue.

(continued on page 28)

MEMORIES

Our big bonus is that we (all but our champ) get to sail with seven of the very best sailors on Gull Lake during this regatta and observe the sometimes-noteworthy differences between them. Often, the crews most concerned with rigging adjustments do poorly. Some allow the host to do nothing while those letting us perform as third crew handling jib or main, etc., frequently do better.

With a final analysis by boat, we also get to find out, often surprisingly, which of our Scots is the fastest — on a beautiful day in September, just **after** our racing season is over!

John B. Kittredge
FS 162
Kalamazoo, Michigan

My most memorable Scot memory is a visual one.

My crew, Chip LeMar, and I travelled from Detroit to Carbondale, Illinois for the 1982 Egyptian Cup.

The most memorable single event in my racing experience occurred the afternoon

MEMORIES

of the first race of the series. We began a light air race shortly after a major shift in the wind direction. Somewhat confused, leaders Jerry Hartman and I began sailing to the wrong mark. I first realized the mistake, bore off and set my spinnaker for what would now be a run. Jerry waited a minute or so longer for some reason. Having lost our lead now to some boats who sailed the more direct route, I began to watch them ahead of me. When I saw the new leader, Ken Templemeyer, capsize with a strong rogue gust of wind, I started to look around. Looking behind me I saw dark water coming. We started on a wild plane. Spray was flying. As the wind continued to build, I told my crew to drop the chute. We did and we continued to plane. We were nearing the mark when I heard something and looked behind me. The wind had built even more, perhaps to 40 mph. And here was this crazy guy Hartman flying toward the mark, hooping and hollering in excitement, with his chute still flying! I have never seen a Scot go so fast! Hardly any of the boat was in the water and spray was everywhere. I looked at Chip as he planed past us - and we were still planing! - and said, "If that guy wants

MEMORIES

to win that much and he can pull it off, he's welcome to it!" As he approached the mark, the chute suddenly flew out of control and into the water. His crew dragged the sopping nylon into the boat, Jerry hardened up, and went on with a comfortable lead to finish the race first in the survival conditions.

I later asked him what happened with the chute drop. He told me that the only way he could think of to slow down the boat was to drop the spinnaker in the water and let it become a sea anchor. Quick thinking! And it obviously worked.

The image of Jerry planing dead downwind with spinnaker flying in the face of a vicious wind is so exciting I'll never forget it.

Pat Barry
FS 4060
Livonia, Michigan

My wife Rosalie and I have been sailing our Flying Scot since 1979. Previous to that, we owned a Y-Flyer for several years. Sailing has been a big part of our lives for
(continued on page 29)

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MEMORIES

MEMORIES

MEMORIES



nearly 20 years. We have been active in club races at Berlin Yacht Club and have participated in Ohio District regattas and two N.A.C.'s.

One of our most memorable racing experiences happened at the N.A.C.'s on Buzzard's Bay, Massachusetts. Although it was our first national championship series, we had decided to try to qualify for the Championship Division. Due to high winds, qualifying races were cancelled the first day. We chose not to sail three races the next day, so we had to be content to compete in the Challenger Division.

In the first race of the series, we had a good start and were delighted to find the windward mark in the fog. The race progressed rather normally until, prior to the finish, we approached the leeward mark. The weather had cleared, and we could see the Championship Division waiting for us there. Have you ever seen 40 boats stalled at a leeward mark? Awesome!! As we approached the pack of boats, Rosalie **encouraged** me to go wide to avoid them. As usual, I ignored her pleas and headed for the pin. It was quite a study in psychology, listening to the comments of the sailors. Some were yelling and screaming, some were laughing, others were totally relaxed — not even a hand on the tiller. Miraculously, a hole opened by the pin as the boat ahead of us hit the mark and turned to re-round. From then on it was clean sailing to the finish line. As we approached the line, 7th overall, we anticipated the sweet thunder of the first place cannon. Having crossed the line and not received the cannon, I became concerned that we were over early at the start. When I asked the group on the committee boat why they hadn't acknowledged my finish, they sheepishly replied that they hadn't been looking for a challenger boat that soon. Even though we didn't get the finishing gun, we did receive the "Fred Crapo Traveling Trophy" for that year. This trophy is presented to the challenger winning the 1st place in the 1st race.

Jack Leipper
FS 1858
Salem, Ohio

We now enjoy 24 years of Scot sailing — capping a start in the late '20's with a packing case raft and a bed sheet. Next, a series of boats including a kayak, a kit built Snipe, a Blue Jay, and in the mid '50's, a laminated Jet 14. In the early 60's it happened — The Wichita Scot builder brought a F/S to our lake, and it took all of 5 minutes to make the sale!! We took delivery at the Wichita plant of the gleaming #567 and drove home 210 miles only to discover all the stays were still in Wichita. The builder made an overnight trip to deliver them for Sunday sailing, alas, the wind piped up over 35 and we sat on shore!

Then followed the organization of our Cedar Bluffs Yacht club of about 60 families. We helped organize some clubs in western Nebraska, and later joined the Central States Sailing Assoc. At this time, we were active in promoting the Scot which sold a number of boats, once having a fleet of 12 on our lake. Then came a plan to enhance the Wichita plant to step up capacity and distribution. We joined a group of enthusiastic investors, and "Murphy's Law" took over!!! Our second and present Scot #2006, a jewel, was the last boat off the line when the plant closed in 1971.

For a time, we had a pair of underprivileged teenage sons. All of their peers were on ski's, and they were stuck with a slow boat to China. They crewed when pressed, but carried a ski to scrounge a pull from their buddies. Finally, a motor boat—they became experts, graduating to barefoot class. Yet less than two years later, one had his own Sunfish, and the other had a Skylark!

Yes, we have a capsized that turtled — 10 Eagle Scouts on Sunfish materialized out



of nowhere. It was righted, floated to shore, and bailed in record time! Then there the loss of the mainsheet — We were (expertly, we thought) rounding up in a puff to shoot the mooring buoy in front of the assembled dinner crowd at the Out Island Inn in Great Exuma — chaos! Finally, there was the hilarious race at the spinnaker mark when the gorgeous blonde crew on the M-20 lost her bikini bra, and her skipper creamed the fleet!

Scot sailing over a wide range of lakes and regattas in the midwest and on to the Bahamas has been great — whether a hot race, beer sailing with a group, single handed or freighting the coolers and chairs to the beach picnic. It's always been fun and a pleasure!

Bob and Sue Heckman
FS 2006
Wakeeny, Kansas

I called Deer Park for help the other day....first time in years. I needed to replace my wooden masthead, and security demanded a new mainsheet for Summer. Last call was April 1966 when I bought FS 65 from Sandy. Sailing Lake Champlain, her bridging absorbed some water. Sandy made her good as new and I laid money on her deck for my first venture in sailing!

A year's research convinced me that for a family like mine, power boats were out...and there was no "perfect" sailboat. They were either too tender, too stiff, too slow, too wet, too crowded, too complex in rigging, or something. But study convinced me the Scot was as close to perfection as you could get.

Very green about sailing that day, Sandy advised me to study Calahan, wait for a light breeze, and I would learn much from #65! Fortunately a "high" with sun and clear sky brought a 3-5 knot drifter for my first reach on Lake Sacandaga near Albany, New York. With Calahan in one hand and the tiller in the other I got my first "feel" of #65 under sail! Fortune smiled...no summer squalls disturbed #65 or my lesson. It was a good beginning for my family and for me.

Then my career took me to Washington, DC for a year leaving #65 high and dry on a trailer. Then to California as Vice President of San Jose State University. The family and #65 got well acquainted on the central valley reservoirs. Now and then a friend and I ventured on Monterey Bay to sail the morning swells. Up and down before the tops started blowing off around noon. Now and then we even caught a salmon or two. My career then led to Washington State to start a new four year

(continued on page 30)

MEMORIES

MEMORIES

MEMORIES

college. The Scot took to the "big rainy" country like she belonged. Puget Sound sailing requires skill and caution...and rain gear!

After 9 good years, re-location took the Scot to Lake Erie and Maumee Bay.

Eventually with the children off to college, I was appointed an administrator of a four year college under the steady prairie winds of North Dakota. Lake Sacajawea on the Missouri River is huge...about 140 miles long and 40 miles wide in places. Such a fetch can bring swells as big as on Monterey Bay...and sudden changes in weather.

The last time #65 was on Sacajawea, she proved her worth. With two strong but green crew, I dropped her from the trailer into a promising 12-15 knot breeze. As we got under way on a starboard tack, the wind showed more promise than expected, rising rapidly. With much work and wetting we crossed the narrow bay. I hid in the lee of the point, reefed sail and sailed a port tack right back to the launch area working at top effort under fierce gusty winds. Soaked and tired, we got her out and secure on the trailer. Taking down the mast, the car radio warned me of a sudden change in weather with powerful winds gusting to 50 mph...but they had already arrived! Dependable #65 had responded well in a tough time of need.

Despite considerable trailer travel and wetting in many waters across the U.S. my first equipment replacement is the new masthead and main sheet. Sandy built her well...truly a boat for all seasons. FS #65 would have liked to have made the 30th Anniversary Regatta at Cowan Lake but her bow turned toward New England where she had her first wetting. The "down east" breezes on Lake Androscoggin Yacht Club near Wayne, Maine will welcome her as she comes home for the summer.

No question, she is truly the most nearly perfect boat a man and his family could have...waiting and ready to go with skipper and crew!

David Barry
FS 65
Merion, Pennsylvania

Commencing with 1959, the first year of the Flying Scot national championships, Mary and I - some years with Eric Ammann and some years with my son Alan as our third member - competed each year in the national championship. One race stands out in my memory from the championship sailed on Lake Michigan at Wilmette, Illinois.

The wind had backed, making the windward leg a long and a short, the long tack

on port. George Molony, a former Star sailor, ably crew by Dick Stearns (former Star Class world champion) and Eddie Goltz, also from Murphy & Nye Sailmakers, sailed abreast of us and two boat lengths away. Side by side we sailed for most of the leg, neither able to gain an inch. We were approaching the lay line to the weather mark. If we tacked sooner, they would cover us, and Eddie Goltz apparently had been posted to watch us, because he sat with his eyes glued on us. We were in a predicament. What to do? I whispered to Mary and Alan, "I'm willing to bet that as they approach the lay line, all three will look to see if the time has come to tack. Alan, you watch Eddie, and if he turns his head, let me know."

It wasn't long before Alan whispered, "Now!" We tacked as quietly as we could, and it wasn't until we were crossing under their stern, not five feet away, that George heard our wake. He was so startled that he shoved his tiller over hard, killed his speed as he spun the boat, letting us take a most beautiful safe leeward position. We led them to the port tack lay line and led them around the mark with a safe lead.

Sandy Douglass
FS 3000
Oakland, Maryland



Flying Scot 711 was built circa 1965 for Don Beeler who had owned FS 11. We bought her, sight unseen, in the fall of 1973 at Deep Creek Lake in Maryland. She spent the winter upside down under the snow on Turkey Neck.

We sailed her with Fleet 6 the next summer and learned how to sail from Cooper Slay, Dave Bell and Sandy Douglass. Lovely evenings gliding from wind spot to wind spot on the lake.

FS 711 spent the next two years on Island Creek near Oxford, Maryland while we did time in New York City. Frantic weekends on the New Jersey Turnpike. Crab cakes and beer. Corn fields and geese.

Then, in 1976, we brought FS 711 with us to Seattle, Queen City of the Northwest. In Seattle, we have easy access to Lake Washington (2 x 20 miles) and Puget Sound, an area about 25x75 miles with islands and peninsulas. The sailing opportunities are almost endless. There's a small, stable fleet of Scots in the area that sponsors four race weekends, several social sails and a week-long cruise each year.

What can be said about a boat that has become part of our family? That we neglect her? That she lives under a cherry tree? That she likes to get out and crash through the waves? Yes. All that and more. She brings us closer together.

Charles Buffington
FS 711
Seattle, Washington

What does one do when he has moved from the wonderful camping, hunting and fishing area of the intermountain west. These were my thoughts as the plane flew over Long Island Sound, heading for a landing at LaGuardia. It was a beautiful sunny Sunday and I noticed the many sets of white sails on the boats in the water. That was it! I would learn to sail and not fight the endless string of cars on the highway.

Where does one learn to sail? What kind of a boat to buy? Long Island Sound looked bigger and bigger each time I watched the waves break over the beach.

Had to start somewhere, so I joined the local squadron of the United States Power Squadron. First I enrolled in the Seamanship class, then Advanced Piloting, Weather and finally Sailing. I was ready as far as the books, but where was the sail boat? A visit to a local marina with \$40,000,000 worth of boats only led to confusion!

I knew of an old salt named Chuck Rettie, who was Captain of Fleet 7, of a boat called the Flying Scot. The fleet was small and this Scotchman was not going to let a possible sailboat buyer get away and immediately put me in touch with Slater Barkentin, who had to sell his Scot because of a heart problem. We struck a deal and I was the proud owner of my first Scot #74.

Now I was really hooked and didn't know it. The racing season had just begun and a friend, Stan Birdsey, volunteered to crew. We arrived at the dock and the wind was blowing 20 knots and gusting higher! Stan said we needed more weight so he asked two young ladies, Netta and friend, aboard and off we went to the starting line.

(continued on page 31)

MEMORIES

MEMORIES

MEMORIES

The second time in a sail boat and racing under survival conditions is how I remember my first race. The stability of the Flying Scot carried us through this race and back to the dock, wet but safe.

As we had finished the race and were sailing back, Netta asked me how long I had been sailing and what was the name of the boat. My answer was, second time in a sail boat and the name is "Green Horn". All agreed the name fit both boat and skipper and we all had fun racing.

Now, it is three Flying Scots later and I am still having fun.

Charles W. Edgar
FS 2433
Greenwich, Connecticut

One of the most memorable times I had in the Flying Scot was during a night race held by my Fleet 142 several years ago. As is usual in Long Island Sound, the wind died down to nothing as the sun went low on the horizon. Although we had a bad start, we remembered something Sandy Douglass had said about trimming sails in a drifter. We trimmed the main totally flat and let out the sails. One by one, we kept passing the other boats in the fleet, leaving them scratching their heads, until we were in the lead. We just barely rounded the windward mark against an adverse tide and as the rest of the fleet wallowed in the chop, the current carried us until we could no longer see another Scot. We were all by ourselves at the final leeward mark and headed toward the finish line but there was still no wind. We got within a hundred feet of the finish line but the "MOBY" could make no further progress. An hour later, the current had carried the rest of the fleet down to the leeward mark. By now it was 11:30 at night and I would like to have been a "fly on the mainsail" to hear some of the conversations going on. Finally, a launch operator was sent out by a worried club to find the Flying Scot Fleet. Against protests of my brother, we and another four boats were tied to a launch boat and towed back to the mooring area. Although no one finished the race we got a great deal of satisfaction out of learning and trying something new and out of knowing we gave the race our best shot.

Norm Dick
FS 3322, "MOBY"
Fairfield, CT.

The first year I owned my boat, 1970, we were having a regatta hosted by Fleet 63 at Havre de Grace, MD and to promote the



fleet, we had Sandy Douglass there. We had advertised that he would bring his boat and sail in the regatta. The morning arrived and Sandy was there, but without his boat. He asked me who he was sailing with that day. I said "ME!" before anyone else had a chance to speak up. It was a very windy day, and out we went. I didn't think I was a bad sailor, but had only had the Scot for less than a year. Sandy was completely silent as we went out to the race course. Finally it was too much for him and he said "Well, Jack do you want me to talk or just keep quiet?" I said "talk." I learned more about sailing that day than any single day before or since. Wish I could repeat the experience!

John H. Fassnacht
FS 1731
Lake Forest, Illinois

We bought Flying Scot 1040 in 1972 from John J. Jones III, a strong Flying Scot supporter, for the same reasons most people do. We wanted a stable, sturdy boat which was comfortable, could accommodate a young family's needs, and yet, still allow Dad to do some racing. Though we currently sail on Webster Lake in Massachusetts as members of the Webster Sailing Association and rarely trailer the boat, this was not always the case. When the opportunity to spend the 1973-74 academic year in Berkeley, California became a reality, there was no hesitation in deciding that "OI" Sanity" would come along. Thus began a year long excursion of sailing in lakes, rivers, harbors and bays all across the country while

delighting friends and relatives with the joys of sailing.

With the boat in tow we left Massachusetts with daughters, aged two and four, headed for northern Illinois to visit with parents and in-laws. Naturally, a fun day of sailing on Lake Geneva, Wisconsin was included before I headed for Berkeley alone with all the gear to be joined later by the rest of the family who chose to fly. In California, we had many delightful sailing days on San Francisco Bay, when the wind cooperated; otherwise, our family sailing was done in the sheltered Oakland Harbor which always provided the spectacle of ships from all over the world loading and unloading cargo, or an unexplored marina, restaurant, or shopping area. Our girls grew up on the boat and many a spectator stared in amazement as one of the tots expertly sailed through the traffic of the harbor. I remember one special day when Fred Simpson, a Scot owner from Vallejo, California, joined a friend and me for a sail to Angel Island, across San Francisco Bay, with a group of other boats from the University of California Sailing Club. The return across the Bay was done in a building breeze with some planing, even though two extra passengers had joined us. That year we entertained many relatives in Berkeley. A visit was seldom complete without a sail somewhere. One nice thing about the Scot, if the kids got bored or sleepy, there was plenty of room in the front for wee people to play games or take a snooze and still the cockpit was open for sailing.

Our return to Massachusetts, the entire family by car this time, was via the Pacific Northwest. After exploring the northern California redwoods and the pleasures of the Oregon coast, including rain showers and logging trucks, we visited with relatives in Portland, Oregon. They were eager to try the boat on Lake Merwin in Washington state with Mt. Saint Helen's (before she blew her top) in the background and plenty of sun and wind. The major navigational problem that day was giant logs floating downstream. We left Portland following the Columbia River basin for our next stop which included two delightful days of sailing and water skiing on the clear water of Pend Oreille Lake nestled amid the lush forests in Idaho. There we met our friends, the McRaes, who had assured us help, if necessary, for crossing the northern Rockies. Perhaps the most incongruous place our Scot has ever visited was the McRae family ranch in eastern Montana, that arid part of our country in which narrow streams are the only visible water and they are known to go dry. Getting enough moisture to grow

(continued on page 32)

MEMORIES

MEMORIES

MEMORIES

feed for the livestock is a sometimes thing. Nevertheless, we enjoyed helping with a western round-up and modern day branding of the cattle.

Our final sail on the return trip again involved parents and friends from northern Illinois, this time on the muddy waters of the dammed up Lake Koshonong in southern Wisconsin. The wind was brisk, the sail delightful, and two more friends had been initiated to the sport of sailing.

Owning and sailing the Flying Scot have been enjoyable family experiences. Many youth have sailed on this boat, crewing for a day or a season or two. My girls graduated to their own Sunfish, each in turn moving from youth champion to fierce competitor in the adult fleet. But, that's another tale.

Mel Tews
FS 1040
Holden, Massachusetts



completely lined with trees on both sides. If our masts do not get tangled in the trees, we might meet the big tour boats in the channel which necessitates going overboard to keep out of their way. Our destination is a small island in First Lake. This island is perfectly round and approximately 100' in diameter. There we swim and party for a few hours before sailing back home. Our trip covers about 8 miles round trip.

Old #417 is 24 years old this year and looks almost as good as it did when Sandy delivered it. This is due to T.L.C. As an interesting note, my Scot cost \$2,742.20 delivered complete with jib, main, spinnaker, and poles. This comes to approximately \$115.00 a year for the 24 years I have had her. Does anyone know of a better deal?

Thanks Sandy for designing such a beautiful and versatile boat. Our boat was the first Scot on Fourth Lake, but today there are eleven. No real sailor can resist the beauty and performance of the Scot.

Best wishes on the 30th anniversary.

Jerry Griffin
FS 417
Rome, New York

We purchased FS 155, "Queen of Scots", from Charles Silsbee in 1972. Charles sailed her in Wilmette Harbor, Illinois.

Mr. Silsbee was a past Secretary of the FSSA and a real credit to the organization. We had never sailed before and the help that he gave us to get started will be long remembered.

We have enjoyed her as a 'family' boat for 15 years as we sail on Pymatuning Lake, Pennsylvania.

She is still rigged as Mr. Silsbee had her, with just some new lines and sails added to the inventory.

Thanks to Sandy Douglass for a fine



(continued on page 33)

A few things I remember;

My first Flying Scot, number 742, had a white deck and "sea-breeze" green deck. It was delivered, rigged and launched by Sandy himself on Memorial Day, 1965. Sandy then sailed me to my mooring about 2 miles away, giving me my first sailing lesson on the way.

My first regatta was a year later at Candlewood Yacht Club in the Greater New York District. We were so far behind on the 1st leg of the first race that my nine year old crew hid under the deck!

Later in the regatta our fleet of 26 was becalmed on our small lake on third leg of the race. We were closely bunched, absolutely still, quiet. Every muscle was tense, every eye searched for a breath of air. Suddenly, a huge splash! One of my friends had fallen overboard, backwards. Immediate relief of all tension!

Finally, in the 1984 North American Championship in Hamilton, Ontario a Fly-

ing Scot passed me, going very much faster than me. Check him out...it was Craig Leweck, who placed a close second behind Greg Fisher. A second look showed that he was sailing a white hulled boat with a green deck. It was a different shade of green than mine. Then there was a third shade of green - on my face - as I realized it was my old 742!

Jack Orr
FS 3877
Danbury, Connecticut

One of the best purchases I ever made was my Flying Scot #417. It was delivered to me at Inlet, N.Y. on Memorial Day 1963 by Sandy Douglass, himself.

My wife Marilyn and I have a camp on the South Shore of Fourth Lake, which is on the Fulton Chain of Lakes in the Adirondacks.

Ours is a very competitive and informal fleet, and we hold races on Fourth Lake every Saturday from July 4th to Labor Day.

I feel that our Fleet #104 is somewhat unique in that we are all close friends. We do not have a Yacht Club, but we do socialize at each other's camps. We have had banquets, cocktail cruises, costume parties, picnics, and even moonlight cruises together.

One of the most interesting events is our annual picnic. We sail to Third Lake, which is connected to Fourth Lake by a narrow, winding, and shallow channel



MEMORIES

MEMORIES

MEMORIES

design and to people like Charles Silsbee who have helped to make the Flying Scot and the Class a great one.

Don Satava
FS 155
Chagrin Falls, Ohio

T'was a cold winter's day, the wind in a blow,
The Kunkles were remodeling, their spirits were quite low.

The job was going slowly, no end of dirt and mess,
The time was ripe for happy thoughts, and a little togetherness.

So we each made a list of things we'd like to share,
And then we traded lists to see what did compare.

And though no words had passed between,
Each list had sailing at the top, the choice was plainly seen.

So we bought a little cartopper, to tote from place to place,
And we learned the rudiments of sailing, but hardly how to race.

But soon it was time to move up in size,
And, oh, how to do that, and still appear wise.

The answer came easy, the answer was clear,
A Scot is so stable, a Scot is so dear.

A Scot will hold family, a Scot will hold gear,
A Scot will hold its value, now that got my ear.

So we purchased our boat, number two-one-one-four,
It seemed like a monster, compared to before.

And do I remember our first sail past the dock,
And my crew raised the jib, the tack at the top!

Our embarrassment was supreme, on that you can bet.
And we've never raised sail again, quite like that set.

With family and friends, we've sailed many a lake,
It beats staying home, with mower and rake.



I especially remember our long Saturday cruises,
Running miles from shore, while Sandy snoozes!

Or those late evening sails, with my philosopher friend,
Gliding home through darkness, our discussions at end.

We solved many a problem, alone on the sea,
Discussing Art, and Nietzsche, and what's really free.

Oh, those were special moments, like bright colors at dawn,
For my "philosophic" sails are over, my friend is gone.

But not the memories of the great thoughts we shared,
On the Scot we all loved, with people who cared.

George Kunkle
FS 2114
Brighton, Michigan

I've had many great experiences in the Flying Scot since I began sailing it. The best combined both success and my family.

The Egyptian Cup is a regatta run by the Crab Orchard Sailing Club on Crab Orchard Lake, near Carbondale, Illinois. This regatta has been contested for years with several different classes. Each class has its own awards but to the overall winner, figured on a handicap basis, goes the prized Egyptian Cup.

The courses set always seem to favor the catamarans and scows that race there. Only once in its history had the cup been won by a Scot. It was won by some fellow from Maryland named Gordon Douglass.

While I usually have sailed with non-family members as crew, I sailed this regatta with my son, Mark. I hoped we would do well but never expected the results.

We won the first race. Then the second. Finally the third.

Waiting for the awards Mark kept asking if we would win the Egyptian Cup itself. I explained how hard it is to win it in a Scot, how the courses usually favor the other classes, and that only once was it won in a Scot, and then by the designer and 7-time national champ.

Mark was discouraged. I was resigned.

We accepted our Scot class award happily.

When the moment came to name the winners of the overall Egyptian Cup, the crowd grew quiet. The other class winners leaned forward in tense anticipation.

When our name was called I leaped in the air, grabbed Mark, held him aloft over my head and walked to the front of the stunned but cheering crowd.

We had done the seemingly impossible! Knowing that I did it with my son and that we accomplished something only Sandy had done before makes this a memorable moment.

Mark and I don't sail much together these days, but we make sure we do sail this regatta together each year.

Jerry Hartman
FS 4140
Mahomet, Illinois

As the sailing season winds down, as it must and does each year, we hold our annual communal haul out of the boats in early October. This is followed by our annual Awards dinner which is well attended by racing and non racing families. It is an event that is peppered with wit and whimsey of the sailing season. In mid-winter we hold a covered dish dinner that also gets a great turnout. We have been challenged many times by other one design fleets for the top role position in this area but our program is too strong for them and they usually fold their sails after a short while and go somewhere else.

Sailing is not for everyone and Scots aren't either. But for those fortunate few who have found themselves the proud owners of a Flying Scot supported as it is by a strong National association which protects the integrity of the one design concept then those few consider themselves very well off. They consider themselves very well off and secure in the feeling that the Flying Scot organization will have many more years of remarkable growth as it continues to give its owners the satisfaction they are seeking in a one design boat.

Bob Kenney
Fleet 7 Captain
FS 2090
Riverside, Connecticut

TRIVIA TIME ANSWERS

From page

4

1. Kirtland Hills, a township south of Mentor, Ohio, about 20 miles east of Cleveland.
2. #2. Sandy reserved the number 1 for himself. He didn't have time to build it for himself first as orders had to be filled. He built it several boats later. He didn't sail it long, though, as he sold it only weeks later to Irmgard Schildroth of North Carolina after he took her on a demonstration sail. The boat changed hands a number of times and was re-purchased by GDBC in celebration of the 25th Anniversary regatta. While the boat has had some repair, amazingly the mast and boom are still the originals! And the boat is still competitive today as witnessed by its high finish at the recent 30th Anniversary Regatta.
3. 52. He began the project after his disassociation with Douglass & McLeod, builder of his Thistle and Highlander.
4. The Thistle and Highlander quickly come to mind. He also built International 14's (a hot racing machine), the International 21, the Interlake catboat (22'), the Interlake sloop (also known as the Sanduskey Sailer, 18'), and a few Stars.
5. 7. In the United States: Customflex, Ranger, Lofland were early builders that no longer build Scots. WestScot currently builds Scots in Sandy, Utah. In Canada: Tanzer and the Shark Shop; neither are building Scots currently and GDBC has been looking for a Canadian builder. And, of course, the original builder, Gordon Douglass Boat Company.
6. GDBC builds its boats in Deer Park, Maryland, a 'suburb' of Oakland. (Did we get you on this one?)
7. FS 4380, as of July 30, 1987.
8. Ivory is the most popular current color. Close behind is silver and that old faithful, white.
9. The hull itself weighs 675 pounds. This of course does not include the spars, centerboard, and rudder.
10. The centerboard must weigh 105 pounds, +/- 5 pounds.
11. The mast is 26 feet. (Watch out for overhead power lines!). The boom is 12.5 feet long.
12. The sails contain approximately 192 square feet. The jib is 53, the main 138. The spinnaker is approximately 200 square feet.
13. Howard Boston shared Sandy's vision of the Scot and advanced him the sails for the early Scots. Howard owned Boston Sails, Inc., in Mount Clemens, Michigan. Boston is now owned and operated by his son, Skip. They still produce Flying Scot sails.
14. Sandy won his first race at the ripe old age of 11. It was in 1913 in the Open Canoe Class, a 16' canoe with leeboards and a lateen sail of 40 square feet.
15. Paddling. (Paddling and rowing are similar, though different sports.) Sandy was a championship paddler who was prepared to compete for Canada in the Olympics when it was 'discovered' he was a Yankee and was ruled ineligible. A great disappointment.
16. The first Flying Scot National Championship occurred August 29-30, 1959 on Clear Fork Lake, Mansfield, Ohio. 32 boats. Sandy Douglass won. It was his first of seven Flying Scot Class championships.
17. Fleet 7, Riverside Yacht Club, Riverside, Connecticut hosted the Class Championship in 1962, 1968, 1978, and 1985.
18. 20 different locations have been used for the Championships. Two of these were in Canada: Montreal, Quebec and Hamilton, Ontario. (Note: the regattas held in Detroit were sailed from two different clubs, Edison Boat Club and the Detroit Yacht Club but they sail in the same location on the same body of water - Lake St. Clair - and were thus counted as one.)
19. 86 boats competed as Fleet 20 hosted the 1977 NAC at Charlevoix, Michigan.
20. Don C. Hott has attended every Class Championship since they began in 1959! What a record! Don has been in the winner's circle and has served many years as an Association officer.
21. Royal Palm YC, Ft. Meyers, Florida, hosted the first FS Mid-Winter Championship in 1967. Jack Cochrane was the winner. The regatta was sailed there until 1972 when it moved to St. Andrews Bay Yacht Club, Panama City, Florida. It has been sailed there since.
22. The FSSA was founded in November of 1958. A Steering Committee included members Sandy Douglass, Bob Greening, Creston Stewart, Dick Peake, Russ Stinchcomb, and several others who met in Ohio to draft the first Constitution. (Sadly, much of the details of the early years are lost. Members with details, documents, pictures, etc., are encouraged to contact Pat Barry so that we may compile a more complete and accurate history of the FSSA.)
23. The FSSA has 13 Districts covering both the US and Canada.
24. Following the 1987 Annual Meeting, there were 107 active fleets in the FSSA.
25. As of the 1987 Annual Meeting, we currently have 1885 members in the FSSA. It is our highest total in history - increasing by 110 over last year - and caps several years' of steady growth.

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