

Scots n' Water

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE FLYING SCOT SAILING ASSOCIATION

VOLUME XXXIV NUMBER 1 JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1992



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Scots n' Water

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

1991 NAC DIARY

Once again Sandy Eustis did a superb bit of writing in his 1991 NAC Diary in the September/October issue of Scots 'N Water. I'm sorry I missed the 91 NAC's, I wished I could have been there. His article is an excellent account, having a refreshing perspective of racing in the "middle-of-the-pack". I know that I, and I'm sure many others, can readily identify with the situation and the frustration that sometimes overwhelms one when you have sailed your heart out, but you're not close enough to see who won the race. But, like Sandy, no matter where I finish I'm always glad I chose to go to a regatta and race rather than not at all.

However Sandy, I know I didn't make this year's NAC, but I must correct one of your statements "...a lot...stayed home (no Texas boats at all)..."

Not so! Pat Shields (FS 1199) travelled all the way from Houston; if she didn't win the travelling Trophy Award, I bet she came damn close. And you missed Pat Manicchia, our sail hard/party hard Texas District Governor. He didn't take his Scot, "Tu Madre" (FS 2714) but he did crew for Vinnie Swenney (FS 920)

But all in all, still a great article; I really enjoyed it Sandy.

Roland Foerster, FS 1198

Plano, Texas

PROTESTING

Thank you for broaching a very important subject regarding protesting. Read Hayward's article, See No Evil, was very thought provoking and addressed a problem that everyone who races should spend some time thinking about. I believe Scots n' Water will be an excellent forum to debate this topic and I look forward to your upcoming articles with differing viewpoints.

The gist of Hayward's article is to protest the bums! A related position is expressed in the October issue of USYRU's American Sailor magazine, where John Bond states "And if we see another boat violate a rule, we have an obligation to protest him in order to preserve the fairness of the competition. It's not a personal thing - it's a matter of preserving the most precious

aspect of our sport." (Note the key word "obligation".) What they are both trying to address is an attitude of unwillingness on the part of many sailors to accept their penalties, for any infringement - not just the serious ones, unless the protest flag is flown. One could argue that the whole process began to run amuck with the advent of alternative penalties, but I fail to see the parallel. What is not gleaned from reading their articles is how flexible (or inflexible) they would be depending on a particular situation. I get the impression, especially from Hayward's article, that there's "no room at the mark".

In the same issue of American Sailor, a regatta report on this year's US Singlehanded Sailing Championships revealed that nine races were sailed in conditions ranging from drifters to 25 knot squalls. This report also proudly exclaimed "no protests heard". Give me a break! Am I supposed to really believe the sailing was so pure that protest situations didn't occur within nine races, or Isn't it more likely that rule infringements, probably all minor, were simply ignored? Depending on what article you read, the whole topic of protesting is becoming a dichotomy. On one hand you have authoritative figures boasting of no protests, and on the other hand there are those admonishing racers for not protesting enough!

It should be mentioned here that, in the purest form, the rules are just as specific for minor infringements as for major ones; strict interpretation does not differentiate between the two in terms of accepting a penalty. Having said that and appreciating its purpose, let me now offer a differing perspective on this whole topic. I try to put fouls into three categories: flagrant, serious, and minor. In what must be half of all races I compete in, especially larger events, I've found that if I really looked hard enough I could protest some boat for a rule infringement either against me or for something I've seen. This is not an exaggeration, although most of them barely qualify as fouls technically and would fall into my minor category. It is within this context that I have a problem with a strict adherence to their advice. I would depict a minor foul as something like this: you are on a beam reach with another boat, lets say 2 1/2 boat lengths away, off your weather hip that

momentarily falls below a proper course. I've purposely set the scene here of a boat relatively far away that is not camping on your wind.) More than likely this foul is unintentional, i.e. his view of the mark is temporarily blocked by his spinnaker or a large group of boats ahead, or just a lapse in concentration. Did this foul really hurt anyone? - probably not. Is it a rules violation? Technically yes. Am I going to protest? - no, and I really don't know anyone who would. Serious violations are another matter although here you sometimes can also get into "gray" areas. I'm sure everyone has had more than one experience where maybe you should have protested but didn't. If I were to start protesting everything in sight, there would be many nights when I'd "be dining late" (as aptly put by Hayward), let alone the quick flag stigma that would soon be hung on me. (We all know someone with this disease, right?) Another fact that has a quirky effect on me (I can't speak for others): whenever I do get involved in a foul that results in a protest, either being the instigator or recipient, it blows my concentration to the point that I will sail poorly the rest of the race and finish even further back than normal. So, therein lies the dilemma - when should you protest? I've just listed three main reasons (my performance, stigma, and even the late hours) that deter me from enrolling in the "cause". As a general guide, I try to put the dividing line at times when I've been fouled to the extent that I'm going to lose ground in the race.

Hayward goes on to state that "the rules are quite manageable - when digested in small doses by anyone with a fifth grade reading level "This is a correct statement, but only when referring to the basic rules. The very existence of the voluminous IYRU cases and USYRU Appeals speaks to a much more clandestine text that even renowned experts often can't agree on considering the number of revisions and deletions, not to mention additions, that occur every four years. I've taught the rules to our club members for over ten years, and I appreciate the difficulty most have in dealing with the subtleties involved in many of the rules. For

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A HARD LOOK

By Read Hayward

It's 30 seconds before the start. The weather end of the line isn't particularly favored but it's crowded anyway. Several boats are sculling their rudders, checking speed to avoid being over early. Shouts of "Up, Up!" are countered by the barger's lie: "My helm is over! My helm is over!"

At 15 seconds—one of the early arrivals, now luffing to avoid the barging buoy—suddenly hails that "the wind" is tacking him. The starboard tackers edging-up behind, quickly alter course to avoid this *hockey puck* now backing-up on port. But the muffled "thud" of bumping boats is heard. One skipper, three boats back, cuts through the ensuing confusion with a crisply hailed sail number and a call for a "720."

The offender's response (as he starts with the fleet) includes the words: "minor", "unavoidable", and, "jerk".

The "race officers" on the committee boat look on with befuddled stares—hoping the moment passes quickly: "The beer might be gone by the time a protest hearing is over." But someone remembers (out loud) the: *No protests please...* remarks from the skippers meeting—and levity returns.

Are we talking Snark fun races at a Catskill resort? No. It was race #2 at a major, one-design championship! Alas, even officials at national events are now discouraging protests and conveniently confusing (as our hockey puck did) *minor and unintentional* with *minor and unavoidable*.

Guilty race committees deny this indictment by claiming that their admonishments about "no protests, please" really mean "no infractions, please" and that they indeed do welcome all protests not settled on the water. But the message sent with their: C'mon, guys, let's party—not protest... is that "only jerks sweat the small stuff."

Because of this attitude the problem is now pandemic—which is why USYRU is wringing its hands over how to stop "ooching and pumping" and why you are reading this piece where you're reading it!

In the not too distant past, disputes on the water meant racers protested or hit the showers—PERIOD. Everyone agreed (at least publicly) that "having fun" was secondary to—or defined as—finishing as best one could by "fair sailing" only. That brand of sportsmanship produced safe and enjoyable events that truly showed at the finish how everyone had performed.

Why then, and not now?

Perhaps it was because wooden yachts of yesteryear were expensive works of art that didn't fare well in opposite tack dis-

putes. Or maybe Americans then were just more civically minded and it spilled onto the race course. After all: more people voted, insurance companies and their customers still trusted each other, and you could leave the equivalent of Harkens on your boat overnight—without finding them replaced by empty beer cans (or worse) in the morning.

Today we still employ the concepts of *rating* and *one-design* developed during that age of "wooden boats and honorable men," to insure that personal ability alone, determines finishing position. But today's "liberal" attitudes about compliance thwart that goal. When Corinthian sailors, who still regard the rules as an inviolate code of honor, race against others who view the rules as only rough guide lines, it is just as if those others unfurled larger sails and lightened their hulls by 20%. Hence personal ability no longer determines finishing position...and integrity becomes a sea anchor.

I don't understand the debate on rigorous enforcement. (and there is a debate) Every time I read the rule book it says the same thing: "The rules are the rules, and anybody who breaks one—without immediately SELF-ASSIGNING the prescribed penalty—is CHEATING." I have attended a several USYRU area eliminations and national championships still run with this "digital" vision of right and wrong. The format included no alternative penalties, no throw-out races, and a phalanx of USYRU judges who all looked like Norman Schwarzkopf. (Once, they even handed out protest forms with the sailing instructions!)

We all felt like boat contact would produce a severe electric shock. Everyone's mind set was: hail early, stay out of trouble and withdraw if you goofed. (preferably without being told to do so) What a coincidence... It was finest—and friendliest—racing most of us had ever experienced.

But even with "720s" now taking the pain out of penalties at most events, sailors who oppose consistent rules enforcement continue to proliferate. They are: **The Waffle** who advocates cheating for everyone, **the Bully** who advocates cheating for just himself, and **the Turkey** who is too lazy to advocate anything.

The Waffle is known by his specious arguments when his views on compliance are challenged. Says he: "Why protest if it doesn't matter" or "New sailors won't think

penalties are nice and might take up bowling." The Waffle also believes that sailors who stick (and make others stick) to the rules have "forgotten that racing is supposed to be fun."

...BALONEY! All of it. Being inconsistent about the rules is what causes most of the acrimony in racing—and ruins the fun. And it is those who cling to unearned position (the cheaters) who take things too seriously.

When the Waffle invokes qualifying adverbs like "barely" or "almost" to excuse infringements, (as in: "C'mon...you barely had to alter course.") the rules become a moving target, and our wonderfully cerebral and interactive competition is reduced to daysailing-with-company and meaningless boat speed duals.

But beware the Waffle when he's sailing well. He does own a rule book, and if the odor of a trophy is detected, he will become a strict constructionist and nail his best friend with a safety equipment check.

The Bully cheats on purpose and escapes penalty by relying on his competitors' distaste for confrontation. He calls "mast abeam" while still looking at your tiller or says "you tacked too close" when you were still too far away to even hear his shouting. His defense when caught is: "Hey, everybody does it." He is the shrill sea lawyer, using intimidation (by chapter and verse) to obfuscate his own transgressions. The red flag owes the Bully most of its bad press.

The Bully also suffers from selective memory. After he fouls you, his defense mechanisms go to work on his memory tapes, editing out his mistakes and dubbing in yours. At the hearing you're convinced he's on drugs.

The Turkey is too lazy to learn anything beyond "starboard and leeward have right-of-way." (and even here he is sometimes wrong) This is inexcusable in anyone who has been racing for more than a year. The rules are quite manageable—and interesting—when digested in small doses by anyone with a fifth grade reading level and a copy of Elvstrom or Perry.

The Turkey sees yacht racing as a game of chance rather than strategy, so he sputters: "I bust my hump in a competitive job all week, and I don't need this "chicken \$!t"

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A HARD LOOK

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rules stuff when I'm out here to have fun!" The Turkey also thinks paying the entry fee is his only responsibility to the game. He is wrong.

Consequences of mushy compliance & enforcement include:

- Even minor cheating in yacht racing is like setting back our bathroom scale or lying to a psychiatrist. It deludes us with false satisfaction and diminishes our motivation to improve. Yet only by "improving" can we feel like winners regardless of where we finish.
- Sailors who are allowed to oil their way out of penalties, will continue to endanger others with maneuvers like barging, tacking close, late overlaps, and close port/starboard crossings.
- When a skipper excuses another's infringement, he cheats the rest of the fleet just as the infringer does: As the unpenalized infringer continues in a position he doesn't belong in—he impedes unfairly all who must then dip his stern, eat his bad air, or yield to him at a mark, etc. In addition, everyone he then "beats" is scored at least one place below where they belong—and that extra point could be important to someone later in a series.
- We don't know who sailed better, the guy in front who complied with 98% of the rules, or the guy behind who complied with them all.
- Besides diminishing the quality of racing for everyone else the cheater also deprives himself personally by clinging to unearned position. This is because once the embarrassment and annoyance at hav-

ing screwed-up, wears off, the act of then doing what is right (a self-imposed penalty) can be quite ennobling. *This is especially true if no one else noticed the infraction.*

- The social opportunities and sense of adventure afforded by racing exist only because we are out there competing. And competing requires comparing performances by keeping score—and keeping score requires that the rules constrain everyone equally.

But now, even sailors who want to do the right thing often can't. From disuse they no longer grasp the rules well enough to apply them in the heat of battle. And even when sure of the facts, many feel it's no longer "politically correct" to make eye contact with an impenitent offender and say: "Do your 720—or you *will* be dining late." The excuses these sailors bring back to the dock, have—like "\$50 protest forms"—become cliches: "He finished behind me...so I didn't protest." or "I'd rather be at the bar with a sandwich and my friends than in a protest hearing." But that's like saying: "I didn't report the robbery because it wasn't in my neighborhood." or "...because I was late for dinner."

To those sailors and "editorial types" who blame this flagging respect for compliance (and sagging regatta attendance) on the rules being too complicated or protests being too inconvenient....

Welcome to the NFL ...

Yacht racing is chess—not checkers. Without our sophisticated rules of engagement, the geometries of sail boats and racing close aboard would grant insurmountable tactical advantages to one competitor over another and decide each

race by the reaching mark. (It would also require insurance adjusters and paramedics at the leeward mark!)

As for protests being too "inconvenient," yacht racing is, by definition, competitor-regulated. That means enforcement is not optional or distinct from compliance—it *is* compliance. And in fact, to get us to hold up our end as umpires, the "framers" wisely made the penalty for excusing infringements the same as for committing them. Thus red flags and "720's" are merely the "tweet" of our reeree's whistles—and should not be viewed as personal or vindictive gestures. Protest hearings should be brief, friendly, and rare...unless testy litigants, inept committees, or witnesses who won't get involved—make them otherwise.

And, even if they *are* overseen by hooded Draconians or tedious bureaucrats, protest hearings can still dispense justice, discourage sloppy sailing, resolve damage claims and illuminate the applicable rules in vivid detail. Without protests, disputes just fade to bitter mutterings back at the bar, and that only lets the mistakes recur.

So, the letter and spirit of the racing rules are not mutually exclusive as some suggest. In fact, the more we aggressively sail by both, the more it will improve our self-discipline, self-respect, tactical thinking, and sensitivity to the rights of others. Which are just a few of the reasons sailboat racing is such great practice for life instead of just another "empty calorie" hobby.

Ed note.. If this reads somewhat familiar...it was published by Sail Magazine under the title See No Evil. It was edited by them and when I spoke to Read, he and Sail Magazine allowed me to reprint it in its entirety. I would be very interested in hearing your views....



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PAINTING...AN OLD FLYING SCOT

Alan Murray , Flying Scot Fleet #165

In October of 89, my wife Sandy and I purchased our first sailing boat - FS#405. When we bought the boat we had minimal sailing experience and absolutely no knowledge of hull construction.

We sailed #405 (using the word "sail" kinda casually) in every weekend race 'till the chill got the best of us, but by then we were hooked. FS #405 was in sound shape, however, after 26 years on the water, time had taken its toll: the hardware wasn't that reliable; the lines frayed; and the bottom paint had faded into a pale blue chalk. (AHHHH! that may be what is slowing us down).

Completely unaware of what was ahead of us, we decided to spend the winter replacing the chalk with a newly painted bottom:

Doing some investigation, the experts had the following range of suggestions:

1. Sand the bottom from bow to centerboard with 200 grit paper and let it go at that.

2. Get "someone" to apply a new coat of something called "gel coat".

3. Roll on a coat of Awlgrip bottom paint.

4. Scrap the boat because "yours has probably delaminated and we have new ones in stock at the special winter price of...

The result of those expert opinions:

1. Sanding the bow with 200 grit paper (wet or dry) served only to move the chalky paint from one spot to another, leaving the surface finish pretty much the same but chalkier and more blotchy.

2. Gel coat, it turns out, is some kind of epoxy or polyester resin which was used in the original boat construction process. Gel coat is sprayed onto the mold first and is formulated to give the boat its smooth impermeable exterior. Applying it to the exterior of the boat is a time consuming pain - after the stuff is sprayed on, it must be sanded to shape and to give it gloss.

Fortunately, after many phone calls, we could not find anyone willing to apply gel coat for us. A subsequent call to the Gordon Douglass Boat Company informed us that surface applied gel coat would not last for more than 4 or 5 years and also was expensive. Gel coats are damaged when sanded, leaving tiny

pores for water to enter and hence gel coat blistering occurs.

3. Bottom paint is a gooey substance which never hardens. It is meant to be used on boats which are moored year round in the water. Bottom paint has algicides to keep down barnacle growth. It has to be reapplied every few years and is not smooth for racing. We had not noticed any barnacles growing on the boats daysailed out of Mrs. Hook's dry dock, so we decided bottom paint was not for us.

4. As for purchasing a new boat, we were tempted; but with (2) mortgage payments, (2) car loans, and the never ending student loan payments, we decided to make due with old #405.

With 2 months of winter gone and spring sailing season approaching, we had finally honed in on what we felt was consistent, reliable advice - use a good quality 2 part polyurethane paint system despite the big letter warnings on the can saying "NOT FOR USE BELOW THE WATER LINE"! (We were reassured not to be scared off by this warning, it's meant to scare off cruiser owners).

We proceeded as follows:

STEP 1-TURNING THE BOAT OVER

SUPPLIES NEEDED:

- 6 to 8 used tire
- Spot on driveway or backyard
- 4 large friends
- 2 six packs of Bud Dry

PROCEDURE:

First, we removed all deck hardware, which may get crunched - be sure the centerboard is cleated (I forgot), the shroud and forestay chain plates can stay on. We figured out where we wanted to sand and paint the boat and laid 1 tire on the ground where the back of the boat was to be. We backed the boat on its trailer over the top of the tire. Then we unhooked the trailer from the Jeep, and raised the trailer tongue up until the transom rested upon the tire. Then we sat back and drank one beer and reviewed the situation.

Next, reaching up and unlatching the trailer's wench, I slowly let out the line.

The boat was rolling off the trailer as the trailer eased forward. Two more tires were placed under the boat along its center line as it came off. Once the boat was fully off the trailer I stepped back, reassessed the situation and decided which way to flip it.

Deciding to flip to the left, we laid three tires to support the gunwale.

With all five guys on one side we tipped the boat just shy of its balance point on the gunwale. Two guys held this position while the rest of us ran around rearranging tires and caught the boat on its way down.

The boat, now turned over, the time was right to pass on the remaining beers.

STEP 2-REMOVING OLD COATS OF PAINT

SUPPLIES:

- Garden Hose
- Green Scotch Pads from an Auto Supply store
- 100 grit, wet or dry sand paper also from
- Auto Supply store
- Electric finishing sander like a Makita
- Power Cord

PROCEDURE:

Removing the old paint layers off #405 was a tiring procedure, so we attempted some shortcuts. An old expert Corvette body man recommended using a particular brand of paint stripper and assured us that it was safe. To Sandy's horror (She did it!!) our sample stripped alright, all the way through the gel coat and we could see daylight through the bottom.

The most efficient method we found:

First, using the scotch pads and water hose we continuously flooded the bottom while scouring the bottom with the pads. The water draining off was thick with the old chalking paint.

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Painting...

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As the water became clearer and the scotch pads seemed to lose their effectiveness, we switched to wet sanding.

Wet sanding means sanding when the surface is fully wetted. The water is used to keep the sand paper from clogging up with paint dust. We used the finishing sander in one hand and a sponge in the other. Neither I nor Sandy got electrocuted in the process!!

We continued to sand until we reached either gel coat or what seemed to be solid well adhered paint. In our case, we got down to gel coat over about 60% of the surface. We knew when we arrived through to gel coat by noting the sudden color change. The gel coat color matched the unpainted centerboard trunk and if sanded too far glassy fibers appeared.

STEP 3 - FILLING SCRATCHES AND OTHER BAD SPOTS

SUPPLIES:

(1) gallon of white auto body filler like Dupont and hardener

(1) assortment of those little yellow plastic knives to apply filler with (spreaders)

120 and 200 grit sandpaper

Electric finishing sander

Small rubber hand sander

Wood mixing paint paddles

Cardboard

Part of (1) quart Polyurethane reducer (U.S. Paint T0006 Reducer)

PROCEDURE:

We gave the boat a good rinse to remove the dust before applying filler. We made a "tack cloth" by lightly moistening a cloth with reducer. The tack cloth was rubbed over the boat to pick up any remaining dust in the scratches about to be filled. After mixing the filler, according to directions, on a piece of card (we weren't too concerned about achieving the exact quantities), we applied the filler using the plastic spreaders. The stuff sands fairly easily so a little extra is OK, and it dries really fast. Sand by hand first with 120 then 200 grit papers. For the larger areas, Sandy used the electric finishing sander.

Note: In larger areas, we were recommended to use something with a large sanding face to reduce waving on the surface. Lacking a device called a "line

sand" and too lazy to use large hand blocks, we continued with the tools we already owned.

STEP 4-PRIMER COATING

U.S. PAINT & OTHER SUPPLIES:

Primer - 2 quarts - #545 Primer D100

Reducer - 1 quart - #T0006 Reducer

Converter - 2 quarts #D3001 Converter

Filter funnels

Mix sticks

Air compressors and spray gun

Good friend with paint shop

220 grit paper

Electric finishing sander

PROCEDURE:

At this point, we moved the boat to a friend's shop. This guy conveniently has an air compressor, spray gun, an extraordinarily keen eye, and smooth hand for painting. According to him, he is the best painter in 3 counties. Afterwards, he acquired the nickname "Drip".

Prior to applying the primer paint, the boat received a total wet sanding. I conveniently left the country on business while Sandy was left with this grueling chore.

Following the wet sanding, the boat was washed clean, dried and wiped down with "tack cloths".

"Drip" mixed the primer components and applied (3) quick successive coats. Left to dry for a week. Sandy went back and wet sanded the entire bottom again with 220 grit. The primer revealed some imperfections in the preparation. These were touched-up with filler, then sand-

ed, boat washed, wiped with tack cloths, and received a final coat of primer.

STEP 5-FINAL PAINTING

U.S. PAINT & OTHER SUPPLIES

- Color - 2 quarts - #G5011 color

- Converter 2 quarts - #G3010

- Reducer - 1 quart - #T0003

- Tack cloths

- Gas mask

PROCEDURE:

Wiped down with dry cloths

Wiped down with tack cloths

Spray 3 consecutive coats of paint (approximately 20 minutes apart).

Let paint "skin out" (cure) for two weeks so it doesn't "orange peel" (get wrinkly look according to "Drip").

STEP 6-RACING

The new #405 made the first race day in the Spring meet - not the ugly duckling, but the queen of the fleet. We finished dead last (as usual) I recall. Guess it wasn't the chalking paint slowing us down after all. (AHHHH! Must be the sails.)

NOTES:

1) We talked to Interlux Paint and others, but the U.S. Paint company's service, product information and dealer were exceptional.

2) "Drip" did a heck of a job, both coaching and painting.

3) After seeing Sandy bent over working on the boat so many times, I believe her bottom sides need no work at all.



"Parthenocissus QinQuefolia

Steve Hartman

"I beg your pardon?" The young woman was staring at the suspicious leafy vines at the base of the boat hoist and then looking up at the man who had spoken to her.

"There's no need to worry. Its not poison ivy. Its *Parthenocissus quinquefolia*, Virginia creeper." Clark Ashby was identifying the dense foliage by both Latin and common name. Professor Ashby teaches Plant Biology at Southern Illinois University at Carbondale, Illinois. He is also a fine Flying Scot sailor.

Over so many years at Crab Orchard Lake, near Carbondale, Illinois, Clark and his lovely bride and crew Rhoda have rolled out the welcome mat to hundreds of visiting Scot sailors. Their annual regatta, The Egyptian Cup, first held in 1959, has traditionally been a strong Midwest regatta in the summer circuit but has recently fallen upon hard times.

In the beginning, in the mid-1950's, the Crab Orchard Lake Sailing Club funded and built a very nice sailing center on the lake and secured a 25-year lease from the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. However, when the lease expired in 1985, the adjoining marina was granted the lease and since has not invested any real effort into maintaining the sailing harbor. Since the expiration of the lease, the twenty-or-so Scots in Fleet 30 have dwindled to about eight.

All of this doesn't seem to depress Clark and Rhoda Ashby. Friday night of the 1991 Egyptian Cup, as they do every year, the Ashbys threw open their gracious home and yard to the visiting Scot sailors for a buffet and wine party, with help from their fleet. Clark's racing doesn't seem to betray any sorrow, either. They came out blazing with a bullet and two thirds for a second place trophy in the regatta.

Given the strained facility, the reduction in local competition, the fact that the Ashbys are only a couple of years away from retirement, you might be impressed with their stout sailing against some very strong competition, (Paul Moore, John Domagala, Bernie Knight), but add to that the fact that they are racing in Flying Scot #4! One has to see this boat to believe it. Its more or less in original condition, including a wood rudder head and no metal rub rail. The deck gelcoat is bright blue and the woodwork gleams. I cannot adequately describe the morale-shattering



Clark and Rhoda Ashby out ahead in light air.
(Photo by Kentempelmeyer)

impact of seeing that number "4" on the sail getting smaller and smaller as Clark and Rhoda administer a neat HJ on us along those trees to the right of the dam. Even though we all say "oldies-are-fast-too" I'm sure we secretly think #4700 should be faster than #4. (Sorry Paul)

The Clarks acquired #4 from John and Nellie Mercer in 1967, who had purchased it from Jack and Lois Brown. #4 was the Clark's first sailboat. At that time the boat was ten years old. Occasionally, Clark and Rhoda use the original Ratsey sails which came with the boat. Imagine sailing with 34 year-old sails.

I think the Egyptian Cup is a wonderful regatta and Crab Orchard Lake is a beautiful sailing lake. The race administration in the hands of Gordy and Mike is excellent. The Coast Guard Auxiliary is on hand with a friendly patrol crew on board. They help see to our fun as well as safety. I would like to see lots more boats there next year. Try to schedule it. Go meet the Ashbys and their friends.

Ed. Note—The 1992 Egyptian Cup will be June 6th & 7th.

Annual Cruise Update

July 27-28, 1991

The weekend was a great success; we had five boats with fourteen participants for a weekend of pleasure sailing on beautiful Smith Mountain Lake.

Those taking part were:

**Carol and Fields Gunsett
Glenda and Starling Gunn
Debra and Steve Raper
Pam and Fred Kniffen
Tanya and Frank Little
Ruby and Phil (Tanya's folks)
Millie and Bill McVey**

Since six people stayed on the south side of the Lake and eight were on the north side, we planned to rendez-vous at Bernard's Landing at 10 AM Saturday morning. However, the weather looked a little threatening, and several crew members refused to leave the comfort of their condo until finally reassured by their more experienced skippers that the skies were clearing. Three boats (Gunsetts, Gunns, and McVeys) finally headed out about 10:30 in beautiful winds of 8-10 knots and slight mist for the three mile upwind sail to Bernard's. It was great sailing, especially since the threatening weather had kept all the power boats on shore. Fortunately, we had just passed the half-way point when the skies really opened up and tried to dampen our spirits...the language heard was almost as colorful as all the different foul weather suits that popped out.

When about 1/2 mile from Bernard's, Frank Little and family sailed out to greet us, then returned toward their dock area. We continued to Bernard's, made professional downwind approaches and landings to the spot picked by our intrepid leader, with a minimum of damage to boats and egos, and went calling on the Rapers.

Debra had been smart enough to stay indoors while her husband and Fred went out sailing looking for us, and since Starling had picked such a good hiding place, they stayed out for over an hour looking for us, before coming back in!

(Continued on page 10)

The fourteen of us then descended on the Landing restaurant, and had a lot of fun tormenting the help, while having a great, hot lunch. All during lunch, the rain poured down, and those who had made the Trans-Lake voyage were looking forward to getting wet all over again when, of all the rotten luck, the sky actually did clear up. All five boats were re-manned (and re-wo-manned) and headed out for another sail in 5-6 knots of wind. After awhile, the three southern boats headed for home and the Yankees returned North.

Sunday AM found Starling, Glenda, and guest circling like a mother hen off the pier where Gunsetts and McVeys were supposed to be launching. Our good doctor and wife had to head back to Greensboro, but the McVeys were soon launched and underway. Thus the two boats non-raced as quickly as they could (with Millie doing most of the skippering) across the lake looking for others to non-race with. Unfortunately, the Littles had had to return to Greensboro Saturday night, and by the time we arrived on the scene, Steve was just completing a full morning of sailing with Fred and Pam, and was nearing the dock for hauling. Faced with that circumstance,

there was nothing left to do but non-race back across the lake again, haul our boats, and call it quits. Three great sails in two days is more than anyone deserves, but we took it in stride, and immediately resolved to attend next year's cruise, too.

We hope even more of you will join the fun next year; it really is a nice change to the fast and serious pace of racing. Of course what really makes it great is all the good people who take part in it.

Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 4)

instance, how many sailors fully understand and sail by the two different boat alignment requirements establishing mast abeam in the before start and after start luffing rules? Those few that

can automatically recite the answer obviously eat the rules for breakfast.

I think the IYRU rules committee could perform a tremendous service to racers, while at the same time helping to resolve the problem of rule infringements, by restructuring the way the rules are written, removing much of the "legalese" style writing that at the very least reads like someone with a mouthful of gum; and where possible, eliminating some of the subtleties if they are not absolutely necessary and also not being adhered to. One should not have to read a rule 5 times - slowly - in order to finally figure out the meaning, only to have trouble remembering it when you leave the classroom! If all this were accomplished, then "a copy of 'Elvstrom' or 'Perry'" might not be necessary for interpretation.

Another partial solution lies in the hands of club or fleet leaders. They should constantly be reminding sailors, especially those new to the sport, of the corinthian principles with which we subscribe to. If the trust in our fellow competitors to do the right thing is not there from the beginning, then no amount of protesting is going to bring it back.

John Beery
FS 4257

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JUNIOR COLUMN: AS A SON OF A SON OF A SAILOR

The knock-down puffs threatened to broach us. My mother and sister and I were sailing on Lake Minnetonka in what I would swear were 25 knot winds. The water had taken on the stormy gray hue of the sky as three foot waves swept across its surface. Our nineteen foot Flying Scot was mercilessly tossed about the lake like a tiny row boat. My crew and I were hauling on the sheets summoning every reserve of our concentration so we wouldn't capsize in the icy water. "Don't worry, we'll be in the lee of the island soon," I yelled to Ma as the windward point of Big Island whipped by to starboard. I found myself wondering how I had let us get into a situation like this.

It had been a really beautiful Sunday. The sun shown with a warmth that belayed the earliness of the season. I had just climbed out of bed when Mom came bouncing down the stairs and asked me if I would take them sailing. We all quickly packed a lunch and drove over to the yacht club where we moored our boat. There was just a trace of wind on the water and the ice had only recently been driven off by the warm spring air. The boat was quickly rigged and we all jumped in and drifted out into the bay. As far as balls to the wall sailing goes the day was far from perfect, but for peace and relaxation it was just what we needed. I thought that after the long winter it was probably good that we had a chance to just lolly-gag about and get used to the boat again.

I headed down wind toward the main lake. Mom was on the jib and my sister Michele lolled about on the foredeck. We ate sandwiches as Spirit Point drifted by to starboard. When we passed through the channel and got out on the main lake the wind started to pick up. Michelle grinned as we trimmed the sheets and the boat gave a little jump of acceleration. Mom got up on the rail and I mentioned that if this new wind held we would be around Big Island in no time. The idea of putting up the chute was met with a warm reception and soon we were moving nice-

ly with the colorful sail billowing out in front of us.

The wind speed kept rising. By the time we were passing the eastern tip of Big Island it must have been gusting to twenty. The tops of the waves were blowing to white froth. Every gust was making the boat want to broach, and this was after the chute was back down. Mom and Michele were both hiking off the port side of the transom, but they weren't getting wet because the boat was surfing the waves. We would surf up to the top of a wave, pause on the summit, and rocket down to the next one. That little Flying Scot was moving like I have never felt her move before. The bow was making a six inch wake of its own. Every sheet was taut, each sail was straining to break free. The boat was so far out of the water she was rocking from side to side. I was so full of adrenaline my hand shook as I played the main.

Full of the excitement that comes from incredible fear, we jibed around the leeward side of the island. Sailing close to the shore the crew put the boat back in order as I tried to figure out if there was any better ways to get back home. Considering that we were down wind and the mooring was up wind all there was to do was to beat across the lake all the way home.

We hardened up as the boat nosed out from behind Big Island into the channel on the other side. I told Mom to kill the jib if we got hit with anything we couldn't take. Five seconds into the channel a huge puff thundered through the narrows and laid the Scot on her ear. Everyone scrambled to hike out and all the sails flogged against the rigging. Right after we recovered from the first puff we got hit by another, and another. The crew weight we had on the boat just wasn't enough to keep her upright and I was sailing with incredible lee helm, meaning that I really had no control over the boat.

The wind was just too strong. We decided to sail into Excelcior Bay where we

would be protected from the punishing wind. Again we took off on a screaming reach. We were still overpowered, but at least this time I was in some control. We raced under the darkening sky and almost flew up onto a dock in the bay. Michele and I moored the boat while Mom placed a phone call to my dad, asking him if he could lend a hand [and some weight]. Dad agreed and he soon came strolling toward the dock from the parking lot, looking the perfect picture of calm and serenity. "Very well then," he said as he lightly hopped on the boat. Again we set off, this time with Dad skippering and me on the jib. Again we charged out onto the lake with no intention of turning back. Again we overestimated ourselves.

We had no rain gear. Hiking out there, being farthest forward on the boat, I absorbed the vast majority of the spray that otherwise would fall harmlessly back into the lake. The icy water sprayed over the side, completely drenching me with every wave. I was wearing only shorts and a tee shirt and was slowly going numb. As each of us got colder we slowly receded into ourselves. The feeling gradually slipped out of my feet and hands until I was so numb I had to lash the jibsheet around my wrists so I didn't slide off the boat into the drink. Sitting with a jib cleat for a cushion, I detached myself from the world and centered my entire self in the one warm place where the life jacket protected my shirt from the spray. Each wave made me a little bit colder. After I started shivering I noticed that everyone else was in pretty much the same predicament. Mom had gained a distinctive shade of blue and Dad's teeth were chattering so loudly I could hear them from the foredeck. After something like ten minutes of this one of us decided that lives really were worth more than pride and suggested that we should put in at one of the private docks on the lake. With great macho statements like "Well, [shiver, shiver,] if you can't take

(Continued on page 10)

Andrew Sumpton—Age 17, Crew member Fleet 95, Lake Minnetonka, MN, Son of STEWART SUMPTON, FS 3028 Fleet 75, St. Andrews Bay, Panama City, Florida. Son of CAPTAIN G. F. SUMPTON, deceased, past Lieutenant, Her Majesty's Royal Navy and Master Mariner, British Merchant Navy.

Jib Sheet Cleating Issue

Fleet's Vote Before Midwinters

By Bob Neff - Chief Measurer

Background:

As you may know, there has been a difference of opinion on the use of hardware (blocks, fairleads, cleats) on the seat area for cleating the jib. This issue has progressed through the FSSA organization in accordance with the Constitution and Bylaws. As required by Article XX-3, Fleet 80 submitted a proposed amendment to the Chief Measurer. The amendment was to the third sentence of Specification Article S-III-5-g amended to read as follows:

"From the blocks or fairleads the sheet may be led and cleated as desired provided that no blocks, fairleads, cleats or other jib fittings are attached to the seat, the seat back, the seat lip or the forward and aft vertical sections of the seat."

As required by Article XIII-1, this amendment was submitted by the Chief Measurer to the Governing Board and was ratified by the Board at their meeting on July 22, 1991 at the NAC in Riverside, CT. The next step is ratification by the Class as outlined in Article XV.

Discussion:

There are a number of considerations that impact on where to cleat the jib. I believe they fall into the following broad categories:

Performance (sheeting angle)

Convenience (individual owner and crew ergonomics)

Philosophy

The performance aspects of the jib sheet are controlled very well by Article S-III-5-g and CMRs 6, 48. The impact that cleating position has on the sheeting angle is offset by the allowance for weather sheeting. In fact, if you are using any form of cleating that pulls the jib block inboard there is no easy way to open the slot in light air. On the other hand, cleating that holds the jib block in line or outboard can be adjusted inboard by the use of weather sheeting as wind speed dictates.

The convenience aspects of jib sheeting are essentially wide open, with the exception of CMR 64. This 1978 ruling seems to be intended to keep hardware off the seats. (I might add that if this ruling had been applied when seat cleats first appeared they could have been disallowed.) The proposed amendment further clarifies CMR 64. It would seem that this adjustment in the specification will provide latitude to accommodate any and all ergonomic issues.

What is left is the class philosophy. Do we want hardware where our clever designer did not intend it to be? A look at the official plan reveals hardware almost everywhere but on the seats. I'll bet Sandy was proud of those seats-how they stiffened the boat, provided a hedge against swamping and the comfort that appealed to a wide range of potential sailors-a beautiful combination of form and function. The seats more than any other design feature has contributed to the success of the Flying Scot. It's my guess we all know what Sandy would think of cleats on his seats - probably couldn't print it.

You Must Vote! Act Now!

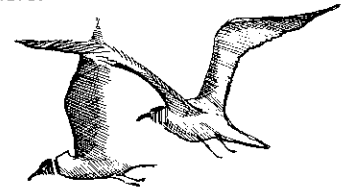
A vote by the membership is required. The Governing Board has ordered a special meeting to be held concurrent with the Midwinters. A proxy is being sent to each fleet secretary. If you have not heard from your fleet contact your fleet captain to insure that your opinion bears on the decision. It is intended that if the change is accepted, all Scots will conform to this clarification starting with the 1992 NAC. Remember, this is a vote on Class Philosophy, a philosophy that has served us well for 34 years.

Junior Column

(Continued from page 11)

it, [shiver, shiver,] I guess we could maybe stop off at one!" we rapidly gave our consent.

Dad turned our little boat toward shore. With the wind and water still stealing away our precious heat we smashed our way through the waves to a dock. As we pulled up some of the inhabitants came out to greet the crazy people who begged for refuge at their sheltered dock. They were extremely friendly and let us moor our boat there for the night. When they invited us in we dragged our sodden forms into the inviting warmth, shedding lifejackets along the way. They sat us down and gave us hot cups of coffee and we told them our tale, one about wind and water, of skill and survival, and most importantly, how it was someone else's idea to come back to shore.



DOES ANYONE REMEMBER THE BURGEE CONTEST?

Quite some time ago, even before I took this job over, there was a contest to have an official FSSA Burgee. Several of you sent in drawings and suggestions. We need to get your votes on which one is the most popular. Under each burgee is a number, please list your first choice, second choice and third choice by these numbers and mail to me at 1209 Southwood Drive, Mahomet, IL 61853 or FAX to me at (217) 355-2587. Results will be forthcoming. The actual entries will be displayed at the Midwinters and there will be discussion of the official burgee there. PLEASE LET ME HEAR FROM YOU.

A number of people have done a lot of work preparing a large number of excellent burgee design candidates for the Flying Scots Sailing Association. We are grateful to them. Now it's your turn. Remember, one vote per boat.

Burgee Straw Vote

Circle your top three choices of designs. Enter the order of the choices in the box. Either photocopy the form or clip it out and mail it to Lynne Hartman, 1209 Southwood Dr., Mahomet, IL 61853 or fax (217) 355-2587.

Name _____

FSSA # _____

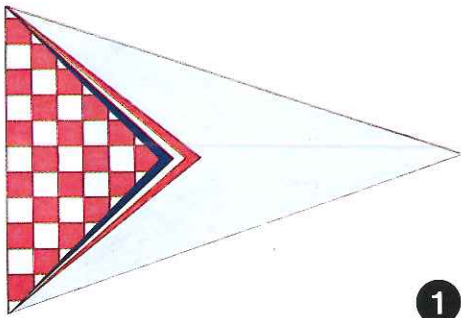
Fleet _____

Choice 1 _____

Choice 2 _____

Choice 3 _____

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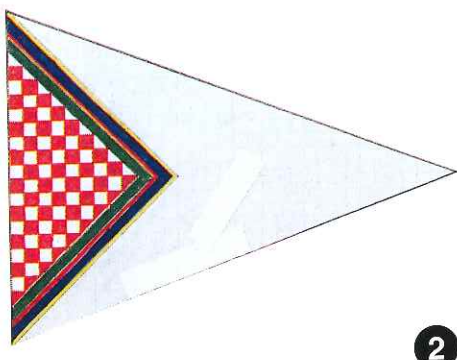
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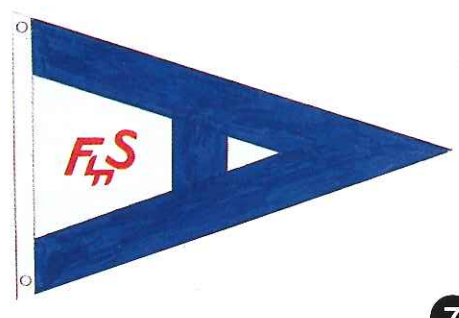
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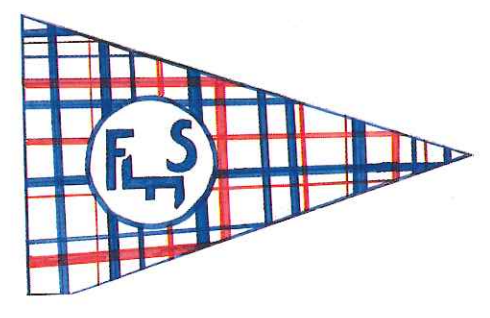
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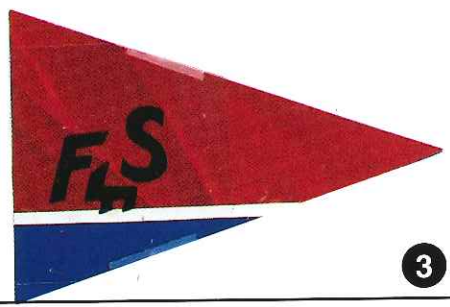
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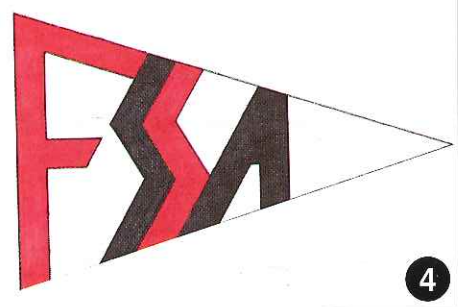
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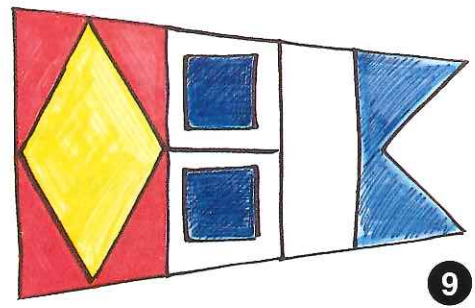
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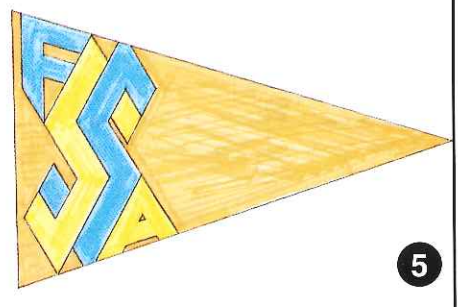
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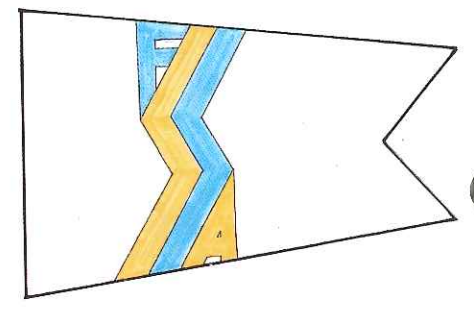
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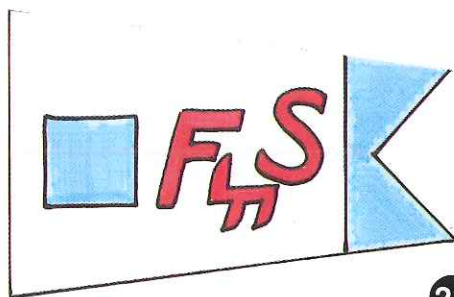
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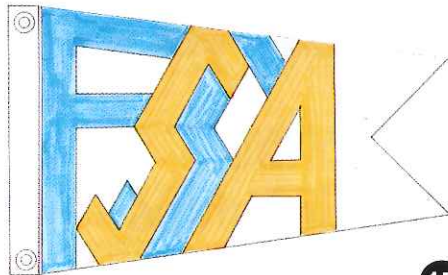
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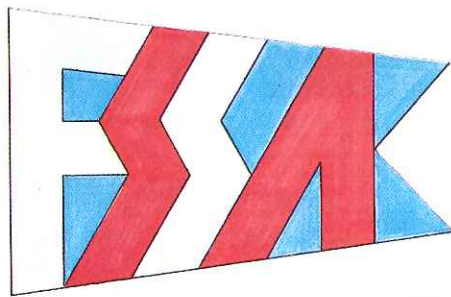
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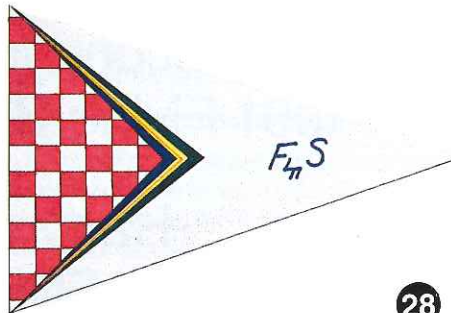
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SCHURR ENOUGH...

Pete Merrifield and Steve Bellows win the
1991 Flying Scot North American Championships



Forest Rogers and Melanie Dunham place
second in the Challenger division in the
1991 Flying Scot North American Championships



Harry and Karen Carpenter win the
1991 Flying Scot Mid-Winter Warm Ups,
and placed second in 1991 Wife and Husband Nationals



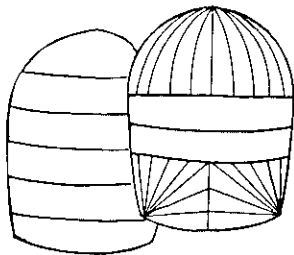
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Main & Jib \$745 | <input type="checkbox"/> Spinnaker Triradial \$420 | <input type="checkbox"/> Telltale Window each \$10 | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Main \$523 | <input type="checkbox"/> Spinnaker Crosscut \$325 | <input type="checkbox"/> Vision Window each \$15 | |
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FLYING SCOT UPWIND SAIL TRIM AND GEAR CHANGING

(WITH MAINSAIL DRAFT POCKET TELLTALES)

LARRY LEWIS FS 3933

WHY BOTHER WITH MAINSAIL DRAFT POCKET TELLTALES

The best Flying Scot skippers do not use mainsail draft pocket telltales. Greg Fisher does not. Steve Bellows does not. Harry Carpenter does not. Marc Eagan does not. Dick Schultz does not. These are skippers that have spent enough time in sailboats to use boat feel only to make the adjustments in sail trim necessary to go fast.

If like most of us, you sail competitively only a few weekends a year, you may not live long enough to develop the boat feel necessary for fast sail trim and gear changing.

Mainsail draft pocket telltales can shorten the learning curve. They can provide a visual aid that will, at any time, in any wind, aid you in making the sail adjustments necessary to go faster.

HOW TO APPLY MAIN DRAFT POCKET TELLTALES

With the main lying flat, visualize an imaginary straight line from the inside edge of the upper batten pocket to the inside edge of the second batten pocket. The telltales should be placed approximately in the center of the sail or slightly toward the luff. Place the upper set of telltales in the middle of the panel below the upper batten. Place this set of telltales two to three inches behind the imaginary line toward the leech of the main. On my Fisher main, this set is just in front of the F.S. logo.

Place the lower set on an area above the second batten, approximately four to five inches in front of the imaginary line, toward the luff of the main. You now have telltales on an area of the main that must have attached flow for the main to generate power.

I use the orange store bought telltales. These are easy to read through the sail cloth. However, I have the sailmaker send me stickums with the sail. The white store bought stickums come off when the main gets wet.

TUNING AND JIB TRIM

Before covering main trim and gear changing, it is necessary to cover the ba-

sics on tuning and jib trim. Most Scot sailors are now setting up the boat based on measurements from Fisher's Tuning Guide. If you use another brand of sails, talk to your loft or sailmaker about basic measurements and tuning.

We follow Fisher's instructions to apply jib sheet tension until the top jib batten is angled straight back parallel with the centerline of the boat. There seems to be a big drop off in pointing when the top batten is allowed to angle outward in 4 to 17 MPH wind speeds. We also windward or cross sheet until the clew of the jib falls directly over the middle of the seat.

To aid us in keeping the top jib batten angled straight back, we have marked our jib sheets. When our jib sheet mark is lined up with a mark on the back of our seat, the top jib batten is angled straight back in 10 MPH winds. Our jib sheets stay on the boat. Our jib sheet is always tied to the jib at the same place. Everything possible has been done to produce the same constant tension when we are sheeting mark to mark. Whenever possible, Starr will go to the low side to visually check the angle of the top jib batten.

We are now playing the jib more than we used to and it is resulting in better boat speed. When Starr is on the low or leeward side of the boat, our jib sheet mark will be two to three inches above our seat back mark. As the wind increases and we both sit on the windward seat or deck, Starr will sheet in until our jib sheet mark is back in line with our seat mark. Once we start to hike hard or use vang, Starr will sheet at least one inch below the seat mark.

If the wind continues to increase and we start to luff the main, Starr will let the jib out until the jib sheet mark is one inch above the seat mark. This allows more jib twist putting more power back in the jib and makes the jib entry and steering less critical as the boat starts to flounder.

Since we are lake sailors, our wind speed is rarely constant for an entire windward leg. Normally, we have a range of speed such as five to twelve MPH or eight to fifteen. You must make changes in jib sheet tension as the wind speed

changes, if you are to keep the top jib batten pointed straight back.

We use the seat cleating system with two to one jib sheet purchase. The two to one purchase is necessary for Starr to make the adjustments needed in the upper wind strengths. The seat cleating is easy to cleat and uncleat under all conditions. Whatever jib cleating system you use, it will work only if your crew can easily uncleat, adjust and clear the jib under all conditions.

MAIN TRIM AND GEAR CHANGING FOR FLAT WATER, LAKE SAILING

#1 0-3 Drifting

Skipper and crew both on leeward side of boat. I suggest we ask Dick Schultz or Kent Taylor to write a light air trim wide. This is not my area of expertise.

#2 4-6 Low Wind Boat Speed Range

Skipper on windward side of boat with crew starting on leeward side of boat and possibly moving to middle or high side as wind increases. Jib sheeted with upper batten pointed straight back.

Boat steered to keep both leeward and windward jib telltales flowing.

Main trimmed to keep both leeward and windward telltales flowing.

Important to maintain enough power to maximize boat speed.

#3 7-12 Medium Wind Boat Speed Range

Skipper and crew on windward side of boat with one or both hiking as wind increases.

Jib sheeted with upper batten pointed straight back. Boat steered to keep leeward jib telltales flowing with windward telltales kicking up.

At upper part of range, steer the boat high enough to produce a slight luff in front of jib. Main sheet tension increased until windward telltales kick up. Leeward main telltales must always flow.

Increasing main sheet tension tightens main leech and forestay. Both increase pointing ability.

(Continued on page 18)

Sail Trim and Gear Changing

(Continued from page 17)

If the main is trimmed properly in this windspeed range, main leech telltales will not flow.

Minimum steering forgiveness requires practice.

Important to maximize pointing. In this range, there is normally enough power to maintain boat speed.

#4 13-16 High Wind Boat Speed Range

Skipper and crew both on windward side and hiking hard.

Jib sheeted with upper batten pointed straight back. Boat steered same as in gear #3 with windward jib telltales kicking up to slight luff in jib. If you have to start releasing the main to keep the boat flat, apply boom vang tension to depower the mainsail. Bend the boom as much as two inches if needed.

Once the vang has been applied, ease mainsheet tension but keep leeward main telltales flowing. This, reduces heeling. Main leech and forestay are now controlled by boom vang.

If wind speed starts to drop, boom vang must go off ASAP to power up

mainsail - go back to #3.

Still important to point, but must start to depower to reduce heel and maintain steering control.

#5 17-20 Boat Handling

Everybody hiking hard with maximum boom vang applied. Must play main to reduce heel. Jib sheeting tension is released enough to allow upper batten to point slightly outward. This allows more jib twist, putting more power back in the jib and makes tile jib entry and steering less critical.

Boat is steered with both jib telltales flowing. Mainsail is played to keep boat flat. If necessary, luff the entire main but keep the jib driving and the boat flat as possible.

Due to sometimes rough water and usually some boat control problems, go back to maximizing boat speed at the expense of pointing.

#6 21+ - See you at the beer keg!

Due to the amount of light air we sail in, we get too accustomed to sailing the Scot with leeward heel. Once there is

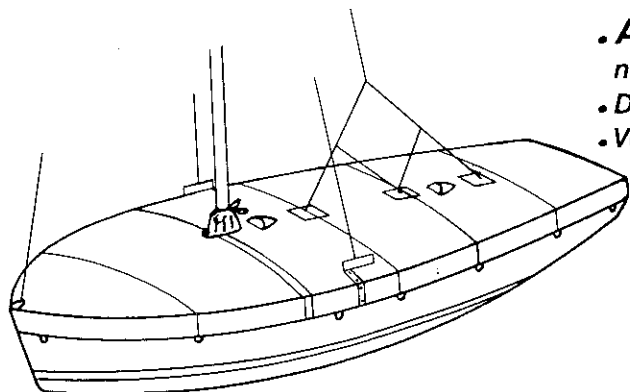
enough wind for the skipper and crew to sit on the windward side, the boat should be sailed flat to reduce rudder drag.

There are reasons why the above trim and sheeting guides work. I would be happy to discuss my interpretation of these reasons with anyone at anytime.

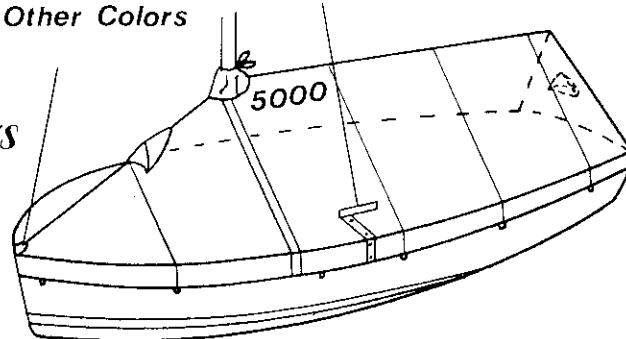
Put draft pocket telltales on both your cruising and racing mainsails. It is important to practice using these telltales as much as possible. You want to get to the level as soon as possible that you require only an upward glance to determine if you are using proper sail trim.

Naturally, the above is not original thinking. I have tried to tie the way I am using draft pocket telltales into the sail trim and gear changing instructions provided by more learned sailors. I do feel that the use of main draft pocket telltales can simplify and reduce the time necessary to master these sail trim and gear changing techniques.

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Fleets In

Fleet 75 Gulf District MY FIRST DISTRICT CHAMPIONSHIP

Terri D. Swift

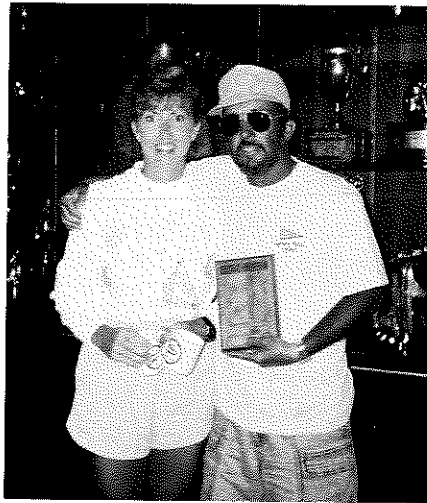
Saint Andrews Bay Yacht Club

My skipper, Dr. Peter Sylvester, and I left Panama City, Florida, Saturday, September 7, 1991 at 6:15 am. Our destination was Fairhope, Alabama for the Flying Scot Gulf District Championships. Neither of us knew what was in store for the weekend. We were looking forward to much sailing time, being with people we really enjoy (SAILORS), having a good time no matter what, and hopefully to be speaking to each other after the weekend.

Before I get into the events of the weekend, let me give you little insight about myself and my skipper. We're both the most competitive people you'll ever meet, not to mention our great temperaments. I'm a strawberry blonde (not a red head) female with a slight temper. Especially while racing! Yes, I'll be the first to admit that I have an edgy disposition at times on a flying scot and my skipper would be the second. We positively like to win, however, we're moderately gracious losers, if there is such an animal. He truthfully tolerates much bull from me and my stubborn ways. Pete has his moments too, he's a yeller. (Problem: I yell back) He likes for crew work to be precise and executed with perfection and if it doesn't happen that way, I'm the first to know. We often find ourselves amused with each other because the object of our sailing together is to have fun, not to abuse one another. Fun's what it's all about. Maybe this brief description of our characters will help you to appreciate my first district championship.

We arrived at 9:45 am. Pete and I aren't the world's fastest at putting a boat together, but over the last year we've had plenty of practice since we've sailed nearly every GYA event. By 10:55 am., we had the boat launched, rigged, and ready to set sail. There was only one problem, registration was over at 11:00 am. Pete hurriedly registered us (SAIL #62) finding out there were 17 participants.

One thing I forgot to mention was that while we were preparing our boat for the race, sailors began to arrive. Steve



*Pete and Terri,
1991 Gulf District Championship*

Bellows (1991 Flying Scot National Champion) and Bubby Eagan (Former Flying Scot Canadian Champion) made their presence known. Needless to say, we definitely felt a little out of our league! But we just chuckled, expressing our desire to strive to be in the Top 10. That was our goal for the weekend.

The first race (1:00 pm.) was light air. We were the first out to the committee boat, so we had a good feel for the conditions. We didn't exactly have the best start, but we had good clean air and freedom to go to either side of the course. Pete was in the groove, and played all the shifts very smartly. We had good boat speed. I was shifting my weight and making sure my jib was trimmed just right. All these factors certainly paid off too. We were sailing well! Bubby Eagan crossed the finish first, Steve Bellow's second, and Sylvester third. This was the ultimate for me. I think Pete was pleasantly surprised too. We had worked hard sailing together for the last 1 1/2 years and now it was paying off.

In between races we tried not to get fat heads - believe me that was tough. HA! Each of us tried to relax while having a beer and we concentrated on keeping our cool. (Don't forget about our temperaments) Staying calm was essential to our performance.

Shortly after the first race, a sea breeze kicked in and I was a little apprehensive about our weight. I wondered if we had made a mistake in reducing our crew for these particular races as it would have been nice to have had a third person. We only weighed 315 pounds and I knew I'd absolutely have to butt hike. That was certainly the case. Even though we couldn't keep the boat quite flat enough,

we still had decent boat speed, earning us a 7th place this race. We were both thrilled with our first 2 races. Are you impressed yet? Well, if you're not, you should be because we had exceeded our highest expectations. The two of us knew anything could happen in tomorrow's race.

After a very eventful day, a keg of beer (compliments of Schurr Sails) was enjoyed by the participants. The club served shrimp and other goodies in the gazebo. We missed out on this because we were replacing our frayed forestay extension that happened during the 2nd race. Some people have all the luck! After putting our boat to bed, we were as tired as she was. We ate at Fairhope Yacht Club. (finally food) I neglected to inform you that all we had to eat for the day was a couple of doughnuts, a pack of crackers, and BEER. What a diet! I was so tired I could hardly chew my food. We both had a good night's rest and I think this was the secret to our performance the next day. No partying that night. Sounds pretty boring, uh?

Sunday was a new ball game. Remember, we had a 3rd and a 7th at this stage of the regatta. If we got 4 races in we could drop the worst and we were hoping that 7th would be the one. Nothing like setting your goals higher and higher!

Expecting light air in the third race, Pete and I consciously made an effort to keep things loose. We didn't want to tighten the rig and choke under pressure. It eventually turned into a drifter. We were 10th at the leeward mark when the wind died completely. It was any person's race now. Pete played it smart expecting the breeze to fill from the south, which it did. He also stayed away from the adverse current. We managed to remain calm, moving gently, shifting our weight, and getting all we could out of our sails. This leg turned into a tight reach and we finally flew our spinnaker wishing for light air spin sheets. This was truly the biggest test of the weekend. We were hot, frustrated, and started sniping at each other just a bit. That's easy to do in light air as all sailors know. I recall asking for a beer and Pete went into orbit! At that point I realized we were still in the race and the most important issue was to keep the boat moving forward. Suddenly we heard a gun, yes, it was a shortened course. Approaching the finish with much anticipation and excitement, Kenny

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Fleets In

(Continued from page 20)

Kleinschrodt, from Buccaneer, was 5-6 boat lengths ahead of us, and Larry Taggart was 2 boat lengths ahead of us. The breeze began to fill in more and more towards the finish. We were creeping forward making several successful jybes.

Pete chose to take the committee end of the line beating Taggart by half a boat length placing 2nd and Buccaneer 1st. Whew! Now I could breathe again!

Guess what? Pete and I were still speaking with just one race left. Thinking aloud, we both decided we had a chance for 3rd or 4th overall. Unbelievable!

The last race it breezed up just a bit. (Thank goodness) it was still light air, but certainly not a drifter. We played the right side of the course and it turned out to be the wrong side. (Ever done that?) We had company though. Steve and Bubby played the wrong side too. Pete and I were the 9th boat to the windward mark picking up a couple of boats on the run. The two of us had a good jybe and moved into 6th place. Gradually, we were picking off our competitors. On our last leg we were battling with Buccaneer. We

needed a boat between us and them in order to be 3rd overall. Here comes the finish, it was Bellows, Eagan, Sylvester, and Buccaneer. Oh no! We were beat out of 3rd overall by 1/4 of a point! But we felt deliriously happy because we knew we had given those guys a run for their money. We had sailed against TOP-NOTCH Sailors, and gained a little respect. What an exciting feeling!

Trophies came later. Pete and I were surprised to learn that they were going five deep. Lovely wooden plaques were awarded to the skippers and coffee mugs to the crew. The results were Bellows 1st, Eagan 2nd, Kleinschrodt 3rd, Sylvester 4th, and Merrigan 5th. We were all smiles.

In closing, thank you Scots N' Water for allowing me to share my most memorable sailing experience of my entire sailing career. It was certainly a fantastic moment in my life. And a special thanks to my husband, Tom, for his indulgence and to my skipper, who by the way rates pretty high in my opinion, for allowing me to be a part of the 1991 Gulf District Championships. I'm also thankful that

Pete and I are still speaking to each other. HA! It was an ALL-WORLD REGATTA!!!!

22nd ANNUAL IMPROMPTU

John Domagala & Suzi Knight

FS 3577

The 22nd annual Impromptu regatta was held by the Carlyle sailing association the first week of October. Friday Night's party started off with a humongous dinner cookout consisting of at least one maybe two pounds of beef. The weather for dinner was clear sky, wind blowing 20-25 out of the SE and 3-5 foot chop. Skilled craftsmen were called in to build a windbreak so that the BBQ grill could be fired up. Two or three Quarts of lighter fluid later the coals were safely prepared. Two ribeyes then placed a nice lee bow tack on a couple of baked potatoes, and the feast was on. After much consumption the dinner shrapnel was cleared out and the party started. The party was short lived as it was broken up by a freezing downpour about 9:00.

(Continued on page 22)

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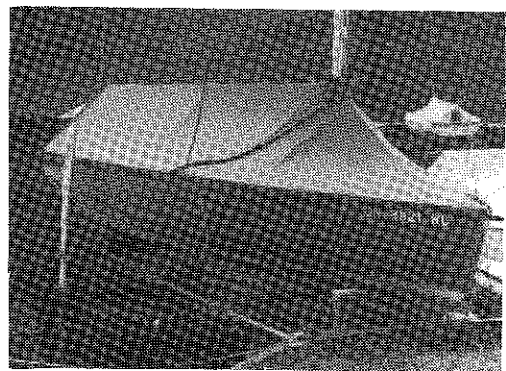
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Fleets In

(Continued from page 21)

Those standing in the spot where Jerry & Sunshine's motorhome should have been were driven off after being drenched due to the lack of shelter. They quickly tore off to their campsites.

The wind continued through the night and was blowing about 15-20 out of the SW, temperature in the upper 50s. Regatta favorite Suzie Knight laid out a strategy to top the fleet in these conditions. Being the only scot registered she figured that a DNS-DNS-DNS would hold the top spot for the day. Tacking off just after the lightning start, her and crew John Domagala headed for the Pink Flamingo layline to watch the Illini horizon job Minnesota.

The regatta leaders returned to the dock for dinner time. The weather for this dinner was much like the previous day with the wind out of the SW. The outstanding meal committee continued their work as a fine fire was provided for a bring your own slab of dead animal dinner. Jerry Paoli and the all reggae radio station provided the entertainment. After the dinner the scot fleet returned to the Pink Flamingo for a night of mental jousting with the locals.

Sunday's race was scheduled to be run along with the normal morning club race. With the wind gusting to 28 out of the SW and the temperature at a blistering 48 degrees the race committee promptly canceled the club races. Fleet meetings were then held to determine the status of the final race of the regatta. The scot fleet decided to remain dockside, thus sealing Suzie's victory. The lightning fleet, whose standings were much closer, however decided to run the last race with half the boats sailing. The scot fleet looked favorably upon their decision as they were humored watching the Lightning fleet crash and burn at the jibe mark. Hypothermia was the word of the day.

After the awards Suzie was quoted "this is the toughest regatta I've ever had without putting the mast up".

CHATTANOOGA FALL REGATTA

Whit Kendall FS #1790

Rob and Patricia Fowler both skippered their boat to victory in the Fall Regatta at Privateer Yacht Club on September 21-22. Eight boats from Huntsville, Birmingham, Atlanta and Chattanooga competed in winds from 0-15 knots. Whit and Lisa Kendall from Atlanta were second and Berkley and



New Charlie Dees Perpetual Trophy, Gulf District

Nancy Merrill from Birmingham finished third. The race organizers did a great job of providing wind when there should not have been any. Though it was spotty at times, we were able to get off three races and practice our light air tactics - which side to sit or put the cooler on, if it is faster to hoist a spinnaker that won't fill or just head down and change the radio station, etc. In the first race, the Fowlers and the Kendalls battled their way around the course, but some good tactics in close to the right shore on the last upwind leg put the Fowlers ahead to win the race. The Merrills were always pushing the two other boats, but speculation is that they may not have had the local knowledge or the right radio station on. The reality is that they had some slow battens which they had borrowed the Kendalls. Race two started as a drifter, but the wind quickly filled under some storm clouds and everyone was soon up on the rail. With the wind filling from behind the pack stayed bunched together and forced good boat handling at the marks. At the finish, it was the Fowlers, the Kendalls and the Merrills. Race three started in a light breeze, and after the gun, Neil Matthews lead a pack to the right, while B.W. Ruffner lead the Kendalls to the left. After tacking pack to the right, both the Ruffners and the Kendalls lifted inside the fleet and were around the mark in the only breeze available. Congratulations to Neil Matthews who did a great job organizing the entire invitational regatta. There were four one design classes, and two PHRF fleets made up from over seventy boats total. Also, thanks to Lars Stevenson (1990 Flying Scot European Masters

Champion) for his chalk-talk on rig tension and the use of a "Loose Gauge". Final standings: 1. Patricia and Rob Fowler 2. Lisa and Whit Kendall 3. Nancy and Berkley Merrill 4. Kathy and Bill Robertson 5. Myra and Jim Brown 6. Anne Landers and Neil Matthews 7. Ron Patch and family 8. B.W. Ruffner and family

FLEET 118 POKER REGATTA BERLEELY MERRILL FS# 3095

Late September brings cooler days & freshening breezes to inland lake sailors in Alabama. Birmingham Sailing Club on Logan Martin Lake celebrated these conditions with its annual Poker Regatta. One of the racing club's events aimed primarily at family fun and cruising types, it is patterned after the 1970's road rally events.

Each competing vessel draws from a deck of cards at the start, from a stake boats' deck at each mark, and gets a fifth card at the finish of a traditional triangle course.

The awards, predictably enough, are presented at the Front Porch Party afterwards for almost everything except going around the course the fastest. The highest award is for the best poker hand.

This year's awards went to the family of David & Debbie Gallaspy for having the largest family crew, and to Marty Wade for representing the most number of families (3) on board her Catalina. To Marsh Hartley and Jim Turkington went the W.B. Hickok Aces & Eights awards for the

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Fleets In

(Continued from page 22)

day's catastrophes of capsizing & committee boat entanglement.

Six year old Amanda Merrill, at the helm with Mom, Dad & Little Sis crewing, until a green frog on board was found more tempting entertainment, managed to draw a winning full house of Jacks & two's.

The event drew 17 competitors from all fleets of the club, including the newly revitalized Junior Program. T was a jolly way to start the Fall sailing season.

IRA COHEN WINS SAYVILLE YACHT CLUB'S PALMER TROPHY

Bob Finta, Fleet 173 Captain

If sailing in light to medium air with shifts turns you on, then sailing for the Palmer Trophy at Sayville Yacht Club on Long Island would have had you in ecstasy. On Saturday, September 14, 18 Scots showed up for light winds. Three races were sailed in 5 to 8 knot breezes. The boats moved well and the winners were those who found the subtle lifts. Sunday morning brought no wind and a postponement until it finally filled in at about 0 to 3 knots. One race was sailed, but even that had to be shortened. Each September, Scots, Thistles and Moonbeams, a 22 footer local to the area, race for the Horrocks and Palmer Trophies. Last year's 25 knot breezes kept the crash boats busy rescuing Thistles which kept filling with water from the waves taken over the bow. The Scots were just fine, thank you.

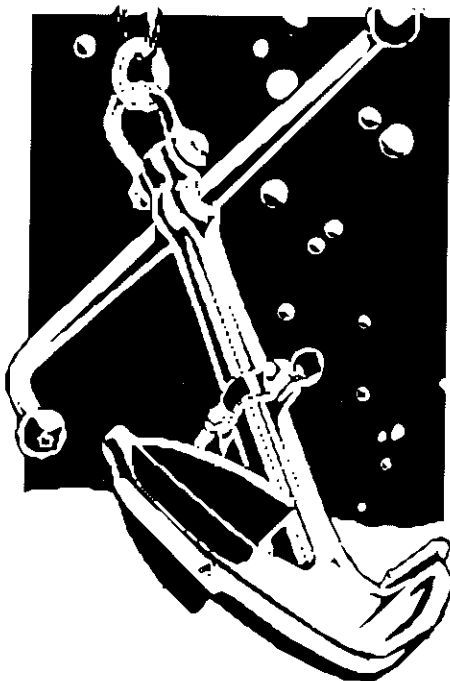
1.	4343	Ira Cohen	1	1	1	2	4.25
2.	3877	Jack Orr	5	2	9	1	16.75
3.	4864	Paul-Jon Patin	2	3	4	9	1.8
4.	4619	John Pridmore	6	4	6	6	2.2
5.	4393	Bob Rich	4	10	2	7	2.3
6.	3769	Bob Finta	13	6	3	3	2.5
7.	4436	Hugh Malone	7	5	8	5	2.5
8.	4664	Paul J. Patin	11	8	13	4	3.6
9.	920	Vincent Sweeney	3	7	19	8	3.7
10.	2108	Eric Feldman	9	11	10	11	4.1
11.	4008	Ralph Coffill	8	13	12	13	4.6
12.	3720	Dave Jacobsen	14	14	7	14	4.9
13.	4153	Gerry Mongrain	12	9	19	10	5.0
14.	4674	Phil Linker	16	15	5	15	5.1
15.	4501	Rob Kaiser	10	12	11	19	5.2
16.	4477	Richard Ringhoff	15	16	14	16	6.1
17.	4431	Brian Finnerty	19	19	19	12	6.9
18.	663	Don Beebe	17	17	19	17	7.0

Ira Cohen's superior boat speed and total concentration enabled him to win the regatta with an almost perfect score.

In the last race, in spite of being over early, going back and being the last to start, Ira picked his way through the fleet to finish second. Jack Orr's lead was just too much. After three races on Saturday, beer and clams preceded a steak dinner served at the club.

Fleet 173 received its charter this year but has already had an effect on racing on Great South Bay with 12 entries in Race Week and approximately 6 to 8 entries in each of Great South Bay Yacht Racing Association's scheduled regattas. In previous years there were none.

Sailing at Sayville Yacht Club is near to sailing paradise. Plenty of water, generally strong breezes, very little current, great facilities, and outstanding Race Committees. SYC has hosted the Sunfish NAs and Thistle Nationals in recent years. Plan on coming to our annual Palmer Trophy Regatta next September for a great time.



GREAT SCOT REGATTA BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

Steady breezes, bright fall weather, a splendid after dinner seminar and unique photographic trophies combined at the Great Scot Regatta to make October 12-13 one of the highlights in Birmingham Sailing Club's annual events.

Whit Kendall & Rob Fowler, rocket ship Scot drivers from Privateer YC in Chattanooga, now separated to Atlanta & Huntsville, reunited for a formidable win, taking 3 firsts in the 5 race series.

Berkeley Merrill, also reunited with his old sailing croney Jay Keubel from their New Orleans off shore days, pushed hard for 2nd. Kent Irwin, still reeling from his crash landing at the Gulf District Championship, and temporary loss of crew/wife Will to recent surgery, pulled out a 3rd, in addition to his duties as Regatta Chairman.

Long-time BSC Scot sailor Jim Johnson returned from too long an absence, and teamed with daughter Sally to take 4th. Fifth place went to Neal Matthews, the road warrior from Atlanta who inspired the area's BACN series (see related story).

Crew, family & guests from 22 boats from Alabama, Tennessee & Georgia were treated to an entertaining & educational seminar led by Steve "Doc" Bellows, recent North American Champion from Pensacola. His accompanying videos of the day's racing punctuated his discussion of sail trim, boat tuning, & tactics. Wendall Hull, Fleet 118 captain, presented his usual hilarious "Certificates" for such traditional accolades as "cutest crew" & "ugliest skipper", and newer ones for "maritime mouth" and bleariest eyes after Friday night "race preparation".

Kendall & Fowler, with a substantial lead by Sunday morning, sailed a conservative race, letting the rest of the fleet fight it out for the remaining positions. Race Four saw a sterling win by 2nd and 3rd generation BSC sailors Mike Graham & son Michael, aged 6, proving once again that Scot sailing is a family affair. Race Five saw Merrill & Keubel cinch their 2nd place overall by edging Jim & Myra Brown's effort from Chattanooga.

The beautiful weather & steady breezes paid off the long-shot chances taken by the trophy committee, and winners were awarded framed photos of their own boats as mementos of a spectacular weekend of inland lake Scot racing.

WHALE OF A SAIL JOHN DAMAGALA FS 3577

Carlyle sailing association and FSSA fleet 83 hosted the 31st Whale of a Sail on a perfect mid September weekend. The regatta attracted over 130 boats including a fleet of 18 Scots. A strong showing from fleet 135 sailors help main-

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Fleets In

(Continued from page 23)

tain strong numbers on a weekend full of conflicts. CSA grounds were in great shape with new addition of their new flag-pole, dedicated to past commodores, and remodeled observation building. The club will no doubt be ready for the '92 NAC and '94 Olympic festival regatta.

The regatta looked like a solo effort for John Domagala before crew Gumby Sullivan showed up at the last minute (after most boats were on the race course). Saturday's first race was run in 10-12 knot breezes and little chop. John and Gumby got their crew work together early and led from the first mark. Bernie & Suzie Knight followed closely throughout the race but weren't able to get ahead. Chuck Hoffman beat out Jim Harris in the battle for third. Bernie Knight won Saturday's second race, following a lunch break. He and Suzie took the lead on the first reach after rounding the windward mark behind Steve Hartman.

Saturday's third race saw Bernie and John earn the lobotomy award (sailing fast but stupid) for match racing themselves off the race course to where the windward mark should have been rather than where it was. They rounded the windward mark 11th & 12th and were only able to salvage 6th and 7th places respectively. Meanwhile Jim Harris and Betty Struckoff walked away from the rest of the fleet for a well earned win. The Glass's, Hoffmans, and Gerrity's mixed it up finishing in a tight pack for third through fifth. Consistent sailing had put Jim Harris in the lead, but with three boats all less than 3 points behind going into the last race.

Saturday night's dinner was proceeded by Fleet 83's annual wine and cheese party. Steve Hartman and Lynn Cook had everyone looking forward as they planned the meals for next year's nationals. Entertainment was added for a late Saturday night this year as the band played oldies as long as there was an audience.

Sunday's weather was just as beautiful as Saturday's had been. The wind kicked up to 12-15 knots just about race time. John and Bernie, paying attention to the race course this time, jumped out to an early lead. The two boats opened up a gap on the rest of the fleet with planing conditions on the reaches. Bernie took a brief lead on the run with a nice jibe set but lost it as the two boats sailed through the other

fleets sailing to weather. Bernie made John and Gumby earn the win with 25-30 tacks on the final beat. Jim Harris covered Chuck Hoffman and the rest of the fleet to take third and ensure his second place overall.

John Domagala & Gumby Sullivan	1	2	6	1	91/2
Jim Harris & Betty Struckoff	4	3	1	3	103/4
Bernie & Suzie Knight	2	1	7	2	113/4
Chuck & Bev Hoffman	3	4	3	4	14
Joe & Marilyn Gerrity					
Ted & Florence Glass					

FLEET TEN -ALIVE AND WELL

What a sight. The Moriches Yacht Club Fall Series and thirteen Scots were on the line. Now this may not seem like that significant a number of boats to some people, but when you compare the fall series of two years ago (if you can remember it) to this year, you would know that the Scots are back.

The MYC Fall Series consummated a year of gratifying sailing, that included, in addition to the usual MYC Cup Races, a Scot Regatta, an "interesting" Wednesday Night series, and for the first time in many years, three (3) MYC Scots traveling and participating in the Great South Bay Yacht Racing Association, Race Week.

After seeing the enthusiasm, and the number of Scots slowly increasing over the last two years, and especially this summer, some of the "pro's" decided it was time to dust off the Scots that have been lets say, "inactive", and teach the new kids a few lessons. Three "old salts", decided it was time to get a boat and get back into the action. Another boat that had not been seen in years, suddenly appeared in the corral. When Jr. took Mom's boat, Mom quickly requisitioned another Scot. With sailing lessons over, the two club boats were immediately grabbed. Sayville Yacht Club, and Westhampton Yacht Squadron, both in the process of building Scot Fleets, joined Moriches for the series.

The series was held over a five week period, starting in mid-September and running through October. There were 3 Sunday afternoon races each week, with the best 12 out of 15 races scoring. The wind and weather cooperated with the Sailing Chairman making for some outstanding racing, followed by a wind-down cocktail hour(s) and a family style dinner.

The series was taken by Linda Mockridge (who had commandeered 3573) who just beat out her son Kenneth Jr., who was sailing in her boat, 1101, Kenny had established a significant lead in the series after the first two weeks taking 5 firsts, but then tried sailing without the mast. The first time the mast fell, yes the first time, rescue boats swung into action, and all were concerned that everyone was OK. They were, and 1101 was towed to shore where a broken side stay was quickly replaced, and they were back in action in the next race; back up with the leaders again. Two weeks later, when 1101's mast fell a second time; well things tightened up considerably, and the final standings were not determined until the last race of the series. The following are the skippers and crew that made the MYC Fall Series and the racing such a success. Thanks to Paul Runyan, for organizing the series, and Brian Mannix for coordinating the dinners. Special thanks to all the racing committees and rescue boats, without which there would have been no Fall Series.

1	3573	L. Mockridge K. Mockridge & J. Kispert	24.75
2	1101	K. Mockridge, Jr. C. Runyan & B. Mannix, Jr.	27.5
3	4477	D. Ringhoff W. Ringhoff	36.75
4	4008	R. Coffill J. Gallagher	44.75
5	4664	P. Patton A. Larson & R. Kaiser	59.75
6	909	G. Palmer J. Hean & D. Havens	63.75
7	143	J. Borruso G. Borruso & C. Schlein	80
8	1293	L. Frosina N. Borruso & E. Hofmann	92
9	1256	G. DiResta S. Cooper & Mary Castellano	95
10	1928	T. DiResta R. DiResta & J. Smith	96

SECOND ANNUAL INVITATIONAL REGATTA FLEET 7

By Mario Bonaparte Fleet 7

One would think that hosting the NAC's would be enough fun for one summer, but not for Fleet 7, which was looking forward to its second Annual Flying Scot Invitational Regatta held on Oct. 12 and 13. This end-of-the-year regatta attracted a good representation

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Fleets In

(Continued from page 24)

of the region's top competitors last year and this year was no different. Last year's winner John Clark returned with his crew and now wife, Sue. John was still getting over missing the NAC's because his boss said he had to be in the Philippines on business. From the same fleet, 124, in Duxbury, Ma. also came Gary Powell who finished fourth in the NAC's. Fred Breekland from Fleet 142 in Norwalk, Ct. who finished tenth in the NAC's and Jack Orr the new First Vice-President of the FSSA from Fleet 24 in Danbury, Ct. also came to compete. In addition, two hot competitors, Ira Cohen and Jim Cavanagh from Fleets 46 and 156 showed up to crew - Ira for Jack Orr and Jim for David Crawley. In all, eight fleets from four states were represented.

The first race was met with a postponement as the winds were fitful and shifty and almost nonexistent. This gave everybody a chance to analyze and make best guesses as to what to expect from the wind. Soon the wind filled in mostly from the Northwest as expected. At the gun many boats seemed to burst across the line at the same time making excellent speed to windward. Unfortunately, the lead boats never looked back to note that a general recall had been signaled. This was fortunate for some of the boats as they were sailing for the wrong mark anyway and unfortunate for a couple of the local boats who were sailing in the lead toward the correct mark. By the time all the boats got back to the starting area a huge change in wind direction necessitated a new course - this time to the Southwest. At the gun everybody started clear. Those boats which tacked to port on early headers were eventually able to tack back on starboard riding a lifted angle to the mark. Those who stayed on starboard found a constantly lifting shift and wound up sailing a great circle course to the mark and ended up in the tail end of the fleet. Jack Orr sailed this course particularly well tacking in phase with the shifts to finish first. David Crawley also sailed well to finish second and Paul-Jon Patin, Jr., an Olympic hopeful, with crew Paul Sr., finished third. John Clark who was to go on to sail an excellent four races, unfortunately incurred a twenty-five point penalty for crossing the start-



Winning crews of Fleet 7's Invitational are shown in a happy mood. Skippers from left top row are: Joe Thorpe, sixth place; Paul-Jon Patin, fifth place; David Crawley, second place; Jack Orr, first place; Gary Powell, third place; John Clark and wife-crew Sue, fourth place. From left lower row crews are: Bill Russell, Paul Patin Sr., Jim Cavanagh, Ira Cohen, Taylor Smith and Peter Fieck who was crew for Fred Breekland, who was absent for this photo. He placed seventh.

finish line on the way to the leeward mark.

The rest of the day was to bring more of the same except that the wind shifted again to the Northwest and provided perplexing shifts and holes all over the course being particularly squirrely around the windward mark which was located under a high point of land. Often boats a short distance from each other near this mark would be on different tacks heading in the same direction. Holes in the wind were to be found everywhere. While some sailors expressed frustration over this phenomena, several of the lake sailors seemed to be taking the conditions in stride.

At the end of the first days three races Gary Powell was in first place with ten and three quarter points, Jack Orr was second with twelve points, Paul-Jon Patin was third with seventeen points and David Crawley was in fourth with nineteen.

After a relaxing cookout at Riverside Yacht Club where frustration were smoothed over with food and drink everyone was ready to resume racing the next day. Sunday provided no change, the wind was still from the Northwest and still shifty, up and down and full of holes. Two races were sailed providing many changes in position from mark to mark but at the end those who were most consistent were at the top of the fleet.

Jack Orr won the regatta with a solid consistent performance. Six and a half points separated him and David Crawley the second place finisher. Gary Powell was third by only a scant three-quarters of a point. John Clark was fourth with only one-and-a-half points

more. John sailed mightily collecting three firsts and a second but could not overcome that first race penalty. The next four boats were also in close competition being separated by one, two and four points.

At the social generously hosted by Pat and Phil Denniston prizes for the first seven finishers were awarded. Jack thanked Fleet 7 for the good racing and hospitality. Congratulations were extended to Ira Cohen who was elected Governor of the Greater New York District on the first day of the regatta. He is eager to get started and has some new ideas he wants to develop for the district. He follows in the footsteps of two excellent previous Governors, Dave Jacobsen and John Pridmore who were both responsible for developing the closeness and comradery evident in the Northeast region today. Dave has gone on to become the new treasurer of the FSSA. John who had returned to England after passing the torch to Dave has returned this summer to rejoin Fleet 7.

Fleet 7 Flying Scot Invitational 1991

1	3877	Jack Orr	20.75
2	1294	David Crawley	27
3	3323	Gary Powell	27.75
4	4499	John Clark	29.25
5	4664	Paul-Jon Patin	38
6	4104	Joe Thorp	39
7	2499	Fred Breekland	41
8	1775	Mario Bonaparte	45
9	213	Allen Lovejoy	54
10	2516	Mark Riefenhauser	56

FSSA New Members

Fleet#	Boat#	Name	Address	CITY	STATE	ZIP
Capitol District						
4698		Samuel & Joyce Bracken	28 Rockledge Road	Wheeling	WV	26003
42	3246	Joseph W. Croot	300 Cape St. John Road	Annapolis	MD	21401
4810		Liz Hancock	1914 Ruxton Road	Baltimore	MD	21204
4562		William & Dale Harris	2010 Albion Road	Midlothian	VA	23113
2886		Allan & Laura Heyward	416 Maple Avenue	Richmond	VA	23226
3731		Grace Machanic	430 S. Fairfax Street	Alexandria	VA	22314
86	2302	J. Hambleton & Eva Palmer	420 Park Creek Court	Pasadena	MD	21122
139	4077	Michael L. Shenck	408 Sweetbriar Drive	Harrisburg	PA	17111
4792		George B. Waginger	111 Macklenburg Drive	Penlyln	PA	19422
2310		Paul M. Willbanks	Route 1 Box 279B	Grasonville	MD	21638
Carolinas District						
0666		Ray Braxton	108 Fletcher Place	Greenville	NC	27858
4732		Jon Britt	1308 Duck Road	Duck	NC	27949
2171		Mark Buckley	612 Mial Street	Raleigh	NC	27608
Greater New York District						
4780		Howard M. Berger	2145 Nottingham Way	Trenton	NJ	08619
4779		Bruce Jay & Elizabeth Berger	263 Hopewell-Amwell Rd.	Hopewell	NJ	08525
4754		Dr. Anthony Carter	93 Williams Road	Cheshire	CT	06410
162	Asc/Sus	Mike Funk	295 N. Maple Avenue	Baskins Ridge	NJ	07920
0952		Dennis J. Jansma	36 Woodland Drive	Lincroft	NJ	07738
162	Asc/Sus	Craig Lambie	6 Aldrich Way	Robbinsville	NJ	08691
7	3061	Mary Ann Murray	28 Wescott Street	Riverside	CT	06878
4279		Robert G. Partridge	61 Haynes Road	West Hartford	CT	06117
162	1763	Charles Placek	121 Brown Avenue	Lakehurst	NJ	08733
4602		Hugh & Leslie Sinclair	147 Wells Road	Granby	CT	06035
173	1480	Greg Thorvaldsen	100 Old Broadway Avenue	Sayville	NY	11782
174	2701	Brett I. Wolfe	21 Stuyvesant Oval #2C	New York	NY	10009
Gulf District						
87	Asc/Sus	Charles A. Barnes	10535A Gulf Beach Hwy.	Pensacola	FL	32507
3429		Dennis R. Leyden	102 Oak Ridge	Starkville	MS	39759
2605		James C. Mann	719 Meadowview Drive	Pell City	AL	35125
4742		Jennifer Matthews	322 Justin Drive	Woodstock	GA	30188
Mich.-Ontario District						
	Asc/Sus	Dr. D. P. Bryce	82 Belmont Street	Toronto	ON	M5R1P8
15	Asc/Sus	Stan McKay	2635 Fraulein Dr.	Richland	MI	49083
1997		James D. Poulos	7126 Grand Pt. Rd.	Alpena	MI	49707
17	2819	Mark C. Weiss	55 Tuoraine Rd.	Grosse Pt Wood	MI	48236
Midwestern District						
140		Jack Deitte	242 Peninsula Road	Medicine Lake	MN	55441
114	Asc/Sus	Chad Dibler	621 Woodlane Avenue	Rockford	IL	61107
114	1487	Chuck Gerlach	3N865 Saddlebrook Drive	St. Charles	IL	60175
100	Asc/Sus	Glen Kuhn	P.O. Box 472	Roscoe	IL	61073
83	Asc/Sus	Ronald Leggitt	5849 Walsh	St. Louis	MO	63109
1034		Timothy Poortenga, Sr.	16310 School St.	South Holland	IL	60473
95	4783	Boyd Wppman	5312 Glenarry Parkway	Edina	MN	55436
135	0319	Bill Vokac	P.O. Box 129	Mansfield	IL	61854
	Asc/Sus	Dick Wallace	1077 Tacoma Beach Rd.	Sturgeon Bay	WI	54235
140	0238	Barry J. Warner	187 Peninsula Road	Medicine Lake	MN	55441
New England District						
1043		G. Arthur Chamberlain, Jr.	Lakeside Off Vaughn St	Middleboro	MA	02346
172	1148	Gary Walker	8 Pond St.	Dover	MA	02030
76	Asc/Sus	Danny Waltuck	12 Larson Farm Rd.	Sharon	MA	02067
New York Lakes District						
1441		Douglas Smith	RR #1 Box 386	Barneveld	NY	13304
Ohio District						
6	4703	Albert Caretto	43 B Bethany Drive	Pittsburgh	PA	15215
4623		Alan & Sura Guttman	5437 Howe Street	Pittsburgh	PA	15232
2738		Thomas E. Sadd	1491 Beaver Road	Sewickley	PA	15143
1	4304	Henry G. Young, Jr.	4724 Middleboro Road	Morrow	OH	45152
Prairie District						
4616		James & Anne Cary	3202 Pleasant Street	Hannibal	MO	63401
Texas District						
170	Asc/Sus	Don Hrazdil	2303 Speedway	Wichita Falls	TX	76308
32	1426	Sidney S. McClendon, III	300 1st City Tower, 1001 Fannin	Houston	TX	77002
3253		Robert L. Reich	13710 Ashridge Drive	Dallas	TX	75240
4241		Larry Spann	504 Fox Trail	Greenville	TX	75401
Florida District						
	Asc/Sus	Dave Asibene	137 Commodore Drive	Jupiter	FL	33477
	Asc/Sus	David C. Palmer	1617 Bunker Hill Drive	Sun City Cente	FL	33573

Tell Tails

Congratulations go to Joe and Patty Thorpe (FS 4104, Fleet 31) on the birth of their second son, Peter Francis Thorpe!

Denise and Chris Swensen (FS 4639, Fleet 42) are proud to present their future crew. Kelsey Anne Swensen, born May 29th, weighing 7 lbs. 4 ozs.

San Diego's third Flying Scot, #460, returned to the water on Friday, October 4th, in the middle of an America's Cup campaign. Graham Hall, her new owner, completed a thorough refurbishment, and took to the bay in a festive display apropos of the start of a new Flying Scot fleet.

Hall, sailing coach for the 'Cup contenders, has been a Flying Scot enthusiast for years. He recently instituted a sailing school for beginning sailors at Point Loma.

The launch and inaugural sail was hailed by his teammates, and joined by other 'Scot sailors in the area, with the first ever Flying Scot flotilla.

Pete Merrifield, Scot National Champion, placed 5th in the Champion of Champions Regatta - Great going! Incidentally, in the last issue Pete wrote an article and I mentioned that contributions to his Olympic team (tax deductible) could be made but the address was not mentioned. These go to: U.S. Olympic Team, Pete Merrifield, c/o 113 Beverly Dr., Bay St. Louis, Mississippi 39520.


Also, Ellen McBride and Steve Fitzgibbons are getting married in Panama City in April.

Caveat Emptor

*Submissions for "Caveat Emptor" must be 50 words or less. A \$15.00 fee is charged per insertion. Advertisements are due **two months** prior to publication date. Contact FSSA, 3008 Millwood Ave., Columbia, S.C. 29205 (803) 252-5646. 1-800-445-8629. Only members of The Flying Scot Sailing Association may advertise in Caveat.*

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(Continued from page 27)

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FS 3962-Douglass-Cream color hull non-glare deck, green trim. Boat and sails are like new; sailed sparingly. Galvanized trailer. \$4,900.00. Call George Rootring, Ohio, 216-879-2686, 216-494-3395 (evenings).

FS 4278-Douglass, white on white with navy stripes. Excellent condition. Sparingly dry-sailed in fresh water. Mahogany centerboard cap. Standard rigging, brand-new red and blue spinnaker. Red mooring cover. Tee-Nee galvanized trailer. Beautiful boat, well cared for. \$5,500 or best offer. Columbus, OH 614-252-3433, or office 461-6634.

FS 4704-Douglass 1990 used only 5 times, Fisher Sails, Harken Blocks. Full Cockpit Cover, Trailer, Day Sailed. As new condition, silver hull, white deck. Fully race equipped. \$7,750. Robert Thompson 2537 Carrollton Rd., Annapolis, MD (301) 267-7299

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