

SEPTEMBER 50c

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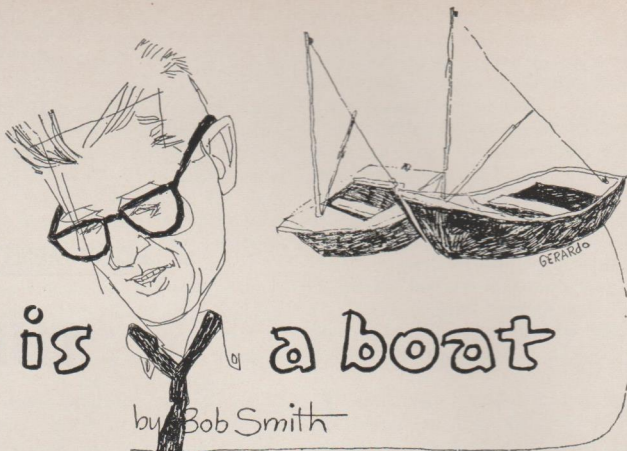
THE MAGAZINE OF SAILBOAT RACING



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.. A boat is a boat

by Bob Smith



In 'Agrarian America': A Flying Scot, A Daily-Double

PHOTOS BY SUE CUMMINGS

Not long ago we had the opportunity to speak of the growing popularity of sail in and around the U.S. We also mentioned that this trend was very noticeable in inland farming areas where in the past, the only function of a yacht was to find and pursue

some variety of fresh water fish. This episode brings us to the "grass roots" of inland sailing for another first hand look at the degree of accuracy in our observations.

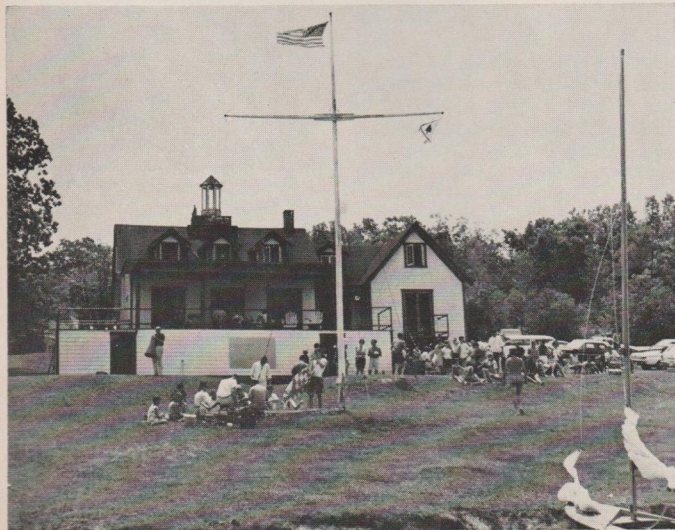
Among the many regatta invitations piled high on our desk was one from

Gordon "Sandy" Douglass to sail the Mid-Atlantic *Flying Scot* Championship at Deep Creek Lake in Oakland, Maryland, on June 24 and 25. When one thinks of sailing in Maryland, the salty, active Chesapeake Bay Area comes to mind immediately, but this event was placed as far west as one could be and still stay in Maryland.

Oakland, high on the Appalachian Shelf, in the middle of a large farming area with hillbillies, mountain music and that sort of jazz, is about as unsalty an area as one can find. There was no question of our being able to see how the sport of small sailboat racing is doing in agrarian America.

As we looked forward to the surprises that the 400-plus miles inland would have for us, we were aware of only one ingredient in this new stew. Sandy Douglass is one of the saltiest and most knowledgeable helmsmen in the tiller mechanic business. He has won races in England and has been a champion in the U.S. in *Thistles*, *International 14's* and other classes. In addition, he is the designer of the *Thistle*, an American boat of distinction, the *Highlander* and the *Flying Scot*, the yacht we were to jockey this weekend. We also knew that he is a refugee from the Great Lakes area and would certainly not live far from a proper yacht racing body of water.

The Deep Creek Yacht Club



The last mountainous, ear-popping hundred miles brought us to a local farm machinery depot where Sandy was waiting. Ten minutes later we had our first look at Deep Creek Lake. It showed us a meandering jewel-like body of water with 83 miles of rural shoreline, perched 2500 feet above sea level. The setting is magnificent.

Sandy deposited the motley crew, stuff and kids, in his new modern summer lake-front home. "Our" yacht was moored at the back door. As we arrived around dinner time (not by plan), Mary Douglass took over and replaced our Flying Scotting practice session with hospitality, food and just good living. You know — there are times when this beats good sailing — particularly after a long dusty drive. We were all perfectly happy to postpone the job of finding the *Flying Scot* tiller etc. until the next morning — during the race. After looking over the Douglass domain it occurred to me that this was "instant yachting," as from bed to starting line takes an elapsed time of about 20 minutes — barring calms and if one gulps breakfast.

Next morning, as usual, arrived too early but we were ready for it this time. The yacht was rigged and sailed to the Deep Creek Yacht Club half a mile away as I located the tiller and found the main sheet arrangement that Sandy swears by and I swore at, later. As I continued to bone-up on the yacht's nomenclature and listened in at the skippers' meeting, Sue collected the bits and pieces that should give us some idea of the club's background.

ACTUALLY, the history of the Deep Creek Yacht Club is vague and confused. The whopping local growth in sailing interest has, however, assumed proportions large enough to make imminent a more inclusive approach to the yacht club and facilities problem. We found that Harry Muma was largely responsible for the introduction of sailing to the area and the building of the facilities on Turkey Neck soon after the lake was filled with water in 1932. Harry, being a good friend of Bill Crosby, was one of the first to build a *Snipe*. Here are some notes taken on the development of sailing at the DCYC.

1932 — 1 *Snipe*, 2 Open Canoes
1933 — five *Snipes*, 4 Canoes. John Murcock, first Commodore. 1934 — added five *Seagulls*. 1942 — 15 *Snipes* plus *Penguins* and *Seagulls*.

During the war the DCYC was used

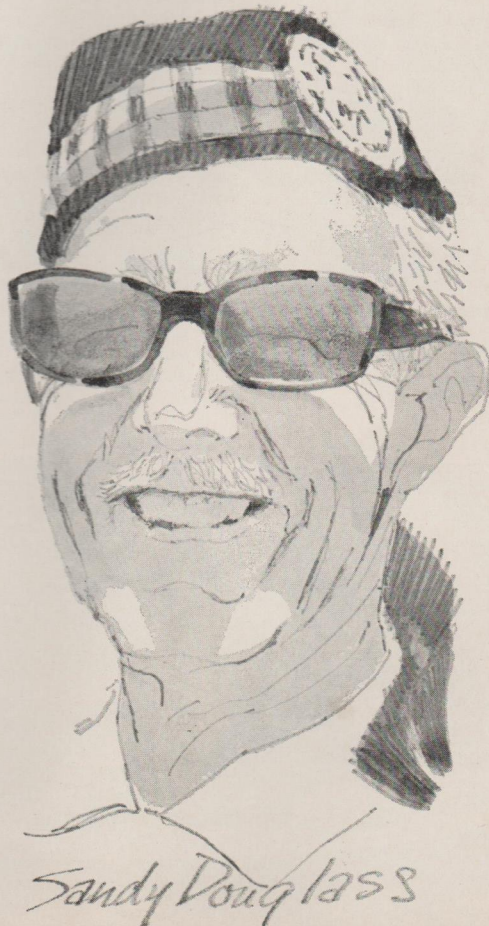
in the summer as a pre-induction camp by the Sea Scouts training for service in the Navy and Coast Guard.

1948 — *Rebel* fleet made its appearance; 1952 — *Thistle* fleet became established; 1958 — *Flying-Scot* became established and since has become the largest fleet on Deep Creek Lake — now 19 boats. Howard Buchanan is the present Commodore.

The setting and layout of this yacht club is such that it could easily be one of the finest small lake sailing centers anywhere. It is a natural. Any encouragement from local people in addition to the local yachtsmen could produce an installation of which the whole countryside would be proud. It is rare that one runs into a situation that is so ripe and ready for this kind of sailing development.

It was both amazing and gratifying to see more than 50 entries, involving not only *Flying Scots* but *Snipes*, *Jet 14's* and *Rebels*, assemble from as far away as Cleveland and North Carolina for this mountain country regatta.

While the lake covers many square miles, it is shaped like a series of worms that cross each other at various points in the process of following the valleys between the hills. Being in a mountainous region it produces the typical small lake racing conditions of headers and lifts with blast and calm. If one is patient, a windward leg could be sailed by just changing tacks without altering course. While I am not used to this "tack-on-the-header" type of racing, it was a pleasant change from the grind-it-out concentration so important in a steady wind, boatspeed





Deep Creek Lake from shore

race. A minute and a half representing a long tack is not bothersome but when flying a spinnaker in a hard breeze, a good foredeck man can keep you upright more readily than a good helmsman. A full run can become a tight reach and then by-the-lee in rapid, ever-changing succession. In fact, the small lake sailing technique keeps everybody busy — all the time.

Our race course was meandering and picturesque as it threaded its way from one finger of lake to another, around points of land and in and out of quiet bays and anchorages.

One thing we did remember from our Duster New Jersey bash, was seeing the contestants wait on shore until

just before the first gun is ignited and then make the headlong dash from yacht club lawn to starting line 100 feet away, raising sail on the way. We did the same.

When Deep Creek Lake stopped vibrating from the three shotgun blasts that signaled people to commence yacht racing, Sandy (foredeck man), Sue (jib maneuverer) and I (tiller wiggler) proceeded to ply our trade to protect a good starting position amongst 19 Flying Scotters. We messed, I mean meshed, so well that our position improved to a shakey first place at the weather mark.

It was all so exciting and hectic with 10, 20, 12, 50, 35 degree shifts

in the puffy air, that we forgot to hook up the chute. Once it was flying however, Sandy showed me what an expert he is at following every downwind shift with the kite as we kept opening up on the rest of the fleet. Our reward was a 50-yard lead at mark number two. We proceeded to blow it like hackers by sailing to wrong mark number three.

Now eight or nine in the hit parade on the twice around multi-legged course, we cranked up our headers and lifts, but fingerprints in the varnish of the tiller and went after the leaders. Everything seemed to work out pretty well and we managed to overhaul them before running out of race course for the Ol' Man of the Sea's first Scottish first on Deep Creek Lake.

In a wind that got pretty husky at times we toiled up for race number two — with our mouths full of hot dog. It was to be the same scenic cruise but only once around this time. As the starting blast blasted I was already on my way to the weather mark. The race committee was looking so it seemed wise to try again. After all voted "aye" we made an unopposed restart in a snug next to last place, chasing the pack around the lake with much diligence and fortitude. Sandy's *Flying Scot*, which he swears is just the same as all the others, and I'm sure it is, just seems to go faster. So with nimble handling of the hard shifting, puffy wind we managed a second place finish on the transom of Nate Dreyer, the winner.

Nate was second to finish in the first race so here we were in a cliff-hanger again with the first place jewelry and pickle dish resting on the results of Sunday morning's third and final race.

A folksy picnic on the yacht club grounds was the schedule for Saturday evening. Amid kids, dogs, picnic baskets and barber shop singing, we had a splendid time. This was quite a change from the usual bar parties featured at most large posh yacht clubs. It was even more enjoyable Sunday morning when we woke up bright-eyed, bushy-tailed and ready to "have at it" with competition of any ilk and caliber.

The wind again was strong in the surges and when the starting noise was over we were in a nifty first place position. Not wanting to repeat yesterday's butchered start and concentrating on match racing Dreyer, we were

She is a "big" roomy boat . . .



able to fit the pieces together. By going a teeny bit faster than the rest of the fleet and marking the race circular with huge X's, signifying turning marks, we stayed out of trouble. A comfortable first for the race, a top point score and a silver pot on the end of a *Flying Scot* rainbow were the rewards. Nate was 2nd to wrap up second overall and Emmett Echols was third.

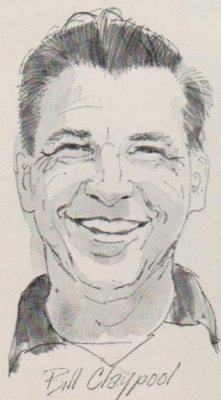
For the Ol' Man of the Sea, things have been good and bad, but with two in a row they can't get much better. The only way now is DOWN.

THE CLASS

The *Flying Scot* was designed by Gordon Douglass after he had created the *Thistle* and the *Highlander*. She was introduced to the boating public in 1957. The yacht obviously filled a need, as a class association was formed soon after and the growth in boat numbers progressed at a steady rate. There are now between 700 and 800 boats among more than 40 fleets in the U.S. and Canada.

The story of the *Flying Scot* is really the story of a man. Sandy Douglass is one of the most indefatigable, dedicated and determined fathers of any class or boat we have ever seen. There is no facet or activity, from designing, building, shipping, selling, promoting, demonstrating, to successful racing, involving the *Scot* that he hasn't done well. At boat shows, if the yacht is there, Sandy is too. His "crusade" has been successful and should continue to be with this vital force behind it.

The *Flying Scot* group is one of the most one-design classes in the U.S. Everything, with very few exceptions, is controlled by a set of well written specs and rules. This includes some of the not-so-good things as well as all the good.



... and planes readily

THE BOAT

WHETHER you agree or disagree with the Douglass yacht — it ain't gonna change — and a lot of people like it this way. Particularly those who race more casually and do not want to delve into the more scientific aspects that might improve the speed of a particular yacht. In this area there are obviously points on which Sandy and I disagree, but I thoroughly admire the way this Scotsman sticks to his guns — through victory and defeat. He is a superb gentleman with great determination.

The Class publication, "*Scots n' Water*", keeps the members informed and is well edited. The organization is a well knit family with a great deal of enthusiasm and warmth. They are mostly adults as the nature of the boat is such that its appeal is to this group. The *Flying Scot* organization should continue to grow among the people for whom the boat was designed.

It is not an easy job to publicly examine this yacht in a clinical manner as I have a strange feeling that my good friend Sandy is looking over my shoulder. However, here it is, through my undedicated eyes.

The *Flying Scot* was designed as a roomy, safe day sailer with extreme stability, that could be raced in a one-design class with reasonably good performance. Most yachts are compromises of some sort or another but this one has "family type" as its prime goal. It takes care of a large one too.

She is basically a high-sided scow with the addition of a fine entry (point forward above the waterline) to make her more sea-kindly. At deck level forward, she again becomes round to increase her "size". In my opinion she is the largest, roomiest 19 footer (7' ket today.

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