

SCOTS 'N' WATER

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE FLYING SCOT® SAILING ASSOCIATION

VOLUME 54 NUMBER 4 2010

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Attention Web Surfers / E-mail Users:
The FSSA Flying Scot Website has the latest information.

Visit it at <http://www.fssa.com> with your favorite browser.

The Email address for regatta notices and regatta results to be published in *Scots n' Water* is info@fssa.com. Visit the site frequently to view updated information! Please save all articles submitted for publication in ASCII Text, Word or WordPerfect format.

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From the President

Charles Buffington, FS 5347



Our recent demographic survey found that about 30% of Flying Scot Sailing Association members use their boat “primarily for day sailing.” These members are very important to the success of our organization. These sailors are similar to the entire group in terms of age (primarily 50 to 70 years old) and how long they’ve owned the boat (most bought in the past decade). They tend to sail with spouse and children (or by themselves!), to sail fewer times per year, to race occasionally, and to not be a member of the local fleet. Almost all say they have a roadworthy trailer. They value FSSA membership primarily for *Scots n’ Water*, for the Web site, and for our strong one-design philosophy. They are interested in learning more about boat handling, boating safety, and going fast.

One of the beauties of sailing is that it’s a lifelong sport that offers the opportunity to master interesting problems on the water. You’ve heard the saying that “the Scot is an easy boat to sail but a hard boat to sail well.” All of us can benefit from a focus on sail-trim techniques and boat-handling skills. Little things like learning how to use the telltales on the leech of your mainsail to avoid over-trimming the main will make your boat go a lot faster. Knowing how to back off a dock is a handy skill to

have when the dock is crowded. I’ll bet you know things about sailing that you could share with the Scot community. Why not write an article on basic sail trim or boat handling for *S n’ W*?

From a similar standpoint, *where* you go in your Scot is a potential source of a lot of fun and memories. We still talk—like it was yesterday—about a four-day cruise in the Thousand Island section of the St. Lawrence River that Graham Hall organized in 2004. (“I think it’s a whitecap, but it could be a rock with seagulls on it, too.”) The Scot is a perfect boat for gunkholing in protected waters. Why not organize an expedition with a few other boats to somewhere you haven’t sailed before? Take lunch and swimsuits. Take the neighbors! Take the dog! And when you get back, enter the details of your adventure in the Cruising section of the FSSA Web site so other Scot sailors can take advantage of your “local knowledge.”

The Scot is also a perfect boat for families. It’s stable, comfortable, and roomy. Be sure to read Sydney Berger’s account—elsewhere in this issue—of growing up in a Scot. She’s 15 years old and loves sailing. I wish we could clone her, because she’s the future of Scot sailing. Getting involved at an early age seems to have been important for Sydney. Having the opportunity to blow

the horn on the committee boat and drive a crash boat around like Wonder Woman can’t hurt, either.

Organized sports, such as soccer and baseball, provide tough competition for family sailing. Of course, every kid needs to have the experience of being part of a sports team, but enough is enough. Pledges to attend all practices and games are common and create a situation that dominates many traditional activities, such as family dinners during the week and family sails on Sunday. If you want a sport that teaches kids to think for themselves, to play by the rules, and to learn to deal with disappointment, it’s hard to beat sailboat racing. Just say no to the idea of wrapping the family’s summer schedule around a travel baseball team. Instead, say, “Where would you like to go sailing this weekend?”

A final comment about the survey results: many owners who use their boat primarily for day sailing are not part of the local fleet. In some cases, there isn’t a local fleet, but if there is, I would encourage all Scot owners to join it. Fleets can provide a social network that greatly enhances the sailing experience. And fleets need to design programs and events for the day sailors as well as the racers. Remember that variety is the spice of life, and the opportunities for sailing adventures are limitless. ▲



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Price is \$25.00 plus \$6.00 S&H. To order please call FSSA at (800) 445-8629

From the Editor

Kay Summerfield



I would like to take this opportunity to thank all of those who submitted articles and photos this year.

The following awards were presented at this year's NAC's in Ephraim, Wisconsin:

BEST NON-PROFESSIONAL PHOTO

Jim Starr
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PERSON WHO CONTRIBUTED THE MOST

Diane Kampf
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The Awesome Sailing Adventures of Sydney Berger, Age 15

Sydney Berger, FS 5846

I grew up in a family of sailors. My father was a sailing instructor for several summers at the Admiral Farragut Academy on Toms River, New Jersey. My grandfather has owned so many boats, you can't even count them on two hands. It seemed only fitting that I would one day follow them in their love of sailing.

When I was nine years old, I spent the summer with my grandparents, who enrolled me at the Island Heights Yacht Club, located on the Toms River. I have vivid childhood memories of being dumped out of my Opti into the "cedar colored" Toms River and watching my boat slowly sail away. One would think these instances would have cooled any passion or fervor for sailing. Wrong! If anything, they fueled my passion.

From the Opti to the Sunfish and now, finally, I have graduated to being crew and sometimes skipper (this only occurs downwind with the spinnaker flying) for my father on his Flying Scot. I have had several exciting (sometimes insane, or just flat-out scary) experiences with him and some even on my own. One experience that sticks out clear as a bell is the time my father and his friend Jason raced the *Flying Phil* in Barnegat Bay, New Jersey. That day was the first day I had ever seen—much less experienced—whitecaps. Lo and behold, the day started out terribly, with stormy skies, pelting rain, screeching winds, and rocking waves that were threatening to tip us into the water. The rain and the water from the splashing waves started to gather in the boat. We began to take on more water than we could bail out. All of a sudden, my father (who had the bailer in one hand and was bailing



out water as quick as a lightning bolt) had a look of surprise: the bailer, which was full of water, cracked into two, leaving only the handle remaining in his hand. This occurred prior to the very first race! Right then, I knew our day would definitely be one for the books. When we finished the first race, we tacked away from the finish line to try to dump some of the water out of the boat using makeshift bailers. Since we were far away from the starting line, we never heard the warning gun or even the countdown. Much to our surprise, as we were heading back to the start line, the whole fleet was bearing down on us. Not only that, but they were on starboard tack and here we were on port. We thought our luck could not get worse, but suddenly the starting gun sounded and, as we had just passed the pin, we were off and successfully leading the way to the first mark. Unfortunately, our luck did not hold for the rest of the race, but the first leg was fun!

I have joined my father for the last three years sailing at the Nockamixon Sail Club

at Lake Nockamixon in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Originally we sailed his *Flying Phil*, but recently our new boat, *Yo Buddy!*, has replaced that boat. The sailing at Nockamixon is different from what my father and I are used to, due to the ever-changing wind conditions on the 1,450-acre lake. My father and I love sailing in heavy wind, since you get a rush from speed. However, at Lake Nockamixon you can start a race with wind and then it will just taper off. This is not ideal for when you are further up in the fleet, as everyone always catches up! There have also been plenty of times when we have sat for hours trying to finish just one race with no wind in store.

Usually if there looks to be no wind picking up anytime in the near future, and we have already sailed one race, this is my cue to have some fun and be adventurous. "What do you mean by fun?" one might ask. Well, my definition would be to cannonball or do swan dives off the side of our

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A MIDWINTER'S TALE

George Robinson and Paul Lee

Note from Paul Lee:

I've been meaning to send this story to Scots n' Water for years now—in fact, for decades. This story was written by my dear friend George Robinson back in 1988. It's a funny commentary on our trip to the Midwinters that I think people might enjoy.

George was a great contributor to the Detroit Yacht Club's Flying Scot program for many years. He always helped keep our fleet up and running. Unfortunately, George passed away this spring. His passing has spurred me to rewrite this article in Word format and submit it to Scots n' Water.

The following account is actually two tales; one is an automotive saga, and the other is an account of a series of sailboat races. Although each could stand alone, I will combine them into a single chronological account, because that is the easiest way for me to recall the significant events.

First, the cast of characters: the skipper is one Paul Lee, an athletic, young (22-year-old) man, currently a member of the U.S. Coast Guard, who has been sailing small boats since he was a toddler. Crew (and writer) is a rather flabby man in his mid-sixties whose chief claim to fame in the sailing world is some mechanical ability and a willingness to follow orders with enthusiasm, if not always with competence.

Second, the location: St. Andrews Bay, a part of the Inland Waterway in the Florida Panhandle on the Gulf of Mexico. The bay itself is about 15 miles long by perhaps 5 miles wide. The

host club, where we camped, is the St. Andrews Bay Yacht Club, a very nice facility with only one drawback: the showers were always cold.

Third, the event: the Flying Scot Midwinter Championship, an annual race series of near-national status. This year's regatta involved 56 boats from around the country (we were the only Michigan entry), divided into two divisions, Challenger and Championship. We elected to race in the Championship fleet since Paul had already taken trophies in the Challenger division in other regattas and felt ready to sail with the "big boys."

We set out from Detroit the evening of Saturday, March 26, **1988**, towing a brand-new Flying Scot (19-foot centerboard sloop) with a 1979 Mercury Capri equipped with a high-mileage, 2.3-liter 4-cylinder engine. I admitted to some concerns about the ability of this poor little machine to tow 1,000 lbs of boat 1,100 miles to Florida—and back—but my skipper assured me that it would be "a piece of cake."

At any rate, we got under way at about 5:30 P.M. and headed south. It soon became apparent that the engine had an oil consumption problem. I might have guessed that from the fact that Paul took a case of oil along with us when we left Detroit. At any rate, we added about two quarts of oil every 200 miles. Most of the oil wound up on the boat, which was very well lubricated by the time we reached the site of the regatta.

We arrived at the club about 12:30 Sunday afternoon, after roughly 19 hours of continuous driving, mostly by Paul. By then, it was apparent that the

oil loss was due to a blown valve-cover gasket, which we planned to replace before the return trip.

Being early (the regatta wasn't due to start until Monday), we were able to get our new sails measured in before the rush. We then set up our tent, a nice four-man outfit that Paul had borrowed from the Coast Guard. (It still isn't clear to me why the USCG should stock tents, but it certainly worked out well for us.) Finally, we rigged the boat and went for a sail. It was beautiful. The air was 10 to 15 mph, waves were minimal, and everything worked perfectly. We took the boat out of the water, hopped in the car, and went out to eat. Turns out, everything in this part of Florida is closed on Sunday except for one Dairy Queen restaurant, where we had a couple of overpriced 99-cent hamburgers, and a small grocery store where we bought supplies for the week (two loaves of bread, a package each of baloney and salami and cheese, a jar of mustard, and a case of Busch beer).

Following a good night's sleep and a nourishing breakfast of baloney sandwiches and beer, we launched the boat again. (Note: to save repetition, let me indicate here that we pulled the boat out every night after sailing and re-launched the following day, with one exception to be noted later.)

Monday's schedule included two short practice races, which we sailed with perhaps 20 other boats while other contestants were still arriving (because the first official race wasn't until Tuesday at 2:00 P.M.). The wind was still 10 to 15, and we did well, finish-

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ing about fourth in both races, and the sails looked beautiful. Monday night we went out to eat (the town now being open) at a place recommended by our friend Linda Armstrong—a seafood restaurant called J Michaels. The food was simply great, and Paul thought the waitresses were super-beautiful (I agreed). As it turned out, this was the high point of the entire trip.

Tuesday morning, after our usual breakfast, we found an auto parts store, bought a new valve-cover gasket, installed it, and felt our car problems were solved. There was one minor incident where the engine failed to run after starting, but this didn't recur (yet).

All this time, Paul had been trying to think of a suitable name for our boat. He finally decided to call her No Excuse, which seemed appropriate since we had a new boat and new sails. We put the new name on the transom with strips of duct tape.

Meanwhile the wind had started to build and, by noon, was about 20 and gusting. As we sailed out to the course, we began to have some reservations. With the wind as strong as it was, we were frequently overpowered and couldn't keep the boat flat. Most of the other boats were carrying three people (a couple had four!) and we just didn't have enough weight. We had a good start but were last at the weather mark and last at the finish. When we got back to shore, Paul removed the name from the transom.

Wednesday again dawned bright and beautiful, with moderate air, and we decided to find a Laundromat to dry our clothes (we had returned completely soaked the day before [and also every day thereafter]). However, the car failed to start – acted as if the ignition switched off. A detailed survey of the under-hood wiring (as detailed as possible, considering that the entire engine compartment was thickly coated with engine oil) and disassembly of the ignition switch failed to reveal anything.

The schedule Wednesday called for two races sailed “back to back,” starting at 1:00 P.M. By then, of course, the wind was blowing hard and our Tuesday

experience was repeated. We may have beaten one boat, but I can't be sure because I was completely exhausted. Actually, though Paul is a lot younger than I, he had it much harder—since he had to continually play the main to keep the leeward rail above the water—so we were both in the same pitiful state.

Wednesday evening we attended an “Oyster Bar” sponsored by Fisher Sails. Neither of us had ever eaten an oyster, and we probably wouldn't have then, except that we'd promised our friend Chris Henry, Jr., that we would have some for him. (Chris had originally planned to sail with Paul, but a knee problem had prevented it—hence my participation.) I am still convinced that the first human ever to eat an oyster was starving to death. A couple of ladies were removing these little creatures from a large wooden tub, prying their shells open, removing one-half of the shell, running a knife around the poor little body (still living, I presume), and placing them on my plate, while I watched in a state of shock. By the time I realized what was happening, the ladies had given me five oysters! Paul had even more – either braver than I or slower to react, I guess. Anyhow, having promised Chris and being men of honor, we proceeded to eat every one. Both of us concluded that oysters are highly overrated and that we would never eat another (unless starving, of course).

Thursday morning, after added fruitless attempts to start the car, Paul called a local dealer, who sent a wrecker and towed it away to fix it. The dealer called shortly after to report that the car ran fine and he couldn't fix something that was working. Paul subsequently got a ride to the dealership and drove the car back to the club. It worked fine, and the problem remained a mystery.

The races—again two back-to-back with wind in the 20s—were a virtual repeat of our Wednesday experience, although there were two noteworthy events. About two minutes before the start of the first race, we were reaching along the line at the stern of the committee boat when something felt strange to me. I turned around to see

what Paul was doing and was dismayed to find myself all alone in the boat. I dropped the jib sheet and headed for the tiller when suddenly Paul's head appeared over the stern. Turns out he had dropped the tiller to sheet in the main and had slid gently off the boat. He immediately scrambled aboard and yelled “Tack!” at me, so I knew things were back to normal again. I believe we beat several boats in that race.

However, the second race was the really memorable one. We were running along beautifully on the final leeward leg, planing frequently, with the spinnaker drawing like a dream, when Paul decided to jibe the boat. I swung the boom over and was reaching for the spinnaker pole when Paul said, “[expletive deleted], we're going over!” This was immediately apparent to me, too. Paul went over the high side and I paused to reach down for the halyard winch crank. This turned out to be a wasted move, because the crank headed for the bottom of the bay just before I did. We had broached, and the wind on the exposed bottom of the boat was enough to turtle it, right then. We got up on the bottom of the boat, caught our breath, put our fingers in the centerboard slot, and brought the boat back up...but not for long. It immediately blew over again. By then, I was becoming a little discouraged and completely “pooped.” So pooped, in fact, that I was unable to swim 10 feet to the crash boat that was now on the scene. Paul literally saved my life by towing me over to the crash boat, where I was hauled aboard. For the record, neither of us wore a life jacket because they “got in the way.” Don't think I will do that again.

All that remained was to get a line from the crash boat to our Scot, right it, and tow it home. This, of course, was non-trivial in winds now about 25. However, the boat was righted, and, with Paul standing on the aft deck to keep the bow out of the water, we headed for home. One of the fellows on the crash boat joined Paul, and Paul started bailing. He had the boat about half empty when the tow boat made a sudden change in speed; the inertia of the water

remaining in the boat caused the bow to go under, and the boat went over once more. Rather than continue this heart-breaking tale, let me conclude by saying that Paul finally succeeded in righting and bailing and had the boat nearly dry by the time we reached the club. We left the boat in the water Thursday night, saving our remaining strength for an hors d'oeuvres/cocktail party hosted by Shurr Sails.

Friday was to have been the final race of the regatta, and the weather remained the same—or even a little heavier. Seeing this, the race committee, in its wisdom, cancelled the race. We, of course, voiced our objections (“Who’s afraid of a little air?”) but were greatly relieved.

Paul decided to get an early start home rather than stay for the awards banquet, hoping to reach Detroit by Saturday morning, in time to race in the Detroit Yacht Club Spring Series (with different crew, you may be sure—this one was all used up). Accordingly, we struck camp, loaded the boat on the trailer, and were on the road by 2:30 P.M. Florida (Central) time.

Things went well for about 400 miles, although we began using more oil than anticipated. Disaster struck at about 9:30 that evening, in northern Alabama. We were cruising along I-65 at 75 mph when the mystery disease struck again. The engine ignition suddenly failed, as it had last Wednesday. Fortunately, we were able to coast to the next off ramp and came to a stop about 100 feet off the expressway, in the middle of nowhere. Well, almost nowhere. On the opposite side of the expressway was a brightly lighted plant (Copeland Chemical), and we could see at least one person over there. Paul walked over (wading through the median, which was partially flooded with rain water [did I mention that it was raining?]) and returned with the news that a tow truck was on its way. Sure enough, in about half an hour the truck arrived (Winkles Shell and Wrecker Service), with a very helpful driver. He elected to tow the car and the boat together. Before starting, he called on his CB radio to

make a reservation for us in the Motel Hartselle—Hartselle being his home base and the only town around. He then towed us to the station, parked the boat in one of the station’s service bays, drove us to the motel, and said he would pick us up in the morning and drive us back to the station where we could get the engine fixed. Great! After checking in, we walked across the street to what appeared to be a party store to buy a six-pack, only to discover that we were stranded in one of the few dry counties in Alabama. Not great! Anyhow, we did get a much-needed good night’s sleep.

True to his promise, the tow-truck driver showed up at about 7:30 Saturday morning and hauled us back to the station, where several mechanics made themselves available. Of course, now the engine started and ran with no evidence of any ignition problem! After watching it run for about an hour and wiggling every wire in sight with no effect, we decided to install a new ignition coil. This wasn’t entirely without logic, since the coil did seem to be running hotter than normal. At any rate, we felt better having done something, and we resumed our journey.

We were again back to our quart-per-100-miles oil consumption, and when we made our first stop in the next county (to restock beer), I noticed a slow but steady flow of oil at the front of the engine. Apparently the front cover gasket or front oil seal, or both, had now gone. This is when our luck turned bad. We proceeded from one oil stop to another, occasionally adding some gasoline, and listened to the hydraulic valve lifters clatter ever more loudly. Just north of Toledo (Ohio), having optimistically passed the last gas station exit, we lost all oil pressure and things began to get really loud. Since we could no longer hear the radio, even at full volume, we pulled off at the next exit whose sign indicated “gas.” Turns out there had been a gas station there, but apparently it had closed in the late ‘70s. Not daring to shut the engine off (it was, after all, still running), Paul circled around the defunct

station and crossed to a lighted building on the other side of the highway. Unfortunately, no one was there. Paul considered breaking in, in hopes of setting off a burglar alarm and thereby bringing the police. But I vetoed this. Anyhow, we were again fortunate to have a truck stop for our frenzied waving (after we were nearly run over by several cars whose occupants obviously didn’t like our looks [I can’t say that I blamed them, considering our appearance at the time.]). The driver said he would get us some oil, and he did—a gallon milk carton containing a sticky black substance which he assured us was “good oil.” Actually, neither of us was too concerned about oil quality by then—it didn’t stay in the engine long enough to make any difference.

Under way once more, with half of the milk carton’s contents in reserve, we made another mile or two before the oil pressure again hit zero; we paused long enough to add the last of our oil and then kept going. By this time the sound of the engine was truly impressive. We could hear every rod and bearing—or the places where they had once been—and all of the lifters were long gone. Simply amazing that it continued to run! However, rather than push our luck (luck?), we finally pulled off at Luna Pier (six miles north of the Michigan/Ohio border) as the last of the oil poured out of the poor little engine. We parked in front of the only visible signs of life, a small building housing Pisano’s Pizza Restaurant. Seemed like a good place to stop for supper, it being about 10:30 P.M.

I was resigned by then to spending the weekend at Pisano’s, but Paul hadn’t given up yet. To my amazement, he called our friend Chris Henry in Detroit, explained our problem, and asked if Chris would drive the 60 miles to us and tow the boat back to the Detroit Yacht Club. I’m really not sure how I would have responded to the request, but Chris—bless him!—arrived a little after midnight, hooked up to the trailer, and took us home. Paul left his car parked, appropriately, next to

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Choo Choo Regatta 2010

Privateer Yacht Club – Flying Scot Fleet 13

Rob Fowler

April is usually a very active month for weather in the southeast, and sailing regattas held this time of year typically get to see a wide range of conditions over the course of a weekend. The Choo Choo Regatta for Flying Scots, sailed out of Privateer Yacht Club in Chattanooga, Tennessee, was no exception. A fleet of local boats and boats from Illinois, Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina competed in the first Dixie Lakes District circuit regatta of 2010 under challenging conditions. Race one had the fleet sailing a windward-leeward course in northerly winds of around 8 knots. At the end of the first race, local sailor Ed Craig led the standings, followed closely by Scott Cline and Tom Clark, both of Privateer's Fleet 13.

Between race one and race two, the wind shifted 90 degrees, complicating the task of setting up a fair racecourse. The race committee eventually opted for a triangular configuration that kept the racers from having to sail in the lee of the ridge-line defining the west side of the lake. Once race two started, it was evident that the skippers who had figured out the northerly winds were not quite as lucky with winds out of the west. Several boats that had brought up the rear in the first race were seen rounding the first weather mark in great shape, leaving a couple of the leaders in trouble. By the end of the second beat, the top five from the first race had made up significant ground and were challenging the leaders. After a few severe oscillations in wind direction and strength, local MC sailor and boat builder Steve Sherman hung on to win, followed by Sam Secrest of Keowee Sailing Club in South Carolina and



Tom Clark.

The wind shifted again prior to race three, this time coming out of the southwest. By this time, most of the visiting crews had toured almost the entire PYC sailing area. The race committee set marks to the southwest and northeast, and sent the sailors on another windward-leeward venture. The course was shortened by one leg due to a dying breeze, and by the time Steve Sherman crossed the finish line in first place, the wind had veered to the southeast. There was an opportunity for everyone to be in the right place at the right time, and boats skippered by Scott Cline and then Ben Williams did just that, finishing 2nd and 3rd, respectively.

After the racing, we all enjoyed a great Italian-style family dinner, followed by numerous cold adult beverages and some tall tales told around the bar by firearms aficionados Stewart Cofield and Paul Healy. ("Hey, man, my cannon is bigger than yours!")

Sunday dawned clear and cool with rock-steady 12-knot winds from the northeast...straight down the lake... finally! The race committee set up a long modified-windward-leeward course, started the race, and sat back to watch the action. The mid-leg start-finish line proved to be a great place to view the race, and the photographer aboard the pontoon boat got some great shots of a really competitive Flying Scot fleet in action. Ed Craig and his brother Tom got the start of the weekend and blasted out to a 20-boat-length lead over fellow PYC members Scott Cline and Bill Simons. The downwind leg saw several changes in position, but the Craigs' FS 3866 continued to stretch the lead and eventually won the race by half a leg. Second, third, and fourth places were hotly contested, as each boat found a puff or a streak that would move it close to second place. At the bottom gate, boats rounded going left and right, providing a good amount of speculation on the race committee boat as to who would profit most. In the end, Cline grabbed second place, Sherman finished third, and Williams finished in fourth.

With Craig leading the regatta by one

point, and Cline and Sherman tied for second, the fifth and final race of the day--and probably the best race I've seen in a while--got under way. The fleet pushed the line hard at the start, and only a well-timed wave placed the starting pin in front of the pack and saved the race committee from putting up the general recall flag. Two boat lengths to windward of the starting line, the yelling started, and one boat dropped out of the herd and began to do a penalty turn. It was Steve Sherman, who was being protested by Scott Cline. After doing his turns, Steve made a run to the edge of the racecourse looking for a lucky shift, but he never got one. Meanwhile the winner of race four was being pushed hard by FS 5152, sailed by Cline and Simons. Several times the two leaders came together on opposite tacks, never crossing. One would tack safely to leeward and the other would tack for clear air. They finally rounded the windward mark and offset within



feet of each other and continued to do battle on the downwind leg. The Craigs kept their wind clear, but Cline finally maneuvered into a slightly better streak of wind toward the inside of the course and passed Craig as they went by the race committee boat. The two found the leeward gate within seconds of each other, with Craig going right toward the shoreline and Cline heading toward the middle of the lake. The start-finish line was closed except to finishing boats, so Cline finally had to tack back to the right, and the shoreline forced Craig to do the same to the left. With Cline leading by a couple of boat lengths, the boats converged and, before they could cross,

a lift coming off the shore put them even once again. Cline tacked to starboard and below Craig, and the two teams continued toward the windward mark side by side. After a couple of tacks by FS 5152, the two boats rounded the mark together, Cline on the outside with speed, Craig on the inside, pinching as hard as he could. As Cline cleared Craig's boat and the mark, Craig desperately tried to avoid hitting the buoy. Unfortunately he was not successful, and the crew of FS 3866 found themselves doing a penalty turn before finding the offset and heading downwind. Meanwhile, boats in third and fourth place were converging on the top mark in a hurry, putting the Craig team--currently leading the regatta by a slim margin--under even more pressure. With clear air and no one pushing him, Scott Cline sailed his own race and never looked back, finishing well ahead of the rest of the fleet. Meanwhile, Ben Williams of Champagne, Illinois, and

Tom Clark of Chattanooga closed the gap on Craig, passing him about halfway down the last leeward leg. Williams and his crew got their psychedelic pink-and-blue spinnaker tuned for maximum speed, and at the finish it was Williams, Clark, and then Craig ending up a disappointing fourth place.

Scott Cline and Bill Simons would go on to win the event, followed by Craig in second, Sherman in third, Williams in fourth, and Clark in fifth place. District Governor Charlie Fowler handed out mimosas and then rum-and-okes to start the awards ceremony, and everyone went home feeling a bit weary but wearing big smiles. ▲

The 2nd Annual Grits 'N' Haggis Regatta & The 2010 Dixie Lakes District Championship

Sam Secret, FS 3979



Scott Cline, winner of the first-ever Grits 'n' Haggis Regatta in 2009, takes 1st place at the 2nd Annual Grits 'n' Haggis held May 15 & 16, 2010. John Kreidler is the 2010 champion of the Dixie Lakes District.

Friday afternoon before the regatta was a busy time as members of Fleet 193 gathered to make final preparations for the weekend. Through the evening, we met arriving guests with a spread of hors d'oeuvres that were delicious, including smoked salmon and conch fritters.

This year the rain stayed away, but twenty-four boats from seven states (South Carolina, North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Illinois, and Pennsylvania) ven-

tured to the westernmost county in South Carolina for Flying Scot racing. For the second year in a row, Scott Cline and Bill Simon of Chattanooga (Tennessee) and the Privateer Yacht Club won the event and took home the traveling trophy.

Local knowledge for the members of Keowee Sailing Club (KSC) was not of any help, because normally "the wind never comes from that direction." The wind was out of the south-southeast at 6 to 8 knots and very shifty. It remained there for three races on Saturday, with the final race being shortened as the wind died. The windward mark was especially troublesome, as the approach was riddled with shifts. Those sailors consistently doing well with the shifts were, from 1st to 5th in the over-

all Grits 'n' Haggis, Tom Lawton from Lake Norman YC, Scott Cline from Privateer YC, Charles Buffington (president of the Flying Scot Sailing Association) from Pittsburgh (Pennsylvania), Ben Williams from Clinton Lake Sailing Association, and John Kreidler of Western Carolina Sail Club. At the end of three races, Lawton looked like a sure bet to win the Grits 'n' Haggis.

For the Dixie Lakes Districts, the entrants had to be members of FSSA and sail in the Dixie Lakes District. At Saturday's end, Kevin & Ellen Meechan of KSC and John Kreidler (of Western Carolina Sail Club) & Joe Brake were tied for 1st place, followed by 2009 champions Sandy & Keith Eustis of KSC.

After the racing, a thunderstorm skirted

the area and hid the Blue Ridge Mountains from view while the racers got to the beer keg and munchies. After an hour of talking to old friends and meeting new ones, dinner was ready. The group of volunteers organized by Ray Tobias had set up an all-you-can-eat taco buffet and brownies made by my crew, Sharon Hamilton, who can fly the spinnaker as well as make world-class brownies.

Sunday morning came with a cool breeze. The crystal-clear waters of Lake Keowee showed ripples, but the question on everyone's mind was, "Will there be wind?" Charlie and Nancy Fowler were furnishing the Flying Scot Communion of Mimosas in the parking lot. Sailors were eating breakfast, but none were brave enough to ask for the Haggis. There was a fresh can at the ready to be heated up, should a brave bagpiper show up. By 9:30 A.M., Adam Robinson, who volunteered his four-wheeler ATV and his time, had launched every-

one that didn't stay in the water overnight. (Adam exudes the true spirit of the Keowee Sailing Club.)

The wind from the east shifted northward. Some of the locals said it was heading west to the prevailing wind direction at Keowee. At the gun, the wind was light and out of the north. "It never blows from that direction"! It was a clean start but a slow start, nonetheless. Those who were to the middle and the right side were doing better than those who went left hoping for the shift that would give them the huge advantage to the windward mark. The shift never came, and wind velocity was dreadfully low as the occluded weather system sat on top of the area. Slowly the fleet made its way around the course. The breeze finally died, but not before John Kreidler slipped across the line for a 1st-place finish, with Scott Cline 2nd and Tommy Smith of Lake Murray 3rd. That race made some happy and others not so much. The final tally of points end-

ed with Cline on top, followed by Charles Buffington, John Kreidler, Tom Lawton, and Ben Williams as the top 5.

In the Dixie Lakes Districts, John Kreidler & Joe Brake broke the deadlock and took the championship by finishing 1st in the last race, edging out Sandy & Keith Eustis 2nd and Kevin & Ellen Meechan 3rd.

As with all regattas, those winning prizes are not the only story. Some of us lacked the consistency to place for a trophy but were knocking on the door. There were lots of boats having some flashes of brilliance and some great competition with each other—Spencer Matthews & Suellen at 8th, Tommy Smith (new to Flying Scots this year) at 9th, Allan Gowans (sailing with a junior, Ben Connor) at 10th. Regatta is the game we use to test our skills on the water. It is meant to be a FUN but competitive event. At the trophy presentation there was much cheering and laughter, as there should be, with good-byes and "have a safe trip" afterward. 🚤



Lake of the Woods Sailing Club 29th Annual Invitational Regatta

Curtis Abel, LOWSC, and Dan McFarland, FS 4435, FS Fleet 160

Things looked grim for the Lake of the Woods Sailing Club in the final week of preparation for the small Virginia club's 29th Annual Invitational Regatta. Weather forecasters throughout the area predicted showers and probable thunderstorm activity for their planned Saturday competition. Competitors who normally drove hundreds of miles to attend and compete in the one-day, start-of-the-season regatta notified club officials that they would not be able to attend, based on the weather forecast. Nevertheless, members of the club and of Flying Scot Fleet 160, located on the 550-acre private lake 16 miles west of Fredericksburg, Virginia, continued their preparations and hoped for the best.

When Saturday morning arrived without rain, and unexpected competitors arrived at the registration desk, things began to look up. As the warning signal for the 11:00-A.M. start blasted out across the lake, a field of ten Flying Scots jockeyed for position, with additional Sunfish and handicap-class competitors waiting their turn. Sailors from a multistate area, together with members of the LOWSC fleet, competed in a series of three races and managed to return happily to the dock without experiencing a single drop of rain.

At the afternoon awards ceremony, Capitol District governor David Neff, FS 5609, with crew Jason Hair, topped the Flying Scot list, after registering one second- and two first-place finishes. Second place went to previous district governor Chris Swensen, FS 4639, and crew Denise Swensen. Rounding out the top three places were Chris MacMurray, FS

5769, and crew Frank Bajowski.

Visiting PRO Roger Schermerhorn and his race committee--wife Pat serving as timer/signaler, and local Scot sailor Larry Huntsmann providing local knowledge consultation--ran excellent races, with nary a recall or protest to be heard.

After the races, all of us enjoyed refreshments and lively discussions about

this and past races. The success of the 29th Invitational Regatta was due in large part to the planning and efforts of many LOWSC members and spouses.

It was a wonderful day of sailing and companionship, made all the better because of the knowledge that we can look forward to next year's 30th LOWSC Regatta. ▲



26th Annual Doc Gilbert Memorial Potomac Cup Regatta – Sponsored by Lightning Fleet 50 May 1 & 2, 2010 – Leesylvania State Park, Virginia

Mike & Amy Miller, FS 5861, Fleet 103

At Leesylvania State Park, we had early summer weather (sun with moderate winds and waves) and two days of great racing in a fleet of nine Flying Scots. Twenty-three Lightnings raced with a separate start. Plan to attend next year for a real treat.

The river is wide and long at Leesylvania. Racing was immediately in front of the launch site. Marks were set well off the shore, and land did not affect the breeze. Current flowed out the river against the wind, causing several OCSs but no general recalls for Flying Scots. Five races were sailed over windward-leeward courses with offset at the windward mark and a leeward gate. Legs were one mile long with three, four, or five legs per race. Courses and starting lines were square to the wind. Winds smoothly cycled between 210 degrees and 240 degrees, with occasional light puffs. Stars for the fleets were David Neff of Selby Bay for Flying Scots, with three wins, and Ed Adams of Ida Lewis Yacht Club (Newport, Rhode Island) for the Lightnings.

The site at Leesylvania State Park (550 acres on the south shore of the Potomac River, 10 minutes east of I-95) is less than 90 minutes north of Richmond. The park can easily hold a 100-boat North American Championship. There are two well-maintained boat hoists; several launch ramps; a clean, dry, and flat asphalt parking area capable of holding several hundred boats; rest room facilities; large picnic shelters with electric power, lights, and water; and an adjacent area, with trees, for camping. The park directs powerboats to a separate remote parking area that has its own dedicated launch ramps. Consequently there was no motorboat traffic to deal with in

the parking lot or launching operations.

It was easy to push the boat and trailer around the asphalt parking lot, and to and from the boat hoists. The asphalt lot was so clean that some Lightning sailors laid their sails out on it and rolled them up (Flying Scot sailors used the adjacent well-mowed, grassy areas). Each parking space was a very roomy 75 feet long and almost a boat-length wide. We easily spread all our stuff out, did not feel cramped, and

kept the car parked next to the boat and all our stuff. There were many park rangers about, so security was not a concern while we were out on the water racing.

Many hotels and restaurants are within a 10-minute drive. Saturday dinner and Sunday pre-awards lunch were included in the regatta fee. For sailors thinking about going to an away regatta for the first time, Leesylvania is a great way to start off the regatta experience. ▲



5609	DAVID NEFF	DENISE SWENSEN	2	1	2	1	1	7
5861	MIKE MILLER	AMY MILLER	1	4	1	2	2	10
4435	DAN MCFARLAND	ERIC SCHRIER	8	3	4	3	3	21
5769	CHRIS MACMURRAY	FRANK BARJOWSKI	3	OCS 10	3	4	5	25
3537	MARK NEELAND	ALLISON NEELAND	7	2	5	7	7	28
5276	JIMMY LEE	JOHN RUSH	4	6	9	5	6	30
5813	DAVID MEEHAN	EMILY MEEHAN	DNF 10	7	7	6	4	34
4968	BURT PALMER	GRAIG SINGLETON	6	5	6	9	8	34
5600	BRUCE KOCH	KAITLIN KOCH, PETER KOCH	5	8	8	8	9	38

Flying Scot, swim about, and then, when I am tired, just grab onto the tow rope on the stern and let the boat drag me along. I have had a few episodes where I was puttering about and then the wind picked up, and off went the boat with me swimming after it!

Thankfully, my father is decent at the man-overboard drill (but not as skilled as I am). It takes experience at actually being the man overboard to acquire skill at executing this. Don't believe me? Well, you should, since I just showed off my talent last week when—in a matter of seconds—I rescued a bag that had blown off the boat. We don't want any litter to spoil our beautiful lake!

I occasionally help my father on race committee when it is our turn. I like to honk the horn to signal the start of a race. My father will give the countdown, and then I'm off pushing the little red button to sound the alarm for the race to begin. However, race committee can get dull, since, after the start, you just sit around on the pontoon boat

watching while everyone else is having fun sailing. Even worse is when the wind dies, like it usually does in the middle of summer. But then I look forward to the end of the races, when I get to take the chase boat out to collect the marks with my dad. I kick it up to high gear and zip across the lake. At times like these I envision Wonder Woman on her invisible airplane and pretend to be flying, but over water and on the small chase boat.

For me, sailing has multiple meanings. I get to spend time with my father, work on my tan, share my passion with my friends and family, improve myself not only as a sailor but as a person, and meet such wonderful people. I enjoy the camaraderie of all the Flying Scot racers and cruisers, and I enjoy sharing my experiences and sailing adventures with them. I look forward to many more adventures on the Flying Scot. My dad has even offered to crew for me for an entire race—perhaps this summer—and that will be another story for the books! 🚢

October 9th & 10th



Notice of Race, Registration, and Racing Instructions can be found on www.fssa.com



PHOTO BY WALTER COOPER

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STARTING LINE

Calendar Of Monthly Events

Sprague Memorial Trophy Regatta - 2nd Leg of LI FS Championship Series
Moriches Yacht Club
Center Moriches, NY
August 7, 2010
 Contact Ralph Coffill,
 Rcoffill@msn.com

24th Annual Saratoga Lake Flying Scot Regatta & New York Lakes District Championship Regatta
Saratoga Lake Sailing Club
August 14 and 15, 2010
 Contact Rob Hayes,
 purplehayes@nycap.rr.com, 518-429-5002

FBYC Annual One Design Invitational Regatta
Fishing Bay Yacht Club
Deltaville, VA
August 14 and 15, 2010
 Contact John Wake,
 jwake2@ix.netcom.com

Greater New York Districts 3rd Leg of LI FS Championship Series - Westhampton Yacht Squadron - Remsenburg, NY
August 28, 2010

Contact Norm Wentworth,
 Normwentworth@yahoo.com

2010 Flying Scot New England District Championship
Stone Horse Yacht Club
Harwich Port (Cape Cod), MA
Nantucket Sound
August 14, 2010

Contact Jack McCowan,
 jack.mccowan@fmglobal.com, or
 508-277-5497

Billy Heinz Annual Regatta
West River Sailing Club
Galesville, MD
September 4 and 5, 2010

Contact John Gauvin, gauvinj@hotmail.com

Dixie Scot Challenge
Mussel Shoals Sailing Club
Lauderdale, AL

September 4 and 5, 2010

Contact Wilson Jenkins,
 jjattorneys@aol.com, 256-766-4634

2010 Atlantic Coast Championship
Lavallette Yacht Club
Lavallette, NJ

September 11 and 12, 2010

Contact Ron Kiss,
 rkkiss@aol.com

Harvest Moon
Atwood Lake Yacht Club
Dellroy, OH

September 11 and 12, 2010

Contact Joseph Cline,
 jckczoar@roadrunner.com

MYC 60th Annual Regatta
Massapoag Yacht Club
Sharon, MA

September 11 and 12, 2010

Welcoming party will be hosted on September 10th. Contact Diane Kampf, dianekampf@charter.net

Open Regatta
Brown's Creek Sailing Association - Guntersville, AL

September 11 and 12, 2010

Contact Greg Bennett,
 glbpublic@comcast.net
 or 256-882-6369

Presidents/Leukemia Cup
Potomac River Sailing Association

September 11 and 12, 2010

For info: <http://potomacriversailing.org/>

Patty Applegate Memorial Regatta
Toms River Yacht Club
Toms River, NJ

September 18, 2010

Contact Joe Thorpe,
 thorpej@aptea.com

3rd Annual Boathouse Regatta - Swift Creek Reservoir - Midlothian, VA

September 18 and 19, 2010

Contact Grant Miller,
 millerslawn@mindspring.com

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- Great 48 -- 1, 2
- Midwest Districts -- 1, 2, 3
- Ohio Districts -- 1
- Deep Creek Women's -- 1
- Egyptian Cup -- 1, 2, 3

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Motor Bracket...

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Reserve buoyancy to help keep bow of a swamped Scot up and aid in rescue. Kit comes complete w/mounting blocks & hardware. Gelcoat and/or resin not included.

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Aquameter Sailor II Compass & Mount...

Features large yellow course line and 45 degree red bearing lines, along with an angle of heel indicator. Mount is molded fiberglass to fit the deck just aft of the mast and is held in place by shock cord for easy installation.

Plastimo Contest Tactical Compass & Mount...

3 5/8" card – read the horizontal surface for bearings. Read the vertical surface at the 45 degree lubber line, tack through 90 degrees and you will read the same number on the opposite tack's lubber line. Mahogany mount is held in place by shock cord for easy installation.



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296 - Douglass built in 1961. Good condition, sails, spinnaker, cover, 4 year old trailer. **Call for price.** Located in Dallas, TX, Contact: Charles Campbell, 214-528-9610

530 - Customflex built in 1965. Superb condition. Dark blue hull with red waterline and off white deck. Dry sailed since restoration, 2003/2004. New hull core, refinished hull and C/B and painted by Dennis Dieball. New parts, upgrades, all new lines, North Sails (main, jib, spin 5 yr old), 5 yr old Rook mooring cover. Wide axle trailer for highway travel. Race Ready **\$4700.** Located near Kalamazoo, MI. Contact: Dan Bridgeman, 616-295-8881 cell, dwb123@charter.net

1689 - Customflex built in 1970. Good condition. White deck, blue hull. Includes mast hinge pin, rebuilt trailer, 2 mains, jib, spinnaker and compass. **\$2000.** Located in Chatham, MA. Contact: John Morgan, 201-655-9100, ajmorgans2@aol.com

1772 - Douglass built in 1970. Light Blue/White Hull. Full sails, Spinnaker, motor mount, trailer, good boat. Needs some TLC. **\$1475** or bo. Located in Central NJ. Contact: Bill Craig, 973-701-9282, william_craig@hotmail.com

1897 - Douglass built in 1971. Sound hull. 2 sets of sails. No trailer. On land. **\$2100** or bo before Valentine's day. Located in Columbia, SC. Contact: Regina Monteith, 803-779-8526, rmonteith@sc.rr.com

2407 - Douglass built in 1973. Yellow hull with light blue deck, dry sailed its entire life. Lots of new parts, upgrades, all new cordage, brand new Schurr Sails, 2 year old Sailor's Tailor cover, extremely lightly used, great condition. Road ready sterling trailer. **\$4500.** Located in Atlanta, GA. Contact: John Federico, 770-619-3013, tenzan@bellsouth.net

2896 - Douglas built in 1976. Excellent condition. White deck light blue hull. Two sets of sails, spinnaker, Sailor's Tailor cockpit cover. Motor mount and anchor.

Sterling trailer. Sailed for twenty years on Lake Champlain. Winter storage in boathouse. Will deliver within 100 mile radius. **\$4500** Located near Essex, NY. Contact: Julius Surkis, 831-458-1542, jsurkis@sbcglobal.net

2953 - Douglass built in 1977. Light blue hull, white deck. Trailer & boat cover, 2 year old North Sails/rolled, plus second older set. Several season 1st places at Piseco Yacht Club. **\$3950** Located in Piseco, NY (or Utica, NY) Contact: Art Withington, 315-796-2685, artwithing@gmail.com

3679 - Douglass built in 1981. White hull and deck, orange bottom paint. Lightly used, drysailed. Good condition, ready to sail. One set of almost new North Sails. Trailer (not road-ready), lifting bridle, mast hinge, mast-up cover. **\$3000 obo.** Located in Nyack, NY, Contact: Jesse Hackell, 845-536-7487, jerryrose33@earthlink.net

4060 - Douglass built in 1989. Ivory, good conditio. Jib sheet blocks on seats, tiller extension. Original main, jib, spinnaker, spinnaker pole, battens (plus 2nd set), sail bags, 3 HP Johnson outboard with mount, anchor. Navy cover, road-ready trailer, spare. **\$3000.** Located in Finger Lakes, near Penn Yan, NY. Contact: Jerry Rose, parryscott@comcast.net

4236 - Douglass built in 1988. In excellent condition. Sailed on Squam Lake only. Stored Oct to June indoors on trailer. Green & blue spinnaker and rig; bow floatation; tiller extension; green main cover; 2007 Honda outboard, with mounting brackets. (seldom used) Paddle, anchor, boat hook, etc. White hull, green pin stripe. **\$5500** Located in Gladwyne, PA. Contact: Ray Scott, 610-645-8767, parryscott@comcast.net

4313 - Douglass built in 1987. Complete with Jib, Main, Spinnaker-good shape, spinnaker pole, sail cover-looks new, cockpit cover-looks new, rudder (new 2008) and tiller extension, trailer (needs new

wiring for the lights). **Call for price** Located in Osterville, MA. Contact: Cynthia Hall, 508-428-5861, ohs@ostervillmuseum.org

4369 - Douglass built in 1987. Excellent condition. Many old sails in good condition, different made brands. (Main-jib-Spinnaker) galvanized trailer, the boat have many extras. **\$5000.** Located in Easton, PA. Contact: Laszlo Viemann, 610-252-6656, lviemann@verizon.net

4425 - Douglass built in 1988. Race ready and fast. New Main & Jib-June 2006. Used only on special events, limited use. Two sets Main and Jib for daily use. Compass, galvanized TackTill, tiller extension, cover, spinnaker and pole. Boat is white with black stripe. Sailed in fresh water only & stored inside in winter. Excellent condition. **\$6500.** Located in Cooperstown, NY. Contact: Ron Streek, 607-547-9755, rms202@stny.rr.com

4497 - Douglass built in 1988. Race Ready, white bottom and top with gray stripe. Set of 2007 North Sails; 2 sets of older sails. New 2010 mooring cover. Includes trailer, bottom cover and travel gear. **Call for price.** Located in Dallas, TX. Contact: Tom Watkins, 214-632-1751, twatkins@chartwellpartners.com

4543 - Douglass built in 1989. Custom painted red hull, white deck/bootstripe. 2 sets sails, very lightly used North racing sails - Main, jib, spinnaker. Spinnaker never used. Schurr main/jib, Ronstan tiller extension, TackTick Micro Compass. Lifting bridle. Stored 4 years. TeeNee galvanized trailer, motor mount. Sailors Tailor mooring cover. **\$8200.** Located in Farmington, MI. Contact: Paul Morrison, 248-996-2161, pfmorrison@aol.com

4545 - Douglass built in 1989. Gray bottom, white deck, Norths used in four regattas, upgraded lines, North cover, new mast, safety gear, trailer. Proven record; One National & 2 Mid Winter's titles. Delivery possible. If a new boat isn't your plan,

this is your ride. **\$8900.** Located in Kansas City, MO. Contact: Ted Lischer, 816-803-3920, tedlischer@kc.rr.com

4688 - Flying Scot built in 1990. Good condition. White hull/deck w/blue trim, dry sailed, Nexus bulkhead compass and other accessories. 2 full sets of sails and spinnakers. Hercules galvanized trailer. Mooring & Sail cover included. **Asking \$7200.** Located in Toms River, NJ. Contact: Dale Froriep, 732-539-2364, westouter@comcast.net

5018 - Flying Scot built in 1995. White hull with blue waterline and pinstripe. Great condition. Factory trailer. Race ready to race this season! Dry sailed. **\$8500.** Located in Knoxville, TN, Contact: Al Reardon, 865-850-0486, westouter@comcast.net

5135 - Flying Scot built in 1997. Excellent condition, very light use and dry sailed-fresh water only. Race rigged, white deck and hull; blue waterline, North Sails/ Spinnaker; both full and cockpit covers, compass, new cordage, tiller extension. **\$8900.** Located in Raleigh, NC, David Stanhope, 919-400-7654, MrChefDave@mac.com

5179 - Flying Scot built in 1998. White w/blue trim. Racing pkg. Mach Main Sail & Jib. New set of Gus Sails. North Spinnaker. Roadworthy galvanized trailer, rudder lift system, bow bag. Ready to race this season! Dry sailed. Great boat in racing. Contact: Dave Asaibene, 772-341-4046, MrChefDave@mac.com

5244 - Flying Scot built in 1999. White deck, blue hull, Schurr sails, spinnaker w/pole, new full skirted cover, cockpit cover, motor mount, swim ladder, lifting bridle, anchor, tiller extension, rudder bag, tiller bag, storage hammocks, extra misc. Sheet & hardware, 1999 Trailex Aluminum trailer. **\$9500.** Located in Avalon, NJ. Contact: Stuart Friedman, 609-967-7575, sefmgmt@aol.com

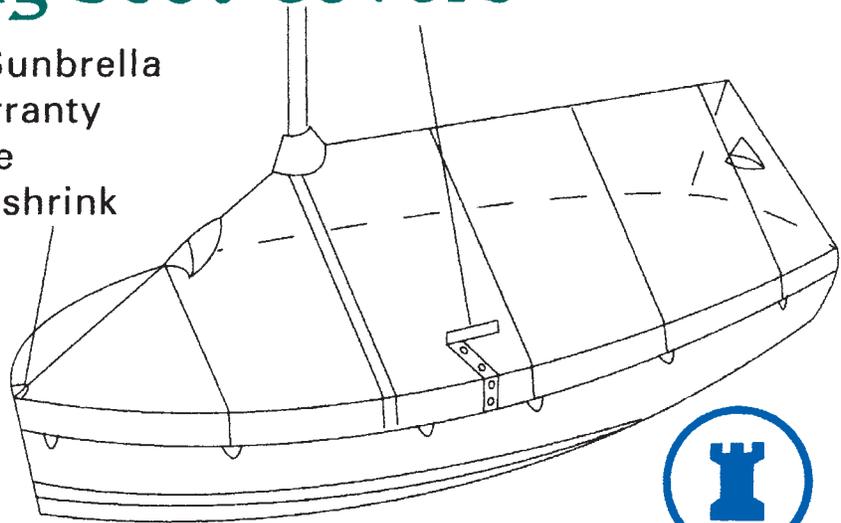
Continued on page 21

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Typically lasting 7-10 years	Industry norm is 5 years
PTFE Teflon thread at NO UPCHARGE	Chemically stripped polyester thread lasts 2-3 years
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Ample reinforcing over all stress points	Little or no reinforcing over wear spots
Stand-up flaps that snap around stays	Gaping cut-outs or velcro closures that are shot in a year
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CAVEAT EMPTOR

5298 - Flying Scot built in 2000. Excellent condition, always garage kept. Race rigged, white deck and hull; blue waterline, North Sails/ Spinnaker; full cover for boat & rudder, TrailEx Aluminum trailer, anchor. Seldom used by the previous owner and used it only a few times in the past year. **\$13,500**. Located in Oklahoma City, OK. Contact: Craig Summers, 405-397-9991, gregg@cws-inc.net

5303 - Flying Scot built in 2000. Barely used and kept on a lift and dry store for winter. Blue hull white deck. Includes two older sets of sails and cover. Purchased new in 2000 with a Long Trailer. One owner. Willing to move to Charlotte, NC for a fee. **\$9500** or reasonable offer. Located in Chautauqua, NY. Contact: Gregg Antemann, 704-408-1683, gregg@cws-inc.net

5455 - Flying Scot built in 2002. Excellent, racing package, 2 sets

of sails, one used 3 times. White hull, blue waterline. Aluminum trailer. Cover for boat. Everything you need to race. **\$10,500**. Located in Palmetto, FL. Contact: John Marcin, 941-729-8228, jmarcin@tampabay.rr.com

5538 - Flying Scot built in 2003. Race rigged, complete mooring and trailer covers, rudder bag, Spinnaker and pole, new aluminum trailer, Schurr Sails. Ready for pick up. **\$12,500**. Located in Palm Beach, FL. Contact: Adam Parker, 561-844-0206, adamparker@sailfishclub.com

F5633 - Flying Scot built in 2005. Red hull, white deck, racing package, deck cover, 2005 galvanized trailer, dry sailed, sailed less than 50 times in five years. Can be seen at the Lavallette Yacht Club, site of the 2010 Atlantic Coast Championships in September. **\$12,000**. Located in Lavallette, NJ. Contact: William Scott, 732-793-5114, don.weatherson@gmail.com

5668 - Flying Scot built in 2006. Regatta blue with Shurr sails and remarkable tri-radial spinnaker, cockpit cover, North trailering cover, TrailEx aluminum trailer with spare tire and lock. Swim ladder, outboard bracket w/ 2hp Honda, tiller extension, rudder lift system, jiffy reefing and mast flotation panel. **\$13,000**. Located in Sunapee, NH. Contact: Don Weatherson, 603-763-4311, don.weatherson@gmail.com

5729 - Flying Scot built in 2007. Hardly used pristine condition. White hull and deck. Radical racing package, 2 sets of North Sails (one almost new), 2 spinnakers, flotation, swim ladder, lightweight trailer, full boat covers. **\$16,000** Located in Mamaroneck, NY. Contact: Eliot Clauss, 917-517-0338, erc@rvblaw.com

5744 - Flying Scot built in late Dec 2006. Perfect condition. Customized, one-time only made design (no other Scot like this), White hull with Red/White/Blue striped bottom and orange water line. Customized rac-

ing package, very clean and all the controls you need, close at hand. No cleats or bumps on deck, seat or console! 2 full sets of Ullman Sails, plus an extra jib and spi. Customized Long trailer, with brand new tires. Ullman travel cover + Full tent cover, Plastimo compass, 2 Spinnaker poles (carbon and tapered aluminum) and many, many more. Fast Boat: 5th MW 2009 **\$16,500**. Located in Deep Creek, MD. Contact: Hans Noordanus, 540-846-1605, hans.noordanus@lowsc.org

5758 - Flying Scot built in 2007. Standard race package, white hull/ deck, dark blue waterline, red trim, mahogany centerboard cap, bottom paint, Schurr sails, spinnaker, boom vang, cunningham, cockpit cover, full cover, swim ladder, motor mount, trailer w/spare, paddles, dry sailed only. Excellent condition. **\$14,000**. Located in Wolcott, CT. Contact: Paul Chartier, 203-879-4141, pchartier@mossberg.com

Check fssa.com for updated information and race announcements.

MICHIGAN-ONTARIO DISTRICT

Pisano's garbage dumpster. We arrived back at the DYC at about 1:30 Sunday morning, after nearly 40 hours "on the road"; with the change of daylight time, I

reached home in Rochester at about 4:00 A.M.

I later learned that Paul borrowed his brother's car and towed the little corpse back to Detroit on Sunday,

where it now awaits disposition (burning, drowning, dismemberment...?).

In retrospect, we had a lot of fun and shared some unique experiences. However, the

next time Paul ventures out for a regatta, I will be "pit crew" rather than riding on the boat, and I will probably travel by some form of public transportation. ▲



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