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OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE FLYING SCOT® SAILING ASSOCIATION

VOLUME 49 NUMBER 4 2005

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The Email address for regatta notices and regatta results to be published in Scots 'n' Water is info@fssa.com. Updates on the web pages will occur between the first and fifteenth of the month. Visit the site frequently! Please save all articles submitted for publication in ASCII Text, Word or WordPerfect format.

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From The President

by Bill Ross, FS 5210

It's hard to believe that this will be the last time I write this column. Two years have flown by, and the activity at times has been beyond all expectations. We have a very strong association, and the support of all the volunteers has been more than gratifying.

Your executive committee and governing board have worked tirelessly on many projects and issues that have evolved into new programs and policies that will ensure continued growth and prosperity for the FSSA. Our finances are sound, and we look forward to good years in 2005 and beyond.

Our builder continues to be strong and active. The Carpenters were awarded US Sailing's One-Design Service Award--recognition that is truly deserved. Harry has supported many championships by giving not only new boats for use but also money and hundreds of hours of time to support the events. The visibility we get from his activity and support is enormous. And let's not forget Carrie Carpenter, Joni Palmer, and Meredith Dodd, who won the US Sailing Women's National Championship in 2004, resulting in

more headlines and national attention for Flying Scot® sailors.

We reinvented our constitution with a major revision in 2003, resulting in a cleanup that was long overdue. We have a new site for the Midwinters that appears to have been a positive adjustment of our national-level events. We



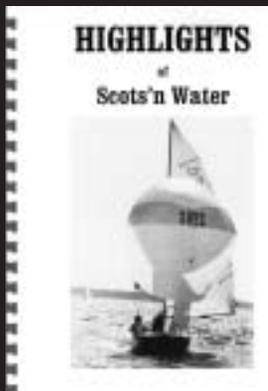
have changed measurement procedures, membership initiatives, and alignment of duties, and we've involved more volunteers than ever in the development and running of FSSA programs. We have attempted to bring those who day-sail and cruise closer to class activities

and have met with some success, but we have more to do in this area.

Scots n' Water, with its new appearance and lively content, has become much more interesting to read. Kay Summerfield has just published one of the largest issues we have had in years. In case you haven't noticed, we had eight additional pages in the last issue. Now we need more advertising to help pay for this expansion.

We have invited the Special Olympics group to participate in the 2005 North American Championships at Houston, and we will introduce the trapezoid course at the NAC for evaluation. At the Midwinters, we tried the VHF radio for OCS calls with popular success; this will be evaluated further. It has been a busy time.

I want to thank all of the members and Courtney Cantrell at Eubanks Associates for their help and support during my term as president. The experience has been rewarding. It's been a pleasure to work with so many who are willing to spend time and effort to promote the Flying Scot®. 🚤



You've just bought a Flying Scot and are wondering how to rig it, sail it in strong winds or light air; raise, fly, and lower the spinnaker, recover from a capsize, trailer it, and lots of other little "tricks" that experienced Scot sailors know. The answers are in Highlights of Scots 'n Water. This compendium is chock full of useful information about the Scot, its history, its rigging, sailing, storage, etc. No Scot owner should be without one!

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Letters to the Editor

Kay Summerfield



To the editor:

I enjoyed reading the last issue of *Scots n' Water* (as usual). For those who may not be aware, I'd like to point out that the cover photo showed our president, Bill Ross (FS 5210), with Dave Batchelor crewing, on their way to winning the last race in the Challenger Division of the 2005 Midwinters.

I also read with interest Joe Van Denburg's letter suggesting that we sail more races during the week of national events like the Midwinters and the North American Championship. The National Championship Committee has also received input from those who want fewer races during those weeks. So my conclusion is that the current number of races is just right!

Dan Goldberg
FS 4991

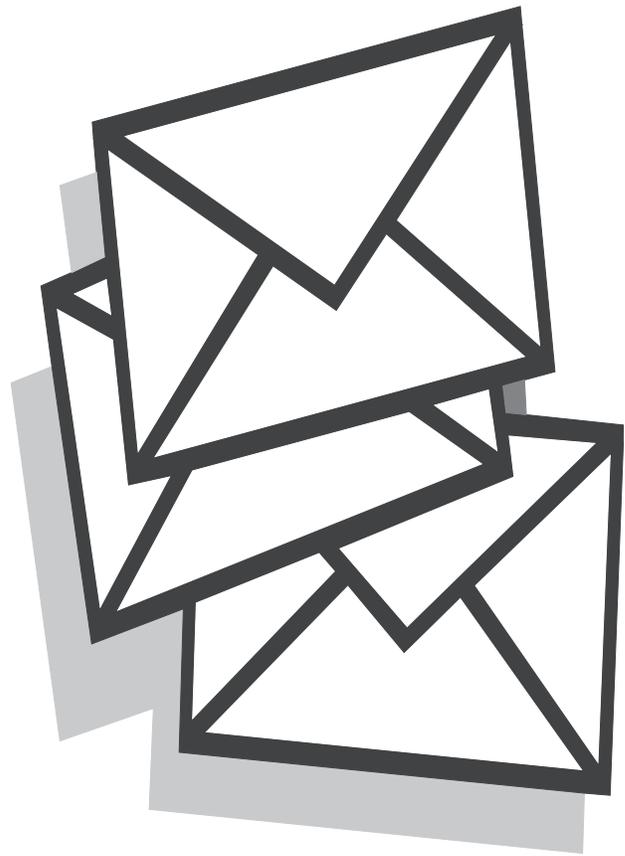
Dear Editor:

In the last issue of *Scots n' Water*, Joe Van Denburg argued, very convincingly it seems to me, that hiking straps should be added to the Scot. As a sixty-eight-year-old who has sailed and enjoyed a Scot for twenty-five years, I would like to endorse that proposal. I think hiking straps, which could be added at very slight cost, would make the boat both safer and more comfortable.

The same is true of a few other modifications that the class might wish to consider. One is additional flotation. Although I have not capsized since adding my bow bag several years ago, it was a welcome addition. Why not take the idea one step further and see if bags tucked away under the benches, or in the stern of the boat, would make rescuing the boat even easier? The idea could, and should, be tested before being implemented.

A third modification, relocating the block now attached to the rudder to a multi-purchase traveler a foot or two forward, would help prevent some of the snags that now tend to occur at the transom, usually at the most inopportune moments. Running the controls of this traveler to the gunwales would enable a separate mainsheet run from the middle of the boom to the centerboard trunk to replace the vang.

Speaking of the boom, which is prone to bend and break under pressure of the vang, perhaps the class should consider a fourth modification--allowing owners to replace their flimsy, or broken, booms with more substantial ones of a size and configuration approved by the class.



None of these modifications would be prohibitive in cost for most owners, especially if the modifications were made optional.

I know that Sandy Douglass wanted to keep the Scot simple and to prevent it from undergoing the kind of rigging wars that the Thistle class experienced, and I certainly think that no change should be made without very careful thought, discussion, and testing. But the Snipe class, one of the oldest, has flourished by gradually allowing well-considered improvements in both boat and rigging. Perhaps a similar policy would benefit Scot sailors, too.

Sincerely yours,
Max Hocutt
FS 3044

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THE DISTRICTS AT FORT WORDEN

Ray Peters Sails to Victory

by Ken Nelson, FS 25



In a little town at the mouth of Puget Sound (hey, that rhymes!) was held another extraordinary event in Flying Scot® Pacific District history. It wasn't the racing, it was the chef cook-off won by Wanda Haddon. OK, OK, it was actually the racing.

The town, Port Townsend, is known locally for the fabulous wooden boat festival held there each year. Fort Worden is located at the point of entry to the sound. During the mid-1800s, a series of forts known as the "ring of fire" was set up so that cannons and mortars could completely protect the entry to the sound. Fortunately they were never needed, and the fort was closed in WW II. It is always great fun to explore the underground bunkers. The area is also known as the site for the movie "An Officer and a Gentleman." But to Pacific Northwest Flying Scot® sailors, it is known as the annual rendezvous where folks from all over the PNW can get together and rehash sailing history.

I was looking at the Fleet 100 charter the other day and noticed a name I am sure all of you will recognize --Charles Buffington. Long before he was organizing fleets all over the

country, he was there for the birth of Fleet 100. Fleet 100 has been going to Fort Worden since the 1980s, and for most of those years there is a picture of the assembled sailors on the porch. This was only the second time that the districts were held at Fort Worden. Both times, conditions were pretty variable, although at least this time we didn't have to drop a race day due to thunderstorms.

The racing was tight, as usual. After the first day, it appeared



that Fleet 100 Fleet Captain Doug Farnham, FS 2074--with a couple of bullets in hand--had a lock on the trophy. However, there were drastic changes to finishes on Sunday, so that Ray Peters, FS 2127, won the district trophy.

The next Pacific Districts will be hosted by Fleet 40 in Inverness, California,

which has a long history of Flying Scot sailing. Boy, are we ever looking forward to that trip! Look out, Napa and Sonoma, here we come!!! 🚩



FULL MOON REGATTA

by John Luard, FS 4240

June 11, 2005 • Red Bank, New Jersey

Twenty-one Flying Scots had an active day of racing at the 15th annual Full Moon regatta. After two general recalls, a morning race was completed in a dying westerly. As the wind was nearly nil at the finish, Sandy Huntsman, our PRO, sent us in for the usual sit-down lunch.

For about an hour and a half in the early afternoon, the wind varied from west (with occasional gusts from the north) to southeast, and nearly everything in between. But, with the patience and cunning of a cat, Sandy set a course toward the Southeast and waiting for the wind to settle. When it did, he was ready and promptly got off the final two races.

Bill and Eileen Ewing again won the event. John Luard/Toni Gahn managed to tie on points, but had fewer firsts. New York District Champ Dan Vought and Ted Duffy were third.

Paul Lucyk won B Division, sailing with his young daughters, Tori and Molly. Second was Toms River's Paul Cocotos with Bill Thonack.

As usual, door prizes were presented, and lunch leftovers/beer served. Everybody seemed happy as they left for home.

Monmouth Boat Club is looking forward to hosting the Northeast Regional Districts in October. We usually get more consistent winds than in June, and we always have three hoists, hundreds of feet of floating dock, beer on tap, and a club dedicated to the joy of small boat racing. Be there. ▲

A Fleet

PL Skipper

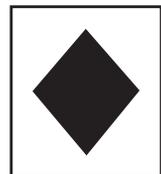
- 1 Bill/Eileen Ewing
- 2 John Luard/Toni Gahn
- 3 Dan Vought/Ted Duffy
- 4 Kris Smith/Bob VanOrden
- 5 Tom Kosinski/Ken Layton
- 6 Dave Watts/ Rob Ruffus
- 7 Talbot/Lee Ingram
- 8 Skip/Ben Bugbee
- 9 Larry/Eileen Nociolo
- 10 Bruce/Jackie Cattanach
- 11 Glenn Shaffer/Debbie Hoagland
- 12 Jack/Maria Hurley
- 13 John Lubrano/David C. Osler
- 14 Thom Lee/Blake Hunnewell
- 15 Dennis/Kristopher Jansma
- 16 Ed Summerfield/Herb Lindsay
- 17 Peter/Ann Seidman

B Fleet

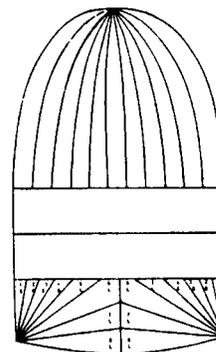
PL Skipper

- 1 Paul/Tori/Molly Lucyk
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What was the Glow in the Dark Regatta?

by Sunshine Hartman, FS 4140 & 3605

Many years ago (21 years, in fact), the Midwest Districts were to be in Minnesota in August, but they couldn't be held there because of fishkill on the lake. Rumors were flying that there wasn't anywhere else that could handle the Districts on short notice. Mike, Steve, and cousin GW Hartman decided that they could pull it off at Clinton Lake, IL, in a month. Fliers were sent out, meetings for organization were held, committees within the fleet were established. Lots of people spent a lot of time getting things ready. The Districts were held in 1984 at Clinton Lake, and they were a lot of fun for everyone.



At the GLOW at Clinton Lake Sailing Association

At the after-Districts meeting of the Hartmans, it was discussed that--while the Districts went very well--all the meetings, division of labor, splitting the entry fee that never goes far enough, and group planning were exhausting. But it sure was wonderful to have a regatta so close to home and not have to travel for hours. An idea was hatched, to have an annual regatta for which each of them would do his part, no meetings, no entry fee, no stress, just a party held with sailing included. The Glow in the Dark Regatta was born.

This went very well. They discovered a really great thing over the years: with no entry fee, and with meals provided, people wanted to give something back. Fleet 83 brought food for the Saturday breakfast and even cooked and cleaned up after; Wisconsin people brought cheese, apples, and apple pies; Ohioans brought lots of Cincinnati chili, bread, and beer; Gulf Coast people brought shrimp; Boston people brought lobsters; the Wilmette (IL) fleet brought a beautiful 20' picnic table for the club; all the Texas people brought chili and had a Texas chili cookoff, and they brought lots of Lone Star beer. Folks brought cookies, brownies, cakes, pies, donuts, lunch meat, etc. Some people even brought beverages to the regatta: Florence Glass provided mint julebes, Joni Seifrick brought margaritas, and Jim and Myra Brown always had white lightning' from Tennessee. We always had a lot of fun, both on and off the



GW, Mike and Steve Hartman

Clinton Lake was formed when they built the nuclear power plant in Clinton. The sailing association entered into a lease--for a small area on a point--with the owners of the power plant. They built a pavilion, fireplace, and tables. For the Districts, porta potties were rented. It was all very rustic; most people camped in tents or popups, while some stayed a few miles away in motels.



GLOW Costume Party

Continued on Page 10

GLOW

Continued From Page 9

water. (One year we even had a costume party at the Glow and were very impressed by everyone's creativity.) It became a challenge for Steve Hartman, chef extraordinaire, who did all the cooking and organizing of meals, but he managed it all with flair. Mike Hartman, who took care of beverages and the fires, was challenged to have ice for all the items brought, but he handled that extremely well (he discovered that the trick was to keep handing out beverages and making cocktails). GW (Jerry) was the excellent race committee; he also took care of fliers, trophies, and registration. Of course, I was always there to help, but in 1989 we had our wedding party at the Glow, so I became an official Hartman.

This regatta became very popular. It could have been the racing format. (You picked your color sailing division from a black spinnaker bag--totally random--and you always sailed with those people, but you sailed against all other color fleets, with two starts for each race. The top six finishers were raised out of their color fleets and given overall trophies, first through third in the Hotrod division and first through third in the Meltdown



Having fun at the GLOW

division. Then each color fleet was trophied through third place.) Perhaps it was the wonderful food and beverages from Steve and Mike. Or could it have been the fast, well-set-up races? Perhaps it was the very rustic environment, or the hospitality, or the camaraderie.... Who really knows?

The last Glow (we think) was in 1999. The Hartman kids were getting older, out of high school, into college, getting married, having grandkids; the adults were traveling, moving, etc.

Over the last several years, at regattas and other social events, many people have asked if there is ever going to be another Glow. It gets to be a funny question, because so many people at regattas wear Glow golf shirts or the very high-

ly collectible "I survived the GLOW" T-shirts and, when asked what the Glow is, the wearer of the shirt just sends the questioner to a Hartman. It's a hard question to answer. What was it? Why did it stop? Did you really have a regatta with wonderful food and beverages, no entry fee, free food, 18 trophies?

Well, folks, this year it's the 20th anniversary of the first Glow and we have decided to celebrate it on September 30th through October 2nd. This MIGHT be your last chance to go to a Glow!! For all of you who have been to one or more...hope to see you!!! We really mean it. We will be there and there will be great sailing, wonderful food, many beverages, and lots of Hartmans. 🚩



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The Rookie's BIG Plans

by Henry Schultz, FS 4970

How does that old saying go, “The best-laid plans of captain and crew...” or something like that? Well, my “Big Plans” for attacking the Midwinters have actually taken me three long years. I first got the itch in 2003 and was determined to head for Panama City. I began boat tuning and tweaking and checked hotel prices and driving times for the Midwinters. Then...life happened. The winter of 2003 was just too hectic to allow this working family man a week in Panama City. So I pushed my plans to the next year, Panama City 2004. It seemed like destiny. Charlie Fowler of Fowler Sails fame was convinced that letting us first-timers in for FREE would improve attendance for many years to come. The word FREE has a consistent and predictable effect on me and most Scot sailors. This rookie would be there! I was pumped up and ready to swim with the big fish. But, alas, life happened again, and I again had to push my Midwinter adventure off a year. Maybe Charlie would talk them into waiving the registration fee for newbies again in 2005. Well, it didn't work that way. The 2005 Midwinters were not free and not even in Panama City. They were, however, reasonably priced and at a great venue, St. Petersburg Yacht Club. My planning for 2005 needed to improve over past years if my boat was going to make it south out of the snow and ice of Wisconsin. Adding two key elements helped to ensure my attendance in 2005. First, I begged Nancy, my

bride of 25 years, to join me for a week in Key West, just prior to the race week in St. Pete's. Second, when she accepted, I purchased a nonrefundable airline ticket for her to fly to Key West and join me at Whispers, a great little bed & breakfast. That way, she would not have to endure the 1800-mile drive from Neenah, WI, to Key West, FL. I told Nancy that she could walk and explore to her heart's content and enjoy the warm Key West sun and that she and I would dine together each night. (Oh, yeah, did I forget to mention that I would be at J World taking a class on sailboat racing?) After a wonderful but cool week in Key West, I drove Nancy to the airport and started driving north to St. Petersburg.

I arrived in St. Pete on Sunday afternoon, parked the boat, and walked around to stretch my legs and get a feel for the area. I found an ice cream shop and had a double scoop of chocolate peanut butter to keep my weight up. Larry Arnoldussen and I would be sailing together without a third, so I took one for the team and ate the whole thing. Larry arrived in time to get a good night's sleep and get ready for the first day of our first Midwinters.

Monday morning Larry and I attended the North Sails clinic presented by Greg Fisher and Brian Hayes. Our education started inside with a chalk talk about St. Petersburg weather and current, then moved outside for an interactive sail trim talk. Greg's boat was set up on the trailer, sails up in the light

breeze. Greg and Brian did a great job of explaining sail trim both verbally and graphically, showing everyone how each control changed the shape of the sail and under what conditions you may want such a shape. Many thanks to Greg, Brian, and North Sails for a well-attended and well-received presentation.

Monday afternoon brought the practice race, which Larry and I were looking forward to. I don't know about Larry, but I had some nervous butterflies as we got ready to sail out before the real racing started on Tuesday. So it began, but not without problems. We climbed aboard and sailed to the course, but just as we were taking wind headings, my handy TackTick compass shut down. I had forgotten to charge it, so the battery went dead. Oh, well, it was just the practice race; we'd let it charge and we should be ok for the real races. We continued sailing around the starting area, watching all the boats and realizing we had never seen that many Scots on the water at one time, when we came upon problem number two.

We tacked and immediately our boat felt sluggish. A quick look up showed the top batten very open. It was obvious the main needed to be trimmed in, but trimming didn't help the batten much, and I was pulling much harder than I should have needed to. I scanned the sheet, only to find that the shackle holding the boom end block was missing in

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action. Larry handed me a spare shackle and took the helm. He headed the boat upwind with me standing on the stern, pulling in the boom to re-shackle the block while at the same time trying to stay out of Larry's and the tiller's way. There! OK, the boat was fixed! It was time to get our act together. We looked around, trying to figure out where we were in the starting sequence, whether the orange mark or yellow mark was the end of the line...all of that stuff that was probably in the sailing instructions that we had scanned instead of reading. Another rookie mistake. The next thing we heard was a sound from the committee boat. We were looking for the flags to figure out the time remaining, and we saw what looked like hundreds of Scots on starboard coming down the line at us. We ducked below and looked for an opening just like we had done

many times back home. Trust me, ducking the fleet instead of tacking in front of them does not work as well with the big fleets. We were late to the line and buried in bad air. Nothing left for us to do except try to dig out. We had just gotten some air and started moving when the race committee (RC) sounded a general recall. Wow, a reprieve, a mulligan, a "do over"!

This time we had our act together. We were in sync with the RC. We knew we wanted to start midline, away from as many boats as possible. Four minutes, three minutes, two minutes. We were set up three boat lengths below the line and just past the RC boat, half luffing and watching. At one minute before the start, the fleet began its run down the line. They were anxious, early, and close to barging. I figured we could help with that--and carve out a hole to start in--if we could just sneak up under them. We luffed hard and pushed up

closer to the line. We told the first windward boat to take it up, Up, UP. He did, and he pushed the next windward boat up, UP. Then the next, up, UP. We dived low, reaching down the line. Larry was still counting down, 10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1-we were racing! The boats above were still a little slowed from the havoc we had created, and we were able to inch away from the pack. Larry told me we were faster and higher than the whole fleet but could not tack yet. I just wanted to grab whatever advantage I could from clean air and widen the gap we had created.

Larry and I were feeling pretty good! We had a great, phenomenal, awesome start with the big boys. Go, rookies!!! Yeah, we can sail with them. We are competitive. Then, over the radio from the RC came the dreaded words "individual recall, xxxx, xxxx, and 4970." Yep, that last one was us. Darn! Neither Larry nor I had thought we were over.



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Well, around we went, back to the starting line with the rest of the early birds. How quickly that feeling of confidence can come and go. Three minutes earlier we had just wanted to avoid embarrassing ourselves at the start. One minute ago we were mixing it up like we were as good as anyone. Ten seconds ago we were the Big Dogs; we had the lead and looked unbeatable until that darn recall. Now we were back down to earth and the pressure was off, as we were DEAD LAST. We were back to the “let’s have fun and learn” mindset we had brought to Florida.

We rounded the windward mark last, then rounded the leeward mark closer to the fleet but still last. Larry and I looked at each other and decided to go for broke. Not much of a gamble, when you’re in last place in a practice race. But, what the heck, we risked it all. We sailed well, banged a corner, got a lucky shift, and made it back to the middle of the fleet. Yeah, we felt like Big Dogs again, coming from the very back to mid-fleet. We must be fast. Just wait until tomorrow!

Tuesday, the first day of real racing, started with a cold, wet walk in the rain to breakfast at the St. Petersburg Yacht Club (SPYC). What a club! It is a huge, classic-looking building overlooking the harbor. There was lots of marble, wood, and brass railings. We walked the hallway looking at wall after wall of historic pictures and portraits. As we explored the grand halls, Larry and I agreed that if our home club, Neenah Nodaway Yacht Club, were this grand and beautiful, we probably couldn’t afford to be members. (That realization made me thankful that NNYC has remained an advocate of low-cost, quality family sailing, racing, and cruising.) After breakfast, we headed over to the city-owned sailing center to get ready to race. The rain let up, but it was really blowing with gusts to 35 prompting first a postponement and then cancellation of racing for the entire day. Hot tub and swimming pools attracted many sailors

as we relaxed before our dinner at SPYC. The food was great and the camaraderie was better. Seeing old friends, making new ones, and swapping sailing stories were highlights of the evening. I also found time to reconnect with my uncle Dick Schultz and cousin Skip, telling them I was racing in the championship division for no other reason than I knew that they would be in the challenger division. I have never raced against Dick and thus have never lost a race to him. I wanted to keep it that way. Never beating one of the Schultz brothers is

Ten seconds ago
we were the Big
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lead and looked
unbeatable until
that darn recall.

enough. Never winning a race against either of them is more humble pie than I am ready for.

When I was a kid, I crewed for my dad, Don Schultz. Most of what I can do well in a boat is a credit to his tutelage and skills. I do race against my dad on occasion and have never beaten him in a single regatta, not even a single race. I am confident that he will sail long enough for me to remember enough of what he has taught me to win one race some time in the next decade or two.

Wednesday started earlier than originally scheduled in an effort to make up

for lost races. Wind and rain were moderate but gusting as we headed out to race. It was cold and wet, with sloppy waves left over from the winds the day before. We got a decent start, sailed up to our abilities, and finished respectably, for us--the key being “for us.” This day was made for us northern, cold-weather sailors. Larry was the best-dressed sailor of the day. He wore his wet suit under his sailing gear. I was warm enough during the race but got cold quickly after it was done. Larry, however, was toasty warm as the cold, wind-driven rain ran down my neck. Mercifully, the cold and wet race committee cancelled the remaining two races. We assumed the cancellation was due to some yet unseen bad weather heading our way. Once on shore, the scuttlebutt was that racing was cancelled for “safety reasons” to prevent hypothermia. Once again, we put the boat to bed, hit the hot tub, went to the SPYC dinner, and got ready for Thursday, hoping the improved weather forecast would hold true.

Weather Thursday was heavenly: sunshine, moderate wind, and normal seas. Sunscreen and sailing do go well together. We got three races in on Thursday, two before the sea breeze settled in with a 180° wind shift and the third after most of the shift. We sailed hard; I tacked too often on small shifts and just never got in sync throughout the day. We were trying to keep track of our finishing order, which was progressively getting worse. We didn’t find out just how we had done until that night’s dinner. When we saw the results, we knew there had to be a mistake. We knew we had done better than what was printed as the official order. We all know that we should take note of the sail number of the boat that finishes ahead of us and the boat behind us. Without that information, there is virtually no way to correct any inaccuracies. We rookies had no such

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information. We thought we had done better than printed, but there appeared to be no way to confirm our suspicions. Whom had we been near? Who finished around us? Then came a slight glimmer of hope. We remembered Charlie Fowler was ahead of us. Quickly we again reviewed the list, and, sure enough, Charlie was ahead of us on the finishing list. As our blood pressure went back to normal and we realized we had made the mistake, the realization that we had not placed very well set in. Again we took a deep breath and told ourselves that we were here to have fun and learn, and that is exactly what we did. We would not place as well as we had hoped, but we were having a blast.

Friday was the last day, and one final race remained. Upon arrival at the sailing center, we were advised of a one-hour postponement due to lack of wind. We all hoped that the wind would fill and the race would proceed. I didn't want to wait all day just to cancel and then face the long drive home to Wisconsin. Much to everyone's relief, the breeze filled and we went out to sail, out to play on our big-boy toys with all of our friends. There were old friends from the past and many new friends we never would have met, had we not attended. We got a clean start and sailed pretty well. We even caught a few boats on the downwind leg, something we had not been able to do all week. On the last upwind leg of the last race we caught some more boats. We felt like Big Dogs again. We were even close enough

to the leaders to see them finish--well ahead of us, but we could see them.

My favorite comment from Midwinters, though secondhand, was from Greg Fisher:

"There are really three divisions at this year's Midwinters: the Challenger, the Championship, and then the Egans in a class of their own."*

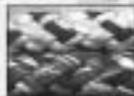
* Marcus and Marc Egan had three first-place finishes

See you next year, when I will no longer be the rookie.

P.S. Hope to see all of you in Wisconsin for the NNYC "Top of the Lake" Regatta on July 16 and 17. Please see our Web site at www.NNYC.org for more information. You may also contact me at henryschultz920@yahoo.com or phone 920-729-5688.▲



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"WE GOT BEAT BY TWO GIRLS AND A DOG"

(and other tales from Graham Hall)

by Dan Goldberg, FS 4991

Author's note: I recently had a chance to interview Graham Hall, one of the top Flying Scot sailors in the country. Here are my questions and his answers:

Q: How old were you when you started sailing?

A: I started when I was about 10. My parents usually included some sailing as part of family vacations. We'd rent boats or do some chartering. I loved it right away. My brother and I actually built a sailing kayak!

Q: When did you start racing?

A: I started racing on Cowan Lake in Ohio when I was about 15, on a Snipe.

Q: Did you sail in college?

A: Yes, I raced at the Merchant Marine Academy in Kings Point, NY, on Long Island. They had a great racing program. We had good coaching and did a lot of traveling to regattas.

Q: And then?

A: I shipped out in the Merchant Marine and eventually achieved the rank of second mate. I crossed the Atlantic to Europe, which was a good experience, but couldn't sail much. So I quit going to sea and got a coaching job at the New York Maritime College, and I was able to race a lot on a national level in Shields, 470s, Fireballs, and Dragons.

Q: Were you successful at the national level?

A: My best year was 1971, when I won the Fireball and 470 national championships.

Q: Who were the best sailors you sailed with?

A: Corny Shields, Briggs Cunningham, Ted Turner, and Dennis Connor.

Q: Who was the best sailor you sailed against?

A: Paul Elvstrom, who won numerous Olympic gold medals, and Buddy Friedrich, who also won Olympic gold.

Q: Why did you move into a Flying Scot?

A: In the early 1980s, I was looking for a boat I could sail with my two daughters, Whitney and Morgan, who were then about 12 and 10. The Scot fit all the criteria I was looking for: easy to sail with kids, stable, comfortable, reasonably priced, high resale value, strong builder, strong class organization, and good national competition. To this day, the Scot has an amazing combination of all of these elements! Also, the people who sail the Scot are a great group, and I have made many lifelong friendships with Scot sailors. This was definitely not true in

the other classes that I sailed in. In addition, I've never found a "win-at-all-costs," cutthroat attitude at Scot regattas. The social aspects are a highlight of most regattas. And, finally, the top Scot sailors are willing to share information with others and try to help them.

Q: Was there a big adjustment from the boats you previously sailed?

A: Not really. All boats are different. Sailing a Scot is easy. But winning at the national level is hard. That last five percent of "perfection" is a difficult challenge. Little things make a big difference and separate the truly great sailors from the good

sailors--for example, having a boat in perfect condition with perfect equipment and an ultrasmooth bottom and centerboard, and topnotch crew.

Q: What about non-racers?

A: The boat is great for new sailors, too, and our non-racing cruises have been a lot of fun. For example, the Albani family bought a Scot last year and had a great time on our cruise.



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Graham Hall

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They wrote about it in a previous issue of Scots n' Water. They were inexperienced sailors when they bought their boat but easily handled it in a variety of weather conditions during the cruise.

Q: What one thing would you recommend to new racers to improve their performance?

A: Get off the starting line cleanly, in the first row. That will get you from the back of the fleet to the middle of the fleet.

Q: How do you then improve from the middle of the pack?

A: First, and most importantly, good tacks. Many people have a tendency to turn too fast, so the boat loses speed and momentum. The boat should almost steer itself through a tack when you move the tiller in a more controlled fashion. Second, good crew work. Third, taming the spinnaker. Finally, having a smooth centerboard.

Q: What are all the names on the transom of your boat, the "Irish Rover"?

A: The Irish Rover is a folk song about a boat, with a lot of characters. The names are the crew list, taken right from the song.

Q: You always seem to be having fun at regattas, true?

A: Having fun is the key to winning. If you put too much stress and pressure on yourself, you are defeated before you even begin.

Q: What's your funniest Scot story?

A: I was sailing at the North Americans at Riverside, CT, with my two pre-teenage daughters. That day the dog-sitter didn't show up, so we threw our dog onto the boat, too. We had a really good race, finishing in the top five, and beat one of the professional sailmakers. After the race, I happened to overhear the beaten crew complaining to his skipper, over and over, "We got beat by two girls and a dog!"

Q: Great story! Perfect ending for this interview!

A: My pleasure. ♣

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A Fleet Captain Profile: **Debbie Peterson Cycotte**

by Hans Noordanus, FS 4427

This article is a profile of Debbie Cycotte, fleet captain of Fleet 103, Fishing Bay Yacht Club (FBYC). Debbie is one of the active fleet captains in the Capitol District. FBYC has hosted many regattas and will host the Atlantic Coast Championship in September.

Sailing has been a major factor in Debbie's life. She has always enjoyed being around the water and on boats. She got started at an early age, growing up in Islip, Long Island. Her dad, Norman "Pete" Peterson, was a big influence; he started his love of boats at an early age, too. He came by this naturally, as his dad was a professional captain for various yachts on the Great South Bay.

Norman was transferred to Raleigh, NC, with his job in 1967. It was then that Debbie got her first boat; her dad built her a 13' Blue Jay sloop and taught her how to sail. After a few years sailing this boat, Debbie decided she wanted to race and, therefore, her dad decided that they needed a bigger and more comfortable boat.

Her first sail on a Scot was with Dick and Shirley Helmold at a Fleet 27 Open House at McGregor Downs Lake near Raleigh (the largest and most active local fleet with the Carolina Sailing Club). In January 1971, they bought FS 1849 ("For Pete's Sake") and they got involved with racing and the Flying Scot Sailing Association.

Debbie and her father first joined Fleet 27 at Kerr Lake, and a year later they added Fleet 108 at High Rock Yacht Club in Southmont, NC. Several years later they joined Fleet 126 at Lake Townsend Yacht Club in Greensboro, NC, as well. They were travelling to most of the Districts and invitationals, and they competed in as many of the NACs and Midwinters as Debbie could talk her father into attending.

She was very fortunate to receive a strong background in the Flying Scot from some of the most enthusiastic and dedicated local fleet members: past FSSA president Bill Singletary (who was also a member of all three fleets) and "the granddaddy of Scots in the Carolinas District," Bill Heratt, who was the local Scot dealer and had the first Scot in North Carolina. Debbie even worked at Bill Heratt's sailboat store for several years!

Debbie served at various times as fleet captain of Fleet 27 and Fleet 108 and was elected as the Carolinas District Governor for 1980-1981.

Evidently the Scotters are her other family, sharing so many wonderful times with these great people. These memories will last a lifetime!

In 1984, Debbie decided to move to the small coastal town of Oriental, NC, to be closer to the water and to do some coastal cruising on bigger boats. At that time she wasn't as involved with racing in the Flying Scot, although she still crewed on a Scot and did some race committee work. In addition, she sewed boat canvas, taught sailing, and worked for North Sails at various times and bought an old Rhodes Vanguard to sail and live on. Debbie met Mark, her husband, when he sailed into Oriental one day on his 50-year-old Owens Cutter; it was love at first sight and they married about a year later.

In 1993 they decided to move to Deltaville, VA, when Mark (a boat builder) got a job helping to build a 53' wooden sailboat. Much to Debbie's delight, there was a local Scot fleet (Fleet 103) at the Fishing Bay Yacht Club. Debbie couldn't wait to go sailing again. A phone call to then-fleet-captain Bill Bowie to ask whether anyone needed a Scot crew--as she would be happy to sail with them--resulted in him loaning us his boat to race in the upcoming 4th of July race (while Bill was doing race committee). Just proves again that Scot people are the nicest! Debbie continued to sail with many of the fleet members over the years. She was elected as fleet secretary in 2002 and fleet captain in 2003-2004. She has been crewing for John Beery for the last couple of years on FS 4257 ("Sloop John B").

Debbie feels that being fleet captain of Fleet 103 has been an honor and a rewarding experience, and she is happy that she could give back some of the enjoyment and pleasure that was given to her over the years.

From 2001 to 2004, Fleet 103 doubled in size (from 13 boats to 26 boats). John Beery as fleet captain (2000-2002) got the ball rolling with the fleet building, so when Debbie came along it was well on its way. Debbie says that the credit is due to the fleet members, as they are the ones who go out and have fun with their boats and spread the word to other sailors about what a great boat and class we have.

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Debbie ...

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One of Debbie's goals as fleet captain was to have good communication in the fleet. She kept the fleet well informed of news and upcoming events with an email fleet newsletter at the beginning of the week of an upcoming race day or special event. This served as a good reminder about attending. She also mentioned as many fleet members in these articles as possible--the winners of the races, as well as the rest of the fleet. (Keeping your fleet roster up-to-date will make this task easier.) She issued these emails not only to the Scot fleet boat owners but also to their crews, to boat owners in the area who weren't fleet members, to other area fleet captains and the district governor, and to anyone who ever asked her any questions about the Flying Scot (she figured they could be the next new fleet members). In addition, she provided information to potential sailors about used boats that were available in the area.

When a new Scot arrived in Debbie's fleet, she contacted the owner to welcome him/her into the fleet, to ask how she could help him and whether he had any questions she could answer about the boat and class, to tell him the benefits of joining the FSSA, to show him how to rig his boat, to encourage him to come out to fleet activities, etc. In short, she made the new member feel that he/she was part of the Flying Scot family.

Here are some of Debbie's most successful events for Fleet 103 in the past few years:

The day before their annual invitational regatta in 2002, Fleet 103 hosted a Flying Scot seminar by Harry and Karen Carpenter. They had 25 Scots racing for the weekend.

Greg Fisher came in the Spring of 2003 to give a Flying Scot workshop that Fleet 103 cohosted with neighboring Scot Fleet 185. Over 55 Scotters from three different fleets attended. This was a great way to kick off the upcoming season.

Fleet 103 had a two-day team racing regatta in 2003 with Fleet 185 at the Rappahannock River Yacht Club. Three boats from each fleet competed in the event, with a day of racing at each club. This was some of the most fun racing they had!

Fleet 103 hosted the Capitol District Championship in 2004. Twenty boats competed in the event, and fleet members prepared a wonderful dinner on Saturday night. FBYC will host the Atlantic Coast Championship and the Capitol Districts, on September 24-25, 2005.

Although they had only a small turnout (two boats) for their first "official" fleet cruise in June of 2004, the other 24 boats missed a very enjoyable daysail on the Piankatank River and exploring Cobbs Creek.

Debbie will continue to look for venues in 2005 to make day-sailing in the Flying Scot more pleasurable. Flying Scot fleet members who enjoy using their boats for daysailing need to have scheduled events just like the racers have—something to work toward in the future. 



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The official nomination is on the website so I won't read it to you now. I do want to take this time to share with you about the kind of people Harry and Karen are... I first met them about 5 years ago – at a regatta of course- when I crewed in the Mallory Championships in Flying Scot® which I had never sailed before. As I was headed to the event people said – “Oh, say Hi to Harry and Karen for me”.... “Oh, Harry and Karen will take good care of you”... “Harry knows everything about sailing those Flying Scots® ask him anything”... You see, Harry and Karen build Flying Scots® and provided a beautiful fleet of new boats and planned to support the event all week. The regatta was a competitor's dream with beautiful weather, great winds everyday at 25 kts plus, and brand new identical boats that went the same speed- well depending upon the skipper... But put yourself in Harry & Karen's shoes... imagine if you were going to loan your brand new shiny fleet of 11 boats to 33 athletic, aggressive, super competitive men (and a few of us women) who never sailed a Flying Scot®, barely knew how to rig it, and all were going to push the boats to the limit to win the regatta in big breeze. Could you watch? Harry and Karen went on the water every day with everything including the kitchen sink in their motorboat called “Scot's Guard”. They looked forward to watching their “boats” plane around the course and were confident they would not need to fix many things as the boats are built so well. But as the Flying Scots left and returned to the club in the small unfamiliar channel in high winds, almost every skipper found the rocky shoal on a daily basis.....You all know that dreadful sound... you just can't pull the board up fast enough.... As the competitors quickly left the boats and headed to the social events, Harry & Karen worked quietly into the early morning light to repairing the boards to provide equal boats for the competitors- every night without a complaint. They knew the importance of keeping the boats

extremely equal AND they personally still owned the entire fleet and hoped they would be in good enough shape after the regatta to sell and recoup part of their investment.

Harry and Karen first supported US Sailing in 1996 by providing new Flying Scots® for the Adams Cup finals and then did so for the aforementioned Mallory event in 2000. .

Despite the long hours and little thanks, they repeatedly return to provide boats and support to the US Sailing Championships.

In 2002 they supported the Championship of Champions

In 2003 they really outdid themselves by providing a brand new fleet of Flying Scots® for the Adams Cup Champs and supported the Sears Cup (try keeping 11 boats going for 33 teenagers) AND more challenging yet provided another new fleet of FS for the ICSA Sloop National Championship...try keeping 30 cool rad College sailing dudes happy in the shifty East River in 25 knots.

But once again, this upcoming year he has committed to provide Flying Scots® for the combined Mallory and Adams at American YC with 22 boats and the Championship of Champions in Detroit!

Think about the amount of volunteer man hours they personally put into these events by preparing the boats, driving them to the host club, rigging them, maintaining them, being on the water, derigging them and taking them home. While US SAILING is very fortunate to have another boat company support our youth events in exchange for title sponsorship and ongoing national recognition- We need to recognize Harry and Karen's quiet personal devotion to US SAILING - perhaps Flying Scot® Inc should be recognized as the unofficial sponsor for the “other” championships.

The passion Harry and Karen have for the sport of sailing is infectious and they continually give to the sport. On his home waters Harry is literally the glue that keeps the flotilla of Sailing School boats together for the kids at no cost... many of you know what a big job that is! He recently learned of a start up community sailing program in Washington DC who had

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THE FSSA BURGEE

The FSSA now has available two color schemes for the FSSA burgee that can be used as Class Flags for Warning Signals. One flag is red with white lettering, the other is white with blue lettering. These are the same color schemes as numeral pennants #1 and #2 as defined in the Rule Book, "Race Signals". Red/White can be used as start #1 and White/Blue for start #2, i.e. Championship Division and Challenger Division.

Price is \$25,00 plus \$6.00 S&H.

To order please call FSSA
at (800) 445-8629.

Harry Carpenter ...

Continued From Page 19

donated Flying Scots that were pretty beat uphe went to them and offered to upgrade the fleet- at no cost- as he wanted the new sailors to have a fun first experience. Now, please, don't everyone go and ask him to do that for you... Harry loves to give to the sport and has a hard time saying no as his wife, Karen gently reminds him. He is always helping people at regattas. He even helped me last year.... he loaned his personal Flying Scot so our President, Janet Baxter and I could sail the FS Wms Championship-, which we won. And on top of that he is one of the FS class leaders and champion race in his own right

I am so glad I met Harry and Karen at the Mallory Championship five years ago. Our paths have crossed many times since then. Either by fate or by luck, my husband and I now own a few Flying Scots on Deep Creek in Western Maryland and sail against Harry regularly. We are fortunate to now know and love their wonderful family very well on a personal basis. More importantly, Harry and Karen have shown us - and thousands others- how crucial it is to give to the sport and with quiet leadership and intense passion. Please join me in honoring Harry and Karen tonight. ▲...

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Natalie & Scott Mauney

2004 Junior NAC's Fred Strammer

2004 - 2005 Florida Circuit 1st:
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FOUR WEEKS ON A FLYING SCOT®

by Alex Bryan, FS 2495

In the spring of 2003, I bought hull 2495 down in Key Largo, Florida, and towed her across the country to my home in Port Townsend, Washington, on the Olympic Peninsula. There I named her "Miss Lucy" (after my dog of 16 years) and spent the summer doing day charters and a few lessons on Townsend Bay. Then, in the summer of 2004, I had her towed back to Virginia, thinking there were better boats for chartering on the deep, cold waters of the Northwest. By the middle of January 2005, I was faced with either going back out west for the remainder of the long, grey winter there, or doing something completely different. I opted, of course, for something completely different!

I've always loved Florida, especially the West Coast and the Keys. I had spent a few winters camped out on an island in the Sarasota Bay with Lucy, and we once lived in Key Largo for a few months. So I decided to tow the boat down to a friend's house on Anna Maria Island, just south of Tampa Bay--and not a moment too soon, either. The morning I pulled her out of the Potomac River, it had started snowing, and there was so much ice caked on the bow line that I had to cut her free of the mooring with a hacksaw! The centerboard was frozen in the trunk, and we had to break through even more ice at the ramp in order to get her up onto the trailer. By the next day, the river was solid all the way across to Maryland. It was a memorable beginning to what became an unforgettable journey.

I stayed with a friend in Holmes Beach and spent a week making preparations, finally weighing anchor on February 1. I headed south on a strong easterly breeze, beam-reaching down the bay at the break of dawn and being welcomed into Sarasota by the first two of many playful dolphins I would see. The bay narrowed down into a canal, which went under a couple of drawbridges, and at noon I met up with a



friend at a restaurant pier at the south end of town who sent me off with some fishing gear and a fond farewell. I proceeded on down the intracoastal waterway, through a few more draw- and turning bridges, and got to Nokomis in the late afternoon. There I found an island in the pass with a small beach on the inland side, so I pulled up and kedged off for the evening. That night I experimented with my makeshift shelter system, even though it seemed the weather would have permitted me to sleep out under the stars.

I had built a series of interlocking plywood planks that rested across the seats, creating a large platform in the cockpit. I had to remove the mainsheet cleat each night to do this, as well as swing the boom out over the starboard side and secure it to the shroud. On this platform I then pitched a free-standing backpacking tent that fit nicely within the confines of the cockpit and secured fore and aft to the mast and rudder, as well as on the sides to the jib fairleads. I learned after a few missteps to put "noodles" (long, dense-foam swimming tubes) under the sides of the platform because the seats of the Scot are ingeniously angled off (at 17.5 degrees, I believe?) to be level underway at the optimal angle of heel. This prevented the platform from pitching up on its side when I had to make my way forward around the tent without stepping on the slippery and equally sloped side decks. I also learned to run a line at night from the stern ring on the port side to a point about shoulder height on the port shroud and over to the mast as a temporary lifeline for making this maneuver forward. (When the tent was up, all movements around the deck of the boat became "maneuvers"!)

I shopped online obsessively for this tent, finally settling on a North Face model with the correct dimensions and an opening on one end rather than on the side of the tent. I faced the opening aft and the vestibule stretched out over

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Four Weeks ...

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the after deck. I would secure the tiller way off to the starboard side to get it out of the way, too, with the vestibule opening to starboard. I could then use the aft deck for protected gear stowage, cooking, etc. I had an air mattress with a battery-powered pump that I later upgraded to a Thermarest (self-inflating and rolls up tight).

I was awakened in the middle of that night by the bright lights and roaring engines of a tug pushing a barge up the wrong (shallow) side of the island and having to gun those mammoth diesels in order to back her off the sandy bottom.



Porpoise playing

In the morning I got up early to break camp and found myself shrouded in fog. The deck and the rainfly were soaked in dew, but I had stayed warm and dry in the tent, which was quite gratifying. But as I tinkered around on the boat and ate some breakfast, the fog slowly burned off and I found myself under the curious gaze of a few of the waterfront residents having their breakfast, too. I got off on the island to get some perspective on my rig, and, yes, the boat and the tent pitched on her were quite a sight!

The waterway becomes a canal at Nokomis and I didn't want to motor that much, so I ventured out into the Gulf of Mexico in light air and began making my way down the coast. When I got up

past drifting speed, I trolled one of my lures off the stern and got my first lesson in offshore fishing: always use a steel leader! Something big hit pretty hard and bit the lure right off the line. I kept myself busy figuring out ways to get the boat to sail herself. The adjustable tiller extension can jam nicely into the seat back and hold a course - the more into the wind you are sailing, the easier it is. I was also greatly entertained by the dolphins, who seemed fascinated by the boat and would come purposefully from far away and sometimes from several directions at once to swim alongside, underneath, and directly ahead of Miss Lucy, very much playing with the boat or teasing me. They might as well have

been UFOs, such alien and intelligent life forms appearing in the middle of nowhere from far away, then disappearing again into the depths.

I also spent time organizing and perfecting my storage system. I used plastic bins of various heights under the aft deck and seats for clothes, food, books, safety gear, etc. I had six containers in two rows under the aft

deck, the after three for less-used items and the forward three for more accessible stuff. I started off stashing the stack of plywood planks under the bow, but the back and forth soon became too laborious, and, with just me on board, I had room to spare in the cockpit, so I ended up leaving the planks across the seats up forward with a colorful beach towel draped over them so I wouldn't have to look at the raw plywood. Under the bow was reserved for oft-used or bulkier and less-weather-sensitive items, such as the tent, folding chair, folding bike, life jackets, fishing pole and net, etc. I am somewhat claustrophobic and like my freedom of movement, so it was sometimes challenging to shuffle through all

my stuff, trying to remember where things were, and do it all within the confines of the Scot, but it didn't take long to become intimately familiar and totally at one with every square inch of those 19 feet!

I have a Honda four-stroke 2-hp motor on the back. The one problem with this is that the mainsheet can get hung up on the motor. In certain conditions this is not only a nuisance but quite dangerous, as it can prevent the mainsheet from moving through its blocks, jamming the mainsail in place and unable to spill wind - a capsizing waiting to happen! So I also devised a system with a smooth metal hoop that goes around the three-line cluster of mainsheet and is bungeed forward to the midboom block hanger. In a stiff breeze the bungee stretches full out and does not interfere with normal mainsheet operation, and even in a light breeze it does not overtrim the boom (if it does, it just requires a little more slack in the sheet to set the sail out where you want it). But you can jibe without trimming the sheet at all and, as the boom swings across, the sheets are pulled nicely forward and totally avoid the motor. It also allows for sitting head-to-wind at a dock or mooring or beach with sails up and plenty of slack in the sheets, again without tangling up on the motor. I was quite pleased with this major improvement.

I sailed on down the coast, preferring to go offshore most days, rather than going inland. It was fun to sail out of sight of land when having to tack out. There were passes through the barrier islands at fairly decent intervals, so I could get into protected waters and drop the hook at night. When inland I much enjoyed being able to skim through the thinnest of water and take in some really remote mangrove islands and any associated wildlife up close and personal. It's amazing how well the Scot sails, especially upwind, with almost no board down. After threading through my first remote wilderness area at the north end of Charlotte Harbor, I had a screaming reach down to Bokeelia, hitting ten and a half knots at one point,

even loaded for cruising! At the end of the run I tried to get into Cayo Costa State Park, thinking I could see a way in on the map. (Believe it or not, I navigated this whole trip with a road atlas, figuring that in the Scot I really didn't need any navigational aids and that to get charts for the whole trip would have been too expensive. This atlas was also a "gazetteer," showing far more detail than your everyday roadmap, so each and every collection of mangroves, no matter how small, was accurately plotted and even named! The one inaccuracy I found on the whole trip was that the land and beaches around the middle section of the Sanibel bridge were not shown, so that was the one place where I became visually disoriented. But I sailed almost entirely by dead reckoning - with occasional help from a handheld GPS - and did just fine.)

Anyway, I threaded my way around some sandbars and got all the way down into a very shallow bay in a heavy following breeze against an ebbing tide, only to find no entrance to the park at the end, just a tight little basin and a whole lot of privacy. And I was really looking forward to a shower and maybe even one of the cabins there! I later learned that the park had been closed for some time due to hurricane damage from one of last September's deadly four. And this lagoon was so close to the beach on the other side that I could hear big rollers breaking on the shore just a few hundred feet away through the mangroves. I opted to stay there the night rather than fight my way back out. I pitched the tent and had some supper and slept like a baby after 12 non-stop hours of epic heavy-air sailing.

In the morning I woke up to the odd sensation that the boat wasn't moving - at all. The shadows weren't shifting, the ocean sounds weren't moving back and forth, and, when I pulled back the tent flap, I was confronted by a funny scene: egrets wading on a mud flat, the same mudflat that I then realized was the reason for my own stability. The tide had gone all the way out, perhaps more so with the heavy wind, and I had been left

high and dry overnight. It was a bit of a helpless feeling, embarrassing almost, until I remembered that I was indeed completely alone - except for the egrets. So we watched each other for the next few hours until the tide came back in, and it rose quite quickly over the flats and lifted Miss Lucy and me free once again, and soon we were tacking nicely upwind, in very thin water, back out of the little bay and out between the sandbars. But I never did get to see Cayo Costa.

One of the things that made single-handing really enjoyable was having a roller-furling jib. To be able to make it appear and disappear with the tug of a line is nothing short of a miracle after all those years of going forward to wrestle with the jib on the foredeck. What would have made things even better on occasion would have been a jiffy-reefing main, which I have now installed. I ended up sailing full-and-by a few times on this trip when, had I not been stuck with the old cumbersome roller-reefing system, I would have been happier and safer under shortened sail. I was just too lazy (or perhaps too exhilarated!) to stop and go through the whole rigmarole. While these things do make life easier, I consider them to be primarily safety features. After sailing in the picturesque but frigid waters of the great Northwest, the specter of capsizing has become simply unacceptable. Even though I have never once in my life accidentally dumped a Flying Scot, she is, as we all know, able to go over. As a charter captain, the thought of this, or rather of avoiding this at all costs, is always near the front of my mind.

I caught a big mackerel north of Marco Island and made landfall there to score some olive oil and a frying pan (I had left



Scot with tent rigged

prepared to catch fish, but unprepared to cook them!). That was my last, and worst, anchorage before heading around Cape Romano and into the Ten Thousand Islands - worst because of the intense concentration there of monstrous luxury boats, beachfront high-rises, and loud waterfront clubs thumping away into the marshy night - all that I consider to be symbolic of the bane of south Florida's beautiful, bizarre, and ailing ecosystem. But, despite all that, I had delicious fried mackerel and several cold beers to keep my mind off the first mosquitos I had encountered. Besides, I guess it was a fitting jumping-off point into what's left of the miraculous and mysterious Everglades.

So I pulled out of there at dawn the next morning after watching the prehistoric landscape slowly come alive with diving pelicans, wading herons, and jumping mullet. I sailed out and headed south literally in the shadow of Marco Island's west-facing wall of condos, watching as the last skyline of "civilization" that I would see for a while slowly (too slowly!) faded from view. I was excited to be heading into the wild, towards what I think must be the longest totally undeveloped stretch of coastline in the continental U.S. Little did I know as I sat in my folding chair on the aft deck, feet on the tiller, reaching my way

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Four Weeks ...

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up the channel to Everglades City, that I was on the cusp of a life-changing experience.

I got to the National Park headquarters in the afternoon and spent an hour or so getting their take on things like limiting outboard motors in the park to 25 hp (yes!), the fact that the American alligator has jumped from near-extinction to more than there ever were (let's hear it for endangered species protection!) and the current multi-billion-dollar federal program to try to restore the health of this unique and complex eco-system.

The problem is primarily one of drainage, or lack thereof, the source being Lake Okeechobee ("big water"), which overflows in the rainy season (summer) and flows south through a "river of grass" (sawgrass, to be precise), dropping at the imperceptible rate of one to two inches per mile (!) until it meets with the saltwater and the mangroves, and again overflows a thin rim along the coast and into Florida Bay. Big agriculture (citrus, cattle, sugarcane, etc.) south of the lake and its system of canals for drainage and irrigation have all but blocked this essential flow, choking off the lifeblood to the flora and fauna below and seriously degrading the quality of the water that does make it down. My learning of this predicament juxtaposed with my intimate experience of the place itself was a very sad and poignant awakening to a reality I had heard a lot about but was previously only vaguely familiar with. There is only one Everglades, as they say, and I can only hope that it is not too late for this miracle of a place to recover, or at least to stabilize.

After they closed the visitors center, I putted across the bay into a surreal sunset and anchored up against a little mangrove cluster. After a beer and some supper I just had to stay up and watch

the nightfall in silent awe. In the dark I occasionally heard some deep breathing sounds going past the boat, which I could only guess were the sounds of passing manatees or dolphins. The great thing about sleeping in the tent on deck as opposed to down below in a cabin was that I could practically hear the stars falling! Not a splash or a breath or a cry or a flapping of wings could escape my awareness. One night I heard a metallic scritch, only to look up with a flashlight and see an osprey perched on my mast...I felt like the ancient mariner being visited by the albatross! I don't know if she was hunting or resting or just curious, but she sat up there for



Sunrise in the Everglades

a good 20 minutes or so, raising her wings occasionally for balance but otherwise not deterred from her roost.

I awoke in the middle of that first night in the Everglades to just the opposite of that tug back in Nokomis: an incomparable, eerie, silent stillness, so still that to stare into the black water all around me was to stare into a mirror of the crystal night sky: every star, every constellation, was reflected in its pure form - not a ripple above or below. To hold my breath was to stop the only sound I could detect, and when I drifted back off to sleep I felt suspended between two equally vast expanses of space, adrift in a timeless sea of stars.

The next day I went into Everglades City (a misnomer if ever there was one!) for one last provisioning run before heading back out into the Gulf and down the coast. I was fighting the incoming tide and a mostly onshore breeze as I worked my way back out a channel through the maze of mangroves. I enjoyed beating upwind and fighting the current, at times making no headway at all...but, each time I was on the verge of firing up the "iron jib," I would get a little lift and sail on through. I would occasionally sail up on a roost of pelicans or a bunch of cormorants, or see a patch of white wading birds picking their way along the shallows. The place truly has a pre-

historic feel to it, and I can't imagine taking it in under any better form of transit. Meanwhile, the GPS and my tattering road atlas kept me on track, and without them it seemed it would be easy to get lost forever among the Ten Thousand Islands - which, I thought, might not be such a bad thing!

That evening I sailed past a beach absolutely mobbed with white pelicans, most of which took off in a great noisy cloud and circled the beach in the lee of the island, which appeared to have a nice anchorage on it - until I got in the lee of them! What a

stench! The white pelicans are a rare sight because they tend to stay out in the backcountry and away from human activity. So I sailed a little further and pulled way up into another isolated little lagoon for the evening, and the next morning I learned the hard way about the soft bottom that is common to the whole area.

I had wanted to get an early start but woke up to see the tide running out quickly. I went over the side thinking I could haul the boat out a bit and get her to float off, but I immediately sank into the muddy bottom up to my thighs. I have since heard horror stories about people dying in this quicksand-like

sludge. I was alright since I had the boat there to hang on to, and I even managed to drag her about 50 feet, but soon I realized the futility of my efforts as the water ran out and exposed a mud flat several hundred yards out from the island. So I climbed back on board and cleaned myself up and crawled back into my sleeping bag with the book I was reading to wait for high tide.

When I finally floated off there around noon, it was cloudless with the same stiff northwest breeze from the day before. I surfed big waves off the Gulf all day, whitecaps occasionally breaking over the starboard quarter, and set my speed record for the trip, going down one of them at 11.5 knots! Lucy was off the leash, and we were in heaven. I think I saw two other boats that whole day, and, of course, no cars, no buildings, and no people. Best of all, I had no cell phone reception. It was out there that I realized the extent of my addiction to instant communication, but I experienced relief rather than withdrawal. I felt fortunate for this brief reprieve from any connection to anything at all. I thought about the early explorers as I sailed past Ponce de Leon Bay, and how, back then, it took months for one letter to make it back home! For me, the jury's still out as to whether or not the differences between then and now can be called "progress."

We made it around Northwest Cape and Middle Cape, pulling into the sweet, calm waters of Lake Ingraham just before sunset. I realized my exhaustion after dropping the hook, as I had no energy left to cook dinner. I also wanted to get up really early, before the low tide, so as not to find myself stranded again, so I snacked on peanuts and carrots and such and set my alarm for three a.m. But my internal alarm had me up even earlier, for I knew that this would be my last time in the wilds and that I would probably get down to the Keys that day. I was sailing out on the ebbing tide by four, and it was quite chilly at that hour, so I bundled up in just about all the clothes I had, including foul weather gear and knit cap, and settled in

for the ride. I could tell when I had rounded - and just missed! - the East Cape by the cries of laughing gulls sitting on a sandbar that extended out a ways from the point. At 4:20 I was taking stock of all there was to see and hear in my incredible surroundings at that hour, when a constellation on the horizon suddenly caught my eye: four bright stars stood out in a perfect formation right on the horizon, and I knew instantly that I was seeing the Southern Cross for the first time - and I understood then why I'd come this way.

As I rounded the corner the seas calmed down in the lee of the land and I set the boat on a perfectly balanced close-hauled course. I was able to sail along the southern edge of Florida for almost two hours without once touching the tiller, entering into a sailing trance or meditation of sorts. I should have been sleepy, but I felt more awake and alive than I had in a while. I was the only person for miles around, as far as I could tell, but I could sense myriad other life forms teeming all around me.

I kept sailing towards Murray Keys, which seemed to be receding before me into the lightening eastern sky. I thought I would sail up into Flamingo, but thought better of it and turned south to cross Florida Bay just before sunrise. The further I got from land, the more the wind picked up, and it actually seemed to veer around more to the east. All I know is that I set out on a broad reach that lasted for several hours, skimming over the flats and past key after bird-covered key, all backdropped by a classic blazing sunrise that slowly illuminated more and more of the remote backcountry around me. I took a few pictures looking aft to try and capture the incredible speed and smoothness at which I was traveling, leaving a thin wake behind me as I planed endlessly towards Islamorada, my destination on the other side. The pictures, of course, don't really tell the story, but suffice it to say I was fused with the moment and the boat and the entire universe for one glorious morning, a thrill-ride that had me smiling from ear to ear for the rest of the day.

The first thing I saw when I got across to the Keys was the Teatable Bridge hovering over the horizon like a mirage. I came in just north of Lignumvitae Key, thinking that I would be finishing up in Islamorada where I was hoping to find a winter home for my charter business. But for some reason I had a hunch to go on down to Key West - my curiosity would kill me otherwise. Appropriately, I got as far as Marathon that night before giving out. It had been a long, grueling day of hard sailing under a warm sun, and, as good as it was to finally be in the Keys, I already missed the remote serenity of the Everglades.

It took me a couple more days to get down to Key West, where it took me a couple of hours to figure out I was in the wrong place. It was just way too crowded and noisy and hectic, and shore access was next to impossible. I sailed back up the Keys on the ocean side, at one point finding myself about 10 miles offshore where I could see no land at all - what a treat! The ocean swells made it a little more difficult for the boat to sail herself, but I still managed to catch and clean the biggest mackerel of the trip and fried it up, breaded with saltine cracker crumbs, while under way in the deep blue ocean outside the reefs. I can tell you it doesn't get much better than that.

I made my way back up to Islamorada, dropping my mast to cross back over to the bayside and motoring under the Teatable Bridge at Bud 'n' Mary's Marina, the bridge I had first seen a week earlier. I ended up staying there for the rest of the winter, living on a 33-foot Pearson and doing sunset charters on a 33-foot replica of a Chesapeake Bay handscreper, but that's another story. As for what's next, we'll just have to wait and see...for now, I am in California, with Miss Lucy (as well as many great memories of our winter trip!) in tow, headed back to Port Townsend for another season of one of my favorite things: chartering and teaching sailing on Townsend Bay!

[The author can be reached at saintof-circumstance@hotmail.com] ▲

NATIONAL MASTER CHAMPIONSHIP SURVEY

by Hans Noordanus, FS 4427

Larry Taggart and I were asked, at the last board of governors' meeting, with evaluating whether the Silver Piper regatta should become the Flying Scot® National Master Championship.

This is where we need input from our "senior" sailors!

Many other successful one-design classes have placed an emphasis on their master events and even hold regional and district masters' championships. Currently, the masters' championship is awarded to the highest-placing team at the North Americans. To qualify, the skipper must be at least 55 years old. Because there are two separate divisions at the NACs, the eligible sailors never compete against all the other masters. As a result, the Silver Piper Regatta was born. It has been hosted by Fleet 42 for the past three years; 2005 will be the fourth year. It is now time to decide whether the Silver Piper should become the National Master Championship, making it a stand-alone event.

Please answer the survey questions below and return the survey by e-mail to hans.noordanus@lowsc.org or call (540)846-1605 or mail to 200 Madison Circle, Lake of the Woods, VA 22508.

Our current FSSA bylaws provide for the following championships:

c. Seniors Championship - normally held as a part of the NAC. Eligible competitors for the Seniors Division must declare their intention to race in this division when registering. To be eligible, the combined ages of Skipper and one Crew must equal or exceed one hundred twenty (120) years. Seniors will race with the Challenger Division during the final five (5) races of the NAC but will be scored separately. Seniors will not be eligible for the Challenger Cup or other trophies available to the

Challenger Division. Seniors are not required to sail in the Qualifying Series but may do so in order to compete for the William V. Singletary Trophy if desired. Any Senior who makes the cut for the Championship Division may then elect to change their original declaration and may sail in the Championship Division rather than the Seniors Division (but not both). Seniors may sail in three (3), four (4) or all five (5) of the final races. The winner of the Seniors Division will be determined by scoring each Senior's best three (3) finishes in the final five (5) races. Perpetual trophies include: Seniors Trophy/Seniors Champion

d. Masters Championship - normally held as a part of the NAC. Eligible competitors for the Masters Division must declare their intention to race in this division when registering. To be eligible, the Skipper must be at least fifty-five (55) years old. The winner of the Masters Division will be the Masters skipper with the best final position in the NAC. Masters skippers are eligible for both Championship and Challenger trophies in addition to Masters trophies. Perpetual trophies include: Huron-Portage Yacht Club Trophy /Masters Champion

SURVEY

Name: _____

Boat #: _____ District #: _____

Questions:

Answers:

- | | | |
|---|--|-------|
| 1 | Should there be a stand-alone National Master Championship? Y/N | _____ |
| 2 | Should it be held on a weekend or during the week? | _____ |
| | 2b If during the week, how many days? | _____ |
| 3 | Probability that you would attend a separate masters' regatta? (%) | _____ |
| 4 | Should the age change to 60+ (Silver Piper) or remain the same (55+) (NAC)? | _____ |
| 5 | If there is a stand-alone NMC, would you still compete in the NAC? Y/N | _____ |
| | 5b As a senior, or as "normal" competitor? | _____ |
| 6 | How important are the following to you? 1 - least important, 8 - most important | |
| | 6a Moderate sailing conditions | _____ |
| | 6b Shore facilities for easy launching, docking, and overnight storage | _____ |
| | 6c Camping and motor home facilities | _____ |
| | 6d Hotel/motel facilities | _____ |
| | 6e Housing with local fleet members | _____ |
| | 6f Evening/social activities | _____ |
| | 6g Multiple age divisions (50-59, 60-69, and 70+) | _____ |
| | 6h Age of crew in considering eligibility (i.e., combined age >100 years) | _____ |
| 7 | What other factors would be important for you to participate in a stand-alone NMC? | |
| 8 | Any other suggestions or comments? | |

FSSA Daysail/Cruising Directory NOW ONLINE

by Ed Price, FS 4618

Like many Scot owners, I initially chose our boat because it is trailerable, easily rigged for sailing, and likewise simple to unrig and get ready for the trip home. I like being able to experience different geographic areas and have had the pleasure of sailing many locations, such as Deep Creek Lake and the Chesapeake Bay in Maryland, and the Susquehanna River and numerous state parks near my home in south-central Pennsylvania.

I must admit that, before purchasing our Scot new in 1989, my wife and I gave serious thought to buying a larger cruising boat on the Chesapeake Bay, as some of our friends had done. We spent a number of weekends driving to the Annapolis, MD, area (about two hours south of our home) looking at used boats and dreaming. I can't deny that it is very enjoyable to explore the many ports of call around the Chesapeake and eat at a nice waterfront restaurant.

But, thankfully for us, our dreaming slowly faded to the reality of renting a slip, the cost of maintenance and upgrades to the boat, and whether we wanted to commit to driving to the Bay every weekend to do our sailing. Honestly, with this kind of financial commitment we would feel almost obligated to go every weekend. And this was well before gasoline cost over \$2 a gallon!

So we bought the Scot instead, and my wife and I couldn't be happier with our decision. There's an old saying that "The next best thing to our having a boat on the Chesapeake is having a friend with a boat on the Chesapeake!" Now we daysail from time to time with our friends on their boats and occasionally charter a cruising boat ourselves on the Chesapeake and in the Caribbean.

Another limitation to having a cruising boat is that eventually you visit just about every town, creek, and river with-

in the normal range of a weekend sail. If you want to change your scenery, you need to move your boat to another marina. And what if you don't like your new location as well as your previous one? You find that your old slip has been rented, and there's a waiting list to get back in.

We keep our Scot on its trailer in the driveway. No slip fee, no bottom painting, and no guilty feelings if we can't get out sailing this weekend or several weekends in a row. And what if we want to try a new sailing location? No problem, just hook up the trailer and have your directions in hand. FSSA has added a new section to its Web site that allows members to share information about their favorite daysail and/or cruise destinations at <http://www.fssa.com/ht/cru/cru-where-to.htm>. There's also a link on the page to a blank form that allows anyone to submit an entry. Please share your "local knowledge," even if the destination isn't very exotic. Remember that small lakes and rivers need exploring, too.

Although I originally suggested that FSSA establish the registry and I currently edit the submissions, this forum wouldn't be a reality without the tireless assistance of Charles Buffington, FSSA membership chair, and Hank Sykes, FSSA Web page editor, as well as the support of Bill Ross, FSSA president.

I encourage members to check out the "Cruising" link on the association's Web page on a regular basis and consider submitting your own favorite place to sail so that other Scot owners can experience the fun of being a "trailer sailor." This registry is just another way in which FSSA is attempting to show that the association is a benefit to cruising sailors as much as to racing sailors. I sincerely hope those members who just enjoy a daysail will take this opportunity to build a usable and valuable database during this and future sailing seasons. ▲



STARTING LINE

Calendar Of Monthly Events

New England District Championships July 9 & 10, 2005

FS Fleet #124
Duxbury, MA
Contact Charlie Willauer at (617) 241-2210 or
cwillauer@adelphia.net.

Mid Summer Regatta July 16, 2005

West River Sailing Club
Galesville, MD
Contact Frank Gibson at (703) 271-2716, or
fhgibson@peoplepc.com

Westhampton Yacht Squadron Regatta Leg #1 of LI Championship July 16, 2005

Moriches Bay
Remsenburg, NY
Contact Ed Sorgan at (631) 288-2069; eddgann@aol.com

North American Championship Regatta July 24 - 29, 2005

Houston Yacht Club
Houston, TX
See Notice of Race in this issue.

Great South Bay Race Week July 29 - 31, 2005

Babylon Yacht Club
Contact Ken Boyle (631) 589-7131,
kjboyle@optonline.net.

The Greater NY Districts July 30, 2005

Seaside Park Yacht Club
Seaside Park, NJ • Barnegat Bay
Contact Peter Sayia (973) 376-4021,
psayia@hotmail.com

Midwestern District Championship 100th Ephraim Regatta August 5 - 7, 2005

Ephraim Yacht Club
Ephraim, WI
Contact Ryan Malmgren at (608) 225-4287; ryanmalm@yahoo.com or
go to www.eyc.org

2005 Alpine Bank Dillon Open Regatta August 5 - 7, 2005

Dillon Yacht Club
Lake Dillon, CO
Call (303) 638-7502,
info@dillonopen.com

Sprague Memorial Leg #2 of LI Championship August 6, 2005

Moriches Bay
Remsenburg, NY
Contact Ed Sorgan at (631) 288-2069; eddgann@aol.com

Eastern Women's Invitational Regatta August 6 & 7, 2005

FS Fleet #6, Deep Creek Lake
Deep Creek Lake, MD
Contact Geri Meehan at (352) 683-2543, gmeehan@earthlink.net.

Michigan-Ontario Districts August 6 & 7, 2005

Detroit Yacht Club
Detroit, MI
Contact John and Sheu-Jane
Gallager at (313) 331-8131;
dycscots@comcast.net

6th Annual Invitational One-Design August 13 & 14, 2005

Fishing Bay Yacht Club
Deltaville, VA
Contact Debbie Cycotte at (804) 776-7098, dcycotte@yahoo.com.

Crystal Ball Regatta August 13 & 14, 2005

Crystal Lake Sailing Club
Crystal, MI
For more information visit CSC's
website at www.sailcsc.org.

Sandy Douglass Memorial Regatta August 13 & 14, 2005

Deep Creek Lake
Swanton, MD
Contact Frank Vandall at (301) 387-6735, fvandall@law.emory.edu.

19th Annual Invitational Regatta August 13 & 14, 2005

Saratoga Lake Sailing Club
Saratoga Lake
Contact Ann and Peter Seidman at
pseidma1@nycap.rr.com;
(518) 877-8731 or go to
www.sailsaragoga.org.

NY Lakes District Championships August 20 & 21, 2005

Skaneateles Sailing Club
Skaneateles, NY
Contact Ted Jeske at (315) 469-6911; jeske1@mac.com.

YRALIS - Cedar Point One Design August 27 - 29, 2005

Cedar Point Yacht Club
Long Island Sound, Westport, CT
Contact Melanie Dunham
(845) 855-0619, fs2601@aol.com or
John Cooke, (203) 792-6919.
johncooke@easternpacking.com

West River Sailing Club Annual Regatta September 4 and 5, 2005

West River Sailing Club
Galesville, MD
For more information contact Frank
Gibson 703-271-2716,
fhgibson@peoplepc.com

55th Harvest Moon Regatta September 10 and 11, 2005

Atwood Yacht Club
Sherrodsville, OH
For more information contact Bob
Berkey at robertberkey@core.com,
(330) 627-5273.

56th Annual Regatta September 10 and 11, 2005

Massapoag Yacht Club
Sharon, MA
For more information contact Diane
Kampf at (508) 234-8047,
dianekampf@charter.net or go to
www.sailmyc.org.

Silver Piper National Championship September 10 and 11, 2005

Selby Bay Sailing Center
Edgewater, MD
For more information contact Dave
Gillingham 410-295-6675,
dgilling@glue.umd.edu

Annual Whale of a Sail Regatta September 17 and 18, 2005

Carlyle Sailing Association
Carlyle Lake, IL
Contact Pat Swan at (618) 654-7571,
fs1918@charter.net or go to
www.csa-sailing.org

Koningsberg Regatta September 17 and 18, 2005

West River Sailing Club
Galesville, MD
For more information contact Frank
Gibson 703-271-2716,
fhgibson@peoplepc.com

2005 Horrocks & Palmer Regatta September 17 and 18, 2005

Sayville Yacht Club
Contact Rob Kaiser at (631) 589-2467, cammie@optonline.net

Atlantic Coast Championship Capitol District September 24 and 25, 2005

Fishing Bay Yacht Club
Deltaville, VA
For more information contact
Debbie Cycotte 804-776-7098 dcy-
cotte@yahoo.com

Michigan Hot Scot Regatta September 24 and 25, 2005

Portage Yacht Club
Pinckey, MI
For more information contact Todd
Moore at toddmo65@yahoo.com or
www.ms-pyc.com

Pig Roast Regatta Ohio District Championship September 24 and 25, 2005

Cowan Lake
Wilmington, OH
For more information contact Bob
Shondel at lshodel@hotmail.com.

Glow in the Dark Regatta Sept. 30 - Oct. 2, 2005

Clinton, IL
For more information contact Mike
& Steve Hartman, (217) 359-2212,
mikey@jism.com

Candlewood YC Invitational Oct. 1 & 2, 2005

Candlewood Lake
New Fairfield, CT
For more information contact
John Cooke, (203) 792-6919.
johncooke@easternpacking.com

NERD Regatta October 8 and 9, 2005

Monmouth Boat Club
Red Bank, NJ
Contact Dan Vought at (732) 530-9801, danbvought@verizon.net

Pumpkin Patch Regatta October 15 and 16, 2005

West River Sailing Club
Galesville, MD
For more information contact For
more information contact Frank
Gibson 703-271-2716,
fhgibson@peoplepc.com

FS Fleet 160 Championship October 23, 2005

Lake of the Woods
Locust Grove, VA
For more information contact Hans
Noordanus 540-972-0933
hans.noordanus@lowsc.org

8th Annual Fall 48 November 5 & 6, 2005

Lake Norman
For more information contact
Larry Vitez (704) 442-1850,
lvitez@carolina.rr.com

Jubilee Regatta November 12 & 13, 2005

Pensacola Yacht Club
Pensacola, FL
For more information contact
Bernie Knight at (850) 995-1452,
bknight5619@bellsouth.net.

CAVEAT EMPTOR = BUYER BEWARE

The Flying Scot® Sailing Association is not responsible for items purchased through the Caveat Emptor page.

Advertisements in the Caveat Emptor section of Scots'n Water and on the FSSA web page is \$30.00 for members per insertion, pre-paid and \$40.00 for non-members. Advertisements must be 50 words or less. Send or fax submissions to Association Headquarters or Email to info@fssa.com. Placement will be made upon receipt of payment. Send payment to: FSSA Headquarters • 1 Windsor Cove, Suite 305 • Columbia, SC, 29223.

FS 59 – Douglass built in 1959. Red hull, white deck, three sets of sails, extra rudder and tiller. Over-the-boat cover and trailer. No leaking, but needs new bottom paint. **\$1500**. Located in OH. Contact Jay Gilbert at (419) 756-6846, jgilbert@neo.rr.com.

FS 331 – Douglass built in 1962. Completely restored to pristine condition. New hardware & rigging, internal spinnaker sheets, triple-console cleat, jib cleats on seats, rudder lift, yellow awl-grip w/green waterline, white VC-17 epoxy bottom, new cover & trailer, New North sails and tight rig jib. Ready to Race. **\$6900**. Located Key Largo, FL. Contact

FS 337 – Douglass built in 1962. Light Blue Hull, Yellow deck, lots of sails, including like new North Tight Rig Main, Jib & Spinnaker, 1995 galvanized trailer, Sailor's Tailor cover, fast, stiff competitive older boat, totally updated. **\$3500**. Located in Long Island, NY. Contact Charles Huberman at (631) 563-4856, spudsailor@aol.com.

FS 397 – Douglass built in 1963. Functional redo 2001 w/all new halyard winches, halyards, lines and wires. Boom cover & vang. Hull painted. \$1200 Schurr sails used 1 short season + 6 old sails. Spinnaker rigged w/pole. Lifting bridle, SS mast sleeve, motor bracket, old Gator Trailer. **\$1000**. Located in Beach Haven, NJ. Contact Greg Brash at (201) 681-6191, gregory@barsh.com.

FS 708 – Douglass built in 1965. Blue hull, white deck. Complete restoration and refinishing 2002 - like new! North sails, new galvanized trailer, Sailor's Tailor cover. Very, very good condition. **\$5000 obo**. Located in Lake Hopatcong, NJ. Contact Martin Mick at (973) 663-3544, mdmick@optonline.net.

FS 920 – Douglass built in 1966. Available for donation or give away, includes trailer. Good project boat. Located West Babylon, NY. Contact Dave Kennedy at (631) 661-0172, ndk89@yahoo.com.

FS 971 – Douglass built in 1966. White with green deck, two sets of

sails, one set new North jib and main. Galvanized trailer in good condition. **\$3700**. Located in Kennewick, WA. Contact Diane Ellis at dsails01@charter.net, (509) 585-1203.

FS 1209 – Douglass built in 1968. Rigging updated to early 1990's. Sound hull. North sails used 2-3 summers. Spinnaker. Sterling trailer. Sailed only on Deep Creek Lake, MD where it is currently located. **\$1800**. Located Deep Creek Lake, MD. Contact Ted Rissell at (301) 387-4497, tedriss@earthlink.net.

FS 1546 – Customflex built in 1970. Light blue hull, white deck. Pamco trailer. Main, jib, spinnaker. Sailor's Tailor cover. Motor mount. **\$1900**. Located near Dallas, TX. Contact David Boettger at (214) 235-7139, boettger1@yahoo.com.

FS 1721 – Lofland built in 1970. Good condition. Sound hull, light blue/white, main and jib sails, trailer needs work. **\$3000**. Located in Northern CA. Contact Joyce Sinclair at (707) 786-4340, jksicinski@humboldt1.com.

FS 2137 – Customflex built in 1972. Excellent condition. Dark blue: White deck, red boot stripe. Omega Sails Main, Jib 2003, Spinnaker 2004. North M,J,S. 2004 Galvanized "Long" Trailer. Mooring cover, full boat cover. Bow flotation bag, mainsail flotation, swim ladder, Johnson 3HP with bracket, accessories. **\$5500**. Located in Morehead City, NC. Contact Bill Quake at (252) 240-1918, bquake@earthlink.net

FS 2184 – Customflex built in 1972. White, blue water line. Garage kept - Excellent condition. 1978 Pamco boat trailer. Original owner. **\$2950**. Located in Chicago, IL. Contact Pantelis Kosiopoulos at (312) 649-0550, kosiopoulos@earthlink.net

FS 2362 – Douglass built in 1973. Boat trailer. **\$2300**. Located near Destin, FL. Contact Ray Visser at (517) 410-8042.

FS 2625 – Douglass built in 1975. Class A Racer - Family oriented. Includes sails, trailer and outboard

motor. In prime condition. **Call for price**. Located in Livingston, NJ. Contact Shirley Friedman at (973) 992-9054.

FS 3492 – Douglass built in 1980. Very good condition, white hull, light blue deck, multi-blue pin striping. One set of sails. Whisker pole, lifting bridle, 1/2HP Seagull motor, paddle, anchor, misc. Sterling trailer. Fresh water sailed. **\$4800** or obo. Located in Oswego, NY. Contact Jeff Walrath (315) 342-6311.

FS 3713 – Light blue hull, cream deck. Race equipped, excellent condition. One new set of sails, one set of sails - 1 year old. TeeNee trailer, top travel cover, tent cover. **\$4000 firm**. Located in Toms River, NJ. Contact John Applegate (732) 929-1362.

FS 3724 – Douglass built in 1984. Good condition. Blue hull with white deck. Two sets of Schurr Sails with 2 spinnakers and poles. Boat cover and trailer. Fresh water sailed. Asking **\$5000**. Located in Worcester, MA. Contact Marc Alkes at (508) 755-5763, sales32@aol.com.

FS 3943 – Douglass built in 1983. Off white hull and deck, very good suite of North Sails and many other used sails, Sailor's Tailor deck cover; 3 year old aluminum trailer. Fast boat, top 10 in 2004 NACs, 1st place Challenger Division of the 2003 Wife Husband. Well maintained with many new parts. **\$5000**. Located in Carlyle, IL. Contact John Woodworth at (314) 721-0192, jbwoodworth45@hotmail.com

FS 4225 – Douglass built in 1986. Excellent condition. Schurr sails, always protected when not sailing so in good shape. Boom tent, with extension. TeeNee galvanized trailer. Outboard motor mount, and one 1/2hp motor, but motor has not been used in some years, so am not sure of condition. **\$6150**. Located in Lake Gaston, NC. Contact Bob Moorhead at (919) 929-3338 or rmb@intrex.net.

FS 4479 – Douglass built in 1988. White with teal trim. One year old Beaton sails, three year old North

sails. Good racing record. Trailer. **\$5200**. Located in Toms River, NJ. Contact Arthur Bailey at (732) 929-8944.

FS 4609 – Douglass built in 1990. White with blue boot stripe. Harken hardware, fisher sails. Galvanized TeeNee trailer w/buddy bearings. Whisker pde, compass, bridle, tiller tender, mast and bow flotation kits and more. Barn kept, covered, dry sailed. **\$5900**. Located near Berkeley Springs, WV. Contact Keith DeShong at (304) 258-5794, kdeshong@earthlink.net

FS 4653 – Douglass built in 1990. White with blue boot stripe. New North sails race ready, additional old set. TeeNee Trailer. **\$6000**. Located in Key Largo, FL. Contact Phillip Wieland at (954) 309-3554, (305) 453-0887.

FS 4881 – Douglass built in 1993. White hull, red stripe, main, jib, boom cover, winter cover, lifting bridle, motor mount. (New, unused 2.5 HP Mercury motor - extra cost) Used for family recreation. Galvanized trailer. **\$6500**. Located in Northern Barnegat Bay, NJ. Contact Dorothy Windhorst at baker25@comcast.net.

FS 5358 – Flying Scot built in 2001. White with dark blue stripe. Aluminum trailax trailer. Winter and cockpit tent covers. North Sails, like new. Sailed 5 times. Replacement value \$17,939 asking **\$12,000**. Located in Red Bank, NJ. Contact Paulette or Larry Roberts at (732) 936-1155, lwrobert@comcast.net.

FS 5476 – Flying Scot built in 2002. Sailed only 6 times in fresh water and in excellent condition. Navy hull & gray deck. Spinnaker with racing configuration. Motor bracket, Sailor's Tailor mooring and cockpit covers and Master Helper. Long Trailer also in excellent condition. Asking **\$13,200**. Located in Johnson City, TN. Contact Bill Taylor at (423) 282-6390, bt1hsd@hotmail.com.

NEW MEMBERS

Of The Flying Scot® Sailing Association

Sorted By District, Fleet and Last Name

* Contact your District Governor for Fleet Assignments

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Alexandria, VA 22308

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221 Good Mill Road
Rileyville, VA 22650

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Matt Kress
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Bensalem, PA 19020

FS 5625/ Fleet # 42/ District 4

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Reston, VA 20194

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Chesterfield, VA 23838

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Jacksonville, FL 32217

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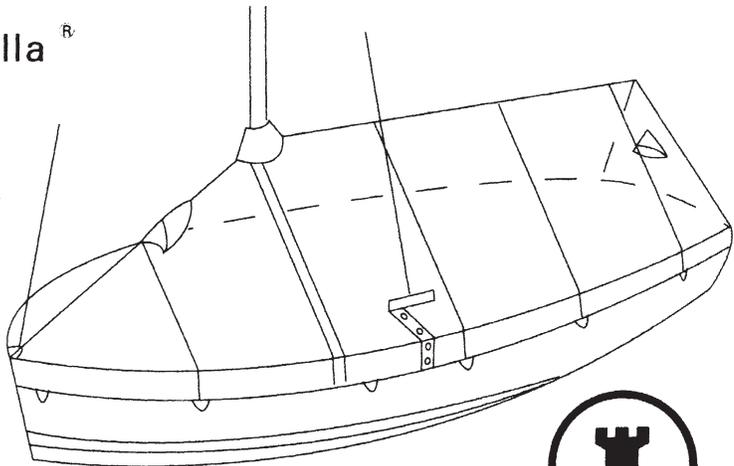
Cover has a tent-like fit
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Prices

Cover	white	blue	other
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Schurr Sails is proud to be part of the Flying Scot® Association. We guarantee to continue to provide each member with individual attention as our way of supporting its continual growth.



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Whether you're Cruising the Open waters or Racing around the buoys, Schurr Sails has the equipment you need to get you there safely and quickly.

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We also have available a Triradial or Biradial Spinnaker for \$510.

For more information call Steve Bellows, your friendly Flying Scot Sailmaker



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