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Challenger Division:
1, 3, 4, 5, (7 of the top 10)

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The undersea Racing with the dolphins in St. Andrews Bay

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Scots n' Water
Registered Trademark. Publication No. ISSN 0194-5637. Published monthly by FISA at 3008 Millwood Avenue, Columbia, South Carolina 29205. Volume X, No. 5. Subscription is $14 a year includes in annual membership dues. Periodical postage paid at Columbia, South Carolina 29205.

Publication Deadline: January/February issues, October 15; March/April issue December 15; May/June issue, February 15; July/August issue, April 15; September/October issue, June 15; November/December issue, August 15.

Ad Rate: Write FISA, 3008 Millwood Avenue, Columbia, SC 29205
Postmaster: Please send change of address to Scots n' Water, FISA, 3008 Millwood Avenue, Columbia, South Carolina 29205.

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SEPTeMBER/OCTOBER, 1996
I wouldn’t bother me if we didn’t sail in this stuff.” was my response to a quick survey of skippers. Many people didn’t want to sail a final race in the light to non-existent wind conditions on beautiful Lake Chickamauga, which would be a repeat of what we saw for Race 1. In fact, since there had been no sign of wind all morning, some had already anticipated a single race regatta and had the foresight to pack up for the long trek home. (You won the farthest, travelled award anyway, Heidi and Kelly!)

Eileen and I had already removed and packed our sails and rudder, put on the bottom cover and unrigged our spinnaker, halyard, and topping lift, but stopped short of dropping our mast to the slim chance the wind might come up enough to complete a second race.

After all, while our second place finish in race one was heartwarming, we still felt lucky to finish that well in what turned out to be a very up and down race for many good sailing teams. What really hurt was that we had a great start, near the middle of the line, got out with great speed noticing that Jerry and Sunlight Hartman were also poled out in front of the fleet. We were first to get a nice header and crossed well ahead of the fleet and felt it great. Not knowing many of the teams, Eileen and I were particularly interested in keeping our eyes on several competitors:

- Kelly/Heidi Cough, who won last year’s North Americans and the ’84 Wife/Husband Championship.
- Harry/Karen Carpenter, the only three time winners of the Wife/Husband Championship and recent winner of U.S. Sailing’s prestigious sportsmanship award (Congratulations Harry!)
- Mike/Kate Link, who finished close behind us at last year’s N.A.S.
- Kris/Diane Smith, who frequently sail against us (sometimes with us), knowing they are a threat to win any regatta; and
- newcomers Dan/Jan Vogt (who know all my secrets, since Dan frequently sails with me in Audacity).

Continued on page 5

...and rounding well ahead of the fleet. We noticed in particular that the Coughs were now a couple of boats ahead of us, but that the Carpenters were well back after what can optimistically be called a mediocre start.

The first reach was an adventure. Kelly and Heidi managed to move up to third before coming to a stop and we were able to head up and to leeward of them, asking “are you guys going backwards?” Then we saw the inevitable nightmare; a fresh breeze bringing the remaining fleet down on top of us. (Sigh!)

Somehow we managed to round the jibe mark seventh and slowly drift through.

Eileen and I got to weather of all four of the leaders, which now included Harry and Karen, tucked to cover and remained in the lead until the last tack to the finish of the now shortened course. We stopped, the Carpenters kept going and won the race with a brilliant comeback win. Matt and Holly Gregory, from the local fleet sailed very well to make our second place finish a nail-biter, taking third, followed by Patrick and Debbie Gluezer, from Cincinnati with Kelly and Heidi overcoming numerous bad breaks to finish fifth.

Being the eternal pessimist, I felt that there may not be enough wind for any more racing and that by losing that lead at the finish of the first race, we would end up second overall. And consider the Harrises who rounded every mark first in race one, only to finish 17th.

Surprisingly, we got another very good start at the committee boat, and noticed that Harry and Karen were not nearly as fortunate, about halfway down the line, in the third row. Although we are generally competitive people, I must confess that we got one short compass bearing on starboard tack.

Challenger Division Wife/Husband 1996

Continued from page 4

We had the pleasure to sample. All the folks at Privateer YC put on one great event! It is not easy to meet the lofty standards that Eileen and I have experienced at our previous W/H regattas, but this was one of our most enjoyable.

Making the toughest decision of the regatta at 11:35 on Sunday morning, Jim Braden made the announcement. “I know everyone won’t be happy with this decision, but you come here to sail and we’re going to try to start a race since the breeze seems to be coming in... Panama.”

“Eileen, you go get the sails, compass, water and sailing gear from the car, and I’ll start re-rigging the boat and get it ready to drop in the water.” What we didn’t know was that the RC had previously announced that no race would begin after 12:00 noon, so as we were padddling out to find a place to complete our re-rigging and hoist sails, the first gun went off!

By now the breeze had built to 8-10 mph, demonstrating what a wise decision the race committee had made. The start line was about 1/2 to 3/4 mile away and we had plenty to do so they raised sails and tied the tiller. Eileen was working on the line, and while I was rigging and fixing our spinnaker. Audacity was sailing perfectly toward the start line. We arrived in time to check in, determine that the windward end of the line was slightly favored and were not unhappy to see them behind, rather than ahead of us.

We quickly worked into the lead and by the end of the first beat, we realized that the couple who had finished just behind us in Race 1, Matt and Holly Gregory, were now in second place about 12 lengths behind as we rounded the first mark. “Let’s go with the chute, I called as I reached down for the halyard. But the halyard wasn’t there. I hadn’t looked it back up yet. Frankly working, we managed to complete damage control without losing too much, then noticed that the topping lift also was inoperative. This too contributed to an excruciatingly slow start.

One under way, we seemed to be able to gain slightly on the downwind leg and held on to a 10 to 15 boat-length lead upwind. On the second downwind leg of the windward/leeward course, we relinquished some of our lead by dropping the chute a little early. Harry and Karen sailing their usual great ‘comback’ were now in third, but too far out to challenge for the lead.

The race and regatta now became a fierce duel for final short beat, with Gregories staying on the opposite tack from us as we tried to cover as closely as possible. Matt and Holly soon halved the lead with several hundred yards to go and managed to open some separation from us by getting to the left. We wanted to protect the right, finally tacking on starboard on the layline to the pin. That way, if they did get the final short puff, they would still be on port and most likely still how to tack over to tack below us, thereby not being able to lay the finish line without tacking again.

Fortunately, we crossed them and won the race by several boatlengths over the very competitive local team who finished just behind us in both races, but still ended up third overall in a very tight three way battle for the title. Harry and Karen finished second for the second straight year.

Matt and Holly Gregory also won the award for the highest placing couple participating in their first Wife/Husband Championship. Eileen and I took home the Erik and Mary Annmann, Century Division trophy (I believe this is the person who drives the last Buick).

Congratulations to Whit and Lisa Kendall from Smyrna, GA who won B Division with two bullets over Chris and Julia Saleck from Dallas, TX who finished second with five points.

Many thanks to the good folk at Privateer for a really fun time at one really great/ival.

Special thanks to Myra and Jim, who couldn’t have done more to make this a wonderfully memorable regatta.

Finally, to my crew and partner, Eileen. A
### 1996 Flying Scot Wife/Husband National Championship Regatta Championship Division

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### Letters To The Editor

**DEAR SUNSHINE:**

Enclosed is a copy of the article in *American Sailor* about the National Sportmanship Award won by Harry Carpenter at the annual meeting of U.S. Sailing. I have known Harry for many years and have marveled at his ability to go out of his way to help fellow Flying Scotters and to make sailing a lot more fun for everybody.

My personal experience with Harry that underlines this well-deserved award occurred during the Harvest Moon Regatta at Awod Lake several years ago. It was a light and finkey day, which is typical of Awod and I was lucky enough to be in the right place at the right time, to find myself heading toward the windward mark in first place with Harry several boat lengths behind and nobody else in sight. I was so excited with this great stroke of luck that I was about to round the windward mark on the wrong side. Like the good sport that he is, Harry hailed me as soon to point out this error in time for me to round correctly. Needless to say, he won anyway. In any event, I admire Harry because of his sailing ability and even more as a good sport.

O. David Solomon, M.D., FACS

(Formerly, Fleet, 65)

**P.S.** There was some confusion about the dates for our Sail for the Grill Regatta of Lake Arthur, PA. The correct dates are September 21-22, 1996.

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### 1996 Flying Scot Wife/Husband National Championship Regatta Challenger Division

<table>
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### Saratoga Lake Sailing Club NERD Results hosted by Fleet 161

#### Nerd Saratoga Lake Challenger Division
- Aug 26-27, 1995
- 1. Young, Steve: 3800
- 2. Planon, Mike: 4515
- 3. Robbke, Adrian: 2415
- 4. Waterfield, Joel: 1076
- 5. O'Toole, Bruce: 3817

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#### Nerd Saratoga Lake Championship Division
- Aug 26-27, 1995
- 1. Bellows, Steve: 5000
- 2. Patin, Paul: 4069
- 3. Cavanaugh, Jim: 4045
- 4. Cohen, Eric: 3434
- 5. Smith, Kris: 4901

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**DEADLINES**

- **District Governors, Fleet Captains, Boat Owners, Friends…**
  - Don’t forget: Deadline is when I have to send your copy to the printer—so mark your calendars!
  - **Deadline**
    - **Issue**
      - **District Responsible**
        - October 15, 1996
        - January/February '97
        - MIDWEST
        - December 15, 1996
        - March/April '97
        - NEW ENGLAND
        - February 15, 1997
        - May/June '97
        - MICHIGAN/ONTARIO & GREATER NY
          - April 15, 1997
          - July/August '97
          - GULF
          - June 15, 1997
          - September/October '97
          - TEXAS
  - **District Governors, Fleet Captains, Boat Owners, Friends…**

Our Crazy Regatta Season, We Are On the Way!

By Ann K. Seidman FS 4254
Governor, NY Lakes District

I generally start packing the night before, remember organization is the key. Now let me see, if there are five races in one day we both need one shirt. But which shirt shall it be? Do we want people to start thinking of our invitational early in the season? I make the choice and get the Saratoga shirts in they come far too early to advertise. We also need sailing pants, gloves, the water bottle, sun screen, hats, foul weather gear, boots, an extra jacket or two or three, ("put, put, put") we are not flying, so throw it all in the car. We might need bug spray, and don't forget the sails. Maybe we should take two sets because nobody really knows the weather. We'll take both spinnakers as well. I'm quite sure they are folded to be sure we will run the tapes when we go out to the race course. I must pack something to drink. Well, we are the Seidmans and we are expected to bring Peter's home brew, should it be the old ale or the English bitter? I think I should pack some soda as well, along with snacks, munchies, sandwich and anything else I can put in the van, still leaving us some room to sit.

If I pick my daughter Sara up at school we can leave by 2:25, stop for gas, a bathroom stop, and a snack and be downtown Albany [yes, Albany does have a downtown] by 3:00 if the traffic moves on this Friday afternoon. When we stop at the plaza, I check the boat for the final time. Our flashers and lights all work and the boat is secured to the trailer and to the car. The tie down is properly attached and the wheels look fine. The spar is attached to the trailer and the car spare is in the trunk. The proper New York state sticker is on the license plate and we are ready to rock and roll. We are looking forward to the pleasant drive [ha, ha, ha] to New Jersey on the scenic thruway, Garden State and any road that takes us there on this pleasant Friday afternoon.

Upon arriving at Red Bank, we are greeted by many members of the club, donuts and coffee, bagels and sandwiches to buy the ever famous Full Moon regatta shirts. With companionship and competitiveness with other boats equipment, we raise the mast, use the hoist and Espresso is ready for her competition.

I am not going to bore you with details about the racing because it is always fun and always good and always a challenge and one day we might figure out how to make Espresso go to go.

Since this is a one day regatta, we realize we need to pack the boat, put out on the bottom and top covers, make sure the lights work and thank everybody for working so hard in making sure the sailors were all fed, housed and cared for. All the hard work that goes into putting on a regatta should especially be noted by the competitors, it makes it all worth it on both ends.

World Special Olympics

By Ann K. Seidman FS 4254
Governor, NY Lakes District

In the summer of 1994, we were sitting at the annual dinner of the Flying Scot NAC in North Cape Michigan, when Forest Rupers, Dave Jacobson and John Pridmore presented to us a film about the Special Olympics narrated by Gary Jobson. We were fascinated with the idea of a first time sailing venue where Flying Scots and Hobies would be used with special athletes. Who knew how really involved we would be both physically and emotionally? David’s dream about using Scots was becoming a reality.

Connecticut was the first state to train a team and New Haven was the site. The experimental regatta was held and the plan was in motion.

When New Haven, Conn., was selected for the World Games, David asked for volunteers and the response was overwhelming. Not only with people who were going to be safety officers, but with boats, equipment and race committee. There was a true sense of community in spirit and soul, truly filling a void we didn’t even know we had. We worked together as one family.

Teams came from around the United States and the world. Four special athletes and a coach comprised a team and each team was assigned a safety officer on a rotating basis.

Opening ceremonies in the Yale Bowl was breathtaking. Special athletes and celebrities, marched in behind banners, greeting the crowd with enthusiasm and joyfully sang and the audience held colored signs, choreographed to each exhilarating moment.

The following day brought the opening gala to the sailing venue where a runner carried the official flag down the dock with a local orchestra playing and speeches by Bruce Shriver, Gary Jobson and Bill Koch with the women sailors from America. After the speeches, various celebrities sailed and raced in Flying Scots to the delight of the safety officers who were lucky enough to be selected to accompany them. This was the first encounter we had with the special athletes.

We were given teams at random on a daily rotating basis. On the first day, I got the Russian team, none of whom spoke English. This was a day in which I was not in my own boat because Peter had another team in it. The conditions that first day were rather blustery, with the wind about 15 knots. When I went to the boat with the team by tender in the harbor, I was also told I needed to lower the sailing burgee of the Special Olympics which had wrapped itself around the mast five feet from the top.

As a safety officer I could not give advice or sail the boat but I could use my judgement in terms of safety. The team tried to hoist the sailboat but could not get past the fouled burgee. After several attempts the sails were raised but the committee boat had started the sequence. With two minutes left, I heard a swang, and know that tugs have no part in sailing. We were in trouble when the mast gently gilded us our side with the sails and boom in the water. What is a person to do? A person does what comes naturally. I stayed calm and relaxed and tried to communicate to the Russian team not to panic. Lots of hand signals were used. I then was able to pull the sails into the boat.

(Continued on page 10)
Mid-Winters, Anyone?

By Ann K. Seidman FS 4254
Governor, NY Lakes District

How do we go to all these regattas and still keep our sanity? It is a very strenuous routine but we seem to thrive on it. It is a wonderful feeling to see old friends again after a long, cold, snowy winter in the Northeast. We first see light at the end of the rainbow by deciding to make the trip to Panama City, Florida for the Midwinter Championships. We think long and hard about taking the boat as we look at it sitting under a blanket of snow in the back yard, but we decide 1350 miles is long way to SCHLEP a boat and call the airlines to book a round trip. The closest airport for us with the most reasonable air fares is Pensacola, home of Doc Bellow. This time we will not visit the Yacht Club but we hear tell of an institution called McGuire's. The wait is an hour for a table on this Friday night during school break, but Peter and I decided to wait in the brewery where they hand craft their own beers. Since we are home brewers too, we were treated royally by the brewer Darrel who gave us a private tour and tasting. Eventually, we were seated and ate some traditional Irish pub food.

The following morning we were all ready for the drive to Panama City and the St. Andrews Bay Yacht Club. We took our time and we could see the horrible destruction the hurricane gave residents and businesses on the Florida panhandle. The reconstruction of homes, hotels, and flora was well under way. You could see where the sea had crossed the road and left a salty mess behind.

As soon as we arrived at the yacht club we felt instantly at home. There was a line of Flying Scots parked in the lot and many friends from around the country. Sailors were getting sail measurements and Harry Carpenter was selling parts out of his truck. We finally caught up with our skipper Gary Werden who sails at Lake Massapoag in Sharon, Mass.

We chose to sail in the second division and the competition is very tough. We had either too much wind or too little wind, that is when there was no thunderstorm. It was like sailing back in New England. The whole week was rather cool and the high point was the dryer at the hotel. For this we came to Florida!

We most enjoyed the hospitality of the club and of the Bay Hilton where tradition holds with kamikaze's. Peter of course brought his home brew down on the plane so there was plenty of that too. Everyday after sailing we shared stories about what was and what could have been, how conditions changed and where the current was flowing. The friendship and companionship is what midwinters is all about.

It seems to me, we go to the Midwinters every other year so if we haven't met you yet, we hope to see you there soon. We loved sailing at the Midwinters and as we flew home, we realized we needed to get the boat, ready for Mother's Day which is our club's first race. There would be only six weeks left before we could fully experience sailing on our own lake.
My Family’s Introduction to Flying Scot Sailing
by Clark Cooper FS 4407

I bought Queen Anne’s Revenge (FS 4407) over the phone from Graham Hall in the early spring of 1988. He’d moved out to California the year before and left her behind in the boat park of the Saratoga Sailing Club. I learned how to sail at the U.S. Naval Academy. Sailing instruction was a standard part of Plebe Summer training when I went there. Racing sailboats seemed exciting, but I soon found out that the sailing team had no interest in novice walk-ons. After USNA, my feet didn’t touch the deck of a sailboat until a few months before I was due to get out of the Navy. A friend and I discovered a fleet of sailboats owned by the Navy recreational department at Little Creek, VA, located at the bottom of the Chesapeake Bay. After proving to the dockmaster that we weren’t going to sink them, we were allowed to check out boats to sail on the Chesapeake Bay.

As at the same time, I met Peter and Ann Sealman, and they showed me their Flying Scot, Espressio, and took me out for a ride. They told me. Now I had to find a boat. Ellen and I put in an application to the club that fall, and on the application we said that although we had no boat, we were planning to buy a Flying Scot. I went through the list in Scott’s Water and, at the time, there were only a few close enough for me to go look at. Also, I was concerned that I might be a marginal sailor, so I was a little worried at the time to do it. I would be afraid that I’d be too close to sail a boat. So, come spring, I had no boat. Our application to the Sailing Club was accepted though, and when we went to the new member’s social, we ran into the Sealmans again. They told me that there was a boat right at the club, there in the boat park, that was for sale. So after looking it over, and finding out that it was all ready to go, I gave Graham a call and we closed our deal.

The following weekend, Ellen (7 months pregnant), Ann (our oldest child), and myself headed for the club, ready to sail our new boat. The main dock at Saratoga is just north of a point in the lake and when the wind is from the south (the prevailing direction), the dock is somewhat sheltered. Standing on the dock, as rusty as I was, I came to the conclusion that conditions were just fine for taking the new boat out for our first spin.

So out we went, and about a 100 yards from the dock, the wind became greater than I felt I could handle. I knew enough to head up and let out the main, but I had too turn around and get back to the dock! So for a while I just feathered into the wind, hoping that the wind might moderate some. But meanwhile I had a terrified son and wife on board. The sails were making an awful racket as I let them mostly flail. To make matters worse, the jib failed to break out and hit Ellen in the face.

Finally, the wind moderated (or maybe I just got enough courage), and I went downwind to get back to the dock. Of course, I discovered that this was a lot easier on us. I sailed back into the relative shelter of the point and was able to dock without further incident.

Although the only damage to the boat was the broken fairlead, Ellen was never again interested in going sailing.

Fifth Annual Full Moon Regatta
Monmouth Boat Club, Red Bank, NJ
May 16, 1996
by Bill Ewing, FS 4246

Waved that the Moon was the theme for this year’s Full Moon Regatta, hosted by Fleet 157. For the fifth consecutive year, Monmouth Boat Club’s Sandy Hinstman and his team efficiently ran four good races, as the day’s breeze slowly built from very light and fluky to moderate.

Although the Full Moon is the first leg of the New Jersey Championship as well as the N.Y.A.A. Flying Scot Championship, we were delighted to attract four out-of-state boats including Class President Dave Jacobson, Class technical guru Forest Rogers, Class Scout Graham Hall and Fleet 9’s enthusiastic Dave Oster. Incidentally, you don’t have to be from Jersey to win the N.J. Championship, so we hope to see even more NewJerseyans and the Like. The N.J. C. Full regattas in Barreagat Bay.

The racing was a challenge, as always, with big gusts and kites only a wind shift away. This year’s outcome could have been different than all of the previous Full Moons, if Graham Hall’s “Falstaff” had not been over early in the first race, taking them out of contention.

Going into the last race it was a very close three way contest with Ewing, Chris/Diane Smith, and Jacobson/John Cooke all within one and one quarter points.

Fifth Annual Full Moon Results
A DIVISION

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<td>Dave Butler</td>
<td>Jon Spiegler</td>
<td>Kings Point</td>
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<td>Graham Hall</td>
<td>Spike</td>
<td>Tom’s River Y.C.</td>
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<td>Kris Smith</td>
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<td>Dave Jacobson</td>
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<td>Rich Kerdock</td>
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<td>Dave Butler</td>
<td>Peter Rusyn</td>
<td>Monmouth B.C.</td>
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<td>Tom Egan</td>
<td>Spike/Comella</td>
<td>Monmouth B.C.</td>
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<td>Bruce Catanach</td>
<td>Jackee Catanach</td>
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<td>John Gurn</td>
<td>Paul Lacy</td>
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<td>Steven Spinello</td>
<td>Greg Barry</td>
<td>S.S.Y.C.</td>
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Scotts Water
September/October, 1996

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IT HAPPENS
by Mike Palm, FS 1242, Fleet One

I never thought this article would ever have to be written. Up until now, I thought I had a little dignity and integrity left. Now that I have lost my dignity, all I have is integrity. The following is a true story.

This last season. I did a full, 360 degree roll in a Flying Scot. It happened within 100 yards of the dock. I fell in the water, lost the sheet. My partner stayed on the boat. Until this happened, I was comfortable that we could continue to avoid this most feared event in the stable-yet-agile Flying Scot. Our record was spotless. In fifty plus years, we had never been knocked down in anything larger than a Laser. We have been all over the world, sailing many dinghies in the 17 to 24 foot class. This, in all kinds of weather up to 50 mph, in all kinds of water. Whenever we retired from the water, it was with good cause for the safety of partners and boat. I love a stiff breeze; I firmly believe in a thorough check and technically correct weather forecasts, including flight service, before cast-off. Knowing that pride goes before a fall, I am comfortable (not proud) that my experience in the outdoors has made me sensitive to near-term changes that alert the sailor to the possibility of weather that may force a prudent retrieval or retirement. I had every right to feel comfortable and to share that comfort with sailing partners. Now, the perfect record of no capsize or collision has been broken. (The collision is another story.)

Prior to the event described in this article, I would have agreed with Dan Goldberg, FS 4761, (Boe Scots 'n Water Nov/Dec 95, "Storm Warning").

Now, having been violently knocked down, I believe he is wrong. You would be better off reading Harry Carpenter's "Turtle Busters" two pages later in the same issue. I don't mean Dan is all wrong, he just did not go far enough. I acknowledge that his skills and experience are superior to my own. But, if you do not want to be "dead" wrong, don't get snug. Some time you are going to get flattened. You better be prepared to recover partners, boat and self (in that order). Every time you sail, you must believe, "Today, I could get flattened."

I like Dan's article and endorse the preparations he recommends. But, someday, Dan, when you least expect it, the gods-of-sailing may be looking the other way when the gods of weather get frisky. It is not skill alone that keeps us upright. I remember reading about some pretty skilled sailors getting flattened returning to harbor in Texas at the Nationals a couple of years ago. This weekend, Fleet 1 had it's annual party. The team most discussed was the anti-turtle device described by Harry. Several of our best sailors talked about capsizes and core-sampling the lake bottom. Many of these have been to the Nationals. Our most respected sailors have been knocked-down twice.

I have read many good articles about capsizing and recovery. I learned some from each of them. They came into play. They all helped after I became a spectator of my own demise. But I doubt if my own method of recovery will be of any use to the Fleet, unless you too are very lucky. Here is the story.

A young woman was learning to sail on my boat. As mentor, I never touch the tiller, unless asked by the "student". On this day, she asked me to demonstrate a shortened version of the course she would be asked to sail during her upcoming finals. She wanted to observe the sail positions relative to the headings. I had already suggested that we retire until a small typical summer thunder shower passed. Before I took the tiller, I took a close look at the approaching weather front, and judged we had to time to do the demonstration. The thunderhead looked smaller and further away than many we had dodged during the summer. At this time, the chop was (what you would expect in 15 mph) just short of whitecaps. It was a typical day.
The first leg was a beat. We were just outside the inner harbor. This took us parallel to the line of boats moored in the outer harbor, about 25 yards out. At the top end of the beat, we were heading to come into a reach for the second leg of the miniaturized rectangle. I took note of the traffic. To our port bow was a 17' Day-sailer, sails down, with two people paddling it's 10 yard spread. Off our starboard bow were a Laser, Sunfish and Flying Junior. These were clear of our intended course, but all were heading for shelter. There were only the five of us on the lake. There was nothing to alarm any of us. We were all well out of harms way, with margins, heading to the outer storm. Again, I checked the front. It was no closer but the cloud had doubled its altitude. There was no on-deck.-

Just as I unzipped the main sheet and tacked down, expecting to be on a reach, IT hit. It was 90 degree shift and an increase in velocity beyond anything I had been exposed to before. Later, the Weather Channel reported sustained winds of 30 mph with gusts to 50. I had seen that before. This was more.

If pulled the jib to one side and the main to the other. The entire main cleat 270 furling pulled out of the centerboard trunk lid. (During an overhall the year before, the centerboard had been moved forward to new holes in sound wood.) The screws were not broken. Later it was found that one was bent 45 degrees. As the sheet was unzipped IT pulled the main almost to the shrouds. I tried to stop it with my hands, which are calloused and toughened by constant sailing. The hands held. The muscles on top of my shoulder let go. The mast, shrouds and boom held, much to my surprise.

Since we were now wing-on-wing, with IT directly behind us, we could see the effect of the bow on the sail. The bow raised the pressure of the wind on the sail, causing an increase in speed, which in turn caused the sail to further elevate. It was a vicious cycle.

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Continued from page 17
glasses, tape player) was in the
door. I hoped that the spinnaker pole
and the spinnaker would serve as a secure
anchor. I knew the anchor line was
attached but thought the anchor itself might
fail to the bottom of the lake. That
would be, of course, no problem and may
even aid the situation.
As the boat rotated to most
downward and continued, I reached
the windward side in time to see my
partner calmly walking around the
bottom as the capsized boat rotated.
She had not gotten wet. She kept
her head under conditions that should
have rattled many sailors.
It was a matter of good luck that we
were in one of the few places where a
full 360° is possible. We were
directly over the old creek bed
that originated in the inner harbor.
The mast never reached bottom.
As the boat reached the point where
the cockpit was exposed to the new
diminishing wind, it pushed the hull
so that the mast stayed perpendicu-
lar to the wind and was leaning nicely
on the surface. Just then, it disas-
pelled so quickly as it came. The
crash boat reached us and we began
the effort to get it up, get pumped
and reorganize for the short paddle
home.
One of the crash boat crew got
hold of the mast tip. I asked him to
lift it up so we could get upright.
I wanted to get the hull next to the
crash boat, as theerrick and pump
have a limited reach. He said he did
not want to do that as the wind
would knock us down again. Noting
that it was dead calm, I repeated my
request with some added vigor. He
complied and we pulled ourselves
next to the crash boat. After secur-
ing it with a few lines, I tried to
insure at least normal buoyancy.
One of the foam flotation blocks had
broken loose. I soon found putting
it back was an exercise in futility.
I could not apply the force needed
to press it under the water and shove it
under the aft deck.
I directed my attention to gather in
the spinnaker which, although still
attached and undamaged, had
floated out. I had asked her to
step out on to the crash boat and
help pull the hull up. She did. Some
where in all of this the sails were
taken down. She must have done it
on her own. I can’t remember doing
it or asking her to do it.
I was under control and
was not stirring. But, it wasn’t float-
ing either. We were pulling hard
up on the mast from awkward
positions. I asked the crash crew to
start the pump. One said, “It won’t work
as water will continue to come over
the owl.” I asked him again to start
the pump and told him it throws a lot
of water in a short time. I said I had
two choices. 1) Use the pump, or
2)"

Continued from page 18
Let it sink and (unless he had a third
choice) I preferred to pump rather
than lose the potential en-
ergy of and time remaining before
IT hit. The only mistake my partner
made was choosing her mentor. I am
exclusively responsible for the
FATE.
IT HAPPENS. When you take
on nature you are in IT’s element.
Most of the time you win, occasionally
you lose. There is no scientific way
to predict the power of natural events.
Did you know, in the last 5 years, 15
scientists have lost their lives trying
to predict volcanic eruptions? The
only way to avoid sailing risks is to
sail a couch. No thanks.
I know the change I would have
to make to avoid a repeat of this one-
50-year event. I would have to be
so conservative that I would not
be able to sail all at the summer.
In Ohio, there is a potential for
a thunder storm, the intensity of
which is variable, every afternoon.
Our local TV people call it the
summer shower “a severe thunder
storm.” They rarely are. When they
say there is a 100% chance of a
severe thunder storm, there isn’t.
What really happens is a rarely
storm, rarely severe, rarely ground
striking lightning and never 100%.
We sail almost every day. Some
days a rain shower with thunder will
goes to the South, sometime to the
North and sometimes on both sides.
The point is, do not be
comforted by competence, equipment,
or government statements. There
is no way you can live on the water without risk.
Too many good sailors and boats
lay on the bottom. The best you
can do is to be prepared to
get knocked off. The trick is to
stay off the bottom. Don’t live in
either happening. Do respect the
element. After the event, I studied the
eradar and satellite images and can
find no plausible explanation for it.
I am not a sailor, but can predict a
large fast moving storm heading
towards the lake at about the time
of the storm. I also am aware of the
unstructured view of the northern sky.
I saw nothing but blue sky prior to
our knock-down. It is possible that
there was an upper level interaction
between the flow that got us (to the
west) and the one reported by the
airport (to the north), but if there
was an interaction there was
no visible signs of it from my
vantage.
What sticks in my mind is the slow
approach of the front and the fact
that it came almost to a stop. Most
memorable was the rapid rise of the
top of the cloud as it climbed at the
creeks end of our lake. I am sure it went
over 40,000 ft. Anvil heads are
formed when the cloud tops reach an
altitude where the jet stream
blows the tops of cloud away ahead
of the main updraft and cloud.
It went so fast that when I saw it,
the anvil head had not had time to
form.
It was an undecided guess that
the cloud formed so quickly it chilled
in the cold upper atmosphere.
Instead of being blown ahead, the
cloud collapsed within itself and caused
a violent thrust of wind in all direc-
tions from the center of the storm
out. This is called a microburst. I
call this an understatement. There
was nothing “micro” about it. When
IT hit it was cold, when IT stopped
it was hot, as it had before. I had
never seen chop flattened...just
pulled out of the water and caused
a boat without sails go “turtle” in
a blink of the eye. I never saw 5 boats
go down in the same instant, like one
swipe of a large hand. I can only
imagine the velocity to be more than
50 and less than 70 mph. Must have
been left over from the Texas
Stanley.
Great 48 Regatta
May 4-5, 1996
By Larry Lewis

This year the Great 48 attracted 32 boats with our usual visitors from Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Georgia. Harry and Karen Carpenter made the trip, but due to trailer problems arrived too late to sail on Saturday. The weather on Saturday was great, with blue skies, 80 plus degrees and outstanding wind. The first race was sailed in 12 to 18 knots of breeze. There was no big shifts and the breeze placed a premium on weight and boat handling. The second race was sailed in 6 to 14 knots of breeze. The start was aggressive with three of the first five finishers in the first race being called over at the start of the second race. It seemed to help in the second race to take advantage of shore line on the right side. After an outstanding Saturday night social and dinner, there was no wind or race on Sunday. Lunch and trophies rounded out the Regatta. While no one could catch David and Bob Neff, the finishers had all been close with the second three boats finishing tied on points. The 1997 Nationals will be held at LTYC. Being a large Soots only regatta, the Great 48 Regatta will be a perfect warm up for the Nationals. We should have 50 boats next year. The Great 48 needs to be on your calendar for next year!

Fleet Personality
By Richard Wade, FS 4271, Fleet 23

I doubt that a worse subject for this magazine could have been chosen. When you talk to people, the ones you fail to mention are at first miffed until they realize how "miffed" doesn't quite describe how those features feel. The Dallas Flying Scot Fleet is full of personalities. Its thinnest-skinned members could be successful as a blindfolded, knife catcher. The thing that makes this fleet so valuable is its White Rock Lake and the fleet membership.

The lake is small and tree-lined with the kind of winds you'd expect from such a layout. Every sailor, regardless of talent, has a fairly equal shot at both ends of the finishing order in most races, from looking brilliant one moment to trying to catch up with the wing-and-wing boat next. The fleet is big and vocal with the kind of wind you'd expect from such a layout. You can be sure to have your start, first tack, mark rounding and spinnaker takedown critiqued regularly, both to your face and to your back if you choose not to stay and listen. If that doesn't get the hair on your neck up, your spouse, friend or partner will soon gain special attention for do-overs.

The competition is tight throughout out the fleet and crosswinds are often close. Pat Manichia has a standing order with Harry Carpenter for bow pieces. We've learned that a boat is not "A hole in the water into which one pours money", it's "An obstruction to put between someone and a hole in the water ahead of you to keep him from getting there first" and afterwards money is sometimes involved but always smart talk.

Such situations lead to friendly wagering that have found MAG and Mid-Winter's Camp Kelly Gough either with his boat put away before second place even finishes - or leaving the club barefooted after losing his shoes in a "First to the weather mark" bet with Pat.

Our new Fleet Captain, Jon Sefrick keeps the group in-line as best she can with strong organizational skills, social functions and club projects or, if that doesn't work, an anesthesia blend she picked up from Jerry and Sunshine. Of course she has earned her rank among the talkers too, so administers a dose of self-prescribed medication occasionally.

We wouldn't dream of depriving the rest of the country from our ability to occasionally spot another's faults and point them out publicly. We have sent missionaries to all corners of the Scot world. Jeff Peña, Tara Miller, Mike Lisnic, John Diggins, FRED BURNS, Bradford Davis and Richard Wade are only a few but certainly the best trained. Acceptance of their abilities is rare as instantaneous as it ought to be and some envy has been returned to us One-Way, COD, No Return Accepted.

Talents within this fleet go way beyond personality. We put into action what others only fear will happen. What other group can list such accomplishments among its membership?

- Pat Manichia - Participating in an endless number of adventures involving alcohol and explosives, and learning barges CAN reverse.
- Jeff Peña - Speaking to God in the Mobile Bay Tunnel.
- Mike Mittman - Hurting a Boston Whaler Motorboat.
- Bob New - Selling half of a perfectly good Flying Scot to "Mudman" Mittman.
- Roland Forster - Selling all of a really, perfectly good Flying Scot to Manichia.
- Kelly Gough - Sailing across the bow of a not so perfectly good barge in St. Andrews Bay.
- Ed Lockey - Distributing material with rude, uncompromising and prejudicial subject matter.
- Jennifer Wade - Asking, while knowing it's not, if that beer will be the last for the night.
- Scott Munnery - Providing an early ride home for wife, "I hate this part" Natalie.
- Heidi Gough - Checking to see if Doc's okay in the Men's Room head lock.
- Chris Duemelhier - Owning a boat of questionable color.
- Estrella Barrett - Possessing a blinding punch.
- Bob Harrington - Signing up as Governor to a Mobile Bay bunch.
- Madison Barrhart - Donating an almost perfectly good Flying Scot to the Turbo Pig Project.
- Richard Wade - Proving that "Turbo Pig's 'no-fault' point is not quite "Deeks Award". This Turbo Pig thing may need a little explanation. It's not worth a lot, but you've heard a little about the fleet responsible. Suffice it to say, the Turbo Pig is basically a stock Scot adjusted for the White Rock mentality.

Continued on page 22
Flying Scot New Membership

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Fleet #</th>
<th>Boat #</th>
<th>Name</th>
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<td>3460</td>
<td>Laura Bresko</td>
<td>2973 Valley View Road</td>
<td>Cape St. John, MD 21401</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>4306</td>
<td>John J. &amp; Janet Barbacan</td>
<td>1300 Deer Run</td>
<td>Morganton, WV 26505</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>5046</td>
<td>Richard S. Little</td>
<td>613 Calien Avenue</td>
<td>Morganton, WV 26505</td>
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<td>Dr. Bill R. Green</td>
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<td>4948</td>
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<td>19 Pilot Rock Lane</td>
<td>Riverside, CT 06878</td>
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<td>Robert Schimek</td>
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<td>Paul &amp; Linda Snyder</td>
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Prairie District

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<td>Arroyo Seco, NM 87514</td>
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<td>2896</td>
<td>Steve Cox</td>
<td>2104 Yellowstone Drive</td>
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Florida District

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<td>Baron R. Bremer</td>
<td>1512 Donald Street, Apt. #2</td>
<td>Jacksonville, FL 32205</td>
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New Members this report 32

Acrylic covers last "Twice as Long"?... Twice as Long as What?

Here are the simple facts:

A white acrylic cover lasts on average of 3-4 years. Colored acrylic up to 5 years. Our boat cover is made from Poly Arm Duck that has a life span of 7-10 years. New that long! We know because we've been manufacturing quality one piece boat covers for over 20 years. And we made it last! Acrylic and Poly Arm Duck covers.

Acrylic covers are for light duty work. They're light weight and colorful but they won't hold up to outside winter storage or hailstorming. And the color had heat which can cause serious damage to your boat!

Poly Arm Duck covers are great for heavy duty service, winter storage, hailstorming and mooring. This heavy, long lasting fabric is available in a variety of three light colors.

Other manufacturers have imitated our fabric design, but none have reached our outstanding quality. Our manufacturers finished to our specifications and we put those specifications at a cost point otherwise.

So, if you're ready for a new boat cover, choose the quality standard of the industry... a cover by The Sailor's Tailor.

The Sailor's Tailor
P.O. Box 361, Bellingham, WA 98226
Starting Line

1996 Ohio District Fleet Regatta Schedule
Sail for the Grail Sept. 27-28
Lake Erie, OH
Contact Mike or Steve at (216) 369-5453 or Jerry or Sandy at (216) 350-1220

Cave Run Regatta & Ohio District Championships Oct. 5-6
Cave Run Sailing Assoc.
Steve Branner
Fleet 105
(304) 340-6923

Glow in the Dark
Cinnaminson, NJ
Sept. 28-29
Contact Mike or Steve at (215) 350-5854 or Jerry or Sandy at (216) 350-1220

Fleet 97 Invitationals Regattas for 1996 Sept. 28-29 Konigsegg
Oct. 19-20 Pumpkin Patch
West River Sailing Club
Galenwood, MD
Contact Roger Scherhorn
(301) 843-8852 or e-mail: rogerscher@aol.com

Candlewood Yacht Club Semi-Annual Invitationals Regatta
Sept. 28 & 29, 1996
Greenwich, CT
Contact Fleet 24's hospitality on Connecticut's largest inland lake. With full outdoor seating, our regatta is part of the John Prudence Memorial Round Robin hosted by the four Conn. Fleets.

The Founders' Cup Oct. 12th & 13th, 1996
Indian Harbor Yacht Club
Greenwich, CT
Flying Scot #7 will be hosting its sixth annual regatta, in memorial of Chuck Jessee (#27, #773, #4900) and Lew Howse (#28, #822) who together founded Fleet #7 in 1959 and helped to build it to 50 boats today. Come join us for a 5 race series over two days in the brisk autumn breezes of Long Island Sound. We will have a Saturday Bar-B-Que and Sunday awards lunch after racing. For registration forms and sailing instructions contact: Josh Goldman FSA 3913 at (203) 625-0760 or (212) 883-0356/57/58.

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Sept. 28 & 29, 1996
Greenwich, CT
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Always Ready boarding step Sash, reliable way to get back in your boat. Easy to install, and easy to deploy even from in the water. Light weight and strong. $29.95

Vang Guard Mechanical line designed to release, thus preventing the hoists from twitching due to excess wind loads. Installs between boom vang bell and vang tackle. Kit includes 2 shackle $49.95

Master Helper Kit includes all necessary hardware to allow a single person to raise or lower the mast using existing boom and mastbase. Simple to rig. $59.95

Checks payable to Selby Bay Sailing Center are accepted. Please include $4.50 for shipping & handling. Satisfaction guaranteed. Maryland residents add 5.5% sales tax.

Contact Frank Riegenhauer (203) 746-4752 or Mike McGarry (203) 775-8420 for details.

Cave Run Lake Grand Annual Regatta Plus the 1996 Ohio District Championship October 5-6, 1996
Fleet 165 has the pleasure to host the Ohio District Championship at beautiful Cave Run Lake close to Morehead, Kentucky. Fleets on the event will be notified early in the summer. Contact Jim Sprow (606) 231-8788 or our Ohio District Governor, Steve Branner at (304) 342-0159 with questions.

The Founders' Cup October 12th & 13th, 1996
Indian Harbor Yacht Club
Greenwich, CT
Flying Scot #7 will be hosting its sixth annual regatta, in memorial of Chuck Jessee (#27, #773, #4900) and Lew Howse (#28, #822) who together founded Fleet #7 in 1959 and helped to build it to 50 boats today. Come join us for a 5 race series over two days in the brisk autumn breezes of Long Island Sound. We will have a Saturday Bar-B-Que and Sunday awards lunch after racing. For registration forms and sailing instructions contact: Josh Goldman FSA 3913 at (203) 625-0760 or (212) 883-0356/57/58.

Stainless Steel Mast Sleeve Stainless steel over-stitching and polished stainless steel to reinforce the base of the mast. Complete with screws. $75.00

Rudder Lift System... Features custom stainless rudder for the low lift, a 100% masthead control and flat-bottomed design. Great for world point or shallow water areas. Complete with ladders. $699.95

Swim Ladder ... Telescoping. Rods adjust to fit mast, stow in the vacuum. Stainless steel rail through truss to deck. Low profile to reduce surfacing (ideal Eastern type boats). Complete with ladders. Lifetime ... $110.00 Cash Mail...

Mainsail Rotation... For added security against getting burned on the reef in the bottom. No modification to the foot or boom. Includes all hardware. Velcro is approximately 2 pounds. Price complete ... $125.00

Mainsail Rotation... For added security against getting burned on the reef in the bottom. No modification to the foot or boom. Includes all hardware. Velcro is approximately 2 pounds. Price complete ... $125.00

Parts... When your boat needs a part, Flying Scot Inc. has it and we'll ship it within 24 hours! We also supply covers, trailer, and other accessories designed and built specifically for Flying Scots. All Scot owners are automatically on special account.

New Boats... We build new Scots to order and take used Scots in trade.

Repair & Refurbishing... We offer factory repair or refurbishing for your flying Scot.

Flying Scot® Suits & Caps... Classic navy suits with real sweatshirt. Semi-custom. Est. $50.00

Plastimo Contest Tactical Compass &... Compass pro, sturdy, lightweight, made in France. Est. $225.00

Spinmaker Pole... 1.5" dia. pole, with heavy duty plastic base and bungee designed to stop boats without putting up unnecessary wind vane. Est. $10.00

Motor Bracket... Two part bracket that bolts to the mast. Supports rooster at correct angle to maximize the bottom lift. Est. $15.00

Ronstan X-10 Tiller Extension... 10' long stainless steel tiller extension. Great for ocean racing and boat control and holds tiller extension. Complete with both tiller. $125.00 Clip to hold extension to tiller... $1.50

Ronstan Telescopic X-10 Tiller Extension... 10' long stainless steel tiller extension. Can be used as tensioner or mast pullback. Great for ocean racing and boat control and holds tiller extension. Complete with both tiller. $125.00 Clip to hold extension to tiller... $1.50

Bow Folation Bag Kit... Reserves buoyancy to help keep the bow up when laying on the wave. Complete with all hardware. Includes bag, velcro, and bungee. $45.00

Main Main Hold... Aids in retrieval of sponge/foam cut by waves. Great for ocean racing. The bag is pillow complete with all hardware. $40.00

Forever Crew... Add to crew of your own boat or your friends boat. The kit is completed with all hardware. $35.00

Flying Scot® Inc.
3507 McGregor Ave., Clearwater, FL 33761
(727) 539-3155 Phone 304-334-4848 FAX 304-334-8324
Email: FSCOT@HECOS.COM
Monday-Friday 8am-5pm and Saturday 7am -11am
Flying Scot® and the Flyingług are registered trademarks of Flying Scot Inc.
Welcome to the World of the Flying Scot!
(Simply complete this form, enclose payment and mail it to FSSA, 3088 Millwood Avenue, Columbia, SC 29005)

Name: ___________________________ Phone: ___________________________
Address: _________________________ City: ___________________________
State: __________________________ Zip: __________________________

METHOD OF PAYMENT:
☐ Check (Please enclose with this form) Name on Card: _______________________
☐ Credit Card (circle one) MC Visa AMEX
Card # __________________________ Expiration: __________________________
Fleet: __________________________ Amount Enclosed: _______________________

FLYING SCOT® SAILING ASSOCIATION

☐ FAMILY MEMBER $150.00
(All owned members of an active member's immediate family and all active
members of the family will hold the family membership. An active member
is one who owns an active member, with household or child of an active member;
or designated YC members of YC that have active memberships on
all Flying Scots owned.)

☐ SUSTAINING MEMBER $75.00
(All other non-owner's of FSSA)

☐ ASSOCIATE MEMBER $50.00
(Owner who has been for at least 5 years a part of the regular crew of a specific FSSA who is
owner of an active member, with household or child of an active member; or designated YC members of YC that have active memberships on
all Flying Scots owned.)

☐ GUEST MEMBERSHIP $35.00
(Non-active member who wishes to enjoy the benefits of FSSA activities on the one-time payment of $35.00)

☐ MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION $50.00
(Transfer of record and reissue of Registration Certificate needed for purchasers of used Flying Scotch slopes)

AS A MEMBER OF THE FSSA YOU WILL RECEIVE:

• Scoot News: Our official publication, which is published six times a year, available only to members.
• It means that you will receive a copy of this official handbook as well as the rest of the all Flying Scots and their owners.
• It means you can attend and compete in the North American Championships, the annual Mid-Winter Regatta, the Sandy Douglas Regatta, and many other official Flying Scot events, such as District and Local Regattas.
• Most importantly, it will protect your Flying Scot value.

"AT LAST" A "One Design Insurance Policy" Custom Tailored
For the Active One Design Racer

FEATURING:
- Low cost, same rates coast to coast
- No old age surcharge, surveys not required
- All risk coverage, agreed value policy
- 12 month coverage for unlimited navigation and trailerering in continental U.S. and Canada including S0,000 marine liability, $1,000 medical payments, $10,000 uninsured boater coverage

Underwritten By One of North America's Premier Marine Underwriters
"For Racers By Racers"

Caveat Emptor

PS 1326 -- Douglas, Highlander trailer, Motor mount, 2 sets of sails, including 2
sailmakers, ready to race, Interlachen City, NC 28557. $2,800. Call Ted Oddi, (919) 726-3649.

PS 2355 -- Rod hull with white deck: Trailer with spinnaker and dolly wheel. Multi-color spin- dler, an extra set of sails, Anchor, boat cover, fenders, motor mount, level gauge, tack stem. Located in Indianapolis, IN. $3,500 obo. Call Steve Hasting (317) 259-2759, eves (317) 261-3717 days.

PS 2599 -- Dougles, White with blue stripe, 2 sets of sails, aluminum trailer, full cover. Excellent condition. $2,750. Call Steve Spener, Austin, TX (512) 343-7188.

PS 3034 -- Good condition: Schurr sail, 4 HP Evinrude. Trailer; Boat located in New Jersey. $3,500. Call (212) 866-5779.

PS 3035 -- Main, Jib and Spinnaker. White hull, green deck, no trailer. NEW equipment available. Contact Andrew Symmers (312) 353-3735.


PS 3090 -- Dudley boat. Good craft M-5 and all accessories. Hull refurbished to look new, has 1600# galvanized trailer. Stored dry, under cover in Miami/Key Largo area. $5,000. Call Lee Price (305) 658-1127.

PS 4288 -- Douglass, trailer, main, jib, spinnaker; Long Island area. $5,000. Contact Vandy Sweeney (516) 335-8508.

PS 4352 -- Gordon Douglass boat, 1987, Ivory blue hull, blue tarp. 3 sails, 2 gaffs, 1 spinnaker. Waco 300deg. centerboard boat, Teague trailer and boom down cover. Engine mount, swing ladder, Many extras. Can be seen at State Acres Yacht Club. Tel 808-322-0574 or 203-470-3786. (work) ask for Jim Lowden.


PS 4416 -- North J 6 moth (black 41), north spinnaker (small bag), spinnaker rig and pole, 380 sq. foot sail for center board, internal sailmaker spinnaker system with masts, Boom Vang; 1 (1) cleat aft, Cunningham 6.1 sail on cunningham. Wilting brake, mooring cover full deck over boom, racing compass, Trail Master custom trailer Model S-16-13, dry docked. $7,500. Call John Leavez, Bay (516) 381-5303, Night (516) 665-2906.

PS 4498 -- Like new, barely used with brand new trailer, custom cover and col- orful spinnaker. $9700. Call Bruce Von Summer (303) 637-0381.

PS 4992 -- Halara for sale - Walk about to kill him 1990 Douglass/ Carpechi while on white, black trim, racing package, North sails, trailer (in)-

Douglas Orr Regatta
by Dave Jacobsen, PS 4937

The Gods of weather looked favorably upon us
on June 1st and 2nd, blue skies temperatures in the 70"s with a light to moderate breeze.
Many boats participated in the 5 race series. 3 on Saturday, 2 on Sunday.
Participants came from Florida, Massachusetts,
After Saturday's cockpit hour, a scrumptious buf-
 fet was served. Race results are as follows:

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Flying Scot® Sailing Association Order Form

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S & H CHARGES:

- $1.50  orders up to $5.00
- $4.00  orders up to $10.00
- $6.00  orders $10.00 & above

*Add Shipping & Handling (S&H)

Total Amount of Sale

SHIP TO: (Please Print)
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE
ZIP
Telephone Number (Daytime)

Method of Payment: □ Mastercard □ Visa □ AMEX □ Check (Payable to FSSA)
Credit Card Number
Expiration Date

Signature

Mail Order Form to: Flying Scot® Sailing Association
3008 Millwood Avenue • Columbia, SC 29205

Credit card orders may be placed by calling 1-800-445-8629 between 8:36 am and 4:00 pm EST.
Flying Scot® and the FS logo are registered trademarks of Flying Scot, Inc.

MY ADDRESS LABEL IS NOT CORRECT

Name
Street
City
State/Zip

Change: □ Temporary □ Permanent
Please send change of address to: FSSA, 3008 Millwood Avenue, Columbia, SC 29205

Flying Scot® Sailing Association
3008 Millwood Avenue
Columbia, SC 29205

District Governors

CAPITOL DISTRICT
Robert J. Post, Jr.
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(540) 972-7134

CAROLINAS DISTRICT
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FLORIDA DISTRICT
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GREATER NY DISTRICT
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GULF DISTRICT
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MICHIGAN-ONTARIO DISTRICT
Robin Collins
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Don Mills, ONT, CN. M3B 3A4
(416) 444-3959

MIDWESTERN DISTRICT
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Lake Forest, IL 60045
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NEW ENGLAND DISTRICT
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Sharon, MA 02067
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NY LAKES DISTRICT
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OHIO DISTRICT
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PACIFIC DISTRICT
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PRAIRIE DISTRICT
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TEXAS DISTRICT
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Garland, TX 75042
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Address Correction Requested