Midwinters and Florida District Reports
Let the fun begin!

The North Flying Scot team is ready for fun as we set sail into the 2015 sailing season. Zeke and Brian are scheduled to be at both the Midwinters and North Americans and have several clinics scheduled throughout the country. Call or e-mail to find or schedule a clinic in your area and let the fun (and winning) begin!!

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Photos: George Washington Regatta
1st place Jeff and Amy Linton and 2nd place Zeke and Jay Horowitz.
Photos courtesy John Cole
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Attention Web Surfers / E-mail Users: The FSSA Flying Scot website has the latest information. Visit it at http://www.fssa.com with your favorite browser. The email address for regatta notices and regatta results to be published in Scots n’ Water is info@fssa.com. Please feel free to submit any and all stories and photographs to be printed in Scots n’ Water. All articles should be submitted in ASCII Text or Microsoft Word. Photos should be in .jpg format, and at least 1mb in size.

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Cover Photo: Tom Dawson and Marjorie Gold, from Berlin (Ohio) Yacht Club, driving hard upwind at the 2015 Sarasota Midwinters. Photo: Jim Faugust
It’s Been Fun
Frank Gerry, FS #6060, Midwest District

Summer is almost here; our Flying Scot sailing season is in full swing. Hope everyone is engaged and having fun whether you are sailing at your favorite yacht club or sailing center, on the regional/national regatta circuit, or just enjoying this great day-sailer cruising on your favorite lake.

Every two years the FSSA leadership team goes through a changing of the guard and now is that time. If we have done our job properly, the change of leadership should be a seamless, almost non-event to the class members. We hope this is how you feel as it happens. For our organization, we have a planned succession plan where the Secretary/Treasurer ascends to 2nd VP, 2nd VP moves to 1st VP and then the 1st VP moves to President. To maintain historical continuity, the past President becomes Commodore and then Immediate Past Commodore. With each term lasting two years, we believe this approach provides continuity and experience to manage the class effectively. You also will find other members of our Executive Committee have held key class positions over the years.

At our annual meeting this year, we will vote to bring John Domagala on board as our next elected President. I am highly confident in John’s skills and his long-term dedication to the Flying Scot Sailing Association. He has been active in numerous roles with the class and brings a wealth of leadership skills and capability to this role. I think he will do an excellent job!!

I do want to thank everyone for all the great support I have received. I truly enjoyed the time spent trying to keep the Class at as healthy and robust as possible. I think we are on the right track in a super competitive environment where the sports entertainment dollar gets pulled and stretched in lots of directions. There are many boat choices an individual or family can make within the sailing community. I fully believe our relentless protection of the one-design principles keeps the Flying Scot strong in this tough environment and will do so over the long haul. Hope you agree!

I would like to take a minute recognize one of the key functions in our Scot organization that we are indebted to. In support of FSSA sanctioned racing, Bill Ross and his excellent team serve as our National Race Committee. Bill, as chair, is responsible for ensuring our National Event NOR (Notice of Race) and SIs (Sailing Instructions) are properly written and conform to our FSSA By-Laws and rules. Bill engages every year with the hosts on the North American Championships, Mid-Winters Championships, the Atlantic Coast Championships and the unique-to-FSSA Wife-Husband Championships to make this happen. His guidance and insight are critical in making these events successful.

Lastly – Communications. I hope you are enjoying the recent issues of Scots n’ Water. Under the leadership of Deb Aronson, we have upgraded the magazine to creatively reach out to more of our membership on topics of interest beyond the racing scene. Our web editor Diane Kampf and her team have also upgraded the FSSA web page to do more and more for us in terms of near-term communications and record keeping. These two teams are working well in tandem to our benefit.

Thank you all for the opportunity to serve the class.

The FSSA Class Flag
The FSSA now has available two color schemes for the FSSA Class Flag that can be used 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 $30.00 plus $8.00 S&H. To order call FSSA at (800) 445-8629
A combination of events - not the least of which saw the State of Ohio condemning Sandy’s new house due to a new highway, Interstate 90, being built thru his living room - led Sandy to move. In August of 1958, Sandy Douglass and his family, along with Eric Ammann and his family, all moved from Mentor, Ohio, to Oakland, Maryland, and home of Deep Creek Lake. Eric had become Sandy’s right-hand man in production and marketing the Flying Scots in a very short amount of time. The Gordon Douglass Boat Company, Inc.’s new location was in an empty car dealership building. Flying Scot hull #34 was laid up in the mold to protect the surface of the mold and, along with all the shop equipment, loaded into a van for the trip to its new location in Oakland.

Eric and Sandy soon found their new building presented a challenge as there were several problems; the building was an empty shell, sixty-by-sixty-foot, with fifteen-foot ceilings and glassed lift doors across the west front and single-pane windows forming the north and east walls. The ceiling was of uninsulated beaverboard, under a corrugated iron pitched roof. Any heat would be lost immediately and they needed a minimum of 70 degrees for fiberglass molding. There were only two gas heaters mounted high on the east wall. Their first task was to insulate the entire ceiling with six-inch fiberglass bats between the joists. That would help to hold the heat but this would not be the answer to their problem. Since they couldn’t heat the entire building they built a molding room back in the southeast corner using a skeleton construction - seven-foot ceilings, all covered by clear plastic and just large enough to hold the hull and deck molds, a work table, racks for fiberglass rolls and resin drums with an access by folding lift doors across the front. It was heated by one of the gas heaters, which was ducted to blow the heat down into the room. The plastic sheath held in the heat and was controlled by a thermostat.

The new shop turned out very well with laying up one boat and assembling and rigging another. While it wasn’t ideal, they produced hundreds and hundreds of Flying Scots. Their biggest complaint with the property was inadequate room for storing boats and trailers. An unlighted basement gave them room for storage of molds and plugs and a few completed boats and trailers. But they needed more space, especially in the fall and winter months when they built boats for spring delivery. For lack of anything better Sandy used his side yard on the hill for storing hulls upside down on the ground. Sandy recalled one man told him it looked like a collection of Easter eggs with Flying Scots of different hull colors emerging from the snow. During their first year in Maryland they had quite a few changes. Also, Sandy finally found time to build Scot #100 for himself, which gave him much satisfaction.

Next article will be on more early days of Flying Scots.
Robert is my 10-year-old son. We have been sailing together for more than half his life time. What a blessing it is to sail with your kids. I grew up sailing with my father and brothers and now see why my father liked it so much. Our Flying Scot has been one of our sailing vehicles for over two years now. She is of 1974 vintage, hull number 3185. We have been tuning her up more and more every time out. Sailing on Wednesday night events at our home the Palm Beach Sailing Club, a couple distance races, and adventure camping trips. So this was the first time sailing in a real Flying Scot regatta. The good thing is we had zero expectations and just wanted to spend time with my son, have fun, learn, and enjoy God’s creation out on the water. And what we also found was a very high level of fellowship, camaraderie and sharing of knowledge in the Flying Scot Class. What a great lesson for my son Robert to see intense competition combined with good sportsmanship!

Not that we weren’t out to win I tell you, well we are full-blooded McNally’s. We decide to race in the Championship Fleet, to duke it out with the fast guys, and of course try to beat Robert’s Uncle Tom! The thing about fleet racing is that you get better when you sail against boats that are faster than you. No reason to be intimidated, we are, after all, just racing sailboats. You can always find someone to battle with no matter where you are on the course.

Part 1 THE STARTS

What Robert and I do is look at the parts of the race and try to win each part. Part one is the start. Get up in there and get on the line next to any of the other boats, bear off trim and hike as hard as you can. It’s good to worry if you are over early, because then you know you tried hard enough. I would let Robert decide where he wanted to start, he would say, “Hmmm, maybe we should start with Uncle Tom?” We did have some good starts, nothing better than trimming up on the line and powering up next to Mark Taylor and Andy Hayward, or looking down just ahead seeing Uncle Tom and Henry’s blue boat. On the one and only general recall race down at the pin was “DaBomb” at the pin, then Amy and Jeffy (Linton), then us. Yeah, we all had great starts … we sure didn’t draw the flag! In race seven we tried to start at the committee boat for a change. What’s nice with a committee end start I told Robert is you can tack right away in clean air quickly if needed. We were lining up east of the committee boat. Inside 10 seconds it looked good, but quickly the space closed up as we bore down on the committee boat, 10, 9, 8, 7, “Daddd watch out don’t hit the committee boat!” Robert exclaims. Quickly I tack out, do a spin around and slash back into the open end a couple seconds late but still pretty good
clean air start as everyone else had to sail down the line to start. “Good start,” Robert says encouragingly, “but let’s not try that one again.”

**Part 2 THE BEAT**

The first beat is always exciting with our best chance to cross in front of other boats. With wind around 7 knots we can hang in there pretty good. Robert is commentating the whole time, a constant flow of information, “ah there is Uncle Tom, he’s doing pretty good, watch out for The Kitchen Sink Dad, OHHH there goes Crazy Love! Nice boat. Dad we need to get a new boat.”

“Ok son, can you trim the jib more and hike!”

What we do on our boat Redeemed is I drive upwind and we switch at the top mark when we set the chute. Robert has been driving downwind for a while now and he does a great job, though he does tend to go awfully close to the offset mark but he always reassures me he sees it… he’s just taking a short cut.

**Part 3 THE DOWNWIND LEG**

The downwind leg is so fun. As we approach the weather mark Robert eases the jib as we round and I sit up and ease the main. Robert scooches behind me and grabs the helm. I reach over and grab the spinnaker halyard and hoist the chute in a flurry as Robert rounds the offset mark and we decide to jibe or stay. I move forward and set the pole and grab the spin sheets and off we go. Robert’s driving is outstanding, my pole work… ah not so good! But I got better after a couple races. It was a hoot surging along downwind, chutes to the right and chutes to the left and all over dotting the race course with colors! On a couple downwind legs the breeze was up, and we had nice waves to ride and being so light we would move pretty darn good. Robert would sit way up on the back of the boat driving with his feet up on the deck. Once it settled down after the rounding he would start again whistling or pointing out each boat name, and deciding who we need to pass next, and “Hey Dad look a turtle!!! Awesome is that the same one we saw yesterday?”

Up and burn it off, up and burn it off, Ah there’s the gate! A couple of the races at the gate we rounded with a pretty good size pack of boats. That was so fun! Robert driving, “keep it up son, ok good now down down down, don’t let that guy get inside us gooood good job Robert.”

Robert would always remind me to get ready take the chute down early. “Dad you know what happens!” He’s a wise young man that boy. He must have been talking to Uncle Tom?

Funny the first race Robert asked “Where do we go now?” I said ‘Back up wind to the same mark,” I said.

“Again?” he said. “Back and forth back and forth hmmmmm, and you get a trophy for that?!?”

**The Finish**

The finish had its exciting moments too. The last race, race 8, we are on port tack on the approach to the finish line, with three boats to the left, four boats charging in from the right, and everyone stretching every ounce of pressure out of their chute, urging themselves along. Quickly, I call for a jibe. Fwap! Back to the right we rock! Photo finish: boats overlapped bam, bam, bam! That’s how you want to end a regatta.

Thank you Race Committee, job well done!

Every race was an adventure. We did get to beat a few boats, and actually crossed in front of a couple speedy guys now and then, we won’t name names but they know who they are. We only hit one mark, we know who’s fault that was Dad!!! The best part is we had fun and learned a ton of tips and techniques to become better next time and even beat a few more boats. Sailing in a big regatta for four days straight, including the practice race day, is amazing. It’s more than you learn in a year of sailing.

WOW! what a venue Sarasota Sailing Squadron is, nice clean water flowing in from the Gulf of Mexico, teeming with fish, dolphins, manatee, turtles, brown pelicans, white pelicans, noisy blue herons, white herons, osprey and more. You know the McNally way, up early, paddleboard to breakfast, a little fishing, tinker with the boat, plenty of time with 12:15 start to have all kinds of adventures!

Get out there and find a big regatta to sail for fun, and get more then you deserve!!!!

Robert and Dad FS#3185
I felt immediate relief when Greg picked me up at the office on Thursday, March 12, knowing we were on our way. Where to, you ask? Why, the 2015 Midwinter Championship in Sarasota, Florida, where the 7-foot (yes, that’s foot!) snow banks in Massachusetts would be replaced by sandy beaches and the beautiful bay. No, I did not want to build a snowman; I wanted to build a sandcastle on a beach in the warm sun or at least I wanted to be sailing.

Massachusetts has been having one of the worst winters ever! It was 34 degrees when we left and that was a heat wave compared to most days in the unusually cold winter we had been having. We really looked forward to watching the temperature on the dashboard rise as we headed further south. Pennsylvania brought us the bright sunshine and the 40’s, Virginia the 50’s and the Carolinas the 60’s. Well, the Carolinas also brought us a flat tire, but that was just a 2-hour delay and we did not let that dampen our spirits, despite the rain. Finally, Georgia brought us the 70’s and time for shorts and t-shirts. Sarasota did not disappoint; it was in the 80’s and sunny when we got there. Who expects 85 degrees in March even in Florida?

Regatta Chair John Pether and the Sarasota Sailing Squadron had the welcome tent at the gate where we could get a drink and I was asked if I knew about the 5 o’clock publicity meeting – I did. While Greg parked the boat right next to Harry’s truck in front of the building and began to set it up, I met with Stuart Smith, Scots n’ Water Editor Deb Aronson and a publicity team where we agreed we would get a
blurb every day to FSSA.COM, Scuttlebut, Herald Tribune and several other local news outlet as well as blogs and social medias. It was great that we would get some publicity for this terrific event but it does not just happen – people have to do it.

There were 2 RVs and 2 or 3 pop-ups along with 20+ tents on the property. The campers like it - it’s fun to wake up, roll out of bed and find your boat just a few feet away. We stayed with friends in Bradenton, Randy and Jan Rubinstein, who also belong to our Massapoag Yacht Club and have joined Sarasota Sailing Squadron where Randy now races while he is in Florida for the winter. They were also hosting Jim and Nora Cavanagh, some other fellow Massapoag members. It was great having folks from Massachusetts with us this time. This was Randy’s first Midwinters, but Jim had been for MANY years, long before I stepped foot in a sailboat. Jim is not really that old; I just got started late in the sport.

The warmup event on Sunday brought 86-degree temperatures and 12-14 MPH winds and 36 of the 54 boats registered for the Midwinters participating. We did not go out but chose to rest after our long trip down. We would practice on the way out the starting line on Monday. With 2 races sailed in perfect conditions, Tom McNally and crew Henry Pico won the Championship Division and Jim Leggette won the Challenger Division, both hoping this might spill over to the Midwinters races. The Charlie Fowler Memorial Trophy was also awarded based on the results of this event. Charlie, who raced with his wife Nancy, was a great ambassador for the class serving as Florida District Governor for many years before founding the Dixie Lakes district. The award goes to the top 3 finishers from any fleet. This year’s award went to the Sarasota Sailing Squadron’s Marshall Pardey, Ron Pletsch and John Pether.

In the evening, Sarasota Sailing Squadron’s members put on a terrific welcome party with so much great food we did not need to get dinner. There were some great raffle prizes from our generous sponsors who we can’t thank enough for their support. We also announced the raffle for a new Flying Scot that will go to a very deserving winner. Have you bought your ticket yet?

So Monday was another beautiful day in the 80’s and sunny, but the morning started with a spotty south wind. The dreaded postpone flag went up around 10:45 and we waited for the sea breeze. About 1PM PRO Fairlie Brinkley and the Race Committee sent us out and the sea breeze filled in nicely from the west 10-12 MPH. What an incredibly perfect day for racing. The Race Committee held 3 windward-leeward, 4-leg races and only 1 general recall – for the Championship Division – spoiled the perfect day. There was very little yelling on the race course today and NO protests! After the first day of racing, Jeff and Amy Linton led the 32-boat Championship Division, and Norris Elswick and Chuck Tanner led the 22-boat the Challenger Division. Since we were so late getting out and late getting back in, there was no time for raffles or a debriefing, but there was time for the keg and a shrimp boil! We did, of course, get our stories, pictures and videos out to Scuttlebut, the websites, newspapers and social media! Greg and I stopped at a local Publix supermarket and picked out some desserts in their to-go area. When we got to the cash register they saw the spoons in our hands and said, “I guess you won’t be needing a bag…” We enjoyed our wonderful desserts on the way to the car.

The next day, Tuesday, gave us no reason to postpone! We had incredible conditions on Sarasota Bay for day 2 with 10 -16 MPH NNW winds and a beautiful cloud-free sky with temps in the 80’s again. The RC ran 3 W-L races, the first one was scheduled to be 5 legs but was shortened to 4 and we finished downwind between the gates. The second race was 5 legs and the third race was 4 mile-long legs. Everyone got a real workout today and there were lots of close calls and a bit of noise on the racecourse — very different from yesterday — still NO protests. The Race Committee did a great job of keeping things moving and we were able to get out on time and get back in by 4PM, plenty of time to socialize and get to the keg early!

Having 6 of a maximum of 8 races completed by day 2 meant that even if we had a bad weather day, we already have a fair number of races in. With the results pretty tight, the leaders changed on this
day and Zeke and Jay Horowitz led the Championship with Jim Leggette and Mike Funk leading the Challengers. Maybe that win from the warmup was a good sign for Jim and Mike? The evening included a great debrief from some of the better sailors and of course, the keg! We all went our separate ways for dinner, some of us in groups, and had a great Saint Patrick’s Day dinner with friends.

Three and done! Wednesday brought us a third day of perfect conditions with NNW winds 10-12 MPH in 80+ degrees and sunny AGAIN. The Race Committee held 2 W-L races, one 5 legs and one 4 legs, and finished the maximum number of races (8) for the regatta in 3 days. We could not have asked for better conditions or a better Race Committee. All 3 days the Race Committee kept everything going and the participants behaved with only one general recall the whole time. Once again, no postponements and we started on time on the water around 12:15. The wind stayed steady so not much mark movement between races and very gentlemanly mark rounded each race.

We did have one protest that delayed the awards ceremony so the local folks entertained us with raffles and announcements and general goodwill and once again, the keg! It gave the publicity team time to get out the initial results waiting for the final word. After the protest, which did change the standings, the top 3 in the Championship Division were (1) Jeff and Amy Linton in a tiebreaker with second place, (2) Zeke and Jay Horowitz and (3) Ned Johnston and Ryan Donahue. In Challenger, the winners were (1) Jim Leggette and Mike Funk, (2) Norris Elwick and Chuck Tanner in a tie with third place (3) Randy Rubinstein and Jim Cavanagh. Congratulations to the winners! All this was followed by a terrific chicken dinner served by club members.

It seemed that almost no one wanted to leave that night, knowing there would be no races in the morning. There were lots of warm hugs and kisses and handshakes and goodbyes that night. This Flying Scot class is so much fun!

As you may know, each year at the Midwinters, the sailors are asked nomi-

Continued On Next Page
nate a fellow sailor for the Allen Douglas Memorial sportsmanship award, given to an individual who demonstrates behavior that is deserving of this honor. It is one of the most prestigious perpetual awards awarded by the Flying Scot class. Each nomination is written with the name of the nominee and the reason that person should be considered for the award. This year we were unable to award this trophy to any individual because the voting resulted in a tie between two very deserving individuals — Amy Smith Linton and Ron Pletsch.

As a demonstration of how honorable both of these people are, each felt the award should be given to the other person. Ron, being the gentleman that he is, gave Amy the keeper trophy, however both names will be engraved on the perpetual award. Mr. Douglas and his family would be proud of this choice. Thanks to Amy and Ron for all they do for the Flying Scot family to promote the class and make us happy and proud to know both of them.

On Thursday morning we said goodbye to our hosts and housemates and headed to the club to pick up our boat. Much to our surprise, lots of others did the same thing, so we got to say goodbye again. And we got to see Stacey Rieu, a former Massapoag member, who came from Wisconsin to join husband Ryan Malmgren for a few days of vacation visiting relatives in Florida. And several fleet and district members were there to lend a hand to people packing up and getting ready to go home.

Thanks so much to Sarasota Sailing Squadron and the volunteers, as well as the terrific Race Committee for a fine regatta! Because of all the publicity work led by Stuart Smith, we hope everyone at home could easily follow the event. We also had some folks taking great pictures, and we thank Jim Faugust and Cheryl Shafer for that, as well as video being taken by John MacKay, Eric Bussell and others that we have posted to the FSSA.COM website.

It was hard to say goodbye again to so many friends who are really like family and to leave the beautiful weather in Florida to face the harsh reality of the cold and snow back home. Well, we were not quite ready to face all that just yet. So where do you go after a great week of racing in Sarasota? Well…we went to Walt Disney World, boat in tow, and spent two more perfect sunny 85-degree days there and had a great time before heading home.

Disney had no problem storing our boat while we enjoyed the parks and that was a big relief. We visited all four parks in two days, including a fun breakfast with the Disney characters before we actually headed home. We arrived home Monday, March 23, to a little less snow, but it snowed right away after we got home as well as a few days later. We may be out of the woods now and spring may have sprung, but we are holding out for the 80-degree days we enjoyed in Florida! 🌞
Ideas for Promoting Your Regatta to the Local Media

(Love to Do Publicity? FSSA Needs You)

Stuart Smith, Sarasota Sailing Squadron, Florida District

The FSSA website, magazine, and Scuttlebutt are great to promote our regattas to sailors, but here are some tips to promote your event to local media, based on what we did for the 2015 Midwinters at the Sarasota Sailing Squadron.

We ended up with coverage and publicity from at least two local newspapers and two TV stations. One station filmed video at the club. One newspaper sent a reporter and photographer, ran a front-page story with two photos, linked to daily results, created a photo gallery, posted our user-generated video, and ran final results.

Here are some recommendations and lessons learned:

One person from the host club should coordinate local publicity. It helps if that person is already known to the local media. In Sarasota, we had a recently retired employee of the local newspaper.

The coordinator should:

Establish contacts with local media

Two months before the regatta, contact all local print and television media to get the email and phone number for the person to send press releases, photos and video. It is usually the sports editor for daily newspapers and the managing editor for weeklies. For TV, it’s the assignment desk, which makes daily coverage decisions.

Prepare advance promotion:

Write a release, including Who, What, Where, When, and especially Why, plus contact information for race organizers, the publicity person and any participants of interest.

Local media are short on resources, and they have many events from which to choose. Sarasota had a half-marathon with 5,000 runners the day our sailors arrived. How could we compete with that?

Well, the only thing most people know about sailboat racing is that it is beautiful. To the general public, a regatta is a visual delight, and today all media are visual.

So we led every promotional release with a photo.

Here are some ‘Whys’ to include in a release to get the media’s attention:

• Opportunities for great photos and video
• Number of participants, the more the better
• Where participants come from, the further the better
• Human interest – champions, top local sailors, Harry Carpenter, youngest sailor (ours was 10 years old)

Send the release to the print media one month in advance (TV stations don’t think that far ahead.) Call to make sure it arrived. Two weeks out, send an updated release to the print media and the TV stations. Again, call to make sure it arrived. One week out, send a brief, final release to everyone and call to make sure it arrived. For the TV stations, call again three days out and the day before the regatta to remind them of the event.

Make sure you can meet media needs, and keep in touch

In our case, a photographer wanted to take pictures on the racecourse. We had a powerboat available, and the general manager of our club took him out. The result was a big photo gallery on the newspaper website. We also called the reporter who had given us most of our coverage to alert her that the regatta was ending a day early.

Continued On Next Page
Find club members and regatta participants who can provide daily reports, results, photos and video

Meet with this group a day or two before the regatta to review how to coordinate efforts at the end of each day. We met at end of the first day of registration. A key member of this team should be someone who knows how to edit video and post to video sites, in case you have to send links instead of files to the media. TV stations generally want no more than one minute of video; newspaper web sites can use up to three minutes.

Our scorekeeper had a laptop on the committee boat and uploaded results to the FSSA website as soon as she got in. Deb Aronson, after sailing all day, wrote our daily reports, the same ones she sent to FSSA, with a link to the results on the website. This process was smooth and fast.

John McKay, a Squadron member with his own video production company was in charge of the videos. Over the course of the regatta, he shot from the committee boat with an iPad and we deployed three GoPro cameras on the race course – one on a mark boat, one on a competitor’s mast and one on a competitor’s forehead.

This was where our efforts broke down. The GoPro on the mark boat was hit and miss, but did record good video after the first day; the mast camera failed all three days; and though the forehead camera worked well, it was used only on the last day, and its video could not be processed fast enough to meet media deadlines.

This leads us to our final recommendation: make sure you have adequate equipment and Internet speed available

Because of slow WiFi at the Squadron, we could not get video out in a timely manner. The video editor had to process the files from his home. The first day, this delayed the report and results until 10 pm; the second day until 8 pm. On the last day, we sent the report and results by 5 pm, and the video later.

If you shoot multiple videos, you can either combine them into a single brief video or edit each separately and submit them all. Either requires sophisticated software and fast Internet, so make sure you have them. You only have a couple of hours to pull it all together in a timely manner. Don’t bite off more than you can chew.

In the end, we only had time to submit what was shot from the committee boat, and if you know iPads, you know they have no zoom, so the good stuff – starts, leeward mark rundowns and finishes – looked pretty small. If the only spot you can shoot from is the committee boat, use a camera with a good zoom.

Here’s hoping everything works for you.

Editor’s Note;
Here are links to some of the print publicity from Midwinters:
www.mdislander.com/featured/johnston-donahue-score-in-flying-scot-championship
http://galleries.heraldtribune.com/?id=369560#0
http://health.heraldtribune.com/2015/03/16/flying-scots-take-to-the-water/

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**Calling all Sweethearts!**

2015 Wife-Husband Regatta • October 24-25 in Tampa, Florida

What’s more fun than a Honeymoon Weekend? How about a Flying Scot honeymoon weekend? Consider the possibilities:

1. A road-trip with your honey.
2. A weekend of camping and racing (or racing and staying at a nice hotel).
4. The last suntan opportunity of the summer season.
5. Guaranteed stories to retell for years!
6. Socializing with dozens of your favorite Flying Scot sailors.
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8. Another road-trip with your honey.

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Sailing the Florida Circuit from a Rookie's Perspective

Michele Robinson, FS#4925 DaBomb, Florida District

Preface: At the time I met my skipper, Mark Taylor, I had never been near a sailboat my entire life. I also did not own any article of clothing that wasn’t cotton. I had none of that moisture wicking or water-proof/resistant, or made-of-fleece stuff.

The story begins when Mark asked me to go sailing with him. I envisioned it to be glamorous – like in the movies. Robin Leach’s version: sipping Champagne as I soaked up the sun while Mark sailed the boat. I thought “Mark sailing the boat” meant he just steered, kind of like a power boat and we could just chat the day away. Below are the details of my sailing experiences over the past six months as we raced the Florida Circuit. As you can see, I was delusional. It’s been anything but glamorous.

The first time I stepped in the Flying Scot, I thought to myself, what a hot mess! All of those tangled up ropes – I was quickly corrected – all those tangled sheets. Ok, whatever I thought. No big deal. In my simple mind, I figured I would just learn by the colors of the ropes. Surely they kept the ropes the same color every time they replaced them. That makes total sense to me.

Mark warned me that the clothing I had was not going to work and that I would need to put my hair up. He had already begun to buy me shirts that I really didn’t like and a pair of shorts that were – okay, ugly. I hadn’t seen sailing shoes that I liked. But again, I thought, whatever. We sailed for maybe two hours. My cotton shorts become wet, sticky and see through. My hands hurt from the ropes (sheets) and so far my hair was holding up in a clip. Still undecided about whether I was going to like sailing or not.

My second time sailing, Mark decided to register us to race in Sarasota, FL. Okay, I thought, what does “race” really mean? Being crew cannot be that hard if the second time I ever see a boat Mark thinks I can help him race it. He even stopped at Masthead Sailing Gear and bought me gloves and a life vest. After the first leg, my hair was all over the place, making it hard to see, but aside from that I thought everything was going pretty well until one of those ropes (lines!) apparently didn’t end up where it should have. Mark’s voice rose in pitch. He was pointing frantically at what I now know to be the mast and the jib sheet. Apparently there was a big tangle. I could hear the anxiety in his voice so I knew that something bad was about to happen if I didn’t figure this out.

Let’s go back to my initial thoughts of the Flying Scot. It is a hot mess of ropes! I had no idea what a real tangle looked like vs. what I was already seeing. Mark must have seen the deer-in-the-headlights look on my face and started shouting “the purple rope, the purple rope.” Ah, finally something that I could understand! Apparently not fast enough — because he went and fixed it himself.

Since I had never seen a spinnaker, Mark decided to put it up and to not use the pole. Good move. I had no idea what to do with that pole. Now all I had to do was take the spinnaker down when he told me to and put it in this little pouch it came from.

Continued On Next Page
Again, not rocket science — or so I thought. Unfortunately, Mark didn’t communicate to me the speed with which I would need to pull it down. Also he was a little unclear about “top” and “bottom” of the sail. He neglected to say “pull the bottom” means make sure the bottom of the spinnaker gets around what looked like a wire (forestay) so the rope (sheet!) doesn’t go under the boat — and then pull the top in.. The line (sheet!) went under the bow of the boat. So now I was expected to get that rope, untie it from the sail, pull it back in, and tie it back to the spinnaker correctly and in a timely fashion. I was not having fun. We didn’t tip the boat that day and finished third, but I was not sure I ever wanted to sail again.

I was tired, I fell 100 times, it was hard, and I was sort of yelled at (not really). I had to go to the bathroom (I didn’t recall being told I would not be able to use the bathroom for 3 to 4 hours). I felt stupid because I didn’t know how to do anything, and my body looked like I was a victim of domestic violence. I posted pictures of my legs on Facebook stating this is what my body looked like after getting 3rd place. I wondered what it would look like had I never considered myself an adrenaline junkie until after Miami. The harder the wind blew, the more I enjoyed sailing. I was falling everywhere, I didn’t have shoes that gripped, and although I tried using a visor for my hair, it was still all over the place. The wind was so hard the line (sheet!) to the jib broke and I had to walk on the bow to yank the sail down, but it was exhilarating! I was too ignorant to be scared. I trusted Mark and just did everything he told me to do. I was actually having fun and everyone was so nice and made me feel welcome.

Next race brought us back to Sarasota. The weather forecast was calling for it to be cold and rainy. More shopping: we purchased fleece hoodies and a waterproof lightweight jacket. Mark got me fleece tights with footies, insisting that I would thank him later. I even stole a hair band and a baseball cap from my daughter because something had to be done with all my hair (yes, I was starting to conform).

On the way down, we again stopped at Masthead (apparently his favorite store). Mark insisted that I have long neoprene pants. Well, unless you are a size zero those pants should probably stay on the hanger. So I tried on bibs. I am from the Midwest and it looked like I was wearing overalls. The only thing missing was the pitchfork. Does the Michelin man farm? When I came out of the dressing room Mark said, “don’t worry honey, everyone looks like an Oompa Loompa in them.” This was probably not the best analogy to use when you are dating. He insisted on buying the bibs and a jacket to match — again saying that I would thank him later. I jokingly suggested that I could have gotten a piece of jewelry for what all of these sailing clothes have cost.

Making conversation in Sarasota, Mark asked Donna Mohr if she would rather have a piece of jewelry or good foul weather gear. Her reply: “foul weather gear.” I thought OMG, what have I gotten myself into? Fat clothes vs. jewelry.

The weekend turned out to be a cold rainy mess and we camped. I emerged from the tent with fleece tights and a fleece hoody on underneath all my new foul weather gear and my hair in a ponytail and baseball hat. Of course to rub it in, Mark – along with Jeff Linton – performed the Oompa Loompa song and dance from Charlie and the Chocolate Factory. After a long day of racing, I was actually happier to have foul weather gear than jewelry (only this one time though). [Note from Mark: since this time, I have purchased Michele a lovely engagement ring]

Aside from cold hands and wet feet, my body was warm and dry. We had a great time socializing at the club where we tented in the parking lot with a great bunch of people.

Jacksonville was next. I still needed to fix the cold hand and feet issue. I purchased glove liners and new shoes. Still avoiding those rubber boots, Mark purchased me waterproof socks. The fashion conversion was complete: being comfortable, warm, and dry trumped being fashionable. We had great food at Trent’s, the local favorite restaurant. A weekend with a Jacuzzi in our hotel room was pretty awesome too.

Another month, another regatta: In January we went to Port Charlotte, which has a gorgeous clubhouse. Sailing was great and it was nice that I was starting to recognize people from previous regattas. I broke down and bought an ugly pair of Keens hoping to fix that slipping problem. If I didn’t find a pair of shoes with good grip, I was one step away from applying slip proof pink flamingos to the boat floor. Port Charlotte is where I officially emerged dressed as someone I didn’t know. Ugly shoes finally included. Mark took me to eat at the Portofino restaurant and then to hang out with some people at Martin’s house. We had another great weekend.

I finally felt comfortable as a crew at Lake Eustis. I could anticipate what was happening and for the most part what to do. My movements finally seemed more fluid and deliberate. The two Snow Crab dinners at The Trough were hard to beat. Mark even said I did a great job and that I got it, BUT then he ended that sentence with finally. I got it finally! I didn’t take offense because having only sailed about 15 days over a year’s time, I didn’t think I had done too badly. I think my family is still in disbelief when they see the pictures of me sailing. Who is that girl in plastic pants, a ponytail, ball cap and ugly shoes? I did not get to sail in Tampa this year. I decided to sleep in for the last regatta of the Circuit, letting Mark sail with one of his sons. But you know I sort of missed it. I got to hear all the racing stories and...
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Foundation Helps Hoover’s Learn-to-Sail Program

Jamie Jones, Program Director, Hoover Sailing Club, Ohio District

I guess it all started with an idea about seven years ago... if we continue to cram grown-ups in the front of 420s and FJs, what are the chances they will continue with their sailing careers? The answer, based on our own dropping enrollment numbers was obvious: very slim! At that point, we had a relatively small adult learn-to-sail program in which we taught about 50 people every summer. Then we added a new class called “Sail my Boat, Please!,” which was basically learn to sail in your own boat. We focused on the Scot and Interlake fleets at our club, as those were two fleets I was familiar with, and the need was there.

Fast forward four years. We’d had moderate success with those classes, turning one or two students into members each season, but nothing earth shattering. Then, along comes Ray Trask (from our FS fleet) with an idea: he’d been given an older Scot and was wondering if we could use it in our adult programs. The only bad thing was that the sails were in poor shape. I mentioned to a couple of fleet members our need for newer sails, and they turned me onto the Flying Scot Foundation. What a great program! It was late May when I sent an email off to Charles Buffington asking for help. He bent over backwards to match us with a sail donor, and less than four weeks later, our first adult session were using the boat. Out of that one class, two people bought Scots and joined the club. In the meantime, I’ve been acquiring older (free) Scots, hitting up Charles for more sails, and every time, the Foundation comes through for us.

Over the past four seasons at Hoover, we’ve seen our adult learn-to-sail program grow from 70-80 students per season to a high of 135 students in 2014. Last year alone, 48 of those took advanced courses in which we used the Scots and Interlakes, and out of those, 10 bought boats and joined our club, and out of those, three bought Scots. Our running 3-year total sits at six new Scot owners out of these programs, none of which would have been possible without the help of the Flying Scot Class, the Foundation and the support of our own fleet 37 at Hoover Sailing Club.

Editor’s note: Hoover Sailing Club is located just northeast of Columbus, Ohio.

Continued From Page 14

now I kind of understand what they are saying. This is a sport I can enjoy even if the attire is ugly.

I have to give Mark a great deal of credit. He has been a patient and kind teacher even when I know there were times he wanted to kill me. He even went with my version of what something was called, rope, hook, thingy, until I sailed enough to remember the correct sailing terms. I have tons more to learn and I still don’t get why upwind it is called tacking but downwind it is called jibing when you are doing the same thing, but I will go with it. Auto-tack should be called Heart Attack because that is about what I had when it happened for the first time. I’m still having a hard time seeing the wind, AKA puffs.

My all-time favorite question from Mark was, “Do you see that puff about a minute out”? Really! Did he just ask me that? I had been sailing maybe twice. “Sure,” I said, “it’s the one with the unicorn riding on it.”

Still, I must say that what I like most about sailing is how wonderful all of the people have been. Every venue did a great job of making everyone feel welcomed and wanted. All the sailors are friends and have known each other for some time. They open up their homes to one another and they help each other to become better sailors. The sailing is competitive, but not a bad word is said about one other. Everyone is happy for each other’s accomplishments and there is a lot to be said for that.

Thanks to all for making me feel welcome and I look forward to many more sailing adventures.
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The Best in Sailing and Flying Scot 50th Anniversary Apparel
There’s a reason Tampa Bay sees so many regattas in March. For one thing, it’s almost never snowing in this part of Florida. For another, the salt water is still in a liquid state. Sorry – the temptation to gloat about our weather is irresistible, especially after the winter many people had … not us, of course, but others.

The Florida District #6 Regatta at Davis Island Yacht Club near Tampa, FL, March 6-7 offered all the elements we like to brag about: breeze, bright sunshine, and great competition. We had a small but choice crowd of 14 boats all from within the Sunshine State, with Cheryl and Jim Signor the farthest travelled from the Upper Keys. PRO Ken Hardy ran three races on Saturday in around 10-12 knots out of the Northeast, and two races in a touch more breeze on Sunday. There were several wind-shifts, which gave the race committee plenty of exercise re-adjusting the course.

The results are deceptive; the racing was in fact quite tight. At any mark-rounding, any of the top five might be leading. Notably, coming back to racing after a longish break, Jim Signor was super speedy and clever. Mark Taylor was likewise a constant threat; his commitment to making everyone faster does not slow him down one fraction of a knot on the racecourse.

On the Speckled Butterbean, we were happy with our boat speed all weekend, and had decent starts. We had to do penalty turns in one race (“If you can’t hit your buddy, who can you hit? Sorry Mark!”), but we snapped through them as if we practiced.

We were happy to welcome newbies Paul and Mindy Strauley in #5446 as well as John Izmirlian on the old friend #15, Sidewalk Express. Hoping to see them again this next month!

The gang enjoyed a casual hang-out on Friday night while setting up the boats. After racing on Saturday, the sailors enjoyed “hoist beers” and a Cuban-style buffet while watching a replay of the day’s races on RaceQ.

Wholehearted plug: RaceQ is a free (FREE!) smart-phone app that will track your boat through a day of racing, then put your track on a Google map with all your competitors who also had RaceQ going on their smart-phones. It makes for great après-racing entertainment as well as offering some learning opportunities. And the price is right! We kept our phones dry with Ziploc bags and tucked them into the front breadbox under the deck.

We’d been looking forward to the Mug Race. It’s one of those bucket-list events, like the Everglades Challenge or The Mackinac. And since Jeff Linton had already gone ahead and mad-scientist’ed a Flying Scot into the one-of-a-kind Frankenscot, we figured that 2014 would be our year to give it a go.

The Frankenscot is not a Flying Scot. It started life as hull 2069, but modifications for the Everglades Challenge made radical departures from Sandy Douglass’s plans.
almost 11 feet wide. The braced-up mast included halyards for a full-hoist asymmetrical spinnaker, a ¾ hoist symmetrical chute, as well as a skreecher, and a roller-furling jib. It even has an Elvstrom automatic bailer.

For the Everglades Challenge (a 300-mile expedition-style adventure race), a rowing package (sliding seat and 9-foot carbon sweeps) made Frankenscot a real menace in light air. Sadly for us, the Mug Race is a more formal event, so we had only sail power to take us from Palatka to Jacksonville, FL.

We scouted the route with help from Google-earth. It looked pretty straightforward: go north until Jacksonville. Avoid anything like gators, snakes, sandbars. We’d talked about it during the very pleasant evening in Palatka the night before. We’d chatted with our competitors on the shuttle-bus, enjoyed buckets of steamed oysters along the scenic riverfront park, and checked out the other sailing vessels. They ranged all over the sailing spectrum, and Frankenscot was not the oddest creature on the water. Pointing no fingers, mind you.

The starts are staggered, with the slowest boat (as judged by rating) leaving first, and the fastest last. Frankenscot earned a fairly reasonable departure time of around 9 in the morning, fifteen minutes or so after the group of non-modified Flying Scots, a few minutes before the C-scow.

It was light. And rainy. And chilly. Not the usual May morning in Florida, but we were feeling cheerful. The Frankenscot can carry plenty of gear, including a large cooler, snacks, and even some photographic equipment. We have found that cold beer takes the edge off nearly any watery unpleasantness.

We passed several boats early in the morning: a few small wooden dinghies, what looked like a primitive dugout canoe with a sail. The wind picked up, and Jeff was on the trapeze when we rocketed past the other Flying Scots, fifteen miles or so along the way. Of course, before long, an A-cat catamaran rocketed past us and disappeared into the distance, leaving a contrail and no wake.

We made the halfway mark as the wind started to drop off. We chased zephyrs all afternoon, making only a few miles an hour. Other boats — PHRF monohulls and such — were becalmed around us. I am not going to exaggerate. There was no doldrums-madness, but I can assure you, we were very, very cautious about revealing that we had a supply of beer. Scarcity has been known to breed piracy, even among civilized folk.

As the sun started to dip toward the horizon, it became clear that we would not make the deadline. We could see the finish boat, but we just couldn’t get there. Oars would have made quick work of that last mile, but alas!

We accepted a tow (and gave up some precious nectar for the favor) into the familiar docks of the Jacksonville Rudder Club where we were met by that Flying Scot Prince-among-Fellows, Henry Picco, who was waiting to catch our bow-line, and offer liquid consolation and congratulations for our survival and safe return.

We enjoyed gracious local hospitality overnight (Thanks Jon and Donna!), and then dismantled the Frankenscot and drove ourselves home, tired but happy to have participated in the famous event without being troubled by gators, vipers, or random sandbars.

For more details about Frankenscot and the Everglades Challenge, check Sailing magazine, June 2014. Further adventures can be found also on www.amysmithlinton.com.

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About the Mug Race

Jon Hamilton, FS#5502 Captain Fleet 131 (St. Johns River, Jacksonville)

The Mug Race is a one-of-a-kind event, advertised as the “World’s Longest River Race”. That refers to the 38 nautical mile distance from Palatka to Jacksonville, FL, heading north (with the St. Johns River). As Amy’s story explains, it can be the appropriate name on a light air day. The race has used a reverse handicap start for the past 10 plus years, with Flying Scots starting a little before 8:30 am. There’s a mid-course gate just before boats go underneath the Shands Bridge, and then it’s straight to the finish line south of the bridge right next to the Rudder Club in Jacksonville, FL.

The first Mug Race was in 1954, as a race for Palatka boats to go home after a river race in Jacksonville. Later, it changed direction to run with the river flow (but the current switches direction with the river’s tides—beware). In the 1970s and 80s, with the beach cat boom, close to 400 boats raced some years. The race has seen everything from sailing canoes and Sunfishes to high-tech cats, E-Scows, and other sleek racing machines, as well as cruisers. It’s been a few years since a windsurfer has raced. For many participants, it’s their only race of the year.

Now the race gets something over 100 boats most years. Flying Scots are constant participants, racing as one of the one-design classes most years. To my knowledge, the Scot record is held by Bill and Dave Naylor with a time of 5 and ½ hours. It was a southwesterly breeze—the only time they dropping the chute was to eat lunch.

Please feel free to contact me (at jon.hamilton@cox.net) if you are interested in racing in the Mug Race. I’d be glad to suggest logistical strategies for a race where you need to move your trailer close to 40 miles.
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We have had a super year of racing and having fun at fleet 36 at Sarasota Sailing Squadron in Sarasota, FL.

We stick to a fairly simple schedule that works for us. Being on the west coast of Florida we get to sail year round. Because we sail year round we schedule our races for just about every other Saturday afternoon. During the winter months, which kick off with hosting the 2nd regatta — also known as the Jeff Penfield Memorial Regatta — in the Florida District series, we have snowbirds calling our fleet their winter home. This year's event had 20 Scots participating. There was some great racing during the weekend.

Three races were completed on Saturday after a short postponement, allowing the dying easterly to be replaced by the westerly. Tom McNally and crew Ahad Jehangin stayed ahead of Dave and Kim Thinel for the bullet in the 1st race. The second race saw current national champions Jeff and Amy Linton battle 2014 midwinter champions Zeke and Jay Horowitz for the front of the fleet with Jeff and Amy coming out on top. Race three results followed suit and Jeff and Amy’s 4-1-1 was one point better than Zeke and Jay’s 3-2-2 when the fleet headed back to the dock.

As of dinner Saturday Dave and Kim were holding on to 3rd place with a 2-5-5. Most of the remaining sailors had both up and down results on the shifter-than-usual Sarasota bay.

Sunday morning sailors were greeted with overcast skies and a rain that had mostly cleared. The front had brought a stronger northerly was challenging but sailable. Zeke and Jay took to the conditions, winning both Sunday races. Jeff and Amy finished the day with a 2-4 and local sailors Marshall Pardey and Chuck Tanner enjoyed the conditions with a 4-3 performance. Marshall and Chuck’s finishes were strong enough to move them into 3rd behind Jeff and Amy. Tom McNally hung on for 4th place with Key Largo sailors Jim & Cheryl Signor riding a full regatta of top 10 finishes to 5th place overall.

After this great kick-off regatta we have raced every other week, usually with 10-12 boats. We switch off RC duties throughout the fleet and, in an effort to promote one design racing at the squadron, we have shared our course and RC duties with the local growing MC Scow fleet. This has worked out well. We start about five minutes apart and the boats are close enough in speed that there is very little conflict on the racecourse. The two bonuses of this arrangement are that the RC duties are spread out farther and the post race get-togethers are that much better.

Of course the highlight of our season this year was hosting the Flying Scot Midwinter Regatta. This is a major undertaking for our fleet. We enjoy hosting the race and to manage the regatta the workload is spread throughout the fleet with everyone taking some ownership in the regatta.

John Pether did a super job of herding us cats for the past year and was the driving force in making the regatta a success. Fleet 36 invites you to sail with us whenever you are in the area. We are casual and we have fun. Just remember when you sail with us, all we ask is that you bring a snack and perhaps some libation to share for the post race gathering!
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4284 - Douglass, 1986, $5,400.00
Contact: Skip Bugbee, Middletown, NJ, suebugb2@gmail.com

4499 - Douglass, 1988, $6,000.00
Contact: John Clark, Duxbury, MA, john@cutterassociates.com

4723 - Douglass, 1990, $6,800.00
Contact: Jeff Deffier, East Haddam, CT, jfell79-3443@comcast.net

5096 - Flying Scot, Inc., 1996, $13,000.00
Contact: Steve Mehl, Cape May, NJ, 609-408-4039, adswift@steve@hotmail.com

5111 - Flying Scot, Inc., 1996, $10,500.00
Contact: Arthur Bookstein, Rockport, MA, 978-239-0265, arthur@booksteinlaw.com

5150 - Flying Scot, Inc., 1997, $10,800.00
Contact: Larry Klick, Minneapolis, MN, 763-553-1680, tklick@comcast.net

5197 - Flying Scot, Inc., 1998, $9,000.00
Contact: Marilyn Evans, Newburyport, MA, 978-462-7268, mari.evans@verizon.net

5246 - Flying Scot, Inc., 1997, $10,500.00
Contact: Bob McElwain, Florida, 239-404-7407, bmcelwain@yahoo.com

5296 - Flying Scot, Inc., 1999, $5,500.00
Contact: Charles Koch, Venice, FL, charlesk17@msn.com

5331 - Flying Scot, Inc., 2000, $10,000.00
Contact: John Tiholz, Dallas, TX, 214-739-4358, jctiholz@gmail.com

5676 - Flying Scot, Inc., 2006, contact: Paul Cocotos, Leonia, NJ, sailing-1@hotmail.com

5702 - Flying Scot, Inc., 2006, $12,900.00
Contact: Tom Crawford, Oceanport, NJ, 732-222-6585, thomas.w.crawford@gmail.com

5823 - Flying Scot, Inc., 2008, $16,000.00
Contact: Carmine Frumiento, Auburn, MA, 207-753-0374, maplehill123@yahoo.com

5847 - Flying Scot, Inc., 2009, $16,500.00
Contact: Keith Andreyko, Sewickley, PA, 412-225-1050, andreyko@id-design.us

5891 - Flying Scot, Inc., 2010, $16,000.00
Contact: Van Wolosoff, Roslyn, NY, 516-770-6601

6004 - Flying Scot, Inc., 2012, $18,200.00
Contact: Dave Salhay, 570-390-4401, dsalhay@gmail.com

Sails & Parts - see website for details, Contact: Jim, 772-214-9028, jjrmer1446@bellsouth.net

Parts - Roller Furling Jib, Torpedo Electric Motor, listed on web Contact: dbmeach5@verizon.net

Mast - Looking for a Used Mast, Contact: Marty Cutrone, 518-351-0040, martygeneli@comcast.net

Sails - North: Main, Jib & Spinnaker (lightly used), $1,200
Contact: Bob McNeil, Kimberton, PA, rjmceilin@comcast.net

Sails - North: Main, Jib; Schurr: Spinnaker; Spinnaker Poll, Contact: Steve Mehl, Cape May, NJ, 609-408-4039, adswift@steve@hotmail.com

Other - Gear, Sails, Boom, Spinnaker, call Contact: David Jacobsen, 203-263-0769, dmjacobsen@charter.net

STARTING LINE
Calendar Of Monthly Events (From May 2015 – August 2015)

Regatta: 2015 Gulf District Trifecta
District: Gulf State:
Date: 05/15 - 05/17
Contact: taglineusa@usa.net

Regatta: 2014 Cowan Lake Pig Roast Regatta
District: Ohio • State: Ohio
Date: 05/31 - 06/01
Contact: michaelj_conrad@yahoo.com

Regatta: Full Moon Regatta
District: Greater New York State: New Jersey
Date: 06/10
Contact: fleet157@gmail.com

Regatta: Mayor’s Cup
District: Midwest State: Midwest
Date: 06/15 - 06/16
Contact: geoff.endris@stonemillconsulting.com

Regatta: 2015 Summer Solstice
Regatta - Selby Bay Sailing Center
District: Capital State: Maryland
Date: 06/13 - 06/14
Contact: hairsplitter@hotmail.com

Regatta: 65th Annual Berlin Yacht Club Invitational Regatta
District: Ohio • State: Ohio
Date: 06/19 - 06/21
Contact: fs1808@yahoo.com

Regatta: 2015 FSSA North American Championships
District: • State:
Date: 06/29 - 06/26
Contact: chdhannemann@gmail.com

Regatta: Douglass / Orr Regatta - Sprite Island Yacht Club
District: Greater New York State: Connecticut
Date: 06/29 - 07/17
Contact: flyingscot142@gmail.com

Regatta: Scots ’n Water submission deadline - 2015 Issue 5
District: National State:
Date: 07/03
Contact: editor@fssa.com

Regatta: Sandy Douglass Memorial Regatta
District: Ohio State:
Date: 07/25 - 07/26
Contact: DocT@aol.com

Regatta: Ephraim Regatta
District: Midwest State: Wisconsin
Date: 07/31 - 08/02
Contact:ikedaj@hotmail.com

Regatta: Mens/Juniors Regatta
District: Ohio • State: Maryland
Date: 08/15 - 08/17
Contact: gmline@comcast.net

Regatta: 29th Annual Flying Scot Regatta - Saratoga Lake Sailing Club
Date: 08/15 - 08/17
Contact: info@saratogaflyingscot.org

Regatta: Fishing Bay Yacht Club
76th Annual One Design Regatta
District: Capital State: Virginia
Date: 08/08 - 08/09
Contact: Matt Lambert (757) 846-8223 or matthewa.lambert@gmail.com

Regatta: 2015 New York Lakes Districts
Date: 08/15 - 08/17
Contact: Wayne Menz, 585-582-1802 whmenz46@aol.com

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Florida District

Fleet 90 races out of the Coconut Grove Sailing Club (CGSC) on Biscayne Bay in Miami, Florida, from October to April. This has been a good year for Flying Scots, with the number of registered racers registered almost doubling to 12. We hold 12 BBYRA (Biscayne Bay Yacht Racing Association) races and a single-handed and a double-handed race in August each year. The CGSC annual one-design race was won by Mark Taylor, our District Governor, and the Charlie Fowler Trophy, for the best CGSC racer, was won by Jim Signor. The BBYRA Flying Scot 2014 Annual first-place award went to Bud Price on Air America. Bud also started a Wednesday night practice session and he gets a good crowd out almost every week. Sail Fast!

~ Larry Whipple FS#5399, Florida District

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