

FLYING SCOT®

#6181

MY JOURNEY ONTO THE HIGH SEAS



ROBERT HYNEN

PROLOGUE

My family helped me realise my dream and passion for sailing. I had an early introduction to sailing but it wasn't until later in life, my wife Christine and daughters Kirsten and Amelia helped draw that dream to reality.

My father Hank spoke about wanting to go flying in a glide plane. To experience the freedom and silence of free flight, harnessing the power of the wind and thermals over the picturesque landscape of Australia. It is to my father I dedicate this book, to always remember we have personal dreams and aspirations. We all need take the time and effort to ensure we can and should live those dreams.

I sail with my father's memory onboard when we sail on the high seas.

1

My desire for sailing was sparked in my preteens, the early 1970's. My father, Hank, mentioned one day that Gladesville Sailing Club in Sydney was having an open day. Interested, we went there on a Saturday morning to have a look. There was a fleet of Laser sailing boats to take out and enjoy on the Parramatta River. Having never sailed before, I was somewhat hesitant to take out a Laser on my own. I asked if there was someone who would come out and sail with me as I had no experience. One of the young sail hands took me out on the water where I thoroughly enjoyed only the wind powering us on the river. The sailing spark was ignited.

Over the years, sailing punctuated my life through spontaneous chances to sail. My parents, Hank and Nettie had a holiday home at Sussex, down the South Coast of NSW. Sussex is a small holiday town founded up the inlet around 1880 which opens to the ocean. With a large salt water basin located in the upper reaches of the river, this area held a multitude of water activities. During my late teens, a friend of my sister Ingrid brought his 16' Catamaran one weekend to Sussex. It was such a thrill to be out sailing again, strengthening my joy of sailing.

At this stage, any opportunity to sail was welcomed. Launching off the river bank, we sailed up into St Georges Basin, landing on the opposite shore bank at Palm Beach. While there, a menacing storm was brewing, forcing us to take shelter until the storm passed. Once the storm passed, we had enough time to return sail across the basin and down the river before de-rigging the Catamaran and calling it a day.

Many years later and now happily married with a young family, Christine, Kirsten, Amelia and I took a relaxing holiday away to Hayman Island, a luxury holiday island destination along the Great Barrier Reef in Queensland, Australia. The island resort had an amazingly large swimming pool, so large you could loose yourself swimming around the generous island bar and eatery. With so many water activities on offer, there was a fleet of easy to sail 11' Hobie Cats. Never to miss an opportunity, Kirsten, Amelia and I enjoyed taking out their catamarans to sail the warm waters. Again wetting the appetite for more serious sailing. We couldn't get enough, we were almost sailing daily. Each day we were building our confidence and ability to sail. One day, Kirsten and I took one catamaran each to soak up the sun, wind and water. Not before long, a dark sinister shadow appeared to be lurking beneath, moving so effortlessly, startling us both. Ensuring to keep afloat and upright, we tacked away to shore, the dark shadow swept towards and underneath Kirsten's boat. Feeling unsure and somewhat helpless, I could only watch the silhouette of a shark crossing paths with Kirsten's boat. Kirsten quickly looked around to

ensure a safe distance was made, and fortunately the shark changed course for deeper waters avoiding any entrapment.

It wasn't until well into my late 40's, my family knew of my passion in sailing and gave me a 'Learn to Sail' gift with AllSail Sailing Club and School, located at Church Point along Pittwater in the northern beaches region of Sydney. AllSail had a fleet of J24's for sailors wanting to learn and experience all things sailing. A fantastic gift of half day sailing over a six-week period. Each weekend we would sail the upper reaches of Pittwater, learning and experiencing many new aspects of sailing. Learning the ropes, techniques and rules, rigging, tacking and jibing brought comfort and enjoyment of sailing.

During my last lesson with AllSail, they offered me the opportunity to sail one of their newest and largest vessel, The Frog. A *Beneteau Oceanis* ocean going 39' sailing cruiser, with all the amenities and appliances, timber lined cabinetry, bunk beds, galley stocked with beer. Well it was certainly an exhilarating experience to sail such a grand 39' yacht. A crew of six regulars joined to herald my last sail and to enjoy the day out on the water. It was truly a delight to sail. Meanwhile southerly winds began to increase, the true test was in handling and tacking while the crew trimmed the sails. Quite an experience. Absolutely a poignant time to really consider sailing in a much grander way.

Sailing the J24's provided a good base and grounding. Being a larger boat, the J24's are fairly forgiving. The unassuming passion for sailing never dwindled from the preteen's moment sailing a Laser so many years ago. Here was an opportunity to really discover what could be, in owning and sailing my boat. During my Technology Management days in TV and Radio Broadcasting, the yearn for sailing was growing stronger.

It was at that time I began searching for what could be an ideal boat. No harm in researching and dreaming! With so many sailing boats on the market, yet so many didn't suit what I was looking for in sail boat. Not sure if I'm just a picky chooser, or if I had particular attributes or requirements that I wanted from sailing. So the search began...

Clearly there were some elements I knew I wanted and others not so desirable. Firstly the sailing boat needed to be small enough to trailer, yet big enough to really enjoy the world of sailing. Classic lines and traditional form, without any of the new and passing fads.

It dawned on me that so many sailing boats required either hiking out on a trampoline with a minimum of two people precariously in the balance to harness control, fly-by-wire where sailing was often met with capsizing, or a very sedate half cabin with all the cooking and bunk beds to boot. Not what I was looking for. So many hours searching sailing data banks, reviews and pictures online, I knew what I wanted and what I

didn't want. Not a heavy or sluggish trailer sailer, nor a fly-weight craft requiring arms and limbs to be flung out from bow to stern and port to starboard just to stay upright.

As it turns out, there are many types of boats I came across that would tick most but not all of the boxes. So I certainly needed to highlight those elements that were important to me.

Above all it needed to be a trailer sailer, it also need to be nibble, buoyant, safe, classic in design, well engineered, and able for me to learn to sail as a novice while offering much more to grow into without having to upgrade to another boat for some time. Looking for a boat that the family could enjoy together and be able to experience the wonderful and exciting world of sailing adventures together.

It was so easy to eliminate boats, both new and used when a key element did not fit my criteria. Yet I came across one type of sailing boat that ticked all my boxes. Hard to imagine but true, I did find just the type that I could see myself enjoying and sailing her together, either as solo or with the family.

The sailing dream was coming alive!

2

The boat I discovered was the Flying Scot®. A beautiful looking craft that ticked all the right boxes. So of course, I needed to learn more about them. The Flying Scot® was first designed in 1957 by Gordon (Sandy) Douglas, an American born in Newark New Jersey, who loved small boat racing and had previously designed the Thistle sailing boat.

The first challenge was realising the Flying Scot® are made in the USA. That's ok, so I set out to find a local distributor that would have stock or knowledge about them. Searching and contacting local distributors to no end, I quickly turned my attention to the Flying Scot® website, a treasure trove and a wealth of information.

Eager to know more, I peered inside to an abundance of information on all matters Flying Scot®, absorbing data, pictures and videos and learning about the boat building process to better understand the Flying Scot®.

I took a chance one day and sent an email to Flying Scot Inc® informing who I was, living in Australia, interested in a Flying

Scot® and asking the question, *did they have a manufacturer or distributor here in Australia?* Naively I somehow thought there may have been someone out here able to assist or able to deal in Flying Scot® sailing boats.

Excitedly I received a reply email from Flying Scot Inc®, equally excited and pleased to hear of my interest, especially from someone in Australia. However, as they informed me, it's a family business and their boat building has been well established and only made in Maryland USA. Well, that put the prospect of owning a Flying Scot® into the 'too hard basket'. Such a shame as the AUD/USD exchange rate was in my favour. Or so I thought. The factory had not previously shipped a Flying Scot® to Australia, but would be very interested to build and supply one for me.

At a rare time in the history of the Aussie dollar, it was soaring above the US dollar, dreams of sailing a Flying Scot® was so close, yet so far away.

I spent more time researching all the details of the Flying Scot®, to better understand if this really was a sailing boat for me. Unfortunately I had to put this idea to bed for the time being, as it just seemed too hard to purchase a boat without seeing or sailing it, was this really the kind of boat for me? What a conundrum.

It wasn't too long before the AUD sunk below parity, seemingly putting to rest the idea of ever owning a Flying Scot®. Continuous searches for a secondhand Flying Scot® locally proved fruitless. A number of years passed when suddenly I realised my plan for retirement wasn't too far off. I would find myself still discovering new and exciting things of the Flying Scot® from their design, handling, build and watched regattas across the Americas. The dream of sailing was still alive!

What impressed me, was that Sandy had raced, designed, and began building small sailing dinghies. The Thistle, Highlander and the Flying Scot® being among the most popular one design racing classes in USA. The boat names commemorate Sandy's Scottish heritage.

The support and racing regatta fraternity across the USA is very well patronised and all Flying Scot® sailors take their racing events very seriously, with a generous dash of social gathering and good humour.

I came across the schematic of the Flying Scot® dinghy, where I studied the details of Sandy's design. The one design sailing boat was certainly enjoying its popularity in the USA, its very stable, sturdy, buoyant, nimble, unsinkable, able to daysail or race, well balanced, big enough to enjoy serious sailing yet small enough to be managed by one person and trailerable. And, well engineered to boot!

3

Working in the broadcast industry, the self realisation of significant change was looming. Not that broadcast or media technology or even management was beyond me, but I knew when I was in my late 20's, we were the new future in the broadcast industry. We were keen and hungry to be the next problem solvers, innovators and leaders in our national broadcaster. It was with self reflection in my mid 50's that the moment was once more upon me. It was time that I needed to make way for the next generation to take over and solve tomorrows technical problems and become the next innovators and leaders in this fabulous industry.

And so it began. By a matter of significant organisational and technology changes to follow updated government requirements, there was an opportunity to consider my position and to make way for the next generation to take their rightful place. Suddenly the reality of sailing came flooding back, faster than a new carbon fibre *SailGP* boat in the all America's Cup challenge.

What was once unreachable, suddenly became obtainable.

4

So from the growing passion of sailing, the rediscovery and research, buying my very own sailing boat was back on the agenda.

Family and fellow work colleagues knew my interest was regaining some ground. Although colleagues wanted me to stay on at work, I knew in my heart it was time to move on and allow others an equal and unfettered opportunity to the head leadership role, once afforded to me so many years ago.

Further correspondence with Flying Scot Inc® via email allowed me to better consider why a Flying Scot® was the right sailing boat for me. Reviewing key attributes once again; very stable, a trailer sail, buoyant, can be sailed with several people or on my own, clean lines, popular in America from both recreational sailing to racing, proven track record, one design boat since 1957, quality of craftsmanship, well engineered, easy to rig and a great boat to learn sailing in through to experienced sailors. It seemingly became my perfect boat.

It was 2018, a time of significant change at work that saw me step away from my role as Head Technology Support, taking on a lead role for a project keeping me busy for about seven months before finally calling it a day. I retired from work early 2019.

Starting my career as a hobby in electronics, lead me to a wonderful career in the technical world of broadcasting. A national organisation that seek to inform, entertain and report the facts across all the media platforms (radio, television, news and online), there was no better place for opportunities to work with such creative people than those at Australian Broadcasting Corporation. I have always valued the array of talent found across the media and entertaining community.

It was in discussions with Christine, that my desire for the Flying Scot® was really the only choice. And she agreed. But, what would it take to order, build and ship one out to Australia? That was a tough question as the AUD wasn't as competitive against the USD as it once was some years ago. What a dilemma.

There's a family saying that goes a little like this, Christine says "I've been thinking!" We all know that it usually means an extraordinary thought. Meanwhile, I knew that I would retire from work early 2019. Christine then goes on to say, *"if you really want to buy a Flying Scot®, why don't we travel over there for a holiday, and see the boat for ourselves? We can take a look at the factory, see how they build their boats and maybe sail*

one! If that's what you want, then you can sail and order one while we're there. At the same time we can have a well-earned holiday to celebrate retirement."

At the end of January 2019 my farewell was looming. Lots of old and new faces gathered to help provide me with a memorable send-off. Many reflections and personal notes shared with heartfelt spoken words, reflecting me to share, *'I've had a stellar career and I thank the organisation for all the opportunities it afforded me over the years.'*

It was here while celebrating my last day with friends and colleagues, watching photo compilations with many laughs and recollections, I was presented with a special and welcoming surprised gift.

My team offered several vintage technology artefacts that now adorn my study, and they knew about my interest in the Flying Scot®. It was certainly a point of topic and discussion from time to time. They had become aware of our looming trip we had been organising to the USA, knowing we were planing to visit Deep Creek to have a look at the Flying Scot®.

My delightful team presented me with a beautifully framed A1 schematic diagram of the Flying Scot®. A copy of the original and official technical drawings through FSSA by Gordon K. Douglas, firstly drawn in 1956, punctuated with multiple updated entries to a master redrawn in 1985, with a last revised

drawing update in 1996. It now takes pride and place on the wall in the study.

There are times when opportunities allow for a seamless transition from a very hectic, stressful and demanding role. The seven months between stepping away from the head leadership to a fixed term project role allowed me to prepare my transition to retirement.

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Now, it's time to realise this dream. While still working, Christine and I organised a holiday trip around the availability of Carrie and Tyler of Flying Scot Inc[®] racing regatta schedule, to meet and greet, view the factory, see a Flying Scot[®] boat and go for a sail on Deep Creek Lake, the home of Flying Scot Inc[®].

By late April 2019, we were on our way, travelling to Hawaii to enjoy the sun, sand and surf. We then travelled onto New York and Washington, sightseeing and learning along the way about the American Civil War at Gettysburg with our destination Flying Scot Inc[®] factory at Deep Creek Maryland mid May 2019.

We arrived in downtown Oakland near Deep Creek Lake to gather supplies and staying in a typical summer holiday timber lodge back along the lakeside. Looking forward to meeting Carrie and Tyler, the following morning was cool but sunny. From correspondence with Carrie, we had planned to visit the factory in the morning and go for a sail in the afternoon. Preparing for sailing, I packed my bag with suitable attire in readiness for a cooler breeze and possibly getting wet. Carrie, Tyler, Melanie and the entire Flying Scot[®] boat building

specialist team at the factory were very welcoming, showing Christine and I around the family business. It was amazing to think we had arrived, after such a long time dreaming of sailing to be finally seeing a Flying Scot® became all too real. What will it actually look like, feel like, and how will it sail? To finally see it in real size instead of on a screen, to absorb the atmosphere of such a beautiful and classic sailing boat. You could say it was like being a kid in a candy store!

After an exposure of all the senses with boats being built, newly finished Scots, boats being repaired by “Moose” and others being prepped for shipping. Truly an inspiring place to be.

Tyler and I took the demo Flying Scot® out for a sail on Deep Creek Lake in order to get to know and experience the boat. Taking a short drive from the factory out to the lake, we parked on the shoreline, Tyler showing me what was needed to get the boat ready. This was a great way to absorb Tyler’s wealth of experience, knowledge and knowhow in stepping through sail preparations in setting up a Scot. Tyler certainly got me to do as much hands-on preparations as possible, to hopefully remember them easily. It definitely felt overwhelming to all my senses. Working out which sailing part goes where, to how parts come together to have a Scot finally assembled and ready to sail.

Launching the Scot from the trailer, not needing to immerse the trailer fully, the Scot simply glided off the rollers and skids, it



Making it Real



Melanie, Carrie, Chris & Rob at Flying Scot Inc®.



Hull Layup



Deck layup



#6181 Hull with Gel Coat



Loading #6181 into the 40' Container



Packed up and ready for the long voyage



Flying Scot Inc® family

gracefully entered the water. A long Bow line allows for walking the Scot along the shoreline to the floating pontoon for mooring. Here, final sail preparation of the Main and Jib with sails up, we were all ready and set to push off for an exhilarating sail. The Scot certainly had some pace even in light breeze. Sailing along the tranquil reaches of Deep Creek Lake, it was peaceful and a nice place to be. A solitary sail slowly made way for a few other sailing and motor boats to gather, later all grouping together enjoying a tranquil afternoon sail on the lake.

It didn't take long during our sail that reality dawned. This was the sailing boat for me! I had a great afternoon with a full day to think about all boat aspects, to decide on the details of ordering and purchasing a new boat. Let alone, how to get a new Flying Scot® back to Sydney, it was seemingly a growing list.

Speaking with Carrie at the factory, there were lots of options to consider. Will it be just a daysail or for racing? All the options of rigging, colours, boat name. How will we get the boat back to Sydney? Luckily some of these options I had worked through in my mind with the help of Carrie in earlier email communications, while other options could still be worked out over the coming weeks before build starts. Yes, we would have a spinnaker, and worked out the colour options of both the boat and spinnaker. There were lots of other rigging options that Carrie helped work out and suggest what would be best.

We had previously explored the general nature of how to import a boat with trailer. Well that seemed fairly straight forward, but still unsure if it would all work out. Of course there was the boat and trailer inspection and registration to consider upon arrival in Sydney, all importation paperwork to figure out, how much would that cost and would there be a hitch to the plan? Shipping and importing a shipping container with a boat with trailer inside, was really something I needed to leave to the experts. We spent the following morning with Carrie, refining the final details to our new daysailer, and trailer built to Australian standards. Many options to consider but many decisions were made. And just like that, the order was placed!

The main purpose of our trip suddenly came to a pinnacle, from here-on-in, we could just relax and enjoy our remaining travels around the broader area, including Gettysburg history with the American Civil War, through to Annapolis, home of the Navy-Marines Naval Academy and onto Washington to visit many Smithsonian Museums. The Newseum (News Museum) was certainly plentiful of memorabilia in world News. All the Smithsonian Museums provided a wealth of information and understandings, a great asset to Washington, then back to New York before finally enjoying a final stopover in Hawaii for some more relaxation and to break up the long journey home.

Back home after our trip, we kept in contact with Flying Scot® around next steps, her build progress and how shipping to Australia could be achieved.

Carrie had a contact who recommended shipping the boat with CargoLive. They would give us great comfort, as they would be able to manage the entire transportation from factory collection, carting the container to Baltimore docks, shipping and delivery to Sydney directly. A great relief. I had contemplated that if the Flying Scot® was 19', a 20' container would be all that was needed, Wrong! In fact, as the boat sits slightly aft on the trailer, the mast is in the order of 28' long, that meant the Flying Scot® needed a container no smaller than 40' to fit comfortably.

So what about insurance and all other on-costs when dealing with importation? Soon it became clear, leave it to the experts, they will manage the entire process. Welcoming news to both Carrie and us in Sydney.

We had picked Captains Blue (somewhat a royal blue) to be the featured colour of the hull with the top deck and under the water line to be white. While building started around late June, it was great to receive regular updates and pictures from Carrie through email. Nothing quite like seeing the dream coming alive!

As the first blue gel coat on the hull went well, the second white coat underneath the waterline exhibited a slight cosmetic blemish. This was no fault to the craftsmanship but in fact the temperature and humidity at the time played havoc to the gel coats and finishers. Thank you to the professionalism,

transparency and passion of Flying Scot Inc® to their commitment of quality. Carrie wanted their first shipment to Australia to be just perfect. Carrie requested they go again on making our new boat.

It wasn't long before a second hull and deck had been laid up and this time with a perfect finish. Time to fit out the finished boat and preparing her as our day sailing Scot. Carrie always kept us in the loop as she was the main contact between CargoLive and us. Anything from organising cost estimates, transport logistics to pack, ship and deliver a brand new Flying Scot® to Australia.

It was an absolute pleasure to witness the boat's construction, albeit remotely, and to see her progress. The second layup and fit-out was certainly advancing.

This was making it real!

2019 was certainly full of busy activities and travel. During mid July to early August, Chris and I took another great holiday, destination Kimberley Coast, north western part of Australia in the remote outback and wilderness. Taking a luxury cruise upon the Ponant Cruise line, in partnership with National Geographic expedition, with many experienced expedition leaders covering, marine life, flora and fauna specialists, oceanologists, geologist and photographers.

We spent some time in Darwin, where I visited some old colleagues before setting off on a self drive extension through the top end of Northern Territory's Kakadu National Park and then flew onto Alice Springs before driving out to see the sights of Uluru.

During our travels north and while onboard the Ponant Le Laperouse ship, we received notification our Flying Scot #6181 was complete and ready to be shipped!

I was certainly hoping we would be back in Sydney in time to receive our new Flying Scot® and welcoming her home.

6

Early August 2019, a series of photos showed our Scot all finished and being prepared for transport to Sydney. Our #6181 was being moved outside in the morning sun as the shipping container arrived at Flying Scot Inc® on the back of a truck.

The shipping company CargoLive works with representatives here in Sydney, making logistics and communications within the one organisation ensured a streamlined process.

It was soon evident through Carrie's email with photos, the 40' container located high up on the back of a truck could not be lowered to ground level, normally making it easier to roll in the boat and trailer. The series of photos certainly told the story of how the boat on a trailer would get lifted into the container.

Harry Carpenter (founder of Flying Scot Inc® and father to Carrie) oversaw the dispatch with an ingenious solution to get the boat into the container. Cleverly they brought in a local tilting flatbed truck, normally used for car transportation, the innovative solution was to load the boat onto the tilt flatbed

trailer, then back it up to the opened container on the truck for an easy roll-on exchange. Brilliant!

There she was, loaded and strapped securely in the shipping container, barely an inch to spare on her sides, ready for the long voyage across the oceans and halfway around the world. A sea journey that would take her down the east coast of North America, through the Panama Canal with a long-haul sea journey across the Pacific Ocean. All-in-all, taking 37 sea days to complete the journey.

Nevertheless, I monitored and tracked her journey on the Spirit of Hamburg, visiting ports along the way. The anticipation of her arrival was bringing the whole journey of sailing on the high seas to reality, finally making port in Botany here in Sydney late September.

The shipping company was a pleasure to deal with, managing the entire process and informing me of the containers arrival. I had anticipated Australian Customs would want to inspect the container since this was my first big international shipping. To my surprise, a thorough inspection through X-Ray of the container was all that was required. She was ready for pick up at Port Botany.

Now early October, the call came in, she's ready for pick up! By this time we had taken on the rehoming of an adorable beagle named Cooper. He is five and a half, very smart, knows lots of

tricks, well behaved (other than he doesn't like being left alone at home). So Cooper came along for the ride with Christine and myself to collect our new Flying Scot®.

The day had arrived, quite a hot sunny day with great anticipation of sailing becoming real with the arrival of #6181. We arranged pickup at 11am. Once locating the warehouse frontage, in the maze of containers stacked a mile high, there she was. Gazing outwards enjoying the sunshine in a frozen moment, all tied up, gleaming and ready to come out of her 37 day hibernation.

With Cooper, our Beagle in tow, we approached her with great anticipation. It was like approaching an untamed beast, lying dormant in the container, ready to be released into her new environment and home.

It didn't take long before she was extracted from the confines of the steel cradle, hooked up to the car and ready to come home.

It was at this point Apollo 13 flashbacks came flooding into my mind, *'Houston, we have a problem'*.

As I navigated hooking her up to the car and attempting to wire her, the trailer was dutifully wired with a round plug, whilst my car was configured with the rectangular receptacle. Oh bugger!

It was at this point creativity and ingenuity must prevail. Looking for a converter plug nearby, for driving our new Scot without brake or indicator lights could be a challenge. Luckily there was a VW dealership nearby, this could provide me with the right solution. However they did not have any converters in stock.

Thank heavens for Google. An automotive accessory store was also nearby, and a converter plug was just moments away. Once compared and connected, we were set to finalise the long journey #6181 had undertaken and to bring her home.

With great excitement at home and seemingly finding ourselves an early Christmas gift, we removed her cloak to unveil her majestic self.

A stunning pure white deck, contrasting with the deep sea blue hull, glistening in the afternoon light. Where to begin? Boxes, sails, rigging and accessories await for discovery.

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Clearly our new Flying Scot® needed a name. Something personal, but showing respect to history and to the boat. As my ancestry is of Dutch heritage, it was a unanimous family vote, our new Flying Scot® will be named, Flying Dutchman!

As an added dilemma, around the wonderful world of sailing boats, there is another small sailing boat manufacturer called The Flying Dutchman. This was troubling, as Flying Scot Inc® would know of this which could prove to be a complicating sticking point. With my utmost respect for Carrie and Flying Scot Inc®, it did take them back a little once learning of our boat naming, however Carrie understood the link to my ancestry and that this was just naming the boat, not representative of the type of boat.

It was an early start to the morning of our first sailing adventure, with Kirsten arriving with great excitement. First thing to do was to apply Flying Dutchman with her new registration numbers. Once the numbers were in place (done by Kirsten as the Graphic Designer in the family) we headed off for a relatively

easy place for a first sail. Or so we thought. Not too far from home, we set out for a place called Kissing Point along Parramatta River the upper reaches of Sydney Harbour.

All the family, including Cooper the Beagle were coming along. We all reached our sailing location and started planning the rigging and set up. Raking my brain after about five months since we had first seen and sailed a Scot on Deep Creek Lake, and countless hours watching 'how-to-videos', and drawing from the in-depth learnings with Tyler, it all started to click into gear.

Taking the covers off brought both excitement and trepidation of mixed emotions. One, the thrill of getting her rigged and onto the water with a family gathering to christen Flying Dutchman, to, oh-boy I hope this all goes well!

The moment had arrived, the heart beating faster while semi confidently in preparing and rigging her for the first time. Would it be a success? There is nothing more daunting than being watched by a curious team of four local Fire Trucks enjoying a group morning tea together. This was somewhat intimidating!

It wasn't too long before Amelia and Sam arrived. With Sam an experienced sailor with the historical 18' Skiff's on Sydney Harbour, he was a great help to get things done and moving on in readiness for Flying Dutchman christening and prelaunch.

At this inaugural 'blessing of the fleet' we couldn't pass the opportunity to share the christening with a bottle of champagne. Somewhat a bit too early to drink in the day and before sailing, we simply gathered with popping the champagne, dribbled a little over her bow and charged our glasses to toast.

To the Flying Dutchman!

Now feeling a bit tipsy, the day was sunny with a good breeze. What wasn't too apparent at the time, westerly winds were going to become stronger throughout the day. As we backed her in from the boat ramp and released her into the water, the winds had picked up wanting to spin her around in the shallow end of the boat ramp. Quick thinking from Kirsten allowed for no such beaching and successfully we brought her to the wharf.

I had seen a video by Tyler, where one boat that was featured had an electric outboard motor. Considering this as a safety feature, I bought a Torqeedo 1003 locally, just in case should the wind either disappear or for when the howling winds roar.

I guess this was a sign of what was yet to come. Sam, Amelia, Kirsten and myself climbed aboard ready for our first sail. Chris and Cooper watched on from the shore. We motored out into the main stream, Jib and Main sails up and we were on our way. Sailing down wind, this felt easy. Needing to go back up river,

against the wind proved a challenge as the river is not all that wide. So navigating ourselves amongst other water crafts, against the swift tide running out and RiverCat passenger catamaran blistering by, proved a lot more difficult as the westerly winds significantly increased.

Having been out for an hour or so, the winds were far too strong for such a novice team. A couple of times with the main sheet cleated, a puff of wind would remind us to keep an eye on the changing conditions. We lost a hat overboard while tacking, a quick decision to come about and retrieve the cap as we were heading towards a car ferry crossing the river. All our sensors were now at a heightened level.



Cooper the sailing Beagle



All rigged and ready to go



The Crew - Rob, Kirsten & Amelia

Feeling the rush, looking at one another, safety was my main priority. *"Lets come about and sail down wind again"*. Putting tactics and techniques into practice, rising evidence the lack of collective experience. It was time to take a break and head back.

Seemingly thinking of how the electric motor could be used in the future, this was now the moment to put it to good use.

Needing to pull down the Main and Jib as winds were reaching 25-30 knots, using of the electric motor to steer and bring down the sails, while navigating between other boats back to the wharf, proved its worth as we arrived safely back on shore. Although it wasn't an all day sail, it was indeed exhausting and thirsty work. It was most evident we needed to call it a day on our first sail in these conditions, with winds becoming much stronger.

Thankfully we made it back safely for our inorgauoral sail but left us to thinking of all the things we need to do differently, change or check once we got back home.

Reviewing what we did, how we did it, and what things that needed to change, will help us to be ready and better prepared to sail another day.

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Another great sailing location we discovered, with much more elbow room on the water, is at Bayview on Pittwater, the picturesque upper waterways along the northern beaches of Sydney.

Since our first sail, better planning and preparations rewarded us with many successful sailing days up and down Pittwater, really getting the hang and feel of the boat and building confidence in sailing her each time we ventured out.

We've had a very mixed weather this summer. From strong winds on the waterways, landscape choked with heavy smoke from devastating bush fires, from sailing with the boat coming alive on the warm northerly winds, to coming about to only watch the wind completely disappear.

The Flying Scot® is truly suitable for the whole family to enjoy, from an absolute novice to experienced sailors. Even Cooper the Beagle came for a sail and absolutely enjoyed the day out and adventures. He managed to gain his sea legs rather quickly and successfully. Wearing his life vest and booties to both

protect the boat, but to also give him some traction. His ears flapping in the breeze, nose pointing into the wind, he seemed to love it!

Sailing from Bayview provides ample space to park and rig the Flying Scot® before driving to a choice of boat ramps. Plenty of room for mooring with modern pontoons making it relatively easy to set sail.

On the other side of the water we find the Royal Prince Albert Yacht Club and Marina. It exhibits a wealth of luxury vessels ranging from massive motor cruisers to exhilarating maxi sails, the home of Wild Oats X. Not too far away and near Scotland Island, diagonally opposite to the yacht club, moors the predecessor to *Australia II*, the winged keel yacht that won the America's Cup in 1983. Bobbing up and down on the water is *Australia*, once attempted the America's Cup four years earlier in 1979.

The run along Pittwater is great and exhilarating, tranquil sail with many smaller and mixi yachts venturing out for the day, some even making their way to open waters. It is such a thrill to sail up to the top of Sydney's northern beaches peninsular, lining up to Barrenjoey Headland and Lighthouse. At this point you tend to notice the ocean swells become most evident, the long wavelengths rising and lowering us while sailing. This is the gateway to the massive waterways leading up the Hawkesbury River. This location has become our turning point

marking a superb run back along Pittwater to complete a great day out.

The ritual in reverse kicks into gear as we moor, extract the weary crew and craft from the waterways of Bayview and onto the trailer. Here we hose the salt off the boat and trailer prior to de-rigging. At times it can be as busy, just like peak-hour traffic for all boats to get a quick rinse and pack-up for the day. The following day has now become the complete 'wash, clean and re-pack' day for the boat, trailer and all the rigging and sails. As most of our sailing will be in salt water, a good clean and maintenance is paramount to ensure she is ready to go again.

Living so far away from Flying Scot Inc[®], home of the of the most successful one design sailing boat, isn't somewhere I can quickly pop over for a spare part or advice. Being the only Flying Scot[®] in Australia presents itself a unique position, yet vulnerable as help is halfway on the other side of the world. Thanks to Carrie, she supplied me with several commonly used spare parts and is always just an email or phone call away.

So careful preparation and looking after her is of utmost important to ensure all parts and rigging are well maintained, hence the fastidious nature of cleaning and preparing her for her next sailing adventure day out.

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Being so far away from the Flying Scot® community, remoteness to connections and information is vast. Our distance is only shortened through social media filled with a wealth of knowledge and passion.

I continue to build on my experience and discoveries, even through rewatching many 'how-to' videos. Each time, there is always something new or different that becomes more apparent. Even when something doesn't quite make sense, more often than not, it reveals itself as a critical instruction or function of a part.

The Flying Scot® have been around for a long time and I plan to enjoy Flying Dutchman for many years to come. Looking after her will in return, bring us joy and happiness while growing stronger as a sailor of this majestic small sailing boat.

It has been one year since we commenced this glorious adventure to discover the Flying Scot®. From visiting the birthplace and factory, meeting the skilled boat builders of the Flying Scot® family, sail on home waterways of Deep Creek

Lake, watching the creation of Flying Dutchman come to life. To celebrate her home 'down-under', I felt it was only fitting to write her history making moments. The life of the first Flying Scot® in Australia.

This truly has been a remarkable journey, from concept to fruition, the first Flying Scot® landing in Australia.

Becoming more familiar and comfortable with rigging, setting sail and navigating the waterways in our new Scot, there has never been an occasion that someone hasn't stopped, come up to say hello to find out a little bit more about our Flying Scot® sailing boat.

Once parked, random people popped by and asked about the sailing boat. Curious they are, each one has said "*what a beautiful boat!*" They are taken back by the generous size, great design and eager to know more about her. Each time they inquire draws a pleasant smile to their face, as it does to mine. Certainly our beautiful Scot is strutting her stuff and making waves!

There was even a time that we were out sailing, a larger yacht travelled past and tried to communicate something, but we couldn't hear what. So the good old thumbs up instead was enough to say it all. Looking good!

I've found there has been a developing admiration and interest in the Flying Scot® in local sailing communities. Whether it be that Flying Scot® isn't a familiar name or a type of boat they see from local markets here in Australia.

So far, sailing trips have been with two to four crew onboard, but having got some practice and feeling more confident I felt it was time to try it solo. Recently I did just that. The key step that I needed to master was in getting the mast up and secured on my own. I technically knew how to raise and lower the mast on my own, however hadn't done it before. With the general population being locked down through COVID-19 pandemic isolation, this was now the time to test and master the technique (as sailing was an approved form of exercise).

On my own and taking my time, I prepared to raise the mast. The one step that would ensure I could go solo.

Removing the boat cover and preparing to raise the mast, moving the boom to one side, tie off a bow line to the jib halyard, eased the mast back, lining up the mast base plate and slid the mast over the pin to secure a lifting hinge point.

Ensuring the two shrouds were well within the cockpit and unobstructed, raising the mast into place carefully. At the same time applying tension on the bow line, pulling tight, tensioning the mast then cleating. The forestay can now be secured. I've done it!!

Finishing my first solo sail for the day and returning late afternoon, the reverse order to gently lower the mast was achieved safely. Phew!

Wahoo! Solo rigging and sailing now achieved, job well done!

One year on from embarking on a trip to Deep Creek Maryland USA to visit and meeting the great Flying Scot Inc® team, it is only fitting we reflect on what has been an incredible experience, it has truly been the story of

... My Journey Onto The High Seas.

Acknowledgements

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Oil Painting - Flying Dutchman - by Michele Paris 2020

