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OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE FLYING SCOT $^{ m e}$ SAILING ASSOCIATION

Volume 57 | Number 1 | 2013

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The FSSA is on Facebook and 460 people have joined so far. Visit Facebook and search "Flying Scot Sailing" and join the facebook group for the latest sailing news.

SCOTS n' WATER - Registered Trademark, Publication No. ISSNS 0194-5637. Published bi-monthly by FSSA at One Windsor Cove, Suite 305, Columbia, South Carolina 29223. Volume M, No. 1. Subscription is \$8 a year included in annual membership dues. Periodical postage paid at Columbia, SC 29201.

Publication Mail Dates: Issue #1, January 15; Issue #2 March 15; Issue #3, May 15; Issue #4, July 15; Issue #5, September 15; Issue #6, December 15.

Postmaster: Please send change of address to Scots 'n Water, FSSA, One Windsor Cove, Suite 305, Columbia, South Carolina 29223.

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Cover photo courtesy of Beth Leahy and Norma Brettell.

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From the President

SPECTO ASSOCIA

Diane Kampf, FS 5857

Dear fellow sailors,

As I write this in November 2012, it is nearly Thanksgiving, a time to be grateful for so many people and so many things in our lives. Although you will be reading this much later, the message really applies all year long. We are blessed to have our families, friends, and colleagues, and all our fellow sailors. We are fortunate to be able to own and sail boats and to participate in a sport that adds a great deal of pleasure to our sometimes too-busy lives. I am very grateful for a group of fellow Flying Scot sailors who are the best people I could ever have the pleasure to associate with and sail with.

Even in times of tragedy, like the recent Hurricane Sandy, there are positives to be found and things to be grateful for. While people lost family members, and homes, and businesses, many fellow citizens and several major companies stepped up to help in areas that needed it. In New York and on the New Jersey coast especially, there was damage to people's homes and clubs; large areas were flooded, and docks were ripped up and found days later several miles away. Within a day or two after the storm, I got emails from people and saw on their Web sites that club members were already trying to put it all back together so that their wonderful clubs could be enjoyed again as soon as possible.

As we approach Thanksgiving, there are people who are still without power, and many people wonder what they will do for jobs since their livelihood was taken away by the storm. Those of us less affected by this storm or in other areas of

the country need to keep these folks in mind as they recover from the losses and damage. We should all reach out to our friends on the East Coast to see what we can do to help or give what we can to relief efforts. I am sure it will be appreciated.

Even though you are reading this after Thanksgiving and we are in a new year, we can still take some time to think about what we are grateful for and how we can give back. Helping a less experienced sailor learn how to sail better, crewing for another skipper, donating time or money to your favorite sailing organization, helping rebuild clubs that sustained damage, or helping out in some major philanthropic effort--it all counts as giving back.

I wish you all a great 2013. Happy new year! Thanks to all of you.

See you on the water!

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The 2012 Season at Fleet 11

Chuck Nicolosi, Fleet 11 Captain



he 2012 sailing season at Sandy Bay Yacht Club featured excellent weather. However, an extraordinary number of races were cancelled due to a lack of wind uncharacteristic of the exceptional conditions for sailing on Sandy Bay that we sometimes take for granted.

Participation by the Flying Scot fleet, beginning with the Memorial Day series and concluding with the Gusto Cup in early September, was excellent. Most race weekends found between five and nine boats on the starting line. The competition within our fleet is always

spirited, competitive, and--most important--fun. Sundays always feature an after-race social that each fleet at our club takes responsibility for hosting. Needless to say, we all get a chance to share our on-the-water tales and mistakes made on the racecourse. Oftentimes, the tales take on a life of their own.

Several boats from our fleet participated in the New England Districts cohosted by Massapoag Yacht Club Fleet 76 and Quannapowitt Yacht Club Fleet 187. Typical of this sailing season, the day featured little wind but great camaraderie.

Our fleet always has a final dinner/

social/business meeting on the Sunday of Labor Day weekend. We had a great selection of food, heard reports from our fleet captain and treasurer, presented a couple of awards, and began planning for the 2013 season with the election of Rob Volpe as our new Fleet 11 captain for 2013 and 2014.

Our sailing season ended on September 9th with our annual Gusto Cup, a onerace, winner-takes-all, head-to-head regatta with our SBYC R19 fleet. The Flying Scots prevailed (as is usually the case!), with Ned Jeffries in FS 4260 taking first place in the seventeen-boat mixed fleet. lacktriangle

Massapoag Yacht Club 63rd Annual Regatta

Diane Kampf, FS 5857; FSSA President



assapoag Yacht Club in Sharon, Massachusetts, was fortunate to host its 63rd Annual Regatta on September 7-9, 2012, with 40+ boats representing four classes—Flying Scot, Day Sailer, Sunfish, and Laser. The forecast was for rain, winds of 25 to 30 knots, and a bit chillier than usual for this time

of year. Given the weather report leading up to the regatta, we were lucky to have such a good turnout. Registrar Jay McNeff was kept busy Friday night and Saturday morning, and we were glad to see so many brave souls. We had our super-duper Friday-night bash, hosted by Margy Davidson, and several people stayed late to enjoy the nice night at the club and the great company. A few people camped

out overnight, including Greg and me and our new US SAILING PRO, Michael Levesque. You might not call what Greg and I do "camping"—in our Roadtrek with all the amenities—but Michael had a 32-foot camper all to himself!

On Saturday morning the wind was blowing pretty hard (20+ and gusting to 25 to 28), but most of us are very competitive and agreed to go out and give it a try. The race committee had its hands full with the wind as it was, seven classes to start, and the number of boats on the water. With the south wind we sailed to the north end of the lake, and the whitecaps were a bit scary. But we kept going and had a great time sailing in the first race. We were the only ones with our spinnaker up in the first downwind leg, but we never felt out of control so we kept it up-despite my nervousness about flying it when no one else was doing the same. Jim Cavanagh and John Houstle, who were leading the entire time, kept looking back but never did raise their chute. We almost caught them, but not quite! On the second downwind, we noticed a few others raising their chutes. When Randy and Scott Rubinstein raised theirs, they were immediately hit with a gust and went over and were in the water and could not get back to the boat to right it, so they were rescued and towed in. But they were back out there for the second race. And Dave Rousseau and Hein Smit-Sibinga snapped their boom and had to be towed in. Luckily for them, Hein's boat had a boom that was in good working order, so they swapped that out and got back out on the water for the second race. Did I mention that we are a very competitive group?

The second race was not much different. We were following Jim Cavanagh AGAIN and almost caught him downwind, but then, upwind, something just didn't seem right. Greg yelled to get the sails down and that's when I realized the boom was no longer attached to the mast; the gooseneck had slid up the track somehow and bent the track badly enough that we were not going to be able to fix it and keep racing. (We are not sure what caused the gooseneck to slip, but we think it might have been pulled out at some point by the jib sheet and eventually slid up the track and then bent the track. We will need to keep an eye on that.) We smiled at the rescue-boat crew as they towed us in because we were glad they were there so quickly, but we were disappointed not to be able to continue. We figured the regatta was lost to us at that point, since we would miss finishing

Continued On Next Page







the second race and we would miss the third race and maybe even miss racing on Sunday. Luckily, Greg found that a piece of the track could be broken off and the rest could be bent back, leaving enough to slide the gooseneck back on so that the regatta was not lost to us completely.

We stayed in and watched the rest of the second race. The competitors were working hard to sail in the heavy air and doing a great job. Once everyone was in for lunch, we tried to decide if it made sense to go back out after lunch. The Flying Scots, Day Sailers, and Lasers all decided to bag it, because the wind had picked up even more and people were tired from the first two races. But the hearty Sunfish crowd was not afraid at all, and although they were probably tired, they went out and had several more races in the afternoon. Some of these folks are among the best of the Sunfish sailors who have won or placed pretty well in their NACs, so I was not at all surprised that they went out. It was fun to watch them go REALLY fast, but we know they worked hard to keep the boats upright. What a fun crowd these folks are!! We are so lucky to have them visit us year after year, and we are working on building our own Sunfish fleet to try to give them a run for their money!

We ended up with nine rescues by our three rescue-boat teams and many more self-rescues over the course of the day Saturday. There is a lot to be said for having good rescue teams available to you, and we were lucky to have some experience on board our rescue boats. Although this is a volunteer job for our members, we worked very hard to match up people who would work well together and made sure there was experience on board each boat. This is an important thing to remember for any regatta, especially if the wind is up.

In the evening, we were treated to a fabulous cocktail party prepared by Marjorie and Marty Newman and their team. We had lots of different dishes prepared by our volunteers, and it was more like a meal than a cocktail party. But the meal came next, with lobster, chicken, and steak tips by our terrific caterer, Roche Brothers, and, as usual, we were





not disappointed. We are not sure how we eat this much food, but somehow we manage, year after year. And let's not forget the dessert! But before we started serving dessert, we sang Happy 87th Birthday to my mom, Kay Wilson, who faithfully comes every year to her birthday regatta. She was presented with a Sunfish necklace by Rapid Buttner, who makes them by hand, and that was a nice treat for Mom! That was followed by a chocolate fountain with lots of goodies to dip and our now-famous make-your-own-sundae bar. If anyone went away hungry, it was not our fault!!

On Sunday morning the wind was still blowing pretty hard from about the same direction, but we went out and it settled down a little bit. We even won a race and that felt pretty darn good. We got lots more racing in that morning, although the Flying Scot B fleet did not get as many races; we'll need to fix that for next time. And we were not careful to let our out-of-town guests get out of the water before the locals did, and we need to fix that, too. But most everyone was satisfied that we did a good job and that they had worked quite hard enough for the weekend and were ready for lunch and awards and packing up to go home. I know I was ready!

It was an all-Massapoag win this year, with first places in all fleets going to MYC members! The trophies were Galileo thermometers that looked nice, all lined up on the table. I hope the winners enjoy them on their trophy shelves or on their desks. In the Flying Scot A fleet we had (1) Roger and Kate Sharp, (2) Jim Cavanagh and John Houstle, and (3) Greg and Diane Kampf. In the Flying Scot B fleet we had (1) Harvey Davidson and Dave Levy, (2) John and Michelle MacVicar, and (3) Rich Hirsch and Susan Origlio. In the other classes, the winners were: Day Sailer-Bob Gaffney and Emily Szczypek; Laser-Gary Werden; Sunfish A Fleet-Kevin Buruchian; and Sunfish B fleet-Mark Stoughton. Scot results can be found on the Flying Scot Sailing Association Web site (fssa.com) under Regatta Results.

Can't wait to do it all again! Come on to Massapoag and join the fun at Mom's 88th-Birthday Regatta! ♣

2012 New England Districts

Skip Montello, FS 5999, New England District Governor

he 2012 New England Districts were held at Lake Massapoag in Sharon, Massachusetts, on August 18. The regatta was co-hosted by Massapoag Yacht Club Fleet 76 and Quannapowitt Yacht Club Fleet 187. Fourteen boats were on the starting line, in spite of the weather forecast. They represented six fleets, including Fleet 76 from MYC, Fleet 11 from Sandy Bay in Rockport, Massachusetts, Fleet 124 from Duxbury, Massachusetts, Fleet 57 from Stone Horse in Harwichport, Massachusetts, Fleet 177 from Cedar Point in Westport, Connecticut, and Fleet 7 from Old Greenwich Yacht Club. Connecticut.

Even though Mother Nature would

not fully cooperate by providing sunny skies and a sailable breeze, she did give the competitors a challenging and inconsistent 1- to 3-knot N/NE wind accompanied by an occasional drizzle. The race committee, chaired by MYC's Bob Gaffney and QYC's Steve Breton, managed very difficult wind conditions. They started and finished two races before the wind fell off to a dead calm and the skies opened with heavy downpours. All boats were sent back to the dock to wait out the conditions that unfortunately did not improve. The decision was made to conclude the regatta with two races completed and scored.

The competitors, families, and friends enjoyed the legendary MYC hospital-

ity with lunch, beverages, and laughter, in spite of the weather. After lunch, race committee chairs and our Flying Scot Sailing Association president, Diane Kampf, announced the regatta winner, with prizes to the top five finishers: (1) Roger and Laura Sharp, (2) Randy and Scott Rubinstein, (3) Greg and Diane Kampf, (4) Jim Cavanagh and John Housle, and (5) Skip and Marianne Montello.

Whatever the weather conditions, Flying Scot regattas everywhere are known for being well run and enjoyed by all who participate, whether on the racecourse or behind the scenes making sure that everything else is top shelf, and so it was at Massapoag Yacht Club. Thank you.

2012 FS New England Districts - 8/18/2012 - MYC and QYC hosting at Massapoag								
Flying Scots Championship Division								
Sail	Boat Name	Skipper	Crew 1	Race 1	Race 2	Total	Position	
4373	L	Roger Sharp	Laura Sharp	2	1	3	1	
5990		Randy Rubinstein	Scott Rubinstein	1	3	4	2	
5857	Kachow	Greg Kampf	Diane Kampf	5	2	7	3	
4949		Jim Cavanagh	John Housle	3	4	7	4	
5999	Amalaya	Skip Montello	Marianne Montello	4	7	11	5	
4625		John Eckart	Connie Eckart	7	6	13	6	
5157	Brother Bill	Dennis Dubuc	Wally Lueders	6	8	14	7	
4429		Gary Powell	Mike McCarthy	10	5	15	8	
5391		John Selldorff	Jeff Morgan	8	10	18	9	
4895	Contraption	David Ryan	Gary Werden	12	9	21	10	
5122	Soiree	Chuck Nicolosi	Mike Frigard	11	11	22	11	
733	Bugaboo	Marvin Pozefsky	Tammy Menhennett	9	13	22	12	
4804	TLAP	Hunter Archibald	David Archibald	13	12	25	13	
5217		David Osler	Justin Osler	dns	dns	30	14	

Four Racing Incidents: Strange but True

Sandy Eustis, FS 5610

nyone who has raced regularly for a few years has a collection of strange but true things that have happened during Flying Scot races. As I ease into my maturity (oh, no, not yet!), I've become aware that my most memorable races have had very little to do with whether I did well or poorly. For me, the most memorable races have been the "strange but true" things I've experienced at big events. So for whatever it's worth, here are four of my favorite "strange but true" memories.

The Giant Pinwheel Race

Well, OK, this one does involve how I finished in a race. In the first race of the first Flying Scot North Americans I ever attended (in 1979, if memory serves me right), we started in a very light breeze in Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts. I was thrilled to have qualified for the 42-boat Championship Division during the qualifying races, but I found myself ahead of only about 6 or 7 boats at the first windward mark. As we ghosted down the first reaching leg of the triangular course, I noticed a wind line approaching from astern-the first sign of the day's expected sea breeze. Unfortunately, this wind line picked up the entire Challenger Fleet (35 boats that had started five minutes after the Championship Division boats) before it got to me, and since there was a very sharp leading edge, all the boats were overlapped, all heading high to get inside the boats being picked up one by one. So when the breeze reached us, we were on the outside of a 40+-boat overlapped line, and I could see ahead that we would pick up another 20+ boats before we got to the jibe mark of the triangle. So the line of overlapped Flying Scots gradually grew

and grew. Now we were sailing almost 60 abreast, and all were flying spinnakers!

At some point during this mess, I realized that I was going to be 40 boats away from the mark as we rounded, with

At some point during this mess, I realized that I was going to be 40 boats away from the mark as we rounded, with another 20 boats outside of me!! Yikes! I dropped my spinnaker, stalled the boat, and sailed a closer reach toward the mark behind the mighty phalanx. I soon found myself much closer to the mark, but now I was on the outside...

another 20 boats outside of me!! Yikes! I dropped my spinnaker, stalled the boat, and sailed a closer reach toward the mark behind the mighty phalanx. I soon found myself much closer to the mark, but now I was on the outside of a second row of 6 boats, plus a third row of 3 boats, all of whom had realized sooner than I that they needed to get to the inside for the rounding. The wind line passed, and we were all moving in slow motion right at the mark. I did three complete circles-a full 1080 (while listening to dozens of sailors yelling to each other for "room at the mark")-just waiting for my opportunity to get around that jibe mark.

We eventually rounded right next to the mark on the inside of the fourth row, and then we headed very high-back toward where that wind line had come from, instead of directly toward the next mark.

In the second, stronger blast of the sea breeze, we eased off, set the spinnaker, and drove over almost the entire field to the finish line (the race having been shortened to one lap of the triangle by that time). We finished 14th in that race, though one Challenger boat did finish ahead of us. Now, when the initial sea breeze wind line picked us up, we were in last place in the Championship Division (42nd), with half a dozen inside of us along the wind line. We also were behind all 35 boats in the Challenger Division, all of which were inside of us relative to the next mark. That makes a total of 77 boats ahead of us at that moment. So we passed 63 Scots in one and a half legs of a simple triangle. Never again will I come anywhere close to that magnitude of a miraculous recovery in a race!

The Falling Mast Race

I took delivery of my third Flying Scot at the 1992 North Americans in New Orleans. In the third and final qualifying race, we needed to finish only 20th of 26 boats in our race to qualify for the Championship Division. Right at five minutes before our start, we executed a smooth jibe somewhere near the middle of the starting line...and watched in amazement as our mast just kept on going, slowly falling over the starboard side of the boat and into the water. I had forgotten to tape the cotter pins holding the side stays to the fittings on the deck, and one had come out!

Thinking quickly, we threw out an anchor and loosened the main and jib halyards. My crew jumped into the water to unhook the halyards from the top of the main and jib, and we managed to vank down the sails (actually I yanked IN the sails, since the fully rigged mast was float-

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How Sweet It Is to Own a Brand-new Flying Scot

Skip Montello, FS 5999; New England District Governor

t was during the early summer of 1980 when I got my first chance ever to go out on a sailboat, a Flying Scot (#2266, aptly named Breezing Up) skippered by my a northeast wind of 10 to 15. But of course this was coastal New England, so what started out as a nice "fresh breeze" quickly became a "howling nor'easter," with wind gusts approaching 30! But I soon learned the lingo and, before long, we were all hanging on for dear life as FS 2266 beat to windward on a plane! Since I didn't know any better, I was having a great time learning how



soon-to-be best friend, Tom Kolterjahn, member of Fleet 11 at Sandy Bay Yacht Club in Rockport, Massachusetts. The weather forecast for that very gray day called for intermittent rain showers and

Tom was an old salt who had been sailing Sandy Bay since he was a kid. He calmly shouted out orders to the crew of two women and me, the newbie, to "hike out" and keep the boat flat! Well,

to hike out, pull the jib in tight, and tack from starboard and then to port. I never did notice just how white-faced the two ladies had become as the Scot healed some 30 degrees to leeward and

salt water completely drenched us each time the bow dug into the 2- to 4-foot chop. I just loved it! Then came time to head back to the mooring, and a brandnew command came loud from Tom's lips: "Prepare to jibe." I said, "What is a jibe?" The ladies exclaimed, "We are going to tack the boat with the stern to the wind, so keep your head down or you'll find out what a 'boom' is." Tom brought the boat through the jibe like a pro and we headed back to the shelter of the inner harbor and came to rest at the mooring. The ladies were finally at ease, while I was shouting "Where do I get one of these Flying Scots?!"

That day on Sandy Bay some 30 years ago forever hooked me on sailing and the Flying Scot. I soon owned my very first Flying Scot, #845, a Douglass-built, late-60s hull. I truly loved that boat and learned to sail and race her. After a few seasons of following the fleet around the racecourse, I finally won my first race in FS 845. In 1991 an opportunity to purchase hull number 4555 came my way. The deal was done, and I had a twoyear-old Flying Scot. It was difficult to part with FS 845 (Relentless), but I was successful in selling her to a new member of our growing Fleet 11, and she and her owner are still competing regularly at SBYC, a true testament to the longevity and quality of the Sandy Douglass Flying Scot. I christened FS 4555 Tenacia (Italian for tenacious or relentless) and enjoyed many, many successful race seasons sailing her at our home fleet 11 or at various district and national events for 20 years.

Over these past 30 years of sailing a Flying Scot, I've often wondered about--and even seriously contemplated--purchasing a brand-new Scot, but I always talked myself out of it...until the 2011 NACs at Cedar Point in Connecticut. My wife/sailing partner, Marianne, and I had heard about a great deal that Harry Carpenter was offering on brand-new Scots that he was building for use in the 2011 Mallory Cup to be held at Lake Norman in North Carolina in October. Since we spend almost every weekend in the summer racing our Flying Scot, we began to rationalize to ourselves that a new boat might be a worthy investment. So we began a lengthy conversation with Harry, trying to understand the Mallory Cup deal. Harry was eager to help convince us how great the deal would be: the boats would all be radical race rigged and outfitted with new Mad main, jib, and spinnaker for the cup series. It would be our choice for hull number (within the build series), hull color, trim striping, and final rig tensioning. Harry quoted us a firm price and we asked him to give us a day or two to make up our minds. We were too excited to keep our intentions to purchase a new Flying Scot quiet, and we found ourselves being congratulated by many Scot sailors at the regatta, so the decision was made to move on the deal. We caught up with Harry and asked about the available hull numbers, and we quickly locked in on 5999. The deal was done! We quickly got the word out that our FS 4555 was officially for sale. We struck a tentative deal with a fellow Scot sailor and member of the Lake Massapoag fleet to sell him FS 4555 at the end of the 2011 sailing season, as we would not be taking delivery of 5999 until April of 2012.

Now the task of selecting a name for our new Scot began. Our past two Scots had been given names that represented our determination to finish a race with our best effort put forth, regardless of finishing position. But now we wanted an even better descriptor of how we wanted to approach a race or regatta, and we struggled to find that just-right name. It wasn't until I was shopping at a local wine merchant and came across a bottle of Malbec red from Argentina when serendipity struck. The name on the bottle read "Amalaya." I thought, "That's an interesting name for a bottle of wine; I wonder what it means." So I turned the bottle around and began to read about the wine and found that "amalaya" is the indigenous Argentinean Indian word that translates as "hope for a miracle." Now what better name for a racing sailboat, especially when you always need that little extra left or right shift! So Amalava it would be.

In April of 2012, Marianne and I made the nine-hour drive from Rockport, Massachusetts, to Flying Scot Inc. in Deer Park, Maryland, to take delivery of our new Scot. Harry met us early that Saturday morning at the factory. We got a fascinating tour of the factory and a firsthand education on the building process. Harry also shared with us the history of the factory, the stories of the people who began it, and how he got involved in building Flying Scots. Now it was time to see our new Scot and officially take delivery. As it turned out, there wasn't a lot of her to see, as she was comfortably nestled on the trailer and surrounded by the traveling cover. We said our thanks and bid goodbye to Harry, as it was time to hit the road and head north for home. Our return drive took the better part of ten hours, as more care was required while towing our new boat on a trailer.

It would be another six weeks before we launched Amalava and made our first sail. A week after the launch, we got to test out Amalaya's performance capabilities by racing her in the Memorial Day Weekend Series, the kickoff to the 2012 SBYC racing season. We were very pleased with our inaugural races, as we captured first for the three-race weekend event. Needless to say, Marianne and I were most pleased with the performance of our new Scot. We were asked by our fellow Fleet members what differences we noticed about the new Scot's performance versus our older boat. My quick answer was simply "sweet." It wasn't so much what we noticed about the boat's performance but rather what I felt while driving her through the course. To me at the helm she felt better balanced, more nimble, and smoother through tacks and jibes; she didn't feel "faster" but quicker. But more importantly, our new Scot brought us a renewed confidence in our abilities to sail her correctly upwind and downwind, and there is no substitute for confidence. Our first summer racing season with our new Scot was quite successful; at times when we fell well behind, somehow Amalaya came up with a minor "miracle" and got us back in contention. At the end of the season we finally got around to officially christening her with our last bottle of Amalaya Malbec. How sweet it is! 📤

Greetings from South Jersey

Bruce Nicholson



he 2011 sailing season ended on the Jersey Cape with the Yacht Club of Stone Harbor (YCSH) hosting the Greater New York Districts on a cold, blustery October weekend. At that time, Stone Harbor was the only Flying Scot fleet in "South Jersey" (roughly defined as that part of the state where we love the Phillies and Eagles and hate the Giants, Jets, Mets, and Yankees). By the end of 2012, Avalon Yacht Club (AYC) had joined us with a fleet, as had Riverton Yacht Club (RYC) on the Delaware River. Hurricane Sandy devastated the New Jersey coast in late October, but fortunately for those of us south of Atlantic City, the eye of Sandy passed before high tide. This meant the wind had swung from the east to the northwest, pushing back the oncoming tide. We did not

experience the storm surge which did so much damage further north.

Avalon and Stone Harbor share a barrier island, and the two clubs are equidistant from the Great Sound, our large saltwater pond where we race at high tide. Avalon also hosts the Avalon Cup ocean race each year, which allows us to experience racing in the Atlantic Ocean. In January 2012 we learned that one member at Avalon had bought a Flying Scot and that he was hoping for more by summer. So as we scheduled our Stone Harbor fleet races for 2012, we picked three good Great Sound weekends and invited Avalon to join us in an interclub series. Avalon's response was, "Well, we have this old (1950s era) silver bowl perpetual trophy in our cabinet dedicated to the winner of the Moth class interclub series between Avalon and Stone

Harbor; let's pull it out and rededicate it." So the gauntlet was thrown down, and it was quickly picked up by Stone Harbor. The trophy goes to the club whose sailor is first overall in the series of nine races with three throw-outs. This allows someone to miss a weekend and still be in the running.

By Stone Harbor's rigging day in early May, Avalon had a second boat. Avalon's new sailors, Dave Mohr (FS 4294) and Mitch Shiles (FS 5964), joined us that day and came to our season-opening dinner party that night. July 7th was our first day of racing in the interclub series, and ten boats were on the line (eight from Stone Harbor and two from Avalon). It was easy. Stone Harbor was totally dominant as Linda Nicholson (FS 5791) won all three races, and Stone Harbor showed Avalon who was the boss on Seven Mile Island!

Two weeks later we were back at it. This time eight boats were on the line, now three of them from Avalon. Who are these new guys? Mike Mandell (FS 5010) and his son Sam were back from the NACS and now sailing for Avalon (even though their true home is Nockamixon...but who cares? Sam is a sailing instructor at Avalon). And they were teaching humility to Avalon's southern neighbors as Mike and Sam proceeded to win all three races in impressive style. Looks like the trophy is no slam dunk for Stone Harbor.

Not until August 25 did we get back at it. The wind was steady at 16 knots from the east, and Mike and Linda were eyeing each other. Again eight boats on the line, but now we have four from Avalon. And here comes Stone Harbor's Sam Thomas (FS 4329) with crew Gene "The Commodore" Mopsik. Gene has been arguing all summer that, as the commodore of YCSH, he is entitled to win

all the races in which he competes. He has even taken to flying a commodore's flag from the starboard shroud of Sam Thomas's Scot. That way, when they are on port tack and want to (illegally) cross the bow of a starboard-tack boat, the skipper of the starboard-tack boat knows who is the boss and can get out of the way of Sam and Gene. Or so they like to think. On this day, we were very accommodating to them, as The Commodore and Sam did win all three races. Now a first-place finish no longer counts in the scoring for the trophy, since three boats each have three firsts. But Sam has three seconds, as opposed to Linda's two and Mike's one. So the trophy will be safely nestled in Stone Harbor's trophy case for the coming year.

All told, fourteen separate boats sailed in the interclub series on at least one of the weekends. Another fleet development success at Stone Harbor has been "scoring the boat" in our club series. If a skipper misses a weekend, we try to find someone else--often a non-Scot owner--to sail that boat with the regular crew, and we score the finishes in the series. This way we hope to get newcomers to join us. It also helps keep skippers interested who might otherwise be out of any given series. Perry Conte (FS 4302) joined us in 2012, and we have expectations that at least one of our substitute skippers will get his own boat this year. So 2012 was a good year on the Jersey Cape.

This coming summer, AYC and YCSH plan to cohost the first South Jersey Flying Scot Championship Regatta on July 13-14. Put it on your schedule now.

Now let's talk about Riverton Yacht Club. Riverton is in New Jersey on the Delaware River across from Philadelphia. Started in 1865, it immediately triggered an Act of Congress by adopting the Stars and Stripes for its burgee. (An Act of Congress in 1868 made it illegal for a private club to use the Stars and Stripes.) The club sits on a small, historic pier in the Delaware River. The pier was once a ferry terminal before the bridges across the Delaware River were built. The club owns the pier, and the only land the club owns is the stump of a street adjacent to the pier. RYC looks over the industrial

wasteland of Philadelphia, from which it gets some spectacular sunsets. Riverton Yacht Club has a long history of sailing and racing. Some of our old-timers claim our Wednesday-night racing is the oldest continuous sailing series in the country, dating back to at least the 1920s. After World War II, the Lippincotts began building their famous Stars, Lightnings, and Comets in Riverton and sailing them at the club. RYC is the scene of an active racing and youth program. Racing happens on weekends, Monday nights (Lasers, 420s), and Tuesday nights (remote-control boats). But Wednesday-night beer-can racing is the king, followed by a delicious dinner, which menu is highlighted by a surf and turf offering of river shrimp and tube

steaks (aka cheese curls and hot dogs). On any given Wednesday, forty to fifty boats in five separate classes are on the starting line.

I have the privilege of sailing both at Stone Harbor (where I crew for my wife, Linda, on FS 5791) and on Wednesdays at Riverton, where I recently made the transition from a Lightning to a Flying Scot (FS 3713). This year, Flying Scots will be joining the party at Riverton, as four club members, including myself, have purchased Flying Scots. We anticipate having a few more by the time the 2013 season starts. For any Flying Scot sailors in the Delaware Valley looking to find a home for serious fun, contact me at brucenich@hotmail.com or 215-880-0265 to talk about Riverton.







Wife-Husband-or Was It the Midwinters? – in Rogersville, Alabama

Diane Kampf, FS 5857; FSSA President



hen we arrived at the lodge at Joe Wheeler State Park at Lake Joe Wheeler in Rogersville, Alabama, on October 5, 2012, we knew we were in for a treat even if we never got out on the boat. The lodge is right on the lake, and every room faces the water and has a private veranda. Just sitting on the deck and looking at the lake was enjoyable. This was the site chosen by the Privateer and Muscle Shoals fleets to host the 2012 Wife-Husband Championship, because lake access was easily available and you could roll out of bed and onto your boat each day. (Well, we were not actually using our boat, because I had just enough time off from work to fly down, sail, and go home. So, rather than miss the Wife-Husband, we chartered a boat and made our way to the event by plane and rental car.)

The state park venue includes several shelters that can be used for gatherings. On Friday night, we were at shelter #3 for a welcoming party, hosted by regatta chair Willson Jenkins, with vittles cooked on the grill and plenty of beverages for everyone. It was great to see so many couples there from Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Mississippi, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont, and Virginia. And it was interesting listening to the trivia Willson had gathered on the Web about several of the skippers and crew members. We did not know we were so famous!

On Saturday, October 6, we weren't sure if we were at the Wife-Husband or the Midwinters. Most sailors went out

wearing winter caps, and everyone had several layers of clothing to be prepared for temps in the low 50s, cloudy skies, and wind. But in fact it was the Wife-Husband Championship. PRO Brainard Cooper and his assistant, Bill Robertson, led the race committee, with three mark boats including the judges. We did not give any of them too much business in terms of rescues and protests, and they did a great job for us.

With 27 boats-24 in the Championship Division and 3 in Challenger-and shifty winds at 10 to 14 knots, we finished all three races scheduled for Saturday. Although we were told that the water was much warmer than the air, none of us tested that; we stayed upright all day. The first two starts resulted in general recalls, but the "around the ends" rule prevented the overzealous skippers from causing any more of that. Places changed constantly, including at the top.

When we came in from racing, we headed back to shelter #3 for a delicious grilled salmon dinner in front of the fireplace, with a most excellent banana-andcaramel pudding that Bonnie Jenkins cooked up for dessert. In the background, shown on a portable inflatable movie screen, was a film of some of Muscle Shoals' music-recording history, followed by the movie Wind. Although it was chilly and rainy and some party poopers (like us) left early, 25 or so brave souls found a way to stay warm and enjoyed the whole movie.

Sunday started out as another winter day in Rogersville, about five degrees colder than day 1 and a little windier. But that did not stop the hearty Flying Scot sailors from trekking out for another day on the water. The winds settled a bit and we had about the same as day 1-10 to 14 knots, perhaps a few times as much as 15. And by race 2 the big ball of fire in the sky appeared and warmed us all up tremendously. The race committee again flew the "around the ends"-rule flag, so we had no general recalls. After two great races, we were back on shore by 1:00 P.M.-time to pack up and go home!

A few people tried to give the Lintons a run for their money and places changed quite a bit from day 1, but in the end the Lintons took home the 1st-place trophy. Along with their win at the NAC this year, they must have lots of Flying Scot hardware at home-an inspiration to all of us! Gold, silver, and bronze medals provided by your Flying Scot Foundation were given to the 1st-, 2nd-, and 3rdplace winners in both divisions. Along with flowers for the wives, the medals were awarded by the Jenkins children upon a stage with Olympic music playing in the background--just perfect. We owe a big thanks to Willson and Bonnie Jenkins for all their hard work and for running a great regatta.

On Sunday afternoon, we ventured into town with Sandy and Keith Eustis to find a place for dinner. Well, in downtown Rogersville on a Sunday, the restaurants are not open, but we did find a little pizza place with some of the best pizza we ever had, along with some yummy pastry prepared while we were there. Then on Monday, before we had to get to the airport, we decided to take a trip to Muscle Shoals Yacht Club to see what is was like. It was really lovely and looks like it could be a great venue for a number of events--say an NAC or a Wife-Husband Championship? We would go back there again, and I think all the other participants would agree.

Thanks to everyone for coming, and congratulations to all the trophy winners. First place in the Championship Division went to Jeff and Amy Linton, and first in the Challenger Division to Charlie and Lisa Buller. Complete results are on the FSSA Web site under Regatta Results. 📤











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ing beside us). I helped my crew get back into the boat, and together we managed to sweat the mast back around to the center line, somewhat straightening the bent mast hinge pin in the process. We sweated and strained in an adrenaline frenzy, with boats maneuvering for the start all around us. We almost got the mast back up, but then I slipped; the mast fell over again, and we watched helplessly as the fleet started on either side of us and sailed away up the windward leg.

Three minutes later, we were still sitting there, exhausted, waiting for a race committee support skiff to give us a tow back to shore. A skiff manned by three fit young guys motored over and told us that there had been a 45-degree wind shift halfway up the windward leg and that the race had just been abandoned. Would we like some assistance raising our mast before the restart? Would we ever! Two of the three guys hopped aboard and helped us get the mast back up while another RC skiff moved the starting pin forward, leaving us still somewhere near the middle of the line and only a few boat lengths further behind it. A new starting sequence was begun and various competitors sailed by, some to give us some good-natured ribbing and a few others to ask us to raise anchor and let our disabled boat drift back, away from the starting line area. We just kept working frantically to get the sails back up, to untangle a maze of knotted wet lines, and, yes, even to put a strip of duct tape over both side stay cotter pins.

We pulled up our anchor just before the start and fell in a wee bit behind the rest of the fleet, sailing on the main alone. We got the jib back up about a minute into the race and then passed a few boats, and, hey, we just barely qualified for the Championship Division. Just another routine qualifying race, huh?

The Tornado NACs

Shortly after getting off the water in the final qualifying race for the 2006 Flying Scot North Americans, a fierce storm came through Marblehead Harbor. The rain was so thick that the competitors clustered in the clubhouse couldn't see beyond the edge of the yacht club porch. Suddenly, a whole line of fifteen heavy wooden rockers marched down to one end of the porch. Ten seconds later they marched back to the other end. Wow! The eye of a microburst tornado had passed right over the building we were in!

When the fierce rain lessened, we saw through the clubhouse windows that all of the Flying Scots anchored near the club were either floating upside-down or had been thrown on top of an outhaul line of small skiffs at the dock. In fact, 48 of the 63 Flying Scots there for the event had capsized during the microburst. This incredibly fierce little storm pretty much destroyed the waterfront facilities of the Corinthian Yacht Club, forcing the immediate cancellation of the Championship and Challenger series scheduled to begin the following day. And just one day earlier, I had been complaining about drawing a mooring ball way out at the mouth of Marblehead Harbor. Now we were among the lucky 15 whose boats were still upright. We had taken in rainwater almost up to the seats in about twenty minutes, but otherwise our boat was unharmed. We even got nice "A Whole New Meaning to Flying Scot" T-shirts in the mail a few weeks later.

But what I remember most from this incident is that it finally dawned on me that dinghy racing is potentially a very dangerous sport, and that I need to put my crew's and my own safety above anything else. The Flying Scot racing fleet got ashore only about ten minutes before the tornado that day. Had we all been just a wee bit further out from the harbor when the RC saw the approaching storm on GPS, it could have been a very ugly incident indeed. Since 2006, I have taken to wearing a life jacket while racing a lot more often.

The Worst Race

At the Great 48 Regatta on Lake Norman in North Carolina (in 2009, I think, though it might have been in 2008), my wife, Keith, and I had an outstanding trio of race results in a 34-boat field on Saturday, putting us in a four-way tie for 3rd place with some outstanding racers whom we had never beaten in a regatta. We were pumped!

Then on Sunday morning, we drifted

around for a nervous hour while waiting for a breeze to develop. The race committee finally managed to start a race in almost no wind-maybe a little 1- to 2-mph zephyr. We started at the favored pin end of the line with the other leaders and sailed very slowly up the left-hand side of the first beat. One by one the other boats tacked back to port to cross the fleet and play the right side of the beat. We were now clearly leading everyone on the left and were about even with the boats on the right.

Our little zephyr died, came back, died again, came back again, and finally steadied at about 2 to 3 mph. The only problem was that, by this time, we were the leftmost of the 34 boats in the race, way out in the left corner of the beat and clearly behind the leaders on the left side of the course. We decided to be patient and wait for a favorable shift to get back to the right. But Mr. Wind never did shift back that morning, and by about halfway up the weather leg, we realized we were in dead last place and sitting in our own, very private patch of no wind at all.

It got so bad that by the time we finally got to the windward mark, over half of the fleet had already completed the shortened windward-leeward course. Now that's a BAAAD race, but what really made it memorable was that, after we finally got a little bit of wind and started catching up to a few boats, every last one of them that we caught-five by my count-dropped out and headed for home as soon as we passed them. It was as if they were all just hanging in there because they were at least beating one other fool, but as soon as we caught them, they realized the absurdity of just how strung out the fleet had become.

I was too pigheaded to quit, and so we finally finished 27th-dead last among the boats that managed to finish the race. By that time, a third of the fleet already had their boats out of the water and on their trailers. We limped home just in time to eat a late lunch after everyone else was finished. I told our fellow competitors that I was actually not Sandy Eustis, but Sandy's twin brother, Dusty, and that the real Sandy was still out in the left corner of the course waiting for the big shift. Our long drive home later that afternoon was not a particularly joyous time! 📤



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4393 - Douglass built in 1987, \$3000. iohnson@thedailv.com, Hampton Bay, NY

4711 - Douglass built in 1990. \$6800 Abbie Fassnacht 815-355-1699 or 847-971-0102, agfjhf@comcast.net, McHenry, IL

4789 Douglass built 1991 \$7,300.00 Zictor Zubb Red Bank, NJ 732-241-2763 vzubb@yahoo.com

4849 - Douglass built in 1992. \$7500. Mike Mossberg 516-851-3632, mikevp41@optonline.net, Island Park, South Shore LI

4903 Flying Scot, Inc. 1993 \$8,000.00 Charlie Arnold Austin, TX arnoldhc@ gmail.com

4909 - 1993 Flying Scot, maxxed-out for racing. \$8,500., tsmithlawfirm@ aol.com, Columbia SC

4969 - Flying Scot Inc, 1994, pj@starboardpassage.com, Blue point NY NY, \$10,000-\$12,000 depending upon goodies desired in the sale:-) Can be picked up in Forest Hills NY

5077 - Flying Scot built in 1996. \$9000 Located in Rockville, MD, FlyingScot5077@gmail.com

5245 Flying Scot, Inc. 1999 \$5,500.00 Marc Berzansky Lafayette, CA marc.berzansky@gmail.com

5415 Flying Scot, Inc. 2001 \$11,000.00 Dan Via Williamsburg, VA viasudan@aol.com

5545 Flying Scot, Inc. 2003 \$12,000.00 Liberty, SC 864-868-2908 landeres@ earthlink.net

5565 Flying Scot, Inc. 2003 \$12,000.00 Joe Van Denburg Long Island, NY 631-875-8888 jkv203@aol.com

5751 Flying Scot, Inc. 2006 Call Mike Bradshaw Oklahoma City, OK 405-650-4162 mike@handicapaids.net

5803 Flying Scot, Inc. 2008 \$14,900.00 Stewart Early Nova Scotia, PA searlv011@verizon.net

5911 Flying Scot, Inc. 2010 \$16,900.00 Keith Taylor Garrett County, MD 301-876-4585 keithgtaylor@atlanticbb.net

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STARTING LINE

STARTING LINE Calendar Of Monthly Events (From November 2012 – September 2013)

2013 Midwinters Warmup Regatta 03/09/13 - 03/10/13

Davis Island Yacht Club Mark Taylor stewdrew1@yahoo.com

2013 FSSA Midwinter **Championship Regatta** March 11-15, 2013

Sarasota Bay sarasotasailingsquadron.org/

Sarasota One Design Mid Winters March 22 - 24

Sarasota Sailing Squadron regattafam@aol.com

2013 Dixie Lakes District Championship 04/13/13 - 04/14/13

Western Carolina Sailing Club John Kreidler jakreidler@mindspring.com

2013 Challenge of the Lakes 4/28/13

Spruce Run State Park pscheetz@ptd.net

Buckeye Regatta 2013 05/18/13 - 05/19/13

Hoover Sailing Club Martha Sweterlitsch msweterlitsch@beneschlaw.com

Mayor's Cup Regatta 06/01/13 - 06/02/13

Lake Townsend hobh9447@aol.com

Cowan Lake Pig Roast Regatta 06/01/13 - 06/02/13

Cowan Lake Sailing Association JimBlackburn, jimrunsalot@yahoo.com

Berlin Yacht Club Regatta 06/14/13 - 06/16/13

Berlin Yacht Club

2013 Midwest District Regatta 06/22/13 - 06/23/13

Eagle Creek Sailing Club Geoff Endris, geoff.endris@ stonemillconsulting.com

2013 FSSA Wife-Husband Championship 06/29/13 - 06/30/13

Deep Creek Lake

ravance@zoominternet.net

2013 DCYRA Women's/ **Junior Regatta** 07/06/13 - 07/07/13

Deep Creek Lake

2013 Independence Day Regatta 07/06/13 - 07/07/13

Pymatuning Yacht Club scmilani@verizon.net

2013 FSSA North American **Championships** 07/13/13 - 07/19/13

Lake Norman Yacht Club dsmith@concordnc.com

MAYRA Flying Scot Championship 07/13/13 - 07/14/13

msman64@comcast.net

Lake Michigan **Championship Regatta** 07/20/13 - 07/21/13

Milwaukee Community Sailing Center

2013 Sandy Douglass Invitational Regatta 07/27/13 - 07/28/13

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