

Scots n' Water

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VOLUME XXXIII NUMBER 5, SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1991



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3008 Millwood Ave.
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803-252-5646

1-800-445-8629

FAX (803) 765-0860

PRESIDENT

Bernard A. Knight*
15999 Quiet Oak Rd.
Chesterfield, MO 63017
(314)532-9410

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

Jack T. Orr*
P.O. Box 3533.
Danbury, CT 06813
(203)748-1991

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT

Thomas C. Hudson*
986 Haas Ave., N.E.
Palm Bay, FL 32907
(407)725-3008

COMMODORE

Lawrence W. Taggart, Jr.*
5809 Memphis St.
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(504)482-7358

SECRETARY

Terry Dees-Kolenich
4 Navy Lane
Spanish Fort, AL 36527
(205)626-7175

IMMEDIATE PAST COMMODORE

E. Paul Moore, Jr.*
317 Country Club Drive
Ballwin, MO 63011
(314)227-6700

TREASURER

David P. Jacobson*
376 Old Sherman Hill Rd.
Woodbury, CT 06798
(203)263-0769

MEASURER

Robert J. Neff
1032 Old Turkey Point Rd.
Edgewater, MD 21037
(301)798-4146

DESIGNER

Gordon Douglass
P.O. Box 245
Edgewood, NM 87015
(505) 281-9395

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

MaryAnn Eubanks
3008 Millwood Avenue
Columbia, SC 29205
(803) 252-5646

* Denotes Executive Committee Members

Scots n' Water

COVER: 1991 NAC

Photo by Mitch Carucci

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Scots n' Water

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EDITOR: Lynne "Sunshine" Hartman, 1209 Southwood, Mahomet, IL 61853, Tel. (217) 586-3575. **LAYOUT DESIGN:** Nancy H. Cooper.

From your Editor

There is an article in the July issue of Sailing World by Read Hayward called "See No Evil" that is worth reading. This article addresses the often undiscussed issue of why people don't protest, and how important it is in one design sailing to do so. I will be addressing this subject in a future issue after hearing from more sailors that have read the article. Please let me hear from you.

This has been a very busy summer for Jerry and I, finishing off a new house and yard, business has been booming what with taking on a three block area and 14 apartment buildings, and a daughter's wedding in September, we have not been able to do much sailing. We missed the wife husband (60 boats), the Nationals (80 boats), the Midwest Districts and several regattas that we usually attend in the summertime. We missed out on a lot of good racing and comradery for 1991 but plan on making 1992 a sailing year.

I have been disappointed by not hearing how these regatta went from

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the organizers. PLEASE, if you are planning a regatta, as part of the planning, assign someone to take pictures and write an article (or at least send me the information) so that others that missed the event can at least hear how it went. This also gives the winners and organizers the recognition they deserve.

Tell tails—

Norm and Ann Kennard, FS 3321, Fleet 139, have a new daughter, born June 18th.


There has been some interest in cruising on Chesapeake Bay for a weekend. Anyone interested should contact Ed Price, FS 4618, 2172 Linch Way East, Chambersburg, PA 17201 or (717) 352-8495.

Jeff and Karri Johnson, FS 3078, Fleet 135, have a brand new son, Connor. At three weeks, he was in the water and just loved it!

Misii Hartman (Judy's daughter), FS 4140, Fleet 135, is getting married September 14, 1991. Congratulations and best wishes!

Steve Fitsgibbons and Ellen McBride of Panama City, Florida (the Midwinters) have announced their engagement. CONGRATULATIONS!!

Jane and Phil Campion have moved to right near St. Andrews Bay Yacht Club.



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1991 NAC Diary

By Sandy Eustis, FS4710

Sunday, July 21: With FS4710 in tow, longtime crew Scot Litwin and I pull into the Riverside Yacht Club parking lot at about 5am, after an all night 12 hour drive from Cincinnati. There's obviously a big crowd here, but we're too tired to care now, so we unhook Quicksand and try to grab a nap in the van.

By 7am we're starting to get organized, moving at a groggy snail's pace through measurement. There's not much to do since we remembered to bring our measurement certificate this year, but we take many breaks to renew friendships with Scotters from around the country. By mid-afternoon we're ready to go, though I decide to wait until the last possible moment tomorrow morning to actually put Quicksand in the water for a week (she told me several times during the day that this barnacle infested stuff is not healthy or comfy for a clean little hull from Ohio).

As usual, my NAC goal is to finish in the top 20 in the Champ division, which I've barely managed in 3 of the last 4 years. I know my equipment is up to it (a one year old boat, finally rigged exactly the way I want it, a new Fisher main and jib, and I even invested in a bottom cover to keep the hull clean and smooth in transit.) Scot and I have been going pretty fast this year, but we only raced on two or three weekends in May and then at the Ohio Districts in late June, so I know I'm rusty. Thank goodness for three qualifying races - a chance to get back in the groove before my scores start counting. One other personal factor - I sailed here before, at the 1986 NACs, and I won't get fooled again by those hellacious tidal currents. Wind velocity and direction is usually the most important factor to pay attention to during a race, but I'm going into this thinking that in any breeze under 10-12 knots on Long Island Sound, the tide will overwhelm the wind shifts in determining the favored side of each beat or run.

It's hard to estimate how well we might do this week, although I always start NAC week by playing the game of trying to handicap the field. The field here is very large by recent NAC standards (86 entrants), but lots of familiar faces are missing. A lot of the "sail hard/party hard" crowd stayed home (no Texas boats at all, no Jerry/Sunshine Hartman, no Lads.) There's nobody here from Pittsburgh's Fleet 80 (Goldberg, Cullen, Hohler, etc.), no Larry/Starr Lewis from



North Carolina, neither Barry nor his brother Third Moore from St. Louis.

However, there's clearly a lot of talent at Riverside. Among those Scot sailors who have beaten me so regularly in the past that I'm willing to put them on my "Absolutely Untouchable by the Likes of Me" list are 3 teams from my own Ohio district (Greg Fisher with new crew Ira Cohen, Harry/Karen Carpenter, and Jack/Martha Lee Stewart, 3 top flight Gulf boats (Peter Merrifield with Doc Bellows crewing, Larry Taggart, and Benz Faget on his honeymoon!?!), and a couple of others (Dave Neff from the Chesapeake with his dad Bob as crew, and New England District Champ Jim Cavanaugh.) Local hotshot Peter Beam has been out of the Flying Scot class totally since our last Riverside NAC in 1985, but he's probably still out of my class as a sailor as well, and probably so too is Jack Orr from nearby Candlewood Lake here in Connecticut (I think I beat him once in a NAC, out of 5 or 6 tries.) I've never raced against Bill Ewing, who won the Wife-Husband over a 60 boat field last week, or Gary Powell from Duxbury in Massachusetts, whom Cavanaugh insists is as good as John Clark from that club. Gil Levin would not normally make my hotshots list, but he's a solid sailor with Midwinters winner Eric Doyle along as crew, so I'll make it a baker's dozen of teams out of my reach. Beyond that, it's anybody's guess. I'd estimate that there are another 10 skippers here who have finished in the top 20 at a NAC at least once, and

probably another 10 or more new faces who are just as good. This seems like a pretty deep field to me; I could sail reasonably well and finish anywhere from the low teens to the low 30s. But first I have to qualify, and that never seems to go as smoothly as I always think it should (anyone remember my dropped mast at New Orleans last year?) Having had just an hour or two nap in the last two days, Scot and I actually get to bed before midnight (that must be a first for us at NACs!).

Monday, July 22: It looks like a perfect day for sailing - partly sunny with a forecast of a 10-15 knot breeze from the south or southwest. Maybe this is a bit light for some of the ocean teams, but just right for us light air lake sailors, and it's a lot more breeze than Long Island has seen recently. Race Committee Chair Bob Vance told us at the Skipper's meeting that he would try to get all three qualifying races in on Monday if the wind permitted, so we may be out there awhile. With a field of 86 boats, each of the three qualifying races should have 43 boats in it, and I guesstimate that the "cut" for the Championship Division (top 55% of the field, plus any ties for the last qualifying spot) should fall somewhere in the 65-70 point range.

Qualifying Race #1: "Rusty" is not the right word for me; "dead" might do better. I know the outgoing tide would be stronger in the right hand corner on the

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NAC Diary

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first beat (deeper water toward the middle of Long Island Sound on our right, away from the shore on the left side of the beat), and I knew that the tide would be pushing us up to the mark. My plan was to start at the committee boat, tack to port immediately, and go all the way to the right hand corner in the favorable current. Not a great plan, but an obvious one. Unfortunately I was so serenely confident in this plan that I didn't even think about how many others might have something similar in mind. I willingly started behind the guys who started behind the guys who started somewhere near the line. To be more accurate, I somehow forgot how much bad air is generated around the starting line at a 40 boat start, and I never could get up to the line from a position below the Committee Boat with a minute to go. Then I finally got going on port tack and ignored several big shifts in order to keep sailing toward the corner.

Finally, Scot and I panicked about 3/4 of the way to the layline and crossed back behind almost everyone in a tiny starboard tack lift. Meanwhile, two others who had come with me on port into the corner (Bob Summerfeld in #264, and local Sam Lovejoy in another oldie, #213) didn't panic. Both of them held on port all the way to the extreme right hand corner of the beat; both got headed near the layline, tacked into a good starboard tack lift, and came out around 10th at the weather mark.

Unfortunately, I counted only 5 boats behind me at the weather mark. With good downwind speed on the two reaching legs, and particularly by going low on the first reach and catching about 10 boats at the back of the pack as we rounded the gybe mark, we got back into the middle of things. I then spent the rest of the race trying to get clear air on the beats, passing boats one at a time, and we finished right in the middle-perhaps 18th I thought. I was so far back in the pack that I lost track of the leaders entirely.

Qualifying Race #2: Determined to not be left behind at the gun, I decided to try for an aggressive pin end start in this race. Crossing behind the pin on port with about a minute to go, I sailed up the line with a pack of 6 or 7 other boats looking for a hole. I let the first two starboard tackers pass, then tacked into a large hole right behind them. Of course, so did all of us in that little pack. Now I'm lined up fourth from the pin end, with Greg Fisher just below me and Peter

Beam just above. The tidal current (which the locals still pretend isn't much of a factor, Hah!) is sucking the whole pack down into the pin in light air, and it becomes clear with 20-25 seconds to go that we're going to have to slow down to avoid starting early. I ease off my sails and coast toward the pin; Fisher and the two boats below him realize they're going to be too early and bail out (circling around and gybing to port behind everyone), and Peter Beam and I are left to duel for the pin.

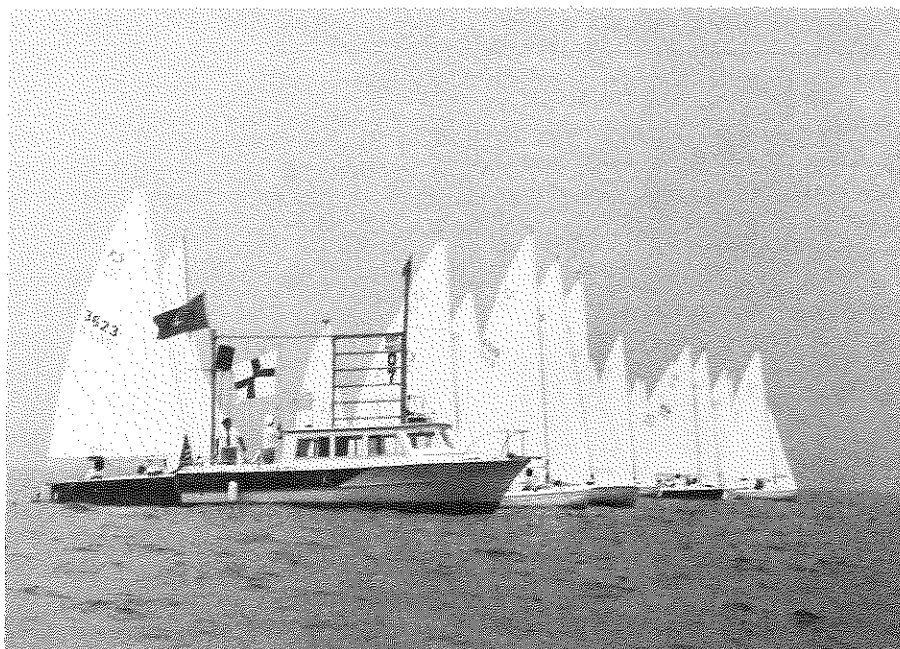
For just a second I think I have it timed perfectly, but Peter is moving faster and begins to pass me to windward. I am afraid to luff him up over the line since I'm worried about being over early myself, so I hail him to not come down on me and just continue sailing toward the pin. At the gun he has a mast abeam position to windward; as he hardens up on the wind, the port corner of his transom bumps at my sidestay, pushes my bow to leeward, and I graze the pin boat as I wallow by. I cry "Protest" immediately (I was leeward yacht, headed in a straight line, and as a windward yacht, he has to keep clear of me), but it's too late to salvage a decent start. I am hardly moving in Peter's dirty air, and at least 10 boats roll over me immediately.

To make matters worse, Peter hails that I had no luffing rights (true, because he had a mast abeam position and our contact occurred after the start), and that therefore I fouled him. In the next 30 seconds Scot and I get moving (a terrible start, pinned below the entire field in dirty

air and unable to tack to port without having to take everyone's stern) and try to decide what to do. I'm sure that I was fouled at the start, but Peter Beam is not just the best Riverside YC sailor in the field; over the years he has had a lot of international experience in both big boats and one designs, and apparently he too thinks he was fouled. At least I know he has an arguable case to present to a protest committee. He'll argue that I was luffing after the start, and I've seen enough protests over the years to know that you don't always win even when you're right. I'm also aware that I hit the pin as part of the incident, that Peter Beam may be a strong enough sailor to make the cut if he suffers a DSQ, but that I absolutely cannot afford to take 44 points and still make it.

As we somewhat frantically discuss our disastrous turn of events, it seems to Scot and me that the prudent thing to do is to accept an alternative penalty. I start to do a 720, but after I peel off and gybe Scot reminds me that we're sailing with the 20% rule. Once a year, at the NACs, I sail an event with the "20% alternative penalty" rule of Appendix 3. By putting up a yellow flag, you can accept a penalty of 20% (9 points in a 43 boat race) for a possible infringement of the right of way rules. It's the same idea as a 720 degree turn - just clear yourself and keep racing. So we add a yellow flag to the red one we had already put up (yes, you are allowed to accept a 20% penalty and still protest someone else for the

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NAC Diary

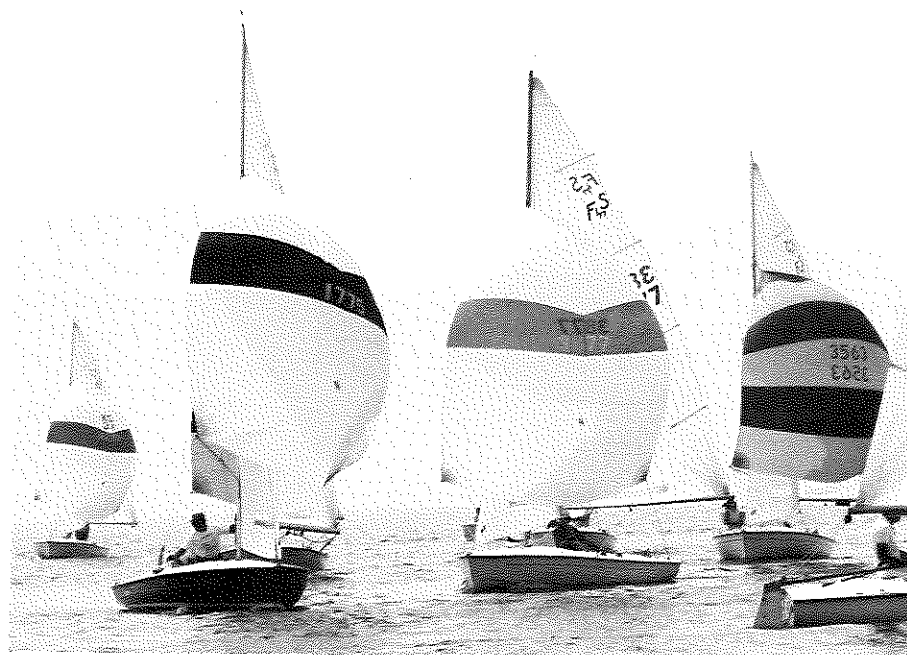
(Continued from page 6)

same incident; if you win the protest, you retain the penalty points, but if you lose, you cannot be penalized any further.)

By the time we get straightened out and sailing, we're in even worse shape than in race #1 - only one boat behind us at the weather mark. But now I'm fueled by this sick feeling that we might not even make the cut, and I pay super attention for the rest of the race. Our downwind boatspeed is great, and by going low on the first reach and being inside at the gybe mark, we catch at least a dozen boats right away. From there we keep concentrating just on passing the next boat ahead, and we manage to work our way back into the low 20s by picking off one or two boats per leg. Once again I have lost track of the leaders so completely that I don't even know who won or which side of the beats paid off.

Qualifying Race #3: I can't stop thinking about the protest situation at the start of race #2, but the breeze has freshened to perhaps 15 knots and the race committee decides to put me out of my misery with a third qualifying race right away. I figure that I have somewhere between 45 and 50 points, including my 20% penalty, and that I need a top 15 finish in the last qualifying race to make the cut for sure, a top 20 finish to have a good shot at it.

I tell myself that this should not be a problem if I just get off the line safely and play the shifts on the tide favored right side of the first beat. I try for a nice safe start in the middle of the line, but I am a bit gunshy and I hang back. Benz Faget starts right below me and Gary Powell right above me. Within 30 seconds after the start I am simultaneously rolled over by Powell to windward and stalled in the backwind coming off Faget's sail as he pinches up from below. The image of myself as a watermelon seed being spit back out of the front row occurs to me, and once again I'm following lamely up the first beat. I arrive at the weather mark about 30th (could this really be my best first beat of the day?!), but by going low and having good downwind speed, we again manage to pick up a few boats at the gybe mark due to our being on the inside. At the leeward mark I harden up on port tack just behind a pack. Suddenly I see a starboard tacker who rounded wide just ahead of us and then tacked as soon as he could. I shove the tiller extension hard to starboard, and the joint between the extension and the tiller snaps off (my fault entirely, for not taping the little plastic cover that holds the



extension into its fitting). Since I was pushing hard on the tiller extension when this happens, the extension just keeps right on moving. It looks vaguely like a torpedo or a spear, shot over the starboard quarter and just behind the starboard tacker before skipping once or twice on the surface of the water and then sinking 20 feet astern.

Fortunately, I completed my tack in time to avoid fouling the starboard tacker, but now I have no tiller extension for the rest of the race. I try sitting in the back corner of the seat (horrendous weather helm) and I try sitting on the rail well aft, with my front foot planted on the aft end of the trunk and my rear foot hooked under the tiller. The boat balances a bit better this way (try it sometime-you become real conscious of excess weather helm when your foot starts to cramp.) Of course, just tying a short piece of line to the tiller would have been even more effective, but my brain and body have both shut down for the evening by this time. We seem to be just barely able to hold our position through the next three legs, but looking back at the finish, I count only 13 boats. I'm sure that fewer than 43 boats competed in this qualifying race (a few tailenders, sure of being in the Challenger division, had sailed in after race #2). We might have finished anywhere from 24th to 29th as I saw it.

Obviously, we had performed way below our pre-regatta expectations during the qualifying series. Instead of qualifying easily and having three races to work on our boatspeed and big fleet

tactics, we had slugged it out in the middle of the pack for three races and never come within sight of the leaders after the first minute of each race. Our three finishes, plus the nine point alternative penalty we accepted in race #2, would give us anywhere from about 70 to about 80 points in the three qualifying races, and I was almost certain we had failed to qualify.

Tired and frustrated, I focussed in on the "extra" nine points I had accepted, as "insurance" in a situation in which I still felt I had been wronged by the other boat. What an irony, that the "insurance" looked like it was going to be the very factor which kept us out of the Championship division. As we discussed the day's events on the long sail home, we tried to talk up the fun we would have trying to win the Challenger Division, but it didn't work very well.

On shore, we learned that our protest would not be heard until Tuesday morning. Gossip had it that there had been several boats disqualified for premature starts in each race (including at least 9 in the other heat of race #2.) We knew that we might have picked up a place or two in each race if boats that beat us were DQed, and Scot persisted in believing that we might have just barely made the cut, but I was not at all optimistic. I reviewed the rules before going to bed, which convinced me anew that we had been fouled by Peter Beam at the start of race #2, but I did not sleep well. I hoped that maybe I could get the

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NAC Diary

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judges to overturn the 9 points or to place me into the Championship Division by petition, but first I had to win that protest hearing.

Tuesday, July 23: The only witness to the incident between Peter Beam and myself was the Race Committee member

stationed in the pin end boat, but he was looking to call out who was over early, not at us when we hit. He testified that neither of us was moving very well when we hit and suggested that perhaps the strong tide pulled us together. I asked him if he saw me alter course at any time

or attempt to luff Peter up, and he said that he hadn't. As expected, Peter saw the incident as one in which I came up on him from leeward and failed to keep clear after starting, while I saw it as one in

(Continued on page 10)

NAC Results

CHALLENGER DIVISION

		Final #1	Final #2	Final #3	Final #4	Final #5	Total	Place
1635	Rubenstein	0.75	9	4	3	7	23.75	1
4096	Rogers	4	8	5	9	5	31	2
3768	Smith	10	0.75	8	7	9	34.75	3
3720	Jacobsen	9	10	3	5	8	35	4
4287	Faircloth	16	3	6	10	2	37	5
3987	Werden	13	12	9	0.75	6	40.75	6
3443	Pattee	12	4	21	4	0.75	41.75	7
2516	Riefenhauser	17	11	0.75	12	3	43.75	8
1355	Schneyer	3	6	10	14	12	45	9
2482	Smith	2	15	7	11	13	48	10
4619	Pridmore	5	7	15	2	21	50	11
171	Walker	20	5	2	22	16	65	12
4280	Heissenbuttel	30	20	11	6	4	71	13
3214	Hellendale	11	13	12	18	18	72	14
2108	Feldman	8	22	16	19	10	75	15
4480	Braund	27	2	20	8	26	83	16
534	Osler	18	21	17	16	11	83	16
4431	Finnerty	7	19	28	21	14	89	18
2433	Edgar	15	26	13	15	25	94	19
4777	Glass	22	16	18	25	15	96	20
4108	Sykes	29	23	25	13	19	108	21
920	Swenney	24	18	14	17	37 DNS	110	22
4257	Beery	6	17	19	37DNS	37DNS	116	23
4228	Burnside	19	37DNS	23	24	22	125	24
4433	Swensen	26	24	27	28	20	125	24
1199	Shields	37DSQ	28	22	23	17	127	26
3029	Hott	14	27	37DNS	29	24	131	27
4647	Brown	21	35TP	37DNS	20	23	136	28
1353	Bukowski	32	29	26	30	28	145	29
2828	Davis	31	30	24	31	29	145	29
473	Lewis	23	31	29	26	37DNS	146	31
3063	Bergin	28	37DSQ	37DNS	27	27	156	32
3318	Barnicle	35TP	14	37DNS	37DNS	37DNS	160	33
2295	Vanderbes	36	36	30	37DNS	37DNS	176	34
2688	Mitchell	37DNS	37DNS	37DNS	37DNS	37DNS	185	35
2721	Smith	37DNS	37DNS	37DNS	37DNS	37DNS	185	35

DSQ – Disqualified

DNS – Did Not Start

TP – Twenty Percent

CHAMPIONSHIP DIVISION

		Final #1	Final #2	Final #3	Final #4	Final #5	Total	Place
11	Merrifield	9	0.75	0.75	2	2	14.5	1
3961	Fisher	0.75	12 TP	5	0.75	0.75	19.25	2
2106	Levin	2	10	2	3	5	22	3
3323	Powell	5	7	6	12	4	34	4
2793	Neff	10	4	3	6	15	38	5
4767	Carpenter	4	12	12	8	3	39	6
1342	Stewart	7	9	8	23	7	54	7
4510	Taggart	22	19	7	5	6	59	8
2499	Breekland	6	3	10	28	23	70	9
101	Faget	17	8	4	4	50 DNS	83	10
3877	Orr	3	38	26	7	10	84	11
4701	Meredith	20	5	37	10	12	84	11
4246	Ewing	24	30	16	11	8	89	13
4199	Beam	30	15	9	15	20	89	13
4699	Cavanagh	11	24	11	16	32	94	15
4341	Smith	16	6	38	21	14	95	16
3061	Fraser	19	26	20	14	19	98	17
4436	Malone	15	13	27	24	22	101	18
1775	Bonaparte	47	11	17	31	9	115	19
4722	Gibson	27	20	19	25	25	116	20
3676	Wynn	34	27 TP	15	9	34	119	21
4710	Eustis	23	29	29	18	24	123	22
3290	Waltuck	44	21	25	13	21	124	23
964	Gulick	38	50 DSQ	14	17	13	132	24
2768	Warner	14	37	35	22	29	137	25
4771	Newton	18	28	41	34	18	139	26
4752	Worth	46	25	13	26	30	140	27
264	Summerfeldt	41	32	21	19	28	141	28
4790	Kurtz	12	16	43	27	43	141	28
1110	Smith	13	27	23	30	50 DNS	143	30
2843	Bionski	21	22	28	39	35	145	31
10	Lee	8	40	32	20	50 DNS	150	32
3753	Ellers	29	42	36	32	11	150	32
4625	Morgan	28	14	31	47	31	151	34
845	Montello	36	23	18	43	36	156	35
4249	Collins	42	34	22	33	27	158	36
3623	Crihfield	45	31	24	46	16	162	37
1790	Kendall	31	18	49	29	40	167	38
4115	Knight	39	33	40	42	17	171	39
1750	Fawcett	26	41	34	35	37	173	40
213	Lovejoy	43	36	33	36	26	174	41
3563	Fleury	35	43	39	38	38	193	42
4254	Seidman	32	39	44	37	44	196	43
2319	DeCarlo	25	48	50 TP	41	42	206	44
3201	Post	48	45 TP	41	42	206	44	44
4393	Rich	37	45	30	50 DNS	50 DNS	212	46
4700	Moore	33	44	42	45	50 DNS	214	47
2415	Robison	50 TP	47	48	44	39	228	48
4664	Patin	49	46	47	48	41	231	49

DSQ – Disqualified DNS – Did Not Start TP – Twenty Percent

NAC Diary

(Continued from page 8)

which he sailed over me and came down on me while I sailed a straight line.

The protest hearing itself was long and very instructive. Peter and I agreed about all the facts of the case (when and where the incident occurred, our relative positions and headings at the time of contact, the point of contact on both boats, etc.). There was only the one key difference in perspective. Sitting in the leeward boat, I was pointed slightly closer to the wind than he as I aimed at the pin, and so I saw him coming down on me. Sitting in the windward boat and reaching slightly down the line while aiming at the pin, he saw me as coming up on him. When you think about it, our perspectives were bound to be different. In the end, the judges ruled that the windward boat has to keep clear, and that Peter had at least 20 seconds to do so before the start. I won the protest but apparently lost the war when the judges indicated that an accepted 20% penalty can never be removed by protest committee action or by the outcome of a protest hearing, and that petitions to get into the championship Division can be made only when fewer than three

qualifying races are held.

As an aside, the judges were very thorough and patient throughout this hearing. They asked smart questions and showed no bias at all toward the local competitor. There was no animosity at all between Peter and me during the incident or the hearing. We shook hands before and after the verdict and agreed that it was an unfortunate incident. Both of us left the hearing thinking we had failed to qualify; Peter's DSQ had been coupled with a 10 and a 20; my 9 points looked like the difference between making the cut and not making it. The minor miracle didn't come until 2pm. The cut came at 71 points; I had indeed picked up a place or two in each race over my estimates on the water and made it with a relatively comfortable 67. At least 67 was comfortable relative to Peter Beam's 71, which put him in the Championship Division as part of a three way tie for the final slot. I guess all's well that ends well, but I sure would like to just coast into the Championship Division one of these years.

To celebrate, Scot and I went to a local marine store and spent a deliriously

happy hour poking through a couple of baskets of discounted hardware. I wound up with a new set of polypropylene spinnaker sheets (fat, but lightweight, and they float) and a replenished tool box.

Wednesday, July 24: This was one of the most interesting and difficult days I have ever sailed at NACs. We had an incredible variety of conditions, ranging from lake-like puffs of 5-7 knots from the northwest on calm water in the morning race, to pretty heavy (18-20 knots) puffs and a good chop at the start of race two in the afternoon, to typical Long Island sloppy chop and 10 knot shifty breezes later in the afternoon.

In the first race there was almost no tide running on the first beat, with high tide occurring about 20 minutes after the start. The leaders played the left hand side of the beat, where the bigger shifts seemed to be coming from, and Greg Fisher opened up a huge lead. The wind died considerably on the first reach, then backed 45 degrees after 18 boats rounded the gybe mark (I know this

(Continued on page 11)



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NAC Diary

(Continued from page 10)

because I was in 20th at the time and had to douse the chute and beat the last 50 yards to the mark). Fisher was already approaching the leeward mark with a half a leg lead when the big shift occurred, and the committee had to change the second beat quickly, before the new breeze had filled in very well. They guessed wrong (the only mistake I noticed in a solid week of outstanding race committee work in difficult, shifty conditions) and the second "beat" turned into a close reach parade. Wisely, the race was shortened to only 4 legs. I came in 23rd, a big improvement over my performance of Monday, just by starting near Fisher and Merrifield and trying to stay in their shifts for the first beat.

For the second race, a big windshift back to the northwest just before the start brought a touch of heavy wind, but it died quickly. The tide was running out (easterly) strongly. Since we were beating diagonally (to the northwest) into the mainland and across this tidal current, the textbook strategy was to get into the shallower water along the shore on the right hand side of the beat, but again the bigger shifts seemed to be coming from the left side. Shortly after the start Fisher tried to cross the fleet on port, but the tide carried him down onto Benz Faget and Greg had to accept a 20% penalty. Peter Merrifield went a little further left than anyone, and a big shift from that side carried him into the mark with a comfortable lead. On the second beat there were huge position changes as most of the leaders went left again, but the big shift failed to materialize and the "smart" boats who got out of the tide to the right side of the beat were rewarded with big gains.

I had a real taste of pack sailing in this race. The Champ Division contains 49 boats who all know enough to tack on a header and sail on a lifted windline up the beat. Once you fall out of the top 15 places or so getting out of the pack is almost impossible. Everytime you find a lift, boats cross your bow and tack on the same windline. So you tack away in the first little header only to find boats crossing a tacking on top of you all over again. Despite this there are some big position changes on every beat as the pack is very deep (10th to 30th or so) and closely spaced. Small mistakes seem inevitably to cost two or three places, and big ones up to ten places. I went left on the first beat and was in the teens at the weather mark, but then went left again on the second beat and got caught by about 10 boats. Then I hit the weather



mark (old man tide pulled me right into it) and fell all the way to about 35th on the run. From there to the finish it was a struggle to find clear air, but at least I went to the right and got out of the tide. I caught about half a dozen boats on the last beat to finish 29th.

Consistency was hard to find today; Paul Lee had an 8 and a 40, Jack Orr a 3 and a 38, but Mario and Mike Bonaparte from the host club in old #1775 (*The Patriot*) had a whopping 36 point difference between their hangdog 47th in the first race and their fine 11th in the second. In the second race they got out of the tide as soon as possible on all three beats by going immediately to the right. Surprisingly, the leader after Wednesday is Fred Breekland, who put together consistent 6th and 3rd place finishes. Fisher had a 1 and a 2, but had to take a 10 point alternative penalty; Merrifield won the second race but had a 9 in the morning, and Levin had a 2 and 10. It's a wide open event, and all the leaders look about equally fast.

Thursday, July 23: Due to light winds and an impending storm in the afternoon, we only got in one race today, but it was long and, speaking personally at least, another difficult one. Once again the tide was running strongly and there were big windshifts scattered here and there. The consensus seems to be that a 15 degree lift is worth bucking the tide with, but that you have to sail through small headers if you're going to the tide favored side of the course. For me, every 5 or 10 degree shift produces an agony of indecision. I've been out here for three days now, and I'm getting better at seeing the windlines and the edges of the shifts, but while I can see patches of different wind velocity pretty well, I still can't seem to see ahead to whether the wind is backed or veered in each new puff.

Even though I feel that I'm getting better in these conditions, I got behind early in today's race with another bad start and couldn't get out of the back part of the pack. I hung around in the mid 30s for most of the race, out of touch with the leaders completely, and finally had a good last beat to get another 29th. I have no idea what happened up front; it was on another planet from the one I sailed on.

After two days I now have 81 points and am in 28th place, but I still haven't given up on getting into the top 20. In a big field like this one, any better than average point total will earn a finishing position better than the average of your individual race places, while a worse than average point total will earn a final position worse than the average of your individual places. Believe me; this is absolutely true; it derives from the statistics inherent in the clustering of scores around the midpoint of a normal distribution of scores (such as total points earned by each competitor in a large regatta). Think of it as your reward for getting over the hump at the fleet midpoint. Anyway, in a 49 boat field an average finish is 25th, and the grand average over 5 races should therefore be 125 points, but with a few scattered DSQs and some 10 point alternative penalties here and there, the overall average score in the 1991 NAC will probably be closer to 130 than to 125. Therefore, 125 should get better than 25th place overall, and my guess is that 110 or 115 will get into the top 20 (conversely, someone with 150 points will end up far worse than 30th overall.) With 81 points going into the last two races I still need just one good race or a pair of finishes in the mid to upper teens for a

(Continued on page 12)

NAC Diary

(Continued from page 11)

top 20 finish overall, but time is running out, and with rainy weather forecast for tomorrow I'm not sure the committee can get two races in.

Friday, July 26: Well, we got two races in today in light southerlies, but the second one just beat the rains, as everyone got drenched on the sail home or while trying to hoist the boats out after the regatta. At the start of the first race the tide was still coming in, flowing to the west (left to right across the first beat, with the Connecticut shore along the left hand side of the course), but this time Mr. Tide was due to turn in mid race. (Quick now, what's the tide favored side of each beat?) This time I was absolutely steamrolled at the start by our new FSSA President Bernie Knight, who rolled over me to windward right in the middle of the line. I went out slightly to the left off the start (the tide favored side, right?), staying close to Fisher, Faget, and Knight, found a nice 20 degree header, tacked in it and rode the port tack lift up to the weather mark, rounding about 20th despite my poor start. I went left again on the second beat (oops, the tide had turned by then, favoring the right hand side) and this, plus a strong shift from the

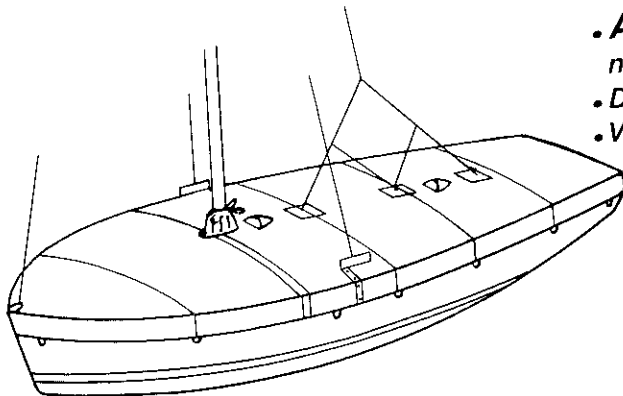
right, dropped me into the mid 20s. I had another good run, passing only 1 boat but closing to round the leeward mark right at the tail end of the main pack of about 10 boats. By this time I knew enough to stay to the right side on the last beat, and I picked up several boats back up to finish 18th. In the main event Fisher won, but Merrifield stayed close to finish second and put himself in solid position to win the championship with any finish in the top 5 in the last race.

The final race was started well out into Long Island Sound, with the entire course in deep water, so even though the tide was running strongly, I wasn't sure whether or not it was any stronger on one side of the beat than on the other. I decided to just play the shifts wherever they took me on the beat, and we spent a very tactical race losing or gaining a few competitors with every tack. I became so absorbed in my little tactical world that I lost track of the leaders entirely, other than to notice that neither side of the beats seemed consistently better, and that Fisher and Merrifield had again opened up a little distance on the other leaders. Congratulations to Peter Merrifield, 1991 NAC Champ. Scot and I

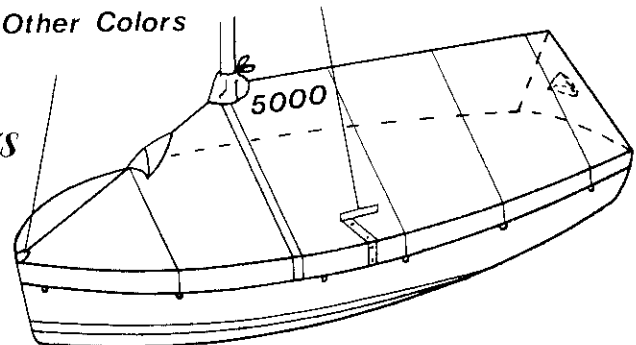
wound up 24th in the final race, for a 123 total.

Not surprisingly, we wound up 22nd overall, just failing to make my top 20 goal. Despite that, I can honestly say I enjoyed the competition at the 1991 NAC more than in any previous year. In looking back, the word "difficult" stands out most for me with regard to this year's NAC; I spent a week struggling to get off the starting line in a very large field, a week gradually figuring out the tide, a week trying to find shafts of clear lifted air in the middle of the pack, a week gaining or losing half a dozen places on almost every leg of every race; for me this was the most challenging NAC of the past ten years. I left Riverside tired but happy, feeling that I improved as a sailor and that I am ready to become a rocketship in my local club races for the rest of the season.

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1991 Flying Scot Wife-Husband North American Championship

June 19-30, 1991

Starr and I participated in three previous wife-husband championships and they had all been fun. When it became evident that we would be unable to attend the regular North American Championship at Riverside, CT, we decided to travel to Berlin in N.E. Ohio for the 1991 Wife-Husband.

At the Governor's Cup Regatta, we found that Harold and Carolyn Ausley were also planning to attend the wife-husband championship. They planned to use the trip as a test of Carolyn's recent back operation.

To break up the trip and reduce stress on Carolyn's back, the Ausley's left on Thursday. We left at 5:03 am.m. on Friday.

Until the last twenty miles, it was an easy drive. The route we used was Highway 77 through VA, West VA to Canton, OH and then 52 to Alliance, OH. Our motel was located in Alliance. The last twenty miles was a disaster. The map we had did not show how to get to the lake from the south and there seemed to be roadwork on wherever we went.

After eight hours together in the car, it was very stressful to be driving through the Ohio countryside trying to find a lake that did not want to be found with a map that offered little help. We were told by several couples, who had longer drives than we did, that this last twenty miles had been one of the most stressful periods of their marriage. Many felt that after working together to find the lake, sailing together would be a cinch.

Naturally, we did eventually find the lake and by 3:00 p.m. were sitting at the clubhouse drinking beer and trying to relax. The Ausley's had arrived Thursday and camped at the club. By Friday afternoon, they were relaxed enough to go sailing. Carolyn's back passed both the driving and first sailing test with flying colors.

Berlin Lake is about three times as big as Lake Townsend and more rounded in shape. It had enough size and shape to run good olympic triangle courses. On the negative side, the water was down about five feet more

than normal with ankle deep shallows in the middle of the lake. The lake was also a big power boat lake with power boats and jet skis everywhere.

The clubhouse was nice, with a kitchen and clean showers. There was a big lawn on the lakeside with a volleyball court. There was a small dock and a view of the entire lake from the lawn. The club served every meal starting with Friday dinner and ending with Sunday lunch, free of charge. Free beer was also on tap the entire weekend.

By Friday afternoon, over forty boats had pre-registered, with more boats arriving by the minute. By race time Saturday, sixty boats had registered. This was more than attended the last nationals. By the agreement of all participants, the boats were divided into two fleets: Division A—The Screamers, with thirty-five boats, and Division B—The Lovers, with twenty-five boats. Each fleet had a separate start and trophies were awarded to the top ten boats in each fleet. Both we and the Ausley's elected to sail in Division A.

Starr and I were sailing faster and better than anytime in our career; we wanted to win. The Ausley's wanted to test their sailing skills, after a long layoff and Carolyn's back, against some good competition.

We had good competition! While no one attended from the Fisher Loft, the Bellows, last year's champions, were there from the Schurr Loft. The Carpenters, previous two-time winners, were there from Gordon Douglas. In addition, all the Ohio hotshots were present; the Stewards, the Leippers, the Baughers, the Hohlers, and the Blonskis. One problem with a regatta this big is that it was impossible to know all the talent. There were boats from eighteen states present.

The first race Saturday started with winds in the 5 to 10 range. The course was a true olympic. We started at the committee boat in an effort to pick up some shore lifts I though were on the right side. The Stewards went left, rounded the windward mark with a big lead and finished first. We rounded the

windward mark fifth, behind the Hohlers, Carpenters and Bellows. Due to boat speed and some timely shifts, we were able to pass the Carpenters and Bellows and finish third. The Ewings from NJ were fourth, with the Carpenters fifth and the Bellows sixth.

By the time the second race started, after one general recall, the wind was up to the 10 to 15 range. This time we started at the pin and went left. Due to a short, but strong poor lift, we went from looking at ten transoms to second at the windward mark behind the Ewings. After the two reaching legs, it was a tow boat race.

By this time, the motorboat traffic was really heavy. Every time a motorboat would pass in front of the Ewings, we would pick up a boat length. Every time a motorboat would pass between us we would lose two boat length. The Ewings never made a mistake and we never got close. To add insult to injury, we ran hard aground twenty yards from the finish line, got off, and ran aground again within ten yards of the line. We barely got off in time to hold on to our second.

At this time, the powers to be made the best decision of the regatta. There was plenty of time to sail the third scheduled race, but not without delaying the social scheduled for 5:30 p.m. The third race was immediately cancelled and the social started early.

At the end of Saturday racing, the Ewings were in first place with 4 3/4 points, the Lewis' were in second with 5 points, the Stewards in third with 6 3/4 points, and the Carpenters and Bellows tied for fourth with 10 points. The Ausleys had finished with two races in the low twenties and were gaining confidence.

The Saturday night social, dinner and party were worth waiting for. In addition to soft drinks, ice tea and lemonade, there was Long Island Ice Tea, Whiskey Sours, Manhattans and more beer. There was volleyball for the more athletic. A steel drum band and dancing for the romantics and fireworks

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(Continued from page 13)

after dark for those who could stay awake after a hard day of sailing, eating, drinking and dancing.

The racing started at 9:30 a.m. on Sunday with winds in the 10 to 15 range and building. We started toward the committee boat and tried to work the shifts. Again, the Ewings were first at the windward mark with us third and the Summerfelds from W. VA second. We passed the Summerfelds and lost the Carpenters on the second reach. While we could catch the Carpenters going back upwind, we could not pass. To insure two Sunday races, the courses were shortened to a triangle-windward course. The Stewards accepted a D.S.Q. in the third race when they thought to long about a protest to legally do a 720.

At the end of three races, the Ewings were looking good with 5 1/2 points, we had 8 points, the Carpenters had 12 points, and the Bellows had 16 points. The Ausleys had another finish in the low twenties, and were continuing to gain confidence.

We blew our chance to win when, in the fourth race, I allowed Ewing to force us up during the last minute before the

start until it appeared we had broken the plane of the starting line. This was after another general recall, with what I thought was the one minute rule in effect. To be safe, we rounded the pin end and restarted the race.

Ewing finished the fourth race with a third. The Carpenters with a sixth and we had a sixteenth. The Ausleys, who had raised with the leaders most of the race, missed the last shift to finish the race fourteenth.

Final Results - Division A

1. Ellen & Bill Ewing		
4246	NJ	8 1/2
2. Karen & Harry Carpenter		
4767	MD	18
3. Starr & Jerry Lewis		
3933	NC	24
4. Rosalie & Jack Leipper		
4505	OH	35
5. Blair & Steve Bellows		
GYA 11	FL	36

Facts and Reflections

This was the first wife-husband championship to be won by a non-professional. Bill Ewing, while younger than I am, was not young and did not

work for a sail loft or boat company. However, he did sail a great regatta with four good starts. He worked the middle and caught all the major shifts. He also went fast.

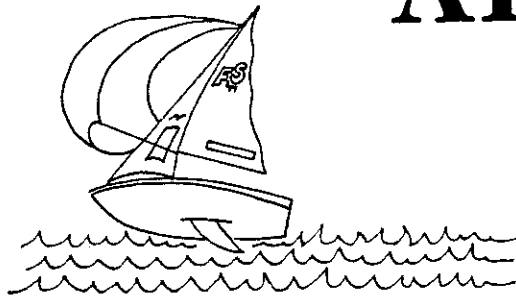
There were nineteen boats in the Century Division, combined ages greater than 100. The oldest had a combined age of 150. The oldest marriage was 52 years.

There were boats from eighteen states, with the farthest boat being from Denver, Colorado.

This regatta was a huge success because the wind gods smiled, because the club provided the best racing the conditions and its water would allow, and because the club worked just as hard on the social as racing aspects of the regatta. Most participants will remember the 1991 wife-husband social long after they forget the details of the racing. Jo and Rick Baugher, along with the Berlin Yacht Club, deserve a long round of applause from the Scot class.

The 1992 Wife-Husband North American Championship will be at Deep Creek, MD. This is less than an eight hour drive from NC!

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Confessions of a Once Reluctant Flying Scot Sailor

By Steve Branner FS 4348

It all started back in 1985 when George Leet (FS #401), an avid racer at Cave Run Lake, asked me to crew with him in a few invitational Scot regattas and I, without any reason not to, accepted. I'd raced against George in the Portsmouth Handicap Fleet at our lake and we both had become tired of sailing "against the clock" and not knowing who'd won or lost 'til long after it really mattered. Back then there weren't enough boats of any one type to form a one-design fleet so the only "action" to be had was elsewhere. I had previous one-design experience sailing a Sunfish and a Windmill but I'd never raced in a Flying Scot which, to be quite honest, I never considered to be a boat that was meant to be raced. Well, George and I went off to the Buckeye Regatta at Hoover Lake, the Harvest Moon Regatta at Atwood Lake, the Cowan Lake Pig Roast Regatta, the Multi-Class Mint Julep Regatta in Louisville, and the Governor's Cup Regatta at Smith Mountain Lake. We never placed well in any of the events due mainly to a lack of one-design racing experience in the Scot but we had a great time and met some great people, all enthusiastically supporting the Flying Scot as the best one-design sailboat.

Lesson No. 1 ... Nothing Beats Experience and "Time in the Boat"

Although the Scot experience gained with George was enjoyable, there was no compelling reason to get a Flying Scot. George (along with his boat) was transferred to Cincinnati (where he currently sails with Fleet-1 at Cowan Lake) and I still enjoyed sailing the Volant that I had even though it was with the Handicap Fleet. The Volant is a "high tech" planing dinghy designed by Harken-Vanguard that never quite developed as they had intended and its production was eventually discontinued. Its handicap rating was similar to that of the Thistle and it was exciting to sail against the two Thistles that participated in the Cave Run Lake Racing Program at that time.

Well, in the summer of 1985 I bit on the Flying Scot "hook." In 1987 Bob Summerfeldt (FS 264) asked me to crew with him at the FS Nationals at Carlyle

Lake and, again, with no reason not to, I accepted. This was the first Nationals for Bob and, obviously, for me too. We had a great time, met some more great people (I even had the opportunity to talk with Sandy Douglass for about a half hour), and had some great racing thrills. We qualified for the championship fleet ... with sails that came over on the Mayflower...and actually finished ahead of eight other boats.

Lesson No. 2 ... It Takes New Sails to be Competitive at this Level of Sailboat Racing

In the summer of 1987, the Flying Scot "hook" was set and I was being reeled in. Driving back from Carlyle all we talked about was where, how, and when I would somehow get a Flying Scot and join this group of people who seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves with their sailboats. This was the plan...buy a used boat and sail it in as many invitation regattas as possible in the fall of '87 and the spring of '88, prior to attending the 1988 NAC at Lake Norman where I'd put to use all of my newfound experience. After much unsuccessful searching and lots of procrastination, I finally bought a new Scot from the factory in April 1988 ...three full months before the NAC (Lesson 1 didn't sink in very well). Some club racing at Cave Run and the reading of sail tuning guides and Scots n' Water racing articles gave me what was proven to be minimal knowledge of how to race the Flying Scot effectively. We had a great time again at Lake Norman, met even more great people, and ended up 25th in the Challenger Division.

The knowledge gained was monumental and the decision I'd made to get a Scot was confirmed by the high level of enjoyment I got with the boat; however, to eventually do better would take lots of sailing time. I'd always been impressed with how well many couples in their 50s and 60s could sail their Flying Scots and it hadn't occurred to me 'til I attended the NACs that these people had been sailing Scots for over 20 years. Boy, did I have some catching up to do.

With three Flying Scots sailing at Cave Run Lake, Fleet 165 was chartered in 1988. In the fall of 1988 with a fourth Scot in the fleet our small but active one-

design fleet starting raising some eyebrows among the handicap boat owners. The thrill of finally being able to develop a one-design Scot fleet was wonderful. All of us began to become better sailors because of the close competition. This close racing continued into the spring of 1989 and I was starting to see some progress up the learning curve, meager though it may have been.

In June of '89 I decided to venture out to the Ohio District Championship at Deep Creek Lake. Upon arrival at the lake, we discovered that each competitor could select to sail in either the Championship or the Challenger Fleet. Due to my relative inexperience in the Scot and because of getting steamrolled at the NAC the previous year, I selected the Challenger Fleet. Some inspired sailing along with some well-placed wind shifts helped me to actually win the Challenger Division ... another step up the learning curve. I'd been sailing the Scot for just over a year and this was the first significant result to date.

The fall of 1989 saw four more Flying Scots join Fleet 165. We now had eight boats sailing regularly and eight very enthusiastic club members spreading the one-design word. A ninth Scot was added in the spring of 1990. The ramblings of Bob Summerfeldt and me about how great it was to sail at nearby lakes convinced some of the other Fleet 165 sailors to attend the 1990 Ohio District Championships at Hoover Lake in Columbus. Five of our boats were in attendance and we all took another giant step up the experience ladder. Fleet 165 had the best representation at the Regatta by a visiting club. A seventh place overall finish behind some very good sailors was good for the ego but by this time I felt like I'd reached a talent plateau that I couldn't rise above. Two full years of racing may have finally rendered the original sails uncompetitive at this level of racing. A blown-out and hastily repaired batten pocket, cracks in the sail windows, and a tired mainsail leach are just some of the sail ills. It crossed my mind that facts learned in lesson two should be implemented ... that is, get new sails! I've since con-

(Continued on page 17)

SCHURR ENOUGH...

Pete Merrifield and Steve Bellows win the
1991 Flying Scot North American Championships



Forest Rogers and Melanie Dunham place
second in the Challenger division in the
1991 Flying Scot North American Championships



Harry and Karen Carpenter win the
1991 Flying Scot Mid-Winter Warm Ups,
and placed second in 1991 Wife and Husband Nationals



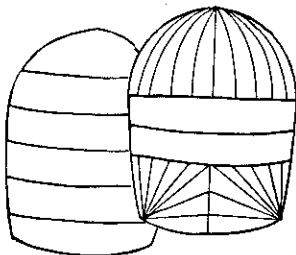
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Pensacola, Florida 32501
904.438.9354

Confessions

(Continued from page 15)

vinced myself that, because of funding limitations, I'll wait till the next NAC I attend before taking the new sails plunge.

Club racing in the fall of 1990 and a 10th place finish at the Fleet 1 Pig Roast Regatta (where I got to sail against George again ... this time in a one-design fleet, finally) rounded out the 1990 Flying Scot season. After two and a half years of Scot ownership I had become a crusader for the Flying Scot cause. Three more Scots joined the fleet in the spring of 1991 (we now have 12 boats) and we have now achieved what is thought to be a "critical mass" of Flying Scots that will be self-perpetuating as more people continue to witness the good competition.

The highlight of Fleet 165 activities to date has been hosting the 1991 Ohio District Championships at Cave Run Lake (results are published elsewhere in Scots n' Water). Local knowledge helped our fleet somewhat, but after the smoke cleared it was the more experienced Scot sailors from other lakes that dominated the racing. Fleet 165 member Bob Summerfeldt sailed to a very respectable fourth place finish. "Time-in-the-boat" made the big difference in finish positions between our young fleet and the foreign competition. Lesson two also jumped up and made itself apparent to most of us.

It's now been just over three years since I purchased #4348 and I'm probably as committed to supporting the Flying Scot Class as the 20-plus year boat owners. I must finally confess that back in the 1970s and early '80s I just couldn't understand how anyone could get a thrill out of racing Flying Scots which weren't the high(er) tech machines like 470s, Thistles, Flying Dutchmen, and the Volant. What I didn't realize was that the "KISS" Principle (Keep It Simple, Stupid) was well put to use in the design of the Flying Scot and that the tactics and strategy necessary to compete well made racing Scots infinitely more enjoyable than constantly worrying about tuning all the multiple controls of the "racing" boats.

Because of this obsession that I have to continue to become a better flying Scot sailor, I've set my next major sailing goal which is to qualify for the Championship Division in a NAC. I'll need much more time in the boat, and I'll be travelling to nearby Scot regattas, and I'll even dig deep for new sails. I hope to see y'all out on the water.

"Hooked" on the Scot,

Steve

Greater New York District Championship

By Dan Verdier FS #4447

The Greater New York District Flying Scot Championship was held this past 21st and 22nd of June at Sprite Island Yacht Club on Long Island Sound in East Norwalk, Connecticut. Sponsored by Fleet 142, this was the first District Championship held by the Club. Nine fleets were represented, including boats from the New England District.

Activities got underway with the launching and towing of the boats to the club's mooring area Thursday evening. Competitors studied the sailing instructions and charts briefly, then many of the out-of-towners decided to join party animal Gill Levin, FS #2106, for a night out.

Friday morning initially brought a decent breeze of 8 to 10 knots out of the NW. After the Skipper's meeting, the Race Committee announced that we would be racing the outside course (in the open waters of Long Island Sound). However, as the 327-boat fleet started to sail out to the course area, the winds started to fade. RC chairman Peter Feick, FS #3594, dispatched the 3 support boats to different areas to monitor wind conditions. It was decided to move the race to the inside course (an area surrounded by the Norwalk Islands) where an onshore breeze was present.

The first race was a 2-lap windward-leeward with wildly oscillating light winds necessitating the resetting of the leeward mark for each leg. Spinnakers could be seen flown on all points of the compass throughout the race. The light air and intense sunlight added to the crew fatigue. Local knowledge of the tricky tidal currents around the islands proved to be an advantage to the home fleet.

For the second race, the winds stabilized out of the SE, allowing a modified Olympic course to be set. As the race progressed, the velocity increased, and the first boat finished in only 39 minutes.

The fleet retired to the harbor for refreshments and hors d'oeuvres prepared by Fleet 142's members. Meanwhile, the Protest Committee, headed by Pat Clark, columnist for Sailing World magazine and a member of neighboring Cedar Point Yacht Club, met

to resolve the day's disputes. Later a catered dinner was enjoyed by all before retiring for the evening. That is, most retired early except for the Rhode Island boats who persuaded others to join them for a tour of the clubs in historic South Norwalk.

Saturday brought an overcast sky and the threat of thundershowers, along with a 30 degree temperature drop from the previous day. Fortunately, it also brought a steady Easterly of 8 to 12 knots. The RC decided to go for the outside course and keep an eye out to the clouds. A benefit of this weather pattern was the absence of the normal weekend stinkpotter crowd weaving through the racing fleet.

The first race of the day was a long modified Olympic out in the open sound. The four boats over early were quickly notified by the chase boat, thereby not losing much time on the restart. Local knowledge was not much of an advantage in the open water, as all knew the tidal pattern was towards the open Atlantic by Block Island.

For the second race of the day, the RC shortened the course and adjusted for the wind shift to 060. Again a modified Olympic was raced, after a general recall and imposition of the round the ends rule.

For the final race of the day and the series, a single lap windward-leeward was run. As the sky darkened and rain showers could be seen scattered around the Sound, the fleet made quick work of the course and hastened back to the harbor.

The fleet again found a waiting spread of sumptuous hors d'oeuvres under the Island's "cocktail tree." Saturday's Protest Committee was headed by Dave Sinclair, a senior USYRU judge from Noroton Yacht Club. With the talent and experience of the competitors present, the host fleet wanted to assure any protests would be equitably decided. Additionally, former club member and avid J-24 racer Al Ferlazzo from Noroton Yacht Club served as advisor to the race committee. Al's experience and guidance

(Continued on page 18)

NY Championships

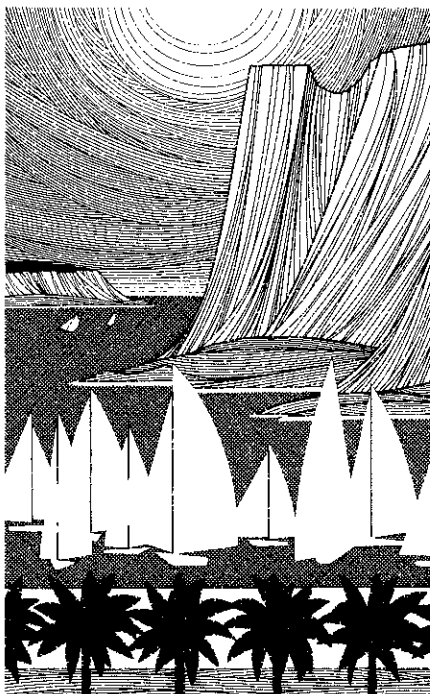
(Continued from page 17)

were a major factor in the smooth operation of the RC.

After thanking Race Committee chairman Peter Feick and Provisioning Chairperson Helene Heissenbittel, FS #4280, Regatta Chairman Dan Verdier proceeded with the awards ceremony. Prizes were given for 1st thru 4th overall, District Champion and best Fleet 142 finish. Honorable mention was given to the 5th and 6th boats for their close finishes. Prizes were brass clocks and teak trays, as it was felt many of the top competitors must be running out of room to display all their trophies. District Governor Dave Jacobsen presented the District Championship to Ira Cohen, the defending champion. Fred and Judy Breekland captured 3rd Overall and Best Fleet 142 Finish honors.

The final results were:

Boat	Skipper/Crew	Race No.					Total
		1	2	3	4	5	
1. 4343	Ira Cohen	3	1	1	1	3	8-1/4
	Doug Wefer	Fleet 46	Hempstead Bay				
2. 3877	Jack Orr	10	2	8	2	1	22-3/4
	Bill Dunham	Fleet 24	Candlewood				
3. 2499	Fred Breekland	1	3	2	9	10	24-3/4
	Judy Breekland	Fleet 142	Sprite Island				
4. 4436	Hugh Malone	4	4	5	8	6	27
	Paul Malone	Fleet 46	Hempstead Bay				
5. 3061	Richard Fraiser	9	6	4	7	2	28
	Craig Walters	Fleet 7	Riverside				
6. 3290	Dan Waltuck	7	5	3	4	11	30
	Jim Cavanaugh	Fleet 76	Lake Massapong				



Ohio District Championship Cave Run Lake, Kentucky

By Steve Branner, FS #4348

FS Fleet 165 hosted the 1991 Ohio District Championship Regatta on June 22 and 23 at Cave Run Lake in Kentucky ... one of the largest Ohio District Lakes. The first race on Saturday afternoon saw the fleet start in light and shifty winds that had everyone guessing which direction to go to maintain boat speed. The 19-boat fleet split tacks with Rick Baugher (FS #3666) going right toward the shore and Bob Summerfeldt (FS #264) staying in the middle of the course and playing the shifts. These two, along with Sandy Eustis (FS #4710) beat all competitors to the windward mark and proceeded to run and hide from the rest of the fleet. Race one ended with Baugher, First Summerfeldt, Second; Eustis, Third. The second race started in winds blowing 5-7 mph with threatening clouds on the horizon. Rick Baugher again showed excellent boat speed up the first leg and went on to win the race as the winds gradually built in strength. The approaching cold front passed thru the course when the majority of the fleet was on the downwind spinnaker run prior to the last beat to the finish line. Gusts of 25-30 mph brought chutes in immediately thru both crew action and accidental snapped sheets/halyards. Dave Bettez (FS #3381) capsized while trying to retrieve his blown-out spinnaker and was immediately rescued by Lexington Power Squadron boats that volunteered their help to Fleet 165 for the Regatta. Dennis Dugan (FS #4419) was seen planing downwind in the gusts under jib sail only. The downpour that followed the front washed out the third race.

The Saturday night social at the Brass Eagle Restaurant in Morehead, KY, gave everyone a chance to dry out and recall the events of the day. Not only did Sandy Eustis win the "Ohio District Chinese Checkers Championship" but he was also the main attraction at Campground Bonfire later in the evening with his impromptu fireworks demonstration.

Monica Berton, crew for R. Zeppenfeld (FS #4428), won the unofficial Saturday Night dance contest.

Results at the end of Saturday's racing were close enough that any of the

top eight boats could win the championship on Sunday with a good finish in the "Down-the-Lake" race which has become a tradition at Cave Run Lake for Invitational Regattas. The results of this race count as two races. The first start of the eight mile trek elicited a general recall due to a major wind shift immediately preceding the gun. The wind quickly settled down and in the re-start the fleet followed local sailor Dave Bettez to the windward mark with Bob Summerfeldt close behind. Rick Baugher got a late start and on the first reach went low to catch Bettez and Summerfeldt. Baugher and Summerfeldt were 1-2 at the turning mark, but got into light winds on the leeward shore along "Tackers Alley" and were caught by many boats that chose to close reach down the middle of the "alley." Jim Starr (FS #3550) sailed the race well and finished First; however Rick Baugher's fourth place finish was enough to give him the overall championship by just 1 point.

In addition to the top finisher trophies, Charlie Cullen (FS #200) received the "Oldest Boat" award.

Final Standings

	Position	Points
1.	3666 Baugher	9.5
2.	3550 Starr	10.5
3.	4761 Goldberg	17
4.	264 Summerfeldt	17
5.	4694 Clickner	23
6.	4428 Zeppenfeld	28
7.	4710 Eustis	29
8.	3883 Hohler	32
9.	4419 Dugan	32
10.	4348 Branner	36
11.	3190 Sprow	44
12.	405 Murray	46
13.	2741 Cullen, M.	49
14.	3381 Bettez	58
15.	1642 Bogardus	59
16.	1728 Pruitt	66
17.	2285 Perry	69
18.	200 Cullen, C.	75
19.	3658 Coleman	82

Racing Sailboats

— or —

Things That Go Bump

By Megan Doren

Megan is now a regular crew for Chuck Blankmeyer (FS #4493); she is also a full-time reporter and writer for the Dallas Morning News.

Hard to believe it's only a year-and-a-half since I was one of the few, the proud, the non-marina corps. For 31 years I'd never stepped foot on a sailboat and never felt particularly lacking. Then it happened. It started so innocently when a friend in Houston invited me to go sailing on a friend's 1,000-foot yacht. Okay, it was probably only about 40 or 50 feet, but compared to what we sail...

I really liked that first time sailing on a sailboat. The hardest job I had that whole day was holding out my hand when I was handed a drink. It was almost work to walk all the way to the front of the boat, but other than that, this sailing stuff was a snap. I liked it and decided somebody in Dallas had to have sailboats with all those lakes around and I'd just find them.

The very day I got back into Dallas from Houston, I met the three-lawyers-who-aren't (they're really two lawyers and a pest control entrepreneur, but everybody at the dock calls them "the three lawyers"). It was after a softball game; we were in the bar that sponsors the team and right next to our table were three guys playing darts. Two of them had sailboats on their shirts (Bruce Sostek + Gerald Conley, FS 2488), so I asked if they sailed and if so, where. (That pretty much summed up my sailing knowledge at that point: if someone had a picture of a sailboat on their shirt, they had to sail.) The three dart players (soon to be known as the three-lawyers-who-aren't) told me they raced sailboats on White Rock Lake every Sunday. They said someone's always looking for a crew — a crew is someone who sits in the front of the boat, they explained to me — so why didn't I come out sometime? So I did. That very next Sunday.

When I asked someone at the Corinthian Sailing Club if they could tell me where I could find Bruce (one of the three-lawyers, et al.), some nice man led

me across this great expanse of boat docks he called navets or something. He led me to Bruce Moore's (FS 1453) davet, instead of the Bruce I was looking for, and when I finally found the three et al., I was told it's best to only have three bodies on the boat during the race. They said I could be "a third" on someone else's boat and I was again escorted to Bruce Moore's boat.

A bag of potatoes. That's what kept going through my head when the boom wasn't. A bag of potatoes could this job if it had legs — and it would probably do it with several hundred less bruises. I reflected that not once on that Houston sailing trip did anything whip across the boat trying to decapitate me while something else tried to rip off my shins several layers of skin at a time. My first day on White Rock Lake in a sailboat, I made a decision. I hated it. I was never, ever going to do that again. That first day of racing was dirty, painful, exhausting, dirty, hot, wet, dirty and did I mention painful? As if that weren't enough, after all that, those awful, horrible, mean, sadistic people actually expected me to be nice and help put all those gidgets and gadgets and pieces of cloth and rope into their nasty little bags and covers. Why, you might ask at this point, and with good reason, am I still around CSC?

At great embarrassment, I admit my greatest character flaw: I'm fair. The day was nothing like what I expected, so I hadn't really given it a fair chance, I reasoned with myself as I limped from the shower, wondering at all those muscles I didn't know I had that hurt so bad, bandaging the wounds I could and icepacking the rest. Let's face it, I acknowledged that at age thirty-something, always having played sports, I'd gotten used to enjoying a level of success at them. Here was a sport I knew absolutely nothing about. Frankly, I've never gone into anything so totally ignorant on all levels as with this sailing stuff. And, as much as I hate to admit it, the fact that I, who make a living with words, couldn't speak the language really bothered me. With the promise that I only had to try it one more time and if I

still didn't like it I never had to do it again, I went back.

I was the third on Bruce Moore's boat again and they let me touch something on the boat that time, I don't remember what. All conversations on the boat were gibberish, followed by my request for them to speak in English, followed by that exasperated, over-patient tone saying things like turn the knob on that round-looking gadget to the left, or pull that blue and white rope toward you, or lean out over the side of the boat as far as you can, but please try not to fall out.

I'm not sure what happened, but it was fun that day. Bonnie Foerster was Bruce's crew that day and I remember being in awe as I watched her do all those crew-things she did. I was incredibly fascinated that at the crack of some word that sounded like "tact," a human being could so quickly come in out of the side of a boat, jump down off the seat, climb over something that large, while ducking under something going that fast, while pulling really hard on one rope and pushing another rope out of a claw-thing, while turning some thing-a-ma-jig because it didn't sound right, while unknotting three other string things — and all that all at the same time.

I was hooked. Now I'm one of those fanatic, weird, talk-in-a-funny-language, sailboat-racing types too. The third time I ever sat at the front of the boat and moved those rope things connected to the front sail things was at the Wurstfest Regatta a year ago October. Since first stepping onto a Flying Scot, I've accidentally proven although some things have been done certain ways for centuries, they can also be done with creative twists as well. At Midwinters I proved, contrary to popular belief, that one can waterski behind a sailboat. I don't get near as many bruises as I used to and most of the time I can follow along when one of you speaks that strange language.

Of all the sports I've played through the years, including soccer and breaking a finger in football, racing sailboats is the toughest. I keep coming back because it's also the most fun and the best.

SAILING AND SIGHTSEEING IN TURKEY

By Bob Vance, Past Commodore (FS #3800)

For the eighth time in the last 22 years, members of the Flying Scot Sailing Association experienced a new exotic location for bareboat sailing and sight-seeing: Turkey. Previous trips included sailing inside the Great Barrier Reef of Australia, the Greek Islands, Prince William Sound in Alaska, Bay Islands off Honduras, British Virgin Islands and the Grenadines.

On June 12, 1991, sixty-eight Flying Scot sailors set forth to sail the Turquoise Coast where the Aegean meets the Mediterranean off the southwestern coast of Turkey. Most of us think of Istanbul and mosques when we think of Turkey, but some of the world's best sailing is also there. Until now, the Turquoise Coast has been kept a secret from Americans. However, Germans and Scandinavians have been sailing there for years. We left JFK Airport at 5:55 p.m., flying on KLM to Amsterdam and switching to a KLM Charter direct to the airport near Marmaris, arriving there when it was only 6:00 a.m. in New York City. Although we got on the boats right away, we stayed in Marmaris enjoying that beautiful resort city for the next day and a half. The Beneteaus from Yuksel Chartering were really deluxe. We had seven 43 footers and six 39 footers. Everyone on the cruise slept in a private stateroom — a first for FSSA Cruisers.

On Saturday, we set sail for Bozukkale (Ancient Loryma) where a vast Greek abandoned citadel stands guard over a lonely bay. The wind built to around 25 knots giving everyone a workout for the first day. Next day we sailed to Datca which is a sleepy little village in the midst of becoming a tourist resort. We next went to Knidos; in 100 B.C. a city of 70,000 from where the Greeks controlled both the Aegean and the Eastern portion of the Mediterranean. It features extensive ruins on a wind-swept promontory. The Statue of Aphrodite which was one of the eight original Wonders of the World stood here in ancient history.

From there we had an exciting sail past the Greek Island of Kos to Bodrum, where we anchored near a 15th Century Crusader Castle. We spent the next day in this fine harbor and exploring the city. Inside the Crusader Castle is now an underwater museum featuring artifacts found on ancient wrecks dating back to 1500 B.C.

Don Hott (FS #3029), Past FSSA President and his wife, Charlotte, report, "While in Bodrum, Ted and Barbara Kemp (FS #1313), Don and Barbara Griffin (FS #2259) and the Hotts went to a Turkish restaurant for dinner. Four young couples dressed in native dress treated us to a beautiful exhibit of Turkish Folk Dancing, followed by an exciting exhibition of belly dancing, with the dancer even performing on our table. Later on she proceeded to teach the women belly dancing. After a while, she got us all in a line and we folk-danced all around the restaurant among the tables. It really was a terrific evening."

From Bodrum it was a broad reach of 41 miles back to Datca. We stayed in the Gulf of Hisaronu for a couple of more days. At Keci Buku, Ted and Barbara Kemp followed the suggestion of a Dutch couple to walk through the Ophaniye village. Their comments: "Ophaniye is a small farming village of very friendly people in traditional clothing. The women were all attired in skirts or dresses over pantaloons (harem pants), heads totally covered by scarves. Houses were made of stone, with fields full of sheep, chickens, cows; tomatoes, corn, peppers, trees and grapevines. It was late afternoon and the people seemed to be finishing their farm chores. A farmer returning to his house smiled at us, pushing his hands away from his chest (a gesture we were told meant 'come here'). As we walked toward him, he picked six apricots from a tree and offered them to us. All of our attempts to pay him were refused. Further down the road a little boy offered us a bundle of herbs and smilingly accepted some money. Returning toward the dock, we stopped at a house with a sign that read 'Peaches.' A woman in traditional skirt and pantaloons climbed up into a peach tree to pick perfect ripened peaches, then weighed one kilo of them on an old Two-Pan scale. This completed, she reached up and picked two plums and put them in the bag also. We paid about 60¢ for two pounds of peaches. I had my camera slung over my shoulder but did not want to spoil the spontaneity of these experiences, or chance offending people who displayed warmth, honesty and friendliness—by taking photographs."

Derrick Lonsdale (FS #3907) says, "I shall never forget Serce Limani and the little restaurant called The Shack. Merlat,

the gentle entrepreneur who owned it, served us an excellent dinner, and told us of his two wives, 12 children, six burros, etc. It was expressed by someone as 'like going to dinner with grandma.' This was mixed with the excitement of 'finding' the narrow entrance to the harbor and experiencing the wild winds which descended on us from off the mountain."

We then sailed to Ekincik, where we spent a full day, and were picked up by shallow draft boats that took us on the Dalyan River trip. We visited the ancient city of Caunos which dates back to about 1000 B.C. We saw Lycian tombs directly over our heads carved into a mountain wall that dated from 600 B.C. That evening each boat put on a skit featuring things that had happened during the trip. As Derrick says, "The night of the skits was pure spontaneous theatre, and I'm sure that we were all surprised by the talent that oozed out to meet the challenge."

Julian and Carol Magnus (FS #3363) and Jerry and Julie Hilk (FS #3649) put on a skit telling what a "very uneventful trip" they had. A typical verse was "we filled our water tanks until they overflowed and water was everywhere. There was more water in the bilge than in the tanks. Jim, our Turkish leader, said, 'Taste the water — if it's fresh — no problem.'" Typically uneventful! We left very early the next morning, sailing back to Marmaris reluctantly giving up our boats and getting on buses for the deluxe sightseeing part of the trip.

One of the highlights of our sailing was that each night we dropped anchor in a different harbor and went ashore in the Turkish Tavernas. We were able to get a meal for two featuring lamb or chicken including a Turkish salad and a bottle of decent wine for about \$12.50 to \$15.00 for two people. Fresh bread was outstanding and the mezes (appetizers) were special at every meal. We also had the escort boat "Anteres" accompanying us. Its Turkish/English-speaking crew opened many doors and contributed tremendously to the success of our sailing trip.

From Marmaris, our deluxe air-conditioned buses took us to Pamukkale which means "cotton fortress" in Turkish. The calcium carbonate deposits have built up over thousands of years and have

(Continued on page 21)

Sailing and Sightseeing

(Continued from page 20)

been an attraction to tourists and those seeking "medicinal" baths for all of recorded history. The Greeks and Romans had major cities there and we visited amphitheaters and tombs among the extensive ruins. St. Philip was martyred here and there are ruins of a chapel that was built in his memory. The Necropolis has the most extensive collection of various kinds of tombs in the world.

We then drove to Kusadasi where we spent the night in a very modern hotel to rest up for our visit to Ephesus. Words do not do justice to Ephesus. As Derrick says, "Each of us on our boat felt that we should have been wearing a toga and sandals at Ephesus. The magnificence of the ruins was overwhelming." This is the third time that Pat and I have visited it and it's been different every time. There is a sizeable group of Austrian archaeologists who are continuing ongoing excavations. There's always something new to see. The city which originally had about 250,000 inhabitants was one of the major seaports at the time of Christ. St. Paul lived there for several years and his letter to the Ephesians, which was written while he was a captive in Rome, is one of his major works. Fortunately, our guides

arranged for a special showing of the Terraces; a group of ancient homes in the process of being restored. We also visited the Shrine of the Virgin Mary, where Christ's mother was supposed to have died. This Shrine is on the hillside overlooking Ephesus. We also visited the Ephesus Museum and the remains of the basilica where St. John is buried.

We flew to Istanbul and stayed at the 5-star deluxe Istanbul Hilton. We all had rooms overlooking the Bosphorous with its multitude of boats constantly passing through. We visited Topkapi Palace, home of the Turkish Sultans. Its treasures are beyond belief. There are emeralds the size of your fist, rubies the size of apples. We also visited the ancient cathedral of St. Sophia as well as the Blue Mosque and the Suleymaniye Mosque. Bob and Barbara Cram reported that "the trip to the Chora Church was a real 'sleeper.'" Situated near the city walls in a lovely setting surrounded by old wooden houses, the Chora Church has beautiful mosaic work, built and completed in the 14th century. The mosaics portray Bible stories so that parishioners who could not read could know the Bible. One could have spent many hours studying these beautiful mosaics. From there we went to

the Grand Bazaar which was an unbelievable contrast, jammed with people and thousands of shops."

To top off the trip, the last night Jacques Bulterman of United Sports chartered a boat and we had cocktails and dinner sailing through the Bosphorous and looking at the entrance to the Black Sea and the lights of Istanbul.

All good things must come to an end and, on Sunday, we flew back to New York savoring our memories but looking forward to our next adventure. In two years (1993), it looks like we'll be sailing in Malaysia with side trips to Bangkok and Bali.

The success of this trip was due to the professional management of Jacques Bulterman of United Sports Association. In conjunction with the charterer, Yuksel, the trip was planned and carried out to perfection.

Because of this year's exceptional response to Turkey, Jacques Bulterman is planning another cruise in October 1992, eastward from Marmaris to exciting ports we didn't get to. Any of you who are interested in the 1992 trip to Turkey, contact Bob Vance, 134 Indian Head Road, Riverside CT 06878.

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New Items: HARKEN HEXARATHCET® riser, form-fitting molded black plastic platform. No maintenance alternative to wood block to wedge ratchet up to horizontal. Leeward cleating is easy in the heaviest of winds! Now no excuse for cumbersome across-the-cockpit sheeting. \$33 package has (2) risers, fasteners, HARKEN #150 cleat wedges, and instructions.

Boat Hoist: Aluminum "A" shaped hoist, lifts four feet, unrestricted width, 1300 pound capacity; adjustable bunk systems for SCOTS and most other monohulls (we have a catamaran model too), tie-down system, anchor system, shipped partially assembled by common carrier or completely assembled on your SCOT trailer. Call or write for more details.

We ship daily by UPS. We repair hulls, centerboards, sails, and straighten masts.

Fleet 24/ Candlewood Yacht Club Invitational

By Jack Orr

Fleet 24's second invitational regatta was held June 15 and 16. The first, in 1989, was a test of skill and endurance

in high winds. This time the test was in light, spotty, shifting zephers. Different conditions, but they produced the same winner! Jim Cavanagh of Sharon, MA, with crew Danny Waltuck.

Eighteen visiting boats from NY, MA, RI, MD and CT joined 10 locals in the racing. For many, this was a warm-up for the Greater New York Districts to be held June 21, 22, 23.

Harry and Karen Carpenter gave an "on the boat, in the water, no secrets withheld" seminar Friday evening. Their presentation was clear, complete and enjoyable.

The Candlewood sailors appreciate

the time and comraderie with all their guests. Next time, of course, we'll have more wind. We thank District Governor Dave Jacobson and Fleet Captain Forest Rogers for all his work.

Results

1. Jim Cavanagh, Danny Waltuck
2. Harry Carpenter, Karen Carpenter
3. Joe Gulick, Joe Gulick, Jr.
4. Fred Breekland, Judy Breekland
5. Forest Rogers, Melanie Dunham

Jack Orr
Fleet 24
Candlewood Lake
New Fairfield, CT



Acrylic covers last "Twice as Long"?... Twice as long as what?

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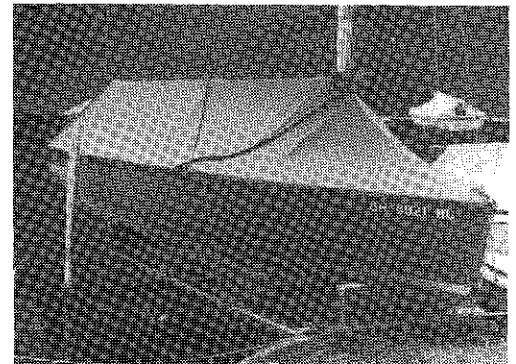
Here are the simple facts:

A white acrylic cover lasts an average of 3-4 years, colored acrylic about 5 years. Our least expensive Poly Army Duck cover lasts an average of 7 to 10 years. Now that's long! We know, because we've been manufacturing quality one design boat covers for over 20 years. And we make both Acrylic and Poly Army Duck covers.

Acrylic covers are OK for light duty. They're light weight and colorful but they won't hold up to outdoor winter storage or trailering. And the dark colors hold heat which can cause serious damage to your boat!

Poly Army Duck covers are great for heavy duty service, winter storage, trailering and mooring. This heavier, long lasting fabric is available in your choice of three light colors.

Other manufacturers have imitated our cover designs but none has matched our outstanding quality. Our fabrics are finished to our specifications and we put more reinforcements at stress points than anyone!



So, when you're ready for a new boat cover, choose the quality standard of the industry... a cover by **The Sailors' Tailor**.

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 **The Sailors' Tailor**

191-FS Bellecrest, Bellbrook, OH 45305

Flying Scot New Members

Fleet#	District	Boat#	Name	Address	City	State	Zip
	Capitol		Walt Bowen	12123 Apache Tears Circle	Laurel	MD	20708
	Capitol		Bill Carruth	28 Bryans Mill Way	Baltimore	MD	21228
	Capitol	3361	Donald Denberg	1254 Clearview Circle	Allentown	PA	18103
160	Capitol	4741	Richard O. Driskell	Rt. 6, Box 78	Wellsboro	PA	16901
	Capitol	1150	James Graboski	HCR 72-Box 309-LOW	Locust Grove	VA	22508
	Capitol	2905	Debra Stevenson McConahy	34 Terrace Road	Carnegie	PA	15106
139	Capitol	4727	Frank O. Siebener	2 Hellam Drive	Mechanicsburg	PA	17055
86	Capitol	0135	J. C. Tice, II	160 Stanmore Road	Baltimore	MD	21212
86	Capitol	3631	Roger S. Waterman	121 Lake View Drive	Annapolis	MD	21403
	Carolina	4438	Windsor M. Jacques	202 Cloverbrook Drive	Jamestown	NC	27282
27	Carolina	4668	Waldo C. M. Johnston, Jr.	14 Surrey Lane	Durham	NC	27707
	GNV	1420	Edward W. Antos, Jr., D.D.S.	45 Route 25A	East Setauket	NY	11733
	GNV	4199	Peter Beam	22 Nimitz place	Old Greenwich	CT	06870
10	GNV	0143	James Borruso	30 union Avenue	Center Moriche	NY	11934
	GNV	0416	Shirley D'Auria	98 Valley Road, #15	Cos Cobb	CT	06807
142	GNV		Hélene Heissenbuttel	47 E. Farm lane	Ridgefield	CT	06877
24	GNV	1480	Gerry Kamm	2 Carmen Hill Road	Brookfield	CT	06804
10	GNV	0873	Nicholas Kourtidis	Walls of Jericho, Rt. 106	Bulltown	NY	11753
24	GNV	7904	Robert K. Lee	2 Segra Drive	New Milford	CT	06776
	GNV	0473	Mel Lewis	35 Verplanck Avenue	Stamford	CT	06902
	GNV		Ruth Ann Mitchell	11 Birchwood Road	North Caldwell	NJ	07006
	GNV	9501	Theresa Mohan-Moskowitz	30 Fifth Avenue, Apt. 7B	New York	NY	10011
	GNV	4767	David W. Niemiec	139 East 79th Street	New York	NY	10021
111	GNV	4739	Walter P. O'Conner	38 West Main Street	Monawk	NY	13407
142	GNV		Lynda Pattee	15 Pine Mountain Rd.	West Redding	CT	06896
	GNV	9617	Marsan W. Patton	24 Terrace Avenue	Riverside	CT	06878
111	GNV	4789	Philp M. Sacco	1723 Sherman Drive	Utica	NY	13501
24	GNV	1771	Vincent Sbarra	6 West View Drive	Katonah	NY	10536
	GNV	1110	Michael R. Smith	69 Indian Head Road	Riverside	CT	06878
	GNV	2295	Romano R. Vanderbes	231 Palmer Hill Road	Old Greenwich	CT	06870
133	Gulf	3017	Lee bodenhamer	P.O. Box 7588	Little Rock	AR	72217
	Gulf	3458	James W. Brown	2660 Spalding Drive	Atlanta	GA	30350
	Gulf	3765	Charles Dillinger	202 Pembroke Place	Thomasville	GA	31792
118	Gulf	2490	Michael J. Neilson	723 Linwood Road	Birmingham	AL	35222
	Ontario	1136	Alan D. Healy	1231 U.S. 31 North #13	Petoskey	MI	49770
	Ontario	0936	W.J. Morrison	178 Holbrook lane	Saginaw	MI	48603
15	Ontario	4155	Michael L. Storbeck	4602 Cedarcrest	Kalamazoo	MI	49009
164	Ontario		Katherine & Paul Weber	620 Main Street	New Dundee	ON	NOB 2E0
	Ontario	4359	Berry E. Zeeman	8386 Elk Run Drive	Clarkson	MI	48348
135	Midwest	3617	David A. & Judy M. Boyer	204 W. Michigan	Urbana	IL	61801
	Midwest	0398	Louis A. Cosentine	1445 St. John's	Highland Park	IL	60035
	Midwest	3081	Dave Grace	581 3rd Street South	Wisconsin Rapids	WI	54494
	Midwest	3283	Bricker Lavik	4853 Emerson Avenue South	Minneapolis	MN	55409
	Midwest	4800	Michael Perakis	265 Cheyenne Court	Westerville	OH	43081
	Midwest		Gale W. Saint	920 Broadway	Normal	IL	61761
68	Midwest	4361	John Schacherl	9018 Colby Road	Mount Horeb	WI	53572
	Midwest	3446	Chris Shining	109 Central Avenue South #1	Wayzata	MN	55391
	Midwest	4749	David Stittsworth	930 Branch Road	Holts Summit	MO	65043
83	Midwest	4300	Michael V. Sullivan	429 Coachway	Hazelwood	MO	63042
	NE	4526	P. W. Coates	Box 306	Glendale	MA	01229
7	NE	2828	Edward G. Davis	31 Park Avenue 0	Old Greenwich	CT	06870
	NE	4129	Stephen b. Loring	16 Military Road	Worcester	MA	01609
57	NE		Jeff C. H. Morgan	3 Wayside Lane	Acton	MA	01720
124	NE	3323	Gary C. Powell	P. O. Box 2061	Duxbury	MA	02331
76	NE		Scott Rubinstein	26 West Street	Sharon	MA	02067
	NE	3709	Michael Ryan	43 Hillside Avenue	Quincy	MA	02170
	NE	0140	George A. Schiller, Jr.	6 Morning Dove Road	Kingston	NH	03848
	NE	4756	Raymond Shamie	8 Tetreault Drive	Walpole	MA	02081
	NE	1425	Brian E. Sullivan	138 Tilden Road	Scituate	MA	02066
105	NE	2802	Richard W. Swanborb, Jr.	48 Nichols Road	Cohasset	MA	02025
	NE	1425	Daniel E. Walsh	254 Beechwood Street	Cohasset	MA	02025
	NYL	4712	Henry W. Fischer, Jr.	718 Colonial Avenue	Union	NJ	07083
	NYL		Andrew Gray	1106 Harris Drive	Watertown	NY	13601
	NYL	4688	Francis J. Harvey, Jr.	87 South Howells Point Road	bellport	NY	11713
161	NYL	4406	Stephen P. Iannacone	31 Crestwood Lane	Dsimar	NY	12054
161	NYL	2263	Charles J. Koines	19 Mann Road	Bailstop Spa	NY	12020
	NYL	3799	John Liffin	1 Iroquois Avenue	landing	NJ	07850
	NYL	3710	Kevin McMahon	24 Greenleaf Street	Rye	NY	10580
161	NYL	2732	Joel Schumanen	6 Hill Street	Saugerties	NY	12477
4	Ohio	4774	Michael Allen	714 Rogers Street	Bucyrus	OH	44820
19	Ohio	4605	J. Parke Boyer	2297 Olde Farm Lane	Hudson	OH	44236
4	Ohio	2347	Brian Engelbach	430 Sherwood Drive	Mansfield	OH	44904
165	Ohio	4175	Kenneth G. Malberti	3410 Birkenhead Circle	Lexington	KU	40503
1	Ohio	3534	Michael Shayeson	7235 Camargo Woods Drive	Cincinnati	OH	45243
	Pacific	3497	Dennis Krumm	4031 77th place NW.	Marysville	WA	98270
	Texas	0617	Meivin Barnore	4726 Almapo	Wichita Falls	TX	76302
	Texas	0274	Robert W. Bradley	4410 Montego Drive	Wichita Falls	TX	76308
170	Texas	2613	Warren Dixon	3501 University	Wichita Falls	TX	76308
32	Texas	2387	James Grotta	4508 Paimetto	Bellaire	TX	77401
23	Texas	1198	Robert Johnston	7429 Tangleleg Drive	Dallas	TX	75248
32	Texas	1220	Kenneth C. Machen	166 Highland Terrace	League City	TX	77573
	Texas	0274	John Millor	2507 San Simernon	Wichita Falls	TX	76308
23	Texas	4500	Chip Norris	2112 Liverpool Drive	Plano	TX	75025
23	Texas	2488	Chris Torley	9603 Redondo Circle	Dallas	TX	75218
	Florida	4715	David Davis	12101 Pine Needle Lane	Miami	FL	33156
	Florida	9616	Hoyt P. Maulden	136 Fiddlesticks Circle	Daytona Beach	FL	32104
	Texas	1758	David Mays	2085 Bonita Avenue	Melbourne Beach	FL	32951

Caveat Emptor

Submissions for "Caveat Emptor" must be 50 words or less. A \$15.00 fee is charged per insertion. Advertisements are due **two months** prior to publication date. Contact FSSA, 3008 Millwood Ave., Columbia, S.C. 29205 (803) 252-5646. 1-800-445-8629. Only members of The Flying Scot Sailing Association may advertise in Caveat.

FS-32 - Douglass, blue with gray deck. In good condition. Includes white main + jib, sails and blue + white spinnaker. Standard rigging, anchor and motor bracket. \$1600 with trailer. Phone (313) 693-6894. Emmet Moynihan 1325 Kern Road, Lake Orion, Michigan 48363.

FS-952 - Douglass, mint green color + condition. Hull amazing, never hit. 1 year old, boom & standing rigging. 5 year old mast. Modernized all go fasts, Waco 360, Harkens, 6 to 1 outhaul, pole downhaul, shimmed board. 2 suits main + jib, 1 spin. Fast-VG race record, fleet champion ++, Solid. Sterling trailer, spare tongue jack. Jim Worth, Spring Lake, New Jersey (908) 974-0945.

FS-1818 - Douglass, beige hull + deck, 2 sets of sails, Fisher & Schreck, 1 spinnaker. Sterling trailer. Other extras. \$3750. Call Bob Fetters at (215) 347-6866. 909 Mitchell Farm Lane, Kennett Square, PA 19348.

FS-1443, 1895, and 1441 - Good condition, race or day sailing. Fully rigged with one complete set of sails per boat. \$800ea. Richard Breslin/Biloxi Yacht Club (601) 435-5455.

FS-2773 - Customflex all white hull and deck with red & blue striping (bi-centennial model). Red, white & blue spinnaker with original main + jib, all Harken equipped, 3

horse British Seagull motor with quick mount & release motor bracket, Danforth anchor & line, misc. accessories, including Parcco trailer and 2 Mooring covers. Good, solid boat in top condition for racing and/or cruising. \$3800. Loren England, 505 Central Dr., Lake Orion, MI 48362. Office- (313) 693-0003, Home- (313) 693-9213.

FS-3099 - Douglass, white/blue, red bottom paint. Mostly cruised inland, Sterling trailer with spare wheel, tire, and Schreck sails excellent; good reaching spinnaker. New items: halyard winch, nonskid, Jiffy reefing fittings, floating battens, storage boxes, mast stepping hinge, gooseneck. Outboard motor bracket. Well maintained. \$4100. Chuck Bencik (619) 565-2715.

FS-3477 - Yellow hull, cream deck, Schreck sails: main, 2 jibs, plus storm jib, standard and light-weight spinnakers. Equipment; lifting bridle, rigged cover & trailering cover, twin tactical compasses. 1989 Tee-Neer trailer, heavy duty tires & mag wheels. Perfect condition, re-conditioned and tuned in 1989 at factory...sailed sparingly. \$4500. Call Wendie Mayfield or Jeff Sooeey at (904) 285-7532 eves. or leave message.

FS-4312 - 1987. Douglass. Silver hull, off-white deck, blue boot top and cove stripe. Sailed lightly for 4 yrs.(Never raced) Tee-Neer galvanized trailer, mahogany centerboard cap, Schurr sails, new Tri-radial spinnaker(never used), mast pin, internal outhaul, Waco 360, lifting bridle, outboard motor bracket, blue cockpit cover. All issues of Scots 'N Water plus lots of extras. \$6995 neg. Call Bill Pelot at (314) 275-4474. Boat can be seen at CSA, space H-17.

FS-4439 - Douglass, white on white, 2 mains, 2 jibs, spinnaker. Harken race equipped including Waco 360. Galv. trailer with spare tire. Cover, sails and boat in excellent cond. Dry sailed in fresh water. Boat wgt. 8 lbs. over min. \$7500. Call Jon Lancto (704) 896-8677, days - (704) 892-7955, evenings.

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Locust Grove, VA 22508
(703) 972-7134

CAROLINAS DISTRICT

Fields C. Gunsett
1200 Monticello St.
Greensboro, NC 27410
(919) 467-3512

FLORIDA DISTRICT

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(407) 725-3008

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Woodbury, CT 06798
(203) 263-0769

GULF DISTRICT

Terry Dees-Kolenich
4 Navy Lane
Spanish Fort, AL 36527
(205) 626-7175

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MIDWESTERN DISTRICT

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5415 Glenwood Ave.
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20 Bullard Street
Sharon, MA 02067
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NY LAKES DISTRICT

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(304) 529-4759

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