

Scots 'n Water

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE FLYING SCOT® SAILING ASSOCIATION

VOLUME XL NUMBER 5 SEPT/OCT 96



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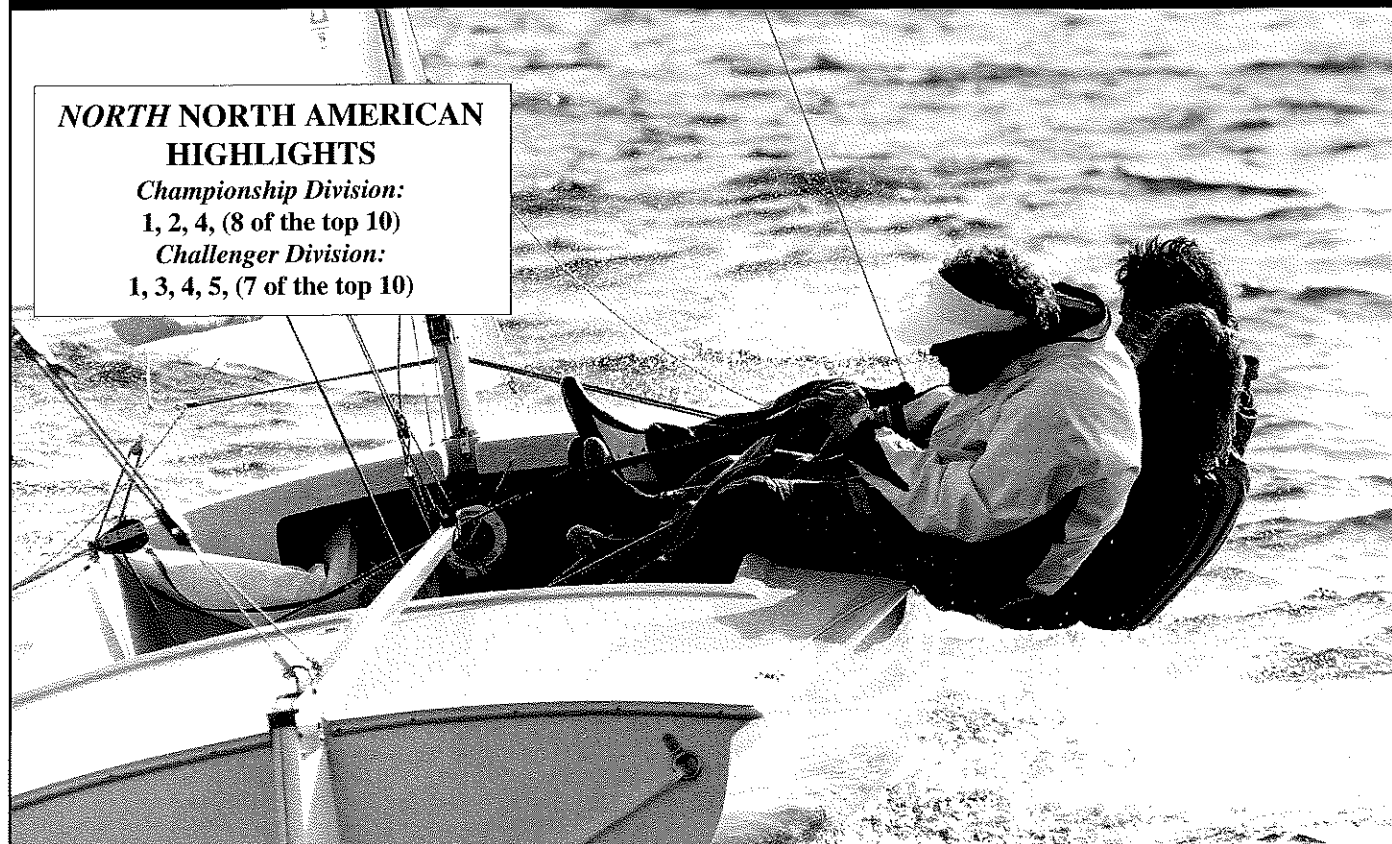
NORTH NORTH AMERICAN HIGHLIGHTS

Championship Division:

1, 2, 4, (8 of the top 10)

Challenger Division:

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



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Scots n' Water

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On the Cover: Racing with the dolphins in St. Andrews Bay

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Scots n' Water

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1996 Wife/Husband

NORTH AMERICAN'S PRIVATEER YACHT CLUB
HIXSON, TN MAY 25-26, 1996

by Bill Ewing, FS4246

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

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

After all, while our second place finish in race one was heartbreaking, we still felt lucky to finish that well in what turned out to be very up and down race for many good sailing teams. What really hurt was that we had a great start, near the middle of the line, got out with great speed noticing that Jerry and Sunshine Hartman were also

poked out in front of the fleet. We were first to get a nice header and crossed well ahead of the fleet and feelin' great.

Not knowing many of the teams, Eileen and I were particularly interested in keeping our eyes on several competitors:

- Kelly/Heidi Gough, who won last year's North Americans and the '94 Wife/Husband Championship;
- Harry/Karen Carpenter, the only three time-winners of the Wife/Husband Championship and recent winner of U.S. Sailing's prestigious sportsmanship award (Congratulations Harry!);
- Mike/Kate Link, who finished close behind us at last year's N.A.s;
- Kris/Diane Smith, who frequently sail against us (sometimes with us), knowing they are a threat to win any regatta; and
- newcomers Dan/Jen Vought (who know all my secrets, since Dan frequently sails with me in Audaciter).



Championship Winners 1996 Wife/Husband Regatta

Three quarters of the way up the first beat of an Olympic course, we looked to be ahead by twenty to thirty lengths. But as we continued going to the right side of the course, fresh wind backed to the left, dropping us to a disappointing seventh place rounding of the first mark. Jim and Betty Harris played the leg perfectly, going hard left

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

The first reach was an adventure. Kelly and Heidi managed to move up to third before coming to a stop and we were able to drift up abreast and to leeward of them, asking "are you guys going backwards?" Then we saw the inevitable nightmare; a fresh breeze bringing the remaining fleet down on top of us...@#%*!. Somehow we managed to round the jibe mark seventh and slowly drift through.

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

coming numerous bad breaks to finish fifth.

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

Continued from page 4

every mark first in race one, only to finish 17th.

About an hour after finishing Race 1, the race committee wisely cancelled racing until the next day. Everyone then continued to enjoy some of the best southern hospitality and the tastiest steak and fix'ns I have had the pleasure to sample. All the folks at Privateer YC put on one great event! It is not easy to meet the lofty standards that Eileen and I have experienced at our previous W/H regattas, but this was one of our most enjoyable.

Making the toughest decision of the regatta at 11:35 am Sunday morning, Jim Brown made the announcement "I know everyone won't be happy with this decision, but you came here to sail and we're going to try to start a race since the breeze seems to be coming in."...Panic!

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

By now the breeze had built to 8-10 mph, demonstrating what a wise decision the race committee had made. The start line was about 1/2 to 3/4 mile away and we had plenty to do so we raised sails and tied the tiller. Eileen was working on the bow, and while I was rigging and packing our spinnaker, Audaciter was sailing perfectly toward the start line. We arrived in time to check in, determine that the windward end of the line was slightly favored and

got one short compass bearing on starboard tack.

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



Challenger Division Wife/Husband 1996

were not unhappy to see them behind, rather than ahead of us.

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

Once under way, we seemed to be able to gain slightly on the downwind leg and hold on to a 10 to 15 boat-length lead upwind. On the second downwind leg of the windward/leeward course, we relinquished some of our lead by dropping the chute a little early. Harry and Karen sailing their usual great 'comeback' were now in

third, but too far out to challenge for the lead.

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

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

Matt and Holly Gregory also won the award for the highest placing couple participating in their first W/H Championship. Eileen and I took home the Erik and Mary Ammann, Century Division trophy (I believe that's for the person who drives the oldest Buick).

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

Many thanks to the good folk at Privateer for a really fun time at one really great facility!

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

Finally, thanks to my crew and partner, Eileen. ▲

1996 Flying Scot Wife/Husband National Championship Regatta Championship Division

Pl.	Team	Boat No.	Race 1	Race 2	Total	Hometown
1	Ewing, Eileen & Bill	4246*	2	0.75	2.75	Fair Haven, NJ
2	Carpenter, Karen & Harry	5019	0.75	3	3.75	Oakland, MD
3	Gregory, Holly & Matt	3689	3	2	5	Hixson, TN
4	Fowler, Patricia & Rob	2095	6	5	11	Hixson, TN
5	Glazier, Debbie & Patrick	2253	4	7	11	Cincinnati, OH
6	Mauney, Natalie & Scott	3265	7	8	15	Dallas, TX
7	Gibson, Debbie & Frank	4722*	12	4	16	Arlington, VA
8	Cooke, Sherri & Darren	GYA113	9	9	18	Ft. Walton, FL
9	Lee, Denise & Paul	3	15	6	21	Farmington, MI
10	Craig, Yvonne & Ed	3688	13	10	23	Hixson, TN
11	Vitez, Carla & Larry	839	11	12	23	Charlotte, NC
12	Vought, Jenifer & Daniel	4925	14	11	25	Rumson, NJ
13	Harris, Betty Struckhof & Jim	4296*	17	13	30	St. Louis, MO
14	Shoemaker, Alice & Mark	4449	18	14	32	Cincinnati, OH
15	Gough, Heidi & Kelly	4545	5	28	33	Coppell, TX
16	Ellers, Judy & John	4799*	21	15	36	Cincinnati, OH
17	Irwin, Will & Kent	4019	8	28	36	Birmingham, AL
18	Smith, Diane & Kris	4901	10	28	38	Bedminster, NJ
19	Fowler, Nancy & Charlie	2068*	25	16	41	Miami, FL
20	Linck, Kate & Michael	4497	16	28	44	Canfield, OH
21	Hartman, Sunshine & GW	3605*	19	28	47	Champaign, IL
22	Evans, Wendy & George	3519	20	28	48	Haw River, NC
23	Newell, Susan Hauser & Richard	5050*	22	28	50	Kensington, MD
24	Kolenich, Terry Dees & Dan	4211	23	28	51	Spanish Fort, AL
25	Knight, Barbara & Bernie	4115*	24	28	52	Hudson, OH
26	Domagala, Suzie & John	3577	26	28	54	Bloomington, IN

*Century

1996 Flying Scot Wife/Husband National Championship Regatta Challenger Division

Pl.	Team	Boat No.	Race 1	Race 2	Total	Hometown
1	Kendall, Lisa & Whit	1790	.75	.75	1.5	Smyrna, GA
2	Sulek, Julia & Chris	3935	3	2	5	Dallas, TX
3	Denholm, Evelyn & Ian	3900*	5	4	9	Hudson, OH
4	Noone, Brenda & Michael	3678*	9	3	12	Wayne, PA
5	Robertso, Kathy & Bill	5075	8	5	13	Chattanooga, TN
6	Rowell, Cylle & Roth	69	10	6	16	Panama City, FL
7	Peters, Chris & Ray	2127	7	9	16	Knoxville, TN
8	Brew, Kim & Richard	5082	2	14	16	Jacksonville, FL
9	Porter, Jean & Alan	3889	11	8	19	Georgetown, KY
10	Hamilton, Donna & MoJohn	4202	16	7	23	Gainesville, FL
11	Felps, Janet & Barry	3477	15	11	26	Jacksonville, FL
12	Stanford, Nan & Rich	2709	14	12	26	Murfreesboro, TN
13	Van Angl, Marielle & Ber	4390	13	13	26	Gilbertsville, PA
14	McLeod, Trina & Ian	4012	18	10	28	Signal Mtn, TN
15	Hudson, Anita & Cal	4660	4	24	28	Palm Bay, FL
16	French, Marty & Charlie	2679	12	17	29	Montgomery, AL
17	Alday, Teresa & Charles	4852	6	24	30	Chelsea, MI
18	Bolin, Laura & Brian	5025	17	16	33	Alpharetta, GA
19	Vandall, Sheila & Frank	3763*	21	15	36	Decatur, GA
20	Berry, Martha & Bill	3687*	19	18	37	Chattanooga, TN
21	Groff, Cathy & Stan	3586	20	24	44	Hixson, TN
22	Burke, Linda & John	4857*	23	24	47	Simpsonville, SC

*Century

Letters To The Editor

DEAR SUNSHINE:

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

My personal experience with Harry that underlines this well-deserved award occurred during the Harvest Moon Regatta at Atwood Lake several years ago. It was a light and flukey day, which is typical of Atwood and I was lucky enough to be in the right place at the right time, to

find myself heading toward the windward mark in first place with Harry several boat lengths behind and nobody else in sight. I was so excited with this great stroke of luck that I was about to round the windward mark on the wrong side. Like the good sport that he is, Harry hailed me from astern to point out this error in time for me to round correctly. Needless to say, he won anyway. In any event, I admire Harry because of his sailing ability and even more as a good sport.

Sincerely,
O. David Solomon, M.D., FACS
(Formerly, Fleet 65)

DEAR SUNSHINE,

Apparently some Regatta Chairman are not getting the message, based on recent experience. YOU NEED TO AWARD CREW TROPHIES AS WELL AS SKIPPER TROPHIES. Thank you.

Dan Goldberg
FS 4761

P.S.

There was some confusion about the dates for our Sail for the Grail Regatta at Lake Arthur, PA. The correct dates are September 21-22, 1996. ▲

Saratoga Lake Sailing Club NERD Results hosted by Fleet 161

Nerd
Saratoga Lake
Challenger Division
Aug. 26-27, 1995

1. Young, Steve.....3860
2. Flanigan, Mike.....4531
3. Robison, Adriane.....2415
4. Waterfield, Paul.....1878
5. Cattanach, Bruce.....3817

Nerd
Saratoga Lake
Championship Division
Aug. 26-27, 1995

1. Bellows, Steve.....5007
2. Patin, Paul-Jon.....4969
3. Cavanagh, Jim.....4945
4. Cohen, Ira.....4343
5. Smith, Kris.....4901



Championship Division, August 1995, Saratoga Lake



Challenger Division, August 1995, Saratoga Lake

DEADLINES

District Governors,
Fleet Captains,
Boat Owners, Friends...

Don't forget! Deadline is when I have to send your copy to the printer- so mail early!!

Deadline Issue

District Responsible

October 15, 1996
January/February '97
MIDWEST

December 15, 1996
March/April '97
NEW ENGLAND

February 15, 1997
May/June '97

MICHIGAN/ONTARIO & GREATER NY

April 15, 1997
July/August '97
GULF

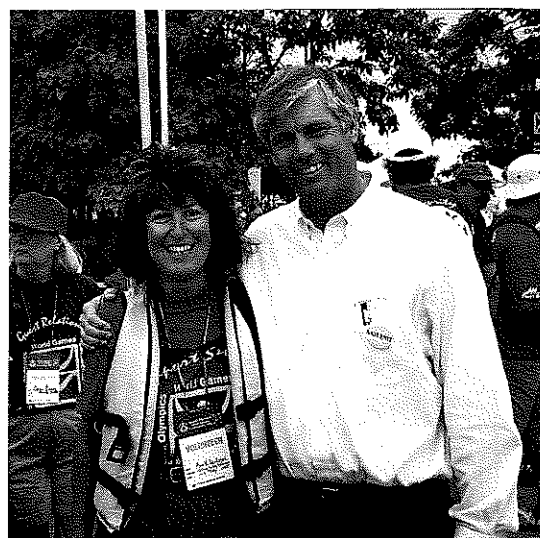
June 15, 1997
September/October '97
TEXAS

Our Crazy Regatta Season, We Are On the Way!

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

Now where do I begin to talk about how we Seidmans go about planning, thinking, and participating in all the regattas we go to. It all begins with organization. Did I say organization? We all need to be organized some day and we say that every season. Why should this season be any different? We come up with a plan of attack. The seasonal list that is compiled during the winter months. The crazy phone calls between the District Governors. The mad coordination with many revisions to produce a compendium of important information with names of contact, telephone numbers and finally dates and places of regattas.

Besides sailing when we could at our home lake in Saratoga, our first away regatta was in early May in Red Bank, New Jersey, at what we call Bill's Club or the Full Moon Regatta. I guess the name took off from their first event which was on a full moon.



Ann Seidman and Gary Jobsen

I generally start packing the night before, remember organization is the key. Now let me see, if there are five races in one day we both need one shirt. But which shirt shall it be? Do we want people to start thinking of our Invitational early in the season? I make the choice and go with the Saratoga shirts; it is never too early to advertise. We also need sailing pants, gloves, the water bottle, sun screen, hats, foul weather gear, boots, an extra jacket or two or three, ("put, put, put") we are not flying, so throw it all in the car. We might need bug spray, and don't forget the sails. Maybe we should take two sets because nobody really knows the weather. I think we'll take both spinnakers as well. I'm quite sure they are folded and to be sure we will run the tapes when we go out to the race course.

I must pack something to drink. Well, we are the Seidmans and we are expected to bring Peter's home brew, should it be the old ale or the English bitter? I think I should pack some soda as well, along with snacks, munchies, sandwiches and anything else I can put in the van, still leaving us some room to sit.

If I pick my daughter Sara up at school we can leave by 2:25, stop for gas, a bathroom stop, and a snack and be downtown Albany [yes, Albany does have a downtown] by 3:00 if the traffic moves on this Friday afternoon. When we stop at the plaza, I check the boat for the final time. Our flashers and

lights all work and the boat is secured to the trailer and to the car. The tie down is properly attached and the wheels look fine. The spare is attached to the trailer and the car spare is in the trunk. The proper New York state sticker is on the license plate and we are ready to rock and roll. We are looking forward to the pleasant drive [ha, ha, ha] to New Jersey on the scenic thruway, Garden State and any road that takes us there on this pleasant Friday afternoon.

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

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

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

World Special Olympics

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

In the summer of 1994, we were sitting at the annual dinner of the Flying Scot NAC in North Cape Michigan, when Forest Rogers, Dave Jacobsen and John Pridmore presented to all assembled a film about the Special Olympics narrated by Gary Jobson. We were fascinated with the idea of a first time sailing venue where Flying Scots and Hobies would be used with special athletes. Who knew how really involved we would be both physically and emotionally? David's dream about using Scots was becoming a reality. Connecticut was the first state to train a team and New Haven was the site. The experimental regatta was held and the plan was in motion.

When New Haven, Conn. was selected for the World Games, David asked for volunteers and the response

was overwhelming. Not only with people who were going to be safety officers, but with boats, equipment and race committee. There was a true sense of community in spirit and soul, truly filling a void we didn't even know we had. We worked together as one family.

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

Opening ceremonies in the Yale Bowl was breathtaking. Special athletes and celebrities, marched in behind banners, greeting the crowd with enormous smiles while a chorus joyfully sang and the audience held colored signs, choreographed to each exuberant moment.

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

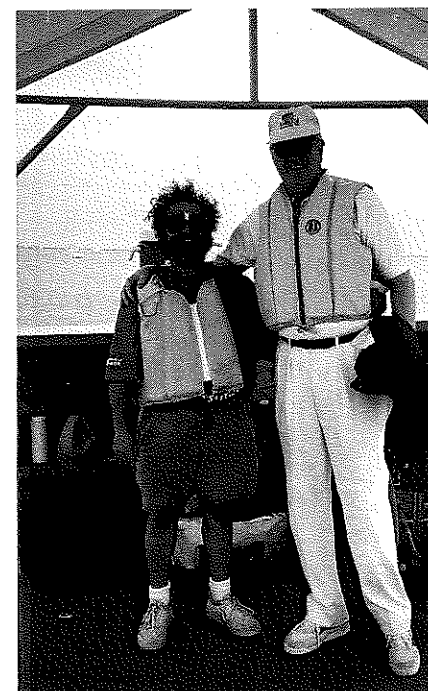
We were given teams at random on a daily rotating basis. On the first day, I got the Russian team, none of whom spoke English. This was a day in which I was not in my own boat because Peter had another team in it. The conditions this first day were rather blustery, with the wind about



Hank Sykes discussing sailing a Scot with Bill Koch and Dave Delenbaugh—Special Olympics

15 knots. When I went to the boat with the team by tender in the harbor, I was also told I needed to lower the sailing burgee of the Special Olympics which had wrapped itself around the mast five feet from the top.

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



Peter Seidman & Bill Koch, Head of America 3 Team

Continued on page 10

Continued from page 9

derig the sails, secure the mast and the boom and assure the team we would ask for redress from the international race committee. With the help of a great rescue crew from the Flying Scots, we got the special athletes on the dock, the coaches into another boat, retrieved the athletes, raised the sails and we were off the races again. There was no international incident! We sailed two races that day and I wondered what tomorrow would bring. It brought the French with team one and the following day French team two. The last day I had the team from New Jersey and the most relaxing time in the sailing venue.

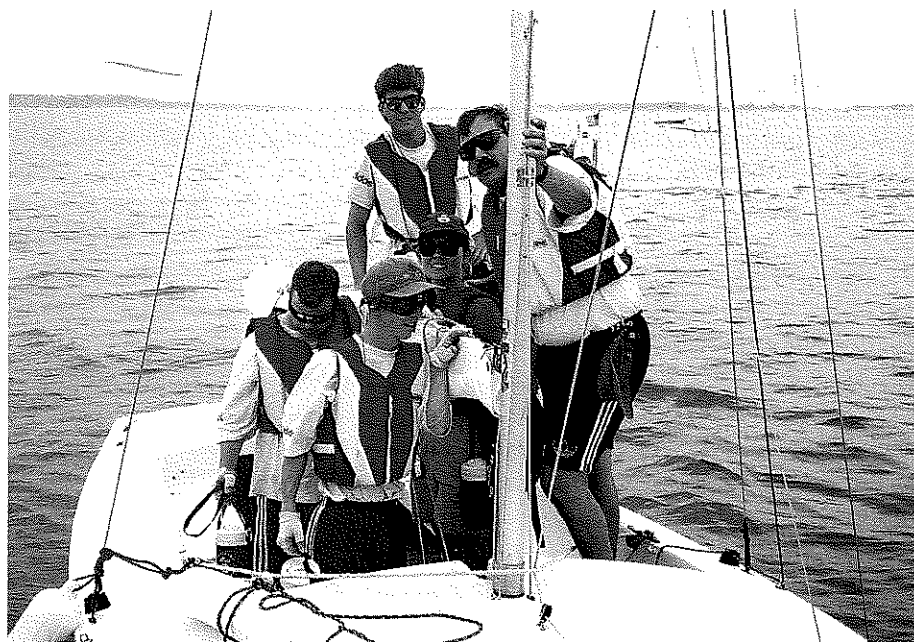
During the week we all met David from Florida. He made the whole week very special. There was always a smile and a very strong will to do the very best he could. It was conta-

gious to be near David because his vitality and exuberance was so real.

During the awards ceremonies, we all cried. Watching the athletes receiving their medals and raising

their arms high in victory made it all come together.

David Jacobsen made it meaningful to all. ▲



Melanie Dunham with Connecticut Special Olympics Team New Haven

Mid-Winters, Anyone?

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

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

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

had crossed the road and left a salty mess behind.

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

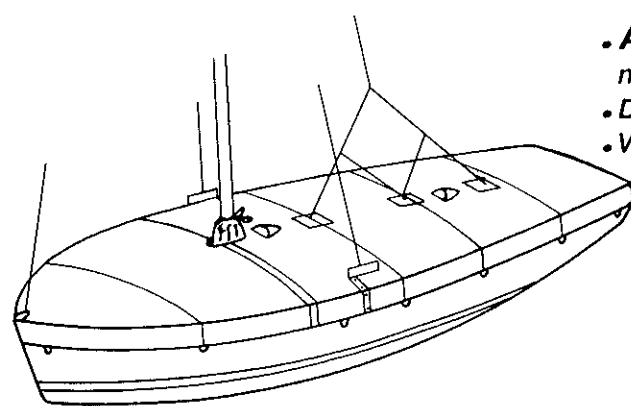
We chose to sail in the second division and the competition is very tough. We had either too much wind or too little wind, that is when there was no thunderstorm. It was like sailing back in New England. The whole week was rather cool and the high point was the dryer at the hotel. For this we came to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

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

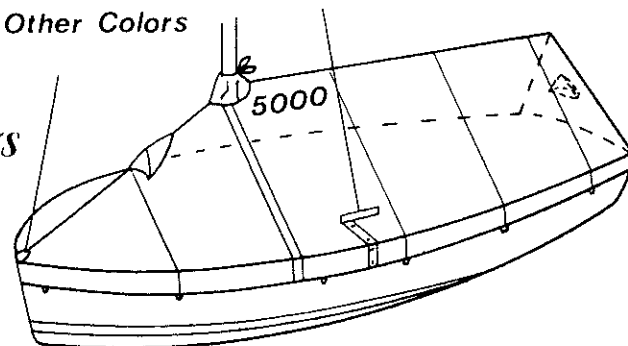
friendship and companionship is what midwinters is all about.

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

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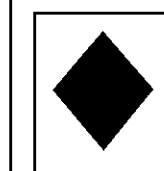


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My Family's Introduction to Flying Scot Sailing

by Clark Cooper FS 4407

I bought Queen Anne's Revenge (#4407) over the phone from Graham Hall in the early spring of 1988. He'd moved out to California late the year before and left her behind in the boat park of the Saratoga Sailing Club.

I learned how to sail at the U.S. Naval Academy. Sailing Instruction was a standard part of Plebe Summer training when I went there. Racing sailboats seemed exciting, but I soon found out that the sailing team had no interest in novice walk-ons.

After USNA, my feet didn't touch the deck of a sailboat until a few months before I was due to get out of the Navy. A friend and I discovered a fleet of sailboats owned by the Navy recreational department at Little Creek, VA., located at the bottom of the Chesapeake Bay. After proving to the dockmaster that we weren't going to sink them, we were allowed to check out boats to sail on the Chesapeake.

At about the same time, I met Ellen, who had just arrived in the area as a freshly commissioned Navy Nurse. Sailing was a favorite weekend activity of ours while we were dating. In particular, there were a couple of weekends, when we checked out a Catalina 27 and sailed up to the Sarah Creek marina on the York River (across the river from Yorktown) and stayed overnight.

During the early years of our marriage, we'd discuss, only half jokingly, selling the house and buying a large sailboat after Ellen was able to get out of the Navy. However, when Ellen had finally served her time, a job change for me took us to Ann Arbor, MI.

We forgot about sailing until the summer of 87, when Bob Dunki-Jacobs,

a friend from work, and a member of the Saratoga Lake Sailing Club, invited a bunch of co-workers to a picnic at the lake. Ellen and I fell in love with the place. In addition, Bob asked me to crew in a regatta on his Hobie 16 later that summer. I was bitten; I had to get a boat.



During the regatta, I met Peter and Ann Seidman, and they showed me their Flying Scot, Espresso, and took me out for a ride. They sold me. Now I had to find a boat.

Ellen and I put in our application to the club that fall, and on the application we said that although we had no boat, we were planning to buy a Flying Scot. I went through the list in Scots 'n Water, and at the time, there were only a few close enough for me to go look at. Also, I was concerned that I might be at a negotiating disadvantage, driving a long distance to look at a boat. It would be awfully difficult to just drive away after killing a Saturday to look at the boat.

So, come spring, I had no boat. Our application to the Sailing Club was

accepted though, and when we went to the new member's social, we ran into the Seidmans again. They told me that there was a boat right at the club, there in the boat park, that was for sale. So after looking it over, and finding out that it was all ready to race, I gave Graham a call and we closed our deal.

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

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

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

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

Fifth Annual Full Moon Regatta

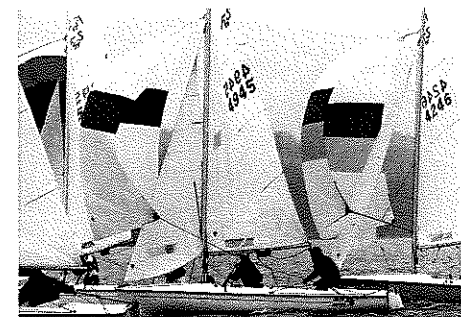
Monmouth Boat Club, Red Bank, NJ

May 16, 1996

by Bill Ewing, FS 4246

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

Although the Full Moon is the first leg of the New Jersey Championship as well as the N.J.Y.R.A Flying Scot Championship, we were delighted to attract four out-of-state boats including Class President Dave Jacobsen, Class technical guru



"Spike, are we lookin' good here... or what? Hey Graham, at least that darn 4246 is behind us!"

Forrest Rogers, Class Scotsman Graham Hall and Fleet 7's enthusiastic Dave Osler. Incidentally, you don't have to be from Jersey to win the N.J. Championship, so we hope to see even more 'foreigners' for the N.J. C. Fall regattas in Barnegat Bay, Tom's River.

M.B.C. not only treated the sailors to a good day of racing, it also showed the visitors why Red Bank, N.J. was recently selected as the state's most "hip" town by putting on a classic car show and river front food festival, just for our guests! (I'm not sure whether the "hippest" designation means Red Bank is a happenin' place, or that the derrieres are just wider)

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

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



"No Dave, I'm SURE there is no Lobster Pot on the rudder... the trouble is, the next mark is behind us!"

points. As the wind continued building, the Smiths became a little overpowered, finishing eighth; while in the Jacobsen boat, one of the crew members decided to abandon ship (for reasons only Dave and John know!) Dan and I managed to finish third in the final heat to take first overall.

Dave Butler/Peter Rutan from the host fleet won B Division, followed by newcomer Tom Bean/Bill Sears/Bill Comella.

We have been considering making this a two-day regatta in the future. Please let me know if you would be more likely to attend a one-day OR a two-day regatta.

Fifth Annual Full Moon Results

A DIVISION

Skipper	Crew	Home Club
1 Bill Ewing	Dan Vought	Monmouth B.C.
2 Graham Hall	Spike	Kings Point
3 Kris Smith	Diane Smith	Toms River Y.C.
4 Dave Jacobsen	John Cooke	New Haven Y.C.
5 Rich Kerdock	Nancy Wendt	Toms River Y.C.

B DIVISION

Skipper	Crew	Home Club
1 Dave Butler	Peter Rutan	Monmouth B.C.
2 Tom Bean	Sears/Comella	Monmouth B.C.
3 Bruce Cattanach	Jackie Cattanach	Monmouth B.C.
4 John Gunn	Paul Lucyk	Monmouth B.C.
5 Steven Spinello	Greg Barry	S.S.Y.C.

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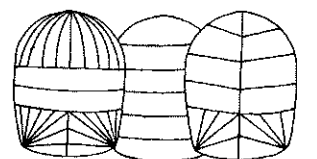
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Red	



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IT HAPPENS

by Mike Palm, FS 1242, Fleet One

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

This last season, I did a full, 360 degree roll in a Flying Scot. It happened within 100 yards of the dock. I fell in the water, lost the sheet. My partner stayed on the boat.

Until this happened, I was comfortable that we could continue to avoid this most feared event in the stable-yet-agile Flying Scot. Our record was spotless. In fifty plus years, we had never been knocked down in anything larger than a Laser. We have been all over the world, sailing many dinghies in the 17 to 24 foot class. This, in all kinds of weather up to 50 mph, in all kinds of water. Whenever we retired from the water, it was with good cause for the safety of partners and the boat.

I love a stiff breeze. I firmly believe in a thorough check of technically correct weather forecasts, including flight service, before cast-off. Knowing that pride-goes-before-the-fall, I am comfortable (not proud) that my experience in the outdoors has made me sensitive to near-term changes that alert the sailor to the possibility of weather that may force a prudent retreat or retirement. I had every right to feel comfortable and to share that comfort with sailing partners. Now, the perfect record of no capsize or collision has been broken. (the collision is another story.)

Prior to the event described in this article, I would have agreed with Dan Goldberg, FS 4761, (See Scots

'n Water Nov/Dec 95, "Storm Warning").

Now, having been violently knocked down, I believe he is wrong.

You would be better off reading Harry Carpenter's "Turtle Busters!" two pages later in the same issue. I don't mean Dan is all wrong, he just did not go far enough. I acknowledge that his skills and experience are superior to my own. But, if you do not want to be "dead" wrong, don't get smug. Some time you are going to get flattened. You better be



prepared to recover partners, boat and self (in that order). Every time you sail, you must believe, "Today, I could get flattened."

I like Dan's article and endorse the preparations he recommends. But, someday, Dan, when you least expect it, the gods-of-sailing may be looking the other way when the gods

of weather get frisky. It is not skill alone that keeps us upright. I remember reading about some pretty skilled sailors getting flattened returning to harbor in Texas at the Nationals a couple of years ago. This weekend, Fleet 1 had it's annual party. The item most discussed was the anti-turtle device described by Harry. Several of our best sailors talked about capsizes and core-sampling the lake bottom. Many of these have been to the Nationals. Our most respected couple have been knocked-down twice.

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

A young woman was learning to sail on my boat. As mentor, I never touch the tiller, unless asked by the "striker". On this day, she asked me to demonstrate a shortened version of the course she would be asked to sail during her up-coming solos. She wanted to observe the sail positions relative to the headings. I had already suggested that we retire until a small typical summer thunder shower passed. Before I took the tiller, I took a close look at the approaching weather front, and judged we had time to do the demonstration. The thunderhead looked smaller and further away than many we had dodged during the summer. At this time, the chop was (what you would expect in 15 mph) just short of whitecaps. It was a typical

Continued on page 17

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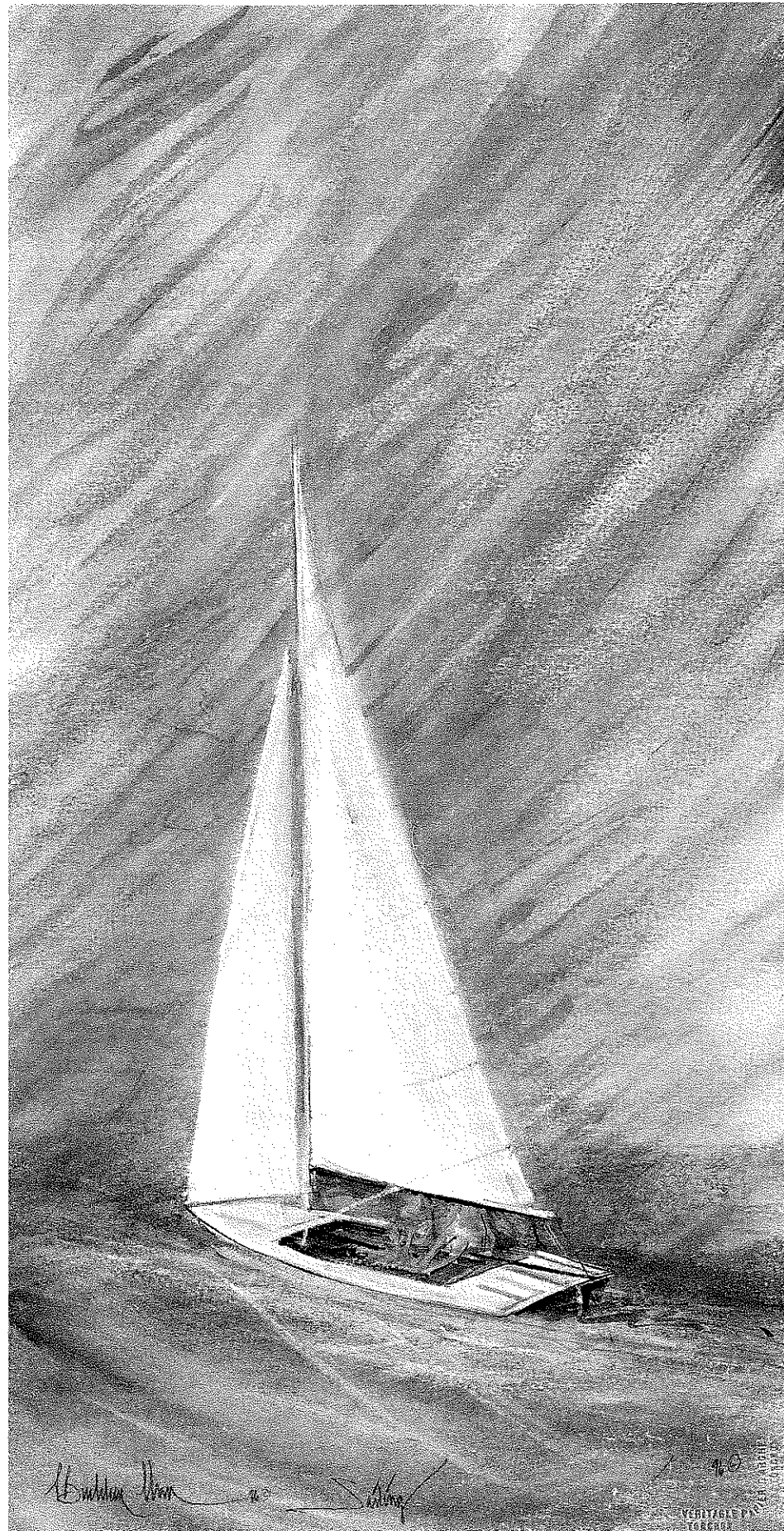
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Continued from page 15

summer afternoon on Lake Cowan in southern Ohio.

The first leg was a beat. We were just outside the inner harbor. This took us parallel to the line of boats moored in the outer harbor, about 20 yards out. At the top end of the beat, it was my intention to ease into a reach for the second leg of the miniaturized rectangle. I took note of the traffic. To our port bow was a 17' Day-sailer, sails down, with two people paddling to its dock 10 yards away. Off our starboard bow were a Laser, Sunfish and Flying Junior. These were clear of our intended course, but all were heading for shelter. There were only the five of us on the lake. There was nothing to alarm any of us. We were all well out of harms way, with margin, heading to port to weather the storm.

Again, I checked the front. It was no closer but the cloud had doubled its altitude. There was no anvil-head. Just as I uncleated the main sheet and turned down, expecting to be on a reach, IT hit. IT was a 90 degree shift and an increase in velocity beyond anything I had been exposed to before. Later, the Weather Channel reported sustained winds of 30 mph with gusts to 50. I had seen that before. This was more!

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

mast, shrouds and boom held, much to my surprise.

Since we were now wing-on-wing, with IT directly behind us, we could have set the Flying Scot world record for a planing speed, if only the drag on the hull had been zero. As I watched with disbelief, IT pulled the bow down and stern up, out of the water. At this point I noticed there was no force on the rudder. The rudder was clear of the water. Now I was just a spectator with a darn good seat. IT increased. The boat was slapped down on its starboard freeboard.

IT pushed on the exposed bottom. With more area exposed in the stern, the boat rotated so IT was now perpendicular to the center-line of the boat. Having nothing else to do, I told the young woman to stay with the boat as I dropped into the water contemplating a trip to the mast tip. The mast went down before I could act. She asked what she should do. Just as I was going to ask her to stand on the centerboard until I could join her, I heard it slide slowly back into the trunk.

Being reduced to a sea level spectator, I looked at the area near us. The chop was gone. IT had flattened the water. While the surface was smooth IT could be seen moving at velocities that I had seen only in wind tunnels. The Day-sailer was mast down where I had last seen it, all the more impressive because the sails

had already been lowered. All the other boats were flat. IT must have been howling, but I have no recollection of sound during IT'S duration. Our boat slowly rotated towards a mast-down position. Still in the water on the lee side, I looked up to make sure my partner was safe.

She was safe, standing on the port freeboard directly over my head. As she had been wearing a PFD since the beginning of the session, I was not concerned that she would drown. I was concerned that she may have been injured or trapped under the boat. She was OK and in control. As the boat continued to rotate, I swam around to windward, expecting IT to drive the mast 10' into the muck. If that were to be the case, I wanted to be on the windward side to assist any rescue boat. As I worked my way around the stern, I vaguely remember wondering if anything of value (field

Continued on page 18

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glasses, tape player) was in the boat. I hoped that the spinnaker pole and whisker pole were secure. I knew the anchor line was attached but thought the anchor itself might fall to the bottom of the lake. That would be, of course, no problem and may even aid the situation.

As the boat rotated to mast down vertical and continued, I reached the windward side in time to see my partner calmly walking around the bottom as the capsized boat rotated. She had not gotten wet. She kept her head under conditions that should have rattled many sailors.

It was a matter of good luck that we were in one of the few places where a full 360 is possible. We were directly over the old creek bed that originated in the inner harbor. The mast never touched bottom. As the boat reached the point where the cockpit was exposed to the now

diminishing wind, IT pushed the hull so that the mast stayed perpendicular to the wind and was laying nicely on the surface. Just then, IT disappeared as quickly as it came. The crash boat reached us and we began the effort to get it up, get pumped and reorganize for the short paddle home.

One of the crash boat crew got hold of the mast tip. I asked him to lift it up so we could get upright. I wanted to get the hull next to the crash boat, as the derrick and pump have a limited reach. He said he did not want to do that as the wind would knock us down again. Noting that it was dead calm, I repeated my request with some added vigor. He complied and we pulled ourselves next to the crash boat. After securing it with a few lines, I tried to insure at least neutral buoyancy. One of the foam flotation blocks had broken loose. I soon found putting it back was an exercise in futility. I

could not apply the force needed to press it under the water and shove it under the aft deck.

I directed my partner to gather in the spinnaker which, although still attached and undamaged, had floated out. She did. I asked her to step out on to the crash boat and help pull the hull up. She did. Some where in all of this the sails were taken down. She must have done it on her own. I can't remember doing it or asking her to do it.

The boat was under control and was not sinking. But, it wasn't floating either. We were pulling hard up on the mast from awkward positions. I asked the crash crew to start the pump. One said, "It won't work, as water will continue to come over the cowl." I asked him again to start the pump and told him it throws a lot of water in a short time. I said I had two choices. 1) Use the pump, or 2)

Continued on page 19



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Let it sink and (unless he had a third choice) I preferred to pump rather than sink. He complied. I pushed the pump intake into the cockpit. Shortly, it was clear that the hull had inched up enough to stop new water coming in. In less than five minutes the water level was approaching the center board well.

The completion of our rescue process was complicated by water coming into the boat through the center-board well as fast as we were pumping it out. To rectify this situation, I asked my partner to step into the boat and keep the spinnaker, or any other stuff in the hull from clogging the pump intake. (She weighs 110 and could not threaten the process.) She did as asked. Then I suggested she raise and secure the centerboard. Last, I asked that she stuff the spinnaker in the well opening and sit on it.

If you look closely at the shape of the top of the centerboard, on which the rollers ride, you will see that it is similar to the back side of an upper leg. She sat on it, sealing the opening perfectly. This is the first time she got wet. The boat was quickly emptied. We thanked the crash crew. While all the other stuff was going on, the wise crash chief had slowly moved both boats into the inner harbor. We paddled the few remaining feet to our dock without further difficulty. Except for the pulled cleat and torn muscle, nothing else was damaged, lost or injured.

Looking again at Dan's article, we had done everything correct according to his prescription. I am very particular about PFD and coiling lines, without twist, before each cruise and after each use. If I had had time I would have lowered the sails securing both. So what went

wrong and what should be learned from this event?

The only mistake was my bad judgement about the potential energy of and time remaining before IT hit. The only mistake my partner made was choosing her mentor. I am exclusively responsible for the knockdown.

IT HAPPENS. When you take on nature you are in IT's element. Most of the time you win, occasionally you lose. There is no scientific way to predict the power of natural events. Did you know, in the last 5 years, 15 scientists have lost their lives trying to predict volcanic eruptions? The only way to avoid sailing risks is to sail a couch. No thanks.

I know the change I would have to make to avoid a repeat of this once-in-a 50-year event. I would have to be so conservative that I would not be able to sail at all in the summer. In Ohio, there is a potential for a thunder storm, the intensity of which is variable, every afternoon. Our local TV people call every summer shower "a severe thunder storm." They rarely are. When they say there is a 100% chance of a severe thunder storm, there isn't. What really happens is rarely a storm, rarely severe, rarely ground striking lightning and never 100%. We sail almost every day. Some days a rain shower with thunder will pass to the South, sometime to the North and sometimes on both sides.

The point is, do not be comforted by competence, equipment, nor processes. There is no way you can live on the water without risk. Too many good sailors and sound boats lay on the bottom. The best you can do is to be prepared to get knocked down. The trick is to stay off the bottom. Don't live in fear of either happening. Do respect the element.

After the event, I studied the radar and satellite images and can find no plausible explanation for IT. The

airport seven miles away reported a large fast moving storm heading towards the lake at about the time of our spanking. We had a clear unobstructed view of the northern sky. I saw nothing but blue sky prior to our knock-down. It is possible that there was an upper level interaction between the storm that got us (to the west) and the one reported by the airport (to the north), but if there was an interaction there was no visible signs of it from my vantage.

What sticks in my mind is the slow approach of the front and the fact that it came almost to a stop. Most memorable was the rapid rise of the cloud top as it stalled at the west end of our lake. I am sure it went over 40,000 ft. Anvil heads are formed when the cloud tops reach an altitude where the jet stream blows the tops of cloud way ahead of the main cumulus thermal updraft. It went so fast that when I saw it, the anvil head had not had time to form.

It is an uneducated guess that the cloud formed so quickly it chilled in the cold upper atmosphere. Instead of being blown ahead, the cloud collapsed within itself and caused a violent thrust of wind in all directions from the center of the storm out. This is called a microburst. I call this an understatement. There was nothing "micro" about IT. When IT hit it was cold, when IT stopped it was hot, as it had been before. I had never seen chop flattened...just streaks...no white-caps. I never saw a boat without sails go "turtle" in a blink of the eye. I never saw 5 boats go down in the same instant, like one swipe of a large hand. I can only guess the velocity to be more than 50 and less than 70 mph. Must have been left over from the Texas Nationals. ▲

Great 48 Regatta

May 4-5, 1996

By Larry Lewis

This year the Great 48 attracted 32 boats with our usual visitors from Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Georgia. Harry and Karen Carpenter made the trip, but due to trailer problems arrived too late to sail on Saturday.

The weather on Saturday was great, with blue skies, 80 plus degrees and outstanding wind. The first race was sailed in 12 to 18 knots of breeze. There was no big shifts and the breeze placed a

premium on weight and boat handling.

The second race was sailed in 8 to 14 knots of breeze. The start was aggressive with three of the first five finishers in the first race being called over at the start of the second race. It seemed to help in the second race to take advantage of shore lifts on the right side.

After an outstanding Saturday night social and dinner, there was no wind or race on Sunday. Lunch and trophies

rounded out the Regatta. While no one could catch David and Bob Neff, the finishes had all been close with the second three boats finishing tied on points.

The 1997 Nationals will be held at LNYC. Being a large Scots only regatta, the Great 48 Regatta will be a perfect warm up for the Nationals. We should have 50 boats next year. The Great 48 needs to be on your calendar for next year! ▲



Skippers	Boat #	1#	2#	Total
David Neff	4884	.75	.75	1.5
Larry Lewis	3933	5	2	7
George Evans	3519	2	5	7
Jonathan Jones	4381	3	4	7
Don Smith	5005	4	6	10

Fleet Personality

by Richard Wade, FS 4271, Fleet 23

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

The lake is small and tree-lined with the kind of winds you'd expect from such a layout. Every sailor, regardless of talent level, has a fairly equal shot at both ends of the finishing order in most races, from looking brilliant one moment to trying to catch up with the wing-and-wing boat the next.

The fleet is big and vocal with the kind of wind you'd expect from such a lot. You can be sure to have your start, first tack, mark roundings and spinnaker takedown critiqued regularly, both to your face and to your back if you choose not to stay and hear it. If that doesn't get the hair on your neck up, your spouse, friend or property will soon gain special attention for do-overs.

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

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

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

We wouldn't dream of depriving the rest of the country from our ability to instantaneously spot another's faults and point them out publicly. We have sent missionaries to all corners of the Scot world. Jeff Perna, Tom Miller, Mike Linck, John Diggins, Fred Tears, Brad Davis and Richard Wade are only a few but certainly the best trained. Acceptance of their abilities is rarely as instantaneous as it ought to be and some envoys have been returned to us One-Way, COD, No Return Accepted.

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

- Pat Manicchia - Participating in an endless number of adventures involving alcohol and explosives, and learning barges CAN reverse.

- Jeff Perna - Speaking to God in the Mobile Bay Tunnel.
 - Mike Mittman - Turtling a Boston Whaler Motorboat.
 - Bob New - Selling half of a perfectly good Flying Scot to "Mudman" Mittman.
 - Roland Foerster - Selling all of a really, perfectly good Flying Scot to Manicchia.
 - Kelly Gough - Sailing across the bow of a not so perfectly good barge in St. Andrew's Bay.
 - Ed Lockey - Distributing material with rude, uncomplimentary and prejudicial subject matter.
 - Jenifer Wade - Asking, while knowing it's not, if that beer will be the last for the night.
 - Scott Mauney - Providing an early ride home for wife, "I hate this part" Natalie.
 - Heidi Gough - Checking to see if Doc's okay in the Men's Room head lock.
 - Chris Dukeminier - Owning a boat of questionable color.
 - Estrella Barrett - Possessing a blinding punch.
 - Bob Harrington - Signing up as Governor to this motley bunch.
 - Madison Barnhart - Donating an almost perfectly good Flying Scot to the Turbo Pig Project.
 - Richard Wade - Proving that Turbo Pig's 'swamp-point' is not quite "Decks Awash".
- This Turbo Pig thing may need a little explanation. It's not worth a lot of explanation since you've already heard a little about the fleet responsible. Suffice it to say, the Turbo Pig is basically a stock Scot adjusted for the White Rock mentality.

Continued on page 22

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Continued from page 21

We read with interest the need to put boarding ladders on the Scot to assist getting up the high freeboard and back into the boat after finding yourself no longer in it. We decided that openings in the transom would be quicker to crawl through rather than waiting on someone in the boat, who probably was the cause of you being in the water in the beginning, to rig a ladder and lower it to you. Then, if the boat was over on its side these transom holes weren't very convenient, so we added some in the deck - fore and aft so you wouldn't even have to swim the full length of the boat to get to an egress point.

With all this material removed from up high, we were afraid the boat might not meet the requirement of being top heavy, so we adjusted the balance by taking the

lead out of the centerboard. This also increased the buoyancy somewhat to offset the loss of the foam behind the seats which had to come out when the seats did.

Our crews never liked that pole jibing bit either. Going forward, leaving all the fun and discussion of their spinnaker flying technique behind, almost out of ear shot, to switch the pole from one side to the other. We decided to give up a little dead downwind performance and attached a pole that stayed fixed on centerline. Since the foredeck was gone we had to run it through the hull below where the bowplate used to be. (Nice bowplate, Harry, no wonder Fred took his off years ago). All this weight down low again forced us to rethink the spinnaker halyard hoist point upwards. The spreaders, hiking straps, main traveler and foiled rudder are purely for

show, which is mostly all we were after from the beginning.

Otherwise, the Pig is mostly blue and any other changes we've made have also been carefully thought out for safety concerns or at least so it didn't cost anything.

All in all, a fleet doesn't have personalities as much as it has a Personality. And Fleet 23's is pretty much alive in the Turbo Pig. The Pig wants to go to a regatta, but that means someone will have to take it. I'm not sure we can find a fleet member who is welcome anywhere out of state, especially if they come dragging in something looking as nice as Buck's nasty sister, Becky. ▲

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Fleet #	Boat #	Name	Address	City, State & Zip
Capitol District				
	3480	Laura Bresko	2973 Valley View Road	Cape St. John, MD 21401
	4308	John J. & Janet Barbaccin	1300 Deer Run	Morgantown, WV 26505
6	5046	Richard S. Little	613 Callen Avenue	Morgantown, WV 26505
Carolinas District				
	5087	Dr. Bill R. Green	1101 Beauwyck Court	Charlotte, NC 28211
Greater NY District				
	4948	Elizabeth Von Summer	19 Pilot Rock Lane	Riverside, CT 06878
		Frank T. Strafaci	569 BayRidge Parkway	Brooklyn, NY 11209
46	4041	Timothy & Rebeca Chan Schmidt	118-11 84th Avenue #519	Kew Gardens, NY 11415
57		Victoria Stump	457 Humphrey Street	New Haven, CT 06511
57	3425	John King	24 Cadman Road	Lakeville, CT 06039
Gulf District				
	5025	Laura & Brian Bolin	525 Olde Lauren Court	Alpharetta, GA 30202
	4889	Current Skipper FS#4889	105 N. Roadway Drive	New Orleans, LA 70124
96		Robert Schimek	3800 James Drive	Metairie, LA 70003
Michigan-Ontario District				
	2560	Tom Lechota	4109 Iroquois	Kalamazoo, MI 49006
	5114	Curtis Hall	314 Parkwood Avenue	Kalamazoo, MI 49001
	0927	Bruce W. Harlton	5904 S. Main Street	Clarkston, MI 48346
Midwestern District				
	2950	David C. Mann	4629 Tongawatha Trail	Monona, WI 53716
	5103	Tom Brandt	725 Oak	Hubbard Lake, MI 49747
	2058	Rick Schneider	2104 Easthill Drive	Muskegon, MI 49441
44	0506	James Stollenwerk	1200 Fairhaven Boulevard	Elm Grove, WI 53122
44		Suzanne Lisle	6639 Longmeadow	Lincolnwood, IL 60646
135	2162	Susie Stombaugh	1306 Westfield Drive	Champaign, IL 61821
New England District				
57	was1444	Jeff C. M. Morgan	3 Wayside Lane	Acton, MA 01720
76	2581	John Day	9 Pleasant Street	Sharon, MA 02067
New York Lakes District				
35	1950	Nate Dreyer	13 Albertus Avenue	Bemus Point, NY 14712
Ohio District				
	5072	Raymond A. Capore	101 Field Club Road	Pittsburgh, PA 15238
	1765	Ralph S. Pajka	6484 State Road D-15	Parma, OH 44156
	5115	Charles M. Jackson	736 W. Ingomar Road	Ingomar, PA 15127
37	2665	Gretchen Chenenko	1487 Park Ridge Drive	Columbus, OH 43235
65	5127	Paul & Linda Snyder	1104 McDowell NE	Canton, OH 44721
Prairie District				
		Richard & Linda Stenseth	PO Box 87	Arroyo Seco, NM 87514
	2896	Steve Cox	2104 Yellowstone Drive	Yukon, OK 73099
Florida District				
131		Baron R. Bremer	1512 Donald Street, Apt. #2	Jacksonville, FL 32205
New Members this report			32	

Starting Line

1996 Ohio District Fleet Regatta Schedule

Sail for the Grail

Sept. 21-22
Mike Higgins

Cave Run Regatta & Ohio District Championships

Oct. 5-6
Cave Run Sailing Assoc.
Steve Branner
Fleet 165
(304) 346-9673

Glow in the Dark

Clinton Lake, IL
September 27, 28 & 29
Contact Mike or Steve (217) 359-5828
or Jerry or Sunshine (217) 355-1220

Fleet 97 Invitational Regattas for 1996

Sept 28-29 Koningsberg
Oct 19-20 Pumpkin Patch
West River Sailing Club
Galesville, MD
Contact Roger Schermerhorn,
(301) 843-8852 or e-mail:
rogerscher@aol.com

Singletary-Helmold Series

This series of regattas is held at various sailing clubs throughout the Carolinas. The Flying Scot fleet at each of these locations serves as host for this traveling racing series. The level of competition is high, with nationally ranked sailors often in attendance. And the social activities at these regattas are also great, making for some memorable times and friendships. This year's series is as follows:

District Championship

Lake Jordan, NC
Sept 28-29

VISA

Smith Mtn Lake, VA
Oct 5-6

Candlewood Yacht Club Semi-Annual Invitational Regatta

Sept. 28 & 29, 1996
Come and enjoy Fleet 24's hospitality on Connecticut's largest inland lake. With the fall foliage at its best. Our regatta is part of the John Pridmore Memorial Round Robin hosted by the four Conn. Fleets.

Contact Frank Riefenhauser (203) 746-4752 or Mike McCarty (203) 775-8402 for details.

Cave Run Lake Grand Annual Regatta

Plus the
1996 Ohio District Championship

October 5-6, 1996

Fleet 165 has the pleasure to host the Ohio District Championship at beautiful Cave Run Lake close to Morehead, Kentucky. Flyers on the event will be mailed early in the summer. Contact Jim Sprow (606) 231-8768 or our Ohio District Governor, Steve Branner (304) 342-0159 with questions.

The Founders' Cup

October 12th & 13th, 1996
Indian Harbor Yacht Club
Greenwich, CT

Flying Scot Fleet #7 will be hosting its sixth annual regatta, in memorium of Chuck Rettie (#27, #273, #906) and Lew Howe (#28, #2828) who together founded Fleet #7 in 1959 and helped to build it to over 50 boats today. Come join us for a 5 race series over two days in the brisk autumn breezes of Long Island Sound. We will have a Saturday Bar-B-Que and Sunday awards lunch after racing. For registration forms and sailing instructions contact:

Josh Goldman FS# 3913 at (203) 625-0768 or (212) 883-0385(work).

Sugar Bowl Regatta

December 28 & 29, 1996
Southern Yacht Club
New Orleans, Louisiana

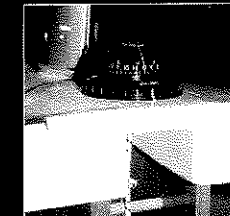
All Flying Scot sailors are invited to participate in this multi-class multi-race course annual event. After the racing, visitors can stay and celebrate the New Year in the historic French Quarter! For further information contact the S.Y.C. at 504-288-4221. ▲

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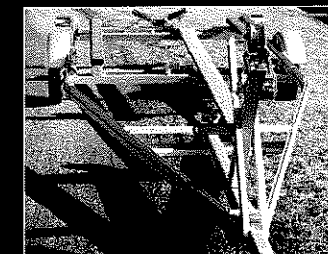


Aquameter Sailor II Compass and Mount...

Features large yellow course line and 45 degree red bearing lines, along with an angle of heel indicator. Mount is molded fiberglass to fit the deck just aft of the mast and is held in place by shock cord for easy installation. Price complete. \$59.00

Plastimo Contest Tactical Compass and Mount...

3 7/8" card - read the horizontal surface for bearings. Read the vertical surface at the 45 degree lubber line, tack through 90 degrees and you will read the same number on the opposite tack's lubber line. Mahogany mount is held in place by shock cord for easy installation. New, lower price for 1996, complete. \$220.00

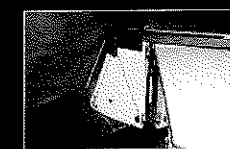
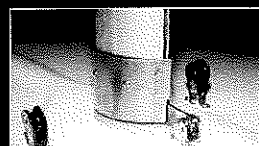


Trailex Aluminum Trailer...

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Stainless Steel Mast Sleeve...

Custom formed, welded and polished stainless steel to reinforce the base of the mast. Complete with screws. \$125.00

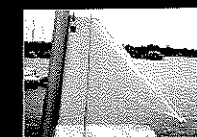
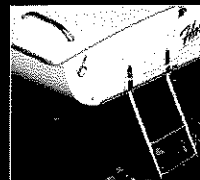


Rudder Lift System...

Features custom stainless bracket for lift line and shock cord to pull blade down and hold it down. Great for weed prone or shallow areas. Complete with fasteners. \$103.50

Swim Ladder...

Telescoping, stainless steel, two-step ladder that stows flat to the transom. Stainless grab rail through bolts to deck. Low profile to reduce mainsheet snags. Easiest way to get into the boat from the water. Complete with fasteners. Ladder \$110.00
Grab Rail \$27.00



Mainsail Flotation... For added security against turtling or burying in the bottom. No modification to the boat or sails required for installation. Weight is approximately 2 pounds. Price complete. \$125.00



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Spinnaker Pole... 1.5" dia. pole with heavy duty Forespar end fittings designed to snap on without pulling the continuous wire trip. \$170.00

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Clip to hold extension to tiller \$1.80

Ronstan Telescopic X-10 Tiller Extension...

29" to 48" telescopic, same construction as fixed X-10 above with twist-lock adjustment. 'Hyperlon' grip on outer tube and ball end on inner tube, and urethane universal joint. Complete with bolts. \$70.00
Clip to hold extension to tiller \$2.25

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FS 1328- Douglass. Highlander trailer. Motor mount. 2+ sets of sails, including 2 spinnakers. Ready to race. Morehead City, NC 28557. \$2800. Call Ted Odell, (919) 726-3648.

FS 2355- Red hull with white deck. Trailer with spare wheel and dolly wheel. Multi-color spinnaker, extra set of sails. Anchor, boat cover, fenders, motor mount, level gauge, teak trim. Located in Indianapolis, IN. \$3500 obo. Call Steve Hastings (317) 259-7349 eves, (317) 267-7017 days.

FS 2599- Douglas, White with blue stripe, 2 sets of sails, aluminum trailer, and full cover. Excellent condition. \$2750. Call Steve Spencer, Austin, TX (512) 343-7189.

FS 3034- Good condition. Schurr sails, 4 HP Evinrude, Trailer, Boat located in New Jersey. \$3500. Call (212) 866-5778.

FS 3035- Main, Jib and Spinnaker. White hull, green deck. Starting galvanized trailer. One owner. Call for boat and equipment details. Contact Andrew Symmes (913) 292-3375.

FS 3074- Excellent Condition, Dry Sailed, 2 Sets of Sails plus Spinnaker. All

Harken Blocks and Waco 360 Competition Setup. Outboard Bracket, Pamco Trailer/spare, Tongue Jack, Bearing Buddies. \$3300. Call William Ebert, (607) 757-1092 days, (607) 785-0323 eves.

FS 3360- Douglas built. Good crisp M-J-S and all accessories. Hull refinished to look like new; has 1600# galvanized trailer. Stored dry, under cover in Miami/Key Largo area. \$5000. Call Lee Price (305) 858-1127.

FS 4289- Douglass, trailer, main, jib, spin; Long Island area. \$5000. Contact Vinny Sweeney (516) 325-8508.

FS 4352- Gordon Douglass built, 1987, ivory hull, blue moulding. 3 mainsails, 2 jibs, 1 spinnaker. Waco 360 deg. center-board cleat. Teenee trailer and boom down cover. Engine mount, swim ladder, Many extras. Can be seen at Shore Acres Yacht Club. Tel 908-322-0547 or 201-430-7036 (work) ask for Pat Lamond.

FS 4372- Blue deck on white hull, Harken blocks, Harken jib roller furling system, jiffy reefing, mast hinge, Schurr windowed sails, Spinnaker w/pole, bow flotation bags, compass, motor mount, and Tee-Nee Trailer w/spare tire. Dry sailed

lightly. Boat near Seattle. \$4500. Contact Ron Nelson (509) 656-2256.

FS 4816- North jib & main (black #'s), north spinnaker (w/sail bags), spinnaker rig and pole, 360 swivel cleat for center board, internal spinnaker sheet systems with ratchet, Boom Vang - 10:1 cleated aft, Conningham 6:1 cleat on coaming, lifting bridal, mooring cover full deck over boom, racing compass, Trail Master custom trailer Model S 16-13, dry docked. \$7600. Call John Leone, Day (516) 981-5933, Night (516) 665-2936.

FS 4948- Like new, barely used with brand new trailer, custom cover and colorful spinnaker. \$9500. Call Betsy Von Summer (203) 637-9381.

FS 4992- Health forces sale - Wife about to kill me! 1995 Douglass/Carpenter white on white, black trim, racing package, North sails, trailing/mooring covers. Regatta Master trailer. Many accessories. Dry stored, sailed ten times. Boat located in Key Largo, FL. \$12K invested, make offer. Call Art (305) 451-2903.

Douglass Orr Regatta

by Dave Jacobsen, FS 4937

The Gods of weather looked favorably upon us on June 1 & 2nd, blue skies, temperatures in the 70's with a light to moderate breeze.

Many boats participated in the 5 race series, 3 on Saturday, 2 on Sunday. Participants came from Florida, Massachusetts, New York and Connecticut.

After Saturday's cocktail hour, a scrumptious buffet was served. Race results are as follows:



Name	Sail#	R-1	R-2	R-3	R-4	R-5
1. Graham Hall	4945	3	2	1	3	3
2. Steve Bellows	5007	5	3	4	2	1
3. Harry Carpenter	5019	6	1	2	5	4
4. Vincent Sweeney	4825	7	4	8	1	2
5. Josh Goldman	3913	1	6	3	8	5

Flying Scot® Sailing Association Order Form

QTY	DESCRIPTION	PRICE FOR EACH	TOTAL
	FSSA Burgees	\$12.00	
	FSSA Shirt Colors: Red, White, Blue Sizes: S, M, L, XL, XXL with Boat # with any one name	\$28.00 additional \$5.00 additional \$5.00	
	FSSA Hat (Red, White, Blue)	\$9.00	
	Roster Pages	\$5.00	
	Handbook Updates	\$2.00	
	Bumper Stickers (Shipping & Handling included)	\$1.50	
	FSSA Blazer Patches	\$20.00	

S & H CHARGES:

\$1.50 orders up to \$5.00
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Merchandise Total

*Add Shipping & Handling (S&H)

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