

From the Quarterdeck by David Hazlehurst, Commodore

It is an honor to be elected Commodore and I look forward to my year in office. Let me use this column to give you a perspective of the club and its operation. Clearly we have an outstanding location and our facilities are first rate. And for the first time ever we have a waiting list for membership, a good indicator that the club is both well managed and has an appeal to outsiders.

We operate on a sound fiscal basis, and thanks to the work of the Long Range Planning Committee during the past year we have a clear vision of what we want to do to improve our facilities, specifically what we will offer to our members over the next ten years. The output from this planning process gives us a vision of what we can accomplish over time provided funds are available. And here the Finance Committee comes into play by analyzing past expenditures and forecasting our future income stream. Based on recent experiences we built in capital expenditures for items like dredging in 2002 and engine replacements on Mr. Roberts earlier this year. Repairing and/or replacing the bulkheads on Jackson Creek is our next major money sink.

But just once in a while a break

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comes our way, as it has done with the docks damaged by Hurricane Isabel. We are probably the only property owner in Middlesex County whose docks were covered by insurance. This happy outcome is a result of our having coverage under a US Sailing group policy. This reimburses us to the extent that we can return our Jackson Creek and Fishing Bay docks to their original condition. A much happier result for us than for any of our neighbors. And at this time we believe that there is every prospect our four docks will be returned to their pre-Isabel condition in time for the 2004 sailing season at little cost to the club.

Our new clubhouse continues to attract members and rarely a weekend goes by during the season without some activity. Holding our Annual meeting and Awards dinner at the club in October was well received and hopefully will become an annual event. It clearly makes little sense to hold functions where we have to pay to use another facility when we have a first class one of our own.

During the off-season our four sailing Divisions, Cruising, Juniors, Off-shore and One Design are busily preparing for 2004 and a draft schedule of events will be presented to the board in their December meeting. Readers get a preview of this schedule in this issue of the Log and your comments, as always, are

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Frances R. Taylor
12/9/16 — 10/25/03

The Fishing Bay Yacht Club lost one of its most devoted friends and supporters with the passing of "Fannie" on October 25. Mary Spencer who assumed Fannie's job on her retirement shared her memories about her mentor in a recent email, reprinted below. Frances Taylor's Memoriam appears on page 8.

"Fannie Taylor and I were friends long before I was hired to take over her job... During my first year, 1996, Fannie and I were in constant contact with each other... She had a wealth of information about the club and its members stored in her head and she tried to pass much of it on to me. It is difficult to describe Fannie to anyone who didn't know her but she was a very special lady. Right up to the end of her life, she was still interested in what was going on at Fishing Bay and in finding out what was going on with the members. I am saddened by Fannie's death and will miss her, as will many of you."

Board Meeting Highlights

November 11, 2003
Meeting called to order at 6:05 p.m. by Commodore Dick Cole.

REAR COMMODORE – JAY BUHL

TREASURER – Mason Chapman explained the layout of the Treasurer's Report for the benefit of the new 2004 Board members. Paul W. Howle, III will take over the Treasurer's job as of December 1, 2003.

LOG STREAMER – Steve Gillispie recommended that the advertising rates

for the Log be increased as of the January issue and that only quarter-page or half-page ads be offered. His motion that the half-page ad rate be increased from \$50 to \$100 per month and that the quarter-page ads be increased from \$30 to \$60 per month as of the January Log was passed by the Board. Steve will notify advertisers of the rate increase.

HOUSE – Lud Kimbrough reported that the catering kitchen is in need of major cleaning because of the ongoing problem with that kitchen not being cleaned very well after each use.

FINANCE – Strother Scott presented the committee's recommendations for the 2004 dues and fees and discussed the need for the increases. He also discussed the increase in the initiation fee. Strother then moved that the budget figures as presented be approved; second by Lud Kimbrough; motion passed.

LONG RANGE PLANNING – Strother reported on the status of the Stull land acquisition. The Richardsons are no longer interested in swapping some of their creek frontage on Jackson Creek for Tobacco Cove. Waddy Garrett is negotiating with the developers on behalf of the committee for a parcel totaling 2.62 acres. After a lengthy discussion among Board members about the financing and the use of the property, the Board reconfirmed that the committee should continue negotiations to purchase at least the strip of land adjacent to the Fishing Bay property border and the entire 2.62 acres if terms could be agreed upon.

VICE COMMODORE – DAVID HAZLEHURST

OFFSHORE DIVISION – Randy Alley reported that there was a good turnout for the Frostbite Race and oyster roast held on Saturday, November 8.

ONE-DESIGN DIVISION – Ric Bauer is working on the one-design schedule for next year.

JUNIOR DIVISION – FBYC will host the VA State Optimist Championships in 2004.

Membership

DEATHS

Mr. Beverley B. Clary, Jr.

Mrs. Frances R. Taylor




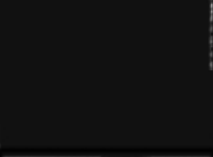


CBYRA DELEGATE – Tom Roberts advised that he has received word about dates in question for some of the sailing events shown on the 2004 Sailing Events Schedule. He will revise the schedule and send it out again. John Dodge is the upcoming President of CBYRA.

OLD BUSINESS – Allan Heyward received an estimate from Richard Callis for the dock damage caused by Hurricane Isabel. The estimate covers rebuilding the Fishing Bay dock (and hoist) using the existing pilings, except for the pier head which would be completely replaced; replacing stringers, bracing and decking for the entire Jackson Creek East Dock, including finger piers, with allowance for replacement of up to 14 pilings; replacing stringers, bracing and decking for half the Jackson Creek Middle Dock, and half the finger piers, with allowance for replacement of up to 14 pilings; and replacement of the decking and finger piers, and stringers as necessary, on one third of the Jackson Creek West Dock. The estimate has been submitted to the insurance company and Allan reported that the insurance company has found the estimate reasonable considering the damage inspection made by their representative. Allan does not yet have an estimate for the electrical repairs. Callis is aware that repair of the Jackson Creek docks is a higher priority than the Fishing Bay dock and is hopeful that he can complete repairs to the Jackson Creek docks by early spring and the Fishing Bay dock by the opening of the one-design season.

Dick Cole pointed out that the club also has approximately 160' of bulkhead that needs to be replaced.

NEW BUSINESS – David Hazlehurst reported on the Sailing Events meeting

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2004 FBYC Officers	
	Commodore David Hazlehurst
	Vice-Commodore John M. Buhl
	Rear-Commodore Lud Kimbrough,
	Treasurer Paul W. Howle, III
	Secretary John B. Wake, Jr.
	Log Streamer Steve Gillispie

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welcome. Staffing over 40 sailing events is an ongoing challenge and many of you will be receiving calls to help. The only way we can operate a schedule of this magnitude is with members help so please respond promptly and affirmatively when called.

Happy Holidays to one and all!

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held on Monday, November 10. The next Sailing Events meeting is scheduled for December 3 and the 2004 Sailing Events Schedule should be completed at that time so that it can be published in the December Log.

After thanking the 2003 Board for their help during his year as Commodore, Dick Cole turned the gavel over to incoming Commodore David Hazlehurst.

There being no additional business, David Hazlehurst adjourned the meeting at 7:30 p.m.

Core Junior Week Schedule Set June 21-25, 2004

Noel Clinard

In light of the late 2004 school closings of several jurisdictions, and the possibility of additional snow days in a predicted harsh winter, the core of Junior Week has been set for the week of June 21-25, 2004. The additional dates surrounding Junior Week, including the extended Race Team Curriculum, Opti-Kids, Sail-a-thon and Junior Regatta will be adjusted accordingly. The Junior leadership will publish additional scheduling information in the next Log.

A Recap of the 2003 Season for Flying Scot Fleet #103

Debbie Cycotte

Fishing Bay Yacht Club is home to Flying Scot Fleet #103. Over the last several years the fleet has experienced terrific growth.....from 13 Scots in 2001 to 23 Scots in 2003.....and we hope to continue on this upward trend in future years.

For an enthusiastic beginning to the sailing season, we invited Greg Fisher from North Sails to come and give a Clinic in Flying Scots. This was co-hosted by our Scot friends and neighbors, Fleet #185, from the Rappahannock River Yacht Club. Over 55 Scotters, from 4 different Virginia fleets, gathered at Fishing Bay the beginning of April to brave the cold weather. The on-the-water coaching part of the workshop was canceled due to 45 degree weather and 20+mph winds, but things worked out well with shore-side activities on boat rigging and tuning, sail trim and handling, and performance tips for our boats. Greg answered all our many questions and gave us lots of excellent ideas and advice for the upcoming season to go around the race course FAST!

The Spring Series kicked off the first weekend of May. Four separate race days were planned for May, but due to a very stormy and wet Spring, we only managed to get two days of racing completed. A total of 12 Scots raced. The Spring Series Fleet Champion is John Beery and the runner-up is Cam Hoggan.

The Annual Fourth of July race attracted 23 One-Designs, of which five boats were Flying Scots. All boats were scored on the Portsmouth Handicap Rating System and used government markers for the race course. Walt Bryde was the top Scot finisher.

The Summer Seabreezes were the

next event. Both of these regattas were held in July and featured a later than usual starting time for the races in hopes of taking advantage of the "Summer Seabreezes". We had seven boats on the starting line for the first day, with top honors going to John Beery. David Lee claimed the victory the second day that attracted six boats.

A new event for FBYC this year was the Team Racing Regatta with the Rappahannock River Yacht Club. Two days of racing, one at each club, would constitute the series. Flying Scots were the designated class, but the event was open to all members of the yacht club. A special seminar was organized to educate the racers in the fundamentals of team racing, and practice races were held. Each club sent three boats to compete.

The first day of racing was held the end of June at Fishing Bay in light air. RRYC won with a score of 3 - 2. A month later, the teams met again with the return match at RRYC. Winds of a steady 14 - 16 knots provided close to ideal conditions.

FBYC won all four matches and the overall series as well. The FBYC Team consisted of Team Captain - Mike Schmidt, John Beery, Geoff Cahill, Noel Clinard, Debbie Cycotte, and David Lee. All the team mates agreed that this was some of the most fun racing they ever experienced. Judges for the event were Allan Heyward, Tim Blackwood - both from FBYC and Tom Norris from RRYC. These regattas drew lots of spectators compared to our regular races. We suspect this event will be added to our sailing calendar for many years to come.

The second weekend of August is

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(2003 Recap, continued from page 3)

always the Annual One-Design Invitational. This year marked the 64th time for the regatta. The Flying Scots had the largest class with 18 boats, half of them visitors from other fleets/clubs. Hans Noordanus from Lake of the Woods Sailing Club won the regatta. FBYC's David Lee was second, and two boats from the West River Sailing Club, Frank Gibson and Rich Newell took the next two places, respectively.

The Fall Series, which was to be a four race day series also, was off to a great start with nine boats on the starting line in September. But the threat of a hurricane loomed before us and many prepared their boats for the upcoming storm before they left that afternoon. Unfortunately Isabel would not be detoured, and on September 18th delivered her wrath.

The winds were primarily in the 50—60 miles per hour range with gusts up to 85 miles per hour. The tidal surge was four to five feet above mean high tide, making it the second worst since the 1933 Storm. The Yacht Club survived without any damage to the buildings, but had substantial damage to some of the docks. The Fishing Bay dock was the worst hit and is pretty much a total loss.

The remaining Fall Series races were canceled so the club could have clean-up days and try to put the docks back to a temporary usable state - which didn't work to well for the Fishing Bay dock.

The last event of the season was the Indian Summer Invitational the second weekend of October. Due to the lack of races in the Fall Series, the Club's race officials decided to count this regatta as part of that series. Six Scots came out to race in the two day event. The winner of Indian Summer is Walt Bryde. Jan

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Tales From The Mediterranean

Introduction

Steve Gillispie

During the past year FBYC members Maurice and Judy Guimont have been cruising in the Mediterranean. Their tales make U.S. cruising seem tame. The following excerpt from Judy's informative and interesting email journal on their adventures and challenges gives a flavor for all those FBYC wannabe world cruisers as to what lies ahead in foreign ports.

Painting The Boat...

Judy Guimont

Somewhere in Mongolia

Time goes by in a blur of work; we don't start early, but we do work hard, and it is still getting up to around 90 in the heat of the day; by nighttime, we're usually exhausted as well as pretty dirty. And things get less and less organized on the boat as we deconstruct. We've removed and bagged fittings; the old instruments are out; all the hatches have been un-bedded, and a couple have been polished. They look absolutely wonderful, but one hatch takes a whole day... One winch has gone to Istanbul to be re-chromed — amidst protestations that it's too far gone for a successful job (and this from the re-chromer)! The boom is gone, along with various bits and pieces of furler (to the accompaniment of horrible crankings and clangings: the mast is a wonderful reverberation chamber!) The mainsail has been folded, bagged, and stowed under the dinghy on the dock; the drifter, also bagged, is wedged between dinghy and electricity/water standard. The autopilot and the cockpit light control panel are gone; even the bar under the table is gone. That is a mystery: it's bolted at each end; one end of the table is sealed; and it was removed the last time the boat was painted! How did they do that??? Following are excerpts from my journal for the last couple of weeks or so.

Saturday, Sept. 27 —

Work, work, work. We are back in "outer Mongolia" (at the end of the western pontoon, tied alongside), crossways to the wind, and far enough out in the bay (lovely, narrow bay) to get whatever wind there is. Painting proceeds; rather, prep for painting proceeds. We are fast becoming a blue-work boat, as grabrails, padeyes, lifelines, etc., are covered with blue masking tape. It's a strange effect, and will probably be stranger when the primer coat is on. (Do you suppose Christo was a yacht painter in his youth?)

They worked on wrapping the boat all day, starting very shortly after 9. The furling foil has been quietened with small carpets. They have finished with the blue tape (I took pictures), and are now covering things with brown paper: stanchions, pulpits, decks, traveler; the anchor is dangling off the bow on a short length of chain. We worry about the weather: will it be too blowy? Will the dew dry off before the wind picks up? (the wind always picks up in the afternoon)

Sunday, Sept. 28 —

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We've moved off the boat. They sprayed the primer coat; we tried getting on and off, but it requires great dexterity of foot not to touch any painted surfaces -- including especially the handholds and balance spots we are used to using! So we decided that after going to all this expense -- and effort and hassle -- it was better to stay clear until all the painting is done. We found a place in the Erol Hotel in Orhaniye, about 20 minutes' walk away. There was just room for one person on the redbrown gravel edging the water, and in some places not even that. We walked and walked; I saw a beautiful bird at the mouth of a small stream: black and white striped head, brilliant iridescent turquoise back: a kingfisher, but not like the drab birds we have in N. America. Finally we found someone to ask. "Go up to the street [the highway] and turn left." he said. We wandered around dirt roads and paths for a while. Next person we asked, just as we reached the highway, led us right there. It's a nice place with swimming pool, restaurant and bar. It's family run; Serhat, the son, is the English-speaker, and a charmer. He showed us to our room: white and high-ceilinged, tile floored; simple pine furniture, small balcony, red curtains. Then he introduced us to his mother, who is the cook, and showed us the large vegetable garden, which grows right up to the dining room; food here is FRESH!

We had drinks before dinner in the dining room; M watched a silly game show on the TV; I watched the sunset framed by the gently sloping roof (no walls to this room): a few high clouds that turned from peach to rosy pink to grey; details of the landscape faded away with the light until only the shapes of the hills remained -- and a brand new crescent moon. I saw

a tiny tiny hummingbird -- not much bigger than a bumblebee -- doing his thing; when I looked harder, I could see the flowers he was sipping from were also tiny: everything in perfect proportion! The mountains (not high here, but rugged and romantic) draw away a little from the water, leaving a small tableflat plateau, which is intensely farmed; the hotel is on the edge of Oranhiye, which sports quite a few beaches (again redbrown gravel), and restaurants; you can even rent a camel here. We saw three tethered on a flat spot above the road; two were saddled; one with a metal chair slung on each side of its saddle like panniers.

We had a memorable dinner of stuffed eggplant (we could see the plants growing right next to the dining room), lamb filling spilling out, and melon. And so to bed, very tired.

Monday, Sept. 29 —

After breakfast (Turkish breakfast: bread and butter (home churned), yogurt and honey (M very happy), olives, tomatoes, white cheese, and a boiled egg), we walked to the marina, conferred with Gokhan: today they do the final fairing and cleaning, and spray if possible. Then went in to Marmaris. We had an objective: to find brass screws of a certain size. We went into the sanai, the industrial area; it's really hardware heaven. Sailors we met in Netsel marina had raved about the sanai: you can get anything there, they said; and if they don't have it, someone will make it for you. And it's nearly true! This is not an American-style industrial area, where you need a car to get from one side of one establishment to another; instead, it's a series of tiny shops, grouped more or less according to speciality; auto repair, electrical repairs, motor rewinding, electronics, carpentry, welding, metalwork of all sorts, and on and on. We went to several shops; nobody

had what we're looking for, but they happily sent us on to their competitors, drawing maps to help us find the way (Turks draw maps a lot). We walked past one place that did argon welding and saw a boom on one side of the shop, a boom with a new gooseneck; we went closer: it was ours! So we examined the new gooseneck (looks great); and the new gears for the furler, which they also had there; and we talked to the owner, who will happily take our winch parts to Izmir to have them chromed (a job for the spring). Then we walked back in town, had lunch, and visited our cockpit control panel; it will be much better than new, with new LEDs to indicate what lights are lit, new circuit breakers, military standard; and even a light behind the ID slots!

Tuesday, Sept 30 —

Since the weather won't cooperate and stop blowing, we took the dolmus to Bozburun for lunch: a spectacular drive, on windy, twisty, curly, steep roads. The 25 km ride takes 40 minutes. Went through Orhaniye, over a mountain; we came out on the coast above Selimiye, drove along the edge of Losta Bay, then over mountains again to Bozburun. The road is quite good, and the scenery stupendous: rank after rank of rugged mountains, totally untouched; little flat valleys in between with a few rows of olive trees on terraces, perhaps a small stone or stucco house, or nothing at all. We came out of the mountains quite high up, to a view of rugged hillside, water, islands, mountains on the other side. Bozburun's "season" seems to be over; the town was very quiet. There were 5 or 6 gulets in the little harbor, a few boats anchored out, a feeling of fall (aided by the sight of children playing in the school-

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(Tales continued from page 5)

yard). We walked along the pleasant waterfront, had lunch, chatted with the other people there. Bussed back to the marina to check out the boat again: the guys were still sanding out dings, and it was blowing quite hard. Wed. is supposed to be worse, then the wind should shift and drop.

Wed, Oct. 1 —

It is blowing hard again, so no painting! Ibrahim and Mehvlet moved the boat off the floating pontoon as spray was flying and waves were crashing right across it. They tried to do some painting, but not very successfully; the weather is really too bad. It worked in our favor while they were fairing; since it was too bad to paint, there was nothing to do but sand and fill...We walked back across the fields, along gentle dirt roads (we've found the shortcut, and it's much more pleasant than going either along the road or along the water's edge). There were quite a few women out working, mostly older women in traditional garb (chador over the head and neck, long sleeved jacket over a blouse, skirt over trousers, which are sometimes gathered at the bottom), working hard, walking with beautiful straight posture and light step, cheerful and composed: very attractive.

Thursday, Oct. 2 —

I walked into the village of Orhaniye (pop 900) early; there are a lot of small farms with chickens, goats, sheep, cows, olive or fruit trees; there are also a fair number of nicely kept up stucco houses -- and a beautiful new school. Story on the school is that Marti marina was started illegally, and the school was a "gift" from the Marina to the municipality; suddenly they weren't illegal any more...it was a walk of various smells: cow, goat (a bit sharp), camel (stinks!); dry smell of figs -- and noises: moos, clucks, cock-a-doodle-dos, bleats, baas, "Merhba!"

"Merhba!", swish of car tires, rumble of motorbikes. Down on the beach two gangs of dogs (the blonds vs the non-blonds) were having a slanging match (being careful not to look at one another!). There was a pervasive hum of bees, louder as one approached a particularly attractive bush or a bunch of hives.

After breakfast we went to the marina; Gokhan and Ibrahim were sitting in the van looking glum: weather forecast was for lots of wind in the afternoon, so they decided not to paint. We had nothing to do again, so decided to go to Datca for lunch. Took the dolmus to the crossroads and had a drink at the restaurant there. The owner came out, shook our hands, said welcome, then phoned to see what time the Datca dolmus would come by! We clambered aboard and sped along the shore. Then we started climbing, up and up, steep and curly roads again, going from side to side of the peninsula; on one side, trees pretended to protect us from falling down the steep slope; on the other -- nothing: just space. The road clung to the precipitous slopes, swinging in and out along the edge of the mountain in big swoopy curves, and going higher all the time. And the driver did the whole 60 k in 50 minutes; M was sitting where he could see the speedometer and he saw readings of 120 very frequently! (about 75 mph) It was a hair raising trip -- but absolutely beautiful! You'd look down and down the steep brown hillsides to the blue turquoise sea, white lace of breaking waves around the edges, perhaps a sailboat -- no towns or villages anywhere in sight, and very few cars on the road (this is the new and improved road; we passed pieces of the old road, and could see that it has been widened and some of the curves straightened). The light traffic meant the driver could use the

whole road most of the time -- and he did.

Datca is a pleasant place. It's a town of some size and possesses several traffic lights; the waterfront promenade is shaded all the way along, with steps down to the beach at frequent intervals; restaurants on the land side all have a few tables on the beach. We tried one, but were driven inland when the flies discovered Maurice's ankles. After lunch, we wandered a bit, past the town square, into a rug merchant's store. He had lovely things, showed us an article about himself in a French magazine --about horses, of all things: mag was called "Cheval". And one of the resident kittens had the most wonderful time playing with the rugs he strewed across the floor, batting at fringes, crawling through turned up corners, hiding under bulges—such fun to watch.

We took a small bus back to our crossroads; this driver took 65 minutes to cover the same distance; still seemed awfully fast, and again was spectacular; at one point you can see water on both sides -- quite far below. We spotted some very nice anchorages to explore next year. Home across the fields again, dinner, and bed.

Sunday, Oct. 5—

We are back on the boat -- and very glad to be here. They sprayed Friday; Saturday they un-cocooned it, and it does look great. Tomorrow they paint the non-skid areas; then we go back to our winter berth and work like mad for the next week getting ready to leave for the winter. We have to put back on all the things we took off, and have workmen lined up for Tues, Wed, Thurs...

Keep in touch!

Maurice and Judy

The Club Historian Delivers at the Annual Meeting

Jere Dennison

Once upon a midnight dreary, your Historian pondered weak and weary about his duty to present an account of the year's activities at the 2003 Annual Meeting. Alas, our activities have expanded to the degree that it would take a prodigious oration certain to render the audience comatose. Those who need a full chronicle of the past year are invited to consult back issues of the Log and to surf the FBYC website for all the gritty details that have been diligently recorded for posterity. Instead your Historian (and now self-proclaimed Poet Laureate) took a stab at literary immortality with a classical lyrical dissertation that is humbly recorded here for the edification of those fortunate souls who were not subjected to his oral recitation in October.

Our 2003 Season in Fifteen Clever Verses

When the long cold winter
Wouldn't let up
The Cruising Class went
To the America's Cup

And some offshore racers
Thought it best
To trailer their boats
To balmy Key West

The rest of us suffered
With snow 'round our thighs
And resorted to boozing
At the Bermuda High

After clean-up in March
The sun shown bright
Only briefly to allow us
Our Opening Day rite

The Spring Series plagued
By rain, and more rain
Our non-sailing friends
Thought us truly insane

Whenever Mr. Roberts
Went to her station
We seemed to be greeted
By more precipitation

But our programs went on
And the Juniors had fun
Learning the ropes
Without any sun

The Leukemia Cup succeeded
In a very big way
And the celebration was held
Up on Stingray

After all had left
Including the band
The dollars were tallied
At 125 grand

August was full
Of regattas and cruises
Even one for Kids
Or whatever one chooses

September arrived
With the Laser Masters
But the biggest event
Was a natural disaster

An unwelcome guest,
Her name Isabel,
Destroyed our piers
And put us through hell

After debris was removed
And the power back on
Most of September
Had come and gone

Fears of the racers
Were soon alleviated
When Fall Series schedules
Were only abbreviated

A difficult year,
We hail Commodore Cole
Who superbly filled
His leadership role

(2003 Recap continued from page 4)

Monnier finished in second. The Fall Series Fleet Champion is Walt Bryde and the runner-up is Phil Webb. A total of 10 boats competed in this series.

The Flying Scot Fleet was selected this year by our Commodore, Dick Cole, to receive the Fishing Bay Challenge Bowl. It was for the skipper/boat that competed in the Spring

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IN MEMORIAM
FRANCES R. TAYLOR
12/9/16 – 10/25/03

On October 25, the Fishing Bay Yacht Club mourned the passing of Frances R. "Fannie" Taylor who served as Executive Secretary from 1969 until her retirement in 1996, a 28-year span. The hyper-organized Fannie was perfectly suited to her position, and her penchant for detail was legend. She rode herd on recalcitrant Board Members to dot every 'i' and cross every 't.' Fannie had a memory like a steel trap and seemed to know more about the family histories of members than even the members themselves. She organized and maintained an extensive membership database without the benefit of today's computer technology. This is remarkable because, even two decades ago, the membership base was not significantly smaller than it is today. A manual typewriter was the only machine she used to generate all Club invoices, records, and reports. Receipts and disbursements she recorded by hand in a manual ledger.

Dilatory members who did not pay their annual dues in a timely fashion could expect dire consequences if they were on the receiving end of a telephone call from Fannie, often lambasting them to "either pee or get off the pot!" Few were ever delinquent again. There were not many aspects of Club life that she considered beyond her bailiwick. She once persuaded a member, seeking to enroll his yacht, to change the name of his boat because another member had already "claimed" the identical name for his boat. Board members and members alike quickly learned that Fannie ruled the Club and that it was always prudent to heed her counsel.

In 1982 Fannie was elected an FBYC life member in appreciation for her exceptional service to the yacht club, and in 1990 awarded the prestigious Matthew Fontaine Maury Bowl for "outstanding contribution to sailing." At her retirement in 1996, the Club gave her a framed FBYC burgee with a brass plaque engraved with names of all the Past Commodores under which she had served. She proudly displayed the framed burgee in her residence at the Chippendale Retirement Center, and her family displayed it at the funeral home after her death. On Opening Day, April 19, 1997, she was present for the dedication of the new Jackson Creek clubhouse in her name. However, she thought the designation, The Frances R. Taylor House, much too formal and requested that it be simply called "Fannie's House" - and the name stuck. FBYC remained an important part of her life until the end, and she endeavored to be kept informed about the many members she had befriended and the activities that the Club sponsored.

In her earlier life, Fannie graduated from Southern Seminary Junior College, a school founded by her grandfather. No longer in existence, Southern Seminary was located in the Blue Ridge town of Buena Vista, just east of Lexington. Subsequently, she matriculated at the Stuart Circle School of Nursing and the Richmond Professional Institute (RPI), now VCU. She was employed at Stuart Circle Hospital during World War II, following which she worked as a nurse for Dr. Anthony Kell for 40 years and as secretary of the James River Sertoma Club. She was an avid fisherman and passionate bridge player. Fannie usually missed the October Board meeting because she and some of her friends spent the month in Nags Head fishing and playing bridge. Bridge was a game in which she could engage her keen intellect, but Fannie lamented that she was unable to find anyone at her retirement home who knew how to play bridge.

Fannie was predeceased by her husband, H. D. Taylor, and is survived by her son Scott Taylor, his wife Joann, and four grandchildren.

Requiescat in Pace

(2003 Recap continued from page 7)

Series, Summer Seabreezes, and the Fall Series, using the High-Point Percentage Scoring System to determine the winner. Cam Hoggan and Chip Hall were awarded this trophy.

I also want to recognize Noel Clinard on having perfect attendance to all of the club races this season. While he does not receive an award (sorry - I wish there was one for this achievement), I think we should all strive for his record next

season.

Fleet 103 will be hosting the Capitol District Flying Scot Championship in 2004, probably some weekend in September. An On-the-Water Racing Clinic is being planned the day before the regatta.

The future looks good for the District with the Husband - Wife Flying Scot Championship being held at West River Sailing Club in 2005. Also in the future will be

plans to put a bid in to host the Flying Scot North American Championship, possibly in 2006. This will be the first time they ever were held in the Capitol District.

Any interested sailors curious about the boat and class and joining in our fun as a fleet, should contact Debbie Cycotte - Fleet Captain - at dcycotte@yahoo.com.

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Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8 FBYC Board Meeting	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16 Christmas Party	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25 Christmas	26	27
28	29	30	31			

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For Sale: 40 ft. 1987 Siverton Convertible 1994 Cummins Diesels, 1998 Onan generator, 2000 electronics, 2 sets of props, tender, beautiful 1/2 tower w/ 2 enclosures. Call Arthur Wilton 804-776-7211.

For Sale: Dingy 7 ft. Fiberglass, 350 # cap., "Little Peg," located Jackson Creek racks. \$ 200, Dick Cole, (804) 739 6187.

For Sale: "90 Bristol 47.7, ELIXIR. 1850 hrs on 70hp Westerbeake, 400 hrs on 8 KW genset. Well maintained, Under cover at Custom Yacht 5 mos. annually. Professionally varnished semi annually. Loaded. Call for details. Jim Stalnaker 757-628-5527 (O), 757-481-6113(H) or jstalnaker@wilsav.com.

For Sale: 16' Hobie with trailer, sails in excellent condition, in very good

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For Sale: Optimist in good condition. Omega racing sail. Contact John Fitzgerald at jfitzgerald@vacardio.com or voice mail 804 257-0810.

For Sale: Nissan 5 hp Outboard New - June 1996. Used on dingy while in the Caribbean that winter. Very light use since then. \$395 John Koedel Jr. (804) 776-6168 or koedel@oonl.com.

For Sale: Columbia 8.7 (29') sloop, 1977, 4'8" draft, 10' beam, sleeps 5, Yanmar 15hp diesel inboard, original sails (main, jib, genoa), new halyards, new sail and tiller covers, new upholstery, some other recent upgrades. New head not yet installed. Safe and reliable. Great starter boat for those interested in cruising. Blank transom, ready to be named by you. In water in Deltaville, VA. \$9,000. Email bill@c-ville.com or call 434-817-2755 ext 21.

For Sale: J24 SAILBOAT - # 170, 1977, Sails, Jibs, 150 and 100, 2 mains, 2 spinnakers, 2001-5HP Nissan John Hawksworth, J24hawk@aol.com, 757-465-9092(H), 757-380-3345(O), \$7000 (includes trailer). Deltaville.

For Sale: Kenyon Marine Alcohol/Electric Stove, model 406, 2 burner, built in model, NEVER USED, still in original carton, offers, Jeff Baechler, 804-240-7585, jbaechler@comcast.net

For Sale: 5 HP, 4 stroke Honda, with tank. Used 15 hours; 20 months of warranty transfers. \$1,100. Also, 14 foot Jon boat, with oars. Transom needs repair. \$300. Call Doug Stinchum, 804-694-3961

For Sale Morgan 385 1992 CC Name: SILENCE 11Dodger, Florida room, generator, central A/C, refrig,tv, stereo,aft stateroom w/private head,shower and wet locker, LPG two burner stove, hot/cold water, forward v-berth stateroom w/head "6+ head-room, 38 HP diesel, R/F jib and mail (in mast), all electronics; wind,speed, depth, etc. auto pilot, GPS,Lewmar s/t wenches (4), all lines led aft for single-handing, wing keel (5"3) draft. Boat can be seen at East pier #44 Call Terry Quinn 804-270-1911 or e-mail tmquinn@comcast.net

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS

On November 11, the Fishing Board Yacht Club Board of Directors approved a change in advertising rates and policy. Effective with the January issue, the Log will offer two sizes of ad—one half page and one quarter page. Prices for the one half page will be \$100 per month and for the one quarter page \$60 per month.

The Board and Membership wish to extend their thanks to our advertisers who have helped support the Log with their paid contributions.

The Editor

To place an ad or submit an article, please contact:

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e-mail: sgillispie@aol.com

The deadline for The Log is the 20th. Items received after the 20th may not be published.

All Articles Welcome!

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