



VICE-COMMODORE COMMENTS

Some Thoughts on Safety, Ironic as That May Be
by Chip Cunningham, Vice Commodore and still crew on one of the Wayfarer Impulses

Recently at the Bayview Yacht Club's 2015 One Design Regatta Nick and I gave another extemporaneous performance of our questionable Helm-Nick maneuver where, during a tack or gybe, the aft end of the stowed spinnaker pole threads its way into an item of Nick's clothing and when the boom comes over tries to fling him out of the boat. The sound track is pretty rousing, with Nick shouting, "CHIP! CHIP! CHIP!" as the boat goes out of control. It's a good way to capsize too, as once happened to Nick on a Flying Dutchman. The FD's turtle in a hurry. The spinnaker pole was through both shoulder straps of Nick's life vest and it was all he could do to struggle up for a breath and call for help. We can thank his neighbor who was crewing with him for her quick thinking—she cut him loose and gave us the years of Nick we have enjoyed since.

Now it has happened this year at the BOD. We were tacking back a half minute before the gun. All of a sudden Nick was shouting, "CHIP! CHIP! CHIP!" It's hard to respond effectively with the boat spinning. The far rail was under the water and Nick was hanging out over it. The boom was across his back and holding him face down. At some point the sails auto tacked and the boom came off Nick's back revealing the end of the spinnaker pole stuck through a hole in his "Safety Shirt." I pushed him off the pole. We reorganized, opened the bailers, and made it to the line only twenty seconds late. The fact is the Helm-Nick Maneuver is no fun anymore.

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CHESAPEAKE CRUISE PROVIDES EXCITING AND WINDY SAILING *May 24-May 27, 2015*

Three Wayfarers comprised the small fleet for this year's Chesapeake Cruise. Dick Harrington and Tom Goldsmith in Blue Mist, Al Schonborn sailed solo and Ken Butler and AnnMarie Covington sailed in Ken'sMark I, W7372. Here is Ken's report.

AnnMarie Covington and I left North Carolina on Sunday, May 24 with my Wayfarer W7372 in tow. The trip started with the trailer making strange sounds, like the wheels were loose. We stopped in the Rest Area trailer parking area and found eight lug bolts loose. AnnMarie quickly fixed the problem that I had created when I put on two new tires. For me, after that experience, every noise was a potential failure. Since I am home writing this, you can be assured it was a fabulous cruise.

We arrived at Somers Cove Marina mid-afternoon, checked in at the office, paid dockage and got the code to all facilities. This big boat facility, operated by State of Maryland, is great and the Staff are so welcoming... and they allowed us "little boat" sailors to park our cars there, shower, dock our boats and sleep there the first night.

Shades, Glory Days was already tied up, so Uncle Al was in town. We rigged the boat, reefing the main and using a cruising jib. After launching, I sailed back to the Marina, found a slip and we begin moving gear from car to the boat. By the way, the reef never came out. Small craft warnings were in effect the entire cruise and winds seemed to increase the last day.

Dick Harrington and Tom Goldsmith arrived late in the evening when I was sound asleep. After a hardy breakfast at the Bay View restaurant Dick and Tom

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Full membership	One year	\$20.00
Full membership	Three years	\$50.00
Associate Membership		\$15.00
Associate Membership is available to non-Wayfarer owners.		

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The “Safety Shirt” was invented when something similar happened to us at the Worlds in 2013. The pole caught Nick’s vest during a gybe at the windward mark and we blew one of our most promising heats. Prior to the “Safety Shirt” Nick had simply worn his vest over everything else. We decided then that it would be a good idea to cover the catchy parts with a tight shirt. But the shirt has let us down.

Nick and I agree that the thought of simply drowning isn’t all *that* bad, but the thought of being tangled up and held under the water *is*. It reminds him of the

Flying Dutchman incident and he really, really doesn’t want to do that again.

Common methods for stowing the aft end of the spinnaker pole are the wire loop or PVC hoop, both of which leave the end of the pole exposed, and the fabric sock which doesn’t, assuming the sock is long enough to completely shroud the end of the pole. If the sock is closed at the aft end and set the proper distance from the mast, it will stop the pole in the right place when it is being stowed in the hurry of a race. On occasion the mainsheet running along the boom has gone over the protruding end of our pole and if the sheet is taut the pole can be hard to pull loose. A sock will prevent that too. Impulse has wire loops. I am now strongly advocating for the fabric sock.

The floor of a Mark IV is three inches higher than the other Marks and that’s three tough inches farther one has to duck to get under the boom. Maybe that’s it. We don’t know.

We have performed the Helm-Nick maneuver for you perhaps six times. If you haven’t seen it yet you may have missed your chance. We have never seen any other boat perform it. You certainly want to avoid it if you can.

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launched *Blue Mist*. We all watched the local watermen and volunteer fire department men put together grills, tents, deep fat fryers and bring in baskets of crabs for an annual soft shell crab cook off. Once out of Somers Cove Channel, our sail to Smith Island, became a port tack beam reach across to Big Thoroughfare channel. Uncle Al, the local knowledge guy, went a little lower and then close reached ahead of us and reached the channel first. Two sail boats on the water always invite a competition!

We stayed high in the channel, intending to stay away from any leeward sand bar and put on a good show for the people on the ferry. As the ferry passed to port we headed up into its wake and received the waves of the passengers as we moved behind the ferry

Then the local knowledge guy, Uncle Al, began to cut corners to avoid a beat, so we followed *Shades* across the flats on a rising tide. The rudder tie-down released and the center board showed we were in shallow water. With the wind behind, and deep water ahead, it was an OK track.

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Smith Island Marina was just as we left it last year, only one more dog at Pauli's. At the marina, we met Hugh and Julie, a couple on a big sail boat heading back to Annapolis. They arrived after we had set up our little boom tent boats. Hugh was a great grill master and he cooked our dinner.

While there I meet a local waterman, Wes, and he gave me a tour of his soft shell crab facility. I got first-hand knowledge about Sooks, Jimmies, Busters, Doublers and saw one method the waterman uses to identify which crab is getting ready to shed the present hard shell and expose the new soft shell.

The other interesting local we meet was Tim Mitchell, who is a local guide for Native American artifacts. During the ice ages the islands were not islands and Tim has found some very old "points". As the islands erode, these are exposed. And he will take you to areas where he has found various spear points and arrow points.

Next day forecast was for winds increasing later in the day so we delayed our departure to be sure we got the benefit of beating into heavy seas and wind. After all we are Wayfarer sailors!

We departed Smith on the west side and following Al, took a long beat off-shore. You could see the western shore. We stuck together pretty well with all boats in sight. Most of the time we were close enough to Uncle Al to discuss business, ie "starboard". In the end local knowledge ruled and Uncle Al cut to the docks while we observed a more conservative route down the channel into Tangier.

We found a slip at Parks Marina and it was tricky getting in because the slips are for thirty footers and longer. All arrived safely and wet. We had 3 to 5 gallons of water on board from the crossing. Later in the day we walked over to the beach and watched the rough water due to weather.

Day three was a side trip to Watts Island. The wind was blowing right out of the slip so I decided we could back out of the 30 ft slip, past two pilings into the channel. It did not happen that way but we recovered. Those lines for the second reef point were always finding a piling to hook up with.

We had a wet beat to Watts Island and the reefed main sail really rocked. We were the first to arrive and didn't know where to go, so we looked for the point Uncle Al said he wanted to visit. We found a lee shore on the very North End. Uncle Al took some great pictures of whole trees becoming drift wood. We saw



a lot of debris from buildings or maybe it was the place where folks dumped their garbage.

Dick and Tom landed at a much better spot, a little south, so we walked down the beach and joined them for lunch.

On Day Four after an extended breakfast on Milton Park's back porch, the Wayfarer Tribe met and agreed we were all ready to head to Crisfield. It would be a run from Tangier Island but first we needed to pack up and get off the pilings.

After a bad showing yesterday, AnnMarie and I put together a plan and executed it so well we were hanging on the outer piling, all sails begging to go. With AnnMarie on the helm, I released and we headed upwind and then out the eastern side. With crabbing shacks to windward, we moved down the channel with lots of speed as we left Tangier Island. So beautiful! We stayed high in the channel, past the osprey nest and then turned north to Crisfield.

At first, we were protected by the shore leaving Tangier. We had wind, but no seas. Further off we got seas. AnnMarie really liked what she described as "Wayfarer surfing". Head up a little, catch the wave, then, let it go downwind. Later when we switched the helm and I found I liked it too. Similar to those rides in the surf.

It was a great cruise. I was very glad I had crew who was also a helmsman on board with me so we could always drive the boat efficiently. Over and over we saw that the Wayfarer is an amazing boat.

OBTW, I did a "thwart turtle". You really must try it, get everything wet and then fall backwards off the thwart. While tacking! It happened while I was crew. I am still laughing! *See you on the water! Ken*