



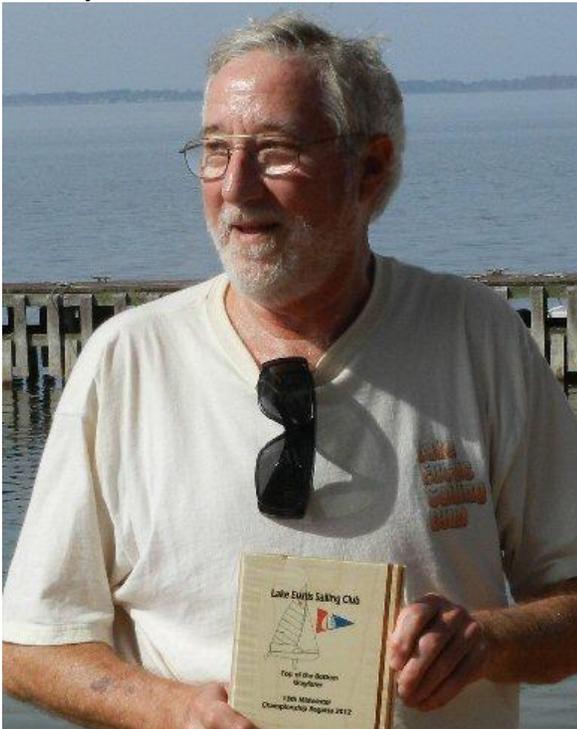
The Wayfarer SKIMMER

United States Wayfarer Association
December 2013-4

COMMODORE COMMENTS

Jim Heffernan W1066, W2458

Is there a place in the eternal hereafter where the winds are 8-10, the seas are comfortable, the competitors are your friends and the spinnaker is filled and pulling your boat beautifully in partly sunny skies? If so, then I pray that our sailing friends that we have lost this year are there enjoying the rewards after their life on this beautiful earth. The Wayfarer Fleet at Lake Eustis, FL recently said goodbye to one of their keen and very active sailors, Ted Benedict, who sailed *W2415 Spirit*. We had the pleasure of sailing with him a number of years and always enjoyed his spirit of adventure as he kept honing his racing skills. We wish him Godspeed as he crosses the bar into the unknown waters beyond.



There are sailing days where everything is so perfect that you feel like heaven has surrounded you. Linda and I had one of those days last month as we sailed in company with 3 other Wayfarers out to the famous Cape Lookout lighthouse on the Carolina outer banks. Departing from Beaufort, NC, we sailed across Back Sound between Harkers Island and Shackleford Banks enroute to the lighthouse located among the dunes of Cape Lookout. The Sound is well protected and quite shallow especially since we were near the end of the falling tide. The darker patches on the bottom indicated eel grass and very shallow conditions. Some towing of boats was required but only for short distances. The wind was steady from the Northeast providing a lovely beam reach. After a short visit we sailed out of the Lookout Bight, past the fishermen chasing Blues and False Albacore and entered the Atlantic Ocean. The long ocean swells were gentle and made a nap easy and restful. With only sand dunes and blue water in sight and a gentle wind in the spinnaker we felt we were near that special place beyond the bar. It was hard to turn back toward the inlet and see the commercial activities and houses that are part of daily life. Sailing really can put us in another world.

Here in North Carolina our Wayfarer growth continues. The local sailing club in Greensboro, NC is now calling us a Fleet since our numbers have passed five. Many thanks to the travelling sailors from Michigan and Ontario who have helped swell the fleet on the starting line for our three major summer and fall events. Hope to see more of you next year.

*Ted Benedict at the Lake Eustis Sailing Club,
February, 2012*

A publication of the United States Wayfarer Association NATIONAL OFFICERS		
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USWA ANNUAL DUES		
Full membership	One year	\$20.00
Full membership	Three years	\$50.00
Associate Membership		\$15.00
Associate Membership is available to non-Wayfarer owners.		

Midwinter Championship Regatta

Lake Eustis, Florida

January 31, February 1,2, 2014

Snow, ice, freezing rain. These are not known in central Florida so come south for a few days at the end of January for some warm weather sailing and racing. Here are the highlights from the Notice of Race. Complete NOR and registration form are found on the Lake Eustis Sailing Club website.

The Regatta consists of two separate Wayfarer groups racing together, the Spinnaker Class and the Non-Spinnaker Class. The Non Spinnaker Class may be

single or double handed and the use of a spinnaker is prohibited. On Saturday and Sunday, we will be joined by the MC Scow fleet that will have a separate start.

Thursday

- Registration 1-5 pm
- Practice starting and short course training races 3 pm
- Seminar by Ireland's Trevor Fisher (2012 Champion) after sunset

Friday

- Continental Breakfast/Registration 8-10 am
- Skippers Meeting 10 am
- Warning signal. first race 11 am
- Dinner at local restaurant 7 pm

Saturday

- Continental Breakfast 8am
- Warning signal, first race of day 9 am
- Hamburger/Hot Dog social 5pm-ish

Sunday

- Continental Breakfast 8 am
- Warning signal, first race of day 9 am
-

FEES: **\$80 before January 1, 2014**, otherwise \$90(includes 3 breakfasts and 1 Hamburger Social Lunches available for @7.50 each

Let Dotty Murto know if you are coming before January-1, 2014 and pay when you get there.i

Email at dottydot39@aol.com or phone 352-357-8453

Another fine Fall Regatta at Clark Lake *Al Schonborn W3854*

The lovely Clark Lake YC put on its invariably fabulous annual Fall *Tim Dowling Memorial* Regatta September 21-22 in seasonal weather and great winds. Seven Wayfarers joined fleets of [Rebels](#), [Lasers](#), [Sunfish](#) and [Interlakes](#) plus a lone [Mutineer](#) in a six-race series beautifully orchestrated by RO, Mike Smith.

Westerly hiking breezes gave us three fine races Saturday (*above*) in which Marc Bennett and Julie Seraphinoff dominated with a string of runaway wins. With their confidence buoyed even further by the fact that only two races were expected to complete the no-drop series on the Sunday and that 2nd-place Al Schonborn and Shannon Shank were sitting with 2-2-3, the leaders decided to try out a suit of new sails in Sunday's somewhat lighter and far shiftier northerly, cross-lake winds.

Continued on page 9

Exploring Cape Cod's South Shore ---Part II

July 23-24, 2013

Tom Erickson W275 Possum

My last adventure on Cape Cod took me from my home port of Lewis Bay west to Falmouth. This time it was east to Chatham. With the gear packed and *Possum* ready I headed out of Lewis Bay at 11 AM. The wind was the usual SW 15-20. After tacking out of the bay and gaining enough room to safely round Point Gammon I had a pleasant wing on wing ride along the coast for about 16 NM to Monomoy Island, the long spit of land extending south from the southeast tip of the Cape for about 5 miles. Being a protected habitat for birds I couldn't go ashore but did enjoy stretching my legs in shallow water and enjoying the thousands of piping plovers searching for mates and nesting ground around. On the ride north toward Stage Harbor I was surrounded by several dozen seals who kept popping up to eyeball me then ducking and coming up on the other side of the boat.



*Possum
anchored in
Cape Poge Bay
at east end of
Chappaquiddick
Island.*

The entrance to Stage Harbor is narrow and has a strong flow. I arrived on the ebbing tide but still had enough SW wind to creep in. Stage Harbor has several nooks and crannies. I opted for far into the bay so as to be able to walk to town. Thinking the tide was almost down, I anchored in about 2 feet of water. To my pleasant surprise my wife Diane called and said she and her girl friends were going out to eat in Chatham so instead of freeze dried lasagna I enjoyed the luxury of a lobster roll at the Chatham Bars Inn. When they drove me back to the boat a few hours later, *Possum* was resting on the mud flats but within a half hour was nicely floating again.

The forecast was for winds shifting to NE during the night bringing rain and stronger winds the next day. I watched the harbor of moored boats swing around to face North as I dozed off for the night. Next morning the wind was quickly rising; time to get going. After a quick breakfast of yogurt and granola I stowed the tent, took in a single reef and set sail. The NE wind pushed me out of the harbor with the ebbing tide. Once out on the open ocean the waves rose to 4-6 feet and with the wind just abaft the beam. I surfed along at speeds of up to 10 knots. Glad I had the reef because it was getting at little on the edge. After a few miles I wanted to douse the jib only to find the roller gear jammed. I came about, hove to, crawled out on the deck and managed to free it.

After several hours of exhilarating sailing I rounded the head of Point Gammon and headed for the entrance to Lewis Bay and home by 11 AM before the rain arrived. Safely ashore, I told the guy who runs the local sailing school that I'd just sailed in from Chatham. "In that little boat?" The capabilities and security of the Wayfarer are amazing.

Martha's Vineyard will be the next adventure. This will depend on wind direction. Martha's Vineyard is SW from Lewis Bay. That would be 16NM right into the teeth of the usual 15-20 SW wind; a long, wet, upwind slog. Tomorrow's forecast is for WNW wind. Maybe I'll go!

Editor's Note: In fact Tom did sail his Wayfarer to Martha's Vineyard as evidenced in the photo to the left. That account will be reported in the next issue.

Treasurer's Report Gary Hirsch W4573

Ahoy USWA members. As 2013 draws to a close it is time for many of us to renew our membership. Soon I will be sending you by email membership renewals for 3 years (\$50). Anyone wanting a one year membership (\$20) can let me know using the email address: us_wayfarers@hotmail.com (that is, us underscore wayfarers at hotmail dot com).

I have set up a PayPal account to facilitate the payment of dues. The sender does not need a PayPal account. Use the above email address when paying with a credit card.. We have a limited number of Wayfarer Books for sale at the cost of \$35 which includes shipping.

HOT! HOT! HOT!

Another challenging and fun regatta was held on the waters of Lake Townsend north of Greensboro, NC on the last week end of October. This regatta, the Halloween On Townsend, raised over \$4,000 in support of Earlier.org, a local group dedicated to finding an earlier detection marker for breast cancer.

There were 21 boats sailing as one handicap fleet including Wayfarers, Flying Scots, Lasers and a classic wooden Lightning sailed by a young feller in his 80's. Overall winners were Marc Bennett and Julie Seraphinoff Price of East Lansing, Michigan sailing in their MarkIV Wayfarer, followed closely by LTYC members Jim and Linda Heffernan in their wood Wayfarer and in third place was the Gundlach family of LTYC sailing together in their Flying Scot.

Rounding out the top five were two more Wayfarers sailed by Nick Seraphinoff with faithful crew Chip Cunningham, both of Michigan, who were chased closely by North Carolinians Richard Johnson and Michelle Parish in their beautiful Mark IV, *Black Skimmer*.

The winds for the first day of racing were aligned with the long stretch of the lake thus allowing for long windward-leeward legs and also bringing the golf course shoreline shifts into play on the left side. You would have thought the locals would have the advantage yet Marc and Julie figured it out quickly and grabbed two first place finishes and a fourth. They were tied for points at the end of the day with Jim and Linda who consistently sailed three second place finishes.

Last year the approaching super storm Sandy gave us blustery winds and a number of capsizes for the second day of racing. This year, the weather was perfect. However the wind direction required the course be laid out across the Lake's axis thus putting a windward mark in a cove creating slamming headers that forced unintended tacking. Marc and Julie figured it out again or got lucky as Julie says and put two more firsts on the board. Jim and Linda led the last race for a few legs and then got on to the wrong part of the course as they chased a flighty shifting wind. Alas!

Each day finished with the tasty food and beverages that the LTYC has consistently provided at regattas like this and the June Mayor's Cup. Hope you can join us next year.

CRUISING AROUND THE RACE COURSE

Don Silsbe W1392 Ol' Yeller

I assured my wife Terri that it was going to be a social day of sailing, sort of a circular form of cruising. So with that, I sent in the registration form for the Old Brown Dog Regatta. Twenty months ago, I bought W1392, and have been restoring *Ol' Yeller* ever since. My goal was to participate in the Old Brown Dog Regatta in early November, 2013, and I just made it. I brushed up on racing rules (kudos to Uncle Al for an excellent presentation) and what to do in case of a capsize. I gave Terri a brief download on the capsize instruction, assuring her that we'd probably never need to use the information.

The day started out with light and fluky air. The race committee had to cancel the first race, and reset the course. As time passed, the wind filled. Our plan always was to finish last. It's good to have a plan, and I am proud to report that we executed that plan. After the second race, the wind was getting downright blustery. Since the "fun factor" was definitely gone for us, we quit the course, and headed back to the dock. Then, within sight of the clubhouse, we capsized! Without a fuss, we got her righted, bailed, and back to the ramp before the others arrived. . The righting drill illustrated on the Canadian Wayfarer website was invaluable information.

There were numerous offers of assistance from new Wayfarer friends. (Thank you, all!) We drained & dried out, packed up, and went in for dinner. Standing by the fire, with drink in hand, we got many words of advice and encouragement. (Such as "Well, at least



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now you've gotten THAT out of the way!") It is impressive to experience both a high level of competitiveness and a warm and engaging group of people. Looking back, we did exactly what we set out to do—have a pleasant social day of sailing with fellow Wayfarer owners. I guess the capsize drill was just a little bonus.

Old Brown Dog Regatta 2013

Hair of the Dog is the Cure

Richard Johnson W10762 Black Skimmer

Friday night, November 1st was cool and rainy. I was road weary. Michele was work worn. Our hope was to make sure the Brown Dog went well and then perhaps rest the next weekend. Michele made a pot of sadistically hot chile; we had cold Shift beers in the fridge, a warm fire inside, and slowly friends appeared out of the mist and gloom and the regatta began.

Saturday was perfect as only a North Carolina, blue sky, fall day can be perfect. But it did not include a lot of wind. The Race committee attempted to set a course, but what wind there was kept moving. Finally some pressure developed in the west. The Race committee moved the course north to Crowder's Creek and set an east to west MWL course. The winds were light but a line of clouds hanging on the horizon promised better.

At the H.O.T.(Regatta the weekend prior) *Black Skimmer*, our boat, was nervous, had no drive, and wouldn't point. We decided to abandon our dogged adherence to the Wayfarer Bible and the othodoxy of generally accepted tuning principles and went for feel. We adjusted the jib halyard tension according to Uncle Al's advice. "On a beat, tighten jib halyard tension until the leeward shroud is just tight." It solved the problem. We had drive. We could point. We got our groove back.

Race 1: The wind was essentially out of the west, but puffs were visible coming in from the south-west. The Scow class confirmed this. They started on starboard headed south west, then tacked on the header out of the Southwest. It was a fairly simple model to follow. We did the same, found our way to the windward mark in good time, rounded and had a nice broad reach to the leeward mark. We turned back to windward, two tacks and we finished. We were closely followed by Uncle Al, and Ted Tewkesbury.

By this time the wind was building. The race committee noticed the wind's drift to the southwest and tucked the windward mark up under a stand of trees. This squared the course, but guaranteed a difficult windward rounding. We put most of the mast blocks back in since winds were now near 10 knots, and made a couple of runs to windward to adjust the jib halyard tension.

Race 2: Our strategy was essentially the same. Go left to the header then tack, which worked until we approached the windward mark and made the tack onto the port lay line. As we tacked the wind went south south-west and we went into irons. It was the H.O.T. all over again. We could not find the wind. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a green streak driving up the center of the course, and very nicely round the windward mark. Anne Marie Covington, A.K.A. the "Green Streak" was the first to head east on the downwind leg. Finally, once everyone else had rounded, we wandered over to the mark. We rounded, hoisted the chute; pole right boom left on a deep run. Halfway down the leg I mentioned to Michele that the wind had moved slightly left, we were by the lee, but all should be OK. The wind then made an abrupt shift, the boom blew across, and we were on our beam end, hull half submerged. By learned reflex Michele dumped the chute and headed to the high side. I climbed as fast as possible away from the cold lake water and somehow, we did not capsize. We attempted to reset the spinnaker but decided it didn't make sense. I released the transom flaps, but no water left the boat. I was livid. The boat wasn't draining. We sailed on for another 25 yards steaming hot in cold knee deep water. Then I noticed the sponges in the transom flaps and pulled them out. The boat was empty by the leeward mark. We rounded, pleased that the inside of the boat Note to self,"Find new place to store sponges." While we were courteously allowing everyone to round the windward mark and flushing the inside of the boat, the Heffernans waltzed into first place, as they are want to do. Chip Cunningham, sailing alone, finished second. Chip has been dubbed "Cato" by Nick Seriphinoff, but is more shaman than super hero side kick. Sailing with a Buddha Smile he seemed more in meditation than competition.

continued on page 8

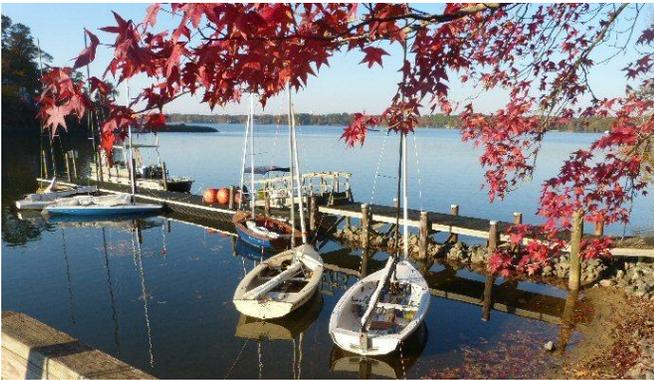
FANTASTIC AND FUN FALL 2013 REGATTAS



Clark Lake – Shannon Shank and Al Schonborn,, 1st place. Joanne and Leo Van Kampen, 3rd place and Most Improved

Old Brown Dog – Michele Parish and Richard Johnson, 1st place. New members Don and Terri Silsbe

HOT Regatta - Spinnaker run on Lake Townsend, NC



Wayfarers at rest at Catawba Sail Club during Old Brown Dog Regatta.

Close racing in lovely winds at Clark Lake Regatta

Marc and Julie appear to sail among pumpkins at Halloween On Townsend Regatta.



Old Brown Dog Regatta. A toast to no show Skipper, Nick Seraphinoff. Bottom row, Chip Cunningham, Linda Heffernan, Al Schonborn, Middle Row, Tom Martin, Ken Butler, Kelly Smith, AnneMarie Covington, Ted Tewkesbury, Fred Herr, Jim Higgins, Back row, Jim Heffernan, Richard Johnson.

OBD continued from page 5

By this time the wind was semi-honking. Not a full honk but pretty good, and it was now out of the north-west as evidenced by our near capsizes. The race committee squared the course again. And we squeezed in one more race.

Race 3: I don't recall if this race was once around or twice around. I do remember rounding the windward mark behind Uncle Al and the Heffernans. We jibed the main, the pole went left; we hoisted the chute onto a broad reach. We planed three quarters of the leg as the wind continued to build. We snuffed the chute early for fear of being driven onto the rocks just beyond the leeward mark. The wind had gone north and we had an easy beat to the finish. By the end of the race it was obvious bad weather was on the way. Two boats had retired. Ken Butler and his daughter Kelly Smith had their best race finishing ahead of Chip, in conditions that were quickly approaching full honk.

We were all in by 3:30 pm. Despite the fast approaching front, everyone made it in safely. Don Silsbe and his wife, Terri, had an incident but recovered with great character. Capsizing and recovery is a Wayfarer rite of passage and a spark of inspiration. There is nothing like cold water to make one consider potential improvements. But all in all I would like to welcome them to the family and look forward to seeing more of them and *Ol Yeller*.

At this point a round or two of drinks was required. The wind had blown in clouds and rain which passed quickly leaving a broken sunset. It was Big Sur in the Bible Belt. A fire was laid inside and one was set on the beach. Dinner arrived; the musicians began. We chatted, drank, told redneck jokes, gossiped, some danced, others sang under their breath, and as the fires retired so did we.

Sunday morning was way more perfect than Saturday. The wind was steady and cool out of the north. As it turned out we, *Black Skimmer*, were tied with the Heffernan, *Dawn Treader*, for first place. The race committee laid a long race course with windward north. It was difficult to see the windward or leeward mark from the committee boat.

Race 4: Michele and I did a quick tune and made sure all lines were free and clear. We were both calm. Not that we had much confidence. If past was prologue the tie would not last nor would it end in our favor. None

the less we timed the distance down the start line. We calculated where we wanted to be at 1 minute and where we would start. We started in clear air with the Heffernans to leeward. Michele and I jumped into the straps, got the boat flat and were able to lift up above them, avoiding being gassed. It then became a matter of close cover. After a series of tacks we arrived at the windward mark. We took a central route down the lake. The wind was oscillating between north and northeast punctuated with puffs allowing us to sail a deep run broad reach to the leeward mark. The Heffernans went east and down the lake. Their route was a dead run alone. We arrived at the leeward mark about 10 boat lengths ahead. We put on a loose cover and were able to finish alone. Jim and Linda had made up several boat lengths and finished just behind. Uncle Al, without benefit of crew, finished third.



Richard Johnson relaxes and mentally prepares before the weekend racing at Catawba Sail Club.

Race 5: Our boat was moving well, winds were good. We were starting well. What could go wrong we wondered? The race committee had moved the mark to the northeast to square the course. This put the mark close to land. The wind favored a starboard start; we decided to start close to the committee boat. We made several runs up and down the line and determined it to be 25 to 30 seconds long. We sailed east away from the committee boat for one minute. We made our turn back toward the committee boat at 1:30 before the start. After a series of luffs we were just east of the committee boat. We almost decide to head to the pin when everyone else went to the pin instead. A gap opened up next to the committee boat and it was ours. We started with clean clear air and a good line down the lake. But somehow the Heffernans tacked back at us on port. They had a good line clean air and were moving very fast. We tacked to cover, had some trouble and the Heffernans gained ground. They rolled us; we tacked and then after a series of tacks ended up

to leeward of them on a port tack heading to the windward mark. Normally when I have a boat to windward I will try pinch up and cut off their air. When I had tried that previously we got rolled. This time I bore off. Telltales streamed straight back. I cracked the main and we were clear ahead. Somehow we were able to lift back up and we rounded inches ahead.

We headed dead down wind, pole right, boom left. The Heffernans were east of us, pole right, boom left. The wind shifted to the north and then halfway down the run to the west. This put us on a fast broad reach and put the Heffernans in the difficult position of having to reach up to the mark. We rounded the mark about 6 boat lengths ahead.

We headed out on port tack watching to see what the Heffernans would do when she rounded. Our job at this point was to stay between them and the finish line. Their job was to get upwind as fast as possible. At this point we became their puppet. They controlled us. If they tacked, we tacked. They then had the freedom to take the best advantage of wind shifts and pressure. Whereas we were compelled to tack to cover, which meant sometimes tacking into headers or into a lulls. The end result was that the Heffernans sailed fast and high and crossed us before the finish.

As the Heffernans were heading toward the pin end of the finish line on starboard but not fetching the mark, we had to dip below them. When a port boat approaches a starboard tack boat she has three options. She can lee bow if she is 6 to 10 boat lengths ahead, she can dip and continue on her course, or she can dip then tack onto starboard in the hopes of controlling the other boat. We did not have room to lee bow. If we dipped and continued on our course we would have allowed them to win easily. Our only option was to dip and tack back on starboard. But we had to be far enough away to not get gassed or be subject to them luffing up or be too far behind so that they could easily tack to the line. We made our turn. The separation of the boats was such that there was no clear decision for the Heffernans. If they did not tack we would push them past the mark then we would tack to finish. If they did tack, they had two options: dip and lose or try to cut across. The Heffernans chose the latter. They made their turn. Michele and I bellowed like fish wives. I headed up to avoid collision as *Dawn Treader's* shrouds passed our bow, I lost the helm, the main sheet and ended up spinning like an inverted turtle in bottom of the boat. The Heffernans crossed

the line, got the horn, then dipped down to do their turns. Michele and I got ourselves collected and slowly crossed the line.

Had the differential between the boats been 3 seconds more the result would have been different. I admire the Heffernans' daring to give it a try. This is sailboat racing, and despite the fear of damaging our beloved boats, sometimes you have to go all in. I can only hope I would have had the same nerve to make the tack instead of dipping. It was the perfect finish to the perfect weekend and a tremendous sailing year. I hope to remember it for the rest of my life.



Chip pops the Champagne to celebrate the First Anniversary of Team Seraphinoff and Cunningham.

Clark Lake continued from page 2

In a complete reversal of form, Al and Shannon promptly aced the next two races while the Bennetts scored a 2-4, leaving the leaders in a points tie that would have favoured the latter. Enter Mike Smith who decided to give us another race while the lovely sailing conditions lasted, a decision that did not sit well with Team Bennett who were finding their "new" sails far less than adequate.

Still, Marc and Julie were well up on Al and Shannon about half way through the deciding race as they sat 2-3 behind Mike Codd and Kirk Iredale performing consistently well in a Mk IV borrowed from Nick Seraphinoff. But near the second windward mark, Al got a big break from the wind and moved into second place just behind Mike. From there on, the leaders grimly held on through dead spots, 180° shifts, etc. as Mike edged Al by about one length and Marc fell to series 2nd with a 3rd-place finish. While Marc was contemplating a request for redress, Shannon and Al were quietly being thrilled at the greatest come-back in Uncle Al's decades-long racing career.



Marc Bennett and Julie Seraphinoff Price battle with Al Schonborn and Shannon Shank at Clark Lake

Not that there was no celebrating among the Wayfarers: Mike and Kirk were giddy with their fine debut Mark IV performance in the series and especially their win in the finale, while Conestoga's Leo and Joanne Van Kampen were happy with their visible improvement each time out since they bought one of the Worlds 2013 Hartleys in August.

The Van Kampens did in fact hang on to series 3rd despite a pair of 5ths late in the series as things got patchier and shiftier. With 23 points, the 5th-seeded Leo and Joanne edged out Cleveland's Tony Krauss and Ken Miller by a single point, while Toronto's Mike Codd with Kirk Iredale's admirable late spurt of 2-1 left them just a point short of Tony and Ken in 5th overall. By placing 3rd meanwhile, Leo and Joanne turned out to be our *Most Improved* crew as they beat their seed by two places.

New Michigan Wayfarer, Dave McCreedy teamed up with Matthew Romano, one of Nick Seraphinoff's enthusiastic adult sailing students at the Bayview YC and placed an impressive 6th despite a string of misfortunes which included a snapped tiller (thanks to Wendell Ohs for bringing over a replacement on Saturday night!!) and a capsize with fine submarine sequel. Dave and Matt looked no less enthusiastic after their various ordeals and we look forward to seeing them regularly at W events!! FLASH!!! No more submarine scenes for Dave McCreedy who has just bought *Impulse*W10864 (the Hartley Mark IV that Mike and Kirk were sailing) from owner, Nick Seraphinoff..

Series 7th went to Michigan's long-time Wayfarer, Joe DeBrincat and his son, Jeff. They were seeded 3rd but completed only two of six races this time around.

Awards Dinner Closes Fleet 2 Sailing Season

On November 16 seventeen members of Fleet 2 gathered at Bayside Restaurant in Walled Lake, Michigan to dine, present sailing season awards and hold the annual meeting. Fleet Captain Joe Blackmore presided over the meeting.

Five boats sailed enough races to qualify for trophies. First place was awarded to Joe DeBrincat, 2nd place to Jeff DeBrincat and third place to Al Fick. Other Wayfarer sailors have expressed an interest in racing next year so it is hoped that participation will improve. The Yachtsperson of the Year Trophy for 2013 was presented to Joe Blackmore (*below*) as the individual who contributed most to the advancement of the Wayfarer Class.



Joe DeBrincat suggested that we revive the Thursday evening practices. Mike Anspach will send email reminders a few days in advance.

Adrian Hill invited the fleet to his Walled Lake home next summer for a picnic following a one way race. Joe DeBrincat will again hold a BBQ at his home next fall.

The current officers were reelected unanimously: Fleet Captain, Joe Blackmore, Racing Captain, Al Fick, Secretary, Mike Anspach, Treasurer, George Beaujon.

Winterizing your Wayfarer

Sadly you bid goodbye to your boat as you put her to bed for the winter, promising her some good times come spring. She will rest better if you take a few precautions to make her comfy.

Sails: Check for small holes, loose stitching and raveled seams. Rinse (if sailing in salt water), dry and roll main and jib, and fold spinnaker. Store in sail bags in a dry place.

The boat cover: Wood and composite boats need a waterproof canvas cover so the boat can “breathe” and thus reduce humidity inside the covered area. PVC is adequate for GRP boats although PVC material will eventually break down in sunlight. An over the boom cover allows the water to drain away keeping moisture levels low. Care must be taken not to leave a PVC cover touching the gelcoat of glass fibre boats for a long period of time since it may cause the gelcoat to become detached from the glass fibre which results in “bubbles” appearing on the surface. Ensure the cover is snug to keep out the nesting critters.

Trailer or trolley: The boat should rest with all the weight on the keel this being the strongest part of the hull, with a small gap between the bilge runners and any support, enabling the boat to rock very slightly from side to side. Check the spare tire for proper inflation and any rot, check the wheel bearings, tighten fittings as necessary and rinse trailer if used in salt water. Ensure the tie down straps are not so tight that distortion of the hull could occur.

Sheets: These can be washed in a machine with detergent to remove any salt accumulation and dirt and give a better feel to them. Replace any worn running rigging.

Foils: Check foils for nicks, chips and wear from dragging in shallow water. Repair and smooth to a fine finish. Protect the rudder and store so no warping can occur.

Salt water: If your boat sails in saltwater, rinse her soon after sailing to prevent corrosion and be sure she is hosed down well and dried out before entering winter storage. Wood boats must be completely dry in the buoyancy compartments and under the floorboards before storage.

Hatch covers: The clips should be released from all hatch covers to take the pressure off the rubber seal. When the hatch cover is left clipped or toggled down, the rim will form a permanent indentation in the rubber, making the seal less effective. Leave the hatches open as well as the bailer plugs to allow air flow throughout the boat.

Fittings, shrouds and wire halyards: Inspect all fitting and replace or repair any suspect items. Lubricate moving parts with marine grade lubricant. All screws should be tightened, and whenever this results in the screw head turning continuously, measures should be taken to ensure the screw has a firm hold. The shrouds and halyards should be carefully inspected, particularly where the eye splices have been swaged at the ends. They should be replaced if one of the wire strands is found to be broken for it is likely that other strands are also weak and may break at a critical time. Look for wear in the rope tail at the point it is spliced into the wire.

Spars: The mast and boom should be washed thoroughly in fresh water and checked to see if any corrosion appears between the aluminum spars and any fittings. Stainless steel screws, bolts and rivets in contact with aluminum are subject to electrolytic corrosion in the presence of salt. Stainless steel shrouds and fittings should not be wrapped around the mast during winter storage, as the contact points may corrode especially if left damp and salty.

From the UKWA Wayfarer Book, Fifth Edition and Racing Captain, Marc Bennett



Boats U.S.

npboatsus.com

*For the dinghy sailor in all of us
Home of the Mark IV Wayfarer*



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***Calling All Wayfarers
2014***

January 31-Feb 2	Midwinter Regatta, Lake Eustis Sailing Club	Eustis, Florida
May 17	Lake Lansing Wayfarer/CL Regatta	East Lansing, Michigan
May 25-30	Chesapeake Cruise	Crisfield, Maryland
May 30-June 1	Bayview One Design, Bayview Yacht Club	Detroit, Michigan
June 7-8	Mayor's Cup, Lake Townsend Yacht Club	Greensboro, North Carolina
June 14-15	NC Governor's Cup, Carolina Sailing Club	Kerr Lake, North Carolina
June 20-22	Chester River Race/Rock Hall Regatta	Rock Hall, Maryland
Aug 16-22	Wayfarer Rally at Hermit Island	Small Point, Maine
Sept 6-7	US Nationals, Tawas Bay Yacht Club	East Tawas, MI

See the Consolidated Racing and Cruising Schedule on www.uswayfarer.org and www.wayfarer-canada.org.
If you know of an Open Handicap event in your area where Wayfarers can participate, we can post the info here and on the Racing Schedule. For more information contact Jim Heffernan, jheffernan@nc.rr.com

USWA SKIMMER 2013-4

**United States Wayfarer Association
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