



The Wayfarer **SKIMMER**

United States Wayfarer Association
Fall 2015-3

WIC REPRESENTATIVE COMMENTS

The Rules, Race Rage and the Timeless

Civility of an English Butler

Richard Johnson W10873

My oldest daughter, Alyssa, who lives in California, called the other day, none too pleased with the state of our sport. She had participated in a national regatta in one of the “Other” 15 foot-ish two person dinghies. She was crewing, and she is capable crew, catlike and always in the right place. She and her skipper had been practicing for weeks. Alyssa had even gone to the extreme of re-gel coating the blades and fairing them. In other words she was invested in this event. The problem was this. She described everyone on the course as “Disgusting” and “abusive”. She said it was even worse because none of the nasty people were in contention, they were middle, to back of the pack which made them seem stupid and boorish. So it wasn't a regatta as much as a test of intimidation, bellowing, and disregarding the rules. She is now looking for a new class to sail with.

All in all this isn't a pretty picture but it is not that atypical. At every regatta there is some conflict. Typically it gets resolved on the water. A raised voice is not necessarily a bad thing. My wife, Michele, and I have to yell at each other on the boat so we can hear each other. And I do very much appreciate it when a starboard tacker gives me notice. It is a help, and the louder the better. So yelling can help but it is what is being yelled, and the context that matters. But there are some fleets where pushing rules to the limits, and or over the limit, becomes part of the competition. The thought process seems to be, “It's not wrong until I get protested.” I disagree with that.

Our sport is unique in that we must police ourselves and each other which are hard. You don't want to be a

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Wellesley Island Rally 2015

Completing the Cycle

John Cadman W3487

If the recipe for a great Wayfarer rally is sunny skies with temperatures in the mid-70s to low 80s, 10-15mph winds every day, a fleet of over twenty boats with the opportunity to sail in wide open waters or to tackle the challenges of sailing in narrow channels between picturesque islands, beautiful picnic spots to sail to, camping together on the water's edge facing into the setting sun, enjoying good and varied food in congenial company, relaxing with music and singing around camp fires, then Wellesley Island was a great rally because it had it all.



When I arrived on Saturday afternoon, the sun was out and the area around the docks was busy with the rigging and launching of boats. Brian Laux, who organized the event, had not only arranged for the participants to be housed in adjacent camp sites by the water's edge but also for a block of moorings for the fleet within easy walking distance: a great set-up. By 6 pm the boat was rigged and secured on the dock, my companion for the first half of the week, Charles Child, had arrived and our camp site was ready for occupation. I was particularly glad that Charles was able to come as we had been sailing together for about five years including two Wayfarer regattas at Tawas in Saginaw Bay but work commitments had prevented him attending a rally before. He would have to return

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to Michigan on Wednesday but would at least have three days sailing and get a flavor the event.

Sunday dawned sunny and bright with a forecast that was repeated with slight variations for most of the week of 10-15 mph winds from the west with the chance of showers and thunderstorms that generally failed to materialize. The first day of a rally is traditionally fairly gentle: launching the remaining boats and proving out those which had not been sailed in recent months. Those who sailed divided into two groups: one going the short distance downstream to lunch at Watterson Point State Park and the earlier starters who went upstream to Canoe Point. We chose the shorter route and with the wind behind us quickly

reached our lunch spot with three other boats. The wind built in the afternoon (a pattern repeated on the following day) and we all reefed the mains to make the beat back to base more relaxing. Once on shore we discovered a good swimming spot off the rocky shore by the campsite for a refreshing swim which became a daily ritual. Tom Goldsmith had organized what proved to be an excellent Hog roast for the evening at a newly constructed pavilion by the main marina. By the end of day one the rally was in full swing.

We made a slow start on Monday as, with help from Kit Wallace, we and Bill Haskins wanted to fit our new Aero Luffspars before we went out so we just went down to Canoe Point. The main fleet sailed on to Bluff Island where some stopped and others continued around back to the Point for a lazy lunch. By the time that we set off back to the marina the wind had risen towards 15 mph and gusting higher. The result was an exciting ride back with tales of planing and surfing the waves being recounted around the camp fires that evening.

Tuesday was the only time that we had any significant rain. At the morning skippers meeting it was clear that a front was coming through and that we would likely have some heavy rain so a number of people decided to do some sightseeing or go to Clayton for shopping. As this was Charles's last day at the rally, we were keen to get on the water so when the rain stopped around 11am we went straight out. The wind hadn't dropped much since the day before so we came back in around midday to see if we could find buddies to sail with. Soon after we had dropped the sails, we saw Lisa and David Nelson emerging from the main marina. We set back out to follow and, after playing hide and seek around the islands, caught up with them just east of Bingham Island in time to enjoy an energetic beat back with multiple short tacks through the channel south of the island to stop at Watterson Point for a brief lunch and to put a reef in for the rest of the journey back. The winds moderated a little and more boats were out in the late afternoon forming a pretty backdrop to the campsite as we cooked for the Black Tie Pot Luck that evening. As always there was an extraordinary variety of good food and some outrageous costumes and for the first time, but we hope not the last, a set from the Wayfarer Players (Henry Rose on electric bass guitar, Annelies Groen on acoustic guitar, Sean Ring on Jembe drum supported by the teenage percussion trio of Quinn Ring, Sean and Nathan Heffernan) backed by some enthusiastic singing with the highlight being a beautiful rendering of Moon River by the duet of Sarah Rose and her friend Selena. To round off the evening

Eric Laux penned and recited a second sailing poem to compliment the sestina that he had presented at Killbear.

With clear skies and steady winds, Wednesday was the perfect day for a longer cruise: a ten mile leg beating up river in the Canadian Middle Channel to sail around Camelot Island and back along the north coast of Grindstone Island to stop at Canoe Point followed by the, by now, familiar three mile run back to base. Almost the whole fleet set off together: a beautiful sight. Winds were steady around 10 mph for almost the whole way except in the Gananoque Narrows in the lee of Prince Regent Island where almost everyone resorted to muscle power to help them through. Dinner that night was at the Thousand Island Club looking out towards the large freighters travelling sedately down the St Lawrence Seaway.

The fleet divided on Thursday with the majority heading down river for the tricky circumnavigation of Ash Island and a smaller fleet opting to sail up river out past Leek Island and into Lake Ontario before turning south to complete a circumnavigation of Grindstone Island: over twenty miles in total. I joined the second fleet crewing for Alan Asselstine together with his grandson Julien. The winds were a little stronger than Wednesday particularly when we were out in Lake Ontario where some ominous black clouds seemed to follow us as we tacked south. They produced little rain but they were accompanied by some lively wind. When we got around to the lee of Grindstone we enjoyed a sunny stop over at the holiday cabin of Ian Coxhead's Wisconsin friends Jeremy and Erin Foltz, who were totally unfazed by being invaded by six Wayfarers and generously provided beer all round! On his first rally ten year old Julien competently took the helm on the way home to complete a very satisfying day's sail.

The winds were quieter on Friday and no major expeditions were planned. I needed to leave in the afternoon to travel to Coburg for the North American Championships the following day so Pat Kuntz, who was going to crew with me, and I decided to take advantage of the lighter winds to get in some much needed practice. Despite being fellow members of the Lake Eustis Sailing Club we had never raced together before and desperately need some spinnaker practice. After some initial difficulties, we had a few nice runs kindly captured for us on film by Sean and Quinn. By 5pm the boat was back on its trailer and I set off to Coburg thinking how amazingly lucky we had been to have had such a wonderful week.

Having now completed the three year cycle of Killbear 2013, Hermit Island 2014 and Wellesley Island 2015 I am acutely aware of the enormous debt that we, who have only recently joined, owe to those who found such lovely places to sail and developed the rally tradition: many, many thanks!



Glorious sailing doesn't end here. At the Friday skipper's meeting Dick Harrington and Uncle Al were extolling the pleasures of the early summer Chesapeake cruises and encouraging everyone to consider joining the international rally in the Netherlands in 2016. There was even talk of the Apostle Islands in Lake Superior some time soon. There is much to look forward to!

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Give Me the Sea
Eric Laux

There are some who yearn for the open sky, with its pristine offering of hope, but the clouds hold nothing for me.

Instead promise me the sea, wide and deep, and the joy of treading her waves. Let me have just the water, and hope will wing to me.

Others dream of the vast-spread plains, a rich bounty their offering, but I do not wish for the wealth of the grasses.

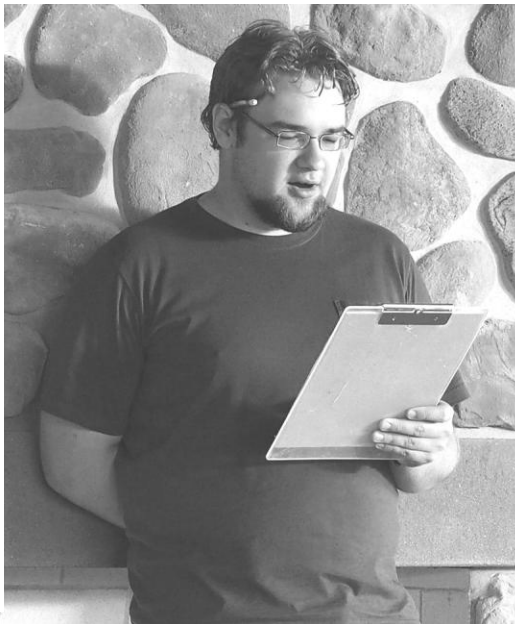
Instead give me sail, strong and taut, with all the swiftness that awaits. Let me just have the unbreaking iron that lies hidden in canvas, and I will be as rich as I ever need.

Give me a hull, a mast, give me rope and give me crew, I shall want for naught. Keep your sky and keep your plains, keep your hope and keep your wealth.

Leave only for me a ship, strong and swift. Leave only for me a crew, loyal and fierce. Leave only for me the water, for there I am free.

There, I am home.

Eric Laux reads his poem at the Black Tie Event during the Rally at Wellesley Island State Park.



Wellesley Island State Park, Thousand Islands
July 18—25, 2015 by Trish McDermott W1392

Trish and husband, Scott Bogue attended their first rally and Trish related these impression in her article written for the Lake Townsend August newsletter.

Imagine beautifully clear water splashed with islands that have summer cottages and even some castles. Lots of green and blue, and spectacular multicolored

sunsets. A place that makes you sigh with contentment and sheer pleasure. The Thousand Islands.



Ten year old Julien Asselstine, grandson of Alan and Mary and the youngest participant at the WISP Rally, looks completely comfortable at the helm.

It's a thirteen hour drive from Greensboro, but worth every hour, even worth the occasional traffic jam. The Thousand Islands area has that northern rocky ruggedness from tough winters and the genteelness of "summertime and the livin' is easy." Lush with pines, beautiful hardwoods, intriguing island homes, and a rocky shoreline, it's easy to fall in love with the area.

Twenty-two Wayfarers and one GP-14 from as far as Florida, Wisconsin, Michigan, and of course, North Carolina, joined the many Canadian Wayfarers to cruise the St. Lawrence River. It was very interesting sailing in a current. One excursion took us through a narrow passage where a big tour boat honked at us to get out of the way. Sailing downwind with the current made for tough maneuvering. Once through the narrows, we were headed into the wind and against the current. Some of us were sailing backward! Tacking a million times, it seemed like we were getting nowhere. The wind was shifty, sometimes strong, and occasionally it died right in the midst of us hiking to keep the boat flat.

The entire event was well organized, with morning meetings to discuss the cruise for the day. Many sailors were familiar with sailing the St. Lawrence and brought their charts. Each day was a different route around picturesque islands and through narrow passages where sometimes the paddles had to come out. We stopped at idyllic Canoe Point for lunch

twice. You can camp here but you have to bring everything by boat. On Sunday, at the park's brand new pavilion, the Wayfarers enjoyed a pig picking with wonderful food, but the "black tie" potluck event on Tuesday was a feast to remember! You should've seen all the sumptuous food these campers brought! Amazing! What a beautiful place and a fun Wayfarer family!

**Exciting North Americans Attract
14 Wayfarers to Fine New Venue
in Cobourg, Ontario**
Al Schonborn W3854

Very close competition marked a thrilling Wayfarer North Americans hosted July 25-26 for the first time by the excellent Cobourg YC. Sail Parry Sound's Sue Pilling and Steph Romaniuk consistently sailed just that little bit faster and smarter to capture their first ever North American title by a wide points margin in light to medium airs.

Saturday began warm and sunny but windless and a fairly lengthy postponement gave the six of us who had risen early to make the two-hour drive from the Rally at the Thousand Islands' Wellesley Island State Park a chance to prepare in a nice relaxed way. In the early afternoon, a SW breeze finally settled in, rising to about 8 knots by the time six relatively short races had been completed. The first of these was subsequently scrubbed due to an Uncle Al request for redress. The protest committee agreed with Al's contention that a course designation of "2" (two legs, one windward-leeward sausage) had not been described as an option in either the SI's or the oral instructions at the skippers' meeting. They also agreed with Al's contention that, while the RC had changed the course board from "4" to "2" well before the Warning Signal, Al (and half the rest of the fleet) were justified in not seeing this change since a long start line that was extremely pin-end favoured in a virtual drifter made a re-check of the course board a risky proposition because it would have taken well over five minutes to get back to the pin end.

There were some very notable performances in that Saturday afternoon's racing. These included a natural hat trick of wins by Sue and Steph who took races 3, 4 and 5. Race 2 went to Mike and Marg while race 6 went to the Pughs. No wins but excellent results for Conestoga's Leo and Joanne Van Kampen as well as the Daves - Hansman and Richardson - from North Bay. So fine in fact that it is worth remembering that time with pictures of the first awards ceremony on

Sunday that was inadvertently based on the Saturday evening's standings:

Sunday was a similar weather story, but with a 2 PM cut-off time, our fine RC had to jump at the first sign of wind. Just as well, too, because after two very light-air races - won by Uncle Al with son, David, and the ubiquitous Sue and Steph- the wind decided it had had enough and quit for the day. An amazing five teams ended up within two points in the fight for the runner-up spot which wound up in a three-way points tie that was broken in the following order: Mike and Marg Duncan of Mississauga SC, Al and David Schonborn of TS&CC, Dave Hansman and David Richardson of North Bay YC (most firsts, most 2nds, etc.)

One point back of this trio were David and Anne Pugh of MSC who in turn edged out Conestoga's Leo and Joanne Van Kampen by only one point. Counting 3-7-6-7-4-6 were TS&CC's Kit Wallace and George Waller who finished an extremely respectable 7th overall. Kit and George were followed by the Mississauga SC team of Rob Wierdsma and Donna Gallant, their series highlighted by a fine 5th in race 2.

Completing the top ten were the 2015 North Americans *Most Improved* teams, Jan d'Ailly with Scott Ramsay (13th seed) and Bob Stevenson with Andrew McCaughey (Sat.) and Cam Christie (Sun.), the 14th seed. By placing 9th and 10th overall respectively, Jan and Bob each beat their predicted finish by an impressive four places. Well done, gang!!

Losing to Bob by a mere one point were our hosts, Colin Junkin and his wife, Heather, who acquitted themselves very well on the race course while at the same time being in charge of regatta success. They ended up falling just that little bit short in most of the races.

And one point further back came Jim Heffernan with Texan grandsons, Nathan and Sean, the first of our three world-traveller entries, a couple of North Carolina boats from the Lake Townsend YC and even one from Mount Dora, Florida. Also representing the LTYC was AnnMarie Covington (W276) who borrowed Tom Goldsmith's Mark III *Lovely Day* which came complete with Tom as crew. An all-Eustis (Florida) team, John Cadman and Pat Kuntz set a reachable goal of beating at least one boat in the series with their cruise-rigged Wayfarer and did accomplish that feat as they placed 11th of 14 in Sunday first race.

PHOTOS OF WISP RALLY on page 6



Our Lovely Daysail to the Goat Farm

Nick Seraphinoff, helm, and Chip Cunningham, crew, on Impulse, Wayfarer 10864, September 15, 2013.

A file of relevant pictures is available on the USWA website. Follow the link on the homepage.

Telling you we are taking a daysail to the Goat Farm is going to give you the wrong idea, but that's how we're starting. Its name is actually the Goat Yard which is more than just a play on Boat Yard. There really was a goat, Nemo. Nemo is gone now. Wild dogs, I hear. And he's not the only one. Everything is changing. People are starting to call it the Goat Farm.

"Let's sail to the Goat Farm!" Nick says.

"Great!" I answer.

"A lovely destination, don't you think? Do we have enough beer?"

"We're good. Camera batteries full?"

"Full up. Swing me the hook."

We are getting very smooth now about hoisting *Impulse*, W10864, off the Bayview Yacht Club pier. When she is fully lowered into the water her mast just clears the yellow hoist motor and chain mechanism. We have been repeatedly disappointed her Windex, the delicate wind vane attached to the top of her mast, does not clear. At least six of them did not before we got the hang of it. The hang of it is: bow down slightly, and as it touches the water pull the boat forward, away from the hoist arm.

Nick masters a Tilly Hat to complete his fall sailing outfit. He will have an important insight shortly. He will pull this hat off and say, "You take it. I'm not a Tilly Hat kind of a guy."

Free of the hook and floating at the dock we pull up the main and admire the new Windex. We sail out what remains of Connor Creek and head west down the Detroit River in the channel along the north side of Belle Isle. Poor Detroit. Detroit will shortly give the state of Michigan a long term lease to take over the island in exchange for little more than a verbal promise to improve it. Can you imagine what it would be worth in New York or Chicago—a thousand acre island right downtown?



In ten minutes we make good over one third of a nautical mile and arrive at the mouth of the Goat Farm inlet.

"Here we are!"

"Great! Ready for a beer?"

Daysail to Goat Farm continued from page 7

The inlet is deep, high banked, 200 feet wide, and extends one quarter of a mile inland to the north. Along the east side is an idle development of upscale brick townhouses, some finished for years but never occupied. They sit in the shadow of what's left of an Edison coal-fired generating plant famous for its "Seven Sisters"—seven identical gigantic concrete chimneys. The girls were blown to dust in 1996. Nick attended the event. The wind that day was away from Bayview, and all over the Goat Farm.

The Goat Farm is the inlet's entire west side. Out here at the mouth and for three quarters of the way back is what you might imagine was the farm's pasture—a field of urban grass and scrub that by its distress and unevenness hints at the rubble beneath.

The high banks confuse the wind. We tack and gybe, heeling leeward to comply, working our way toward the slips at the back. After many ducks under the boom, chasing the wind, Nick says, "Look in that bag for my baseball hat."

At last we raise the centerboard and glide close by the stern of the Goat Farm's nearly submerged three masted wooden schooner. She's missing her masts, but still, she must be an historical treasure of some sort. Just beyond is the first of twelve or so empty slips. We tie up to the best looking one and consider whether what is left of the wood will hold us.

"I think it will be OK if we step where there are joists," I tell Nick. Because I was a carpenter, I guess, he believes me. When after a few steps we don't fall through, our thoughts turn to exploring. A system of jerry built ramps takes us toward shore, over the schooner, to the foot of a long worrisome wooden stairway up the bank. I hedge my recommendation: "Here we're just counting on good luck."

The stairway does not collapse and we arrive twenty feet up the bank at the Goat Yard proper—an abandoned brickyard. One is immediately struck by the astounding variety and density of junk.

At first it was not junk. Items arrived and Stephen, the Goat Yard's owner, placed them in an order. After a time his original inspiration must have gotten overwhelmed. Placement of new stuff became simply a matter of the next vacant spot. Such a tendency has always existed. Silently and unnoticed then, everything transformed into junk. Anything more arrived as junk already. I imagine this part of Stephen's life became a vast secret from himself.

Before the boatyard went feral Stephen might still have heard his guardian angel speak through a friend—something soft and playful—"Hey, Eve-stay! Ix-nay on the unk-jay!"

Instead, he opened the gate to the yard every morning and let more junk wash in. It washed into his eyes and ears. Baskets full of party lights. More boats and masts than you can count. And bicycles! There is a bicycle leaning on every other piece of junk.

"Look! I have this 150' hook-and-ladder fire truck here!" Stephen might beam, were he still alive.

"Well, not exactly....," his angel would want to caution, "It has you."

The fire truck is not independent either. Along with everything else, it is caught in the draw of the Goat Yard's centerpiece—a huge, nameless tugboat.

She began as the beautiful Canadian quarantine cutter *Polana* in 1911, and was renamed *Macassa* in 1954. (I'm pretty sure I'm the kid standing on shore, wearing the checked shirt in a picture of her coming in to dock.) Now, one thin coat of paint has wiped away the most recent of her former identities, the *Queen City*.

As the *Queen City* she was a restaurant. Her engine and boiler were removed to make room for a commercial kitchen. Anticipating the crowds dining on her top deck, she was over-ballasted with rocks. She did an unremarkable business tied to the wharf at the foot of Ouellette Avenue in Windsor until she settled awash to her gunwale and the city wanted her out of there.

The plan was to turn her into a cottage at a nearby island, but pumped out and under tow to the island she grounded. It was discovered that with all those rocks she was too deep to go to the island or nearly anywhere else, and she was left at the Detroit Boat Works—the Goat Yard.

This is how it can go, not heeding your angel: Stephen is lured into a slick exchange for the *Queen City's* overdue docking fees that were never too clearly specified to begin with, and—voilà—the derelict is his. I do not mean to make fun of Stephen. The way I see it there is really no throwing anything away. You may throw a thing more or less far from yourself, but it still exists—here on Earth. Consider plastic and radioactive waste if you doubt me: welcome to the Anthropocene Era, everyone!

Stephen did not cause all the stuff at the Goat Yard to be made—well, not any more than the rest of us. He merely owned the place where it came to rest and he

didn't bury it so you can still see it. That's the criterion we have for junk, I guess: something nobody really wants anymore, but you can still see it.

We spent all afternoon marveling at Stephen's collection. There was a convenient smattering of chairs to relax on and regard it from. We didn't move a thing.

No one else was around except the very dog you would expect. Heading for the front gate, it turned stiffly toward us and then, not interested, continued on. Arthritis. Eye trouble, maybe.

The air began to cool. We made it back down the stairs and across the dock to our boat. We set a return course to Bayview and enjoyed an easy evening sail up the Detroit River.

Stephen died of cancer three days after our lovely daysail to his Goat Farm. Mary, Nick's wife, noticed the obituary in *Smoke Signals*, their neighborhood association newsletter, of all places. No telling where sailing a dinghy is going to take you.



View from the deck of Blackbeard SC looking down the long dock. In background is Broad Creek that runs to the Neuse River.

**Blackbeard Sailing Club Regatta
Eastern North Carolina**

August 22 & 23, 2015

Regatta Review

By Richard and Michele Johnson W10873

The thought struck me that we are the lucky few. Swilling warm Gatorade while standing under the hatch of the truck to escape the late afternoon sun, I took a moment to look around and listen. Boats were bouncing dangerously off their trailers as they were pulled around to be de-rigged. You could hear the low

murmur of conversation, the laughter of small groups discussing the racing, and see masts being lowered and sails rolled. Typical post regatta activity, but that is the point, it is typical, and we are the lucky few who can and do race small sailboats. And... it is good.

I guess a bit more information would be appreciated. Specifically we were in Eastern North Carolina at the Black Beard Sailing Club on the Neuse River. This is my 4th year at this late August regatta which is also one of my favorites, if not my favorite. The beauty of this location is the club and the Neuse. The club is tremendous and the members are very welcoming. The facilities are excellent. The race committee sets the standard of excellence for race committees everywhere. The Neuse is a wide river that empties into the Pamlico Sound and always seems to have a breeze. Oddly enough for the last three years the breeze has been out of the North for this regatta which makes for an interesting dynamic on the course. Despite the race committee's efforts to get away from shore the windward mark ends up to the lee of the marsh. So as one approached the windward mark the wind gets puffy and shifty, the nautical equivalent of Chutes and Ladders.

My recollections of races are just a series of snap shots. Remarkable moves, surprising appearances, and moments of fear, seem to be easily remembered. The rest of the race seems to be staring at tell tails, adjusting sails, and interrogating my poor crew and wife for information. So I will do my best convey my impressions and the results of the race.

Unscripted seems to be the best ways to describe the regatta. Of the 6 races, I only recall one race where the leader got out in front and stayed in front. In the first race, Anne Marie Covington and Andy Foreman headed for wind lines far to the right of the course while the rest of us muddled along in the middle picking our way through the lifts and headers. They caught a wind line, came screaming back, and opened up a lead that could not be closed. It was a tremendous win that highlighted that trying to be safe and conservative was dangerous. The sane sailing script was tossed and it was *improv* from that point forward.

Fortunes were made and lost on the windward leg. The course was very square and the combination of a slight oscillation near the leeward mark and more significant shifts at the windward mark created a fun house mirror effect that made it very difficult to determine where you really were on the course. It rewarded the attentive and the brave. It was fun to see Trish McDermott and Ali Kishbaugh rounding the windward

mark first in one race sailing away from the fleet. If they had only had a spinnaker they would have had a potential bullet on their hands. Phil and Cathy Leonard were consistently at the head of the fleet at the windward mark which is remarkable given they have only had this boat for a few months. At one point during one windward leg, I looked up and saw three boats to leeward. All were equally spaced by five to ten yards, all moving at the same pace, none seeming to be getting ahead or behind. That was the nature of the competition.

The starts were tight. I did get a good view of the starts because I was tardy for most. This was the rare regatta where everyone was right on time, except me, but that seems to be normal. The one good start or what I thought was a good start was thwarted by Ken Butler and Jeanie Allenby. Ken had quietly tacked into a hole I left open to leeward at the start. The gun went off we settled into the first beat and I started hearing splashing noises from under the jib. "Michele... what is that splashing noise?" "It's Ken." "Where did he come from?" "I'm not sure." "What's he doing?" "Coming up." "I can't hold it" "We need to tack" "Can't tack...no room." It felt like we were being sucked back to the starting line. It was a really nice move on his part. I never noticed him until it was too late. It was like racing against a Ninja...a Mint Green Ninja.

We opened each day of the regatta with an Olympic course, which gave us a chance to reach off after the first mark. The rest of the races were windward leeward. The winds were higher on Saturday and favored those of us with more spinnaker experience. On Sunday it was great to see that Mary and Evan Trudeau (first time racing the Wayfarer) had their spinnaker up, as well as Phil and Cathy. I really applaud them getting into the spirit of things, making the effort to get the chute up. I won't go so far as to say it is a life changing event, but it can and will impact race results. The first time is the hardest.

The fleet finished always within minutes of each other and a couple of finishes were separated by a few seconds only. In the last race, after having struggled to get to the windward mark, we rounded behind Jim and Linda Heffernan. We closed the several boat lengths to get to their transom but we could not get past them to windward or to leeward without sacrificing positions to the rest of the fleet. Finally we had to be satisfied to finish NASCAR style with our bow to their transom, drafting. Jim looked back at us, gave us a bemused smile, and crossed the line like a coyote

padding confidently into the leafy darkness of the woods.

There are a couple more observations I would like to make. I am proud to say that the Wayfarer Fleet overall, had perhaps the best prepared boats in the regatta. We all had newer sails; the boats were properly set up, and well maintained and cared for. This may seem to be a small point but it shows a commitment to racing but also to the class. We may not have the newest boats but we keep our boats up to snuff. I would like to thank everyone for that. The other observation I would like to share is actually one that Michele made. Each boat was crewed by a male/female combination except one boat which was female/female. This is very significant. While other classes remain male, and stale, we have been able to attract the 51% of the population, women that heretofore have been relegated to shore support. The Wayfarer is a racing boat which allows men and women to race together or against each other competitively, equally, and without compromise.

We are the lucky few: Near perfect wind, tight competition, a growing fleet. It is worth taking a few moments to take it all in, and then get prepped for the next regatta.

Sinbad's and Cayo Costa Cruises February 1 and February 2-5 following the 2016 Midwinters

As part of the Fortnight in Florida in February two cruising events are planned during the week following the 2016 Midwinters. On Monday sailors will visit the renowned boaters' watering hole, Sinbad's, located on Lake Eustis.

On Tuesday interested Wayfarer sailors will tow their boats to Pinelands, Florida the launch site for a cruise to **Cayo Costa State Park**, 941-964-0375. This park features nine miles of beaches and acres of pine forests, oak-palm hammocks and mangrove swamps. This is a Gulf Coast gem accessible by ferry or private boat such as a Wayfarer or a kayak. Native Americans left their imprint here 4,000 years ago and the place has only changed slightly with minimal habitation over the years. Star gazing is fantastic since there is no electricity near the camping area and no nearby lights. See www.floridastateparks.org for full park details and pictures.

The park is equipped with rustic one room cabins and tent sites. Outdoor grills, restrooms, cold water showers and potable water are nearby the cabins. The

cabins each have three bunk beds (6 beds) along with an inside picnic table. Each bunk has a thick vinyl covered pad.

Other than a small park store that does have ice and firewood and a few necessities, there are no restaurants or stores on the island. All food must be brought in and, if camping, kept in animal proof containers. Kayaks and well used bicycles can be rented from the park store, 239-224-8134.

There are docks to tie up boats overnight on the sound side. A tram operates from 10am to 4pm to transport you and your gear to the camping areas. Otherwise it is a lovely one mile walk.

Boats can be launched at the Pineland Marina, 239-283-3593, and cars and trailers can be parked there securely for \$15 a day. The sailing distance from the marina to the park docks is 3.5 miles with lots of shallow water, islands, sandbars and mild cross currents.

There is also a commercial ferry service operated by Captiva Cruises, 239-472-5100, which operates from Punta Gorda and Pine Island as well as some other sites.

As of August 2, two cabins have been reserved for Wayfarers, giving us 12 beds. Two other cabins are available as well as a number of camping sites. The two cabins cost a total of \$255 for the three nights which we would divide by the number of people in the cabins. If you want to reserve a bed, let me know at jheffernan@nc.rr.com.

Worlds and International Rally- 2016

Only ten months until the next International Rally and the 2016 Wayfarer World Championship Regatta. There is something for every Wayfarer racing or cruising sailor on the beautiful waters of Friesland north of Amsterdam. The provisional early bird entry would be €200 for the races and €450 for the Rally with a late entry rate of €250 and €500. Fees will be paid through the USWA Treasurer. Early entries will benefit from the strong USD.

If you are thinking of attending these events, please let me know and I will pass on your intentions to attend the rally, the Worlds or both to the Netherlands Wayfarer Association.


Jim Heffernan, WIC Secretary jheffernan@nc.rr.com

Rules, Race Rage, Civility continued from page 1

jerk and you don't want people walking all over you. At the same time none of us likes to get dinged in a race. In the last regatta, my boom hit the mark. I did not notice it, but the boat behind me did and they called me on it. My first gut reaction was, "No Way." It took me a few boat lengths to regain my composure and agree to do my turn. It is hard, really hard to play by the rules. I wish I had the composure of a British butler and the sporting nature of Sir Thomas Lipton, but I am flesh and bones, and I really do want to get ahead. So being a good citizen does take real effort.

I think it needs to be said, to call another boat on a foul is not only OK, but is our responsibility. It should be done in a reasonable manner so that it can be heard but stated without malice. The fouler should take the appropriate penalty when he/she is wrong. The biggest part is the willingness to admit that you are in the wrong. But it is part of the game, perhaps the most important part of our game. Where there is usually a problem is where there is a disagreement on the rules. The most likely place for this to happen is at the marks. Why? First and foremost, no one will ever really agree where the zone is. Until they can put rings on the water, this will always be a problem. So it is critical to know the rules regarding mark roundings. (I do not know them as well as I would like) But one thing I have learned is that conflict is slow. If you are coming to a mark, in a crowd, when it gets loud, get out, get to clean air and get moving. That may sound like the ignorant cowards way out, and it may be, but what you may lose by being outside you would definitely lose by being inside in bad air or being fouled or fouling someone. If you can run from a fight, do so, unless you have a specific purpose for being in that fight.

As a fleet, the Wayfarer class is among the best in terms of adherence to the rules and in terms of civility. We want fair and friendly competition. We want everyone to do their best and to mind all the rules. Friend and foe alike should have to comply equally. It is a matter of respect for each other and the integrity of the game. When it becomes a floating shout fest, or there is some bellowing bully on the course, the game loses its allure. When it isn't fun, or fair, then we lose sailors, competitors, and our fleet gets smaller. We the Wayfarer Fleet has always done well being mindful of the rules and keeping our heads. We are better, than the other 15 foot-ish fleet, but let's always strive to be better than we are now.



npboatsus.com
For the dinghy sailor in all of us
Home of the Mark IV Wayfarer

Nick Seraphinoff: nseraphinoff@comcast.net Marc Bennett marcb27732@gmail.com



2015-Calling All Wayfarers

Oct 31-Nov 1	HOT Regatta, Lake Townsend Yacht Club	Greensboro, NC
Nov 7-8	Old Brown Dog, Catawba Yacht Club	Charlotte, NC
2016		
Jan 29-31, 2016	Wayfarer Nationals and Midwinters	Lake Eustis, FL
Feb 1-5	Cruising in Florida	
Feb 6-7	Singlehanded Regatta, Lake Eustis SC	Lake Eustis, FL
Feb 13-14	George Washington Birthday Regatta	Lake Eustis, FL
July 16-22	World Championships in Netherlands	Heeg, Friesland
July 23-29	International Rally in Netherlands	Heeg, Friesland

For more information contact Jim Heffernan, jheffernan@nc.rr.com

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.

USWA SKIMMER 2015-3

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