



The Wayfarer **SKIMMER**

**United States Wayfarer Association
Fall 2013-3**

COMMODORE COMMENTS

Jim Heffernan W1066, W2458

Cruising, camping, singing, racing, story-telling and camaraderie all combined in two fabulous weeks in Canada. Does it get any better than that?

Every three years the Wayfarer community gets together for an International (Worlds) Championship racing regatta and this is usually combined with a cruising regatta at a nearby locale. This year the planets aligned and gave us two locations that were ideal for cruising and racing – Killbear Provincial Park near Parry Sound, Ontario and the Mississauga Sailing Club just west of Toronto, Ontario. The organizers of the cruising and racing get big kudos from the USWA sailors that attended either or both events. Linda and I were fortunate to join the cruising activities in and around Parry Sound and then spend the next week with Wayfarer racers from Canada, Denmark, England, Holland, Ireland and the USA.

After the racing week we watched local boats pack up in the boat yard while the overseas boats were being put back into containers for the ride back to Europe. In front of the clubhouse, Richard Hartley who builds the Mark IV Wayfarer, held a seminar for the new owners of Mark IV's that had been chartered for the regatta and then sold afterward. Using a fully rigged Mark IV for demonstration, his presentation in a colorful Midlands accent was as entertaining as it was very informative. Most attendees had their notebooks out and scribbling quickly to capture every performance enhancing nugget that Richard shared. One couple, Anne and David Pugh, must have paid close attention and kept good notes. After finishing 24th in the Worlds, they purchased one of the slightly used Mark IV's and began practicing in their new boat. Then in September at Tawas Bay, Michigan they raced her for the first time and captured the North American Championship. Was it the notes from the seminar, the

focused practice, the new boat or the years of sailing experience that all came together at the right time? Whatever the reasons, we commend them for an inspiring performance.

From the CWA Website by Uncle Al

David and Anne Pugh



Mississauga Sailing Club's David and Anne Pugh came out of nowhere to capture the wind-shortened 2013 Wayfarer North Americans held at Michigan's Tawas Bay YC Sept. 7-8. Sailing their recently acquired Mark IV, the Oakville couple scored 1-1-1-2 before strong winds forced cancellation of Sunday's races. Finishing a very competitive runner-up was Uncle Al's beloved wooden W3854 with Angie Seraphinoff doing a stellar job as crew in her spinnaker debut.

Third place finish went to Bill Coberly and Joe Blackmore in W10945; fourth place to Mike Codd and Kirk Ireland in W4000, 5th place to Marc Bennett and Julie Seraphinoff in W10961; 6th place to Nick Seraphinoff and Chip Cunningham in W10864.

A publication of the United States Wayfarer Association NATIONAL OFFICERS		
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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.		

Who's Crewing With You?

Chesapeake Cruise 2013

Tom Goldsmith, Lovely Day W8343

There is a classic sound of the forest that comes from the Barred Owl that this Wayfarer sailor identifies with. The sound normally heard as "Who's cooking for you?" can be heard as "Who's crewing with you?" This crazy mixed up interpretation sums up my experience of the Wayfarer Chesapeake Cruise 2013.

I began planning for the cruise months in advance. My thinking was that if I make a luxurious boom tent, it might entice my lovely wife to join me.

After Cathy turned me down flat, I turned my focus to recruiting a friend who had never sailed before. Getting some sailing in before the cruise, I dropped the newbie off after his first sailing experience (average winds at 15kts. w/ gusts up to 20), he mentioned that prior commitments for work might prohibit joining me on the cruise. Then, I was psyched when, a week before the cruise I received a call from Uncle Al offering to join me on my boat.

Driving down to the eastern shore of Maryland on Saturday, May 25 my cell phone rang. Uncle Al was on the line and said "Hi Tom, just to let you know, Richard Watterson decided to join us and we are in route to meet you, towing Richard's boat". As I trailered my Wayfarer, *Lovely Day W8343*, onto Deal Island the wind was really blowing and I started to become nervous. Soon, Uncle Al and Richard showed up and we were mixing it up with the locals at Arby's General Store and watering hole at the Wenona marina. Arby runs the store and wife Debbie runs the bar. *Arby's* is the hot spot for the Wenona crabbing fleet and that time was approaching Saturday evening. Some of my fond memories from the evening include: I made a new friend in Richard Watterson; I thanked God when Richard said "I am sailing alone and you're sailing with Uncle Al"; a beautiful moon-lit night sky and; Debbie's expression "Holy Moly" as Uncle Al described what Wayfarer dinghy cruising was about.

Uncle Al loves to take rest in Bed and Breakfast accommodations and we were very fortunate to find *Peaceful Cottage B&B* owned by Betty and Tom Dietz just a stone's throw away from Arby's. Next day after an okay breakfast the three of us in two boats headed out in a stiff breeze for the beat to Cedar Hill Park. We were to meet up with USWA Cruise Secretary, Dick Harrington, and Jane Korver in *Blue Mist W887*, and Steve Rooney and son Nolan sailing their CL16. I recall the force of the wind was strong under full sail and I felt comfortable that Uncle Al was at the helm. Later that day the seven of us gathered at Cedar Hill Park Marina, a nice publically-owned clean facility with friendly boat owners, some of whom were curious about dinghy cruising and boom tents. We walked to *Boonies Restaurant* where we enjoyed a nice dinner and ended the day with a good night's sleep under the boom tents.



On a lovely day in May on Chesapeake Bay, Tom Goldsmith helms "Lovely Day," his aptly named Wayfarer.'

Next day we headed out in very light wind to White Haven. Staying close to shore, Uncle Al and I found less current to fight and a bit more wind to help us along. It was Memorial Day, weather was nice, scenery along the beaches was beautiful and we remembered those who sacrificed so much for us to enjoy freedom. Uncle Al and I hopped out and enjoyed the company of some beachgoers as we pulled *Lovely Day* in shallow water across a large sandbar. We, Steve and Nolan and Richard all sailed to White Haven where we were joined by Dick and Jane who assessed the light winds and decided to drive. We all enjoyed the beauty and charm of the *White Haven Hotel Historic Bed & Breakfast*. This beautiful Victorian mansion with its magnificent porch is truly unique!

On Tuesday morning, I remember being served a wonderful breakfast and taking pictures of the food as I thought, I will return here some day with my wife. The plan that day was to sail back to Wenona. The wind was pretty strong and was going to build as the day went on. Uncle Al called it right when he said "Let's set sail early and catch the tidal current to help us beat into the wind for as many hours as possible". In the open water, full sail and lots of vang positioned us to beat a fair distance towards Wenona. On the second half of the trip, as the tidal current changed and the force of the wind increased even more, *Lovely Day* found less tidal current to

fight along the shore and we continued working our way to Wenona. As we approached the harbor, Uncle Al brought the boat into the wind; we dropped the main and sailed in under jib alone. I remember saying more than once to the Skipper, "Just tell me what to do". Later that day the group was together in Wenona and we all booked rooms at the *Peaceful Cottage B&B*.

Knowing the daily schedule, Bill Harkins took a chance and drove quite a distance to join our group and share in the good times. Betty and Tom Dietz proprietors of *Peaceful Cottage B&B* were very generous in offering us use of the house. Steve and I headed out to buy groceries. Richard, Steve and I cooked a terrific dinner of crab cakes, steak, roasted veggies, mushrooms and potatoes. Betty joined us as we dined and shared stories. We were so taken with the *Peaceful Cottage* hospitality that we discussed renting the house for a week of day sailing next year. Wednesday, we day-sailed from Wenona and I enjoyed crewing for Richard Watterson followed by another evening at *Peaceful Cottage*.



On Thursday morning as the group was packing to leave, winds were about 8 knots, seas were favorable, sun was shining, my spirits were high, and I had just spent five days with really nice people and experienced lots of good sailing. So, I went out sailing in the Chesapeake Bay alone on *Lovely Day* to practice what I had learned and cherish the precious time spent with friends. I ask, "Do you hear the Barred Owl's hoot as I hear it?"

**Peter and Alex Rahn WAYFARER
International Champs
Al Schonborn W3854**

Editor's note: Al Schonborn's report of the Wayfarer Worlds XV is certainly a marvelous write up for the Wayfarer Archives and may be a contender for a Sports Reporter's Award! Following here is the opening part which includes the top three finishers. Visit the CWA website to read about how each of the other 31 Crews fared in the championship. Uncle Al also has interspersed photos of each crew in his inclusive reporting. Kudos to Al!

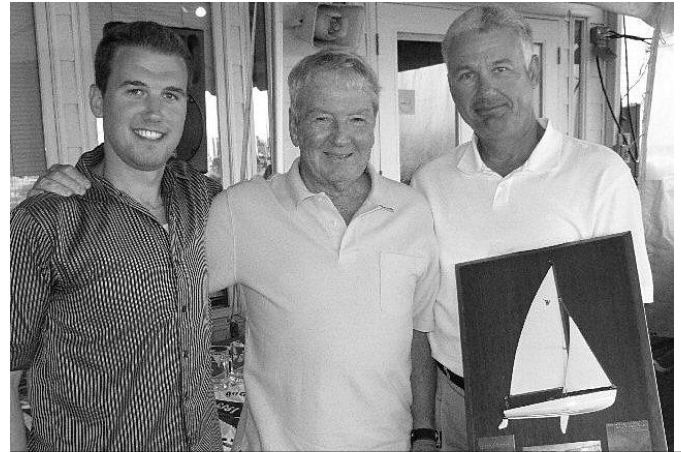
Montreal's Peter Rahn and son, Alex, are the new Wayfarer World champions, having decisively won Wayfarer Worlds XV, hosted August 3-10, 2013 by the Mississauga SC with valued assistance from the Port Credit YC. The Rahns are the first Canadian team to become Wayfarer World Champions since the TS&CC husband/wife team of Chris and Carolyn Kofler won the 1980 Worlds sailed on Michigan's magnificent Tawas Bay.

A fleet of 34 Wayfarers from Canada, the United States, Ireland, England, Denmark and the Netherlands thoroughly enjoyed their week of light-to-medium winds, summer weather, and exciting, well matched competition. No fewer than 19 teams managed single-digit finishes in at least one of the nine series races which were again superbly managed by veteran Race Officer, John Weakley from the Port Credit YC. To keep the art of reach-to-reach spinnaker gybing alive, four of the races were sailed on a modified (triangle-sausage-windward) Gold Cup course with a gybe mark angle of 70°. This is the 3rd Wayfarer Worlds for which Weakley has been the RO, the others being 1995 at TSCC and 2004 at PCYC.

Gold: Months and months of hard practice and studying films paid off handsomely for our winners, Peter and Alex. After an unpromising opening-race 10th, the Rahns were back into the thick of things by the end of Thursday's racing where a memorable three boats were within one point of each other on top of the standings.

Friday's three races in (ultimately) healthy lake breezes, proved decisive for Peter and Alex who scored 1-1-4 to suddenly clinch the series with a race to spare. Congratulations, Peter and Alex!

Silver: Sailing a borrowed Mark IV, freshly crowned Canadian champion, Simon Strauss of



*USWA Commodore Jim Heffernan presents USWA Trophy to Alex and Peter Rahn, winners of Race 4.
Below: Simon Strauss and Kingsley Hill take the Silver!
Photos by Al Schonborn*

Shokan, New York, along with crew, Kingsley Hill, took the runner-up spot in the series despite never winning a race. They finished their series with a 3-2-3-2-4 run to move from 5th to 2nd overall.

Bronze: The battle for bronze went right down to the wire. After 8 of 9 races, it was hard to figure out also, since a 9th race automatically kicked in a second series drop. When the dust had settled, it was Parry Sound's Sue Pilling and Steph Romaniuk who took series 3rd by a single point ahead of Richard Hartley and our lone Danish entry, Søren Svarre, both of whom ended up with 28 points. Sue's fine finish also earned her the *Top Lady Helm* trophy freshly donated by Monica Schaefer. Steph and Sue demonstrated clearly that the old boats can still compete effectively and proudly with the newer Hartley Mark IVs.

Visit www.wayfarer-canada.org to read the full report complete with photos of all participants.

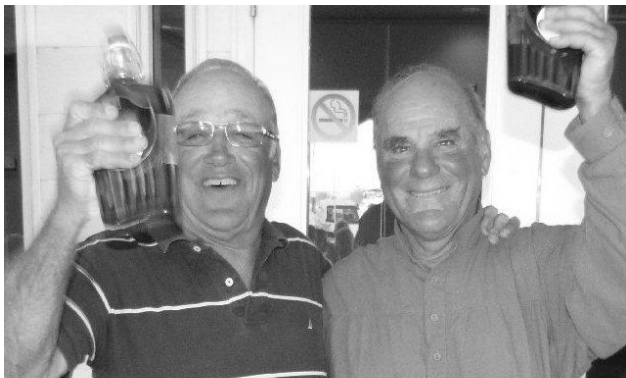


Some Words of Perspective Delivered at the Closing Banquet of the XV Wayfarer Worlds, August 10, 2013, by One of Its Greenest Participants

Hello. My name is Chip Cunningham and I am *very* happy to be here. I am crew for Nick Seraphinoff on W10864, Impulse. I am also bo'sun for my own woodie, W1321, Solje, whose former owner, Gary Hirsch, and Al Schonborn raced more than 300 miles around the tip of lower Michigan to some notoriety two summers ago.

Nick and I are from in and around Detroit, just across the border—Chief Inspector Clouseau, Peter Sellers' character in the *Pink Panther* series, and me, Cato, the ever-ready-to-pounce houseboy. “Nick and Chip: More than just your normal wear and tear.” I'm not kidding about that: you might have noticed that we managed to break our tiller off in the third race.

I'll try to keep this short. I'll try to keep this short: that's my first joke.



Nick Seraphinoff and Chip Cunningham hold bottles of maple syrup, one of most coveted awards of the Wayfarer Worlds XV.

I'm going to begin with a couple of disclaimers. Those will be followed by the terms of a brief but, I hope, instructive puzzle. Then we will move to tonight's main theme “*What Can Sailing Wayfarers Tell Us About How Much Fun Is Too Much Fun.*” I will conclude with the answer to the puzzle.

First Disclaimer: Although I was invited to give this talk by a member of the World's Organizing

Committee who I am sure knew what he was getting into and who has therefore requested anonymity—and I intend to respect his request unless things go really Pete Tong—the views expressed are strictly my own and do not in any way represent those of the Mississauga Sailing Club or the World's Organizing Committee, living or dead.

Second Disclaimer: I am sorry that I don't have what I want to say memorized and that I am detracting from its intended intimacy by having to read it. Before I am done you will probably forgive me: I tend to not go straight at my subject. A little structure is helpful; some say merciful.

Now, the puzzle. Given, on one hand, the number of people who are now alive or who have ever been alive on Earth, and on the other hand the number of different religions, ancient and current, with all their denominations and sects and splinter groups right down to the little places of worship in rented storefronts—OK? All the people on one hand, and it's a lot of people—I think I heard something like 109 billion—and the number of religious forms on the other hand which is also a huge number: what do you think the chances are of being born into the One, True religion?

What Can Sailing Wayfarers Tell Us About How Much Fun Is Too Much Fun?

In his obscure but terrific book, *The Crock of Gold*, James Stephens has one of his main characters, an old Irish philosopher, mention in a moment when he is not spinning around rapidly enough to avoid being pinched by his wife, that “In order to understand how much is enough, it is necessary to understand how much is too much.”

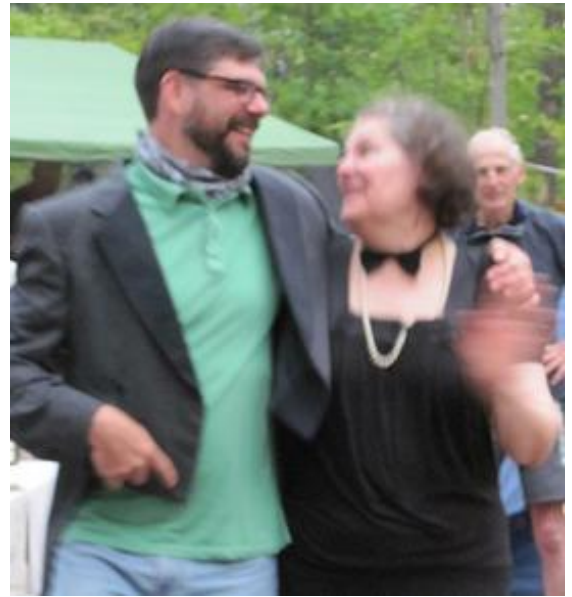
On a mundane level this formula clearly exhibits its truth in Wayfarer sailing. For instance, in trimming the jib the sheet is brought in until the tickers just start to go wonky: too much. Then it is eased slightly until they fly again: enough. Similarly, when wondering how much vang is enough, I have been told it was whatever I had on just before I needed a new boom.

But let's look at the question a little more deeply. For me the question of fun and sufficiency was brought into sharp focus on the sidewalk in front of

Continued on page 9

USWA SENDS FIVE CREWS to WAYFARER WORLDS XV in MISSISSAUGA, ONTARIO, August 3-10





**WAYFARER
RALLY
TRADITIONS
LIVE ON!**

- Scenic lunch stops*
- Black Tie Social*
- 9 am meetings*
- Beautiful day sails*
- A Family Affair*



Opposite page, top photos by Al .Schonborn. Richard Johnson and Michele Parish; Nick Seraphinoff and Chip Cunningham.

Middle photo by Ralph Roberts, Heffernans pursue Bennetts in front of a spectacular Toronto skyline.

Bottom photos by Al Schonborn. Third place skipper, Sue Pilling, accepts the Top Female Skipper Award from Monica Schafer who conceived and donated the award. Bev Swanson and Ken Butler, new Wayfarer owner, participate in their first Worlds.

This page, top photos by Bill Harkins. Scenic lunch stop. Sean Ring, Margie McKelvey, best dressed at BT Social.

Middle photos by Linda Heffernan. Alan Asselstine assumes his position on the rocks to explain the options for the day's sail. Ian Coxhead's spinnaker matches the Parry Sound Lighthouse.

Bottom photo by Al Schonborn. Three Heffernan grandsons, Luke, Sean, Nathan., one Harrington grandson, Kyle, and one girlfriend, Ceecy, join veterans, Quinn Ring(center) and Sarah Rose(right) at Killbear Rally.

KILLBEAR RALLY BY THE NUMBERS

Alan and Mary Asselstine

Killbear 2013 has come and gone. There is a wealth of great pictures on Uncle Al's Flickr page. With 25 boats and 65 participants, it was a large rally. The 25 boats consisted of 23 Wayfarers made up of woodies, fiberglass boats and one Mark 4. There were two CL16's. Thirty participants came from various parts of Ontario, while 28 came from the United States. There were participants from as far south as North Carolina, as far west as Wisconsin and as far east as Massachusetts. Last but not least we hosted four from England and one each from Holland and Ireland.

The weather was at times wet, but there were boats sailing all seven days of the rally. Each day the fleet broke up into different sub-fleets to sail to different locations depending on interest and the sailing skills of the crew. There were many trips into Parry Sound including sailing through the Hole in the Wall, Depot Harbour, around Huckleberry Island and to the town of Parry Sound. Some boats went south to Surprise Island and found good landing spots. Many boats returned via the Rose Island Channel. Tuesday proved to be the best sailing day with moderate steady winds out of the west. A three hour sail took, nine boats to Regatta Bay and lunch on the rocks followed by a swim. The view and the Blueberries were fabulous. Another 15 boats went to the Pancake Islands to lunch, relax and enjoy the day.

Continued on page 9

POETRY BEFITTING A BLACK TIE EVENT

At the Black Tie Social, Eric Laux honored us with a reading of a poem he penned at his campsite. And he wrote not an ordinary poem but a "sestina," a very structured poem that he explained to his audience. A definition is provided here. A "Sestina" consist of "six, six-line stanzas and a three line envoy, originally without rhyme, in which each stanza repeats the end words of the lines of the first stanza but in a different order, the envoy using the six words again, three in the middle of the lines and three at the end." Eric's beautiful words epitomize the camaraderie and adventure that Wayfarer Rallies provide. Thank you, Eric!

Wayfarers, a Sestina

Eric Laux

Shove off with your crew
Go and catch a faithful wind
Out on the waves you will find friends
The water's breath shall fill your sails
Carrying you to meet your family
Old and new, but all of them Wayfarers

A great craft, the Wayfarer
Manned by a skillful crew
Each of them loving family
So take us away, faithful wind
Adventure awaits beyond our sails
At journey's end, we meet again our friends

Rough water matters not to friendship
Nor to our craft, mighty Wayfarer
Darkening clouds surround our sails
But ever steadfast is our crew
We all howl back at the wind
"You'll not take us, not this family."

Already bound by more than blood, our family
Surely we are more than friends
Blood is naught before the wind
The strongest bonds are formed with a Wayfarer's
Lines, twixt her crew
Under her sails

And so under those sails
Floats a tight-knit family
Now marked as crew
And loved as friends
Wearing proudly the badge of the Wayfarer
Hair blowing in the wind

So let come the strong winds
And let slack our sails
One and all we are Wayfarers
Cherished family
Honored friends
Faithful crew

I am honored to be your friend, your crew.
And, I hope, family. With our sails
Taking the wind, we depart, one and all, Wayfarers

Killbear Rally continued from page 8

The rally regulars were joined by some new faces. There were some old salties as well as seven under twenty. It was a great mixture that resulted in lots of fun socializing. Due to rain the cocktail/ tailgate party was delayed one day. It is always amazing the quality and quantity of food that camping Wayfarers can produce. The Killbear marina set aside their whole restaurant for our banquet. This year our English guests, Ralph Roberts and Terry Cook entertained us with a skit. Of course the black tie evening was the social event of the rally. This year, we had a potluck dinner as part of the evening.

Margie McKelvey and Sean Ring were voted the most elegantly dressed woman and man of the evening. Eric Laux wrote and recited a poem in honour of the occasion. The poem will be published for all Wayfarers to read. Monica Schaefer brought song sheets from Ireland and led the singing on several occasions. We found some good singers and some that best sing quietly. Of course there were many ad hoc social get-togethers around campfires.

See you at the next North American Rally at Hermit Island in 2014. ****



Eric Laux reads "Wayfarers, A Sestina, at the Black Tie Social"

Perspective continued from page 5

my childhood home late one glorious summer evening like this evening tonight when I was not quite four years old—just a little over twice what Ethan (Mark Hartley and Rachel’s son), there, is. I was walking by and my mother opened the screen door and called, “Chip, come in now.” I called back, “But mom, I’m having fun!” She answered, “You’ve had enough fun.” And so we staked out our positions on this important existential question. I distinctly remember being baffled by what she could possibly mean, and I recognized that finding out would be trouble

Fifty-eight years later in 2008 the floor simultaneously fell out of the Michigan economy and my mother’s short term memory. I became a retired builder of custom homes and she became dangerously unpredictable. She needed help and I had the time.

My sister and I decided that rather than move our mom out of the independent living community she was used to, and into something more restrictive that would only add to her confusion, we would make sure she was so worn out at the end of the day that she would sleep through the night and not wander. Amazingly, it worked.

I discovered that my mom could not resist kicking a tennis ball with great enthusiasm down our country dirt road. Twenty yards down the road we would come upon the green fluorescent ball by the side of the road again and she would say, “Oh my. Look at that.” I’d say, “Give it a kick,” and on we would go, often for more than a mile.

After that we would stop by her favorite café for a raspberry-almond croissant and a cup of coffee. Every day she would have a bite of the croissant, her eyes would get big and she would say anew, “Oh my. That tastes good.”

But I am sure some of you must know it isn’t always that easy. Some days we would default to driving around in the car while she wondered over and over again “What on earth are we doing?”

One of those days I pulled into a public boat launch hoping that she might like looking at the water and the boats. She didn't go for it, but before I had to give into her incessant admonitions that we head back to her place for dinner (which was still not for a long two hours) I thought to myself, "Man, when this is over I am going to learn to sail and I am going to sail away!"

She died not quite three years ago. She was so fit when she died that I am surprised she didn't walk to the cemetery.

It took me another year to find my Wayfarer. I looked at a couple dozen. Initially I was only interested in cruising but I quickly learned that racing is the way to learn how to sail. In my first race as helm as I was rounding the leeward mark for the first time Al Schonborn and the Heffernans were flying past the same mark for the second time on their way to a close finish. A little bit of quick math led me to understand that they were sailing twice as fast as I was. Twice is quite a bit.

And as far as the racing/cruising supremacy argument goes, I say to the cruisers, "Hey, don't worry. You can always go slow if you want to." So I started looking around for a crew position with a future. I sailed a few races with Al Schonborn and then for reasons I am still not sure I fully understand, I was traded to Nick Seraphinoff.

A lifetime in the construction trades, as I have had, gives one the ability to judge a kind of real-world competence and compatibility almost before the other person has even gotten out of their pickup truck. From afar one notices, for instance, whether the new person has all of their fingers. Nick and I share this ability.

When I first met Nick I had the feeling "I can work with this guy." (He once admitted having had a somewhat similar reaction to me.) One of his fingers is a little rough, but he has all of them.

We sail a happy boat. And although we are careful to sponge out every bit of water and spilled Gator Aid unless Nick has accidentally thrown the sponge overboard, we still carry a cooler full of ice and four beers for the sail in. If you ask us, we will only admit to having two.



Somebody has to get a video of a really great bit of slapstick we have developed. As we are rounding a leeward mark and stowing the spinnaker pole, we thread the aft end under the straps of Nick's life jacket. A brief hilarious look of doom pops onto Nick's face just before the boom swings over.

Nick has had three vertebrae in his neck fused so he has a bit of trouble looking around. That's my job. He's always asking, "Where's Heffernan?" "What's Al doing?" "Let me know when Quentin goes!"

Approaching the first leeward mark of the second race yesterday (Friday) we were going well. Nick said, "Now it's going to get crowded! Keep an eye out for traffic!"

It was a moment of absolutely pure bliss to be able to answer, "Nick, there's nobody out there. We're first around!" I always knew he had it in him, but still it is quite a thrill for this green crew to have one glimpse of the entire fleet behind us! And then, amazingly, it happened again today!

So it's quite a surprise and a humbling privilege to find myself—at this stage in my life—sailing with a group of this caliber. I am very grateful to you all—such a serious and devoted bunch—but still so friendly and helpful. And all these beautiful boats. This game we're playing is so intriguing and complex—fluid. And *fun!* Thank you, Nick and all of you.

I could use a day off. My butt finally gave up the ghost this afternoon. But if you want to keep going, I have not had too much fun yet, and we sure are on the right track for having lots of fun.

So, is it possible we could have too much fun sailing Wayfarers? Let's see! The answer to the puzzle is: apparently about 100%. I hope we can start acting like it. *****

Looking For The Ideal Crew

In "The Wayfarer Book", Simon Townsend, longtime crew of Wayfarer World Champion Mike McNamara, spells out the attributes every skipper desires in a crew.

The ideal crew would have the following qualities

1. Unquestioning obedience
2. Does not mind getting wet, cold and bored
3. Will not bruise easily
4. Will not complain when bruised
5. Strong, silent and agile
6. Enjoys being blamed for things not his/her fault.
7. Has a bent toward telepathy
8. Impeccable timekeeper and recorder of courses
9. 20/20 vision – for spotting minute buoys
10. Likes winning
11. Very good loser

Well, that about covers it from the crew's perspective which probably explains the increase in single handers about the country.

From the Treasurer, Gary Hirsch

On September 17th I sent an email notice to all members to confirm their correct email addresses. I received a number of Delivery Failures. If anyone has not recently received a notice about receiving this issue of SKIMMER 2013-3 in PDF via email would you please send an email to gary.hirsch@gmail.com so that I can update your membership information. I appreciate your cooperation in this matter.

HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR SKIMMER DELIVERED?

This issue, SKIMMER 2013-3, is being delivered by USPS ("snail mail") to all current members. In addition our treasurer, Gary Hirsch, will send an electronic PDF issue to all members for whom he has a correct email address. Please respond to gary.hirsch@gmail.com to inform him about how you want your future SKIMMERS delivered.

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2. Printed copy only
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BoatsU.S.

npboatsus.com

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



Nick Seraphinoff: nseraphinoff@comcast.net

Marc Bennett marc27732@gmail.com

Calling All Wayfarers

September 21, 22	Tim Dowling Memorial Regatta	Clark Lake YC, Jackson, Michigan
September 28, 29	Indian Summer Regatta, Saratoga Lake SC	Ballston Spa, New York
September 28, 29	Small Boat Fall Invitational, SMSA	Solomon, MD
October 26-27	Halloween Charity Regatta, Lake Townsend YC	Greensboro, North Carolina
November 2-3	Old Brown Dog Regatta, Catawba YC	Charlotte, North Carolina
	2014	
Jan 31-Feb2	Wayfarer Midwinters XV, Lake Eustis SC	Eustis, Florida
Feb 15-16	44 th George Washington Birthday Regatta, LESC, Eustis, Florida	

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 2013-3

**United States Wayfarer Association
114 Village Lane
Chapel Hill, NC 27514**

***NEW LABEL!!! Please note your boat number and
check if your dues are current.***