



The Wayfarer

SKIMMER

United States Wayfarer Association

Fall 2009-4

COMMODORE COMMENTS

How durable is the Wayfarer? We have seen photos of neglected wooden Wayfarers that appeared finished as useful craft as they languish hoping for restoration. Sometimes a photo circulates showing a fiberglass Wayfarer with a torn or deteriorated cover, water over the floorboards, leaves and debris adding to the forlorn and forgotten look. Owners have control over these boats and while some fall into disrepair, many of them are usually saved and restored to cruising or racing capability by other family members or new owners. They show up at rallies and regattas where the admiring comments of other sailors makes the hard work of restoration all worthwhile.

However, when mother nature takes over, the Wayfarer is just as vulnerable as any other craft. In the past few years, a couple of wind related events have destroyed or severely damaged Wayfarer boats

in the U.S... Not much we can do in those cases except collect the insurance and salvage some parts and the sails. On occasion, a Wayfarer gets lucky as tornadic winds twist around her gunwales and stern. At the Canandaigua Yacht Club in Western New York, site of the 2009 North Americans, W-560, a beautiful woodie, was spun around on her trailer by an F1 tornado as adjacent keel boats were toppled and the nearby boat racks full of sailing and rowing dinghies were blown into the lake. Now that's durability with a little luck.

Without a builder in North America, we need to keep our existing Wayfarers in the game, so to speak. Many of our boats are 30 to 50 years old and still strong and competitive. They want to be sailed, cared for, restored, sold if necessary and generally kept in service and visible to the sailing community. There are hopeful future Wayfarer sailors and owners out there that want to cruise, race or day sail on the local lake. Let's get these boats out on the water!
Jim Heffernan W2458



Canandaigua Yacht Club was a welcoming venue for the 2009 North American Championships.

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Full membership	One year	\$15.00
Full membership	Three years	\$40.00
Associate Membership		\$10.00
Associate Membership is available to non-Wayfarer owners, or a member of another National Wayfarer Association.		

Canandaiqua Yacht Club Provides Idyllic Site for North American Championships.

August 15th & 16th 2009

Richard Johnson W10139

I'm tardy in writing this report. It's not laziness, might be a lack of focus, but most likely just the speed of time and how slow I am to maintain the pace. It's never good to begin by digressing but I felt an explanation was in order. None the less, way back in August we had a regatta, the North Americans no less, on a still and silent Lake Canandaigua. No lake is really still and silence is relative, but on a just warm Saturday in mid August, following a summer of rain, in the late morning after one race the wind disappeared, as they knew it would, and we were becalmed. Postponements were postponed and finally abandoned as we swam lazily, napped and chatted until dinner.

That is hardly the stuff to make the blood pound in your veins, and I realize regattas are supposed to be about preparations, strategy, tactics and boat speed, and we had them. But a month and half after the fact what one recalls is a warm azure weekend. In other words, I'm a little fuzzy on the details, and it strikes me that perhaps that's appropriate given the soporific haze that surrounded that Saturday. But

we did race, I have the results, and will attempt to account for them. If I lie in any way, it may just be the fragment of a nap that never got cleared out.

Richard and Michele Johnson, W10139, Jonathon and Anna Gorbold, W864, and Al Schonborn and Nick Seraphinoff W 3864 lead the pack on a downwind leg at the NAC's.





Canandaigua Yacht Club can only be described as stately: a grand club on a grand hill overlooking the lake. The lake has a unique natural phenomenon, the “Drainage.” In the summer the wind begins to flow out of the south at about 7:30am until about 10:30am, plus or minus thirty minutes. It is this unique feature that gave us our race on Saturday, and saved the regatta on Sunday. Unfortunately we began our race on Saturday, somewhat late meaning that we ended windless. I remember having a poor first leg, a better down wind leg, a poor windward leg again, then back down to the leeward mark. Coming around the mark the fleet split, some went east and some went west. A couple of us didn’t know what to do so, we went up the middle. It turns out the middle wasn’t a bad guess.



Michigan’s Fleet 2 members, Bob Frick and Peter Every, won the honors of being the most Senior Sailors.

In an effort to work with nature, we agreed to begin the first race on Sunday at 8:00am. Al and Nick were keen to defend their 1st from the day before, Tony Krause and Dick Harrington were in the hunt coming off a 3d and Michele and I were wondering how we could tank the next three races. I decided that the best method might be to over-tighten the

vang, subtle, but effective. The wind cooperated with a steady 3-5 out of the south, until the 4th race. The 4th race was the bitter end of the regatta with over half the fleet DNF’d. It’s races like the 4th that make me understand what inspired Coleridge. Fortunately we all made it back to the dock, and no one felt compelled to tell the tale. The pleasant surprise of the morning was Jonathan and Anna Gorbold, our sponsors at Canandaigua. They made a stunning comeback and with three 2nds and a 4th to finish 2nd overall. Al and Nick made a franchise of 1st, and somehow, by the vagaries of the throw-out rule, Michele and I came in third. I often wonder if standard deviations shouldn’t be considered in regatta tallies to reward consistency. If that were the case then Jim and Linda Heffernan would have finished 3rd.



Al Schonborn and Nick Seraphinoff receive the Croce Trophy from Commodore Jim Heffernan.

The Canandaigua regatta was perhaps one of the most enjoyable and pleasant regattas I’ve attended. I love to sail and I love to sail in good wind, but there is nothing like an afternoon of low stress shiftlessness, at the end of summer, in a year that has been nothing but storm clouds and worry. It was like a long cool drink of water and I’m sure I’ll need another next year.

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FLEET 2 REPORT
Detroit Metropolitan Area
By Mike Anspach W4271

The Fleet 2 season has now concluded. Of our five regular race days, two had to be cancelled due to high winds - some over 30 mph. We also had a fun sail day which was cancelled for the same reason.

However, the weather seemed to improve as the season went on. Using a makeup day, we managed to get in 12 races to make a complete series. All races were sailed on Walled Lake.

Joe DeBrincat finished in first place, as he has for the last several years. Al Fick was second and Mike

Anspach third. An awards banquet will be held, but the date is pending, as we would like to have the participation of some of our active racers who have conflicts with their children's activities.

Fleet 2 attendance at "away" regattas was light this year. We had only one boat at the Nationals, two at the North Americans, and two at Clark Lake. Wayfarer sailing in the Detroit metropolitan area seems to be on the wane, but those of us who keep at it certainly enjoy the activity and camaraderie.

Hubert Dauch, although totally blind, still takes an interest in us all, and asks frequently how the Wayfarers are doing.

***Next February, will you be
Experiencing this?***



Or this?



WAYFARER MIDWINTERS

AT LAKE EUSTIS

FEBRUARY 5, 6&7, 2010

The Lake Eustis Sailing Club will host the Midwinter Wayfarer regatta on the beautiful waters of Lake Eustis, Florida.

Wayfarer sailors from near and far are invited to one of the best regattas on the east coast

Camping, good food, warm weather, variable winds and great camaraderie await you. The NOR will be in the Consolidated Racing/Cruising schedule soon

Contact: Regatta Chairman, Dotty Murto dottydot39@aol.com

International Rally—Brittany 2009 Two USWA crews attend rally in France

Tom Graefe W9668

Nel and I traveled to Brittany, France this past summer to join in the 2009 International Rally. We met Bill Harkins and Margie McKelvey there, and spent an amazing week enjoying the company of other Wayfarers, sailing the magnificent Cote de Granit Rose in and around Ile de Brehat, savoring the simple pleasures of local oysters and mussels, along with the ubiquitous baguettes, croissants and cheese, and joining in an inspiring sail into the Paimpol traditional boat festival.

Paimpol is on the northeast side of Brittany, and Brittany itself is the next major point of land west from Normandy, indeed from Cherbourg, of D-Day fame. Although Paimpol was the nearest town, the majority of the rally activities were divided between the campsite on the Pointe de L'Arcouest and the sailing school from where the sailing activities originated on le Riviere du Trieux. These are indicated by #1 and 2 on the map. The camping area at L'Arcouest overlooked Ile de Brehat—two islands joined by a narrow causeway and surrounded by dozens of smaller islands or rock formations, that reveal themselves more fully as the 20 foot tides drain away. Brehat marks the beginning of the Cote de Granit Rose. The coast is defined by this beautiful pink granite and it seems nearly all the local buildings, and seaside walls are made of it.



As often happens when someone tells their 'Wayfarer story', we came to Brittany via the confluence of characteristics that bring many to own a Wayfarer in the first place. Going all the way back to the time I was exploring buying a Wayfarer, I had exchanged email with Richard Readings and Ralph Roberts about what we wanted out of a dinghy, and what the Wayfarer could provide. Fast forward through 8 years attending NA rallies, meeting other Wayfarers, day sailing and cruising, to the 2008 International Rally at Hermit Island in Maine.

At the 2008 rally US and Canadian attendees were 'buddies' to the international visitors, and Bill, Margie, Nel and I were the buddies for Gilles and Jill Bruneau and their son William. Towards the end of that week in 2008, we heard rumors the 2009 Rally was destined for France, an outcome of Gilles' and Ralph's sidebar discussions. Opportunity led to a moment of Wayfarer-inspired spontaneity and we exchanged the idea with Bill and Margie-- 'Are you up for a trip to Brittany?' This same spirit carried through the rally, in big and small ways, whether sailing, talking about sailing, enjoying the Brittany countryside, or celebrating the views of Brehat.



Lunch and camaraderie on the pontoon on Day 1.

Gilles and Ralph did a great job preparing the ground for the Rally. Gilles had run a small rally in the area a number of years ago, and based on that, and his long-standing relationship with the Centre Nautique du Trieux (CNT), the plan for 2009 seemed to fall into place. I think the story goes that Gilles was a student and instructor at the CNT many years ago, part of a sailing vita of many and varied voyages. There were 58 attendees and 18 boats from seven countries. The ‘Camping Panorama du Rohou’ offered a combination of facilities including a large field for group camping, small mobile homes, and small house-keeping cabins (‘chalets’).



Low tide provides a shallow spot for lunch break on isle de Brehat.

The campground was run by a firm but friendly octogenarian patron, with a front office managed by a prototypical concierge. For those of us used to Killbear and Hermit Island camping, the space was very much smaller and open. However, the campers all made the most of that space, in European style, and enjoyed the prime spot we shared looking out towards Ile de Brehat and the English Channel beyond.

At the CNT, the sailing school had a small two story building nestled in the woods up from the river. Our skippers meetings were held each morning in the second floor classroom. Downstairs were a changing room and toilets. Ten boats were on a mooring line, and the rest anchored in the Trieux River. Each day Gilles outlined the weather forecast, recommended sail configuration, itinerary, and as a final but key bit of planning those without boats had to find someone to sail with. Part of the pleasure of the rally was the chance to sail with different people. We know Wayfarers may be one-design, but all (boats and owners) have their own style, even idiosyncrasies. There was a chance to be on the oldest Woodie to the newest Hartley. While tinged with a bit of anxiety about what fate may have in store and how to learn a new helm’s opinions about crew, in the end it’s all about sharing the sailing.



Follow the red jib and spinnaker!

The sailing program for the week turned out to have three phases. Day One was all about sorting out logistics of a ferry system so boats with motors ferried crew to other boats, sorting out those without boats to those with boats, learning the winds and tides of the area, as well as the Rally rule of follow the red jib—that of Gilles’ Wayfarer as the lead boat. Because the sailing school was several kilometers up river from the channel, and the tides are so large, it was essential to time departures and returns appropriately. The geography of the river contributed to the equation by funneling prevailing winds. Thus, day one was a combination of beating upwind, up the river towards Lezardrieux (see #3 on map), stopping for lunch on a large pontoon, and then sailing down river past the CNT out to a lighthouse that marks the entrance to the Trieux. The beat upriver was an entertaining mix of gusty and shifty winds. Nel and I sailed with Ton Jaspers. I was on the helm and that left Nel and Ton to sort out how to get back and forth through all the tacks. Ton was very enthusiastic through the entire process, all the while providing tips and explanations for his interesting custom rigging. I sailed with Ton on Tuesday and on Saturday, and can only say again many thanks.



Ton Jaspers views the LaCroix lighthouse.

The sail downriver to the lighthouse provided a first look at the rocky coast line, defined by great blocks of granite stacked on one another and then again stacks on stacks. The shoreline view was ever changing, marked by the layers of colors that shifted as the tide rose or fell and by the quality of the sunlight ranging from muted gray and cloudy, to bright blue skies with sunlit relief. Towards the mouth of the river is where most of the current sailing instruction provided by CNT occurs. In small opti-sized dinghies to larger catamarans, the young students are sailing back and forth across the wide mouth of the river in all winds. More

than once it became clear some of the student sailors had not quite mastered either the rules of the road or their boats, as a catamaran with screaming and laughing jeune filles narrowly missed collision or capsized. (At least I only remembered the laughing and screaming girls!) We would cross paths with the sailing classes many times over the week—what a treat to see so many kids out enjoying the wind and water!

During the rest of the week leading up to Friday, sailing was primarily in and around Ile de Brehat. Brehat is like an archipelago as its two main islands are surrounded by 10's if not 100's of smaller islands or rock out-croppings that are revealed at low tide. Our second and third days' sails explored the south easterly side, and the south westerly side respectively. Tuesday we sailed east between the mainland and Brehat, entering a small harbor with a lovely sandy beach for our lunch stop. Though the weather was overcast, the sailing was fine, with a good breeze.

The return found us beating with the tide against a strong wind. This produced some sharp chop, ensuring all crew served the useful function of diverting many large gouts of water from the helm. All in all it was a great sail back, and the gray skies gave way to sunshine in the afternoon.

Wednesday proved to be another day with something of a mix of clouds and sun—Gilles and the weather forecasters kept promising sun and a measure more warmth, but it kept eluding us. The winds diminished considerably—to the point of periods of drifting followed by motor sailing—at least by those with motors. Eventually we reached a harbor that marks the narrow waist of Brehat—essentially running all the way to the causeway connecting the two islands. Nel and I enjoyed that day with Ralph Roberts, who we had not shared a boat with since Killbear in 2004. It was a lovely landing, with some small hills we could climb to get a view. We had an early return to allow everyone time to get cleaned up, do midweek shopping, and get ready for the group dinner.

The dinner was a typically festive party at a nice restaurant in the town of Loguivy-de-la-Mer. Nel and I caught up with Connie Jaspers and her son Wouter. After quite a few speeches, the Wayfarer stompers provided the spark to show what Wayfarer spirit can really do as Poul, Sue and Elof get the entire room rolling with songs in nearly every language at the rally.

Brehat itself proved an attraction in its own right. Nel and I decided to take Thursday as a tourist day, and take the ferry to Brehat so we could do an end to end walking tour. We walked to the North end, the Pointe de Poan, which is a stunning point of the red and pink granite, atop which sits le Poan lighthouse. There was a timeless moment when we



watched a cutter round the point heading towards the festival in Paimpol. Standing at the light house and gazing back to the south, as the tide was low, we could view long lines of sharp points of rock, natural monoliths, rising out of the tidal flats, echoing the megaliths arranged by ancient tribes in fields around Brittany.

The day itself was one of squalls and winds, so we were fairly drenched by the time we made it back to Le Bourg, the main town, just in time to avoid another downpour. We ducked under the red and white striped awning of a local shop in the town square—what luck, the local boulangerie! We picked up baguettes for our next day breakfast and lunch and snacked on a delicious peach tart as we waited out the rain. Roughing it French style.

The rally had been planned to coincide with Chant de Marin festival held on Friday night in Paimpol. This festival attracts hundreds of traditional boats and hundreds more cruisers, all of whom arrive during the course of the week and are packed into the two inner harbors of Paimpol. These harbors are separated from the larger Paimpol harbor by a lock that enables the boats in the inner harbor to remain afloat despite the 20+ foot tides. There are also numerous traditional music performances, food vendors and in general a large ongoing party. To appreciate the organization required to bring our 16 Wayfarers to the festival, sail in and dock for the night you have to start all the way back at the sailing school. We had to have sufficient cars at the harbor so that after sailing to the festival and enjoying a light meal at the yacht club we could make our way back to Arcouest. So we had a semi-organized shuttle down to Paimpol then back to the sailing school, for the sail around Arcouest to Paimpol. Looking ahead we also had to get some people back to the sailing school (to pick up their cars for Saturday morning drive to the boats—now in Paimpol). If you're confused reading this—think of Gilles anticipating it, organizing and then, of course, watching in amazement, as it all came off perfectly.

Friday was a beautiful day with fine 10-15 knot winds to greet us after completing the shuttle and then the boat ferrying and finally sailing out of Trieux and around towards Paimpol. We enjoyed the gorgeous views of Brehat and Arcouest, as well as the islands to the east. I sailed with Anne and Dennis Kell on Emma, their lovely woodie, and Nel enjoyed her day with Peter and Diane Fenn. We had to time our arrival to meet with folks who had not sailed for the day, but would sail into the festival,



and we had to hit the tide just right so the locks would be open and we could go in as a group. A warm-up party was held on a floating dock where the boats were prepped for the gala—flags from each country, national Wayfarer flags, streamers—and of course to quench our thirst—Chateau Bruneau—Gilles' and Jill's first bottling of a very nice Chardonnay, complete with a rally label!

The moment had arrived—the celebration on the floating dock ended, everyone in their boats, and onward into the festival. First across the harbor, through the lock and

then finally into the inner harbor—where there are all those hundreds of boats—with only fairly small area of open water for the Wayfarers to circle around. All this to the sounds of the Wayfarer song on trumpet, echoing

off the lock and boats! It was more boats than I had ever seen packed into one place, let alone while on a Wayfarer in the midst of them all. *Incredible!!!*

Saturday was another exquisite sunny day as we organized another shuttle to bring the boats out through the lock (in a narrow window of time to avoid paying a toll) and have a skippers meeting and organize for the day. The day provided a mix of leisurely pleasant sailing with one energetic beat through a narrow channel criss-crossing, waiting until Gilles had decided exactly where the edge of the channel was, and then quick, ready about, tacking. We had lunch on the anchor and then sailed to a beach that only dries out in very low tides. And back to the sailing school for the final ferry ashore.

So the rally drew to a close—a last night of singing—talking—goodbyes. Sunday was a sunny day, but not for us to sail. On to the train in Guingamp and to Paris. That had its own story, but we'll save it for Killbear in 2010.

"Wayfarer, Wayfarer, finest dinghy ever seen! Wayfarer, Wayfarer, finest dinghy ever seen! Wayfarer, Wayfarer..."

JOURNEY TO WAYFARER OWNERSHIP

By Brandon McClintock

My journey through life has been riddled with detours, dead ends, wrong turns, and unexpected destinations much like that of a Roomba... For those of you not familiar with Roombas, they're those robotic vacuums that go trundling aimlessly along the floor until colliding with some unforeseen impediment after which they reverse, lurch away and repeat this behavior endlessly. Due to one of those seemingly random lurches, I ended up joining this year's Chesapeake Cruise, buying a Wayfarer, and becoming part of the Wayfarer family which is something akin to becoming a Verizon customer. Suddenly there's this huge and unexpected assembly of Wayfarer owners to support you with "Test Man" Uncle Al in the foreground.

But before I get to the really good part about discovering the world of Wayfarers, I should probably recount a few of those nautical detours and dead ends that, in spite of numerous random lurches, were all a part of "intelligent design" at work.



Brandon McClintock on Tangier Island during the 2009 Chesapeake Cruise.

My first sail ever was on Lake Havasu when I was perhaps 12 years old. Friends had brought along an old Sabot and I was encouraged to take it out for a sail. No one in my immediate or extended family ever had the slightest interest in boats of any kind much less those without motors. So it was with equal parts of curiosity and apprehension that I shoved off into unknown to discover the mysteries of sailing.

Just as it is impossible to describe music to one who has not heard, similarly, words are

poor shadows of the lived experience of wind, water, craft, and spirit. The winds were light that day and the lake embraced the little hull gently. By the end of the day – transported into a dimension without time - the spell had been cast. It was only many decades later that I was able to see that first sail as kind of floating meditation, one endless moment that transcended ordinary consciousness. It seems I've been trying to recapture that experience ever since.

Twenty years later, while in college at Santa Barbara, I bought my first boat - a much neglected Flying Junior complete with peeling varnish, a much abused daggerboard –cum-rockfinder, and Egyptian cotton sails from the 2nd dynasty. None of the cosmetic flaws mattered in the least. The little dinghy had spirit in spite of her years and we spent as much time bonding as we could between plagiarizing term papers, changing diapers and wondering if my school loans would ever be repaid. Sailing became my refuge from responsibility – a very brief suspension of the usual Roomba reality.

Like so much dunnage, the obligations of work, marriage (then non-marriage), family, and the strain of having to appear normal took a heavy toll. Life had become ponderous and solemn. What happened to the spontaneity, the exquisitely bearable lightness of being? Something was missing, had gotten lost along the way.

Many years later, subliminally drawn by some longing to find that missing something, I found myself once again like a comet retracing its orbit loitering around harbors and engaging in inappropriate fantasies of owning a real boat. Having been saturation bombed by Cruising World's ad salvos, this time my sights were set on the quest of "the voyage" – blue water passages, exotic destinations, and an end to tedious existential dilemmas.



Brandon crewed for Richard Waterson on this year's Chesapeake Cruise.

The vehicle for this fantasy was an older Islander 34. Thousands of dollars (and pounds of displacement) more than my dinghy, I became the painfully proud owner of a "real" sailboat. If the boat had sunk I could have raised her with my inflated ego. Rigging and sails to upgrade, diesel systems to maintain, teak to tend, slip fees to pay and the occasional day sail when time allowed. I early on became intimately acquainted with joker valves, especially when guests who were inattentive during the introductory orientation didn't quite grasp the nuances of using a marine toilet. Inevitably, something went missing from this picture as well. There's a saying about being careful what you wish for. Yes, I had gotten what I wanted and, yes, it wasn't what I wanted.

The realities of boat ownership were adeptly avoided by all manner of psychological sleights of mind and I continued to carom along in fine Roomba fashion. After selling that boat and acquiring four more over the next three decades, I still hadn't quite grasped the subtleties of simplicity and that it's not the boat, it's the experience. All of these boats had keels one of which ended up all over my lawn when the drain fitting failed on the bathtub I was melting

it in. Two thousand pounds of molten lead liberated in an instant to envelope everything in its path. Think of Kilauea on a small scale and you'll have a good idea of my wife's back garden (we're still married). And that was just the keel. The hull was a whole other 5-year debacle which now requires hypnotic regression to recall. Suffice it to say that, had I owned a chainsaw the day the keel pour failed, I would have created two full-sized half models then and there.

About two years ago while still in the keel boat-owning phase a friend of mine who is a small craft enthusiast and dedicated gunkholer recommended a couple of books by Frank and Margaret Dye. That synchronicitous "detour" into the world of dinghy sailing would turn out to be an opening into a world of sailing I would otherwise have never known. At first I was indifferent to the possibilities described in their writings, almost aloof. After all, these weren't "real" boats, just toy boats in bigger bathtubs. What could possibly be interesting about sailing without two-speed self-tailing winches, depth finders, chart plotters, self-steering vanes, anchor windlasses, auxiliary engines, and bank-breaking bags of sails? Dinghies were those things that you davited or deflated on real boats. And what could possibly be the challenge of bobbing around a lake compared to crossing oceans.

Even though I've owned boats off and on for over 40 years, I have to confess that I hadn't really experienced sailing in the raw until now. Sailing my Wayfarer is as close as it gets to recapturing that mystical day in the Sabot. It's the most fun I've ever had without drugs. I now have to learn how to sail all over again - without a keel. Or maybe I'm learning for the first time. I have been out on my W only four times and

that in itself must qualify me as the least experienced W sailor of the lot. Nevertheless, packed into those few attempts are priceless lessons never to be forgotten.

The gods were kind the first time – just light winds. The second time, almost no wind. The third time was, prophetically, the charm. There was so much wind that I actually experienced planing for the first time in my life – 8.4 knots according to a microsecond glance at the GPS. There were so many whitecaps and so much wind at the end – and I mean that literally – that I executed a perfect and glorious death roll. I couldn't have done it better if I had known what I was doing. Having crashed to the bottom of my learning curve (think afterdeck of the sinking Titanic) I seriously considered just withdrawing quietly from what I viewed as a monumental failure.

It took about three months of reflection and wound licking (mostly my battered ego) to even disclose my failings to other Wayfarer sailors. I suppose it's like a variation of the AA process. "My name is Brandon McClintock and I dumped my Wayfarer." Wayfarer sailors have to be some of the most gracious and generous souls on the planet. With their gentle encouragement, shared experiences, and unbridled enthusiasm, I was finally able to take the fourth sail. Nothing extraordinary because every time I take out my W it's extraordinary. It's always just a little like that first time so many years ago, silently whispering along, ultimately going nowhere. For me it's more a state of mind, of just being, with little wavy movements thrown in to keep it interesting. All I know is that something magical happens when I step into my W and cast off. It's been the best detour yet.

The year on your mailing label tells the year for which your USWA dues are paid and the boat number we have on file for you.

Membership: 1 year, \$15; 3 year \$40

Send your check, payable to USWA, indicating your boat number on the memo line to:

Michele Parish, Secretary/Treasurer, 935 Trentle Court, Charlotte, NC 28211



Wayfarers crowd around the leeward mark at the North American Championships at Lake Canandaigua in August 2009.

**SKIMMER
U. S. WAYFARER ASSOCIATION
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