



The Wayfarer **SKIMMER**

**United States Wayfarer Association
Summer 2018-2**

2018 WAYFARER NORTH AMERICANS *Marge Duncan W 10962*

The 2018 Wayfarer North American Championship was held as part of beautiful Rock Hall Yacht Club's Annual Summer One-Design Regatta held June 16 and 17 on Langford Creek off the Chester River near Rock Hall Maryland. Thirteen Windmills, thirteen Comets and ten Wayfarers raced on Course A and thirty-eight cats raced on Course B. Seventy-four boats in total!

Saturday dawned hot, humid and windless. The race officers gloomily predicted the winds would not rise until four in the afternoon. Miraculously, a light southerly wind filled in around eleven am and everyone dashed to their boats and sailed out to the race courses.



USWA Commodore, Jim Heffernan, presents the Henry Croce Trophy to Marc Bennett and Julie Seraphinoff.

Photo Al Schonborn

On Course A, all classes had their own start. The Wayfarers were delighted to find they had the third start. Watching the other classes gave them a look at the favoured end of the start line and side of the course. It appeared the pin was slightly favoured on the start line so the Wayfarers crowded down at that end for all

four races. Rather tricky to get a good start from the pack and acceleration was especially important in such light winds. The Wayfarer fleet should be proud as we didn't have any general recalls as did one of the other fleets. Nick Seraphinoff and his crew did push David and Anne over the line in the last race, but the Pughs quickly sailed their way through the fleet and finished a respectable fourth after their restart.

The light southerly wind of five knots with slight puffs and shifts continued throughout the day. One could call it an unremarkable wind but rather civilized... Relaxing, but still requiring intense concentration and competitive spirit. In the last race of the day, several boats, ours included, completely forgot about the falling tide and dragged our boards on the west side of the course. Unfortunately the dragging was a very effective brake and difficult to get out of. We should have paid more attention to Jim Heffernan who had all the currents and tides figured out!

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Chesapeake Dreamers' Cruise Continues *Dick Harrington, Blue Mist W887*

At an early age my father taught me how to work with wood. He was a skilled patternmaker and would purchase the left-over scraps from the pattern shop to be dropped off at the house. Various odd shapes of fine straight grain, old growth white pine and Honduras mahogany. I learned to work with the variously shaped chisels, planes, and files to carve out my dreams in wood—hulls of boats, the images of which plied the waters in my juvenile mind. It wasn't long before I was taking my creations down to the nearby pond for trials. Mostly sailboats, of course!

My sailing dreams translated into adventures—helped along by my mother's bedtime stories from Robinson Caruso, Treasure Island, and also my love for drawing

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The competition was evenly divided with five Canadian teams and five from the U.S. The Pughs and Mike and Marge Duncan represented Mississauga Sailing Club. Representing Toronto Sail and Canoe Club were Kit Wallace and George Waller and Al Schonborn who sailed with Frank Goulay out of Ottawa.

Mike and Cathy Babowicz of Newark, Delaware kindly trailored and lent their boat to Sue Pilling and Steph Romaniuk who traveled from Parry Sound, Ontario for the regatta. Wayfarer people looking after their own...

Sarah Pedersen and her children, Mira (15) and Erik (13) flew from Boise, Idaho to crew for Nick

Seraphinoff of Detroit, Michigan. Other USWA crews included Dave McCreedy and Dave Wilpula of Michigan, Jim Heffernan of North Carolina sailing with his son, Paul of New Providence, New Jersey, and Ali Kisbaugh of Severna Park, Maryland sailing with Linda Heffernan of North Carolina.

At the end of the day, Marc and Julie were in a commanding lead, with the Duncans holding a stealthy second place and Al and Frank in third.

Sunday morning dawned just about the same as Saturday, with not a whisper of wind, hotter and more humid. Everyone became hopeful as little thermals appeared on the water, only to be disappointed as they completely disappeared...over and over again. By mid morning, hope for the chance to race morphed into hope that the races would be cancelled as the heat and humidity continued to climb with no wind. Around noon, three blasts of horn and the N flag signalled the end of the racing and Saturday's standings held.

Many thanks to the Rock Hall members who once again, made us all feel welcome and ran an excellent regatta.

Jim Fletcher Memorial 2018
Steph Romaniuk, Chich W 397

I hope the weather didn't keep folks away from this May 19 event on Lake Lansing, Michigan because however dreary, the sailing was rain-free and exciting with tolerable wind speeds of 5-10 knots, holes, shifts and all that other small lake loveliness (sarcasm optional). Seven boats took part in the one-day event, almost half of which hailed from Ontario including David and Anne Pughs from the Mississauga SC, Parry Sound's Sue Pilling and Steph Romaniuk and a surprise appearance by Jan and Alannah D'Ailly from the Conestoga SC. The American teams were our gracious hosts, Marc Bennett and Julie Seraphinoff, Dave & Dave (the American version - McCreedy and Wilpula), Susanna Tellshow with William Hale and in a Lansing SC club Wayfarer rigged at the last minute to join us, John McHill with Dennis Dudley!

There was lots of time to rig, visit and pop around to help others rig as well. I've always been amazed by how helpful everyone in this fleet is. We headed out onto the water to start racing about noon and the Race Committee did a great job in the typically challenging conditions here. A short once around windward-leeward race started us off and after a course adjustment, the RC ran six more back-to-back races. These short 20-minute races were a great way to work

out the winter kinks and practice your skills. But they were also a reminder how out of shape you are and the abuse you endure while having so much fun.



After six races Steph and Sue Pilling end up on top of a competitive fleet at Jim Fletcher Memorial Regatta. Photo by Stephen Wagner

The Pilling, Pugh and Bennett teams were trading positions in the top three spots for the most part, but were challenged and passed at times by the other two Hartley boats (Double-Dave and the d'Aillys). The turnaround on races was quick as no boat was very far behind, even those with no spinnakers! We were in and packing up by three. We were even graced with about five minutes of sunshine before we ignored a rain storm while we enjoyed our beer and BBQ'd brats under the club shelter.

The great thing about this event for the Canadian visitors is that Monday was the Victoria Day holiday and gave us a travel day in addition to taking it easy on Sunday exploring the extensive artisan market in East Lansing. We are very surprised that more boats don't take part in this great 'kick-off-the-season' event. All the sailors had a great time and we owe a world of thanks to Mark and Julie and their team of volunteers.

Late Nova Scotia Entry Gives Wayfarers Numbers for 2018 Mayor's Cup
Al Schonborn W3854

Hot and sunny summer weather and light to medium winds from various directions were the order of the days June 2-3 as the Lake Townsend YC hosted its 41st Annual Mayor's Cup Regatta on Lake Townsend near Greensboro, North Carolina. The late addition of Iain Tulloch and wife, Lesley, who had come all the way from Hubbard, Nova Scotia, via Crisfield,

Maryland, and the Chesapeake Cruise, tilted Mayor's Cup status to the Wayfarers who thus outnumbered the Flying Scots 13-12. This meant that the Wayfarer Class would be the 2018 Mayor's Cup champions and the first-place Wayfarer got dibs on the trophy.

The Wayfarers were in fact the only fleet that scored five races. Our second Saturday race was initially scored a wash-out when an approaching thunderstorm forced the RC to abandon the race. This seemed especially unfortunate since nine of the W's had already finished, including a well-earned horizon job by Richard Johnson and Michele. And Trish McDermott with Annelies Groen were just inches from finishing when the three abandonment "guns" went. Well entrenched in 11th and 12th at that time were Mitch Krazowski with Steve Freyaldenhoven, and Annette Grefe with Gail Walters. It seemed a real pity that the RC couldn't give those boats a "Finished On Course" (though the alphabet code might sound a bit harsh: FOC). Always a fan of "where there's a will, there's way", Uncle Al spoke with our RC, Alan and Pat Backus, nicely with a view to getting the Wayfarers' race re-instated, FOC's and all. To make a long story short, Alan and Pat equally nicely sent me to LTYC Commodore, Robert Bouknight, who invited me to put the request in writing and get as many Wayfarers as possible to sign it. The response in favour of re-instatement was nearly unanimous, enough that at the awards, Robert commented on the Wayfarers' fine attitude and sportsmanship.



Iain and Leslie Tulloch of Nova Scotia compete in their first Mayor's Cup. Photo by Linda Marsh

The Wayfarer winners were not determined until the last of three Sunday races in which top-seeded Uncle Al of Oakville, ON, sailing with his like-minded pal, Tony Krauss of Cleveland, Ohio took a convincing first and moved past local stars, Jim and Linda

Heffernan (seeded 2nd), by a single point to win both the Wayfarer division and the *Mayor's Cup*. Rounding out the top three were Richard Johnson and Michele, sailing *Black Skimmer* out of Oriental, NC.

SKIMMER Editor invites you to visit wayfarer-canada.org to read Uncle Al's complete report on the Mayor's Cup which includes photos of all Wayfarer competitors. Well done, Al!

2018 Downriver Race, Chestertown, MD

Sarah Pedersen W11150

Every trip to Chestertown, Maryland, for the Downriver Race has been special. Held this year on June 15th, the race is 13 miles down the Chester River from Chestertown Yacht Club to Rock Hall Yacht Club. The race originated as a fun way to transport boats from one club to the other and was followed by an upriver event to get them back the next weekend. The formal Downriver Race has been run annually since 1947 and acts as a prelude to the round-the-buoy racing at Rock Hall Yacht Club over the weekend. The race conditions are always challenging. Wind speed and direction can vary widely depending on protection from the forestation on the shore and the strength and timing of the sea breeze filling in from the Chesapeake Bay. Tide also plays a factor in one's race strategy and sailors know to bring food, lots of fluids and a tow rope if you have light winds and an incoming tide.



Sarah introduces Mira and Erik to Wayfarer Family.

Conditions aside, what makes the event so special for me has always been the people involved. The event has historically been held Fathers' Day Weekend and in 2004 I started what became an annual trip to crew for my dad. That first trip in 2004 was especially memorable. I had been out of sailing for 12 years, having moved to Idaho for my husband's job. Returning to sail with my dad was a homecoming. I loved returning to the familiar Chesapeake landscape, the smell of brackish water and the sounds of rigging

slapping the mast and the pop of new sails going up the morning of race day. But visiting dad and being enveloped by the warmth of the Wayfarer Family, many of whom have known me since I was about seven years old, that first time was truly wonderful. These annual visits "home" became a thing that sustained me through the year in arid, land-locked Boise, Idaho.

The characters have changed over the years. Jim Heffernan's sons have taken turns with Linda to crew for him. Julie Seraphinoff jumped ship to be with Mark Bennett. Al Shonborn has tested many different people as crew. In 2013 my dad passed away and my brothers came to sail the event with me in dad's boat. Last year I crewed for Nick Seraphinoff. But the greatest gift came my way this year when Nick told me to bring my own children, Mira and Erik.

The kids had a blast. Mira, the older, more outgoing one, volunteered to sail with Linda and Jim Heffernan. Erik stayed with me and Nick. Mira came off the water knowing port from starboard, how to trim the jib, and knowing the basic rules of sailing right-of-way. "But what I really love is hiking out," she told me later. Erik learned to hike and trim the jib, too. It was fun to watch his engineering brain at work watching the telltales and figuring out how to keep the airflow smooth.

The breeze was good this year and we had an outgoing tide so the race went quickly. We were a little late at the start but managed to move up to stay in the thick of things for the early part of the race. My attention was focused on the spinnaker and I lost track of other boats' performance as the fleet spread out later in the race. The most difficult part was the last mile. The finish was in sight, but the wind became light and progress was annoyingly erratic because of the effect of wind and tide coming in from Langford Creek and the Corsica River.

The race among the Wayfarer fleet was won by David and Anne Pugh. David recounted later how much he hated watching Mark and Julie almost catch them in the fluky conditions of the last mile. Please check the RHYC website for the formal standings. All I remember now is that Erik finished ahead of his sister, a fact he didn't let her forget for the rest of the week. For me, I was just so happy and proud to introduce the sport, and the Wayfarer "family", to a new generation. My kids came away looking forward to taking our Wayfarer out to race with the club here in Idaho, and we are planning to join in at least one event next year. I think they are beginning to understand the friendships formed on the water are ones to be treasured for life.

Chesapeake Continued from page 1

pictures of full-rigged sailing ships. Accuracy of which I agree was highly questionable.

I moved on, grew up, and became a Mechanical Engineer; instead of my dream to go into Naval Architecture and design yachts. I've still got some of those well-thumbed books from that period of my life. But such professional pursuits are only for the very wealthy, not the son of a patternmaker. Still, the thought of sailing adventures never left my mind.

I had a wife and five young daughters when I discovered a beautiful 19-foot wooden day-sailor. Lovingly built by an amateur builder sometime in the 1930's, from plans in Popular Mechanics, I fell in love with her at first sight. She had a classic Herreshoff-look wineglass hull and a large chunk of iron in her shallow draft keel. We were living in Youngstown, NY, a well-to-do yachting spot, and the kid's mom, Louise, lucky for me also liked to sail. With *Star Dust* moored in the Niagara River we enjoyed many delightful family trips out on Lake Ontario. But then I relocated to a job in Cleveland, the kids were growing up, and *Star Dust* was getting old and worrisome.

Parting with *Star Dust* was gut-wrenching. We had just returned from a job stint in southern California and I was now boat-less on the shores of Lake Erie. Through amazingly good luck, one of our church going friends had a GRP Wayfarer he wanted to sell. It wasn't a *Star Dust* look-a-like for sure, but I remembered seeing a couple Wayfarers around the Niagara River and thought it worth-while giving the boat a try. Once I had attended a few regattas and learned what the Wayfarer could do I knew I had obtained a potentially great cruising boat, in addition to an excellent family boat. This was a boat I knew I could go anywhere with and I did just that. After a few years of admiring those brightly varnished wooden Wayfarers at the regattas I acquired my own 'woody,' W887 *Blue Mist*. After a complete refurbishment she too was beautiful, fast, and I knew very safe.

At 67 I was retired and trying my hand at Wayfarer cruising. My oldest daughter living in D.C. was getting married and at the time I was reading

Through his love of cruising and keen sense of adventure Dick Harrington has introduced many North American Wayfarer sailors to the wonders of the Chesapeake Bay area. Thanks, Dick!



Dick provided the day's end luxury.

Michener's 'Chesapeake'. No longer married I thought, why not attend the wedding but take *Blue Mist* and stay in a marina some place close by. I found a marvelous picturesque spot down in Saint Mary's where the Potomac empties into the Chesapeake and that's what initially aroused my interest in the Chesapeake.

The epitome of dinghy cruising is exploring places others can't get to. The Chesapeake's eastern shore offers one of the world's greatest opportunities in this respect. Michener wrote about such places—the Choptank River, Tilghman Island, Slaughter Creek, Smith Island and on and on. He told about the beauty, the history, the nature of the wildlife, and the people. But the character of the land, the nature of the waters, the vast expanse marshlands, and getting to know the people cannot be grasped from a book. You have to go there. It is all very different from any other traveling experiences.

My first adventure started out from Oxford on the Choptank River, mainly because on the chart it looked like an interesting place and there was a small boat ramp located right in town. That year I was too timid to venture much farther out than the mouth of the Choptank; just navigating Knapps Narrows and the lift bridge at Tighman Island was a big deal! But both Oxford and Tilghman Island were amazingly attractive towns to visit; which meant I was now captivated. The following year I got braver, tightened my bootstraps, sailed out into the Big Bay and all the way south to the little Choptank and Slaughter Creek.

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2018 May & June Wayfarer Memories



Anneleis & Dick prepare for day sail from Tangier Is. To Watts Is.



Captains Al, Dick & Tony debrief the day's sail.



Friday evening Sing-a-Long at Ken Butler's launches Mayor's Cup



Uncle Al wins Mayor's Cup, flanked here by RC members, Mark and Kim Wise. Crew Tony Krauss is already s on the road to Ohio.



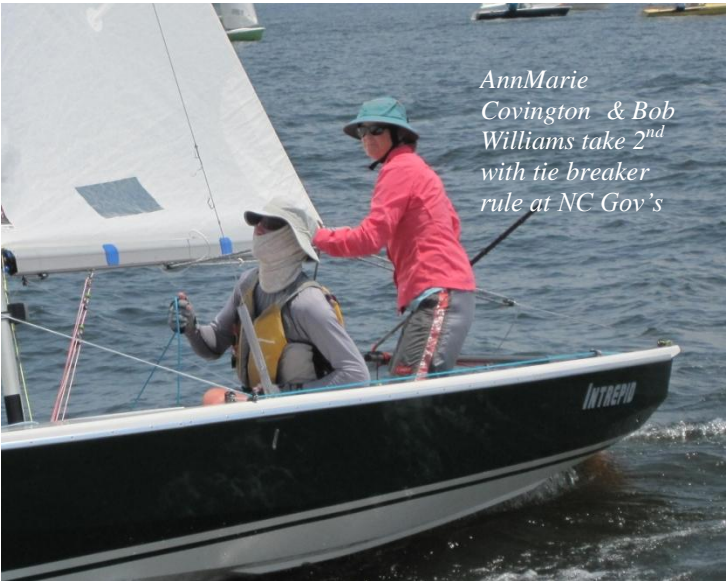
Heffernans find a hole at the windward mark in Race 2 of Mayor's Cup.



Super crew from Boise Idaho, Erik and Mira team with Mom, Sarah Pedersen and Nick Seraphinoff (green shirt!)



Mike & Cathy Babowicz loaned W10423 to Sue & Steph for RHYC Regatta.



AnnMarie Covington & Bob Williams take 2nd with tie breaker rule at NC Gov's



Mike and Marge Duncan win 2nd place at RHYC One Design. All RH photos by Uncle Al



Sailors need good knees! Dave McCreehy at Jim Fletcher Memorial Regatta. Photo Stephan Wagner



Cathy Leonard at Mayor's Cup photo by Uncle Al

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Wow, how remote it was; how completely devoid of boat traffic other than an occasional waterman. It was a new kind of feeling. For the first time I felt like an adventurer. No marinas to tie up in at night, no restaurants from which to get a meal; there I was anchoring out in the river under a boom tent, cooking on board, and gazing at the stars at night and listening to the many mysterious creature sounds emitting from the marsh. Sometimes it was the splash of aggressive fish feeding, or a restless duck, or maybe a muskrat on the prowl.

I would write up my cruise logs each year and happily pass them along to the editor of the SKIMMER and Uncle Al for publication. Meanwhile Uncle Al took great interest in my stories and graciously helped improve the quality of the writing by editing my bad grammar and offering various tips. Once I got used to the idea of being corrected, I realized the fine benefit Al was providing me. I was glad for his help; especially since now and then I would be lucky enough to get a story published in one of those glossy boating magazines. Of course there was little money in that, but lots of satisfaction.

I continued moving south in the direction of Virginia in search of new places to explore until one year I landed in Crisfield. I was going to be really bold and cross over to remote Smith Island. It seemed a bold undertaking because from Crisfield Smith Island lies below the horizon. Not knowing better one wouldn't think anything is there. It isn't because the distance is that great, but because the land is so very low. I knew nothing about Smith Island and my old chart at the time showed a huge marsh with a very long, twisting, narrow, channel leading to the main town of Ewell. It was confusing to me and I actually wondered if it was possible for a small sailboat to navigate through all that without a motor.

Well, you, my readers, have heard me rave many times about the virtues of Smith and Tangier islands as being an ideal destination for a Wayfarer a cruise. What a great place it is to take your sailing wife or close friend. Lay back, enjoy and soak in all that old-time island history and beauty. Tie the boat up at the marina. Relax with comfortable shore side facilities, and enjoy great Bay seafood at the town restaurants, the best served anywhere on the Chesapeake. Forget anchoring out and boat camping. Though for a long time, a staunch proponent of sleeping onboard I was eventually forced to go along with those B&B preferring people. When Uncle Al read the log from

that cruise he was immediately after me to organize a group cruise. So give some thanks to Uncle Al who has from the beginning promoted this cruise. Since then there have been many such cruises and a lot of you have participated.



Reluctantly Dick joined the others at the Bay View B&B but claims he misses the days of sleeping on Blue Mist.

2018 Cruise (May27-31). Much is changing on the eastern shore. A rising sea level accompanied by frequent devastating winter storms has wreaked havoc to the islands. Hard to bear are the many prominent, ugly high-rise condos now lining the shores starting from the Bay Bridge progressing southward. Thanks to God for the physical limitation of how many vehicles can get across the bridge's twin spans in a day. The massive amount of new construction obliterates the natural beauty of the Bay which once was pleasing to the eye when driving over the bridge.

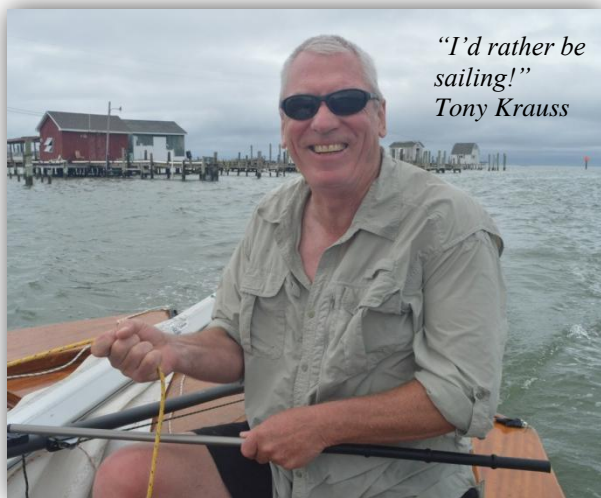
Considerably further south, almost in Virginia, Crisfield too is feeling some of the big development money pressure--both for good and bad. There are like six or eight new high-rises there. The post 2008 mortgage crash slowed things down for a while but now those places are beginning to fill. The town's streets are newly paved, new restaurants have moved in, and attractive green spaces have popped up. But much of the quaint, historic, shabbiness of the old fishing town has disappeared. While we were there the island excursion boats were busy.

With two Wayfarers, Uncle Al, Tony Krauss, Annelies Groen and I departed from Crisfield Sunday and completed the three island circuit that consists of Smith Is., Tangier Is. and Watts Is., returning without a hitch Thursday. Iain and Lesley Tulloch from Nova Scotia

decided to stay back at Janes Island State Park campground and continue exploring that area.

The weather systems were somewhat unsettled but not threatening. There were a few thunder storms about the region but they seemed to prefer arriving during the night, which was just fine by us. Easterly winds prevailed and were at times light. Though usually a precursor of poor weather, this time the east wind was beneficial to our overall direction of sail. No hard beating to windward heading south and little need for reefing any time. The trip to Smith Is. was therefore down wind and also negated was any necessity of tacking our way up the Big Thorofare into Ewell, which often results with at least one or two groundings. There were no complaints about that. I let Annelies do the harder sailing coming across, then I took the helm just before heading into the slip at Pauli's—only to misjudge the current and run against a piling. I should have left it to her.

It was very quiet; you wouldn't know anyone ever visited there. No other visiting boats were to be seen. Lunch, which would also serve as dinner, was at the Bay View Restaurant. They would close at 4:00. The islands are dry but the lady at the cash register let us bring our beers inside—no was one around to see. While waiting for our crab soup and fried soft-shell crabs to arrive, we passed the time with our young attractive waitress. She was a student at the college in Salisbury. We asked, "You had to travel by the mail boat to the mainland for High School, right? What was that like?" She replied, "Well, recently we've experienced a couple of really bad winters where the ice was so thick we were frozen in and totally isolated; and we couldn't go anywhere. After two weeks the icebreaker came and got us out." Imagine that!



*"I'd rather be sailing!"
Tony Krauss*

The four of us spent the night at Michele's Smith Island Inn which was attractive, very comfortable and just a few steps away from Pauli's. But to me it just seemed too easy.

Pauli's and Captain Steve's Smith Island Marina and B&B are in a serious state of disrepair. This is a consequence of both the many years of storm damage as well as the health problems suffered by both of them. They are presently living in Iowa while Pauli looks after her 90-year old father who is in failing health. We were able to use the docks okay to tie up our boats. It wasn't as bad as I thought it might be. Also, the little club house was open for protection from the elements but lacked facilities. There was a money box for the slip fees. A portion of the docks were occupied by a marine salvage company which was doing major shore storm protection work along the island's western shore. Hopefully, Pauli and Steve are enjoying some economic benefit from that.

I am saddened. What will happen to Smith Island Marina? I'm worried that it may not be possible in the future to sail as many as 8 or 10 Wayfarers into Ewell and just tie up and sleep aboard as we did in the past. Only the future will tell. Keep dreaming!

BAYVIEW ONE DESIGN

By Julie Seraphinoff, Ras Green, W11221

For the first time since Wayfarers have been participating in the Bayview One Design regatta, we launched into the waters of Lake St. Clair for the June 2-3 event as opposed to the swift currents of the Detroit River.

The initial feeling was, well, weird. There we were - six Wayfarers - fighting it out to rig among Lightnings (at least 18), Stars and Finns at Crescent Sail Yacht Club in Grosse Pointe Farms, MI. In past years, we were in our own little world on the river at BYC with one or two other dinghy class.

My skipper, Marc Bennett, and I, along with Oakville, Ontario's David and Anne Pugh were dealing with re-rigging boats that had been in for fiberglass repairs. With many of us rolling in Friday evening too late to start the process, the sweat was dripping as we hustled to get boats put back together in time for the first start. But nobody was sweating more than Conestoga Sailing Club attendees Jan D'Ailly and his son Hendrick D'Ailly who had set up at Bayview Friday evening, discovered Saturday they were at the wrong site, raced to Crescent to register, fetched their boat from one club

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to the other, and set up for an on-time launch. They were a well-oiled machine and smiled through the entire process.

Other teams launching included Toronto's Kit Wallace and crew George Waller, and Mike Codd and his homegrown crew Lee. BOD instigator Nick Seraphinoff was sailing with young CSYC member Logan Wood.

For us Northern folks, an early-June event lets the body know how long the winter months are. We set off from the launch ramp in steady winds, overcast skies and persistent waves. The sea legs were non-existent, at least for team *Ras Green*. Marc's and my tacks were more of a crash and slam than a beautiful dance. Oh well.

Wayfarers had the fourth start, which was not all bad as we got our bearings for how the course was set and start sequence worked.

After the first race, winds began shifting and diminishing, forcing race committee to move marks and delay the start. Third race went off without a hitch, although there were two winds. Team Codd went out into the lake, found its own wind and took the lead. Alas, Mike and Lee were nipped at the end to grab second. The day ended with three races and the Bennett/Seraphinoff team in first, Pughs second and Wallace/Waller third.

We wrapped up with a barbecue at Nick and Mary's lovely home where we, of course, spent the evening "talking" about it all.

Day two fell apart quickly with no wind and rain squalls. Hearty racer that I am, I stood huddled under the patio chanting, "Please don't make go out in that. Please don't make me go out in that. I'd rather go to the dentist."

When we left Nick's house, my dad was adamant he would not be going to the club because he doesn't have to sail in cruddy conditions if he doesn't want to. He said all of this while sipping coffee and eating breakfast.

His keen crew had other thoughts. We compelled Logan not to uncover Nick's boat because Nick was NOT coming out. "I'm calling him. He will come out if I ask," he said.

As the oldest of Nick's children who has spent 59 years trying to convince her dad of anything, my muttered response was, "Good luck with that."

Nick arrived at Crescent within the hour.

Races were, thankfully, called at noon. And, yes, we cracked a beer the minute the cancellation gun was fired

The early call meant our Canadian friends hit the road for home at a decent hour. That left only Marc and myself to attend the prize-giving at Bayview and take a congratulatory selfie, haha. The BOD trophies are beautiful as they feature tiles made by Pewabic Pottery, a historic Detroit studio renowned for tiles that adorn many of the buildings and homes in the city. It was a pleasure to present David and Anne their second place prize the following weekend at Conestoga and Kit and George their third place two weeks later at Rock Hall.

If you haven't attended the BOD in the past, add it to your calendar. Talk is next year we will be back on the Detroit River with its unique current challenges. The regatta is a wonderful way to get the season started and the sea legs out of hibernation.

2018 NC Governor's Cup – Father's Day Weekend

Almost Summer in the South

Nancy Collins W10978

This was the 61st anniversary of the North Carolina Governor's Cup hosted by the Carolina Sailing Club sailed on Kerr Lake, a big reservoir that straddles the North Carolina Virginia line. The sailing is done off Henderson Point which is surrounded on three sides by water. There is a club house affectionately called the Glass House and it offers the perfect place to gather for the Competitors Meeting and to socialize before and after the races.

Nearby, at the Henderson Point State Park camping with other sailors is a big part of the whole experience. After arriving on Friday we spent time around a fire that hopefully would chase the mosquitoes away, and watched Phil Leonard cook burgers over the flames.

Summer in the south is a sweltering affair and this Father's Day weekend was not an exception. Much discussion was made about the various tent fans that we campers would use to keep cool.

There were 100(!!!) boats signed up for the regatta including five Wayfarers from Fleet 15. Jerry Thompson, the PRO, divided the boats up into 6 starts with Wayfarers starting fourth.

Saturday's winds were light. The start was delayed on shore for an hour. Though in that time the breezes picked up enough that most boats were already out sailing around when the AP on shore was taken down. The PRO called for a course with only one lap - Windward-Downwind with a final short reach off to the side to finish clear of the course. Three races were conducted.

My husband Uwe and I (*W10864*) finished first in Race One. AnnMarie Covington and Bob Williams (*W11134*) and Richard Johnson & Michele Parrish (*W10873*) also took firsts. We managed second places in these races and that gave us the lead for the day. Phil and Cathy Leonard (*W864*) were always close by and trading places on the various legs. Kim Durack (*W9411*) was doing a great job with starts and worked hard to remain in the action.

This was only the third time that we had raced on Kerr Lake. AnnMarie races there quite frequently because she is also a member of the Carolina Sailing Club which uses this venue for its fleet races. She consistently went to the right of the course. The winds in two of the races were light enough to not factor in any persistent breeze from down the lake, but as the winds picked up in the third race that local knowledge served AnnMarie well and she won Race #3.



After the races were over, instead of going to the dock near the Glass House, we sailed to the campground

with *Black Skimmer* (Richard and Michele). The sun was no longer glaring overhead making it a fun sail back to camp where the boats were tied to bushes growing in the water. The wind picked up overnight, but the knots held. Sailors can make good knots.

Sunday's races started at 9, so soon after the sun was up, we sailed back to the race course area. The overnight fresh breezes had calmed down and it was a pleasant downwind sail to the racing area. Richard decided that Michele be at the helm for the day.

The wind seemed to be slightly perkier than the day before. Race Committee enthusiastically made it a 2 lap course. As the PRO worked through the six separate starts the winds died down and when he got to our start he had reduced the lap count back to 1. The one lap races on the first day didn't have the issues that the two laps now had, i.e., the 50+ boats that were out on the course were in the way and they were all on that south west (right) side. AnnMarie and Bob had a great start and since they had won one of the races yesterday by going to the right, they again went to the right. Right into the mass of finishing boats. We had a moderate start and then maybe being lazy, maybe just looking for clear air, we soon tacked left where there were a lot less boats.

Half way up the windward leg of the course it became apparent that the wind had clocked 150 degrees. We had the sails all the way out. It is hard to tell with lake winds if it will hold. But someone behind us decided for us and we all had to raise the spinnaker. And it worked well. We weren't so lucky coming to the windward mark and made it there with everyone else including a Thistle that felt it really needed to come into that spot by the mark and hit us. Fortunately the wind wasn't blowing much at this point. We did manage to extract ourselves out of that mess and with the new wind direction we worked upwind to the "downwind" mark.

In this closely competitive group of Wayfarers, we were the first to cross the line with AnnMarie/Bob Williams and Michele/Richard pretty close behind us. With the winds dying off the Race Committee put up AP over A. We limped back to shore, unrigged the boat and retreated to the air conditioned Glass House for the Awards. Rumor is that next year more Wayfarers plan to attend and we might have a chance at winning the Governor's Cup which goes to the fleet with the most entries. We will have to muster a large number of Wayfarers to beat the Buccaneers who entered 17 boats this year!



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Calling All Wayfarers 2018

August 4-5	Virginia Governor's Cup , Ware River YC	Ware River, VA
August 4-10	East Meets West Rally, Apostles Islands	Bayfield, Wisconsin
August 18-24	NA Rally Hermit Island Campground	Bath, Maine
August 25-26	Blackbeard Sailing Club One Design Regatta	New Bern, NC
September 7-13	International Rally, Norfolk Broads	United Kingdom
September 8-9	Eastern Championship, Tawas Bay Yacht Club	East Tawas, Michigan
September 22-23	Tim Dowling Memorial Regatta, Clark Lake	Jackson, Michigan
October 6-7	Virginia Inland Sailing Association, One Design	Smith Mtn Lake, Virginia
October 27-28	Bare Bones Regatta, Lake Townsend Yacht Club	Greensboro, NC
Week Between	Cruise to Ocracoke from Cedar Island NC	Core Sound, NC
November 3-4	Old Brown Dog Regatta, Catawba Yacht Club	Lake Wylie, Charlotte, NC

The complete North American Events Calendar can be accessed from the US or Canadian Wayfarer Websites. 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 2018-2

**United States Wayfarer Association
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