

# The Wayfarer SKIMMER

United State Wayfarer Association – [www.uswayfarer.org](http://www.uswayfarer.org)

Winter 2019-2020



## Powell Ho! Utah desert lake draws sailor to unforgettable solo adventure

By Jacob Stoesz  
W3481

This adventure, much like many good adventures, began with a last-minute change of plans. The expected 11-day, mid-October window with no work and no kids was an opportunity that demands ambition. I am a husband and father of a 1 and 3 year old, my wild days seemingly behind me. But every so often I act out foolishly.

The prepared plan was simply to put in on the Mississippi River below St. Paul, Minn. and see how far I could get sailing, rowing and lowering the mast on down the river.

The morning of expected launch, the forecast called for highs in the 30s, rain for the entire week and the river at flood stage. How does an 18-hour drive to Utah's Lake Powell sound?

I picked up my avocado green Wayfarer, SN 3481, earlier this fall. Last registered in the 90s, it was pristine. It was quite literally a gift from God. I had only sailed it once prior to the trip, but everything seemed to be in order, if a bit crude in the rigging and baggy in the sails. I quickly made a pair of 10-foot oars, stitched up a canvas boat tent and stowed all my backpacking gear aboard. The boat was packed and I merely made a right turn for Utah instead of driving the few miles to St. Paul.

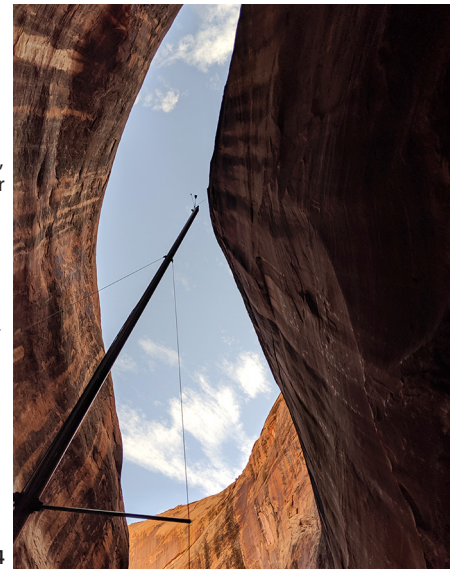
Southwest Utah is a special place to me. The unexpected beauty, the isolation, the Mars-like terrain is in stark contrast to my home state's boreal forest. I have spent con-

### About Jacob

- Grew up sailing an MC Scow at the cabin lake, but didn't do much sailing until after college.
- Bought and lived aboard a Catalina 34 for a few years before getting married.
- Since moving back to Minnesota and having a couple kids, now races a Yngling with his dad once a week at the local yacht club.
- Had never sailed a Wayfarer prior to purchase, but had wanted one for years. "It was the most time tested camping dinghy cruiser I could find and so far I have not been disappointed."



Jacob Stoesz (above) had planned a solo cruise on the Mississippi River near his home and just below St. Paul, Minn. When wind, weather and water didn't cooperate, he changed plans and headed to Lake Powell in Utah. This was his first trip in his recently purchased avocado green W3481. The narrow, sheer canyon walls (right) of the lake made for challenging maneuvering and sailing. Photos by Jacob Stoesz



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Make some plans,  
enjoy some  
insights

## Not too late to make plans for Midwinters and George Washington regattas at Lake Eustis Sailing Club

By **Arial Harrington**  
W10864

As the meme goes, “We salt our margaritas, not our roads.” What further excuse do you need to travel to sunny central Florida this winter? Lake Eustis Sailing Club is hosting two back to back regattas to kick off the new year!

The 21st Annual Wayfarer Midwinters Regatta will be held from Jan. 31 to Feb. 2. Just two weeks later, the 50th Annual George Washington Birthday Regatta will be held Feb. 15-16.

As some of you know, Dave (Moring) and I primarily sail the Flying Scot, but that doesn't mean we don't love the Wayfarer - we do! Nick Seraphinoff really shouldn't have sold us such a great boat.

We love the agility of the boat, how high she points, the racing controls and the overall boat performance. Hopping between the Flying Scot, MC Scow and Wayfarer has made Dave and I into better sailors (and a better team) and we enjoy each fleet's extended family equally.

Between the Wayfarer Midwinters and the George Washington Regatta, a group of sailors will travel to Cayo Costa State Park off Pine Island, Fla. for cruising five days of cruising.

But enough about us part-time Wayfarers...

If you haven't been to Lake Eustis before, you'll come to find this hidden gem is a sailing mecca. The club is highly active, hosting club races on weekends at least twice a month.

Attendance for these upcoming regattas is expected to be high this year as momentum continues to grow around our sailing community. The city has plans to build a US Sailing Center (the vote is in March), the club has been chosen to host the 2022 Wayfarer International Championships and future upgrades to the club itself are in the works.

At the 2019 Midwinter's, Peggy Menzies efused of our local race  
*continued on page 10*

## What's ahead

### CRUISES

**Cayo Costa Rally** – Feb. 3-7, Cayo Costa State Park off Pine Island, Fla. (week between Midwinters and George Washington)

**N.A. Rally** – July 25-Aug. 1, Wellesley Island State Park, Wellesley Island, N.Y.

### RACING

**Wayfarer Midwinters No. 21** – Jan. 31-Feb. 2, Lake Eustis SC, Eustis, Fla.

**George Washington Regatta** – Feb. 15-16, Lake Eustis SC, Eustis, Fla.

**Jim Fletcher Memorial Regatta** – May 16, Lansing SC, Haslett, Mich.

**Baseline One-Design Regatta** – June 6-7, Michigan SC, Ann Arbor, Mich.

**Rock Hall Regatta & River Race** – June 19-21, Rock Hall, Md.

**U.S. Nationals/Governor's Clup** – June 26-28, Carolina SC, Kerr Lake, N.C.

**Wayfarer Ontarios** – Aug. 1-2, Lac Deschenes SC, Nepean, ON

**North Americans** – Sept. 12-13, Tawas Bay YC, East Tawas, Mich.

### WEB SITES

United States Wayfarer Association – [www.uswayfarer.org](http://www.uswayfarer.org)

Canadian Wayfarer Association – [www.wafarer-canada.org](http://www.wafarer-canada.org)

Wayfarer International Committee – [www.wayfarer-international.org](http://www.wayfarer-international.org)

UK Wayfarer Association – [www.wayfarer.org.uk](http://www.wayfarer.org.uk)

### SOCIAL MEDIA

**Facebook** – **Wayfarer North America, Wayfarer Sailors of the World** (*editor's note: These sites are always looking for material. Let's boost our Wayfarer presence. Join the groups!!*)

Are you a reader? Ask to join the closed **Facebook group - Wayfarer Sailors Read** (group came about while sitting around at a regatta and talking about books; we need sailing literature suggestions!)

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#### USWA Annul Dues

Full membership – One year, \$20; Three years, \$15 per year

Associate membership available for non-Wayfarer owners – One year, \$15

Dues may be paid through PayPal or by check to USWA and mailed to: Treasurer Michele Parish, 355 Winding Creek Drive, Oriental, NC 28571

**SKIMMER** is a publication of the United States Wayfarer Association. Have a story idea, a tale to tell? Julie Seraphinoff is always looking for Skimmer content. Email her at [julieseraphinoffprice@gmail.com](mailto:julieseraphinoffprice@gmail.com)

# WoW

## Inaugural late-fall Wamplers Lake regatta draws 10 boats

Fall colors frame the fleet on Wamplers Lake Oct. 19. David and Anne Pugh of Oakville, Ontario went on to win the regatta. Six races were held Saturday while Sunday's racing was cancelled because of lack of wind. Photos by Gregory Kostyniuk



By Angela Brazil  
W10861

The first Wayfarers on Wamplers Regatta (WoW), hosted at the beautiful McCreedy family cottage in Brooklyn, Michigan, was held Oct. 19-20. There was a solid turnout of 10 boats, including entrants from Wisconsin and Canada.

We had several first-time Wayfarer racers come out, including new skippers Tom Dawson and Dennis Gamble and crewmembers Chip Lee and Pauling Ng. There was great competition, especially through the middle of the fleet, with a few upsets and three boats tied for 4th place. Matt Dailey and Nick Burtka were particularly gleeful about one race, where they beat Dave McCreedy (and myself) on his home water. I suppose that's what Dave gets for lending them his old boat.

Saturday was an excellent day for sailing, with sunny weather and a fairly consistent 10 knots of wind. This allowed us to get six races in, all of them triangle courses, set for us by race officer Marc Bennett. For those who would like to see a bird's eye view of Marc's first-rate course setting, or relive the excitement of the races, you're in luck. Nine out of 10 boats had GPS trackers on board that were uploaded to RaceQs, a free course tracking app. The full recording is available at <https://bit.ly/2Bx3PGb>.

David and Anne Pugh of Oakville, Ontario, Canada showed us all up with their spinnaker work. But the duo was kind enough to share their knowledge with a spinnaker demonstration back on shore. We picked up some useful tips that will hopefully help us catch them in the next races. I'm looking forward to attempting

a reach-to-reach jibe on our next triangle courses.

A huge thanks goes out from all us to Dave and the entire McCreedy family for all of their hard work to plan and execute a great event. The Dave Wilpula family was also a huge help in making sure everything ran smoothly. I was thoroughly impressed by the quality of everything at the cottage, especially the food. From breakfast to dinner, we were fed like kings, everything from waffles and warm cider to fresh homemade bread and apple crisp.

I'd also like to extend my personal thanks to Dave McCreedy, who is a phenomenal skipper, mentor and friend. He has been instrumental in organizing our Wednesday night racing group, increasing outreach to new sailors and coordinating resources for more people to experience the joy of racing.

Thank you, Dave, for introducing me to the Wayfarer fleet: a warm and welcoming group of people who thrive on the rush of competition, but equally treasure the opportunity to help others learn and grow. You embody the spirit of this fleet and I am continually inspired by your dedication to helping it thrive.

Winning our first trophy together was a very satisfying way to celebrate my one-year anniversary of racing in a Wayfarer.



Oakville, Ontario's Anne Pugh (W11222) gives the WOW group a lessons on flying the spinnaker.



The first Wayfarers on Wamplers Regatta had sailors traveling from near and far, including Wisconsin and Ontario, Canada. Marc Bennett (W11221) took on race captain duties and set triangle courses for the fleet.



Skipper Dave McCreedy, host of the regatta, and crew Angela Brazil with their third place trophies.

the 2019 Wayfarers on Wamplers Regatta  
Corrected results as of 09:47 on October 23, 2019

Sallick, Dissard, T. Loewen, Emile, TS. Scoring system: My scoring system

Rank	Seed	SailNo	Helms/Crew	R1	R2	R3	R4	R5	R6	Total	Nett	Notes
1	2 (11)	11222	David & Anne Pugh	(2)	1	1	1	2	1	8	6	
2	1 (7)	11158	Peggy Menzies/Jo	1	2	(3)	3	2	13	10		
3	3 (37)	911 (10861)	Dave McCreedy/Angela Brazil	3	4	(6)	6	1	3	23	17	
4	7 est.	10861 (911)	Tom Dawson/Pauline Ng	4	(10)	8	2	7	4	35	25	Most Improved
5	6 est.	8225	Mike Moody/Michael Kovachik	(8)	5	3	8	4	5	33	25	
6	5 (79)	453	Dave Wilpula/Sam Durbin	5	3	(9)	5	5	7	34	25	
7	10 est.	4116	Dennis & Bill Gamble	6	6	4	(9)	6	6	37	28	Most Improved
8	9 (102)	1389	Matt Dailey/Nick Burtka	7	7	5	7	8	(9)	43	34	
9	4 (64)	3445	Robert Mosher/Chip Lee	(DNS)	8	7	4	10	8	48	37	
10	8 (85)	2951	Mike & Robin Austerberry	9	9	10	10	9	(DNF)	58	47	

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siderable time there and I love it dearly. Like a bear trap grabbing hold of your leg, the desert hides its majesty and adventure until you are right upon it.

I put in a day and a half later to windless inky water and a perfect sunny sky. I like rowing, I told myself, and I was off. The first strokes on the water were the first I have ever put into the boat. New oars, new locks, new sockets, it all seemed pretty good.

Putting in at Bullfrog Marina, I was a bit unsettled how every shore on the lake was a potential lee shore, adorned with sheer walls extending to the bottom hundreds of feet below. I guess that is what happens when you flood a slot canyon formed by the Colorado river. It hadn't really dawned on me until the first day on the water that there was no escape hatch. No amount of rode was to catch the bottom even feet from the walls. If I flipped or became out of control, if the wind piped up or shifted, I would be battered to bits on the walls. No climbing out.

But no mind, it was windless and predicted to persist. If the wind came up as it can frightfully do in the desert, I had the time. I could just wait it out, tucked away securely, I told myself.

Three days of solo rowing south down the lake would appear unpleasant to most, but I quite enjoyed it. Self-flagellation has its place in mental health, especially in my season. Unrivaled scenery, perfect sunny days and a constant gnawing desire to know what was around the next bend kept me happy in my



Jacob moors for the night. He found the most effective method of tying off was to back the beam onto the beach shore or nook. He experienced some of the best camping of his entire life on this memorable trip.



The return to Bullfrog Marina where Jacob launched finally offered him the opportunity to sail rather than rowing.

new rowing life on the water.

I settled into a pleasant unhurried rhythm. Rowing the day away pulled me ever farther from my car, until I reached Powell's Cathedral in the Desert, my favorite part of Utah, the Escalante. All around sterile canyon walls undulate into deep alcoves, slot canyons, slick rock petrified dunes and little nooks promising to give up hidden unmarked Puebloan houses and ruins. The struggle was where to stop. Not just because there is so much to discover, but where can you physically stop. To this end, I picked up at the launch an invaluable, albeit, quirky tome called a "Boater's Guide to Lake Powell" by Michael R. Kelsey. I would have been sunk without it. If you are headed to southwest Utah, all of Kelsey's books on the area are worth reading.

I found some of the best camping of my entire trip, and of my life, up the slot canyons that sinew off the Escalante. One night I camped beside a giant arch on a perfect sand beach under an alcove stuffed in a slot canyon. It was unquestionably the finest place I have ever been in a sailboat.

In this environment, tying off is best done by backing the beam onto the beach shore or nook as best can be found, and running 150-foot lines at angles off the bow towards buried anchors or boulders on shore. Even the beaches drop off quickly and the silt that is found under the surface is too fine to hold much of anything if a gale blows. A large beach roller under the stern keeps the gel coat fresh.

For four days I maneuvered my little boat up slot canyons only wide enough to scull, fearing derigging the mast on the overhanging walls. I hiked farther after the water ran out, up the narrow slots into the desert oases. All these canyons contained more unmarked ruins and petroglyphs, more alcoves,

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more arches. They were all blindingly lush, green with running water still this late into the fall. I had all walks to myself, stumbling upon shoulder wide slot canyons, countless waterfalls, unmarked pueblo ruins, lush grass flats, and arches all untouched and inaccessible to the house boaters.

I found it easy to imagine the preindustrial lives of these canyon dwellers and feel a bit of envy in these desert cathedrals. The Southwest is at its best in the fall. The tourists have all gone home. Temps are refreshing at night, and it is still t-shirt weather in the day. Powell is all about the hiking and exploring.

I decided to start heading back on my seventh day on the lake. A forecast of headwinds made me concerned for further progress. The day I turned for home, retracing my path, I had my first day of real wind and a tail wind at that. What fun! Propulsion fueled by free wind power, how novel it felt.

But as I discovered, Lake Powell in these narrow canyon walls is not a sailing lake this far north of the dam. Even a tail wind has the most ferocious gusts and shifts. Puffs come down 20 mph above the average and often from the opposite directions. The convection generated, up canyon, winds spar fiercely with the prevailing wind crosswise to it. Because your course must follow the meanders of the lake, a tail wind may become a headwind as you round a meander. Jib only sailing was called for often with frequent reefs and changes to the main, but excellent progress was made.

When rowing, I was good for 15 miles a day without too much exertion. But sailing was a significant improvement albeit frustrating with my crude rigging. I decided to eat dinner aboard to make further ground with the wind direction and find a spot described in the guide at dusk. This was foolish, for as dusk approached, the hoped for anchorage was well flooded by the variable lake levels and no safety could be found.

No mind, the wind had dropped and was forecast to be calm. I decided to simply row to another spot some 5 miles farther along. As the sun went down, my constant full lunar companion decided to wake an hour later, and soon I was unable to make out my hand from my tiller. Compounding the unexpected blackness, the wind tricked NOAA, the mechanical man, and angrily decided to build into the mid 20s and gusting much higher. I put on my pfd and tied it to the thwart,

psychological protection at best. All I had now were the channel markers every mile or so blinking slowly and uncertainly. I could only plot a course from one beacon to the next carefully keeping to the line for fear of running into an unseen desert vanished wall, perpetually sweeping my eyes for the intermittent faint light.

I was making over 5 knots under bare poles in the pitch black. When the wind aligned with the meander, I could sit on the floor and steer the little boat surfing down into the troughs. But if it was crosswise, the little boat bucked wildly catching crabs as I madly tried to row her to the invisible line. All of this was happening under a multicolored, pin pricked twinkling sky. I now know why spacemen are called astronauts. I was elated and fearful, alone, sailing across the cosmos.

I rationalized my predicament by holding to the notion that I could tie onto a channel marker if things worsened. It would be merely unpleasant, wet and wild, in the large chop, but she would not flip. That is if I could catch a marker. Frank Dye didn't have channel markers in the North Sea after all.

At 2 a.m. the wind had started to drop and the moon was out clear and strong. I finally made for safe harbor just a few miles from my launch, over 50 miles on the day. I found some thin reeds sticking up from a submerged beach indicating the shallow water. I was able to get out and pull the boat up a slick rock slope on inflatable rollers. I was safe and secure. I hadn't been off my boat in 18 hours.

When I awoke at 9 the next morning, the gale had filled back in. I was tired, grateful and wild-eyed from one of the most peaceful, scary, majestic, lonely days in years. To be out alone in the desert with only the milky way and your fate to consider, what more could you ask for in adventure?

As the sun was setting and the wind died, I sailed the last bit for home. I took out, my hands full of blisters, my butt bones calloused from the grind and satisfied.

If you want stress free beauty, go. But I urge you to take the outboard. All my stress could have been avoided with an iron sail.

If you want a pure adventure, take long oars and some padded shorts. The walls are constant and the harbors are distant.

Either way, Lake Powell is unlike any other body of water in America. Who knows where this avocado will take me next. Nipigon perhaps?



Jacob is set up for the night with his canvas boat tent and the stern of the boat settled on a large beach roller. Lake Powell's pristine setting made for memorable sailing.



Peggy Menzies with her sister/crew Kathy Sanville (far left) found success on Lake Townsend, winning the HOT Regatta. *Photo by Eric Rasmussen*  
Linda Heffernan in her HOT bright pink. Linda and skipper Jim Heffernan finished second. *Photo by Al Schonborn*  
Cathy and Phil Leonard in W864. *Photo by Eric Rasmussen*



# 5 solid races at **HOT** Regatta

By Al Schonborn  
W3854

Weather was ideal throughout the weekend for the HOT Regatta held by Lake Townsend YC in Greensboro, N.C. Oct. 25-27, with warm winds that were rarely enough to be scary and just enough clouds to allow interesting photography.

The only “cloud” on the forecast’s horizon was a rainy, squally front predicted for Sunday that ultimately had the decency to pass through late Saturday night.

PRO Jerry Thompson once again gave sailors great racing, this time in four separate fleets: Three Club 420s sailed by the high school sailing team, five Flying Scots, 11 competitive Wayfarers, plus a four-boat Open Fleet of two

Buccaneers, a Holder 14 and an Isotope catamaran.

For many, the weekend began with me leading a 4 p.m. Friday racing tactics and strategy session. This had been scheduled for the weekend of the Mayor’s Cup in June but ended up having to be postponed to the HOT weekend. The event was nearly postponed again when my beloved Pamco trailer, bought rusty and used in 1975, blew a spring on an expressway about an hour away from Lake Townsend. Imagine that: After less than 50 years of use. Tsk!

Urged to get a move on by the wakes of passing semis, I abandoned boat and disabled trailer and proceeded to Lake Townsend. Poor Shades spent a number of days in the tender care of Bryant’s Trailer Repair waiting for a replacement axle.

I want to express my heartfelt gratitude to Scott Bogue for his help in this matter and to the several people who offered me the use of their trailer to retrieve SHADES in time to race.

The coaching session went well as participants loosely followed the “All in Your Mind” section of my book “Kiss Your Dinghy.” Instead, a series of interest-

ing racing questions raised by folks in attendance were discussed.

Saturday brought largely sunny, warm conditions with winds mostly around 8 knots, lower in the occasional soft patches and gusting to near 15 knots at times. In other words, flawless sailing weather.

The morning briefing was indeed “brief,” with Jerry announcing that, in light of the miserable weather forecast for Sunday, the RC would try to get four of the five scheduled races of a no-drop series into the books that day. After a punctual noon start, the Race Committee efficiently ran the fleet through four races by about 4 p.m.: three windward-leewards of various lengths (two or three sausages) and even a challenging triangle-sausage configuration with very tight spinnaker reaches.

In Wayfarers, four teams ended the day only four points apart at the top of the heap. Those wily veterans from the host club, Jim Heffernan and wife Linda, had 11 points from 1-5-2-3 finishes. That left them one up on Michigan’s Peggy Menzies, sailing with her sister Kathy Sanville from Minnesota, who had scored 5-4-1-2, and two up on Connecticut team Paul Miller and wife Dawn. Also still in with a realistic chance were AnnMarie Covington and Caroline Sherman at 15 points from 3-2-6-4.

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Paul and Dawn Miller of Connecticut round the windward mark on Lake Townsend. *Photo by Eric Rasmussen*

# Old Brown Dog light winds make for eternal sailing

By Richard Johnson  
W10873

I have always had this hope that when I make that final slide down the big launch ramp, I will be rewarded with an eternity of sailing. I expect it would go something like this:

St. Peter – “Yes Mr Johnson, no worries, we have that arranged for you. Do you happen to remember Nov. 2, 2019? You do? Wonderful! Well, yes you will spend eternity racing those three races, forever!” Followed by evil laughter.

Let me explain.

The Catawba Yacht Club, site of the Old Brown Dog Regatta, is perhaps as delightful and picturesque a boat club as you will find anywhere. Perched on the banks of an inlet, at a wide spot on the Catawba River, it is the perfect inland boat club. Founded in the 1930s as a refuge from the summer heat of Charlotte, it remains a refuge from all that is modern. Rustic enough, well maintained, with members who make you feel like you belong there.

NWS predicted the winds to be light to nothing, but the morning was beautiful, fog rising from the water in the cool fall air and the nuclear power plant humming down the river. We were warned at the skippers meeting to pack up our lunches before we left. We wouldn't be coming back in. Michele and I cracked the new sails onto the mast, avoiding terminal creases and headed out.

We had a fleet of 11 boats, hailing from Oakville, Ontario to Oriental, N.C. and all fleets in between. It started off well, nice breeze, crew comfortable and then I noticed the tell tales. They were limp, lifeless, no flutter. Dead. Leach tell tales the same; they dropped like dead cats. We had pressure but from where. The masthead fly and the magnetic tape on the shrouds disagreed.

It was peculiar but not beyond reason. The race committee set a course. The wind immediately changed. They set a new course, and it changed. They rolled the dice and sent us off on the next new course. A single port tack to the windward mark. Steam rising from the power plant in a single vertical column, the water smooth and oily, a wind desert.

And yet we moved. Some boats much better than others. Those of us left behind were wondering, wracking our brains, searching our souls, for that bit of experience, local knowledge, or magic to make us go. I watched as boats moved away to the mark I so dearly wished to round.

I hope it's clear that this would be no way to spend eternity. But we continued.

I do want to be clear on one point: To visualize the invisible



Al Schonborn (above), crewless in Catawba, went on to an overall first place finish at the Nov. 2-3 Old Brown Dog Regatta. Photo by Doug Conley  
Richard Johnson and crew Michele Parish (left) on the spinnaker run during Sunday's racing. The duo in W10873 enjoyed the better winds on Sunday after Saturday's light-wind torture. The fleet at the annual regatta (below left) featured 11 boats on the beautiful Catawba River in Charlotte, N.C. Photos by Jack Young

that is present around us without discernible manifestation, and then to harness that ineffable nothingness to propel a boat is sailing at a higher plane of consciousness. To those who can do it, I am in awe.

The first to be awesome was Uwe Heine & Nancy Collins (W10978). They went left, away from all of us, and finished first. Al Schonborn (W3854), sailing solo, rolled up second.

The race committee, seeing the course was badly skewed, reset to one equally skewed in a new way. In their defense, it was hopeless. There really was no wind. A herd of gerbils breaking wind in unison could have created more of a stir.

And yet we continued. The chosen wonder of Race 2 was Uncle Al. Jim and Alicia Cook (W7372), who hosted the whole weekend, debuted at second.

The course was then reset in preparation for Race 3. Either mark could have been the windward mark. During the Scow starting sequence we sailed over to the committee boat to ask which mark was first. The bewildered response was that we aren't sure but will let you know. My sailing brain was now having a meltdown. But a race demands a start, with or with-

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# Reserve for Wellesley ASAP

*Adapted from an October email from Alan Asselstine*

## Hi, 2020 Wellesley Island Rally Participants!

Your organizing committee has set the dates of the 2020 Wellesley Rally: Sat. 25 July to Fri. 1 August at Wellesley Island State Park (WISP) in the Thousand Islands on the New York State side near Gananoque, ON. There will be a Wayfarer Regatta (races) in Ottawa at Lac Deschênes Sailing Club on August 1-2. Ottawa is about a two-hour drive from Wellesley Island. More information on the Regatta will follow.

Now is the time for you to look at your calendar, consider if you are going to participate in Wellesley 2020 and, if so, make your site reservation at WISP.

WISP offers camp sites (waterfront premium and standard), cabins (facilities are in a central bath house), and cottages (en-suite facilities and equipped kitchens). In the past, we have found the cabins to be poorly ventilated and so do not recommend them. The preferred sites for the rally are in Eagle Area - E loop. Most desirable are the waterfront sites 59 to 86. These are near E - Area Docks.

For the last two WISP rallies, we were able to reserve a block of beautiful campsites all together and in advance. Unfortunately, the park managers are not able to give us a whole block of

campsites this time. Therefore, every participant will need to reserve his/her own site.

New York State park reservations open 9 months before your planned arrival date. Not surprisingly, the most desirable sites go very quickly. Reserving as soon as possible will help you to secure the best campsite or cottage. Likely, there will be campsites and cottages available up to July 2020. However, there is no guarantee and it is unlikely that the preferred sites will be available.

Reserving a campsite or a cottage is a two-step process — first set up an online account at New York State Parks/Reserve America and second, make your online reservation. Making a list of preferred sites is probably a good idea so that you are ready to pounce on sites. It is challenging to “game the system” on reservations since there can be no changes in a reservation for 18 days after making the reservation and there is a \$7.25 fee for any changes. You can only make a reservation in your name; any change to someone else as the occupant of the site requires a cancellation/re-booking procedure. There is a function that will show when a particular site will be available, but only if that availability is within the booking window that you are working with. You can set up an alert that will email you if a site in which you

are interested does become available.

## Registration Process

Open the Wellesley Island Park site <https://parks.ny.gov/parks/52/details.aspx>. Click on “Camping Reservation” that is on the right side of the page. Then click on “My Reservations & Account.” A page will open that allows existing account holders to enter and check their account. (You do have to remember your password.) Those without an account can set one up. Be sure to write down your password so you do not forget it in the heat of the moment when making reservations! Return to the park site and make yourself familiar with the selection of campsites and cottages, the fees/policies, etc.

## Reservation Process

To make reservations, go to <https://newyorkstateparks.reserveamerica.com/camping/wellesley%20island%20state%20park/r/campgroundDetails.do?contractCode=NY&parkId=240>. Sign into your account and be ready to go. Once you have secured your site, finish the reservation process with your credit card.

Please let me know your site number when you have secured a site.

Alan Asselstine on behalf of the 2020 Wellesley Organizing Committee

## HOT

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A perfect soft evening with free drinks and fine food as well as friendly socializing rounded out our Saturday. The night ended on the happy news that the nasty front expected Sunday morning, had speeded up and would pass through during the night.

The Sunday finale started at 10:30 a.m. and gave us a WD2 course: three sausages with long legs up and down the lake. Hitting the golf course on the first beat up the lake plus great speed, pointing and crew work paid off handsomely for Peggy and Kathy as they were the runaway leaders through the first four legs and looked to have the series win in the bag. But on the final beat, Uwe Hein and Nancy Collins, who had heard a forecast predicting a major veer (clockwise wind shift) was likely, banged the right corner and were the first to get not only the veer but more pressure. They were soon romping along with a good lead.

Meanwhile Peggy and Kathy fell to 2nd place. Nonetheless, by staying between the opponents they absolutely had to beat

- most notably Jim/Linda and Paul/Dawn - and the next mark, i.e. they played it exactly by the book. Meanwhile Jim and Linda also got to the favored right side in time to rise from the race-dead into contention. They then survived the minefield of dead spots on the final run to rescue an amazing 3rd.

Those finishes left Jim and Linda tied with Peggy and Kathy for series first at 14 points. But in the ensuing tie-breaker, Peggy and Kathy got the nod with the most 1sts, most 2nds, etc. stage with two 2nds to the Heffernans' one. By taking series 2nd, the 5th-seeded Heffernans also earned Most Improved honors for the Hot Regatta. With a 4th in the finale, 2nd-seeded Paul and Dawn Miller in from Connecticut locked up series 3rd.

There was a points tie at 24 points between a pair of Lake Townsend teams as Uwe and Nancy's spectacular come-back win not only moved them into a points tie with AnnMarie Covington and Caroline Sherman but gave them the nods in the tie-breaker as well (most 1sts). 5th overall was nonetheless a fine achievement for the 7th-seeded Covington/Sherman team.

Only a pair of points further back were the international

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# Brown Dog

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out your brain, and we continued. My next recollection was nosing into the dock and claiming my space. Not quite sane by that time, I really needed that space. Despite the lack of wind, Phil and Cathy Leonard (W864) placed first in Race 3. Awesome as well, and as we have always known them to be. Uncle Al made another fleeting appearance at the finish in second place. He had quietly settled into a first.

The conditions created scattered results. In three races there were three different 1st place finishes. The same was true for 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 10th. Only 2nd, 9th and 11th had repeats. It's easy to dismiss the results of racing in windless conditions as random. Data seems to support that. But I think it is only that the penalty for a single slightly off kilter decision in windless conditions is severe. Without wind, there is no redemption. It's like a psycho slasher film where characters make a bad decision and just disappear.

But for sailors, Sunday was brisk and sunny. The nuclear power plant still humming away. Steam rolling off the water, and enough wind to put a wave pattern on the lake. It was an early start, 9 a.m. so we headed out. I was pondering a thought expressed at breakfast that I wasn't doing my new sails justice. I kind of felt the opposite, since I had purchased them, and figured they needed to pull their own weight.

It took three starts to get the first race off. No longer having to fight to get to the line, we couldn't seem to stay off it. Finally, they just let us go. The course had a slight skew to starboard. We had noticed earlier there were some pretty big oscillations. The changes were

2019 Old Brown Dog Regatta: Wayfarers  
Catawba YC  
Results are final as of 16:48 on November 4, 2019

Overall

Rank	Seed	SailNo	Helm/Crew	R1	R2	R3	R4	R5	R6	Total	Notes
1	5* (24)	3854	Al Schonborn (Crewless in Catawba)	2	1	2	3	3	1	12	Most Improved
2	2 (17)	10873	Richard Johnson/Michele Parish	5	8	3	1	2	2	21	
3	4 (19)	10978	Uwe Heine/Nancy Collins	1	4	4	4	4	7	24	
4	3 (18)	1086	Jim & Linda Heffernan	4	3	5	6	5	3	26	
5	7 (34)	864	Phil & Cathy Leonard	6	5	1	2	8	6	28	
6	1 (16)	7372	Jim & Alicia Cook	3	2	7	5	6	5	28	
7	6 (25)	11134	AnnMarie Covington/Al Kishbaugh	8	7	5	8	1	10	39	
8	8 (53)	611	Mike Sigmund/Logan Williams	10	11	8	7	7	4	47	
9	9 (64)	449	Ken Butler/Gail Walters	9	6	9	10	10	8	52	
10	10 (67)	6066	Pete Thorn/Jeanne Allamby	7	9	10	9	9	9	53	
11	11 (99)	276	Annette Grele/George Enell	11	10	11	11	11	11	65	

big but not permanent and did not last long enough to tack on. We started on starboard, and at about three quarters of the way up we took a big header. We were about to tack but hung on when it corrected and put us on course almost directly to the mark. We weren't alone at the mark but we were in a good place. We did a jibe set and reached to the committee boat, then rolled off onto a run to the leeward mark. Al got to the inside as we approached the mark. Being tight to the mark, he rounded wide. We got underneath and we both sailed in parallel toward the pavilion on port tack. I knew there would be a wind joggle as we got closer. If it was a lift we were fine. If it was header, OK. It was an auto tack; we turned left to the line. Al temporarily wallowed in the joggle while Phil and Cathy slid in for 2nd.

The second race was much like the first except twice around. Starboard was favored and the start traffic was tight at the committee boat. The fleet started without incident and headed up the course to the windward mark. We followed our same path to leeward with a port tack reach to the committee boat and a run to the leeward mark then the same path back up wind. At the last leeward mark AnnMarie Covington (W11134) was inside and well ahead. She headed toward the pavillion on port

then tacked off onto starboard toward the committee boat. We held on until we got closer to the pavillion. As we tacked we got lifted by a nice puff and we had a very good line to the finish. AnnMarie, seeing we were a threat, tacked back. She crossed ahead and tacked on us. We had good momentum, headed up and pushed for the line, but she had us. A good race and a really nice win for AnnMarie.

The race committee attempted to square the course as the wind was fainting. After the race I heard horror stories of boats reversing at the start. We escaped, but not well. As will happen, there was a waiting line at the windward mark. We took our turn and, like a dog, we headed down our same path to do our rounds. The leeward mark was a lunchtime Chick-fil-A parking lot. There was no inside option. The fleet consensus was that starboard tack was favored since Al was well ahead, heeled to the extreme, gliding to first on starboard. We did the drive through and left on port, contemplated starboard, saw some wrinkled water up ahead, and loped on to the pavillion. The wrinkled water happened to be the last puff of the day. Our heretofore on the bubble sails pulled mightily and turned a small puff into a miraculous lift. They did us justice.

Having lived in Charlotte for over 20 years, I have a real fondness for the Catawba Yacht Club. It is a wonderful group of people. If I could only move them all 5.5 hours east. Also I want to thank Doug, Phil, Sharee and Bob for all the hard work on the race committee. It was an impossible job. The only thing worse than sailing Nov., 2019 for Eternity, would be being race committee on Nov. 2, 2019 for all eternity. But at least we would be together.

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team of Jim Cook (Charlotte, N.C.) and Uncle Al (Oakville, Ontario) who were followed series 7th by our furthest travelled team, Iain Tulloch and his wife, Lesley, from Halifax, Nova Scotia. Iain and Lesley also impressed as they improved on their 9th seed by two places.

After a fine first-race 4th, things went downhill for Lake Townsend's Phil Leonard and his wife, Cathy, who ended up matching their seed with an 8th-place finish, ahead of clubmates Ken Butler with Gail Walters and Pete Thorn with Dawn-Michelle Oliver.

2019 HOT Regatta: Wayfarers  
Lake Townsend YC  
Results are final as of 16:59 on November 4, 2019

Overall

Rank	Seed	SailNo	Helm/Crew	R1	R2	R3	R4	R5	Total	Notes
1	1 (7)	11158	Peggy Menzies/Kathy Sanville	5	4	1	2	2	14	
2	6 (18)	2458	Jim & Linda Heffernan	1	5	2	3	3	14	Most Improved
3	2 (9)	971	Paul & Dawn Miller	8	1	4	1	4	18	
4	5 (17)	10978	Uwe Heine/Nancy Collins	2	6	8	5	1	22	
5	7 (26)	11134	AnnMarie Covington/Caroline Sherman	3	2	6	4	7	22	
6	3 (13)	7372	Jim Cook/Al Schonborn	7	3	3	6	6	25	
7	9 (31)	861	Iain & Lesley Tulloch	5	9	5	7	5	31	
8	8 (30)	864	Phil & Cathy Leonard	4	7	9	8	8	36	
9	10 (69)	449	Ken Butler/Gail Walters	9	8	10	9	9	45	
10	11 (59)	6066	Pete Thorn/Dawn-Michelle Oliver	10	10	7	10	10	47	
11	4 (14)	3854	Al Schonborn/Jeanne Allamby	DNC	DNC	DNC	DNC	DNC	60	

# Not too late for LESC

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committee, “Experiencing professionalism in Race Management from the first to the last. Despite challenging (shifty) winds, we had beautifully square courses, excellent racing, awesome judgment when to sail and when to not sail.”

Sailors are drawn back by a multitude of unique Floridian experiences. From camping under the sprawling live oak trees on the property, to extending their stay to take in Florida beaches and theme parks, there really is something for everyone.

Eustis and neighboring Mount Dora exude that old Florida charm with great restaurants, boutique shopping and legendary dive bars. If you sail at Eustis, you know that the Oyster Troff (just a stone’s throw from the club) is a must. Many long lasting friendships have been forged over freshly shucked oysters and drinks in this iconic dive.

At the end of the day, the camaraderie is the biggest take away. You’ll find the atmosphere is chalk full of southern hospitality. The fierce competition takes place on the water, but back on shore, everyone has a smile and is willing to lend a helping hand.

Take it from Peggy: “Regattas are so much more than just the racing and competition. It’s the host club’s culture and fleet members that make the event...I’m undone by such a wonderful and welcoming group of sailors and the host club! I’m so glad to be part of the fun.”

Marc Bennett’s compliment is much appreciated as well: “And as we have come to expect, the Lake Eustis Sailing Club and Wayfarers put on an event which was above and beyond anything we could expect. Thank you to all involved.”

LESC relies solely on members volunteering to make regattas memorable experiences year after year, so when you see a volunteer, a quick thank you will certainly bring a smile to their face.

To stay up-to-date, check out [www.lescfl.com](http://www.lescfl.com). Announcements will also be on the Friends and Family of LESC’s Facebook Page.

For Wayfarer Midwinters, email David Hepting [hepting.david@gmail.com](mailto:hepting.david@gmail.com). For GWBR, email Ariel Harrington at [GWBRregatta@gmail.com](mailto:GWBRregatta@gmail.com) to receive updates on registration, the clinic and all the fun extras that are in store. We look forward to seeing you there!

“Sail on, y’all. Come back to Florida, soon.”  
-Pat Kuntz



Peggy Menzies (top) and daughter Maggie Helman (W11158) of Michigan battle it out with LESC’s Dave Moring and Ariel Harrington (W10861) and Ontario’s David and Anne Pugh (W11222) at last year’s Midwinters. Camping on the edge of Lake Eustis (above left) beneath the live oak trees is heavenly, as is the arrival of the sea planes (above) on the smooth morning waters of the lake. LESC is a vibrant club with active club sailing of Flying Scots (left), MC Scows and Wayfarers. Photos courtesy of LESC

## 2019 Wayfarer Midwinter Winners

Dave Moring & Ariel Harrington  
David & Anne Pugh  
Al Schonborn & Shannon Donkin

## 2018 Winners

Doug Scheibner & Andrew Lockhart  
Dave Moring & Ariel Harrington  
Marc Bennett & Julie Seraphinoff

## 2017

Dave Moring & Ariel Harrington  
Doug Scheibner & Andrew Lockhart  
David & Anne Pugh

## 2022 Wayfarer Worlds

February 26-March 4  
Lake Eustis Sailing Club  
Eustis, Florida, USA

The amazing sunsets on Lake Eustis never get old!

### The Club and The Lake

Home to four one-design fleets, LESC is the most active racing and sailing club in Central Florida. Plays host to five regional sailing events each year, including the Wayfarer Mid-Winters the end of January. Large boat storage area and dual launching ramps on 10 acres of property. Large clubhouse, perfect for pre- and post-sailing social gatherings. Bathrooms and shower facilities, and kitchen.

Lake Eustis is the center lake in the Harris Chain. Approximately 4 miles long and 3 miles wide, covering 7,813 acres of water. Lake averages 10-foot deep. Is large enough to handle a large fleet, with a racing area close to the clubhouse.

### The Weather

Ideal! Temperatures in the mid-70s during the day, low-50s at night.

**The Eustis Area**  
City of Eustis is part of Lake County, which features rolling hills and 1,000 lakes and rivers ideal for kayaking and swimming. Centrally located to both the Gulf and Atlantic coasts.

**Accommodations**  
- Light spaces for RVs  
- Tent camping on the club grounds  
- Numerous hotels, resorts, quaint bed and breakfasts and inns, and other camping facilities within easy drive to sailing club

**Airports**  
- Orlando Int. Airport - 60 miles  
- Orlando Sanford Int. Airport - 70 miles  
- Daytona Beach Int. Airport - 70 miles

### Lots of Things To Do

City of Eustis features a historic downtown on the banks of the river and is walkable from the sailing club. There is unique shopping and restaurants. A favorite stop is the Oyster Troff, just up the street from the club.  
Alligator! Take a boat tour of the Don Canal, a one- and a quarter mile waterway connecting Lake Eustis and Lake Dora. You will also see abundant flora and birds, turtles, snakes and fish.  
5.6 miles from Eustis is the quaint town of Mount Dora, featuring Old Florida country living, lakes, quaint inns and shops.  
Distance to Walt Disney World Resort and Universal Studios in Orlando - 64 miles  
St. Augustine, Atlantic side - 86 miles  
Cape Canaveral Space Center & Cocoa Beach, Atlantic side - 86 miles  
Clearwater Beach, Gulf of Mexico side - 120 miles  
Gulf Key, Gulf of Mexico side - 110 miles  
Florida Panhandle, Gulf of Mexico side - 200 miles  
Key West - 670 miles