

The Wayfarer **SKIMMER**

United States Wayfarer Association
Summer 2011-3

COMMODORE COMMENTS

Jim Heffernan W1066, W2458

The buzz within the North American Wayfarer community is that the Mark IVs shipped from Hartley Boats are coming across the pond and will be here shortly. My latest information has them arriving in the Detroit area in a large shipping container sometime in late August. What is the impact for us Wayfarer sailors as they begin to compete in regattas and show up cruising and day sailing on local waters? A major impact for the racing sailors is that they may be a bit faster in the hands of a capable racing crew. Will this make the old woodies and various Marks of fiberglass boats unable to compete equally? Perhaps. Most of the major regattas in Europe for the past three years have been dominated by the Mark IV. Is this because the top racers have all bought one on the perception that they may be faster and thus it is the keen racers using Mark IV's who continue to show up at the top of the standings? We shall see.

It has been noted by those racing this boat that she tends to get up on a plane a bit sooner and holds the planing speed somewhat longer. The typical European race course uses the Olympic triangle which provides the broad reaching legs where boats can readily plane if the wind and wave conditions are right. Since most of our racing here in North America uses Windward/Leeward legs, some of the planeing advantage of the Mark IV may be negated thus keeping our class fairer and more equal in most regattas. Let's hope that our race organizers continue to use the Windward/Leeward courses for the majority of our racing and thus keep our older Wayfarers in the hunt for the top places.

Uncle Al put together a series of letters from UK racers and cruisers that extolled the virtues of the Mark IV. You can find them at www.wayfarer-international.org under "What's new in the World of Wayfarers?"

A capsized at the 2011 Midwinters inspired Richard Johnson W10139, Free Range Chickn', to pen the following:

Fractured Chickn' Tale

When Richard hit the water
Michele said, Dickie Dear
If you'll right the boat
I'll bail her out (Canadian "out" more like owt)
We'll be ready for the next race.

But Dear, if we had a Hartley
You wouldn't have to bail.
We could finish this race
Save our place
And finish with some steel!

Richard pressed on, for 15 grand
My machismo could be restored
But from the water she roared
Get on the board
The *Chickn's* your bird in hand

Coming in September

WAYFARER NORTH AMERICANS

September 10, 11, TSCC, Toronto

USWA NATIONALS

September 24, 25, Clark Lake, Michigan

Details available at www.uswayfarer.org

If you plan to attend please advise Racing

Captain Marc Bennett at

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THE WAYFARER SKIMMER
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Full membership	One year	\$20.00
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Associate Membership		\$15.00

Associate Membership is available to non-Wayfarer owners,

**12 WAYFARERS ATTEND
LAKE LANSING REGATTA 2011**

Mary Krauss

The 2nd Annual Lake Lansing Wayfarer & CL16 Regatta on Saturday, May 14 was an overwhelming success! The weather was overcast and cold but the rain held off and five races were completed under very nice wind conditions. After the races regatta organizers, Jim & Maribeth Fletcher, opened their home to the group and everyone enjoyed a great steak dinner, socializing and awards. Thanks to all at the Lansing Sailing Club for hosting another well-run Wayfarer event!

The Lansing Sailing Club committee posted photos of the Wayfarer Regatta on their flickr site and also posted a four minute video on U tube. To access these, go to their home page www.lansingsailing.org then click on the desired link in the "Wayfarer Regatta Pics and Video" section.

The top sailors for the day were: 1st place: W3854, Al Schonborn with crew Matt Sandstrom, 2nd place: W7700, Roger Sheppard with crew Don Parker, 3rd place: W3487, Tony Krauss with crew Mark Sandstrom.

**WOOD Boat Regatta at RHYC
A history and review by Frank Pedersen**

Plagiarizing shamelessly from "A Cruising Guide to the Maine Coast," by Hank and Jan Taft, we learn that WoodenBoat magazine was founded on a shoestring in 1974 by Jon Wilson. Against all odds, including a disastrous fire, the seductive magazine became the bellwether of a resurgent interest in wooden boats. In 1985, it achieved an astonishing circulation of 100,000, and it has continued to grow. Its early success is partly attributed to several contributors: Maynard Bray, a former curator of Mystic Seaport Museum, Joel White (son of E. B. White, the famous writer at The New Yorker and author of such masterpieces as *Charlotte's Web*), who owned a boat yard and was a builder, designer, and skillful writer about yacht design, and Benjamin Mendlowitz, a world-class photographer whose work enhanced articles about wooden boats.

WoodenBoat, housed now in an imposing brick estate along the shore of Eggmoggin Reach in Brooklin, Maine, also has a summer school located in the brick stables of the estate. The school provides short courses in boatbuilding skills of all kinds as well as on-the-water courses in seamanship, navigation, and small-boat sailing. These courses are highly sought after and they often are fully subscribed just a few days after registration opens. In support of the sailing instruction, WoodenBoat owns a fleet of boats used in teaching, which are moored at their waterfront facility.

Among the various sailing events WoodenBoat has sponsored, there is the immensely successful Eggmoggin Reach Regatta, a race now in its 25th year, which is open to wooden boats 26ft. and larger. The event is a single race, 16 miles in length, and has attracted fleets of almost a hundred boats racing in 4 or 5 divisions. More recently, the Small Reach Regatta has

Continued on page 5

Hot Days on Chesapeake Bay

Jeff Kirk, CL16 2774, "Liberty"

My wife Fran and I had the pleasure of cruising on the Chesapeake Bay with Dick Harrington and Jane Korver over several days in the beginning of June 2011. We were aboard our CL16, newly named Liberty, and Dick and Jane were aboard Dick's venerable Wayfarer, Blue Mist.

The plan was to sail out of Oxford, Maryland and the Choptank River to Tilghman Island then south to the Little Choptank River, Slaughter Creek and Madison Bay, taking in the upper reaches and vast wildlife preserves of Little Choptank River and Fishing Creek on the way before retracing our wakes back to Tilghman Island and Oxford. A stop on James Island on the way back was also contemplated. We had hoped a few more boats would join us in exploring this beautiful and remote area but some were unable to make it and the rest of the fleet opted to return to Tangier Sound. Regardless, we decided to press on with our original plan with just the two boats.

The disturbed weather patterns of early spring had us all a bit on edge but it was with great relief that we learned the long range forecast was not calling for any major weather systems to move in. However, record heat was predicted for the week, a prediction that was to prove true.

Dick Harrington is, of course, a superb sailor and has cruised many miles on the Chesapeake and elsewhere. The rest of us are relative novices to the sport but we vowed to sail conservatively and safely and not take any unnecessary chances on a body of water this large and with a reputation for sudden, violent storms and choppy seas.

Fran and I left our home in Connecticut Friday afternoon and stayed two nights at a motel near the Bay bridge while we did a bit of last minute shopping and boat preparation as well as seeing a bit of the Annapolis waterfront. We then proceeded down to Oxford on Sunday morning to launch our boat.

The first hurdle was to find a place to park our car and trailer for the week. Oxford is a lovely old Maryland town but the opportunities for parking are limited. Parking at the launch ramp was by permit only and being Sunday obtaining a permit was not possible. I managed to find a couple of public parking areas that we could probably use but I was a bit uncomfortable with the thought of leaving the car and trailer in an unsecured area for a week. Fortunately by then Dick and Jane had arrived and Dick and I drove over to Campbell's Marina where we were going to spend the night and found the owner's son who then directed us to the Town Creek Marina just down the road. There we met Tom Campbell, the owner, who agreed to let us park our vehicles and gave us berths on the dock for the night. Much relieved we returned to the task of

launching our boats from the town ramp about a mile away. All went fairly well until I realized that I had somehow mixed up the forestay with one of the shrouds and the mast was leaning visibly to port. Did I mention that it was now the middle of the day and the heat index was well above 100F! Sigh. Down came the mast again with several salty epitaphs and the shrouds were reset. I hoped that Dick was not regretting his choice of cruising mates already!

We launched our boats without too much drama and sailed up the Tred Avon River to the Town Creek Marina and tied up along one of the docks. A bit more time was spent setting up the boom tents and lo and behold it was cocktail hour! A very pleasant evening was spent at this quiet little marina and we turned in, tired but excited that our cruise was finally underway.

The next day dawned sultry and hot and we prepared to sail to Tilghman Island. Our departure was delayed a bit when the bow of Blue Mist rode a swell up under the dock and caught on the fresh water line feeding the dock breaking it and sending water gushing like a fire hose. Dick desperately tried to stem the flood while I searched in vain for a main shut off valve. Eventually I was able to contact the owner who told me where to find it and we were able to turn it off. By then, of course, Dick was thoroughly and completely soaked and there was two inches of water in his bilge but we eventually made our way out of the marina and out into the Choptank River. I was soon envious of Dick's soaking as the heat again climbed into triple digits and the wind waned, finally quitting altogether leaving us bobbing in the bay about four miles from our destination. Time for the iron genny! I fired up our trusty Nissan, congratulating myself on having tuned it up prior to leaving. We rounded up Dick and Jane and continued on to Tilghman Island with Blue Mist in tow. We motored into Knapp Narrows, followed a cruiser under the bridge and found our next stop, the Tilghman Island Marina, and headed for the dock. As we approached and drew near I reached back to stop the motor only to find to my horror that the kill switch had somehow dislodged and dropped down into the motor cowling leaving only a hole. I screamed at Fran to cast off Blue Mist and proceeded to careen around the pilings and (very expensive) boats in the marina like a crazed pinball while trying to shut off the motor. Eventually and with great relief I was able to shut it down without causing too much destruction and we paddled meekly over to the dock and its grinning owner. Again I wondered if Dick was regretting his choice of cruising mates.

We settled into our berths and put up our tents in the still sweltering heat before finally retiring to the restaurant at "The Inn" next door where we enjoyed a wonderful meal in air conditioned splendor. We must have consumed at least a gallon of water (and other liquids!) apiece after our long

day in the hot sun but we eventually rehydrated and toddled off to our tents and another blissful night's sleep.

Tuesday dawned sunny and hot again with a forecast of light north winds and more record breaking temps. We set out after breakfast, planning to sail west out into the bay and then run south towards Little Choptank River and Slaughter Creek, our next stop. Leaving Tilghman Island proved to be a bit of a struggle for Dick and Jane as they were caught in a rather strong tidal current coming through the narrows and they had to fight their way out to the bay under sail alone. We eventually met out in the bay and settled back and let the wind carry us southward. Though a bit light, the wind was consistently 5-10 kts and we made our way slowly down the bay towards Slaughter Creek on this, our longest leg of the trip.

Being on a run, we felt the full force of the oppressive heat and we worried about Dick and Jane, both now in their 70s, and how the heat might affect them. We needn't have worried and Blue Mist drew steadily away from us. Several hours into our cruise, though, Fran and I noted that Dick and Jane were headed into Brannock Bay apparently mistaking it for the mouth of the Little Choptank River still several miles to the south. Realizing that this was a blind alley we hung back trying to get their attention. Eventually they realized we were not following them and sailed out after us. When they caught up with us I explained their error and we sailed on towards Slaughter Creek. Dick allowed that perhaps having the GPS on was perhaps not such a bad thing after all! Late in the day we found the entrance to Slaughter Creek and sailed slowly towards our marina about two miles up the creek. This is an absolutely stunning area teeming with duck and other waterfowl in the marshes, creeks and ponds. Dick says that according to author James Mitchner in his book Chesapeake the duck and geese here were hunted commercially in the past with great success giving rise to the somewhat off putting name Slaughter Creek. In our time there we saw hundreds of mallards and drakes, geese, eagle, osprey, hawks, heard fox and coyote in the distance and saw deer feeding in the meadows. Truly a special place.

We set up camp in the marina which thankfully had a pool and shower and ate in a nice low key and inexpensive restaurant down the road a mile or so and again proceeded to drop the local water table a few feet as we rehydrated after a long day in the hot sun.

The next day dawned sunny and hot (again!) with the threat of late day thunderstorms. We were all pretty wrung out from our long days in the sun so it didn't take much convincing when Dick and Jane suggested taking a day off. We spent a relaxing day recuperating in the shade next to the pool watching the antics of the local flora and fauna before enjoying another delightful meal at our new favorite restaurant and retiring to the comforts of our private

floating paradise and going to sleep to the sounds of the water lapping at the side of the boat and the quacking of the ducks off in the distance.

We woke the next day to something of a surprise. During the night the wind had clocked around 180 degrees and intensified, almost blowing Fran off the dock at one point! The temperature had cooled a bit but we now had an army of whitecaps marching up the creek at us on the back of a stiff north wind and a small craft advisory in place for the day. A quick consultation among the group and the decision was made to scuttle our plans and stay put for another day. I could read the disappointment in Dick's eyes. I knew he had worked long and hard to bring this cruise about and now it seemed the weather was just not going to give us a break. The forecast was for more of the same the next day and we made tentative plans to abort our sail back up to Oxford, a sail which I'm sure was bound to be uncomfortable beating into the face of three foot seas and 20-25kt north winds. The next day when we again awoke to the wind singing through the rigging we arranged to borrow a car from the marina owner and drove around to Oxford to collect our trailers.

Though foreshortened by the weather and perhaps by our lack of experience and confidence, we had a great time on this, our second Chesapeake cruise. Dick and Jane proved to be wonderful cruising partners and we hope to cruise with them both again in the future. Both Fran and I are eager to revisit the beautiful area around Little Choptank River and hope other Wayfarer cruisers will do the same.

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been held for boats in the 13 ft. to 22 ft. range. Participants in this event are adamantly opposed to formal racing. It is conducted like a Wayfarer Rally over a 5-day period with groups that row or sail to nearby islands for a picnic and the like. (Richard Harrington has attended the Small Reach Regatta one or two times.) Fifty-four boats are registered for this year's event, based out of Lamoine State Park in Maine.

WoodenBoat, further, has conducted an annual WoodenBoat Show, held in early summer for builders to display their craft and spectators to admire, covet, and sometimes buy them. There is much socializing among these kindred souls and there also are seminars and lectures on such topics as construction, maintenance, design, etc. The sites for these shows, initially at least, rotated among areas well known for waterfront activities. For example: Newport, Rhode Island, Mystic Seaport in Connecticut, St. Michael's, Maryland, and Southwest Harbor, Maine. Racing of small sailboats emerged hesitantly from these shows, promoted primarily by WoodenBoat's publisher, Carl Cramer.

The first WoodenBoat regatta for small boats was sailed in Newport Rhode Island in 1992 for three designs developed by Joel White: the Shellback, and the "small" and "large Nutshells. These boats were all likely owner-built, many of which were probably constructed at the WoodenBoat School. About 20 boats participated. By coincidence, a regatta for 12-meter yachts was conducted at the same time. At the skipper's meeting, it was advised not to hail for rights against the 12-meters. Being part of the Boat Show, the regatta was just a single race.

The following year, about which only sketchy information is available, there apparently, was a larger number of one-designs that raced, again at Newport, under the Portsmouth handicap system. Following that, I was told by Carl that the next Boat Show was held at Southwest Harbor, Maine. Efforts at holding some racing were not successful. It appears that the race committee had little experience with small boats and did not offer an appropriate course. WoodenBoat's sponsorship of small boat racing languished after that experience.

In more recent years, Carl utilized the possibilities offered by electronic communication to stimulate interest in a racing event. WoodenBoat had developed an internet Forum that had become immensely popular, and Carl encouraged discussion about a dedicated racing event, that is, something more ambitious than a single race sandwiched into a boat show. Three ideas were salient: it was to be held in early spring, which naturally took the venue out of Maine, or New England generally; there would be several races, handicapped under the Portsmouth

system; and new designs were encouraged in addition to established one-design classes. The acronym WOOD regatta stood for the Wood Open and One Design regatta.

Rock Hall Yacht Club was selected as the venue for several reasons: its location promised warm weather and generally mild sailing conditions; it had facilities, including electric hoists and a sandy beach, that allowed easy launching and recovery of boats; it had an experienced race committee, able to manage multiple courses and handicap racing; camping was possible; and it could provide food and beverages for the participants and possible spectators. There are other reasons as well, but it would be hard to improve on the site for the purposes intended. Finally, in the club's long history, wooden boats had played an important role.

The WOOD regatta, with racing on May 21 and 22, had approximately thirty-five participants, down slightly from earlier expectations. Among the classes represented were the 110, Lightning, Fireball, Wayfarer, Hampton, Windmill, Blue Jay, Duster, Moth, the Paper Jet, and several one-off designs. Two courses were sailed, one for smaller boats that included 7 Moths (Classic only - no foils) that raced as a separate class, and a second that had two divisions, Performance I and Performance II, The Wayfarer(four in all) raced in Performance II, which included a Windmill, a Hampton (?), and a custom 16 ft. cold molded design. Performance I had a Fireball, three Lightnings, the Turbo model of the Paper Jet sailed by its designer, Dudley Dix, and the "modified" 110, the only keel boat in the event.

Wind was generally light to moderate with some variation in both strength and direction. The Wayfarer group had Al Schonborn, W3854, Jim Heffernan, W1066, Frank Pedersen, W8705 and Jim Cobb, W7703. All looked outstanding. Al's boat had the longest history of racing. Jim had just completed an extensive rebuild and this was his boat's first time in the water. Frank's boat was sailing only the second time after being completed from a kit in 2010 and some kinks still remained. Jim Cobb's boat also was relatively fresh to the water, the result of a massive rebuild which he completed in a remarkably short time period. He named her *Loafer's Retreat*, but she might have been named *Lazarus*, having been literally raised from the dead after years of neglect. Cobb sailed single-handed (he has had experience in the Moth class), which became more difficult when the wind freshened.

Continued on page 10

CHESAPEAKE CRUISE 2011



Above left: "Here's looking at you, kid." Fran Kirk finds a friend at The Inn on Tilghman Island.

Above right: "Liberty" and "Blue Mist" at rest at Town Creek Creek.

Center: Jane Korver and Dick Harrington find relief in the shade.

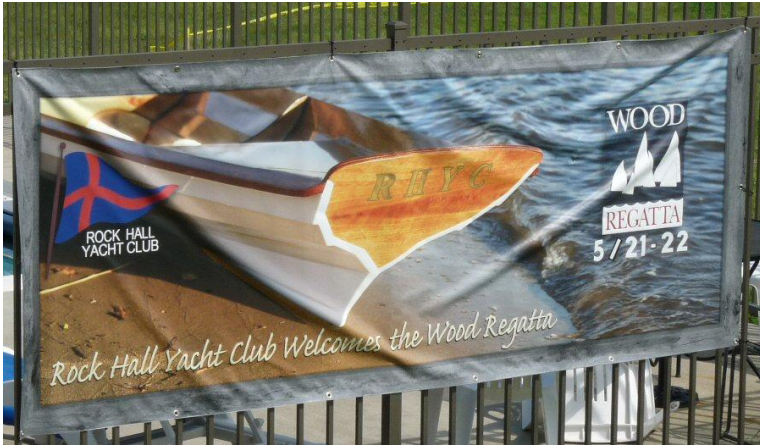
Below left: The ballast must be carefully packed on "Blue Mist."

Below right: Jeff and Dick prepare the boom tents at Slaughters Creek Marina.

Photos by Jeff Kirk



SPRING AND SUMMER RACING



Top: WOOD Regatta at Rock Hall yacht Club attracted 4 Wayfarers including new USWA member, Jim Cobb of South Carolina who raced single handed.

Center: Tony Krauss and former Star boat crew, Mark Sandstrom, enjoy a racing reunion sailing Mark's Wayfarer at Lake Lansing regatta on May 14, 2011.

Mary Krauss and Al Schonborn were winners in the 2011RHYC One Design held June 11 and 12.



Left: Linda Heffernan, Hans Gottschling, Al Schonborn, Jim Heffernan. At the invitation of the Heffernan's Uncle Al and Hans traveled south in early June to participate in the Mayor's Cup held at Lake Townsend, Greensboro, North Carolina, elevating the annual regatta to an international event, much to the delight of the Lake Townsend Yacht Club members. The performance of the Wayfarer sailors continued to impress the Lightning and Flying Scots teams of this club.

Photos mostly CWA camera

Windless Times: Tips for the Towee, Tower, and Lead Dog

Tony Krauss^{1*}

¹ *This is merely the product of too little wind a little too often.*

19 July 2011

ABSTRACT

Blitherings on a mixed bag: not enough wind to sail, but a friendly tow at hand.

1 INTRODUCTION

Should you be so unlucky as to actually require a tow, yet not quite so unfortunate as to not have one readily available (this typically occurs when there are a number of equally grumpy, airless drifters milling about wishing, in the main, they were somewhere else), there are a few things that can make the indignity less painful, if not, perhaps, wholly enjoyable. There are really only two Great Principles:

- (i) Don't lose a finger, or even mash one
- (ii) Don't stress the boat

the later probably the more important (clear priorities being fundamental to a civilized view of life).

Here, I give my view of Correct Thinking. As the title suggests, there are three sorts of players in this sordid little game: Towees, Towers, and the Lead Dog. Each has a short section devoted to their particular role.

2 IF YOU ARE A TOWEE...

Let us start right off with a list of Rules, which will be commented upon directly.

- (i) Never put your fingers in the bight of a line.
- (ii) Never tie a towline to anything but the mast, and always just at deck level.
- (iii) Assure the loop around the mast is sufficiently small so that the knot cannot reach the splash rail.
- (iv) Assure the loop around the mast (reinforcement seems to have been a common element in my education, although it may simply have been me) has sufficient size to permit dropping in another line (you will be a Tower, eventually).
- (v) Ensure the lead passes the fore-stay on the side nearer midships of the critter ahead (towing) you.
- (vi) Ease the boat into motion.
- (vii) Use line and knots/bends/hitches of sufficient strength. (It is your obligation to provide both.)
- (viii) Be quick.
- (ix) Be gracious with those still begging.

A few words of elaboration on each Rule seems appropriate, if for no other reason than that I suppose item(iii)

may seem curious, and singling one out for special treatment would be unfair.

Item (i) should be self-evident, however, I once worked with "Lefty" (this is true) who failed to heed this important advice. I grant you, his loss was due to a 25mm steel cable and iron bollard, but both the principle and lesson stand.

Item (ii) is the best way to ensure that one adheres to the Second Great Principle. The idea is minimize the localized stress on your boat. The mast and it's supports, when employed under more favorable circumstances, transfers the power of the sails to urge the lovely forward(or sideways, or backwards, depending, as the case may be. . .) so it makes perfect sense to exploit this excellent mechanism. Near the deck, rather than, say, above the boom, reduces undue stress on the mast.

Item (iii) is perhaps the only even remotely non-obvious Rule. The problem with a large loop, one that has the knot (typically a bowline, but any non-slipping, non-jamming, readily untied knot will serve: pick one you like, that you can readily tie, untie, and will not come undone while you are snoozing under the blazing Sun) forward of the splash rail(apologies to Nick, Marc, Richard, and John: I know you no longer care), is that it may end up behind the splash rail during a slackening (e.g. when bouncing over a wake for which the Tower has graciously slowed down). Upon the surge of restart, the knot snaps over/through the rail; untidy at best, unnervingly loud and damaging at worst.

Item (iv) is a key point in attending to the dictates of the Second Great Principle. The idea is that by effectively tying your towee to the tow line, you have completely taken your boat out of the equation. Towing is never completely without fits and starts, and were the towees (of seemingly countless numbers, at times) putting all that stress directly on your boat, you could easily wreak havoc on her structural integrity.

Item (v) is important in maximizing your path of escape when things go awry, as they inevitably do. If all in the string follow the practice, the whole line of you may veer to the outside with near complete impunity: however a lead to the wrong side of the forestay will yank her bow around in a

most unseemly fashion. This is clearly of greatest importance when the Tower has two strings of unfortunates.

Item (vi) is best accomplished by holding the towline with a bit of slack 'twixt the mast loop and your paw: let the line slip through your grip so that your boat makes a smooth and graceful start. This is easily accomplished by anyone who has the strength to sheet a genny, for Wayfarers are easily moved little things. Should the Tower be of the less experienced sort, this technique is near critical.

Items (vii, viii, &ix) are simple courtesy. 'Nuff said.

3 IF YOU ARE A TOWER...

If you are a Tower, then you are either already a Towee, or the Lead Dog. In the latter case, please refer to the following, section 4, and in the former one can safely presume that the strictures of the previous section 2 have been most assiduously adhered to, in which case there is essentially nothing more to add. Perhaps the only small item of note is that if practical, have your chargin' release from their tow before you do as this serves to prevent the undignified introduction of bows to transoms.

4 IF YOU ARE THE LEAD DOG...

Well, at least you apparently have an engine and it seems to be functioning. You will, in the end, earn a few "Thank you"'s

and rather a few more "That character didn't have a clue"'s (although it will be rare when a whiner actually cuts the leash prematurely). So here again I offer a few Rules, they are few, and simple.

- (i) All acceleration should be *small*.
- (ii) Try to lead the towee's line so that the lead follows the Towee's Rule (v).
- (iii) Leave yourself an escape route when you release your charges.

Item (i) is important to try to bear in mind, for what is a most modest acceleration for a power boat is quite the jolt for those of a more sensitive and slight nature. Consider that the mass of your engine alone is probably about that of the W.

Item (ii) is an acknowledgment that not all towees are as aware as one could wish, so it pays to be aware for them.

Item (iii) is a simple (and sad) reflection on human nature. Upon release, even the most gracious and kind of spirit towees devolve into a melee in the mad scramble to regain control and be on their way. It is the re-gained freedom, I say in my more generous moments, but in my black heart I know it's really just the cussedly ungrateful nature of the little beggars who are hot, tired, and generally just plain cranky. Such is life.

WELCOME NEW USWA MEMBERS



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Jason Whitlow W1492
Sperry, Oklahoma

WOOD Boat Regatta continued from page 5

As Al Schonborn observed in a note to Carl Cramer, participants were generally not "hard core" racers. With 5 races on Saturday and 3 on Sunday, several people dropped out as Saturday wore on; in addition, numbers were smaller on Sunday. As Al suggested, Performance I and Performance II were combined on Sunday since the number racing had dwindled. Al sailed strongly and dominated the Wayfarer group even though he was pressed hard by Jim Heffernan until rudder damage forced him from the competition. Frank was steady but unremarkable and Jim Cobb dropped out of several races. The Windmill provided the only competition from another design, but he was beaten soundly by Al on a boat-for-boat basis and his rating required giving time to the Wayfarer.

In Performance I the 110 was outstanding. The Paper Jet was disappointing. It was a challenge to manage, even for its designer, with its jib, spinnaker, and trapeze - all on a single-handed boat of near-Laser proportions. One Lightning appeared well-sailed, but the others were not up to racing caliber. One displayed its vintage by sailing with cotton sails. The Moth class, sailing on a separate course with other smaller boats, looked very interesting, but I had no chance to follow their results.

Looking back at the event, my overall reaction was mixed. On the positive side, the weather was perfect - at the end of a week marked by severe afternoon thunderstorms. The venue, Rock Hall Yacht Club, could not have been improved upon. The Race Committee did a superb job. Carl was pleased and I understand he plans to have another WOOD regatta at RHYC again next year.

On the down side, the racing was too demanding for most of the participants. Two races on Saturday and one on Sunday would have been enough. Races could easily have been somewhat longer, however. Come to think of it, back in the 1960's, when we all sailed wooden boats, three races was a typical regatta. With a lighter racing schedule, more on-shore activities might have been included. Spectators might have had time to talk with boat owners (and, in some cases, builders), and racers might have gotten to know one another and a greater variety of boats than are commonly found at a regatta.

The goal of comparing different designs in actual racing conditions was somewhat defeated by dividing the faster boats into two divisions. If they had all sailed together, the results could have been sorted out with the handicap system, but there would have been a more solid basis to

get a real sense of just how they performed. In this way, the regatta might have some of the character of Yachting Magazine's One-Of-A-Kind races held in the 1960's and 1970's.

On balance, I think it was a worthwhile showcase for the Wayfarer class. In other classes, wooden boats often sail as a separate "classic" division, perhaps because fiberglass hulls have been optimized within the measurement tolerances and they may outperform the wooden boats. In the Wayfarer class, we are confident that wooden hulls compete equally to fiberglass ones - and they look more pretty too!

**ROCK HALL YACHT CLUB
ONE DESIGN REGATTA
June 11, 12, 2001
*Jim Heffernan W 2458, W1066***

The June 12 one design regatta hosted by the Rock Hall YC is usually held in ideal winds and weather. Not so this year. Winds were so light on Saturday that only one race was completed for our Wayfarers and even that race was shortened. A second race was started but then abandoned as some of the boats could not even cross the starting line in the dying wind and adverse current.

On Sunday, the PRO set up a short course near the club hoping to eke some wind currents from the surrounding farmland. His strategy worked and we completed four short races in light fluky winds from every direction while the larger boats out on the Chester River struggled to get in two races. We shared the starting line with five slightly faster Rebels sailed by adept crews. They were all good at controlling a place on the starting line and we had to be sharp and not get buried by them after the gun sounded. The mark roundings were usually crowded as the light winds kept us close together.

When the results were tallied, Al Schonborn and Jim Heffernan were tied but the throw out race tipped the regatta to Al and his crew Mary Krauss. Jim and his son, Mark Heffernan, placed second, Frank Pedersen and his daughter, Sarah Pedersen, were third and Tony Krauss and Tim Donaghue (Saturday crew) and Chris Schueler (Sunday crew) placed 4th.

This regatta is always a favorite due to the superb locale, the welcoming club members, and the great sailing. This year we missed the presence of the late Chuck Perry who promoted the junior sailing program at RHYC and always made the Wayfarers feel like family.

CHESTER RIVER DOWNRIVER RACE

June 10, 2011

Sarah Pedersen. Boise, Idaho

Hmmm, what words can describe this year's Downriver Race, from Chestertown to Rock Hall Yacht Club on June 10? Let's see...

Miserable: Race conditions were truly miserable with very little wind, oppressive heat and humidity. With the light, shifting winds and an incoming tide, the only way to make it to the starting line on time was to launch during the morning skippers' meeting - which we did, congratulating ourselves on our good planning and local knowledge.

Tortured: Unfortunately, our local knowledge ended up killing us as we kept expecting a brisk southerly sea breeze to fill in "just up ahead." The other Wayfarers caught up easily flying their chutes while we expected a massive shift "any minute now."

Painful: No, the wind never increased and never swung around south. And my butt grew mighty sore from sitting in the same spot on the deck hour after hour.

Despairing: The race dragged on endlessly. I knew Dad was at the end of his rope when he started muttering obscenities. Did I mention there was no wind?

Weird: Sometimes it seemed each boat carried its own micro-climate as first one boat, then another would gain ground on the rest, carried along by just the right combination of tide, current, and fickle wind.

Unbelievable: When it came down to it, the finish was incredibly exciting as all four boats bore down on the line together. After four and a half hours of sailing, the Wayfarers all finished within 30 seconds of each other!

Sweet: The new boat, W8705, (see SKIMMER 2011-2) moved beautifully in the light air. It was clear this year that our errors were human errors, and those are correctable. It has been discouraging to be so far back in the fleet year after year sailing the old boat. But it was sweet this year to feel competitive all the way to the end.

Supportive: Dad and I work pretty well together, and when he was exhausted, I was able to find words to keep him going. Similarly he lifted my spirits when I was

exhausted on Saturday. Furthermore, we felt like our timing and partnership improved over the weekend. We definitely ended on a high note so there is a lingering sense of optimism for next year.

Sustaining: Finally there is the community of Wayfarer sailors that makes the effort to come to this regatta each year rewarding. Less seasoned racers likely would have sat around and grumped about the conditions, but the storytelling and banter among this group is worth (almost) any amount of suffering. You realize that this day may have been miserably painful and tortuous, but it's only one race in a lifetime of sailing. Good persons are able to laugh at themselves and get up the next day to do it again.

Re-creation: For me at least, the joy of handling a well-balanced, fast boat, being with supportive family and friends, and feeling that sense of personal competency is more sustaining in the long run than race results. And that's why I came back home more relaxed and optimistic than I left. (So, "Dad, after seeing such a corny, non-competitive, thought in print, do you still want me back next year?")

AUGUST CRUISE EVENTS

As this issue of the SKIMMER arrives in the mailboxes of its readership, Wayfarer sailors in the United States and Canada will be preparing for two exciting cruising events during back to back weeks in August.

The East Meets West Cruising Rendez-Vous will be sailed among the Apostle Islands on Lake Superior in Wisconsin from August 13-20. A popular cruising area for larger sailboats this body of water will provide new exploration and camping opportunities for the Wayfarer sailors.

The North American Rally returns to the majestic and beautiful waters of Casco Bay near Bath Maine. More than 10 Wayfarer families will camp at Hermit Island and enjoy day sailing among the islands from August 20 to 27. There are still a few spots open or if you are passing by, drop in.

CALLING ALL WAYFARERS - 2011 Events

Aug 13-20 *Apostle Islands Cruise Rally, Lake Superior shore of Wisconsin*
Aug 14 *Fleet 2 Fleet Race #4, Walled Lake, Michigan*
Aug 20-27 *North American Cruise Rally, Hermit Island, Maine*
Aug 28 *Fleet 2 Fleet Race #5, Walled Lake, Michigan*
Sept 10-11 *North American Championships at Toronto Sail & Canoe Club*
Sept 24-25 *USWA Nationals at Tim Dowling Memorial Regatta, Clark Lake, Michigan*
Oct 1-2 *Pumpkin Regatta, London, Ontario*
May 26-Sep 1 *Thursday evening Practice Races on Walled Lake, Michigan, 6:30 PM start*

If you know about an Open Handicap event in your area, in which Wayfarers would be welcome, we can post the info here and on the website. For Wayfarer only racing/cruising events, visit www.uswayfarer.org Consolidated Racing/Cruising Schedule or contact: jheffernan@nc.rr.com.

USWA SKIMMER 2011-3

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

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