



The Wayfarer **SKIMMER**

**United States Wayfarer Association
Fall 2011-4**

COMMODORE COMMENTS

Jim Heffernan, W1066, W2458

The Hartley family, father, son, wife and boat, arrived in Michigan in early September to give us our first look at the redesigned Wayfarer, the new Mark IV. They brought along a shipping container with five boats, nine masts, five combination dolly/road trailers and a supply of spare parts to ensure these boats were properly rigged and launched. Thanks to Nick and Mary Seraphinoff for hosting them and providing a proper North American welcome in their Detroit home.

As the boats were made ready, and measurement documents completed, the new owners hauled them off to Toronto to compete in the 2011 North American Championships. Before the races, Richard and Mark Hartley provided a rigging seminar for all competitors that was extremely informative and entertaining. We are happy to have these boats in North America and hope another container can be put together in the next year to ensure new Wayfarers are available to prospective buyers.

Lovely North American Debut for Richard & Mark Hartley!!

By Al Schonborn W3854

Both the human and the fiberglass Hartley made a fine North American Wayfarer debut Sept. 10-11 at the Toronto Sailing & Canoe Club. Richard

and his son, Mark, from Derby, England, nailed down a solid victory in the regatta and are our 2011 Wayfarer North American champions. And the five new Wayfarer MK IVs performed beautifully for their new owners: very sleek and fast but by no means unbeatable.



With very few shifts and very steady easterly breezes from 5 to 15 knots, the seven-race event was very much a boat speed contest. The new Mk IVs impressed us all with their sleek, modern lines, meticulously thought out rigging set-up and on-the-water performance. It does appear that designer, Phil Morrison, has fulfilled his mandate to make the new Wayfarer MK IV "as fast as the fastest existing Wayfarer but no faster." The reported better planing capability of the new boats has yet to be demonstrated since we cleverly opted for windward-leeward courses which made such abilities a relatively moot point.

Continued on page 9

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Associate Membership is available to non-Wayfarer owners,		

MAKING FRIENDS AND MAKING MEMORIES –

*NORTH AMERICAN WAYFARER CRUISE RALLY
HERMIT ISLAND MAINE 2011
Tom Goldsmith*

I have just spent a week participating in the North American Wayfarer Cruise Rally at Hermit Island Maine. A wonderful group of sailors from the United States and Canada met as they annually do to catch both wind in their sails and memories from their precious time.

The cruise rally went well and the time spent was most

rewarding to me because I made new friends and gained a whole lot of sailing knowledge from this group of experienced, fun-loving sailors.

This being my first Wayfarer sailing rally I really felt welcomed by the group. As I arrived in the dark, towing my Wayfarer, I was greeted on the campground road. A vehicle pulled up alongside and a voice said, “Hey Wayfarer, you must be Tom.” Turned out to be Tony and Mary. I now refer to the couple as my first Wayfarer friends.

I had a few ‘firsts’ during the rally. I saw what the Wayfarer sailor and boat are capable of as I crewed for a master cruiser, Dick Harrington. As we tacked back in steady 20 to 30 MPH winds for four miles, Dick made a few points like, “see those large sail boats with sails down and under power, that’s what some sailors do when they graduate to a larger boat.” I got rigging and sailing tips from top Wayfarer racers Sue Pilling and Jim Heffernan. Sue is all about being efficient. She adjusted my Wayfarer mast rigging, installed tie wire to stay the turn buckles, explained how to rig the jib very tight and on the last day of sailing she sat back in her Wayfarer and let Steph do all the work. On that same day, Jim crewed for me, what a great learning experience. At mid day he showed me how to “heave to” so we could eat lunch on the Wayfarer.

One evening I ate lobster and corn and shared stories at a wonderful beach campfire with twenty Wayfarer sailors. I learned that Alan and Mary Asselstine drove all the way to be with their friends, not having time to do any sailing, they had to say goodbye to the group the next morning.

I also had a few comical camping experiences. I forgot to pack my boat anchor. On the morning of day one I made the mistake in reading the signs wrong, and then proceeded to perform my daily shave at a sink located in the woman’s showers area. I got to meet everyone in the group and tried to remember first names by playing the name association game with myself. On the afternoon of day two after a nice sailing experience, while tying up my Wayfarer at the dock, my new friend Steph Romaniuk saw my sun glasses fall out of my shirt pocket which I then was lucky to recover in 25 foot of water. On day three my hairbrush fell out of my back pocket and landed in the bottom of a campground porta-john, no other details will be given.

A week ago, I never imagined that it could be

difficult to say goodbye to people I had just met. And a whole lot more fun stuff happened because everyone was so nice, much more than I can fit into this article. Now I think of sailing my Wayfarer with a different perspective. I will put many of the things I have learned into practice but more importantly, I look forward to the next Wayfarer rally, seeing my new friends and meeting more Wayfarer Association members. Thanks for the memories Linda and Jim, Mary and Tony, Patsy and Kit, Nell and Tom, Margie and Bill, Sue and Steph, Diane and Tom, Julia and Al, Jane and Dick, Mary and Alan.

An Aggressive Tiller

By Nick Seraphinoff W10864

So you are sailing! Do you have your knife with you and within easy reach? That is a very important question. I have a Flying Dutchman Dinghy that I sail off the beach on Traverse Bay here in Michigan. Two years ago my hiking strap broke and we capsized as I fell out of the boat. My problem was that the Spinnaker halyard was wrapped around my ankle and when the boat capsized I was hanging upside down from my right foot. Fortunately my crew came back and freed me just before the boat turned turtle. Lesson learned: Never! Never! Go out without a sharp knife within easy reach. Little did I know how much that statement was going to mean.

Recently on a beautiful day with winds blowing 18k and maybe gusting to 24k I set off across the bay on a reach with my crew full out on the wire. We hit a lull and I did not do a very good job of getting back in the boat. The result being that the boat came over on top of us. Just another capsize something I have experienced way more times than one could imagine. That was not to be.

As we were going over, the end of the five foot long tiller proceeded to give me a good sharp poke in the ribs just below my armpit. Since it couldn't break the skin I think it then went for easier pickings. It moved up to the armhole in my life jacket and slid in. It then travelled all the way across my body and out the other arm hole. Then when it was all the way through it opened the hiking stick just to make sure I was locked in. I knew that if the boat was

going to lay on its side I could begin sliding down the eight feet to free myself. I also knew that that would not be the case. The boat was very shortly going to turn turtle and then I would be in one heck of a pickle. I thought that when I was trapped under the boat I wouldn't be able to slide off the tiller and if I tried and failed would not have enough air to try another option. I don't know if I made the best choice but I opted to slide to the rudder head and try to get my head above water at the transom of the boat. I succeeded somewhat! I was able to get a gulp of air but it was only occasionally. NOT ENOUGH! I was still in dire straits. By then my stalwart crew was behind me pushing me up with all her strength for gulps of air and all the while searching for the zipper on my life jacket. I had that jacket so twisted by then that it was going to be impossible to find the zipper. In the meantime I had managed to get a hand up on the bottom of the rudder blade which was sticking straight up in the air. By pulling on it as hard as I could I was able to keep my mouth above water about half the time. A giant step forward! This was the first time I began to believe I may not drown although I knew I would not be able to last long. I don't know how people drown and I don't want to know but I think you must reach a point where you just give up and let it happen. If you had to fight that hard to stay alive I could see that it would be easy to just let go. I however just turned seventy and wanted another ten years of hard play so I fought on.

Finally I had a rational thought and acted on it. I reached into my pocket and grabbed my knife. I handed it to my crew and said, "Start cutting anything you can to get me out of this jacket." She very quickly did and had me free within a few seconds. Of course right after that the line holding the rudder to the pintles broke and the rudder floated free. But of course! I think that knife combined with the efforts of my crew saved my life. Looking back I think I had still made two major mistakes regarding the knife. I did not have a line fastened to it and if either of us had dropped it, it would have been "game over." Also if I had it attached to a lanyard would it have been long enough to reach for the surgery required? From now on my knife will have a ten foot lanyard on it!

Adventures in the Netherlands

An adventure story - not a log!

Dick Harrington W887

In times past, old salts were known for spinning yarns about the sea. Sometimes I imagine myself being one of those old timers. I enjoy the opportunity to tell a story about a Wayfarer adventure.

On this occasion Jane and I were on the coast of Maine - attending the North American Rally at Hermit Island. It was the end of August, less than two weeks after returning from the Netherlands and Belgium. My audience was our group of Wayfarer friends who traveled from distant parts of the US and Canada to take part in a week of camaraderie and great sailing on beautiful Casco Bay. At the skippers' meeting one morning, I saw the chance to have some fun. We were supposed to be discussing sailing plans for the day. But first I decided to make believe I was back at the International Rally in Friesland. No one was expecting this.

Holding up the sailing chart of Friesland, I began my act. No one would be able discern any detail, but as a group they could follow my finger as I traced the route of our week-long travels. To the unfamiliar, the maze of countless waterways shown in blue - a web of canals connecting one lake after another - was surely mind boggling. I knew, at least momentarily, I had everyone's attention.

Our first day on the water was a free sail. The principal part of the rally - the cruise - had not yet started. Jane and I had arrived in Heeg (pronounced Hage) two days prior. To do something different, we came by train from Düsseldorf, instead of going through Amsterdam.

Following the long transatlantic flight, the train ride was kind of stressful. It entailed multiple changes between several local routes. The trains were pokier and the process more complicated than I had anticipated. In spite of that, riding the train was a new and intriguing experience. Passing through northern Germany and the Netherlands exposed us to a country side with sights far different than anything at home. We were already getting excited about this adventure, except, there was little opportunity to close our eyes. As chief navigator, it was good I had managed to catch some sleep on the plane. We were in a strange country, unaccustomed to the trains, and challenged to decipher the postings at the rail stations. Thankfully, along the way we encountered a number of nice people, who spoke English and were willing to help with directions.

The sky was mixed, with more clouds than blue, threatening possible rain. But, what most impressed Jane and me was the chilly 18-20 knot breeze coming up from the south. The Heegermeer was rolling. Hard to fathom, we were wearing fall-weight fleece jackets beneath our oilies. It was July! We'd just arrived from the US where temperatures hovered around 30° Celsius (90°F to 100°F) for weeks. Though I should have known better, we weren't prepared. Luckily, the day before, Jane had reluctantly agreed to upgrade her gear. Her new heavy-duty Netherlands style sailing fleece was an unplanned expenditure, but a wise decision. So now we were prepared for the Friesland weather.

Ton Jaspers was the skipper that day. Ton is a big husky guy, so with the three of us in his Wayfarer, "Swiebertje", we were well-ballasted. No need to reef! Conditions were ideal for a record fast passage down the full length of the sizable Heegermeer. Starting out from the harbor, Heegerwal, we arrived at Nieuwe Vaart - the narrows at the south end of the lake - in no time flat. The beat, being a bit splashy, had Jane suffering the brunt of the spray. She now had a better appreciation for being fully dressed in oilies head to toe. At the narrows, it was time to change the pace. Tying up alongside the wharf, we paused long enough to chat a little and enjoy an excellent Dutch beer. The downwind return went even faster, being essentially one planing event followed by another. This time, fortunately, Jane was spared the dousing. Wow! What sailing!

Before going further, for the benefit of my North American readers it is important that I note what a huge undertaking, both financially and personnel-wise, this event amounted to. The Netherlands Wayfarer Association (NedWA) went far out on a limb planning this event. Their reason? They wanted to do something special to mark the tenth anniversary of the birth of NedWA. It was hugely successful.

During the cruise we had two "mother" ships, the *In Dubio* - a 12-cabin converted motorized barge, and the *Atalanta* - a 10 cabin schooner-rigged sailing ship. Between them, the two ships accommodated a total of 43 participants. There were 18 or 20 Wayfarers (I don't remember the exact number). Jan Katgerman, the NedWA Chairman, provided outstanding fleet support and safety from his handsome and powerful motor launch, *Twee Gezusters* (Two Sisters). *Twee Gezusters* proved capable of towing more than a dozen Wayfarers at a time with ease.

There were one Canadian and two US couples and each had a NedWA 'buddy' to assist them.

Previously, in 2006, Ton and Connie Jaspers had hosted my wife, Margie, and me. They insisted upon doing the same again this time. Although they would be unable to participate in the cruise portion of the rally, they met Jane and me in Heeg with floatation vests, sailing clothing, and most importantly, Ton's beautiful *Swiebertje*. We would get to enjoy *Swiebertje* for the duration of the cruise. When it came time for us to depart, Connie also provided us with transportation. So we are greatly indebted to them. The others were treated equally well, I know.

Each day, or two, the cruise ships sailed ahead of us to the next destination point. We would meet up with them in the afternoon. Many miles would be sailed each day; and by the end of the week we had completed a large circular orbit, passing through many of the lakes and canals in this portion of Friesland. All aspects of the cruise were thoroughly planned out ahead of time and executed perfectly. Hans and Lous de Bruijne were the leaders throughout the cruise. They were true workhorses, performing admirably the leadership role and organizing this highly complex undertaking. Jan Katgerman, with his wife, Dieuwke, were obviously closely involved throughout. Other prominent NedWA members, such as Joke Peers and Francine van der Vaart, two who are most familiar to me, also provided valuable group support.

Still pretending to be in Friesland, I continued. *After a couple of days of preliminary activities in Heeg - which included an excellent traditional Dutch BBQ, a sail on the Atalanta, and a kick-off banquet - the first day of the cruise arrived. Following breakfast, we packed our lunches and departed Heegerwal. The sun shone brightly, warming the air. The fleeces were tucked away. It was a perfect summer day.*

Our route would initially take us southeast, across the top of Heegermeer and through a series of canals passing through the town of Woudsend, Lake Slotermeer, and ancient, historic Sloten. We would stop at Sloten for a picnic lunch and sight-seeing.

A lasting first impression that seemed to connect with all of us non-NedWA participants was the large number of youth sailing schools we saw. The Heegermeer was especially alive this way. But we would see numerous sailing schools all throughout our travels. As soon as we got outside Heegerwal, we were surrounded by youngsters of various ages from at least three or four sailing schools. The sailors ranged from very young children in small Optimists to older, more advanced kids in jib & main sloops, practicing capsized recovery skills. Hovering over their fleets, like a mother goose herding her goslings, instructors motored about shouting instructions. We were impressed!

The morning's 10-knot or so southerly breeze promised good progress, though later it would mostly peter out. The first fairly narrow couple of canals passed through a picturesque country side. Cows and sheep grazed contentedly in grassy meadows bordered by marshy areas. The canals made lots of turns. This affected our wind, but made for far more interesting sailing than if they ran straight. Quaint, interesting summer cottages lined the banks. Moored in front were attractive Dutch yachts and small craft of all descriptions. We wondered what interesting new scene might lie around the next bend. The Dutch, who consider Friesland the boating mecca of northern Europe, flock there in droves every summer. Besides that, there is a lot of influx from adjoining countries, especially Germany. So, with it being the peak of the holiday season, there were lots of people about. A few times we noticed an arm wave from someone on shore. Jane and I tried to respond when we could. Was it possible they noticed the American flag Ton had graciously attached to Swiebertje's peak?

At the time, we were on a southerly heading, having to do quite a bit of tacking. Pretty soon I got a feel for how much centerboard we dared leave down and still manage to get in close to the bank before having to tack. Of course, inevitably, every now and then there was a mad scramble to get the board up before we came to a complete stop - buried in the mud! Fortunately, one rarely hits something that is hard. Further complicating things however, was the steady stream of on-coming motoring traffic. Sometimes there would be three or four good-sized boats headed toward us in procession. Learning to cope with this amount of traffic was a unique experience!

Comment: There are two notable aspects concerning motorboat traffic in Friesland that is completely different from anywhere I've been in the United States. First, high-speed travel is prohibited everywhere, except for a few closely regulated districts on lakes. PWCs (Personal Water Craft) are noticeably absent. Also, because there is no high-speed traffic on the canals, there are minimal wakes to contend with. Notably, the majority of Dutch yachts we encountered had efficient displacement type hulls - rounded and slender, not the boxy, less efficient planing type we see in America. Secondly, Dutch boaters exhibit outstanding courtesy.

Sometimes, in a tight situation, out of common sense and consideration for others, we felt compelled to luff up or tack away. But for obvious reasons, one doesn't want to
continued on page 8

INTERNATIONAL RALLY, FRIESLAND, HOLLAND
July 29-August 5, 2011



Top: "In Dubio" was home base for 43 Wayfarer sailors. Moving ahead each day the spacious ship was always waiting for the tired and thirsty crews at the day's end.

Maribeth Fletcher, Jane Korver and Julia Schonborn relax in "In Dubio's" comfortable salon at the onset of the rally.

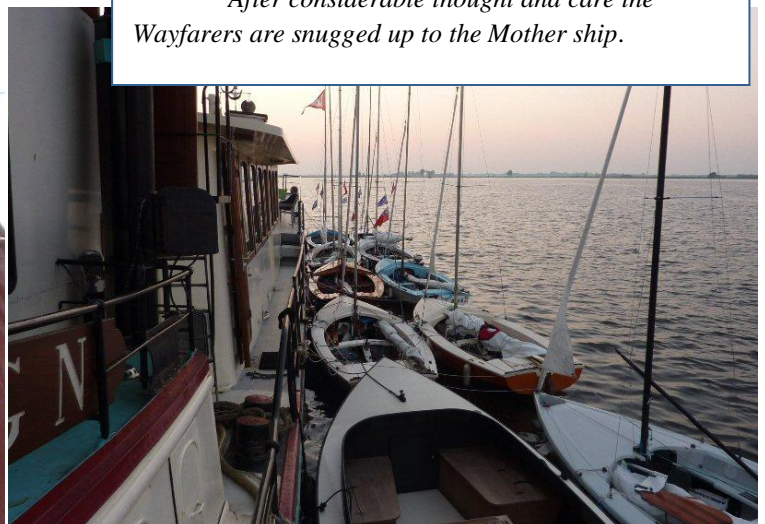


Center; The Sloten Bridge was one of the many canal bridges through which the Wayfarers maneuvered during the week.

Bottom: Julia deposits the required toll in the wooden shoe handed down by the bridge tender.



After considerable thought and care the Wayfarers are snugged up to the Mother ship.



WAYFARERS IN ACTION AND AT REST AND OUR 2011 US NATIONAL CHAMPIONS



Top: Ten Wayfarers attended the US Nationals at Clark Lake, Michigan in September. In this photo Mary Krauss captured many of them on this lovely run.

Center: Wayfarers wait during lunch breaks at the Rally at Hermit Island, Maine. Left, Dick Harrington snapped this photo at Elm Island before the winds picked up. Right, Al Schonborn took this artistic shot of wooden Wayfarers from the restaurant deck at Holbrook's in Cundy's Harbor.

Bottom: Commodore Jim Heffernan presents the Ian Proctor Trophy to Mark Bennett and Julie Seraphinoff, the 2011 US National Champions. Photo by Linda Heffernan

Bottom right: A cluster of Wayfarers at a mark rounding at Clark Lake, Michigan. Photo by Mary Krauss



Adventures continued from page 5

a regular basis. So we quickly learned to judge when it was safe to pass in front of, or duck behind, an on-coming vessel. We felt comfortable that if there was any question the other vessel would alter course or reduce speed. In times of heavy traffic there were a few occasions when power boats had to make adjustments for Jane and me. I'm sure that was the case with others as well. In such situations, a big smile and appreciative wave to the opposing bridge was definitely in order. So, as you see, the canals were great fun, but also busy to the point where the helm had to pay close attention to his/her sailing.

Arriving in the town of Woudsend brought us to the first of several bridges for the day. With four canals intersecting there, we encountered an impressive traffic jam as we approached the bridge.

Comment: To the unaccustomed sailor, transiting a bridge in lots of congestion could be daunting. Even with all my experience, I admit to feeling a bit nervous a couple of times. Under the best of circumstances, rarely, if ever, can one sail through a bridge. In light traffic, sometimes paddling works, but as a rule a motor is required. In our situation, Wayfarers without motors either got towed by *Twee Gezusters* or another Wayfarer with a motor.

Then there is the toll! Not all, but most bridges collect a toll. So, when passing beneath a bridge, the attendant from his bridge house drops a wooden shoe attached to a pole to collect his 2 euros. (This can make a favorite photo opportunity.) Though the attendants are deft in placing the shoe where it can be reached, one still has to pay close attention and be ready. There are more than a few euros lying in the mud!

It turned out the bridge at Woudsend was our big challenge of the day. The bridge was down, with a jumble of boats, large and small, packing the canal for several hundred meters on either side - treading water and waiting! Following what would be the usual procedure, we furled the jib, tightened the topping lift, then dropped and furled the main. This generally went without a hitch, quickly and easily. Ton had everything on Swiebertje nicely set up for single-handling, and I really like his [Bartels](#) jib reefing system. With the topping lift holding the boom high, manning the four-stroke Honda engine would be no sweat. Except this was my first time using it!

Oh, no! The motor started fine on the first pull - at half throttle - but died immediately when cutback to idle speed. Repeated tries gave the same result. Surrounded by obstacles, there we were, one moment dashing - way too fast - head-on for an impending crash, or dead in the water being blown towards shore. It was unbelievable! Just before the cruise, Ton had taken the motor into the shop where it was declared fit to go. My nerves were a wreck. What should I do?

By a stroke of luck, I happened to spy a big boat, with fairly low freeboard, tied alongside the waterfront. This seemed to be our best bet. We would chance hanging onto her gunnel while waiting for the bridge. Putting a line around a stanchion and setting out fenders, we prayed no one would come along and kick us off. Meanwhile, though the bridge

signal lights still showed red, the bridge opened, but only long enough to let some traffic from the other side pass through. Then it closed again. Gosh! I began to wonder how long we'd be stuck hanging on there.

Finally, something started to happen. "There, Jane, see! We are getting the initial go ahead lights"...one red, one green blinking - or something like that. (It is a good system, but unfortunately I've since forgotten the exact signal sequence.) Anyway, what it meant was get ready! On the canal the jockeying to get in position had started. Then the bridge was up and boats were moving. Spotting a small opening, with heart pounding, I barged into the foray, unceremoniously cutting off some good folks ahead of us. It certainly wasn't a nice maneuver. Again, we were going much too fast, yet somehow managed to avoid a collision. What a relief! We'd made it!

On the other side, the wind was light and on our nose. By now many of the others in the group were ahead of us. Wanting to make up time and get through that section of canal, provided an excuse to stay on the engine for a while. Finally, free to run, the engine purred like a kitten, pushing us along at around 5 knots. (Following a day or two of exercise, the Honda changed its ways, deciding to run at idle speed. I even got to like that engine.) Just ahead was lake Slotermeer, and beyond that the town of Sloten, where we would stop for lunch.

In the US we brag about our freedom. But in many parts of Europe, particularly the Netherlands, the boating public has far more rights to the shore. Almost any open space along the canals is free to use. More importantly, scattered generously throughout the lakes and canals are numerous designated camping places, where dinghy sailors are free to tie up to bulkheads or docks, and camp. As we traveled the canals and lakes we couldn't help but admire these attractive camp sites. They always appeared well manicured, grassy, and located in a quiet spot - perfect for any cruising dinghy, such as a Wayfarer - or a Falcon!

Falcons! This was the most prominent sailboat we'd encounter throughout the cruise. We saw them on the water every day.

It seems to me there must be at least a thousand Falcons in Friesland; and every one for hire. A classic, low aspect ratio, gaff rigged sloop - about 6.5 meters long and with a substantial keel - the Falcon is bigger, heavier, and more stable than the Wayfarer. They can be rented with a cockpit-tent, motor and all, ready to take visiting vacationers on a cruising adventure. It would be pretty difficult to get into serious trouble with a Falcon, I think. But it is slow compared to a Wayfarer.

Sometimes it was comical to watch three or four young people in a Falcon, who were obviously little more than beginners, struggling to make progress on the canals. In our Wayfarers, we would easily zip past them. Though, that may have surprised or frustrated a few of them, the Falcon sailors always seemed to be a happy crowd, having a jolly time just being on the water. Another unique aspect of the Netherlands!

Towing one of our fellow Wayfarers, we caught up with the main group, already tied up and just a short walk outside Sloten. Sloten, Sneek (pronounced Snake), Workum, and Hindeloopen, a few places I've been to, are marvelously well preserved, historic towns. They are extremely fascinating to see. My knowledge is minuscule, but as I recall, Sloten is situated on what was an ancient trade route and became a prominent merchant center, starting around the 16th century. Today, it is like a living museum, with fascinating old business houses built in the sixteen and seventeen hundreds, adorned with fascinating carved stone decorations. The buildings line both sides of a canal that runs through the center of the town. It also boasts a beautiful, well preserved windmill. Unfortunately, whereas one could easily spend a whole day in Sloten, we could afford little more than an hour - just enough time to take a few great photos.

The day was wearing on. We still had a long ways to go, including a couple more bridges, before joining up with the cruise ships anchored on Lake Langweer. Our route, now swinging northerly, put the wind behind us, meaning, of course, less tacking and easier sailing. Here, my memory becomes foggy, but I think, though there were times when the wind picked up, ultimately there was a fair amount of motoring. Anyway, as always, Jane and I thoroughly enjoyed the scenery along the way.

When we at last reached the mother ships, it was getting late. Shouldn't it be cocktail hour, my brain told me? Already, a while back, our thoughts had wandered to In Dubio's well stocked saloon which now beckoned. I could really go for a cold beer. Jane certainly wouldn't mind a glass of wine. But before any of that happened, we had to moor the Wayfarers.

This would be our first time tying up alongside the big vessels. Frankly, up to then I hadn't thought much about the complications of snuggling 18 to 20 Wayfarers, plus Jan's Twee Gezusters against those unforgiving iron hulks, anchored and warped together. I wasn't alone in this regard. Suddenly, it dawned upon the bunch of us, this was going to take a little thought.

No way was there room to tie up individually. We were going to have to raft up, alongside both ships, side by side, two and three abreast. The faces of a few of the skippers with beautiful, brightly finished woodies, as well as the owners of costly, shinny, new Hartley's, dropped. They were rightfully concerned. Rafting together a number of light-weight dinghies is not the same as dealing with heavier displacement type hulls. Wayfarers tip and bounce much too easily, even in a relatively sheltered location with minimal wave action.

But the irresistible urge to partake of a cold beer, or glass of wine, after a day on the water can work wonders. Everyone pitched in and worked together. Out came many fenders. Long lines were brought back to the ships, and spring lines judiciously set in all directions. Before long all were satisfied.

A pattern was established for the remainder of the cruise. Problem solved!

We were through sailing for the day, but the day was not done by any means. The In Dubio's large open foredeck, and spacious saloon, was our congregating place for cocktail hour and socializing. In the dining room below, Hanna - In Dubio's owner, chief cook, and crew of one - served us great meals. Hanna, whom I declare an outstanding chef - if that's permissible for a ship's cook - constantly surprised us with beautiful, outstanding multi-course dinners - Dutch style! One of my favorite Dutch discoveries is Mustard Soup. How could a dish so named be so delicious! It was our duty and pleasure to assist with the serving and clean-up afterward.

The great thing about these rallies is that our gang is akin to a long-time family. We are old friends, going back twenty years, maybe more - though at each succeeding event there are always new acquaintances to be made. Following dinner, all would retire to the saloon, where the first order of business was to break out the song books. Leading the singing, with guitar(s), clarinet, and sax were long-time members, Poul, Elof, Sue and Alan - plus several others too. They are our own official Wayfarer musical group -The Wayfarer Stompers.

The first song - always - is the Wayfarer fanfare. Sung to a lilting melody, it goes: Wayfarer - Wayfarer, Finest dinghy ever seen! Wayfarer - weather fair. Really makes me feel so keen. Do wake up from your lazy sleep. Sail your Wayfarer out on the deep. Wayfarer - Wayfarer, Finest dinghy ever seen! Verses are then repeated in Danish, Dutch and French. Wow! What a life, Wayfarering

NORTH AMERICANS *continued from page 1*

We had received word that the tall and lanky - not to mention very fit - Hartleys excel in the breezier going, and the scouting report proved depressingly accurate as Richard and Mark began their series with a horizon job in the series' strongest breezes of about 15 knots on Saturday morning on Humber Bay. After that, the winds slowly abated slightly to about 10 knots by the end of the day, and the 19 North American teams did a better job of challenging our esteemed guests, but the end result remained the same: Mark and Richard ended Saturday with four bullets.

A mark-room incident protest saw one of those four firsts evaporate and with lighter winds forecast for the Sunday, the North American title was theoretically still up for grabs. Our overly modest visitors deprecated their lighter-air capabilities but in fact rolled to three second-place finishes in lighter 5 to 12-knot winds to nail down a most convincing victory as they counted 1-1-1-2-2-2 for 9 points. Congratulations, Richard and Mark!

KIDS AND GRANDKIDS JOIN HERMIT ISLAND RALLY

By Paul Heffernan

It started innocently enough. “We’re going to Maine this August for the Hermit Island Wayfarer Rally. Why don’t you let us take the girls along? Camping and sailing with their grandparents. They’ll love it.” So spoke veteran Wayfarer sailors Jim and Linda Heffernan. My wife Maika and I said we’d think about it.

Well, think about it we did, and the group of travelers grew. First Maika and I decided that we would love to be a part of it. We had also invited my nephew Josh to spend part of the summer with us, and it worked out that it coincided with the Maine trip. Separately, Maika had offered her niece Esther the opportunity to come from her home in France to the U.S. for the first time.

And so it happened that there were not one but two minivans heading north loaded with tents and people: Jim and Linda, Maika and I, our daughters Claire (14) and Gabrielle (11), nephew Josh (14) and niece Esther (17). With Morning Star (Wayfarer 2475) in tow, we drove through New England and arrived at Hermit Island Campground on Friday. We set up camp, and were greeted the Maine state bird...the mosquito.

On Saturday we got acquainted with the area. We launched the boat and enjoyed some light sailing on The Branch, as well as some brisk swimming on the beach. We put the boat to good use, finding a geocache on a tiny island in The Branch. (What is geocaching? Have a look: www.geocaching.com)

Participating in a rally was new to me, and a different experience than a regatta. The Hermit Island Wayfarer Rally is a tri-annual event, based on a thin sliver of land that is really only an island when the water level is high enough to flood the access road. I was intrigued to learn that the exact week of the event is chosen according to the tide schedule. The boats are docked in the narrow natural harbor called “The Branch”, which is sheltered from the worst of the ocean waves but makes for tight sailing at the beginning and end of each outing.

The rally proper started Sunday with the skippers meeting at the campsite of cruise director Dick Harrington and his crew Jane (of Wayfarer boat *Blue Mist*). Also present that first day were Sue and Steph (*Chich*) Kit and Patsy (*Ab Fab*) and of course the eight members of the extended Heffernan clan. With eight people and only one boat, we were dependent on the generosity of the other sailors to take us on their boats. Maika was pleased go on board with Canadian national champions Sue and Steph. With the rest of us scattered across the fleet, we set out for the day’s destination: Cundy’s Harbor.

The coast of Maine looks like it was created for small craft sailing. There are long bays and harbors that were scratched out of the rock centuries ago by glaciers, with plenty of small islands scattered about. It reminded me of the Finger Lakes in upstate New York in a way, since those north-south waterways were also carved by glaciers, but here in Maine the fingers run out to the sea.

With steady winds, we swept into Cundy’s Harbor in good time, headed for a nice restaurant, Holbrook’s Seafood, whose patrons come from both land and sea. It was a tight dock, but all boats managed to dock without incident, and everyone enjoyed a delicious lunch. I had my first lobster roll, and realized that I really was in Maine.

I sailed back with Tony and Mary Krauss. It was a preview for Tony, since my brother Mark has agreed to crew for him in the Worlds 2013. I told Tony it was good to see what it’s like to have a Heffernan in the boat. When we entered the branch, we had to beat directly into the wind to get to the dock. Many boats, both commercial fishing and recreational, anchor in the branch, so it felt like a slalom course as we tacked our way around the boats.

I learned later that there had been some drama on Morning Star during the return. The rudder broke, and Cap’n Jim was forced to slide in for an emergency stop on the beach. Fortunately the Shornborns saw the trouble and came to their aid, and together the old salts jerry-rigged a fix. Alas, Jim’s rudder broke the next day, too. I hope he’s gotten a new one by now.

The winds were stronger and the waves higher on Monday, and some members chose to stay on dry land. With a slightly smaller fleet, we decided to sail to The Elms. . They were really just two rocky bumps with a thin sliver of water between them (must be those glaciers again). We anchored and ate our lunch on the sunny rocks. The two teenage girls, Claire and Esther, decide to explore, and set out to circumnavigate the island. A mere 15 minutes later they returned with their findings: the island was uninhabited, except for the birds. How quickly conditions can change on the water. The winds picked up in what seemed like a matter of minutes, and the tidal current was strong between our two small islands. It was a bit tricky escaping the tight space for the open water, and I was glad to be with a group of old sea dogs who really knew how to sail.

That evening was a reminder of why I hadn’t been camping in twenty years. A storm blew in, bringing heavy rain and chasing us to the campsite clubhouse for the evening. You never know what the weather will bring. Tuesday’s destination was Seguin Island, which meant sailing around the south end of our peninsula. I decided to stay with the

landlubbers after two challenging days on the sea, and three of the kids persuaded Cap'n Jim to take them for a short sail in Morning Star so that they would have time for the beach afterwards. The only Heffernan to make the journey to Seguin Island was Claire. She was insistent on her choice of boat. She said she wanted to sail with that man of legend, Al Shonborn, the nemesis of her grandparents in so many regattas. Many times she had listened to her grandfather recount his glorious second place finishes...second to Al, that is. Claire just had to know what it was like to sail with Uncle Al and Julia, and she was delighted to enjoy a great open-water sail, at the helm much of the way.

Wednesday was departure day for Maika and me and our team of four kids. While the rally was scheduled to last until Saturday, we had other plans for the second half of our vacation week. We came to the morning skippers' meeting to say our goodbyes, a bit sad but grateful for what had been a wonderful time with a great group of people.

Even though we were back on dry land, we just couldn't stay away from the majesty of sailboats. Our first stop leaving Maine was Boston, where we boarded a sailboat just a tad bigger than a Wayfarer: the *USS Constitution*, the oldest active commissioned ship in the US Navy.

We returned home with a bunch of memories to cherish for years to come. We received the warmest of welcomes from the Wayfarer community. Thank you to all of you, and we wish you smooth sailing in your future adventures.

US NATIONALS RACE REPORT from Uncle Al

Don't be fooled by the forecast ...

... is the lesson to be learned from this year's annual Tim Dowling Memorial Regatta hosted September 24-25 by the Clark Lake YC just south-east of Jackson, Michigan. Prognosticators had threatened us with intermittent rain both Saturday and Sunday, cool temperatures that would have trouble reaching the 60s Fahrenheit (15°C), and winds that would have trouble moving our boats.

Nonetheless, 34 boats and their crews, not to mention Race Officer, Bruce Nowak and his fine Race Committee, risked it anyway, and were rewarded with a virtual absence of rain and even some sunshine on both days as temperatures climbed into the very comfortable 70s F. Even the winds did their bit to help us inaugurate the club's new eight-mark system into the annual Fall Regatta (Tim Dowling Memorial) blowing from the east on the Saturday and the north-east on the Sunday from about 6 to 12 knots, i.e. just nicely hard enough to fill spinnakers - most of the time. No problem for our Committee to get

the scheduled five races in: three on Saturday and two more on Sunday. The combination of Saturday's lighter, patchier winds and ubiquitous weeds tended to scramble that day's results, to the extent that no one won all three races in any class. Our Wayfarer group had three different winners: Tony Krauss with Steph Romaniuk, Uncle Al with Shannon Shank and Jim Heffernan with Linda. By Sunday the wind had backed towards the north-east and many of us found it easier to stay on top of things.

It being our 2011 U.S. Nationals, the Wayfarers turned out in reasonably large numbers and our ten-boat fleet was the largest of the five fleets in attendance. We shared the course with nine Rebels, eight Interlakes, three Snipes plus the Open Fleet which counted a pair each of Sunfish and Mutineers.

After sailing a borrowed Rebel to victory at Clark Lake in 2010 defending U.S. champion, Uncle Al of Oakville Ontario, and Shannon Shank of Jackson, Michigan decided to introduce the latter to Wayfarers, and to the spinnaker. The result was a success beyond Al's wildest hopes as Shannon took to the spinnaker like a duck to water and the result was a first-place finish in the 2011 Wayfarer US Nationals at Clark Lake, Michigan.

The 4th-seeded Marc and Julie thus won *The Designer's Trophy* as top US-based finishers in the US Nationals. In addition, the East Lansing couple won a share of the event's *Most Improved* honours by beating their seed by two places.

A points tie for series 3rd with Mike Codd and Kirk Iredale of Toronto, Ontario was broken in favour of North Carolina's Jim and Linda Heffernan courtesy of their third-race "bullet"!

Visit www.wayfarer-canada.org for complete race report.



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CALLING ALL WAYFARER 2012 EVENTS

February 3-5 Wayfarer Midwinters, Lake Eustis Sailing Club, Eustis, Florida

June 1-3 Major's Cup Open Regatta, Lake Townsend Yacht Club, Greensboro, North Carolina

June 16-17 NC Governors Cup Open Regatta, Kerr Lake, Henderson, North Carolina

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.

An open social invitations to all our Wayfarer friends from Wayfarer Fleet #2, Walled Lake, MI

Whether you are a Fleet #2 member, past member, potential member or just someone interested in sailing and who wants to find out if the Wayfarer boat, events and "family" are for you, please JOIN US during the off-season months for some good ol' Wayfarer socializing and reminiscing.

Wayfarer Fleet 2 will be having its 2011 Awards Dinner & Social at Brass Point in Farmington Hills MI on Friday, Dec. 9, 2011 at 7 p.m. Separate checks will be given, and all Wayfarer sailors and friends are invited! If you plan to attend, contact Mike Anspach at c: [248-877-6242](tel:248-877-6242) or mkanspach@aol.com so he can give the restaurant an advance count.

Also, if there is interest, Mike is willing to coordinate the revival of "HATS", a group of "Hungry And Thirsty Sailors" who meet once a month during the non-sailing season at various local restaurants. The first HATS dinner will be sometime in January, 2012

For anyone interested in receiving emails regarding Fleet #2 events, please send an email to: Wayfarer.MI@gmail.com and we will get you on the distribution list!

USWA SKIMMER 2011-4

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

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