



The Wayfarer **SKIMMER**

**United States Wayfarer Association
Winter 2012-1**

RACE CAPTAIN REPORTS, Marc Bennett, WI0861

It's my belief that the introduction of the five new Hartley Mark IV Wayfarers in North America will only do good for our fleet. It was not only a treat to have a stiff, well-rigged boat, but also a pleasure to have a builder courteous enough to give us so much time and effort in learning how to rig and perform in our new boats.

Many thanks to Richard and Mark Hartley!

The wonderful regatta held at TS&CC in early September will be remembered for a long time. I have studied a lot of stats and can only put the great attendance down to Nick Seraphinoff's hard work of introducing the new boats.

If you look at the regattas, you will see a fleet that no longer travels. On average, we have only five to ten boats at any one regatta. In 2011, we had 48 boats participate in the racing. Of the 48 boats, 56 percent were Canadian and 44 percent US. As a fleet, only about 20 percent of us travel, with the US traveling a very small percentage more than the Canadian fleet. Some of our members feel, due to the strength of the Toronto-based fleets, we should try to hold our larger events in the Toronto area (i.e. TS&CC and MSC).

This year's stats do not support this, however. The three largest events this year were the North Americans at TS&CC with 20 boats; 12 boats traveled to the event. The second best attend event was the Midwinter's with 14 boats attending and 7 boats traveled to this event. The third best attended event thus far was the Lansing regatta with 12 boats, which five boats traveled to.

The other ten events sailed this year were all under 10 boats with the worst attendance being the Ontario's at MSC with only three boats showing up. This is surprising

when you think the club is only a sail away from TS&CC, which hosts the largest Wayfarer fleet in North America. The numbers show when we do not travel the attendance at events falls a lot.

With the 2013 Worlds in mind, set to be sailed out of MSC and Port Credit in Toronto, I think holding as many major regattas in that area for 2012 and 2013 would be ideal. The 2012 North Americans are already scheduled to be sailed out of MSC on Aug. 4-6. I would have no problem giving TS&CC the North Americans back in 2013 if the club would agree to host it sometime before the Worlds, which are to be held at MSC Aug. 3-10, 2013.

OK, with that said how do we build our US fleet for the 2013 Worlds? What would make you travel and support away regattas? Large or small lakes do not seem to matter; the stats are about 50/50 for attendance.

Here are some things I have been thinking about. I believe the USWA and the CWA need to agree on a racing format for our regattas coming up to the Worlds. For example, it's not good to only sail windward leewards in North America if we are going to have to alternate between windward leewards and Olympic courses in the Worlds. This is what happened in 2004.

When we do revert to windward leeward', we should always have a clearing mark. This is not only for safety, but tactically better for racing. It allows maneuvering room for boats to protect themselves as well as allowing the pursuer to attack the leader without having to avoid a lot of other boats.

The other element I would like us to consider as a fleet to help our attendance is the format of regattas. As I

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look at last year’s stats, the best attended regattas other than the North Americans were the more laid back and fun venues. The three events that come to mind are the Midwinters, North Bay and Clark Lake. The aspects that stand out to me at these are that they are not only well run but cater to the traveling sailors. There is nearly always someone to meet the incoming sailors, the first day of racing has a later start of 11 AM or noon and the last day has an early finish with the last race not starting after 1 PM. or 2 PM. This takes some stress off the boats that have to travel the longer distances.

For major events we should think about a five-race series with one drop. The more local regattas, we

should keep the many race series to give us lots of start and mark rounding practice.

Because traveling has become harder for most of us due to cost and work schedules, the USWA needs to consider expanding the amount of regattas in the US.

OK, let’s talk about 2012 season. The one Canadian regatta I would suggest we attend would be the 50th anniversary North Bay regatta. It has a good spectrum of events that should appeal to a number of different sailor types. Accommodation is plenty with good camping available right on site at the Yacht Club. The area provides beautiful sailing and the range of events will appeal to novices right through to your advanced racer. I will say no more, but please read Steph Romaniuk’s report on North Bay in this newsletter.

My other recommendation is to any crews planning to sail the 2013 Worlds is to try and sail as many of the Toronto-based events as possible in 2012. It would be nice if the US fleet could coordinate schedules so we turn out in numbers for at least one of the Toronto events. This would boost the attendance at the one regatta to over 20 boats and mean more fun and better practice for the Worlds. Then, with adding two extra regattas to our schedule, hopefully, we will encourage more of the local boats that can not travel to away regattas to attend.

I would also like us to try and put together one or more training events where the more experienced crews can help the newer or less experienced crews to come up to speed. Last, but not least, I would like us all to think about other Wayfarer sailors, or crews from other classes, who would make a good team. If they are paired together and have access to a boat, that would enhance the US team in the 2013 Worlds.

I look forward to all input. Let’s plan for a fun and enjoyable 2012, and work toward building the US Wayfarer presence for the 2013 worlds. *Thanks, Marc*

8th Annual Chesapeake Cruise May 27-June 2, 2012

Cruising Secretary, Dick Harrington, reports that plans are well underway for the 2012 Chesapeake Cruise which will return to the eastern shore of Chesapeake Bay. Cruisers will meet in Oxford, Maryland at Campbell’s Town Creek Marina on Sunday, May 27th.

Monday's destination will be Tilghman Island on Knapp Narrows. The following day the fleet will head to Slaughter Creek off the Little Choptank River for a stay at Slaughter Creek Marina, a pleasant, quiet marina with lots of room and amenities including an excellent pool.

One possibility would be to make Slaughter Creek a base camp for several days and from there explore points east, such as Little Choptank River, Fishing Creek and Madison Bay, and to the west, James Island.

All too soon Friday will arrive and cruisers will have to plan their 18 n. mile sail north to Oxford, a transport that could include another stop at Tilghman Island.

At this point, six boats have indicated interest in participating in this year's Chessie Cruise. If you are interested in joining this group please contact Dick, rmharrington@sbcglobal.com, for expanded details, requirements of boat equipment and suggested sailing experience.

My Favourite Weekend of the Summer

By Steph Romaniuk, W397

I was only sailing about two years, one night a week, when my partner, Sue Pilling, said, "Hey, they are reviving a Wayfarer weekend from the 70's when North Bay used to have the biggest fleet of Wayfarers in Canada." She was always looking for an excuse to race dinghies and said we should fix up one of the club Wayfarers and join in on the fun.

That was 2005, and we have been sailing with this great group of sailors ever since and now consider them family. That weekend was perfect for a green sailor like me. There was a great mix of serious competition, friendly racing, and different events. The North Bay Regatta, an annual event on the first weekend of July has become a highlight of the sailing season.

1) The Canada Day Race has been a tradition run by the North Bay Yacht Club for ages. Imagine a big lake with 30 odd boats gathering off the Government Dock - mostly keel boats. Sometimes the wind is honking and sometimes it is lacking. If it is too windy, the dinghy sailors hop on a keel boat and off they go -

crossing the large lake in a 2-3 hour cruise, through the channel and into Callander Bay for the BBQ, prizes, festivities and last year, even live music and dancing.

2) The National Long Distance Race: This is opposite of the Canada Day Race, as you head around some marks and islands and head OUT the channel into Lake Nipissing. You search for J5, a buoy that you can't see when you first reach the open lake. Usually it's a long downwind in and after turning a few more marks, you cross the finish line back into the welcoming yacht club and relax with some Dark and Stormies and chat about the sailing, etc. This is banquet night with great food and the hostess Carol Hansman often has a skit or two up her sleeve.

3) After the long distance warm-ups, the Don Rumble Series puts you in Callander Bay for quicker series races. Next year is the 40th anniversary and the Ontario Championships are rumoured to be taking place. We had a dozen boats for the Canadians in 2008. If you think you'd be running out of energy by this point, fear not, because the breakfasts that they serve here will keep you on the move!

4) The Poker Race: you've never had so much fun racing in your life as you do at this event. Sue used to do a similar event with the Mirror Dinghies growing up at the yearly Killbear gathering on beautiful Georgian Bay. The goofiest race and rule maker, Dave Hansman, makes the event a continuous mystery, but he does it with the biggest smile. Boats start about two minutes apart and head on a 5 waypoint sailing course around scenic Trout Lake to pick up poker cards and meet at the finish line at the McNutt's cottage for a great feast! Your racing skills are only second to your poker skills in this event. What fun! Then you get to sail back to North Bay after lunch.

So, I hope that next season will bring you to North Bay, so you can be won over as we were half a dozen years ago. Whether you are novice or top fleet, there is something here for everyone. Celebrate the 40 years of this event, and keep the spirit and this fleet alive.

**LAKE LANSING SAILING CLUB hosts
3rd ANNUAL WAYFARER & CL16'S REGATTA
SATURDAY, MAY 12, 2011**

Contact Marc Bennett, marc27732b@gmail.com

Mary Krauss, at Wayfarer.MI@gmail.com

Trounced by Trevor at Glorious Midwinters *Al Schonborn, W3854*

Trevor Fisher, the runner-up in the 2011 UK Nationals, where Richard and Mark Hartley placed 3rd, stepped aboard Richard Watterson's new Mark IV *Bubbles* and showed us how it's done in the warmest Midwinters weather in nearly a decade. Trevor and his crew, Richard, were occasionally challenged but never beaten as they won all seven races sailed in lovely, exciting winds of every description. The last two heats of the scheduled nine-race series were cancelled when Sunday proved to be sunny and warm but windless.

WAFARER U.S. MIDWINTERS Lake Eustis Sailing Club, 3rd – 5th February 2012 *Trevor Fisher*

It's funny how things work out. 2011 had been a great year for me – I was starting to get to grips with Hofreki, W10686, which I had bought a couple of months before the Worlds in Weymouth in 2010. Weymouth had been a great learning experience and results had been very mixed, but I came away knowing the areas that needed practice and the very few things on the boat that needed changed before the 2011 season. It all seemed to work. We had a great summer, winning the Irish nationals again and getting 2nd in the British Nationals. It couldn't get much better than that! At the end of 2011, I was made a great offer and traded down my Mark IV for a 'woodie', 8848, which had previously done pretty well in various British Nationals and Worlds. 2012 was going to be a more relaxed year, with no big events to aim for, definitely no long distance travelling and much more time planned on the water with my family.

And then a few things came together! An exchange of emails with Uncle Al resulted in Richard Watterson getting in touch with me. Richard, who had recently purchased a Mark IV, W10862, was attending the 2012 Midwinters at Lake Eustis Sailing Club in Florida and was willing to crew, with me helming!. Lesson Number 1: Uncle Al can arrange anything!

I had never met Al, but my father had, in 1994 when Al sailed in the Irish Wayfarer Nationals. I was a regular reader of the weekly Whiffle and referred to the Wayfarer Institute of Technology when I was never sure about anything Wayfaring. I had come to recognise many of the names of the characters in the

North American fleet. I had also met Jim and Linda Heffernan, at Weymouth in 2010. I didn't need much of a reason to travel to the Midwinters as everything was pointing towards an event with great people that would leave lasting memories. I was also planning to come to the Worlds in Toronto in 2013, and going to the Midwinters would be the perfect opportunity to meet folks first. I had only sailed twice since September, so didn't really know what to expect.....but that didn't matter. I was going to America!!!

So, on the 30th of January I began my journey, with a drive from my home in Northern Ireland down to my parents near Dublin. A 4AM. start the next day to catch a connection to London was followed by a 9 ½ hour flight to Orlando. I picked up a car and drove to Lake Eustis the following morning. It was warm! I had been unsure about what to bring as the reports of previous events had been of mixed weather. One thing that I thought I would be sure of though was that I would be able to sail in my wetsuit shorts – it had never been too warm or too cold for them at home! Richard and I rigged the boat, chatted and went for a sail for a few hours, in light and patchy winds. We looked at roll tacking, spinnaker hoists and drops and we spoke about keeping the boat flat in stronger winds. A few other boats had come out, including the other Mark IV's. We sailed beside Nick Seraphinoff and Peter Rahn for a bit and wow – they were pointing so high and moving quickly. I think we had the better of them in tacks, but that was it! It looked like the racing was going to be close. We came ashore, with the temp around 80. Lesson Number 2 – it can get too hot for wetsuit shorts. That was quickly sorted with a trip to town.

More boats had arrived while we were out and conversation quickly reverted to hype – there always needs to be a bit of discussion about mast rake and rig tension at the start of any event! There was a great mix of boats here, from woodies through to three of the newest boats on the planet – shiny new Mark IV's.

The following day, we went sailing again. I think that by this stage, Richard was learning that I tended to think out loud and vocalise a lot – he was asking questions that I often didn't have an immediate answer for, which made me think even more – this was great! The wind was a bit steadier, but was limited to a band along the shore. 7 or 8 boats made it out and a series of practice races was organised by the club. We seemed to be getting good starts, but most boats in the

fleet were going well, particularly the Mark IV's, Al Schonborn and Tony Krauss in 'Shades', Richard Johnson and Michele Parish in 'Free Range Chicken' and the Heffernan's in 'Dawn Treader.'. The racing was definitely going to be close. Back ashore, the temperature was still in the high 70s' to low 80's and I was glad I had decided to get shorts!

That evening we went to the "Quarterdeck" for a bite to eat and towards the end of the evening, a guy at the next table leaned over to Linda and said he thought it was great that so many people could come out and have a good time and get along together – he said he doesn't see that very often. Linda told him that it was easy, as we weren't related! It did emphasise how welcoming and friendly the Wayfarer Fleet is.

9 AM the next day was 'Competitors Briefing'. Even at this hour, the wind was blowing stronger than it had in the previous two days, with a forecast of 10 – 20 mph. We had 9 races in total planned and the race committee was going to go for at least three on day one. Courses would be 2 ½ laps of a windward – leeward and would be pretty long. We put a bit more rig tension on and headed out. Once we left the shelter of the trees on the shore, the wind picked up. It felt like at least a steady 20 was blowing! The Race Officer was pretty prompt at getting a good line laid and we were away..... There would be no roll tacking today, not in this wind. We tried to sail as flat as possible but every now and then a bigger gust came through, and had most of the main backed. More vang on....that's better.....downhaul in tight.....going well..... As we approached the windward mark we had a bit of a discussion – spinnaker or not – I said we could wait until we saw what everyone else did, but Richard said Al would definitely fly his. That was it.....round the windward and spreader mark and up she went. All the way downwind I was concentrating on keeping the eased jib just pulling, making sure my angle was right. Richard was doing a great job on the spinnaker, keeping us going. As we approached the leeward mark, we dropped the spinnaker, gybed (just about as I made a bit of a mess of bearing off) and had a short reach across to the mark. A similar pattern followed and 1 ½ laps later we got our first place finish. Wow....I was tired! There had been a couple of capsizes, but most of the fleet finished soon after us and headed down for race 2.

This was sailing at its best.....warm water, strong winds, and cold not an issue! Race 2 was pretty similar, with the customary chat before the windward

mark – should we or shouldn't we – but invariably we did, and managed to keep the mast dry. We had a few close calls though! It was great sailing with Richard, who picked things up so quickly. We returned to the club for lunch – what a spread – this was unlike anything I had ever had, in any club, anywhere! Jim Lingeman and his sister, Dot Lingeman did a great job every day. Lots of food, great chilli, coffee and doughnutty type things (*think donut holes*) that we definitely don't have at home (luckily for my waist!). Lesson Number 3 – tell the folks at home how to 'do lunch' at a sailing event!

Back out that afternoon, we had two more great races. The boats were again evenly matched, but we somehow managed to get good starts, get a few early shifts right and were away. It is always harder playing catch up in these conditions. The wind was shifting, probably through about 20 degrees, but once we managed to stay in tune with the shifts we could keep ahead. After the start and first few minutes, I concentrated on sailing the fleet, rather than sailing the wind.....sort of playing the percentages. Luckily, most boats all went the same way, which worked out well. If two or three boats had split tacks and gone either side of the beat, things could have been very different. Between races, we had some amazing reaches, across the lake – pretty quick stuff!

That night, Mike Murto had made a reservation for the entire Wayfarer fleet – 35 people – at 'Stavros' a local restaurant. It was another good night, but I again realised how bad my sense of geography of the US is (so where is Indiana.....?) I learned loads about the sailing scene in North America, college sport and geography of the US chatting with Mark Bennett, his wife, Julie and her daughter, Mallory. Mallory learned that Ireland is not still in the Middle Ages and that Facebook has made it across to us!

Saturday dawned with a similar forecast to the day before – 10 – 20, but with the likelihood of it dropping in the afternoon. It was going to be interesting as we were going to be sharing the course with 50 MC Scows and would be using leeward gates rather than a single leeward mark. Now, I have sailed in a few places, but had never seen anything like these boats. The mast was about 4 feet bigger than a Wayfarer's and they carried a single, big mainsail. They were quick too. I never got to see a start, but I am sure they were impressive. We left the shore and as we sailed out towards the start, the wind was definitely increasing!

Continued on page 10

Midwinters at Lake Eustis, Florida, February 2012



Trevor Fisher and Richard Watterson accept the 2012 Midwinter's Championship trophy from Regatta Chair Mike Murto. Photo by Al Schonborn



Left center: Marc Bennett and Nick Seraphinoff fine tune the rigging on Marc's new Mark IV.

Right top: Nick Seraphinoff and Peter Rahn prepare the jib tension on Nick's new Mark IV.

Right center: Al Schonborn takes a break while his crew, Tony Krauss works on the mast.

Right bottom: Shades' spinnaker rivals the sunset colors. Photos by Mary Krauss



Left bottom: Richard Watterson captures the laid back atmosphere of Lake Eustis Sailing Club as shown by MC Scow sailors, Scott, Phil and Monty, waiting for sunset.





Each January at the Canadian Wayfarer Association's annual meeting, the Ted Davis Memorial Trophy is awarded for the best North American cruise log. This year the trophy was presented to Gary Hirsch and Al Schonborn for the account of their 300 mile sail around the tip of lower Michigan, June 18-25, 2011. The winning log is presented here.

The Tip of the Mitt Adventure
*as experienced by Gary Hirsch
and Uncle Al in Solje, W1321*

I can't believe that months have gone by since Uncle Al and I completed the Tip of the Mitt Challenge. But, here I am going through the pictures once more. The event started in Oscoda, MI on Lake Huron and ended in Manistee, MI, on Lake Michigan. There was a choice of two routes. An inside route took one across the state using the AuSable River and the Manistee River. The latter is not the preferred route for a Wayfarer, so we took the outside route that would have us sailing over 300 miles: northwest on Lake Huron, thru the Straits of Mackinac, and then southwest on Lake Michigan to the finish at Manistee.



Solje with Mackinac Bridge in background.



Top: Gary Hirsch in Solje anticipates a great adventure.

Center: Al Schonborn sails to the spinnaker in Lake Michigan.

Bottom: Gary decants the wine on the foredeck. It must be 5 PM.

Photos by Al and Gary

Day 1 (35 n. mi.): When I launched the boat the day before the start, we had a nice southerly breeze with more of the same forecast for day 1 of our adventure. Well, the first surprise was a brisk wind right on the nose as we strolled down to the boat 10 minutes before the start.

The Norseboat was first to get sails up and head North, but we quickly passed them once under way. Uncle Al, the consummate photo hound, suggested that we heave to for a chance to get some pictures of the Norseboat. Then we were off once more. The breeze lasted until about 4PM, where we finally found ourselves short of a stopping point and becalmed. I had rigged a new set of oars, but they weren't suitable for the oarlocks and we found that rowing was not to be in our future plans, thankfully. The oars did help get us into a somewhat sheltered area in two feet of water with some reef protection from the big lake. We set up the boom tent, poured the wine and toasted a great beginning.

Day 2 (51 n. mi.) dawned with a building wind from the East, which set us off across Thunder Bay at a brisk pace. Once across the bay, we radioed our position for the first checkpoint and were somewhat dismayed to find that we were last to report. Even the kayaks had passed us in the night. The good wind had us charging North with a constant lookout for any competition. Towards 4PM we were approaching Rogers City and decided that a motel would improve our morale even if our standing in the challenge would take a further beating. Gary radio'd ahead to reserve us a slip at the marina. It took some doing, but the nice young lady finally gave us permission to come in under sail and we made sure that we justified her blind faith in us. After a fine restaurant dinner, I (Gary) decided to walk down to the boat to get my book and reading glasses. As I approached the dock, I was surprised to see the Norseboat in the slip next to ours. Although they had been instructed to keep the plan from us, the dock hands told me that our competition had come ashore for a shower and were planning to head back out after a restaurant meal. I promptly walked up to the restaurant which provided a surprise for them and a very cordial visit. I told Grant and Vlad that the only thing that was causing us concern was that we were having trouble finding a place to resupply our limited quantity of beer. They offered to leave us some since they had plenty but no time to indulge. They were worn out from the previous night's rowing efforts but nonetheless planned a repeat. I went back to my warm bed at the motel and filled Uncle Al in on the developments.

Day 3 (41 n. mi.) started at 7 am when I thought there might be a slight breeze developing. After hitching a ride with a local sheriff's deputy to the marina and getting suited up, we were dismayed to see a flat calm on the lake – and a light drizzle. It didn't take Uncle Al long to suggest a return to the motel. We tried again at 11 AM. This time we had enough breeze to move us along, but our thoughts were that it would be a long slog to Mackinaw City. We spent some time looking into bailout options. Once we rounded 40-Mile Point, the wind picked up and kept building all afternoon. We were soon flying along under the big yellow spinnaker, often approaching 10 knots. According to our GPS, the best ride we got was 9.9 knots. By late afternoon, we could make out the Mill Creek campground in Mackinaw City. When we checked in by phone, we were surprised to find out that we had arrived only about 6 hours after the Norseboat, which had left Rogers City with a 15-hour lead and which was now stuck at the campground, being unable to get off the lee shore. Al immediately saw this as a job for Wayfarer Man - or in this case, his sidekicks, Gary and Al. Perhaps we could help by towing the Norseboat off its beach? The closer we got, the simpler it looked. Until we suddenly ran aground with our rudder about 300 yards off shore. We quickly luffed up to close-hauled, got the rudder half up, the board a quarter down and tacked as soon as our speed was sufficient. We were a bit puzzled though. Eager as Grant and the Crazy Russian, were to move along in their Norseboat, why didn't they just walk their boat out to where we were, and just hop in and sail away??? Even out here the water was barely knee-deep, and no waves to speak of. Turns out that Grant did not want to risk damage to his \$20,000 baby. After anchoring in a somewhat protected cove that gave us a clear view of the mighty Mackinac Bridge framed in a sunset, we retired to a camping cabin for the night. After a most welcome shower, we enjoyed some campfire stories and refreshments until 11PM.

Day 4 (49 eventful n. mi.): We had a particularly early start to this day. While up at 3AM to dispose of some of the earlier campfire refreshments, we encountered Grant and Vladimir getting ready to shove off. The previous evening, they had asked for our assistance in getting their boat off the lee shore. Thankfully we were spared this ordeal at that ungodly hour since the wind had died down in the night, and we gratefully

returned to our cabin for some additional shut-eye. By 8AM we were ready for a spinnaker run under the bridge in a light wind. But, once we entered Lake Michigan, the easterly wind started building and we eventually doused the spinnaker. We gybed and headed south at Gray's Reef. As the winds continued to increase, we reefed the main. Then we rolled up some of the jib. Further livening up our afternoon were a couple of electrical storms, one to the west and one to the south. Luckily, we crossed in front of most of the one moving west to east and got only one nearby thunderboomer. And most of the second one, moving in a north-westerly direction, had passed by before we sailed into it and again we had just one close hit. By now we had doused the main and were flying along on a broad reach, frequently surfing down waves with just the genoa up. Occasionally a wave came over the gunnels. We manned the pumps and kept going.

Our path across Little Traverse Bay to Charlevoix was a wild ride in winds of 35 knots. But our relief at entering the rainy shelter of the piers at Charlevoix was short-lived. A contrary four-knot current along with the strong wind funneling down the channel gave up only inches with each tack even with our reefed main replacing the genoa. The quickly devised plan B was for Gary to take a long painter and jump onto a ladder, which would allow him to get up on the pier and tow us in. But before Gary could spring into action, a voice called faintly through wind and rain: "Throw me the rope!" Talk about a guardian angel!! It was Jack Cramer, our shore contact for the event, running towards us on the pier. Much to our relief, Jack took our painter and towed us into the harbor. It turned out that Jack and his wife, Joan, had, as they did throughout the trip, followed us along the shore while tracking our progress via SPOT and had gotten there just in perfect time. And let me tell you that those Erie Canal barge horses had nothing on Jack who towed us into the basin with no problem at all!! Thanks a ton, Jack!! We found out later from the harbormaster that a strong easterly always funnels part of the huge expanse of Lake Charlevoix (just to the east) out into Lake Michigan by way of the marina basin and this narrow entrance.

And speaking of the harbormaster, a lovely gentleman named Hal Evans, we discovered that he has a Canadian connection. Upon learning that Uncle Al is Canadian, Hal explained his connection as follows. His grandfather's grandfather was a lumberjack who was working near North Bay. Had we heard of North Bay? Oh yes indeed; we have one of our best regattas

there each year, Al pointed out. Well, it turns out that they had a lumberjack contest, the winner of which would have the little town where they were working named after him. Hal Evans' ancestor, a man by the name of Callander, was the winner. Small world! We were too exhausted to celebrate that evening and after long luxurious showers at the lovely, well equipped and welcoming Charlevoix Marina, slept in warm beds.

Day 5 (31 n. mi.): The next morning, it was still raining and more heavy weather was forecast. Captain and crew of some big boats, sail and power, thought we were crazy as they watched us prepare to continue our journey. Departure was down-current and thus without trauma. Out on the lake, we soon noticed a sail in the distance. It was our competition, who had sat out the previous day's storm with some kayakers on the north side of Little Traverse Bay and started out in the wee hours once more. As we caught up, we had a nice chat with Vlad and Grant, and of course, the cameras on both boats were clicking. Once through their lee, we hoisted the spinnaker and gradually pulled away.

The day was not without more excitement, however. After rounding Traverse Point, a squall came through with lightning and heavy rain. We elected to drop sails and sit in the bottom of the boat as far away from mast and shrouds as possible. Soon after the squall had passed, we received a visit from a Coast Guard inflatable. Wine cups were quickly stowed. Apparently, someone on shore had thought we were in trouble and reported us. We took pictures and waved good-bye to them. We ended the day in Leland and figured we had earned a night in the very nice accommodations at the Falling Waters Lodge. Grant and Vlad soon rolled into town as well and our bad example finally ruined their roughing-it-only status. They, too, decided to spend the night in Leland, and when Jack and Joan, our guardian angels appeared, there was nothing to be done but to celebrate our survival at The Cove, right across from the Lodge. Which we did, in very tasty style. The sound of rushing water was quite soothing and we slept well.

Day 6 (19 n. mi.) began with rain, fog and little wind the first time we woke up. After breakfast in the local diner and one more peek at the conditions we went back to bed. We didn't leave the harbor until late morning, about 3 hours after the Norseboat. They liked rowing and we did not. Besides they probably felt the need to purify themselves after being contaminated by the previous night's sumptuous meal and comfortable accommodations.

Light winds on the nose kept us from making very many miles on this day. Fortunately we had reprovisioned Solje in Leland and the new, even better version of the Starbucks VIA coffee that Gary was able to whip up at a minute's notice with his handy little mini-cooker was just the ticket on this damp, cool and foggy day. The winds were patchy and shifty all day and despite our numerous tacks to keep sailing the more favorable angle to the rhumbline, we found ourselves only about 19 n. mi. from Leland at Sleeping Bear Dunes around 7 PM. We made the decision to stop and sleep until the wind filled in from the favorable direction promised by the weather radio.

We anchored off the giant sand dune, assured that any mishap would result in a soft landing. Grant and Vlad rowed past after we had covered up and gone to sleep. As Vlad later told it around a campfire, the sequence of events went like this: "There's a boat anchored off the point," said Vlad. "Perhaps they'll have the kettle on and we can get them to give us a cup of tea." A few minutes later: "It's a small boat." Later still: "It has chines ... shhhhhhh ..." And they rowed on past in total silence, not wishing to "disturb" us. Around midnight the expected wind shift caused us to start bouncing as the waves came ashore. We briefly thought of continuing with the original plan to sail all night, but quickly decided that it was more trouble than it was worth to get out of our cozy sleeping bags, etc. We knew this decision would likely cost us our chance to win the "race" and we found out the next morning when we checked in that Team Norseboat, Grant and Vlad, had beaten us to Manistee and the finish. But we were in no way upset by this as we brewed another Bailey's Irish Coffee to toast our competition who really deserved to finish first since they had so valiantly rowed and worked much harder than we had.

Day 7 (48 n. mi.): We got under way before 7 AM when the waves had increased to the point that sleep was impossible – even for Uncle Al. The final day's broad reach down to Manistee was quick and uneventful except for the pit stop at Point Betsie Light. The waves were captive in the small cove where we landed and instead of the gradual slope, the beach went right down to 4 feet. Uncle Al got to test his wetsuit once more but found the effort worthwhile when he was able to climb a fence and find some much appreciated facilities. In Manistee Stephanie drove into the launch ramp with the trailer, the Gosling's and the ginger beer just as we docked in the early afternoon. (Gosling's + ginger beer = Dark 'n' Stormy) After a short celebration, we retired to the campground

where we had rented a cabin to be shared with our competition.

We found out that we had passed them on Day 6 in the fog and then they had again rowed past us during the night while we slept – a story very nicely told by Vlad around the evening's campfire and included earlier in this log. Friday night saw the four sailors and their support team, and Stephanie, dine in style at the local golf course while the occasional kayak trickled across the finish line until late in the night

Saturday, the last day of the Tip of the Mitt was hot and sunny, just what we sailors needed to dry out our gear after a pretty wet week. The Gabagouache, a replica of a voyageur canoe had, made good time from the Straits to Manistee. And before she was packed up to be trailed home, those who, like Gary, were eager to have the experience, got to go out for a few hours Saturday afternoon. The next day concluded the event with a dinner where stories were shared, awards were given and proper acknowledgements made to the volunteers. Goodbyes were postponed until the following morning to allow for a proper celebration of a very successful event. What an adventure!

Written by Gary Hirsch with help from Uncle Al

Midwinter's continued from page 5

Saturday's racing was really close – at various times we were in pretty much any position between 1st and 4th or 5th. We had one great race with Al and Nick (until Nick capsized at the leeward mark). The race was nip and tuck all the way down the runs; we finally pulled ahead at the last leeward mark and crossed the finish just ahead of Al. This was Wayfarer racing at its best.....evenly matched boats, close mark roundings, and covering duels on the final beats. Another great lunch was followed by what turned out to be the final race of the event, in a dying wind. I stuck to all my rules on the first beat, but out of the corner of my eye I could see the Heffernan's steaming up the first beat, way out on the left, in what appeared to be their own private wind. We followed them down the run and tried to catch them on the next lap. The wind was shifting quite a lot and we eventually got close. Al had to do penalty turns right at the start and dropped back but he later pulled through and was way out on the right side of the beat. Which way should we go? The left. It was another close finish, which came at just the right time!

Saturday night was a really great Jimmy Buffett night.....more great food got me thinking about a

diet when I go home. The Scow sailors knew how to have a good time and put on a great night.

Sunday lived up to its forecast, with little or no wind and everyone gave a round of applause when the racing was cancelled.

So.....my memories? Well, what an event! Richard Johnson summed it all up on Saturday when he said Wayfarer sailing was about the “beer, friends, and sailing!” There was a lot of all three! Lots of events have good sailing, are in good venues, and are places where you meet old friends or make new ones. Lake Eustis had it all. The sailing was fantastic, very competitive and challenging. The people were wonderful and I will jump at the first opportunity I get to go back. And yes, there was some beer too! I am pretty hopeless at speaking off the cuff in public, but meant every word when I said that the Wayfarer Class and Lake Eustis SC can be very proud of the wonderful event that they have. If you could bottle some of the spirit and good will from the weekend, you would make your fortune selling it to clubs on the other side of the Atlantic! Lesson number 4 –Wayfarer Fleet 3 certainly knows how to have a good time!

I am looking forward to Toronto in 2013 and again extend an invitation to anyone who would like to come to Ireland, at any time, whether to sail or not.

Wayfarer Class, and all those who helped make the 2012 Midwinters so good, thank you! *TrevorFisher*

Lore from Lingeman’s Locker



Captain Jim Lingeman of Fleet 3 at Lake Eustis Sail Club is known by most of the current Wayfarer membership as a capable

sailor who solos his Wayfarer to first place finishes with ease regularly in the fleet races.

Before his Wayfarer life in Florida Jim competed on the championship level in the Windmill class. He even sailed a DN iceboat for a spell. He claims he never got the hang of the 45 degree windward legs. As he tells it, “I’d be speeding along on a port tack, feeling

overpowered, so I’d let out the sail like I was accustomed to do in the Windmill. This put me on more of a reach and made me go faster! It got scary!”

Over the numerous years of sailing and hanging around salty characters, Jim compiled a good bit of lore. Like this story about the Port Tack Award.

Zacariah Jones was well known for two pursuits in life, sailing and sipping wine, preferably together. Zac however, had a problem. He was afflicted with a left leg that was shorter than the right. Zac had overcome this handicap and had risen to command sailing ships, which he steered with relish and gusto. When the wind blew on the right side of the ship, causing the ship to list to port, Zac with his short left leg had a shaky time of it. With his well known habit of imbibing wine, Zac was once asked if he drank a lot on that tack. His reply was, “Nope, spill most of it.” But when Zac would tack, the ship heeled to the right and he could bolt upright and drink with ease his favorite, a glass of Port wine. Henceforth, in the annals of sailing, this became known as Zac’s Port Tack, later simply Port Tack.

FLEET 2, Walled Lake, Michigan

Mary Krauss, W864

In May Fleet 2 will start the sailing season as many members will participate in Lake Lansing Sailing Club’s 3rd Annual Wayfarer & CL16 Regatta at the nearby Lake Lansing. Fleet members will be able to hone their skills against competitors from the Lansing area, greater Detroit area and Canada. Newcomers are invited to crew for more experienced skippers. This one day regatta will be good practice for our fleet’s upcoming racing season that will once again be sailed on Walled Lake.

Last April Fleet members built 8 new sawhorses used to support 7 sections of dock. The sawhorses were then positioned in the cold lake and dock sections were floated out and attached. Now the dock is good for another decade of Wayfarer racing on Walled Lake. Join us in April when we reset the dock for this season.

To get on the distribution list for Fleet 2 events, schedules and information contact Mary Krauss at Wayfarer.MI@gmail.com

CALLING ALL WAYFARERS - 2012 Events

<i>May 12</i>	<i>Lake Lansing SC W/CL Regatta, East Lansing, Michigan</i>
<i>May 27-June 2</i>	<i>7th Annual Chesapeake Cruise, Oxford, Maryland</i>
<i>June 1- 3</i>	<i>Bayview One Design, Detroit Michigan</i>
<i>June 2, 3</i>	<i>Mayor's Cup, Lake Townsend, North Carolina</i>
<i>June 15</i>	<i>Chester River Downriver Race, Chrestertown, Maryland</i>
<i>June 16, 17</i>	<i>Rock Hall Yacht Club One Design Regatta, Rock Hall, Maryland</i>
<i>Aug 4-6</i>	<i>North American Championships, Mississauga Sail Club, Mississauga, Ontario</i>
<i>Jul 14-20</i>	<i>13th North American Cruise Rally, Wellesley Island SP, New York</i>
<i>Sept 10-11</i>	<i>Traverse Bay Regatta, Traverse City, Michigan</i>
<i>Sept 24-</i>	<i>Tim Dowling Memorial Regatta, Clark Lake, Michigan</i>

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

USWA SKIMMER 2012-1

**United States Wayfarer Association
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