



The Wayfarer **SKIMMER**

**United States Wayfarer Association
Fall/Winter 2012-4**

COMMODORE COMMENTS

Jim Heffernan, W1066, W2458

For many of you, the sailing season is giving way to the chill of winter. Here in the Mid-Atlantic region, we can sail in frostbite events without completely losing feeling in our fingers and toes. If you want a warmer venue in early February, join the Wayfarer sailors that will train, race, party and cruise at the Lake Eustis Sailing Club. This friendly club on the cypress lined shore of a clear Florida lake has given us many years of good racing and camaraderie at their annual Midwinter Wayfarer regatta. This year, the US National Championship will be sailed as part of this four day event. On Thursday January 31, the day before racing begins, there will be a boat tuning clinic, on water practice session, and short course racing where new racing or cruising sailors can learn and practice boat handling skills alongside Uncle Al and Grandpa Nick.

At one time or another, some of us have joined in a charity event where we ran, walked, golfed or played cards. This past October, a great group of sailors got together to race on a North Carolina lake to support Earlier.org, a non-profit dedicated to finding an early test for breast cancer. This regatta was particularly successful because generous Wayfarer sailors from Michigan and Ontario joined the NC boats to make a good showing of Wayfarer boats at a regatta where the Portsmouth Handicap system was used for scoring. After two days of racing in the winds ahead of Hurricane Sandy, we heard a lot of favorable and admiring comments from the folks racing in the Flying Scots, the Lightning and even the YFlyer since the performance of the Wayfarers was impressive as we put five Wayfarers in the top seven

spots. This was a good showing for a fine cause. The dynamic couple of Richard Johnson and Michelle Parish in their new Mark IV, Black Skimmer were impressive as they sailed into third place overall. First place honors went to W3854, a classic wooden Mark I, sailed sharply by the international team of Al Schonborn from Ontario Canada and Chip Cunningham from Michigan.

If you want to race, there is a lot of good club racing available in most areas of the US where sailors congregate. Wayfarers are always welcome and will do well when sailing using the handicap scoring system.

February 1, 2 and 3, 2013

USWA Nationals and Midwinter Championships,

Lake Eustis Sail Club, Eustis, FL

An onshore and on water training clinic will be held on Thursday, January 31. All are welcome to work out with top of the fleet instructors and coaches.

Let Dotty Murto know if you can attend all or part of this fun and hospitable event. Email dottydot39@aol.com.

A publication of the United States Wayfarer Association NATIONAL OFFICERS											
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<p>WEB SITE www.uswayfarer.org Robin Moseley, Webmaster</p> <p>USWA ANNUAL DUES</p> <table> <tr> <td>Full membership</td> <td>One year</td> <td>\$20.00</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Full membership</td> <td>Three years</td> <td>\$50.00</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Associate Membership</td> <td></td> <td>\$15.00</td> </tr> </table> <p>Associate Membership is available to non-Wayfarer owners.</p>			Full membership	One year	\$20.00	Full membership	Three years	\$50.00	Associate Membership		\$15.00
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The format is similar to the 2004 worlds – one of the most memorable sailing events that I have ever attended. The quality of race organization, the variety of on-shore activities and the hospitality of the Canadian hosting clubs is supreme. Sailing on Lake Ontario is sometimes like sailing in the Channel – the waves can be enormous! Those who are planning to enter should get their names on the Canadian Internationals web-site at www.wayfarer-international.org. Those who have not currently made a plan but would still like to go should get in touch with Mark Hartley – email mark@hartleyboats.com. There are still some spaces left in containers.

The international fleet size in Canada is expected to be about fifty boats with approximately fifteen to twenty from the UK. Like the 2010 Internationals at Weymouth “all Wayfarers are welcome.” You don’t have to be a “star racer” to go. If you want to have some memorable racing, some accommodation in a motel, some delicious breakfasts in Mingo’s diner, followed by a holiday of a lifetime in Canada then start thinking about it!

Introducing the Logo for Wayfarer Worlds XV

The Canadian Wayfarer Association Worlds Organizing Committee has chosen a logo for the event. The design is clean and elegant with the expectation that the date and location will be added to tee shirts and garments in appropriate locations.



The “W” is red and the words and line drawings are nautical blue.

International Championships Canada
Racing Secretary Mike McKechnie’s Report
From *The Wayfarer News*, the UKWA Newsletter

The Canada Internationals will be hosted by the Mississauga SC and the Port Credit YC from the 3rd to the 10th August 2013 on Lake Ontario. Both clubs are close to each other, south-east of Toronto, on a beautiful section of coastline. The main reason that our Nationals will be taking place in June 2013, relatively early, is to allow time for those competitors going to Canada to ship their boats out in time.

Calling All Wayfarer Cruisers!

In 2013 our North American Rally will also be the International Rally and will precede the Wayfarer Worlds at Mississauga Sail Club. We have set the rally dates of Friday, July 26 to Friday, August 2 at Killbear Provincial Park near Parry Sound Ontario. Put these dates on your calendar and plan to join us in for a week of sailing and camaraderie in this premier setting.

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Of Brown Dogs and English Boats

Richard Johnson, W10862

The rubbish from the Old Brown Dog regatta has barely made it to the curb and the old brown dog himself, still has a red wine stain on his forehead and nose. I'm not sure which wine it was but thank goodness he caught it. Now there's a good bar dog for you.

Tommy (aka The Old Brown Dog, and or Senior Brown Dog) is the epitome of the Wayfarer. He loves to travel and he himself is from a strange land (St. Mary's, Georgia), he has a bit of a checkered past, and he mixes very well with a crowd. So what has this hairy sausage of a dog with toothpick legs have to do with Wayfarers? He is welcomed where ever he goes, and fondly remembered when he is gone.



I think it is time, we as a class, truly get in touch with our Brown Doggedness. We love to travel, we mix well with crowds and we love the attention our boats receive. Whereas in the past we were

willing to be a bit insular, perhaps sullen, orphaned on the shores of North America, with no manufacturer and no hope, we now have a glimmer: the Mk IV. What's more we have our own distributor, NP Boats.

Now that we have a new boat, and a distributor, we need to do our part as a class. We need to stop traveling in the same tiresome circles. We need to get to new regattas and sail in Portsmouth Classes. We need to demonstrate the versatility, agility, and grace of our venerable dinghy. And the best way to do that is in open competition. Yes we are a one design class and yes we can have our one design fun, but the real challenge is in the outside world.

We can do this in three ways. One, join a boat club and participate in racing and not just Wayfarer

racing. Two: Look on the internet, and identify 5 Portsmouth Regattas within your region. Plan to attend three of them. Just go... you will have fun. Lastly, find a Portsmouth Regatta and invite two or three or more Wayfarer buddies to attend. In this manner you can have a mini Wayfarer Regatta and you can piggy back it on someone else and garner a lot of attention for our boat.

So whose job is this? It is each member's, but more to the point, it is the job of the regional reps, of whom I am one. We need to do a better job of keeping up with our regional members and a better job of knowing what is going on in our region in terms of events. We need to plan events and take advantage of events at other clubs.

So what is the goal and or purpose? First and foremost to enjoy sailing, secondary to that is to get out and sail more, tertiary to that is to get out into the community with our boats and enjoy the people we meet when sailing. As a goal beginning in 2013, we should strive to have 50 new wayfarer members by the end of 2017.

So what is the plan? . Just show up. There are some amazing places to sail and some truly pleasant people to meet. In the end just enjoy the sailing, the people and your boat. If you do no more than that you will always be welcome, and will be fondly remembered. And our class will grow. Senior Brown Dog would be proud.



AnneMarie Harris won the Old Brown Dog Award for most improved skipper at the Catawba Sail Club's regatta in early November.

ONE GREAT TRIP, FIVE GREAT LAKES!

Dawn Treader W1066 Sails in All Five!

Linda Heffernan

The versatility of the Wayfarer was shown again this summer when my husband, Jim, and I enjoyed a two week holiday trailering our Wayfarer, *Dawn Treader* to Canada and Michigan. It didn't begin as a quest to sail our restored woodie, W1066 in all five of the Great Lakes, but rather evolved after we made plans to attend the North Americans at Mississauga Sail Club on Lake Ontario.

Driving to Canada from our home in North Carolina is a 12 hour trip, too lengthy for a weekend so we retirees wanted to add other activities to this championship regatta. We happily accepted Nick and Mary Seraphinoff's invitation to spend a few days at their home on Grand Traverse Bay on Lake Michigan. Nick extended this invitation to USWA skippers and crews interested in a tuning and training session in preparation for the 2013 Worlds.

Traverse Bay is just a few hours' drive from the Upper Peninsula and as a native Michigander I had always wanted to visit Tahquamenon Falls, so it didn't take a great leap to tack this venture on to our two week escape from the heat and humidity of our home state. In addition, if the weather cooperated we could sail in Lake Superior! Wow! Three Great Lakes, three wonderful bodies of fresh water! We had our August get away planned!

Upon arrival at the Mississauga sailing Club on Friday we were greeted by the club's ambassador, Bill Taylor, father of MSC's racing team Mark and Paul. At 3PM we launched Dawn Treader in Lake Ontario in comfortable 9-11 mph easterly winds and a fair amount of chop. For reasons unknown to us, perhaps it was the unsteady seas, we stumbled our way through the tacks and gybes and to our chagrin upon raising our new spinnaker for the very first time lost the sail under the boat! Quick action prevented any damage. Not a very auspicious start to our Great Lakes tour! Saturday's four races in the 8-12 mph southeasterly winds went smoother but missing a few shifts and less than proper sail settings contributed to our disappointing 10th place.

On Sunday the winds blew in excess of 25 mph from the west and the Race Committee and sailors concurred that the sensible decision was to stay ashore. CWA Chairman, Mike Codd, brought out the overhead scale and Wayfarers lined up to be weighed. This activity

had been scheduled for Monday as an effort to document boats planning to compete in next summer's World Championship at Mississauga Sail Club. We anxiously watched as *Dawn Treader* was hoisted up and weighed in at 422 pounds very near the weight of another woodie, *Chich*, sailed by Sue Pilling and Steph Romaniak.

Since we ended our Ontario stay a day early we grabbed the opportunity to sail *Dawn Treader* in Lake Huron on our way to Traverse City. On midday Monday we arrived at Lakeport State Park nestled on the sandy shoreline of Lake Huron, set up camp and drove to the launch at the public marina in Lexington, 10 miles north. We were excited about the unexpected opportunity to add another Great Lake to our list but Monday's onshore east winds were a bit strong, kicked up a lot of waves and promised an uncomfortable departure from the lone finger pier and a tough sail around the breakwater. We decided to wait until the morning and the forecast of less wind. Our patience paid off as Tuesday morning brought southwesterly winds of twelve -fifteen mph and calmer seas. We enjoyed a brisk sail reaching along the shoreline in the light chop and looking through the clear water at the rocks fifteen feet below the surface. We snapped photos and captured a short video of Lexington Trailer Park to share with Jim's brother and sister since LTP was where they all spent their childhood summers.

By late afternoon we were on the western side of the state ready to take on Lake Michigan! From the moment we arrived at the Seraphinoff's lovely home on East Bay of Grand Traverse Bay we were immersed in Nick's Adult Sailing Camp with the finest facilities for sailing, launching and day docking. We walked to the water to see Nick and his daughter, Julie, sailing the *Osprey*, a 19 foot Hartley Boat, with Julie testing her skills on the trapeze. Richard Watterson had just docked his new Wanderer, the 14 foot version of a Wayfarer. On a trailer waiting to be sailed was another Hartley boat, the Super Nova, a sleek and speedy 12 footer. In case you didn't already know this, Nick and Peter Rahn are now distributors of Hartley Boats in North America and good salesman that he is, Nick wants to provide more than a brochure for his prospective customers!

Wednesday began with coffee on the deck overlooking the collection of boats tied up at the long pier or on dollies. While we slept Marc Bennett had arrived with *Jamaican Blue W 10861*. During the coffee hour Chip Cunningham showed up having driven from Lapeer,

Michigan with *Solje W 1320*. An hour later Mary Seraphinoff arrived from Detroit with son-in-law, Nikos Damaskinos, and his daughter, Marina. Next Bill Smethleys arrived by sea – he had solo-sailed his Wayfarer from his summer house on the west side of the bay.

We were eager to launch *Dawn Treader* in Lake Michigan and sail with our friends but Race Captain Marc Bennett had promised a rigging and tuning session. Thus, four Wayfarers and one Wanderer were gathered at the near-by boat launch for measurement of mast rake, jib luff tension, and spreader angles. By mid afternoon all boats were launched and the match sailing began in the moderate winds. Two woodies, two Mark IV's and one Wanderer provided a beautiful display of finely tuned sailboats slicing through the blue waters in the bright sunshine. After comparing boat speed on windward tacks and reaches we sailed our boats back to the Seraphinoff pier for the night. The sailing talk and camaraderie continued through our pizza dinner. In early evening we said good-bye to Marc and Julie who returned to work responsibilities in East Lansing.

On Thursday Nick showed us one of his favorite day cruises and led our fleet of four boats to the "sandbar," a local shallow area on the east side of the bay where we anchored the boats, walked barefoot in the soft sand, enjoyed refreshments and shared laughs. Dinner back at the Seraphinoff home was a special event that included Mary's cousin, Ray, and his wife, and Linda's cousin, Virginia, all Traverse City residents. The wonderful company and memorable sailing on East Traverse Bay of Lake Michigan, our Great Lake #3, was a highlight of the entire trip.

Friday morning we said good bye to our Wayfarer friends and headed to the Upper Peninsula. In two hours we were crossing the Mackinac Bridge, the four mile wonder that spans the Straits of Mackinac where the waters of Lake Huron to the east join the waters of Lake Michigan to the west. We thought of Gary Hirsh and Al Schonborn who one year ago had sailed Gary's Wayfarer, *Solje*, through these straights on their Tip of the Mitt cruise. Their Wayfarer must have appeared and felt pretty small under this mammoth structure!

A pleasant drive amid the northern pines and birches brought us to our reserved campsite at Tahquamenon State Park near Paradise, Michigan and within striking distance of Lake Superior, the next quest on our Great Lakes Tour. The winds were too strong for sailing but we knew we had four days to complete a splash of

Dawn Treader and thus add Great Lake #4 to the list. Fortunately, there was plenty to do at this beautiful park and famous falls, second highest east of the Mississippi River. We filled Friday and Saturday with touring the upper and lower falls, hiking into Clark Lake where we found a patch of wild blueberries, some of the few survivors in this year's poor crop. The temperatures in the 70's were comfortable for us but we learned were far too warm for the elusive moose that hunker into the bogs whenever the thermometer rises above 66 degrees!

On Sunday the wind abated and we launched *Dawn Treader* into Whitefish Bay, known as the Graveyard of Lake Superior. What a thrill it was to sail around the sandy point of the bay and into the expanse of the largest of the great lakes. As we sailed near the shore, avoiding the shoals near Whitefish Point, we put on a good show for the tourists at the *Shipwreck Museum*, but were always aware that we were the only sail or power boat on the water! And yes, even on a sunny August day, the water is very cold!

While unrigging in the parking lot after our successful sail we met a family arriving with a Flying Dutchman sailboat. We thought about re-launching the Wayfarer but chatted instead, because we still needed time to tour the Lighthouse and Shipwreck Museum. At this attractive museum we learned about the fate of over 300 freighters and passenger vessels that floundered and sank near Whitefish Point due to careless collisions or winter storms in the mighty Superior. We both have strong memories of the tragic loss of the *Edmund Fitzgerald* immortalized by Gordon Lightfoot in his soulful ballad of the shipwreck in an early November storm in 1974. We were living in southern Michigan then and the tragedy seemed personal to many persons familiar with the sight of the ore freighters moving north and south off the eastern shores of Michigan.

With the fourth Great Lake entered into our log, we began to wander home on a route that took us to Detroit for a short visit with my brother and sister-in-law who live between the Bayview Yacht Club and the Renaissance Center both located on the Detroit River. At this time we already had our minds set on sailing in Lake Erie which would complete the five Great Lake circuit but agreed that the Detroit River, one of the links between Lake Huron and Lake Erie, didn't really qualify. However, the stop-over gave us a chance to

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Halloween on the Townsend Regatta, Oct 27, 28, 2012
Lake Townsend, North Carolina

Wayfarers dash to windward after a start on Saturday.

New USWA member AnneMarie Harris and crew Andy Foreman display the seaworthiness of her newly restored W276.

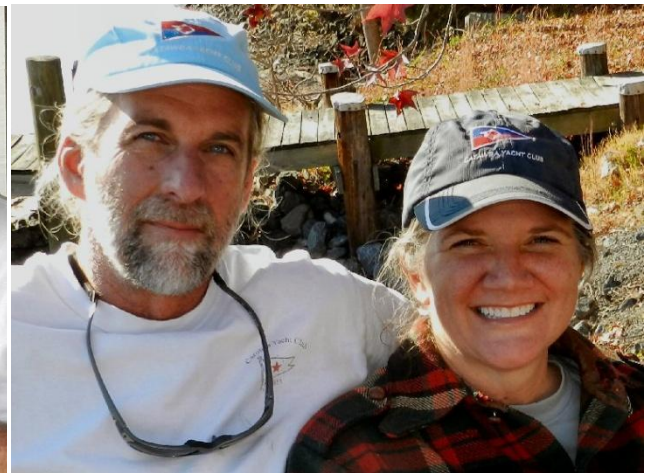
Returning to the USWA is Gary Hirsch (r) with local crew, Jim Goodman.

Mary Seraphinoff wins the pearls in the open raffle at the HOT charity regatta.

Colorful spinnakers in a brisk breeze

Photos by Kathy Sisk





Top: Wayfarers and MC Scows shared the five races on Saturday.

Center left: Chip Cunningham, Marc Bennett and Nick Seraphinoff show off the coveted dog bowl trophies. Nick and crews placed 3rd. Sharing the crew spot were Marc, on Saturday, and Chip on Sunday.

Center right: John and Liza Holmes of CSC. MC Scow skipper John and his wife competed in W10874, a Mark IV now residing at CSC.



Relaxing after Sunday's cruise race, left to right: Chip Cunningham, Linda Heffernan, Terri and Don Silsbe, Jim Heffernan with Zoe, Liza and John Holmes, AnneMarie Harris, Michele Parish. Richard Johnson. Nick Seraphinoff. Al Schonborn. Marc Bennett. Joe Blackmore.

Wayfarers All the Way Down

Chip Cunningham, Solje W1321

Esteemed Professor: *Many Native American cosmologies place the Earth on the back of a giant turtle.*

Curious Student: *Well, what's the turtle standing on?*

Professor: *Another turtle.*

Student: *So, what's that turtle standing on?*

Professor: *Another turtle.*

Student: *How many turtles are there?*

Professor: *Nobody knows for sure; but it's turtles all the way down.*

Traditional

At the beginning of this year, 2012, I was trying hard to make a big mistake. Sky, my wife and so-far mostly phantom crew on *Solje W1321*, had said toward the end 2011's sailing season, "If we go out cruising, I don't want to sit for days in the rain. I want something with a cabin."

So I began torturing myself with the notion of finding a sailboat with a small cabin that was (in order of importance)



beautiful, seaworthy, trailerable and affordable. You may already see the flaw.

I hope you never find out how easy it is to become obsessed with the hull designs, capsizes ratios, and sheer beauty of the hundreds of small yachts that you can

find any minute any day (or night) on your computer. The ones that sold quickly—perfect solutions lost forever. There must be an aphorism about the most beckoning being the farthest away.

Chester, Nova Scotia, is 27 hours from Michigan. To tow back home the "Bristol Condition Alberg 22 and trailer" I had found, I traded my economical but insufficiently powerful Toyota pickup for an insufficiently economical but powerful Chevrolet pickup. In Nova Scotia I was met by the alcoholic broker and the uncurious surveyor that I had engaged to preview the boat. Let me just say that the boat might have been Bristol ten years ago. The trailer had

never been. I drove back home depressed but relieved that I wasn't towing that boat behind me. I know what certainly would have happened: the boat lying on its side across both lanes of construction detour in downtown Montreal.

Chastened, I resolved not to stray farther than 12 hours from home. It was no problem finding boats that far away to look at. To Milwaukee, for instance, or once to New Liskeard, 100 miles north of North Bay, where a moose chased me off the road.

Somewhere in all this I met a man who has forty boats all 26' LOA or less. There is something compelling about a man with forty boats. He gave me one good word of advice, "moisture meter," and exponentially increased the difficulty of finding a boat in suitable condition.

Early fiberglass layups involved two layers of fiberglass with varying core materials, like balsa, or pressed-board, or foam. Being a new technology, it was insufficiently understood that fiberglass is permeable to some extent, and that any holes through it also allow water into the core where it reacts with the core materials and becomes acidic and—but that's another story. It's enough to know that you don't want to buy a boat with a wet core. While finding the wet core may not be easy, finding a boat with one is.

Even so, I finally did find the boat of my dreams, a Cape Dory 22, which is an updated Alberg 22. She was in Sackets Harbor on Lake Ontario. My forty-boat friend even guessed the boat and her owner and recommended them both. Many long emails and lots of pictures later I had a strong feeling she was the one. Good sails. No inboard motor. Not a lot of fancy electronics. Dry. A top notch trailer. And a very likeable owner. I add this last observation because it was one of the best things to come with *Solje*.

Ah, *Solje!* Back to *Solje*. I had just spent three weeks giving her a new aluminum powder/epoxy bottom and varnish over a clear epoxy sealer on her decks. Robert Mosher and I made plans to take her to the regattas in North Bay for her coming out. She looked beautiful. I would go see the Cape Dory 22 the following weekend.

The Wayfarer National Long Distance Race was wonderful. We would have finished under the time limit had the jib tensioner not blown to pieces. The flogging genoa undid its tack and was streaming like a pennant from its head. I really love passage races.

The Canada Day Race, Robert and I got into some trouble (but got back out before the weekend was over.) At the buoy south of North Bay where we were to turn east into the channel for Callander Bay we were hit from port aft by what seemed like a full gale to me, but what Uncle Al's perspective downgraded to a brief squall. Everyone else struck their sails. I thought if we could just keep the boat upright it was a perfect opportunity to blast into first place. And except for Hansman's *Beowulf* it looked like we would have. Alas, we didn't understand that the race had been shortened to the turning buoy. I wonder if either Robert or I will ever go that fast in a Wayfarer again.

Monday I crewed for Al in the Don Rumble Memorial Series, a nearly overwhelming introduction to the finer points of Wayfarer sailing. By Monday evening I was thoroughly exhausted. I went out in a dying breeze and dozed off sailing *Solje* back and forth on beautiful Callander Bay.



Chip also crewed for Al Schonborn at the HOT Regatta on Lake Townsend, NC at the end of October.

Sailing with Al had given me one glimpse into how far I had to go. Another stunning indication happened at Clark Lake in 2011, my first race as helm. It was a windward-leeward course, two times around. As I was rounding the leeward mark for the first time the Heffernans and Al were flying across the line for a close finish, and hence sailing twice as fast as I was. Twice is quite a bit.

So, on the drive home from North Bay it finally hit me, "What was I thinking? Another boat!" That was the same question Robert had posed to Sky and me when we told him of our bigger-boat plans on the ride back from the Canadian Wayfarer Association's 2012

Annual General Meeting . So it wasn't news to him when I announced that I was not interested in the Cape Dory 22 after all: two boats and I'd probably never learn to sail or take care of either of them well.

What a joy is an undivided heart. When I sail, it's *Solje*. I can be on the water of a large and uncrowded lake in little over a half-hour. This is probably a good place to mention another major feature of my life: Sky's garden. It is unquestionably hers. I am allowed to supply what has traditionally been done by mules. We grow most of what we eat, so the garden comes first. By that I mean that during the height of the planting season you might as well not even ask Sky to pass the salt. Any chance that she might go sailing has to wait until at least mid-July. My garden indenture, however, allows me to sail maybe four afternoons a week.

Our first attempt at crewing together was at Fanshawe's sufficiently-late-in-the-season Pumpkin Regatta in 2011. We were mercifully cautioned by almost all the other competitors to not begin our racing career in such high and fluky winds. No kidding: that race would have certainly been the last time we were ever in a boat together. Even Sue Pilling and Steph Romaniuk capsized before the start of the first race—twice!

But we had a great time and we got to meet Vera and Jeff Eames who told us about their recent cruise down the Rideau Canal which they described as their best ever. Their main advice was to "Wait until all the kids go back to school." That fit with the garden, so Sky and I immediately set it as a goal for 2012.

We began researching the Rideau, but soon got interested in another canal we were aware of only by name: the Trent-Severn. The Trent-Severn Waterway runs generally westward from Trenton, Ontario, on the Bay of Quinte in northeast Lake Ontario through a series of rivers, lakes and canals across lower Ontario to Port Severn at the southeast end of the Georgian Bay. As the crow flies it is 120 miles, by the waterway 240 miles, through 45 locks, past 36 swing bridges and under 24 stationary bridges with a minimum clearance of 22 feet.

Now, a Wayfarer can be heeled under twenty-two feet but having already read about "shooting a bridge" what better reason to learn? So this year at our first opportunity in late July we headed for the public launch on the Black River in Port Huron. There are four bridges in the mile between the launch and the St

Clair River, the highest being 18' and the lowest six feet. The wind was against us, so we motored out.

Motoring allowed us to concentrate on the mechanics of dropping the mast. *Solje* came with one pair of blocks in her forestay. The line through them leads through the splash board to a cleat in the cockpit. It is a simple matter for one person to raise and lower the mast. The process is:

- 1) Loosen the main and vang up enough to take the boom off the gooseneck to allow it to fold along the mast. It's a nice touch to have the lanyard that retains the cotter pin that goes through the tack of the main long enough to go around the mast so that the boom hangs up out of the way.
- 2) Release the jib halyard. It is not necessary to drop the jib completely. Not dropping it can even be advantageous, as you will see.
- 3) Release the line to the forestay blocks and ease the mast down. At this point you will realize that the spreaders are in the way of the tiller, and so unless and until you have a crutch that will hold the mast high enough for them to clear, you'll need to hold it there yourself.
- 4) Drift under. Pull it all back up.

The last bridge with just six feet of clearance seems to be always open but I think we could get under five feet if we had to. We motored on out into the St Clair River and up the US side—the outside of the bend—against a 5 knot current with standing waves and huge ominous smooth upwellings. The river is forty feet deep along there and about a thousand feet wide. That's a lot of water and it feels like it!

Under the two Blue Water Bridges—it's quite something, all that structure 135' overhead—and then suddenly you're in Lake Huron. It's big. It was also warm and clear with a 10 knot wind. We were relieved to shut the motor off and set sail. Three hundred feet from shore we could jump out of the boat into waist-deep water onto a white sand bottom. We took turns towing each other behind the boat. We sailed around the channel buoys, across the shipping lane and into Canadian water.

We sailed on a run back into the St Clair River, swept along with enough steerage way to keep off the breakwall. We were passed by a lake freighter and one salty heading upriver. They made far less wake than the occasional monster speedboat. We turned into the Black River on a reach. At the first bridge I dropped

the mast all the way and Sky helmed the shot. At the next bridge I lowered the mast just enough to clear. The jib which we hadn't dropped all the way was still catching air and pulled us neatly under the bridge. We were applauded for that bit of good luck by some people on an outdoor restaurant deck. On to the Trent-Severn!

Except that Sky spent September flirting with whooping cough. Our plan to sail in the Pumpkin and go from there on to Orillia to sail the Trent-Severn to Port Severn and back took on a singlehanded aspect. I got an invitation from Al to crew for him at the Pumpkin and I accepted.

When I first started sailing *Solje* I had a nebulous concern about capsizing. Now that I have capsized I have a focused concern about losing stuff if I do. A ten day cruise is a lot of stuff. I outfitted *Solje* with six 16"x 24" lidded plastic tubs. They weren't waterproof, but they weren't going to fall out. They were each lashed down with two lines through holes in the floorboards. The two 16" high ones went on each side up against the forward bulkhead under the deck. They held a land tent, sleeping gear and clothes that I wouldn't need to access more than once a day. The two 12" high tubs fit lengthwise across in front of the rear bulkhead. One held cooking gear. The other held a selection of outerwear, hats and gloves. The two 9" high ones fit athwart under the thwart. One held food and the other held charts, a VHF radio, and small stuff like that. They untied easily and stacked out of the way at night. I wouldn't change a thing for the next trip. Boom tent in the rear compartment. A working jib and a spare main in the forward.

I stopped in Fanshawe long enough to pick up first place with Al in the lightly attended Pumpkin regatta. Then, hauling *Shades* out, Al and I stopped on the ramp long enough to pick up this year's Lansdown Spittoon.

I got to the Orillia municipal ramp at sundown Sunday, rigged *Solje* under a streetlight, launched her, got the boom tent up and went to sleep. In the morning the ramp was busy with barges, construction crews and big equipment. I cooked a pressure cooker full of beans and potatoes and headed north into Lake Couchiching. I sailed with a kind of worried intensity. It was about as windy as I would want it on such a shallow lake. I furled the genoa a couple of times. Then sailing past

some tree covered rocks about three quarters of the way up the lake it hit me—I don't *have* to be anywhere for the next ten days. So I sailed into the lee of the rocky island and made a cup of tea.

It just got better and better from then on. Around each turn I would see a maple tree that was redder than the last. One day I only saw ten other boats. At night I would sail into the most beautiful place I could find, drop the anchor and go to sleep.

I'd love a race down the Trent-Severn—like a *Tour de Ontario* in Wayfarers. I have one word for you: take a working jib.

Dawn Treader, continued from page 5

catch up with family and feast on our sister-in-law's tasty seafood gumbo, while we waited for some wind and investigated some public launches on Lake Erie.

Late Thursday morning we headed south, passing automobile factories, steel plants and huge oil reservoirs, all familiar sights, but ones we hadn't viewed in years. Outside of Toledo, Ohio we stopped at the Pointe Mouillee Waterfowl Preserve and Custer State Park. The launch was more than adequate but the south winds in the narrow channel leading to the river mouth provided an easy run out and a challenging windward approach back in. We were committed to completing this quest so we rigged and launched before we could change our minds. Egrets lined the west shore of the channel and we enjoyed the beauty of the preserve, a jewel in the midst of the industrial community. In the clear waters of Lake Erie we saw for ourselves that the zebra mussels are still doing their algae clean up job. The 10 mph winds steadily increased and the choppy seas contributed to a frisky sail. We snapped photos of the cooling towers of the Enrico Fermi Nuclear Plant to the north and other smokestacks on the shore to the south. Looking around we saw no other boats so skipped the spinnaker. Knowing we had miles to cover we wound up a happy sail and began the difficult beat back up the narrow channel to the launch. It proved to be as tedious as we had predicted but lots of practice in the Branch of Hermit Island, Maine in previous years paid off.

This day sail on Lake Erie completed our adventure of sailing *Dawn Treader* in all five Great Lakes during a two week trip that again demonstrated the versatility of the Wayfarer. In this short period we had raced W1066 in a North American Championship in Lake Ontario,

sailed with Wayfarer friends in Lake Michigan and day sailed on our own in Lake Huron, Lake Superior and Lake Erie. However, whatever the event or reason for launching our Wayfarer, we know that it is the friendships we have made through our years of sailing with the Wayfarer Class that are the real reasons for our participation!

NA Cruising Rally 2013, continued from page 2

In addition, you need to mark February 26 as the date to book your campsite. Reservations for campsites at Ontario parks open at 7:00 am 5 months before the first day of the reservation. Since Killbear is a very popular park and August 3-5 is a long weekend in Ontario, sites will go fast. Make sure that you are ready to book on February 26, or February 27 if you will not arrive until Saturday.

See <http://www.ontarioparks.com/english/reservations.html>.

As this is the International Rally, think about how you can help to host our friends from overseas.

If you are not already on my mailing list, and want to receive future updates on this event, let me know at majam41@gmail.com.

*Alan Asselstine
CWA Cruising Secretary*

2013 DUES ARE NOW DUE

Check your label. The year printed after your name indicates the year your dues are due.

2012 members are past due.

2013 members are due in January 2013.

2014 and later members – thank you for your support!

Mail your checks to Michele Parish

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Charlotte, NC 28211

Or pay online when you receive your dues notice by email.

Full membership	One year	\$20.00
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Associate Membership is available to non-Wayfarer owners.		

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Jan 31, 2013 Sailing Clinic, Eustis Florida
Feb .1-3, 2013 Midwinters/USWA Nationals Eustis, Florida
Lake Eustis Sail Cub

May 18-19, 2013 Lake Lansing Regatta, E. Lansing, Michigan

May 26-31, 2013 Chesapeake Bay Cruise

June 1-2, 2013 Mayor's Cup, Lake Townsend YC, Greensboro, NC

June 14 Chester River Race,
Chester River YC, Chestertown, Maryland

June 15-16 RHYC One Design Regatta, Rock Hall, Maryland

*For more information contact Jim Heffernan, jheffernan@nc.rr.com
If you know of an Open Handicap event in your area where Wayfarers can
participate, we can post the info here and on the Racing Schedule.*

USWA SKIMMER 2012-4

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

***YEAR ON YOUR LABEL INDICATES YEAR DUES ARE DUE.
Send dues to Treasurer/Secretary, see page 2.***