



# The Wayfarer SKIMMER

United States Wayfarer Association  
Fall 2014-3

## COMMODORE COMMENTS

*Jim Heffernan W1066, W2458*

From Maine to the Everglades and throughout Michigan, Wayfarer racing and cruising sailors have left their mark on the memories of those ashore and afloat who watched as our summer adventures unfolded. On the Casco Bay waters of Maine, lobstermen and vacationers on shore waved to us passing by in our hardy dinghies gently lifting on the swells from the Atlantic Ocean. In Florida, many watched as an adventurous group of kayakers and sailors, including Gary Hirsch in W4573, trekked from Tampa Bay to the Florida Keys over multiple days and nights, some in the Gulf of Mexico while others threaded through the inland waterways.

In Michigan, our two major championship regattas were held on very different bodies of water and under a huge variety of wind conditions. Those on shore at the North American Championship on Clark Lake, had a close view of the windy action while spectators in Tawas Bay could only see the distant sails weaving through the course in ideal wind and waves as sailors competed for the US National Ian Proctor Trophy.

Regardless of where our boats were we always had a lot of curiosity from those watching us launch and recover and even had questions shouted from passing boats. The Wayfarer sure looks smart and seaworthy racing or dodging moored boats in the Branch near Small Point, Maine or quietly slipping past Captiva Island, Florida in the dimming evening night.

Every February, many Wayfarers gather in Lake Eustis, Florida to race, train, instruct others, day sail and of course socialize. New Wayfarers are encouraged to attend and have a good time.

## 2014 Everglades Challenge *Gary Hirsch, Red Rover W4573*

What was I thinking? I am a self-employed CPA. I am going to leave my office for 10 days during the middle of tax season, drive to Florida, compete in the craziest race ever devised and then drive back. I will be sailing 300 miles and driving over 3,000 miles. When I get home, my desk will be overflowing with work to catch up on. My wife, Stephanie does not help with my tax practice but will be accepting appointments and data files from clients in my absence. Have I bit off a bit much this time?



So what is this crazy race? It is an expedition race for canoes, kayaks, windsurfers, paddle boards and small sailboats. The only restriction is that you have to start above the high tide mark on Fort DeSoto Beach in Tampa Bay. You are required to get the boat into the water by yourself taking everything that you use with you for the duration of the race. You also have to have everything that you will need for the 300 mile course that includes travel through the Everglades National

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**2014 Everglades continued**

Park. That means lots of water, some food and a long list of required safety equipment. The expedition rules require that you have no pre-arranged help along the course. You are allowed to forage for whatever you can find along the way.

**Day 0:** Friday is spent with registration, gear check, positioning the boat on the beach, packing the boat and looking at all of the different craft that have been selected with the hope of completing the course. The day flew by and there wasn't much time for the last item. I did take a couple of pictures before it was time to stage my car in the designated parking area. After a great dinner provided by my host friends, Bill & Sheila Fite in Tampa, I took two sleep aids, set an alarm for

4:30 and found myself wide awake at 4:00 AM, no alarm needed. This did provide time to enjoy a quiet cup of coffee before we left for the boats.

**Day 1:** The beach was a buzz of activity when I arrived at 5:45am and I went straight to my boat to start packing and organizing the last minute provisions and gear. When I went to put my keys and wallet in a waterproof bag in anticipation of needing them both in Key Largo I realized that I had left my wallet in my shore pants that were locked in my car down at the Fort DeSoto launch ramp. Borrowing the keys to Bill's vehicle I made a dash for the parking lot about two miles away. On the return, I was able to pick up another competitor and made his day as he was walking back. I missed the required roll call due to a nature call, but made it back to my boat prior to the start. Someone must have yelled "here" at the appropriate time. Then, I had a slight delay at the gun as a kayaker launching beside me was taking his time and I didn't want to crash into him if my boat got away from me. As it turned out, I gave "Red Rover" a shove onto the rollers and she took off down the slight decline to the water dragging me along for a few feet into the water before I was able to regain control. I packed up my rollers and was on my way. The wind was light, but I was moving along nicely and it was a good way to calm the pre start jitters. I watched Bill and Neal row sailing ahead of me and sort of followed their track, remembering Bill's instructions from the night before about turning South too soon. As it turned out and recorded on my GPS tracking, I did exactly what he warned against. But the light wind negated the issues that could have brought me troubles. My centerboard brushed the bottom a few times, but didn't slow me down much. The waning wind did!

Around New Pass the wind died to nothing and I even got out my oars for a bit and passed the Core Sound 20 sailed by Doug Cameron and a partner. I was reminded of words from Ron Hoddinott at the start: "when the wind dies it will come back from a new direction." We got a NE wind and it was building most of the afternoon. I reveled in the 9+ knots that my GPS was showing when we would surf along a wave train for what seemed like a full minute or more. Top speed that afternoon registered 9.6 knots. When I talked to Stephanie later, she was surprised that a Wayfarer could go that fast.

Just as the sun was going down, I was within a mile of Stump Pass and the batteries abruptly quit on my GPS. I had my hands full trying to sail the big rollers and

*Continued on page 9*

## Hermit Island Cruise Rally 2014

*Annelies Groen W6090*

Five years ago I signed up for my first 'voyage' at Killbear Provincial Park in Ontario, and now I plan my summer around the cruising dates. That is, fresh water dates. The trip to Maine which was planned for this summer seemed long and I was wary of taking on the Atlantic. I needed a push, and for this I will give credit to Patsy Wallace. Although sailing is my passion, the motivation for me to do the 14 hour drive to Maine this year was because of ... the lobster.

As a fresh water skipper I had some anxiety regarding sea sailing, such as setting my own mooring anchorage. I had visions of losing W6090 or tangling up with other boats. Fortunately, the Wayfarer cruising community, Tom Graefe especially, came to my rescue with some excellent advice on anchors and rode lengths. As it turned out, most of the 14 boats found dock space at Hermit Island and my mooring anchor never left the campsite. With my ever patient partner and crewmate, Stewart, we were able to step off the dock and onto the boat, a luxury I don't have at my home club. The adventure with the 8 foot tides is another story.

First day out was Sunday when Jim and Linda Heffernan invited us to a tour around Wood and Little Wood Island to the west of Small Point Harbor, our home base.. Winds were fair and I thought it would be a good start to the week as W6090 was so new to me that I had yet to sail the boat. Little did I know that the challenge lay in the harbor that day, and not in the open water. Jibing up the narrow inlet (The Branch) from the docks to the ocean meant avoiding not only moored fishing and pleasure boats, but avoiding the mud and sand lurking below. As the tide charts dictated arrival or departure from the dock, there was always a risk that the tide was not high enough to clear the bottom.

Our first encounter with the tidal flats was when W6090 ground to a halt as the centerboard lodged itself firmly in the mud. Fortunately I was able to jump overboard and push off though I could feel my feet embedding deeper into the waterbed. I used the buoyancy of the boat to lever myself out of the sludge. This action stopped the boat dead (again). Were it not for the push of the outgoing tide we would not have been able to steer clear of the mud flat. Lesson learned. From then on Stewart would spring to lift the centre board at the slightest sound of grinding sand while I would tack immediately to avoid being grounded. Challenging yes, but well worth the day's outing. W 6090 sailed well, water was flat enough so to

share on-the-water refreshments between boats and we came back with a sense of accomplishment.

The following morning's skipper's meeting determined that Cundy's Harbor was the first "all in" destination to launch the week. The island lay to the northwest of Small Point Harbor and provided sheltered mooring and docks at the marina as well as a restaurant for lunch. The wind at 10-15 knots meant we could get there and back before the tide changed. Boats paired off for safety and launched up the channel and out to a northwest wind. On arrival we found plenty of space at the dock for the group. Our lunch spot at the restaurant perched above the harbor gave us a lovely vantage of the boats and sea. The only sour note was a dockside mishap that landed Patsy a broken toe as diagnosed by our doctor and fellow skipper, Brian Laux. A lesson learned for us all: never leave the dock without checking if Brian is going sailing as well.

Tuesday's sail was to Elm Island west of home base. We landed at low tide and those boats arriving early found a sand beach between the two halves of the island, whereas others had to throw a lunch anchor on the rocks and fend off boats coming in from behind. Interesting observation, the presence of kelp only decreases traction and hides the sharp rock lurking beneath, as my skinned foot noted. Elm Island has one wind-scraped scrub of a tree (perhaps an elm?). Not much survives the wind and weather here. We sailors lunched on rock shelves out of the wind, enjoying the opportunity to relax in the sun.



*Annelies of Toronto Sail and Canoe Club reveled in salt water sailing and lobster meals.*

Wednesday's sail in 6-8 knot south wind brought us to Ragged Island southwest of Small Point Harbor. No one had explored the area closely, but we assumed that, since there was a house on the island, there should be a harbor or shore.

However, none was to be seen, despite close inspection. One boat had decided to head out exploring the southern part of Ragged and Jim and Linda flew after them, hoping to shepherd them away from the Azores. Unlike Georgian bay, the other side of the Atlantic is a long way off should you decide to "visit."

We joined several boats which had decided to drop anchor and lunch on the east side out of the wind. AnneMarie Covington remained aboard *Lucky Day* waiting for Tom Goldsmith who was desperate to revisit his earlier success and was snorkeling for lobster. Henry Rose and I were not to be outdone and also jumped into the brine, showing off our Canadian hardiness. I do have to say, lying on the sun-warmed deck of W6090 was a good reprieve after the swim.

Knowing where you are is important on open water, as all land seems connected. There is nothing visible to distinguish an island from a peninsula. Having the right information is also critical. On Monday's cruise the overhead wire over Carrying Place Cove was not noted on the digital maps from iChart, whereas its 30' height, could be a problem for a Wayfarer at high tide. Good idea to know the height of the mast when measured from the waterline.

Thursday Stewart and I took the day off and enjoyed the Marine Maritime Museum in Bath and lunched on lobster (of course) at Shaw's Fish and Wharf Restaurant, on the nearby waterfront. It was a good thing that we stayed on land as the sailors that set out to Sequin Island never made it. They came back reporting no wind and that they had to be towed back (oh the humiliation), some of them by a boat with a converted weed whacker. Try to live that one down!

Friday's sail was made by a few intrepid sailors who returned with recorded boat speeds of more than 7 knots! We could not be part of the trip as W6090 was out of the water and packed for the journey home. I will definitely return, determined to feel the salt water spray on my face at those speeds!

The sailors that gathered in Maine this summer formed a group that met nightly for company, music, food, and libation. Campsites were close enough that one could hear a beer bottle opened at the neighboring site (the sound of an invitation). Thanks to Sean Ring, the first social on Saturday night, included the tasting of his latest home-made vintage. Apparently it was a good draft as we finished the keg. I must remark on the gastronomic success of Mary Asselstine's meatballs,

the stuffed grape leaves, and many other delectable hits.

Over the week the gatherings included seafood tasting at the Lobster Hut down the road, All Hands Dinner at Spinney's Restaurant and the Left-Overs dinner hosted by Allan and Mary Asselstine at which Jim and Linda Heffernan showed off their ability to make delicious wood baked camp fire apple pie. I cannot neglect the fabulous Lobster Boil under the picnic shelter at Sailboat Beach on Thursday night. This night was for me the gastronomic highlight. I had never been to a lobster boil with a pot for 30 lobsters, never seen or tasted corn steamed on a wood fire sandwiched between kelp, and never listened to music from an amp boosted from the battery on a van.

Maine is on my cruising map now. Though initially the draw was the lobster I will return for the sailing and the collegiality of sailors. I have a winterful of stories to get me through till next summer's cruise.

### **New Detroit Team Scores First at US Nats**

#### ***Al Schonborn W3458***

A Detroit team stepped into a Wayfarer borrowed from Nick Seraphinoff (W10974) and beat a hot fleet of Wayfarer regulars in the 2014 U.S. Nationals hosted by the wonderful Tawas Bay YC in perfect weather September 6-7. Doug Scheibner and Andrew Lockhart who more usually sail Etchells out of Detroit's Bayview YC began their series with a spectacular 1-2-2 in very challenging shifts and then hung on to edge out Canadian champions, Sue Pilling and Steph Romaniuk, in a 6-race series. Doug and Andrew thus became the first American team to take top spot in a U.S. Wayfarer Nationals since Joe and Janis Schnur won in 1986 at Higgins Lake, Michigan.

A four-race Saturday provided refreshing winds and temperatures after a cold front and deluge passed through on Friday night. Cool more or less westerly breezes started the day at 10 to 15 knots and brought the typical oscillating shifts off the shore. As the day wore on, race 3 and 4 saw decreasing wind strength and ever increasing shifts. Our 15-boat fleet was strong and for the most part evenly matched, a fact that was reflected by the top of the standings after four Saturday races:

Sunday's two races were sailed in easterlies of perhaps 6 to 8 knots and brought a different set of sailors to the forefront in what were more boat-speed contests as the winds were quite steady. Canadian champs, Sue Pilling and Steph Romaniuk, made full use of their (lack of) weight advantage to score a pair of firsts - a horizon job followed by a squeaker over Uncle Al with his son,

David Schonborn. The latter had been edged out by a "bow" in placing 3rd and losing to David and Anne Pugh in Sunday's early race. At 2-5, the defending North American champions, the Pughs, had Sunday's third-best record. The team of Scheibner and Lockhart scored 4-4 which turned out to be just nicely enough to hang on to the series win.

In winning, the Detroit pair of Doug and Andrew sailed amazingly well, far better than anyone else in North America who was sailing his first Wayfarer event has ever done. Congratulations, guys! I hope we'll see you more often.

The top-seeded Parry Sound, Ontario crew of Sue and Steph, rescued a series 2nd with the pair of Sunday wins which also gave them the needed tie-breaker between them and East Lansing's Marc Bennett and wife, Julie. Out all season while recovering from a shoulder injury caused by a fall down their basement stairs, Marc showed no ill effects at all in his return to action. They might well have won the title but for an unfortunate OCS to which they reacted too late in race 5.

Chapel Hill's Jim and Linda Heffernan came back to earth on Sunday after staying right in the fight for the title through four Saturday races in their cruising Wayfarer, recently sailed in the Hermit Island Rally. Still, they held on to finish 4th overall quite comfortably. Another team that could not duplicate their Saturday brilliance were Jennifer Princing, the Tawas Bay YC Commodore, and Bill Coberly, who were sailing Nick Seraphinoff's lovely new Hartley Mark IV. After several borrowed boat experiences in relative dogs, Jennifer was seeded 12th in our 15-boat fleet, a seed that she and Bill beat by a whopping 7 places as they were quite obviously our *Most Improved* team of the 2014 Wayfarer U.S. Nationals. Congratulations, Bill and Jennifer. Very well sailed!!! Unlike Marc Bennett's, Uncle Al's return to action after his 9-month pound of flesh, was not as smooth as could have been hoped for. But it **was** interesting. (*A late departure, a curious agent at the border crossing, and torrential rains slowed Al and son Dave's travel, the details of which are covered in the race report on the CWA website.*) What with one thing and another, we ended up starting nearly five minutes late in race 1, with enough breeze not to mind too much that our spinnaker was not yet rigged. A quick rigging job and we'd be set to spinnaker in race 2, or so we thought. Turned out I had wedged the pole uphaul and spi halyard under the mast heel. It was still occasionally pretty gusty so we downed the main before lowering the mast to free the aforementioned ropes. Shades of

my good old early Wayfarer days in the 60's. This time we got to the start line less than two minutes after the start.

In race 3, we actually reacted best to a late 45° back, tacked across the line with the gun at the pin end and led a "parade" to the windward mark. David Pugh was the only one who passed us on what was now a broad reach while we did the spinnaker practice we should have done earlier. The Pughs rounded just ahead of us and we both had a good lead over 3rd. Both leaders proceeded to go left in case the wind backed even further. We did a great job speed testing against each other, and all was peachy until we looked up and saw that Jim Heffernan and a gaggle that had gone right with him were now hundreds of yards ahead in far better breeze.

Still, Dave and I enjoyed our sail together and were pleased with our boat speed and most of our boat handling. The next day everything was pretty functional, if you don't count the fact that our spi halyard cleat needed lubrication and let the spi fall down if I didn't squeeze the cams shut. All in all we were pleased to have rescued a series 6th while having the usual fabulous Tawas time.

After decades of CL16 excellence, Mike Duncan and his wife, Marg, converted to a new Hartley after last year's Worlds and have done very well. Inconsistency has been holding them back a bit thus far, and so it was again this year. They scored a runaway win in Saturday's finale but could add only 7-10-8-10-7 to that. Still, it's an inconsistency that many would envy!!

Coming all the way up from Charlotte, NC, Richard Johnson and his wife, Michele, were our furthest travelled entry - not counting the Heffernan detour via Maine, of course. Team *Black Skimmer* ended up only one point back of the speedy Duncans, in series 8th. The Johnsons, too, had their series high point in Saturday's finale, a sparkling 4th!

One point further back in 9th were Cleveland's Tony Krauss with Detroit's Nikos Damaskinos. Tony and Nikos are looking more proficient each time out these days, as rumour has it that Nikos is developing his competitive edge.

Our defending Tawas and North American champions, David and Anne Pugh of Oakville, Ontario, ended up a far cry from their spectacular 1-1-1-2 North American winning series on Tawas Bay last year. The Bay was less kind to them this year. Right off, David and Anne

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14 Wayfarers Rally at Hermit Island, Maine, August 16-23, 2014



*Clockwise: Lunch stop at Elm Island on Tuesday, an ideal sailing day.*

*Dick Harrington in the midst of his creative and highly competent Social Committee. Kit Wallace, Margy McKelvey, AnnMarie Covington and Tom Goldsmith*

*Wayfarers run through the cut on return from Cundy's Harbor on Monday.*

*Three Wayfarers docked at the Hermit Island Marina on the Branch.*

*The Youth! Quinn Ring, Kyle and Cassey, grandkids of Dick Harrington*

*Photos by Sean Ring, Al Schonborn, Brian Laux*



**USWA NATIONALS, TAWAS BAY, MICHIGAN, SEPTEMBER 6-7, 2014**



*Beautiful conditions allowed for many spinnaker runs during Saturday's three races.*

*Steph Romaniuk and Sue Pilling with 2<sup>nd</sup> place trophies presented by Race Committee Chair, Chris Princing and his daughter, Jenna, Regatta Spiritual Leader.*

*Marc Bennett and Julie Seraphinoff show the stuff that won them 3<sup>rd</sup> place.*

*Detroiters, Doug Schreibner and Andrew Lockhart cinched 1<sup>st</sup> place and won the beautiful Ian Proctor Trophy.*

*Photos by Race Committee and Al Schonborn*

**US Nationals continued from page 5**

capsized, turtled and dredged a bit before completing race 1 in 12th place with a bent mast. 11-9-10 placings followed on Saturday before a beer-fuelled Wayfarer team effort straightened the mast. Sunday's 2-5 enabled the Pughs to snag the final top ten spot for the series.

Toronto's Kit Wallace teamed up with the ineffable Chip Cunningham from Oxford, Michigan to good effect. In this very capable fleet, even four single-digit finishes fell short of getting them into the top ten, five points out of series 10th.

Being just a smidgen slower really cost Leo Van Kampen and his wife, Joanne, our Conestoga contribution to this event. After a first-race DNF, they scored a very respectable 9th but it was downhill from there.

Wayfarer veteran, Joe DeBrincat, a past W North American champion out of Walled Lake, MI, again sailed the lovely *Maltese Falcon* with his son, Jeff. The only bright spot in their series this time around however, was a 4th in race 2 as this 6th-seeded team ended up 13th overall.

Detroit's Dave McCreedy and Nick Seraphinoff teamed up in Dave's new Mark IV instead of the old Mark I that Dave had sailed in 2013. It was a disappointing series (14th) for them as Nick discovered that his 73-year-old body is no longer up to crewing in a Wayfarer, and Dave saw first-hand that the Wayfarer learning curve tends to be slow (unless you are Sue Pilling!).

Coming for another learning experience were Michigan's John Cadman and Charles Child (series 15th). John Cadman is really a cruising sailor at heart, who by the way, had a great time at Hermit Island this year. It was a pleasure to sail with you again, John and Charles.

**My Hat's off to Dick Harrington  
and Quotes from Robin Williams (RW)**

*Tom Goldsmith W8343*

*"My mother's idea of natural childbirth was giving birth without makeup." RW*

Today, I sailed alone for six hours on the Hudson River, An 11 nautical miles round trip leaving from Croton-On-Hudson heading south to the Tappan Zee Bridge and back. I was able to put into action some of the skills taught to me by Dick Harrington on the Chesapeake Cruise 2014.

*"What's right is what's left if you do everything else wrong." RW*

Beating into south winds, 9 to 15 mph, I tacked six times in four hours to reach the TZB. Sailing with storm jib, reefed main and moderate vang tension, I was able to hold a nice pitch and, when the winds puffed, instead of loosening the main sheet, I pointed a little higher. The Wayfarer is a nice lively boat that gives you the critical second or two to react.

On the return trip with the wind at my back, and sails wing-on-wing, winds built 15 to 18 mph and I was surfing waves approaching three feet, a very cool feeling.

*"If you can't remember the '60's, you weren't there." RW*

To top it off, as I approached the final 50 yards of my sail, I could hear Dick Harrington speaking to me, "You can't be timid about this." I made a broad reach towards a breakwater shoreline, which got the attention of a few on-lookers. Getting within two boat lengths of the breakwater I rounded up into the wind and after five seconds of forward motion, the boat came to a stop within 3 inches of the dock.

*"The essential truth is that sometimes you're worried that they'll find out it's a fluke, that you don't really have it. You've lost the muse or - the worst dread - you never had it at all." RW*

The idea of sailing with Dick Harrington is that he gives you a toolbox full of skills that you can take with you and apply to anything.

*"Comedy is acting out optimism." RW*



*During the Cruising Rally in August Tom displays this whopping lobster off Sailboat Beach in the Hermit Island Camp Ground.!*





### ***2014 Everglades continued from page 2***

change batteries that were deep in the rear storage tank. I came into the pass too soon (this was beginning to be a pattern) and hit bottom with the center board a couple of times. I came alongside Pelican (we all have strange Watertribe names) and his crew in a Hobie TI. I was surprised to hear a seasoned EC veteran asking me if I had ever been through this pass and not sure where to go. Bill had given me some pointers and I relayed them to Pelican but we both bounced from one shallow to another before arriving at the first Check Point at 20:15. I had to get out of my boat at one point and walk it over a sand bank. The checkpoint was clogged with boats, but I found a spot to tie up, signed in and attended to the boat. It needed pumping and straightening out. I was away within 30 minutes and enjoyed a lazy trip down the inside waterway towards the Gasparilla Sound bridge, talking at times with fellow tribers about plans for the night

As I approached the bridge, I noticed three or four Hobie AI's dancing back and forth but I had not heard anyone call the bridge, so I did. Just as I arrived, the bridge started opening and we all went through along with a Sea Pearl. It pays to have a radio and use it. From my one prior trip down Gasparilla Sound, I knew that it was best to keep to the left a bit to avoid some shallows. However, I went overboard on my own advice and ended up on the East side of Sandfly and Devilfish Keys. As I entered the main part of Charlotte Sound, the wind came up from the SSE with a vengeance. I was hard on the wind in big waves with spray flying over my head soaking me to the bone within minutes. By this time it was midnight and I was disoriented about my position and could not figure out what course to be on. I kept thinking of Bill's admonishment that Ridgerunner had been sucked out of the pass into the Gulf one year because of the current and wind. I thought this could be happening and headed towards the lights that I later found out was Bokeelia Island. While the waves were throwing me around and I was resorting to the fisherman's reef (let the main flog in the gusts to keep the boat upright), I was startled by a large CRACK-BANG! The genoa started flapping and

making noises like it wanted to abandon ship. I saw that the car lead had come completely off the track. In fact the track had broken in half. I attached the lead to the remaining track and sailed on with the jib severely reefed. When I got into the lee of Bokeelia Island things calmed down, but I could not determine where I was for sure. I followed marker lights that I could see but when I hit bottom, realized that I could not get there from where I was. I had to backtrack and get in the channel. By 2AM, I was running on fumes and decided to get out of the channel and sleep for a couple of hours. I threw the anchor over the side, pulled down the main, grabbed a space blanket and lay in wet clothes, covering myself with the mainsail. I spent a miserable four hours waking every hour shivering, but too tired to do anything about it.

**Day 2:** Well, Day 2 actually started while crossing Charlotte Sound six hours before I arose. What a surprise to find my boat high and dry. And the tide was still going out. In fact it was going out for the next 3 hours. I did some boat maintenance, rearranging the starboard jib track with the longest section of the two in the most useful place and took a short walk on my private island to limber up a bit. I found my mistake made during the installation of the genoa track and can't blame the fittings. After straightening up a bit, refilling water bottles, making coffee and oatmeal, I was ready to call a few people that I thought would feel sorry for me. It was while on the phone that I saw the Sea Pearl sail by in the distance. I promptly got my rollers out and started pumping them up. Then I heard the most beautiful words spoken. "Watertribe, do you need some help?" Three kayakers in the event had pulled up and proceeded to help me push my boat to open water using my rollers. It took all of ten minutes and all I could offer was to share some of my water supply with my saviors. I was in high spirits as I continued down Pine Island Sound. I could even see where I was going and I had a favorable wind. It wasn't strong, but I was moving well. That is until Red Fish Pass. The wind was a bit lighter and I contemplated going outside to the Gulf for a bit. but, I really wanted to experience the race others have described to me in the past. And that past description included all of Pine Island Sound. The one bad thing about Pine Island Sound on a nice day with calm water is that there are a lot of power boats in Florida that enjoy the good weather. These boats have expensive props and they seem to resent the bottom more than us blow-boat guys. Today's GPS systems allow them to run along the deeper channel at speed. And they do just that. So, while I was tacking down the sound trying to avoid the shallows, it didn't take me long to realize that I had better avoid crossing those channels and the wakes encountered there. I was on one tack to the East when I saw a couple of small fishing boats stop in front of me. When I stood up, I noticed a huge bar in front of me. I think those guys were waiting for salvage

opportunities, because they left as soon as I tacked away. I found myself in shallow water many times that afternoon while avoiding the deep channel clogged with a continuous line of traffic. It isn't hard to understand why captains give up control of their ship to a pilot when near shore and in harbors. At one point I found myself rowing across the power boat channel with at least a dozen BIG boats throwing wakes at me. Have you ever tried to row a boat in waves coming from every direction? It isn't a very pretty thing to watch. Believe me, it is worse to be the rower. The Sunday afternoon enjoyed by many was a bit frustrating for me.

The wind finally came in slowly from the West and I was able to sail up to and through the Sanibel Bridge. As I exited into the Gulf, I saw a procession of power boats coming at me with shallows off to the side. In a panic to avoid more wake, I thought that I remembered an entry into Estero Bay on the inside of the bridge, so I turned around and went around to the East side looking for and finding a pass. I was well into the pass, when an outgoing power boat that I hailed informed me that I was in Punto Rassa Cove and it was a dead end. I was having trouble understanding the small screen on my GPS and resorted to the paper charts. Finding my mistake, I once more went through the Sanibel Bridge and found San Carlos Pass entering calm water with a no wake zone for the next several miles. I ghosted through anchorages, looking at all the cruising boats and sometimes just barely making progress. I wanted to get up to Estero Bay and spend the night because I knew that being out in the Gulf with night coming on could be a mistake especially with my fitful sleep the previous night. Around 9:30PM, I dropped my anchor just before Big Carlos Pass in Ostego Bay, pulled the main down over me and went to sleep for about seven hours. I was exhausted once again.

**Day 3:** Awake at 5AM, I quickly realized that I needed to catch an outbound tide to get out to the Gulf. I skipped my coffee and breakfast, hoisted sail, and tacked out to the open waters. After exiting the pass, I found a gentle shore breeze that allowed me to sail south at a decent speed. That is until noon when the breeze left and so did the kayaks that were keeping me company. They didn't know that we were racing, but I was quite disappointed to watch them pull ahead when the breeze died away. It wasn't long though when the south wind came in and I started tacking my way south, grabbing a snack and checking my charts to determine progress. This section consists of condo after condo for miles and miles. You have to watch the same tall building for a long time and progress seems slower than it should. By late afternoon I was looking at the last condo on Marco Island and anticipating the famous Caxambas Pass. When I finally got there, I turned to go into the pass, but I was also

seeing more power boats with the same idea. The risk of fluky and dying winds in the pass caused me to abandon that idea and continue south to Cape Romano and the dreaded shoals immediately south of the Cape. I had read many accounts of others having a very wild ride through that area. The shoals with any wind make for a very bouncy and possibly dangerous track through. My rookie assessment was that with the light wind, it can't be as bad as advertised. When I arrived and crossed the shoals, I was relieved to find that the bad reviews would not be part of my experience. I finally was able to turn to the East and sail almost straight to Indian Key Pass, my next waypoint, with my sails stretched out wing and wing. I covered the next 13+ miles sitting in the bottom of the boat with my back against the aft tank, attempting some pictures with my iPhone and generally enjoying the passage. It was getting dark as I was drawing near to the many islands that make up this pass/channel that allows one to enter Chokoloskee Bay. I decided to slow down by furling the jib and then sat on the gunnel trying to make sense of the dark shapes that all look the same. It was my concentration towards the islands that allowed my boat to remind me that she was in charge. The boom came across suddenly and caught me just above my right ear. I was over the side before I knew what happened! I had the tiller locked in, but either the wind shifted or the boat turned when we came in proximity of the outgoing tide. I was about a mile or two from the pass. It was a miracle that put the main sheet into my hand as I was falling backwards into the Gulf. Fortunately, my PFD was zipped up and I bobbed back to the surface with one thought. I have to get the tiller over to stop the boat as it was dragging me through the water. Once that was accomplished, I tried to hoist myself aboard on the port side. I tried and tried, but could not. I had a ladder tied in amidships. At home, I felt that I could reach it from either side, but my assumption was that the boat would be in a capsize situation and sitting low in the water. I could not reach anything and my attempts were draining my energy. I knew that I didn't have many more attempts left. I rested a bit, holding on to the gunnel and came up with a plan. I would go to the back of the boat and try to get in there. The aft deck was closer to the water. The boom had jibed back over to the starboard side and I had to let go of the mainsheet. It was hard to do, but I had to in order to carry out my plan. So, I very carefully worked my way aft, fearful of slipping and losing contact with the boat. When I got around back, I decided to use the rudder to shimmy up. This gave me just enough extra help and I was able to flop myself into the cockpit. I laid there hyperventilating for a few minutes telling myself over and over to calm down. But my troubles were not over.

It was now 10PM, the tide was almost slack and the wind was leaving for the night. I ghosted along for a while nursing my sore muscles, taking stock of my losses. In

anticipation of the night I had put on a headlamp and it was gone. One of my two seat cushions was gone. After slowing to less than a half knot, I broke out my paddle to get out of the channel to drop my anchor. As I was tying off the anchor line, I heard a splash and saw the outgoing tide in charge of my last seat cushion. I tried to get it with my paddle, but was too late. Sinking to the floorboards, I needed to sort out my plan for the night. I found that I had a cell signal and called Stephanie. I just wanted to hear her voice, but felt it best to delay telling her what happened until I was ashore. Suddenly, I saw some kayaks paddling up the pass. I noticed that the tide was starting to move the other way and my competitive self took over from my rational self. I couldn't just sit there. Big mistake - I needed rest more than I needed competition.

I weighed anchor and started to paddle. This is when the full extent of my injuries made themselves known. My weak back (surgery removed three discs in my lower back several years ago) had been strained and my left shoulder had a sharp pain from just below my left ear out to the end of my shoulder. I had pulled something while getting back in the boat. I paddled on one side for a few strokes, rested, then paddled a few strokes on the other side. Several kayaks went by. I kept going, but it was VERY slow (average was 1.4mph with the help from the tide). A normal run at slack tide would get me in to Check Point 2 in a couple of hours. After five and a half hours I landed on the beach at CP2. I have never been more exhausted in my life! I almost gave up within a half mile of the beach. I spent what was left of the night in the bottom of the boat with some mosquito netting over me. Three hours later I awoke to the whine of a swarm of mosquitoes inches from my face wanting to get at me through the netting.

**Day 4:** I spent the first couple of hours stumbling around, bent at the waist, unable to straighten up, talking to anyone that would listen. Most wanted to get away from me as I wasn't making a lot of sense and probably had an odor cloud following me like Linus in the Charlie Brown cartoon. I think this is how homeless people must feel.

I had decided to drop out of the challenge. Now I was having a different sort of challenge. I was asking about a bus to Naples, thinking that I could rent a car there. As I was stumbling across a parking lot, I looked up and to my surprise a familiar face appeared. Janet Bradford (from Michigan) was following her husband from checkpoint to checkpoint while he competed in this challenge. She was planning to spend the night in Port Charlotte and offered me a ride. Fortune was on my side as she was staying with a mutual friend, Stan Hanson. Stan proceeded to take me back to Fort DeSoto, to pick up my car and trailer and then we both went back to Chokoloskee to retrieve

my boat. I assisted while Stan and Royd, another competitor that I knew got the boat on my trailer. Royd climbed into my Wayfarer and all I had to do was direct the sequence of packing her up while those two did all the work. After spending the night at Stan's house I left for my drive the next morning. It took me two days to make the final leg home.


**Epilog:** My decision to drop out was the right one because continuing could have aggravated my injuries to the point that my recovery would have been worse than it was. I knew that I had a ton of work to complete at the end of this adventure and I was not willing to jeopardize my livelihood for this event. In thinking back, if I had stayed at anchor in Indian Key Pass and let my body rest with the help of some Advil, I may have come away with less trauma to my back and shoulder and may have been able to continue the race/challenge. Of course hind sight is always 20/20. It was a great trip. I learned a lot. Will I go again? Well...

**2014 North Americans  
Tim Dowling Memorial Regatta  
Clark Lake, Michigan  
September 20-21, 2014**

Warm and breezy weather greeted the Wayfarer sailors who gathered at Clark Lake near Jackson, Michigan on September 20 and 21 to compete in the North American Championship held in conjunction with the Tim Dowling Memorial Regatta. Due to the heavy winds veteran sailors, Marc Bennett and Doug Schreiber, elected to stay ashore on Saturday. Race 1 included a broken rudder for Al Schonborn (dealt while in the lead), a capsize for Mike Codd and Kirk Iredale, who still managed a 2<sup>nd</sup>, and a first ever 1<sup>st</sup> place for rookie skipper, Dave McCreedy while Rob Wierdsma and daughter, Samantha placed third. Two more races were sailed that day with first places won by David and Anne Pugh and Al Schonborn with crew, Shannon Shank.


On Sunday the heavy winds continued and only one race was held. Al finished first to clinch the series in a tie breaker ahead of David and Anne Pugh. Mike and Kirk finished third, followed by Dave McCreedy and Tony Krauss, then Rob and Samantha Wierdsma. The stamina and sailing skills of all participants is to be applauded.

The Tim Dowling Memorial Regatta title, which is scored without a throw out race, was awarded to Mike Codd and Kirk Iredale who sailed consistent finishes of 2, 2, 3, 2.



**npboatsus.com**  
*For the dinghy sailor in all of us*  
*Home of the Mark IV Wayfarer*

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**2014-2015 Calling All Wayfarers**

Oct 24-26	HOT III Regatta, Lake Townsend YC	Greensboro, NC
Nov 1-2	Old Brown Dog Regatta, Catawba YC	Charlotte, NC
<b>2015 Kick Off Event</b>		
Jan 30-Feb 1	Wayfarer MidWinters, Lake Eustis Sail Club	Eustis, Florida
Feb 14-15	George Washington Birthday Regatta	Eustis, Florida
July 18-25	Cruising Rally at Wellesley Island State Park	Wellesley Island, NY

For more information contact Jim Heffernan, [jheffernan@nc.rr.com](mailto: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 2014-3**

**United States Wayfarer Association**  
**Gary Hirsch, Treasurer**  
**1014 State Street**  
**St. Joseph, Michigan 49085**

***NEW LABEL!!! Please note your boat number and check if your dues are current.***  
**Thank you to our members for supporting the USWA!**