

	<p style="text-align: center;">The Wayfarer SKIMMER United States Wayfarer Association Winter 2015-4</p>
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COMMODORE COMMENTS

Jim Heffernan W1066, W2458

December! Another sailing season is winding down in the North while the Florida sailing scene really gets going. Since 1957 Wayfarers have been on the waters worldwide in every season and in a broad range of weather and sea situations. This well designed and finely built craft has endured these 58 years due to its pedigree but also thanks to the ongoing strength of the Class Associations and the Copyright Holder. Both have ensured that the Class Rules, have been maintained, modified as necessary, and published on the Wayfarer International Committee website.

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HOT IV *From the CWA Website by Uncle Al*

Led by Jim and Linda Heffernan's fine overall victory in a 27-boat fleet, nine Wayfarers made an impressive showing at the 4th annual HOT Regatta hosted by the Lake Townsend YC near Greensboro, NC on behalf of earlier.org and the fight against breast cancer. In fact, five of the top eight places belonged to Wayfarers after Portsmouth corrections had been made. Also sailing were six Flying Scots, an assortment of five multi-hulls, three Buccaneers, two Lightnings, a Tanzer 16 and a Holder 20.

The weather forecasts had been dubious, with rain and light winds expected, and it turned out that our prognosticators got it right. In fact, Friday afternoon turned to have the best weather of the weekend, as we practised in pleasant winds and bright sunshine.

Saturday began with patchy winds and gray skies. The winds were very challenging on both days. Nothing illustrates this better than the fine race-one victory scored by Mark Wilson and Steve Morris, a win that was followed by 13-20-22 placings. Even though winds strengths were similar on both days, there were, surprisingly, several major reversals of form from one day to the next - see Bart Streb, Tony Krauss, Al Schonborn, Mike Sigmund and Tom Bews in the [overall results](#) posted on CWA website.

After Saturday's two races, Cleveland's Tony Krauss with Detroit's Nick Seraphinoff as crew were comfortably atop the standings after placing a very impressive 2-3. Tied at 9 points were Charlotte's Richard Johnson with wife, Michele (8-1), and Oakville, Ontario's Al Schonborn with Susan Cole of the host LTYC (3-6). Lurking in 4th overall were Jim and Linda Heffernan who had 10 points from 6-4 finishes. Lying in 5th overall was a Flying Scot, Chris Herman who had placed 10-2.

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We Will Miss You, Mike



Our beloved friend and dedicated Wayfarer sailor Mike Murto died November 28 after fighting cancer for over a year.

Many of us got into sailing Wayfarers through boats that Mike

brought south and rehabilitated. All of us were encouraged by Mike, no matter how bad we were when we started.

Mike was truly the soul of the Lake Eustis fleet and will be greatly missed.

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Full membership	One year	\$20.00
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HOT IV report continued

The Sunday belonged without a doubt to Bart Streb and his wife, Janet, who sailed their *Buccaneer Adrenalin* to a pair of impressive wins, just as Bart had promised over beer the night before. Also doing an excellent job of coping with the tricky conditions on Sunday were the Heffernans (4-2) and Chris Herman (2-4) while veteran Flying Scot sailors, Uwe Heine and Nancy Collins, took little time in getting comfy in *Impulse II* W10978 which they were in the process of

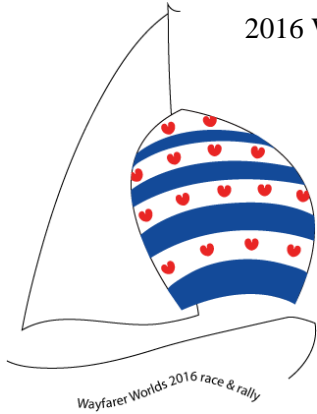
buying from Nick Seraphinoff. Their Sunday 5-3 may well have sealed the deal!!

When the dust had settled - early, after only two Sunday races to leave time for awards and results of various fund raisers for earlier.org - it was Jim and Linda Heffernan of the host club who took overall honours, a mere two points up on Flying Scot, Chris Herman, also of the host club. Underscoring once more how inconsistent most people's finishes were, Richard Johnson and Michele sailed *Black Skimmer* to 8-1-9-7 finishes, yet were a comfortable 3rd overall. After their pair of fine Sunday wins in their *Buccaneer*, Bart and Janet Streb shot up to series 4th, beating out Tony and Nick in W11044 who plummeted to 11-14 on the Sunday. The latter ended up needing a tie-breaker to edge out Flying Scot, Robert Bourknight and Nancy. A mere one point further back was one of our two new Lake Townsend Wayfarer teams, Uwe Heine with Nancy Collins, who in turn edged out Uncle Al with Sue Cole.

**Richard Johnson and Michele Parish
win Old Brown Dog at Catawba Yacht Club
from CWA site by Al Schonborn W3854**



A well matched fleet of eight Wayfarers shared Lake Wylie with eight MC Scows in challenging winds and the occasional shower Nov. 7-8 at the Catawba YC near Charlotte, NC. The 6-race series in light to medium winds, produced a tie at the top with our hosts themselves, Richard Johnson and Michele Parish (*above right*), who won the tie-breaker over Uncle Al (*above left*) who set a precedent as he became the first North American Wayfarer to sail solo and win (at least) one race in an open regatta. HOT winners, Jim and Linda, took 3rd overall. *****



2016 WAYFARER WORLDS

The 2016 Wayfarer WORLDS will be held on **16th till 22th July 2016** at the Mecca of European sailing – Friesland in the Netherlands. The venue is the small town of Heeg on the Heegermeer centrally based between the UK and Denmark. –

it is a charming and very nautically Dutch village. Heeg SC is very experienced at organizing regattas and larger racing events such as National and International racing championships so you can be sure the event will be very well managed.

There will be Gold, Silver and Bronze fleets for sailors with different experience.

Complete information on the Dutch website at worlds.wayfarer.nl and additional information at the website of hartleyboats.com

2016 International Rally

After two successful rallies in 2006 and 2011 the NEDWA will host the International Wayfarer Rally again in 2016 on Saturday July 23 to Friday July 29.

The home base for the rally will be Heeg, where in the previous week the Worlds will take place. Heeg is a little village in Friesland (the north of the Netherlands) with a venue which is recently restored and enlarged. Heeg is located at the “Heegermeer” (Lake Heeg) and directly connected to several canals and lakes, and even to the IJsselmeer. This gives us the opportunity to sail in several directions, depending on the winds, in an area where there is great sailing water and lots of possibilities to visit picturesque historic villages.

We can enlarge the area by using the unique NedWa-concept again, which has largely contributed to the success of the two previous editions of the rally. The well-known barge “In Dubio” will be used as hotel ship again and also the sailing clipper “De Eenhoorn”, with the same level of comfort.

This means that these ships are sailing to every destination we are deciding to go, and the Wayfarers will use this ship as “harbour”. On the barges, beds, breakfast, packed lunch and dinner will be served. The ship(s) also provide(s) for a place where the famous

after sailing “gezelligheid” (being together in harmony and joy) can take place.

Visit the worlds.wayfarer.nl website.

North American Rally Killbear, Ontario

In August, 2016, Wayfarer sailors will return to the beautiful cruising waters of Parry Sound for a North American Rally. The Rally will be held at the Lighthouse Point camping area within the Killbear Provincial Park from August 6-13. Put these dates on your calendar. In addition, you need to mark March 6 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, sites will go fast. Make sure that you are ready to book on March 6.

To speed up your campsite reservation you can register an account with Ontario Parks, <http://www.ontarioparks.com/reservations>

If you have not sailed at Killbear before, do join us for some great sailing. There are many channels and bays to explore plus some great open water sailing. Swimming off the beaches or the rocks is great fun for the whole family. You can also bring your bike or walking shoes to explore. Pictures from the 2013 rally can be viewed at wayfarer-international.org/WIC/International.Rallies/2013/

Detailed info will be provided on the Rally Notice on the Wayfarer Events Calendar found on the USWA and CWA websites

For those cruising sailors that fancy a bit of racing, the Sail Parry Sound Regatta will be held on Aug. 6-7 or Aug. 13-14 on the other side of the sound from our cruising venue. This will also be the Wayfarer Ontarios that attracted 14 boats in last year’s event.

2016 US NATIONALS
Lake Eustis Sailing Club

Thursday Practice Races 1PM, AGM 5:30PM
 Friday Skippers Meeting 10AM, races to follow
 Saturday, Sunday race times TBD

Complete NOR now posted on **Events Calendar**
on USWA and CWA websites

Following Beatrice through Paradise
A summer cruise with Gary Hirsch
by Chip Cunningham, July 12 to 18, 2015

Gary is probably going to be taken aback, at least initially, being depicted as Beatrice. I'm no Dante either. But it is not an exaggeration to compare our seven-day cruise with a pilgrimage through Paradise. It is the realization of the dream that started me sailing in the first place. For Gary it was another special chapter in his charmed sailing life. Every morning when I opened *Solje's* boom tent and stood up, the first thing Gary would say from *Blue Rose* was, "Another day in Paradise!" That phrase can be a terrible cliché, except when there is simply nothing more appropriate to say.

I am of two minds about naming the location of our cruise. Part of me wants to keep it secret by telling you that we explored the little-known Maumee Archipelago upriver from Toledo. And part of me realizes that if the true place hasn't been overrun with vacationers yet, it's probably fairly safe: we sailed out of the Blind River Municipal Marina into the southeast end of the North Channel in Lake Huron. I sailed *Solje* W1321, the gracefully aging woodie I had the serendipity to buy from Gary in 2011 just after he and Al Schonborn raced her 300 miles in the *Tip of the Mitt* around northern Lower Michigan. Gary sailed *Blue Rose*, his Sea Pearl 21, a sleek 21' long, narrow, leeboard cat-ketch. Notwithstanding his being Treasurer of the USWA and an honest admirer of the Wayfarer, being able to get a good sleep aboard despite a cranky back takes priority. The two boats were surprisingly well matched for cruising together. Downwind the Sea Pearl pulled away, but otherwise we sailed side-by-side. Not to put too fine a point on it, however, Gary could drop his anchor and be in bed in his mosquito-tight tent in five minutes. Maybe less. To boot, the Sea Pearl has unstayed masts. The sails can be let go to avoid getting pinned on a run. Like a Laser, the Sea Pearl reefs or furls by rolling the sail onto the mast. Unlike a Laser, the goosenecks are on rings that allow the masts to be spun without having to remove the booms. Quick and easy.



Eight the first morning I discovered that Gary gets up about five. From then on we were under way by seven or eight. Gary would choose a spot for the night toward the end of afternoon to avoid a hurried search later in the evening. We would raft for a while and enjoy a "Happy Hour" beer and a single-malt bump. We saw very few other boats. Maybe only a couple actually under sail. He said the further up the North Channel, the fewer the boats, which is why he chose to sail out of Blind River. That and the fact that they only charged us \$9 (CAD!) to park for the entire week. Gary asked the young woman tending the marina, "Is there a launching fee?" Somewhat puzzled, she replied, "Well, you're going to do all the work, aren't you?"

We got off our boats three times to walk on the islands and once to say hi at the North Channel Yacht Club: an hour and a half, total, the whole week. "I've never had a cruise like this—where I got to go everywhere I wanted to go," Gary said.

I had imagined that sailing in such rocky conditions would call for constant attention to the chart. But, it's the water you want to pay attention to: unusual surface patterns, color changes. North Channel water is very clear. I could usually see 12 feet deep. Maybe more. One moment you can be sailing along in deep dark water, and suddenly a rock as big as a house can rise up and pass close under. But neither of us

hit anything. I'm not taking any credit. I was at hull speed and found myself suddenly in a minefield of rocks. I used up a lot of good luck there. Gary said he had been trying to wave me off. Pay a little more attention, Chip.

But the beauty of the North Channel is jaw-dropping, and it's not always easy to pay attention to anything else. Sky, my wife, spent her childhood summers on the Lake of Bays at the southern edge of the shield in Ontario. She especially loves the rocks. Now I know why. "The Earth is showing its bones," she says. I imagined I could feel differences in gravity. The geology of the islands changes from great piles of rocks in the northwest to huge smooth monolithic loaves in the southeast.

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The 2015 Wayfarer Beach Week:
A Neophyte's Report
Scott Bogue W1392

Every year, as dependable as sunrise and Pacific Plate subduction, Linda and Jim Heffernan open their beach home at Emerald Isle, NC to the Wayfarer folk for a week of sailing, good conversation, good food, and good drink. While the "cast of characters" varies a bit from year to year, the tales that come out of Beach Week always paint an inviting picture. Linda and Jim invited Trish and me (and #1392) to join the party last year, but we could not go: something about an IRS audit, the simultaneous failures of our heat pump, well pump, and electric toothbrush, and the final straw, a flat tire on the trailer. This year Trish could not go, but she urged me to, so I happily accepted. Our Wayfarer stayed at home; there would be one or more boats needing crew. As in years past, attendees may arrive and depart at different times as their circumstances require. Linda and Jim, Uncle Al, Nick and Mary Serafinoff, AnnMarie Covington and I took part in the LTYC's Halloween on the Townsend charity regatta October 31 and November 1, then they headed for Emerald Isle while I completed some unavoidable tasks, with a planned Tuesday AM departure. As Monday progressed, the beach weather forecast for the remainder of the week continued to deteriorate and I began to have misgivings. Sailors don't mind a little rain, but thunderstorms and high winds...er, maybe not. Even so, I remembered the many times that the forecast was poor for LTYC's races yet sailors had showed up in Proper Clothing For The Conditions, only to find that the forecast was a bit overstated (surely not!) and the races went on just fine. On Monday night I stuffed my truck with "Wonder if I might need this?" items, along with two of Trish's Spinach Braids, a perennial favorite side dish among the cognoscenti, and hit the road early on Tuesday.

The rain fell sporadically all the way from Greensboro to Emerald Isle, but Ms. Garmin got me there in fine style, notwithstanding an occasional arch "Recalculating...". It being the off-season, the traffic was mercifully light. I was sure I was at the right address when I found Uncle Al's boat thoughtfully parked in front of the house and three other Wayfarers scattered about in welcome. Linda came out on the front deck with her trademark big smile. I was home among the Wayfarer family. A happy surprise as I entered the living room was Tom Erickson, whom I had met at the 2014 Halloween on Townsend regatta. He had come down from Massachusetts for the

occasion and was planning to sail with his brother Bob, who lives in Wilmington, NC. The entire gang was hanging about, reading, napping, and tapping on laptops. With rain on and off there seemed to be no concerted effort to "make for the boats" so I settled in for a restful afternoon.

It was not to be! Linda brought out Trivial Pursuit, and with a masterful stroke suggested that the eight participants should form two teams rather than play individually. With each roll of the dice, each team had to quickly come to a consensus while under a barrage of distractions by the opposing team. It was mayhem, with the quips flying like hummingbirds in a high wind. Good stuff!

Wednesday arrived after an evening of fine dining, good wine, and much talk about sailing in general and Wayfarers in particular. With no rain in sight and the threat of thunderstorms much diminished, the boats were stocked, the trailers were hitched and we were off to the ramps at Beaufort. Nick and Mary had other plans, so it was Tom and Bob in Possum, Linda, AnnMarie, and Jim in Morning Star, and Uncle Al and me in SHADES.

Having never sailed in salt water, much less off shore, and with lurid warnings of skinny water, currents, sandbars and oyster beds ringing in my neophyte ears, I was content to let Uncle Al ease her down Taylor Creek, past the city proper (where the expected cheering throng failed to materialize) and thence through the Beaufort Inlet to the open sea. Uncle Al had other plans: grasping his camera, as we neared Pivers Island he announced that he wanted to take pictures and that I should take the tiller. I was fine with that, until he added that he wanted me to actually steer the boat.

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Trish McDermott & Ali Kishbaugh teamed up for the HOT IV charity regatta at Lake Townsend in Greensboro, NC on October 31 and November 1.

In Saturday's light winds, long distance kayaker, Matt Stalnaker paddled "Epiphany" out of the harbor.

Below: Wayfarers broke out the holiday spinnakers during Sunday's close races. Photos by Kathy Holland



Below: Starting lines were tight with 27 boats of various lengths and hull speeds.





Above: Wayfarers reaching across Lake Wylie at the 2015 Old Brown Dog Regatta. Center: Scott Bogue helming “Shades” during a cruise to Cape Lookout at NC Coast. This peaceful cove in Lake Huron provided shelter for “Solje” and “Blue Rose” during Chip Cunningham and Gary Hirsch’s week long summer cruise. Photos by Al Schonborn & Chip Cunningham



Cathy & Phil Leonard at Old Brown Dog.

New Wayfarer owner Jim Cook and veteran Wayfarer sailor Richard Johnson



Paradise continued from page 4

Navigation was not so much a matter of chart reading either, but of outward awareness. I don't discount the importance of charts—and we had good visibility the whole time—but once I began to get a feel for the relationship between the scale of the chart and the actual islands and expanses of water, I found it was much more advantageous to just look at what we were sailing through. Of course, I was following Gary, but *he* was navigating from memory. Even so, water levels are up 2.25 feet over chart datum in Huron this year and most of the sand beaches Gary remembered were gone, under water. I didn't have any real sense of where we were until the fourth day.

Several times I marveled to Gary, “I am learning *so much* about sailing!” Finally he said, “You sail all the time, and you sail with Nick. How can you be learning so much now?” Eventually I realized that this was the first extended sailing I had done in big water. I told him that usually a long tack for me in a race or the lakes I sail at home is five minutes. Here I was sometimes on the same point of sail for an hour or more. That was giving me time to understand the results of a lot of tuning adjustments. I shouted my big new insight, “I sail pinched all the time!” Gary answered, “Almost every sailor I know does.”

More than once I was moved to exclaim, “They charge for Disneyland—and this place is for free!?” It was a joy how respectful the people who come here must be: I saw almost no trash anywhere.

Our cruise was a large figure-eight. Extended weather reports predicted light winds which proved true only for the first and last hours of our cruise. Otherwise we had plenty of wind. Plenty. West to southeast the whole time. Sunday we sailed from Blind River east into the South Passage, under Sanford Island and overnighed on the east side of Caroline Island. *Blue Rose* sits peacefully at anchor. Gary puts out a small bit of mizzen as a steadying sail, and that's it: she sits. *Solje* on the other hand dances as she swings back and forth through a wide arc. She lets me know we have wind even before I'm awake.

The first night I pulled the tiller but left the rudder shipped. The cotter pin that pins the tiller into the socket on the rudder head is on a small piece of line. By morning, a night of the rudder swinging back and forth must have somehow cut the string and the cotter pin was gone. Hanging over the stern I was struck for the first time by the clarity of the water. As I lamented the loss of the pin *Solje* continued to swing back and forth. At the end of one swing I noticed something



Chip at cocktail hour while cruising in “Paradise.”

shiny on the sand bottom. I dove about eight feet to get it: it was the cotter pin. How's that for luck!

Monday began with a beat down the west side of Turnbull and then evolved into a long sail east into Whalesback Channel, through the strait of Little Detroit where Gary had to give me a tow with his outboard against its wind-driven current. Then we followed McBean Channel and turned up behind Hotham Island. We spent the night anchored in a small channel off to the northeast. It had been a long dicey close reach with streaks of foam and nasty gusts in confused seas all the way down Whalesback Channel. That evening we talked about the only shortcoming of the *Sea Pearl*: Gary does not know of one being righted from a capsize, even with crew. “The best you can hope for is to be blown to shore.” If the masts haven't dropped out or been bent by then, the boat rarely escapes some other kind of damage. Gary had been occasionally taking water over the low side all afternoon. *Solje* was well-behaved with a genoa, one reef in the main, and a wary eye to windward.

This might be an interesting place to mention that Gary cannot swim. He is not afraid of the water—obviously. You should hear some of his sailing stories. But swimming is not something that his body does. The Marines tried to teach him and they don't give up easily. “It's all in your head,” they said, “Go up on that high dive and jump off!” “OK,” Gary said, climbed up and jumped off without fear. He went straight to the bottom and waited for them to realize they needed to pull him out. Numerous Red Cross swimming programs haven't changed the situation. “When I start swimming, it's just a steady churn to the bottom,” Gary says. He won't tell you any of this stuff unless you ask him.

Tuesday we decided to spend anchored between Oak Bay and Perch Bay north of Hotham Island while the

wind blew at least 20 knots punctuated by even sharper gusts than the day before. It went on all day and into the night.

Wednesday we began by poking into the coves on the south side of Hotham and then headed south, skirting west of Fox Island, into the Benjamin Islands. We nosed into the spectacular inlets on the south end of South Benjamin and had one of our three island excursions up a huge smooth granite egg covered with lichen and moss, trees and blueberries. Then continuing on west between Eagle Island and Frechette Island we pulled into a cove on a small island facing the northwest end of Eagle. It was remarkable to relax in calm water and watch a wild sea charge past the opening to our anchorage.

Thursday morning built from a beat into what we both called an “exhilarating” beam reach west along the south side of Aird Island into Moiles Harbour at the east end of John Island. Back out of Moiles we sailed reefed along the south side of John Island, through John Harbour at its west end into Whalesback Channel and across to the west end of Beardrop Harbor. We sailed east through Beardrop past six or so anchored boats, the most we had seen so far, and spent the night alone in good wind next to a small island in the large cove just west of Beardrop.



Gary Hirsch, Intrepid Treasurer of USWA

Friday morning we worked our way through the reeds in a narrow channel around the north of that small island and sailed west back out of Beardrop. We could not quite agree on a more intense word than the previous day’s “exhilarating” to describe the reach we had out the west end of Whalesback Channel up into Serpent Harbour. And none of the legs of our cruise quite matched the ride we had that afternoon back out of Serpent Harbour into the Turnbull Island group.

Gary’s GPS had him doing over 10 knots. Who knew a Sea Pearl could plane? *Solje* was flying almost parallel along the waves. We roared into the lee of a small island west of Turnbull and dropped anchor. Someone from a yacht holed up in a protected spot nearby jumped into his inflatable dinghy and zipped over to us. “Are you guys OK?” he shouted. Gary and I exchanged a look: we couldn’t have been better. We held our glasses of whisky high in a lusty toast to the wind. We thought, “You should try it, sometime.”

By Saturday we were pretty worn out. So was the wind. We sailed a drifting broad reach west. Somewhere well past Sanford Island Gary started his motor, threw me a line and we idled back into Blind River.

The only bad part was the night I anchored close to shore out of the wind and the mosquitoes moved in with me. I love Hans’ boom tent, but it’s not bug proof. And now I realize a lot of the mosquitoes boarded before I put the tent up. They were under the floor. They said, “Hey! Look down here! It’s dark and moist and there’s food up above!” I did not sleep a wink all night. I had a small mosquito net headpiece that kept them off my face for a few minutes (only if I was sitting up) until they found another way in. My hands were burning. A couple of times I really thought I was going to lose it. Being anchored in a channel I couldn’t quite picture *how* I would lose it, but it was certainly going to involve a lot of screaming and I didn’t want to bother Gary. So I just sat and waited for morning. About three AM I remembered the fifth of scotch in the tub next to me and had a couple of heavy pulls right through the mosquito netting. That got me to sunrise at five when I tore down the tent, raised the sails and headed for open water and a breeze. (Nobody moves at night in the North Channel, not even people on the verge of raving crazy.) Even so it took an hour to drive away the cloud of mosquitoes. There were drifts of dead mosquitoes on *Solje*’s stringers. The liner of my sleeping bag looked like someone had been slaughtered in it.

Fortunately that morning was the day of big wind and gusts that we decided to wait out. I slept on the foredeck all day and into the evening. Back in Paradise—just like that. The air had been blown crystal clear. Sometime late during the night I opened the tent flap and looked at the stars. There was no moon. There were so many stars I didn’t recognize the sky. The Milky Way really was a white river. *Solje* was slowly swinging, turning the stars back and forth. I started to get overwhelmed. I thought, “Man, this is too intense. I can’t do this,” and closed the flap. *****

Beach Week Cruise continued from page 5

As most already know, Uncle Al is a masterful sailor, with the utter confidence that comes from having done everything at least once before, if not many times. He is also a fine teacher, and as patient as clay on the potter's wheel. We ran Bulkhead Channel, bucking a stiff current, then turned to starboard around Fort Macon and sailed through Beaufort Inlet. Off the Shackleford Banks, the trappings of civilization occasionally disappeared and I got a brief glimpse of what it must have looked like before Europeans arrived.

Soon after we left the inlet, Uncle Al pointed out a distant lighthouse (Cape Lookout) and hinted that there might be beer, but there would be no lunch until we got there. It seemed impossibly far, but we three boats voyaged on, keeping each other in sight, much as mariners must have done before the advent of VHF, GPS, SONAR, auxiliary engines and the galley microwave. Easing along the Banks in six knots of wind on an easy reach, looking at the back side of the crashing surf a quarter-mile away, I felt quite the old salt.

After an easy voyage, marked by only a single grounding, Cape Lookout hove into view and we sailed to a convenient wharf near the lighthouse. Tom and Bob landed well up the beach and walked back, looking very marooned-on-a-desert-island, while the Heffernans and AnnMarie stepped ashore at the beach just a few yards from the wharf.



Heffernan's "Morning Star" is dwarfed by the majestic Cape Lookout Lighthouse.

While the park was largely closed, the sanitary facilities were open, as was a most inviting covered picnic shelter. (If this is what voyaging to distant lands is like, give me more!) Linda had prepared a sumptuous lunch, and with the exception of an emergency stash, all of the beer disappeared down

appreciative throats. All in all, a most pleasant occasion.

The return journey was to be through Back Sound, between Shackleford Banks and Harker's Island, but with the tide being high, Uncle Al told me to take a short-cut through a complex array of low-lying islands and shoals. The chart, being in a somewhat large scale, showed them largely in the aggregate, while our Wayfarer encountered them individually. Uncle Al cudged his brain to remember how he and Chip Cunningham had come that way a couple of years earlier while I tried my hand at interpreting the patterns on the water's surface, and between a bit of care and a lot of luck we got through, leaving our companion vessels mere dots in the distance.

Our having a commanding lead over our companions, Uncle Al suggested that we had time to return to Taylor Creek via the labyrinthine reed flats and channels between Carrot Island and Horse Island (above). Again, he cudged his brain to remember how he and Chip had done it, but the paths had changed and we began to wonder how all this was going to turn out. Beaufort was only a half-mile away but largely hidden by dunes, and we were in truly uncharted waters with the tide going out and daylight swiftly coming to an end.

As the breeze freshened a bit, we headed into yet another cul-de-sac, one that was just large enough to turn a Wayfarer around if the skipper were quick and got it exactly right the first time in the foot-deep water. Uncle Al shouted, "Give me the tiller!" and we switched positions as if we had been practicing for the America's Cup. He got us turned around and heading back out, but we still had no clear idea of where the channel was taking us. This was looking bad, and the beer was long gone. At last the inlet from Taylor Creek came into view, perhaps 800 feet away, but there was no evidence of a channel that would take us there; it was a carpet of reeds. Uncle Al said, "Pull up the board almost all the way" and then, setting the sails for maximum drive, ran directly into the reeds. With a bit of grinding, we got through, then did it again, until we could see a path to Taylor Creek. It was only 300 feet away, and the way seemed clear, but with a KA-RUNCH and a lurch, we ran hard onto an oyster bed. Mighty happy to have my water shoes on, and knowing there was no time to lose, I hopped over the side and began to pull. CRUNCH-suck, CRUNCH-suck, remembering someone mentioning at dinner the night before how the oyster beds enjoy trapping unwary shoes and keeping them. The perennially barefoot Uncle Al had luckily brought his water shoes in case of

a bar stop along the way and was able to put them to good use by removing his 200+ pounds from the boat, giving us that last bit of needed clearance.

Once free, we hopped back aboard and sailed like conquering heroes into Taylor Creek but there was a stiff current running against us as we tried to sail back to the launch ramps. And that point the wind died to a zephyr. After a couple of ineffectual tacks, I unlimbered the paddle, not relishing the half-mile we had to go against that current, but Uncle Al pointed out a small, somewhat crude (and clearly private) launching ramp just a hundred feet or so downstream. We made for that, then made fast to a convenient wharf.

Knowing that for once I was better equipped for the task than Uncle Al, I squelched and dripped down the road toward the launch ramps. The closer I got, the more urgently the beer tried to make its exit, with no convenient bushes to be seen. But I made it, and managed to just catch Tom and Bob as they were preparing to head for the Queen Ann's Revenge, a bar and restaurant that is something of an icon among the Wayfarer folk who attend Beach Week. Jim, Linda and AnnMarie had already left, and I pictured them taking in some fine grub and grog as they speculated on the disappearance of SHADES and her crew.

Driving Uncle Al's car back, now in full darkness, I delivered it to him for backing the invisible trailer down the unlit, narrow ramp. He did it with grace, only placing a single wheel off the pavement and onto the nicely manicured grass. I kept waiting for someone in the grand homes across the street to come out and take us to task for this intrusion, but no-one did, and we soon found ourselves sharing a table and some thoroughly delicious pizza and beer with our companions at the Queen Anne's Revenge. On Thursday, alas! it was time to up anchor and sail for home, but with many a backward glance. Many thanks to Jim and Linda, who are as generous as they are gracious, and to the folk of the Wayfarer family.

CAYO COSTA CRUISE following Midwinters

On Tuesday, Feb 2, Wayfarer sailors will tow their boats to Pinelands, Florida the launch site for a 3 night cruise to **Cayo Costa State Park**, 941-964-0375. This is a Gulf Coast gem accessible by ferry or private boat. See floridastateparks.org for full park details and pictures.

The park is equipped with rustic one room cabins and tent sites. Outdoor grills, restrooms, cold water

showers and potable water are nearby the cabins. Since electricity is not there, headlamps or lanterns are needed to get around and for reading.

There are no restaurants or stores. A small park store has ice, firewood and a few necessities. All food must be brought in. There are docks to tie up boats overnight on the sound side. A tram operates from 10am to 4pm to transport you and your gear to the camping areas. Otherwise it is a lovely one mile walk.

Boats can be launched at the Pineland Marina, 239-283-3593, and cars and trailers can be parked there securely for \$15 a day. The sailing distance from the marina to the park docks is 3.5 miles with lots of shallow water, islands, sandbars and currents. As of December 2, three cabins have been reserved for Wayfarers, giving us 18 beds, 13 of which have been spoken for. Individual camping sites can be reserved. If you want to reserve a bed in a cabin, let me know at jheffernan@nc.rr.com



Commodore comments continued from page 1

The WIC website and the CWA website have been maintained for many years by Al Schonborn of the CWA. These sites contain the huge compendium of Wayfarer knowledge that is known as the Wayfarer Institute of Technology. These sites require our support. You can help by donating to the Canadian Wayfarer Association and receiving a stunning 2016 calendar. Online instructions to donate or join can be found at: wayfarer-canada.org

Whiffle Web fans everywhere! Please support our websites with your sorely needed donations.

Any amount you can contribute will be much appreciated. A North America-based donation of \$25 CAD or more will be rewarded with one of the Limited Edition (100) Wayfarer calendars for 2016. To cover international postage, we need to have a minimum donation of \$30 CAD before we can mail the calendar to you. Calendars available at Midwinters.

NPBoats has a container arriving in early April that will have in it two Wayfarer Racers with all the bells and whistles. These two boats will be ready to sing and dance for their new owners. The container will also contain various parts such as spreader sets, masts, booms, spinnaker poles and sails. **Contact Nick Seraphinoff at 586 206 5900. or email nseraphinoff@comcast.com .**

	npboatsus.com <i>For the dinghy sailor in all of us</i> <i>Home of the Mark IV Wayfarer</i>	
<i>Nick Seraphinoff: nseraphinoff@comcast.com Marc Bennett: marcb27732@gmail.com</i>		

Calling all Wayfarers 2016

Jan 29-31, 2016	Wayfarer Nationals and Midwinters XVII	Lake Eustis, FL
Feb 1-5	Cruising in Florida	Cayo Costa SP
Feb 6-7	Singlehanded Regatta, Lake Eustis SC	Lake Eustis, FL
Feb 13-14	George Washington Birthday Regatta	Lake Eustis, FL
June 4,5	Mayor's Cup, Lake Townsend YC	Greensboro, NC
June 17	Downriver Race, Chester River	Chestertown, Maryland
June 18, 19	Rock Hall One Design, RHYC	Rock Hall, Maryland
July 16-22	World Championships in Netherlands	Heeg, Friesland
July 23-29	International Rally in Netherlands	Heeg, Friesland
Aug 6-13	NA Wayfarer Rally, Killbear Provincial Park	Parry Sound, Ontario

The Events Calendar on the USWA and CWA websites will have the details of racing and cruising events
USWA: www.uswayfarer.org and for CWA www.wayfarer-canada.org.

USWA SKIMMER 2015-4

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