



The Wayfarer SKIMMER

United States Wayfarer Association
Winter 2017-1

RACING CAPTAIN COMMENTS

Marc Bennett W10861

In an effort to promote high quality racing experiences for our Wayfarer sailors the USWA will add the Eastern Championship event to the 2017 Racing Calendar. This event, which is open to any paid up member of a Wayfarer Class Association, may be a stand alone event or a piggy-back on an existing event. It will be held in the north or south alternating with the US Nationals.

The Wayfarer winner of this event will be awarded title of Wayfarer Eastern Champion. The USWA will provide keeper trophies for skipper and crew for the first three places for 1-10 entries, for 4 places 11-15 entries and first five places for 16 entries and above. Final details on trophies is under consideration.

In 2017 the Eastern Championship will be held on June 20, 21 at Kerr Lake, Henderson, North Carolina as part of the North Carolina Governor's Cup hosted by the Carolina Sailing Club. Invited classes include but are not limited to Buccaneer, Flying Scot, Isotope, Tanzer 16, Thistle, Jet 14, 420, Laser, Lightning, 505, Wayfarer and Hobie 16.

The regatta includes up to five races over two days. Racing takes place off Henderson Point which is known for its beautiful expanse of water, tree lined shores, great family camping and easy access from Interstate 85.

The Governor's Cup brings sailors from all over the region and surrounding states to Central North Carolina. Old friends will get together and new friendships will begin. Recent Governor's Cup weekends have provided good winds and large fleets, making this one of the most competitive one-design regattas in the Southeast. The Regatta is in its 59th year making it one of the oldest regattas in the southeast. I hope you will represent the Wayfarers this year!

Lake Eustis Team Aces 2017 Mids at Eustis

Al Schonborn W3854

No sooner did Nick Seraphinoff get our long-time Lake Eustis friend, Dave Moring, into a Wayfarer at long last, than Dave and crew, Ariel Harrington (*below*), beat out a hot fleet of 20 Wayfarers to capture the 2017 Wayfarer Midwinters, hosted for the 18th time by our beloved Lake Eustis SC in Florida.

The three-day Midwinters were held Feb. 3-5, Friday through Sunday, in conjunction with the MC Scows' annual Train Wreck Regatta. We were blessed with the weather that draws millions to Florida each winter: sunshine and summery temperatures. This year's camping contingent got flawless weather.



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

2017 Mids continued from page 1

The winds, on the other hand, left a bit to be desired. On both Friday and Sunday, Ray Laguna's fine Race Committee and the sailors were teased into going out onto the water by the onset of ripples on a glassy lake, but no consistent breeze ever materialized and attempts at racing had to ultimately be abandoned on both Friday and Sunday. This wasted a fine Wayfarer yoga warm-up organized by our North Carolina ladies but did give us lots of time to enjoy the magnificent hospitality of the Lake Eustis SC and its ever so capable volunteers. The traditional free beer provided by the host club and Uncle Al's *Dark and Stormies* were never more appreciated than on these hot, relatively windless afternoons.

Saturday though, was a different story wind-wise: perfect sailing winds, usually about 8 to 12 knots, strong enough to make us sit out on the upwind legs but not so strong as to strike fear into most Wayfarer hearts. With fine foresight, PRO Ray Laguna, pushed us into completing six races, all with windward-leeward configurations, and it was a hungry and well exercised group of sailors that sat down to enjoy the traditional great Saturday night feast and social put on by the host club.

The event was hotly contested by all 20 boats at every level, with shifty, gusty winds making consistent excellence hard to achieve. And when the metaphorical dust had settled, a Lake Eustis SC team that was sailing their first Wayfarer regatta together surprisingly emerged as our 2017 Midwinter Wayfarer champions in what had turned into perhaps the closest three-way Midwinters series ever. After very impressively discarding a 3rd that the rest of us would gladly have picked out of their dumpster, Dave Moring and Ariel Harrington counted (3)-1-3-2-3-2 for 11 points to win this year's *Challengers* trophy as Wayfarer Midwinter champions.

Only one point back in 2nd place were Detroit's Doug Scheibner and Andrew Lockhart (the current Wayfarer North American champion) who scored a pair of firsts and seconds but also a couple of droppables only one of which could be discarded. Their 2-1-(9)-6-2-1 gave them series 2nd with 12 points.

Also winning twice as part of their 1-2-(6)-5-1-4 score were U.S. champions, David Pugh and his wife, Anne the CWA Chair, who were one of only two Canadian entries this year. Their 13 points were easily good enough for Bronze in the Spinnaker Fleet.

In the Non-Spinnaker Fleet, the Gold went to Phil Leonard and Jeannie Allamby of North Carolina's Lake Townsend YC in their beautiful wooden W864. Even without a spinnaker, Phil and Jeannie scored a fine 11th overall and were decisive winners in their fleet.

N-S Silver went to the Lake Eustis team of Patty Kuntz and Ron Plank who overcame the need for Ron to take the helm after Patty came out on the short end of a run-in with her boom. Last year's Non-Spi champions, Dave Hepting of Lake Eustis SC with Ali Kishbaugh of Charlotte, NC's Catawba YC, took Bronze this year after being well pursued by LESC sailing newcomer, Karlheinz Krüger, who teamed up with LESC Juniors czar, Craig Yates, and ended only one point out of Bronze. Karlheinz proudly sails W2959 to honour the late Mike Murto, a beloved founder of our Midwinters.

Continued on page 4

*Proclamation to name the annual Wayfarer Chesapeake Cruise,
“The Dick Harrington Chesapeake Cruise”*

Whereas Dick Harrington was the first United States Wayfarer Association Cruising Secretary, a title and position he successfully held from 1995 to 2015, when Dick devoted countless hours to organizing and leading Wayfarer cruises and rallies;

Whereas Dick Harrington has inspired many a Wayfarer sailor to think about Wayfarer cruising as using common sense, good judgment, along with proper preparation for yielding lots of good fun and enjoyment;

Whereas Dick Harrington has given Wayfarers the keys to successful Wayfarer cruising: good personal gear; the right equipment (boat gear) and; training and experience (having confidence of knowing how to handle the Wayfarer in difficult conditions);

Whereas Dick Harrington has shown many Wayfarer sailors the art and science of camping on board the Wayfarer, and shared his experiences of Wayfarer cruising the waters of the Great Lakes North Channel, Nova Scotia’s remote and rugged Eastern Shore, most of Maine’s rocky mid-coast and, most notably, Maryland’s Eastern Shore of the Chesapeake Bay;

Whereas Dick Harrington was the United States Wayfarer “wayward adventurer” by beginning, organizing and leading for many consecutive years, the Wayfarer Chesapeake Cruise - a sailing adventure to Dick’s favorite cursing area, Maryland’s Eastern Shore of the Chesapeake Bay;

As Commodore of the USWA and with Board approval, from this day forward, the annual Wayfarer Chesapeake Cruise will be named the “**Dick Harrington Chesapeake Cruise**”.

Jim Heffernan, Commodore



2017 Dick Harrington Chesapeake Cruise

An illustrious group will attend the first ***Dick Harrington Chesapeake Cruise*** held from May 21-25. Returning cruisers experienced to the area include Dick Harrington, Tom Goldsmith, AnnMarie Covington and Al Schonborn. Joining the cruise for the first time will be Pat Kuntz of Florida, Bruce and Katrina Idleman of Pennsylvania, Chris Mathinson and Jennifer Drolet and Keith Gunder of North Carolina.

Participants will launch at the town ramp in Oxford, Maryland on May 21st. There is still room for more participants but space is limited to the first ten boats that sign up by emailing Tom Goldsmith at tomgoldsmith1219@gmail.com

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2017 Midwinters conclusion from page 2

Back in the Spi Fleet, seven-time Mids champion, Marc Bennett, and his wife, Julie Seraphinoff, the pride of East Lansing and Michigan State finished 4th overall while uncharacteristically scoring nothing better than a 3rd, albeit they did score three of those. Perhaps Julie's mind was understandably on distractions such as "little" Spencer (her son) about to arrive at the club from Orlando and news that her second grandchild is on the way via daughter, Mallory, who once crewed with Uncle Al in a U.S. Nationals victory at Tawas Bay, Michigan.

Taking 5th overall were Lake Townsend's Uwe Heine and Nancy Collins, who ended up at the head of a very evenly matched group of five North Carolina boats. Uwe and Nancy were regularly near the top and hit their series peak in race 4 which they won very efficiently.

A tie for series 6th was broken in favour of Lake Townsend franchise players, Jim and Linda Heffernan, who got the nod due to sailing the venerable composite W2458 to a fine 2nd in race 3. The Heffernans' club mate, AnnMarie Covington, also counted 30 points, teaming up with Detroit's Nick Seraphinoff, and ending up 7th overall.

The close racing continued as only three points separated series 8th from 10th. Newly moved to New Bern and the Blackbeard SC from Charlotte, NC and the Catawba YC, Richard Johnson and the freshly retired pediatrician, Michele Parish, scored a decent series 8th ahead of another Catawba helm, Jim Cook, who again teamed up with Mike Taylor. These two teams placed 3-4 overall last year so it appears that Wayfarer competition is getting hotter each year.

Rounding out the top ten was the other Oakville, Ontario helm, Al Schonborn who got fine crew work from Ava Moring (the 14-year-old daughter of our new Midwinters champion). Uncle Al, winner of eight

[previous Wayfarer Midwinters](#), was pleased with Ava's crew work, with the boat speed of *SHADES a.k.a. Glory Days* and her new main and genoa, thrilled with his and Ava's starts all of which he rated between very good and superb, but in retrospect is less than thrilled with his strategic thinking which on this day at least, seemed to wrest defeat from the jaws of victory with disappointing regularity. We shall see.

Series 12th went to Lake Townsend newcomers, Evan and Mary Trudeau, wedged in the overall standings between the top and 2-3-4 Non-Spinnaker boats that have already been mentioned.

A pair of Lake Townsend Wayfarer helms teamed up for a learning experience in W449, beautifully restored by Ken Butler who sailed with Trish McDermott, his more-or-less neighbour, and made a quite respectable showing by placing 16th overall while finishing only four of the six races.

Tied with Ken and Trish at 80 points was Mike Tighe of the host club who was scheduled to sail with his wife, Mary, but her sailing days - Friday and Sunday - never got any races in. And on Saturday, Mike pressed his son-in-law, Jason Palosaari, into action, making it through the day without notable incidents.

A popular favourite was the Michigan team of Dave McCreedy and his daughter, Sarah (10). It was lovely to see Sarah smiling all day long, and helming whenever dear old Dad flew the spinnaker. Our future is in good hands!!

North Carolina's Jack Davidson got a surprise request to sail with Izak Kielmovitch on the Saturday as solo sailing became a less attractive option in ever more gusty winds. This pair coped very nicely until their mainsheet block broke and they had to sit out races 5 and 6.

Also foregoing solo sailing as the winds increased on Saturday was Jim Burns who picked up Flying Scot sailor, Randy Boekema. The ad hoc local team did fine until they went for a swim in the 4th race and called it a day after that

Special thanks to Pat Kuntz and Dave Hepting, Co Chairs, the spectacular Kitchen Crew, led by Jane Hepting, Mary Seraphinoff and Monte Stamper, LESC Commodore, the PRO Ray Laguna, his RC crew and the many support boat drivers from LESC.

Check out the photo albums on the Canadian website under 2017 Midwinters. www.canada-wayfarer.org.

**George Washington Birthday Regatta
Lake Eustis, FL February 18-19, 2017**

By Jim Heffernan W2458

The GWBR is one of the annual premier events held at the Lake Eustis Sailing Club especially for the Flying Scot Class and the junior sailors from miles around. The Wayfarers are slowly adding their numbers to the participation lists. This year six boats registered with most planning to race singlehanded as is the norm at Lake Eustis. However the wind forecast was not favorable for going one up so some doubling up was in order. The junior sailors in Optis, Lasers and 420's were already racing on two short courses near the shore when the large fleet of Flying Scots, Wayfarers and San Juan 21s made their way past the nimble and enthusiastic kids to the long course near the center of the lake.

The RC was eager to get started quickly since thunderstorms were already on the radar moving in from the Gulf of Mexico toward the lake. Wayfarers and San Juans started first pursued by 40 Flying Scots five minutes later. Two Wayfarers sailed by the Heffernans along with AnnMarie Covington and Pat Kuntz in the new Mark IV, rounded the first windward mark in company with the larger San Juans. Not much changed on the first downwind except the wind continued to veer ahead of the approaching storm line. On the second upwind disaster struck for AnnMarie and Pat as they tangled rigging with a large heavy San Juan and came away with a broken shroud. Quick action to stay on the tack with the good shroud holding the mast up and then re-rigging the spinnaker halyard to take the place of the broken wire allowed them to limp back to port safely where the process to locate a new shroud began in earnest.

A second race was attempted but then abandoned as lightning was detected. Dave McCreedy from Detroit with crew Izak Kielmovitch from Lake Eustis had worked out to a slim lead over the other Wayfarers and was disappointed to turn toward the docks. However, safety does come first. After some brief showers, the fleets headed out again. AnnMarie had replaced her shroud and got into position to race again. Alas, the storms took the wind with them as they headed east so back to the docks we went to enjoy the tasty offerings from a local food truck parked at the club.

An early start of 0930 was posted for Sunday in the hope of doing three races. Winds were perfect for the six Wayfarers on the line for race 2 of the series. The Heffernans with AnnMarie doggedly in pursuit managed another first for the three legged race. Pat

Kuntz had been close behind in third for the whole race until the final few feet at the finish as local sailor Dave Hepting with brother in law Bruce Weston as crew, slipped by using Flying Scots as cover.

Race 3 was all for Ann Marie as she worked the shifts and excelled on the downwind legs keeping a comfortable lead around the final leeward mark. Then a tactical move to get a safe windward position on the Heffernans didn't work out as the wind went light downwind of the large group of Flying Scot spinnakers allowing W2458 to move into the lead for another first finish. Meanwhile, Dave Hepting went hard right away from the wall of spinnakers and crossed the line in second followed by AnnMarie and then Izak Kielmovitch who sailed his best race of the weekend in the waning wind.

The RC held on for another thirty minutes trying to get another start but then signaled it was time to go home and started towing boats to shore. Packing up to go back north is always tough but the memories of good competition in a beautiful venue prevail to send us back next year.

Cayo Costa, a Barrier Island Experience

Linda and Jim Heffernan

In the wee hours before dawn on the Monday after the 2017 Midwinters, eleven Wayfarer sailors left the Lake Eustis area with boats in tow and drove 4 hours south to Pine Island. The goal was to sail from Pineland Marina to Cayo Costa State park located on a barrier island six miles across the shallow sound. The boats were sailed by Al Schonborn W3854 with crew Pat Kuntz, Phil Leonard W864 with crew Jeanne Allamby and AnnMarie Covington, Evan and Mary Trudeau W10945, and Jim and Linda Heffernan W2458.

In warm and sunny conditions the sailboats were loaded with gear and food needed for a four day stay on the island reachable only by personal boat or private ferry. Eustis sailors, Dave and Jane Hepting took several coolers and other bulky items in their powerboat and provided escort services.

Progress to the park was slow as the sailors searched to keep enough water under the keel and enough wind in the sails in the light and sometimes dying wind until a sea breeze came in from the Gulf of Mexico allowing an arrival at 3:30pm just in time for the last tram transportation to the cabins and campground one mile away.

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REMEMBERING 2017 MIDWINTERS AT LAKE EUSTIS, FLORIDA





PAGE 6, 7: The Train returns to Train Wreck Regatta! Pirate Dave, LESC regular, joins Regatta organizers Pat Kuntz and Dave Hepting. On windless Friday some did yoga, or is it a dance to the wind gods? And some prayed and waited. Top 4 photos by Al Schonborn.

Competitors worked hard in 6 races on Saturday! John Cole captured the Wayfarers on a close start and Francois Simon snapped W spinnakers from behind. Fourteen year old Ava Moring crewed with Uncle Al. His photo.

John Cole photographed one of the many smiling moments of ten year old Sarah who crewed for her Dad, Dave McCreedy.

Wayfarers adventured to Cayo Costa after Mids! Photo by Uncle Al.

CRUISING SECRETARY

Chip Cunningham aboard *Solje* 1321

In the last issue SKIMMER 2016-4 Captain Chip began the charming story of his goal to sail under the Blue Water Bridge that connects Port Huron, Michigan and Sarnia, Ontario. Here is the conclusion.

Editor's note: The entire narrative Inside The Bend with picture supplements can be read on the USWA website at www.uswayfarer.org.

Fall 2016 Inside The Bend, Part II

As luck would have it, November fourth looked good: high sixties and 10 to 15 out of the south. I drove straight to Desmond Marine. I told them I wanted to motor down from the ramp but didn't want to sail with it. I asked if they would let me stash it there while I took a shot at sailing under the bridge. "Sure," they said. So that took care of that. A look at the calmer water settled the chop question. I went back to the ramp and launched.

A low wide military-looking boat was maintaining a loose station in the middle of the Black River on the downstream side of the last bridge. It seemed that they must be waiting for me since I was the only other boat on the river. Oh, well, I did have my passport. When I started under the bridge they drifted to the side. I saw two border patrol men through their open cabin door. One of them was wearing shorts.

"Nice day."

"Yes, it's a gift."

Their boat had four three hundred horsepower Honda outboards on the back. I gave my 2 horsepower Honda a rev and nodded at theirs. He smiled and nodded back. It would take six hundred—six hundred—of my motors to equal theirs. I imagined a mount on *Solje's* stern with motors packed cheek to jowl, three hundred to port and another three hundred to starboard. I wondered if I could get the last one started before the first one ran out of gas. And then, what about the weight? But I digress....

I tied up to the Desmond Marine dock. I stashed the motor inside, raised the mast, hoisted the sails and, headed out the mouth of the Black. After a careful look for freighter and barge traffic—there was none—, I ran *Solje* north up the middle of the river. Halfway to Bay Point, the huge bow of a Great Lakes Fleet laker slid out beneath the bridge. She was a traditional one with a fo'c's'le. The company's broad diagonal grey stripe accented her deep red hull. The way she veered

into the turn was odd. She was crabbing a surprising amount. I made for the Canadian shore. I watched with satisfaction and admiration as that gigantic ship, noticeably askew, swept precisely down the middle of the river.

I sailed on a lake carrier like her the summer of 1964. I was an able-bodied seaman—a deckhand on Inland Steel's *Joseph Block*—the "Old" *Joe Block*. She was built in 1905. She ran aground in Porte des Morts Passage (Death's Door) coming down out of Escanaba in 1968. Afterwards she suffered an ignominious transfer to the Steinbrenner fleet and never recovered very well. She was scrapped in 1978, but that's all another story.



Great Lakes carrier "Joe Block" built in 1905.

She was powered by a three cylinder triple expansion vertical steam engine. It put out 2,000 horsepower at 88 RPM. It was in perfect condition for its age. Everything was steam—the pumps, the generators, the winches. It was like working in Henry Ford Museum. We did 11 knots full or empty. We sailed out of the Calumet River in East Chicago mostly to Escanaba. The run had close to a 24 hour turnaround time, so every day our schedule shifted a few hours. After four or five of those trips everyone's internal clock was totally scrambled. We would be sent on a five or six day trip to Duluth-Superior for a rest—under the Mackinac Bridge, up the St Marys River, through the Soo Locks, across that whole lake! My god!

The St Marys between Huron and Superior is another real river. It was beautiful—kind of rural, complex and busy. Once, a most amazing thing happened. It was evening. We were headed up the river. Everybody's schedule was easing back to normal. A group of us was leaning on the rail outside the mess. The old-timers on our crew kept up a commentary on the other lakers going by—whether their cook was any good and

how generous the food budget was, what kind of shape the engine room was in, the condition of her hull, her captain A fog rolled in as it often did. The Coast Guard called a halt to shipping and we anchored. Pretty soon you could barely see the decklights from one to the next. Everything went quiet.

We were awakened the following morning as usual by the steward walking around ringing his bell. We walked aft through a thick wet fog to the mess. There was some daylight, but still a cottony yellow glow surrounded each decklight and gave out from the open mess door.

We ate and talked a bit as usual and then went out on deck. Some of us held heavy white warm porcelain cups of coffee, waiting in the fog. Everything was still and quiet—the whole river. And then the amazing part: when the fog lifted, it revealed the river full of gigantic ships as far as you could see, up and downriver. Many of them were bigger than we were. All hanging at anchor. Almost silent.

It was then a most rare and beautiful dance began. Ships' engines came alive. Two by two, they sounded a long horn, weighed anchor and swung out into the river, one up and one down. Long, deep powerful horns. One up, one down. Two by two. Our turn came. Our horn trembled on the stack. The chain rattled into its locker. We swung back into a regular day.



But on the day we were earlier speaking of before this reverie, *Solje* and I were pushed on port up the gentle current, the inside of the bend on the Canadian side of the St Clair by a steady, maybe, 10 knots of wind. The freighter slipped by. Ahead was clear. We passed four blue commercial fishing boats tied up at Purdy Fisheries. There was one empty well. Abreast of the

long dark casino a sister Purdy boat came downriver and backed into its berth. The current remained unexpectedly slack all along that stretch, right up to a slight point of rock 25 feet before the first bridge tower. Our headway which had been the speed of an easy walk slowed but was still confidence inspiring. That speed held under the first bridge. Did I mention that there are two bridges there now? A new span was completed in 1997. I wanted to look up at them more than I did, but I was consumed with sailing *Solje*. We could have used more wind. There was no chop to speak of.

Nearly clear of the second bridge's base *Solje's* headway came almost to a halt. Maybe it was that the current picked up there, maybe it was the towers of the bridges messing with the wind. We were still moving well through the water. We were a couple of boat lengths off the steep boulder faced shore.

The very unseasonably warm and sunny day had brought out scores of people fishing. They were perched on the rip rap boulders ahead and cast their lines far out into the river. I tried to sail out beyond their lines but when I did *Solje* started moving backwards relative to shore. I inched carefully back toward shore. I was concerned that at some unknown angle *Solje* might be grabbed by the current and snapped downstream. I was awfully close to the bouldered shore. I heeled her way over. It seemed to help. The board was $\frac{3}{4}$ down.

The people fishing reeled in their lines as I moved closer to shore. It was a trade off—the bank was almost as high as *Solje's* mast. The flag on the water treatment plant ahead still showed the wind coming reliably from the south. This section was only 700' long. It angled northeast so the wind was partly coming over the bank. It wasn't gusty. Maybe the wind was mostly channeling up the river. I don't know. I tried everything. I gybed and lost ground. I tried wing-on-wing. I gybed back and raised the centerboard. I heeled. I remembered what my father said and sat still.

Solje inched forward. Most of the people fishing pulled their lines in to let *Solje* closer. Some waited until we nearly hit their lines—it's not like our speed was a threat. I would wave and say thanks. Most of them acknowledged my thanks but one in particular glared at me. Maybe he knew that *Solje's* registration number, which began "MC", meant that she belonged on the far shore. We barely moved ahead in between motionless interludes. There were periods, universally noted by the spectators on shore, when we slipped

backward. Sometimes they said something encouraging.

It took a long time to clear this area. I mean half an hour. Seven hundred feet. We were great entertainment. And we weren't through it yet, but at least we were beyond the people fishing. Tight to shore was the key. Progress, while still very slow, was at least steady past the Lambton Water Treatment Plant. We amused the hell right out of a couple of old men sitting on a park bench. Well, they *were* old—they were older than me. This stretch was another seven or eight hundred feet long. *Solje* covered it in fifteen minutes.

Almost imperceptibly the shore began to move by more quickly. At the widening shoulder of the river on the Canadian side and the Fort Gratiot light on the other, we were mostly free. I could relax. I really had been tense about being overpowered by the current. I took time to regard the grand spectacle of the bridges. We were beyond them! Feeling beyond was so satisfying. I felt so content.

I sailed well away from the small fishing boats spread out west of the river. I saw a point far up the Ontario shore—Wees Beach. I headed there, past the interesting convoluted entrance to the Sarnia Yacht Club. I gave healthy berth to a large faded yellow spherical buoy marked with a black “X”. It might be over a wreck for divers.

Several times patches of green fish leapt out of the water just ahead. I turned around at the point. One of these days I'm going to sail beyond that point too, all the way to Tobermory, I hope. I really hope.

I sailed out of the lake into the head of the river. I was on a beat. At about mid-river I tacked back to the Canadian side and got well caught up in the current. I had steerage way and felt comfortably in control. I was well off the bank. It was remarkable how oblique *Solje's* heading was, relative to her track. To make for a particular spot I would have to sail at least four points upriver. I didn't notice the reactions of the people on shore.

A small U.S.Coast Guard boat rocketed by. They always rocket. South of the casino I looked at my watch. It was only two o'clock. So, now what?

I've heard people say, when reviewing their lives, “If I had it to do over, I would do it all the same.” That baffles me. Do they have no imaginations or are they just really slow learners? I have learned over time that I fit the second option. I decided to sail under the bridge again.

The second time went much faster. Maybe the wind had picked up a bit—but not much. Below the bridges I sailed farther away from the shore and then beneath the bridges I came in at the shore on more of an angle and went right up close. The one fisherman still glared back after my apology. But I got through there in five minutes. The only hard part, and it was *really hard*, was not succumbing to the smell from a chip wagon that wafted over the bank from the park. I really did consider nosing into shore and giving somebody five bucks to get me a large fries. Only the thought of Homeland Security and Guantanamo stopped me. *Solje* cleared the water treatment plant in another five minutes and we were in the lake again!

OK! Next I sailed out into the river and back down into the biggest streak of standing waves, board half up. The shore was tearing by! Below the bridges I realized this all was going to be over too soon so I cut on a reach straight across the river to the Canadian side without losing much ground downriver. OK! So back across through the worst of it! And back and forth. Back and forth! *Solje*, what a boat! What a boat!

Cayo Costa continued from page 5

After setting up in the cabin bunks and stowing our gear, Phil, Jeannie, Evan and Mary hosted the group to a Chili dinner outside their cabin. This was the first of four shared dinners each hosted by a different cabin group.

Winds were not inviting for sailing on Tuesday and the group opted for a hike to the north end of Cayo Costa Island. Well, not everyone hiked. Dave ferried Al back to Pineland Marina to fetch the medications Al had left in his car. As a bonus Al was able to bring back the makings for Dark and Stormies to enhance our cocktail hours! There was an afternoon swim for many in the 70 degree Gulf waters followed by basking on the warm beach and finished with outdoor cold water showers. For dinner we finished yesterday's Chili and then gathered at the group fire pit for a campfire.

On Wednesday North winds of 8-10 were excellent for a destination sail to Bookelia on the northern tip of Pine Island. As we anchored the boats off a beach in front of a local seafood restaurant, tourists stopped their cars to look at the sailboats and ask *how did we get there?* An enjoyable and tasty lunch stop with cooling draft beer was the right way to sit on the edge of Gasparilla Sound. On the return voyage, two of the Wayfarers poked their bows out the Boca Grande inlet south to feel the swells and winds of a relatively quiet

Gulf. Once back at the State Park docks skippers spent extra time securing their boats anticipating the strong northwest winds predicted on Thursday.

Clam Pasta with salad was on the dinner menu, prepared by Heptings and Heffernans, followed by a short walk to the Tiki shelter for an hour of easy guitar and banjo music by two musicians staying in the campground.

Two objectives were set for Thursday in lieu of sailing in the heavy winds. First, a morning walk on the beach heading south to the sands that collected seashells, whelks, horseshoe crabs, and sand dollars and second, an afternoon excursion to the lagoon on the eastern shore where manatees had been spotted. AnnMarie and Patti and Phil and Jeannie rented two person kayaks. Heffernans joined the Trudeaus on their Wayfarer now commandeered as a paddle boat and helmed by Mary. All craft were easily paddled downwind to the lagoon where we were rewarded with numerous sightings of these strange mammals. The back of the first one we saw was covered with barnacles and we thought it was an alligator! We saw some fast back stroking by Jeannie! The paddle back was extremely more difficult and we stopped at the closest dock which put *Giftie W10945* in a good position for the next day's departure as well as pointing her into the wind.

After a savory casserole of Chicken, Rice and Broccoli prepared by AnnMarie and Patti we sat around the fire at Cabin 9 and planned next morning's departure. The forecast called for rain during the night and heavy winds that would continue until the cold front passed. We decided to catch the 9 am tram to the docks and decide then when we would leave.

Thursday night the rain and the winds came but we slept snug in our rustic cabins and Patti stayed dry in her trusty tent at the nearby campground.

When we arrived at the marina at 9:30 am on Friday we quickly realized we weren't leaving soon! The low tide made loading the boats difficult and the winds were in excess of 20 mph with higher gusts. Time was spent reefing mainsails and checking the weather reports. Dave's engine had been swamped during the night and he had to jury rig the starter. At 12:30 the wind abated and the tide had filled and we decided to set off for Pine Island. AnnMarie joined Evan and Mary sailing three up and since the wind had eased they shook out the reef before they left the dock. It was a comfortable and quick sail back and de-rigging and packing up went smoothly.

We drove back to Eustis thankful that the winds of the cold front didn't keep us from leaving since all the cabins were filled for that night. Neither did we have to camp without a tent nor take the ferry to the mainland and leave our Wayfarers behind! It all worked out!

**2017 WAYFARER INTERNATIONAL RALLY
WELLESLEY ISLAND SP, July 14-22**

Over 10 international sailors, hailing from the UK, Ireland and the Netherlands, will attend the Cruising Rally sponsored by the USWA and CWA. WISP is very popular for its beautiful surroundings and interesting sailing destinations on the St Laurence River.

The Rally organizers are encouraging sailors to mix it up on their own boats to accommodate getting our international guests on the water. At this date there will be two extra Wayfarers to share.

Almost thirty campsites have been reserved in the Eagle section of the park which is near the excellent docks that provide an overnight home for our boats. It is an easy launch to sail to the many islands and lunch spots.

Three social events are planned. Sunday evening we will gather at the Park Pavilion for a Pig Roast. We will return to the Pavilion Monday evening for a Square Dance! Participants in these events will share on a cost recovery basis. A dinner at a restaurant on another evening will be organized by Dick Harrington and sign-ups will take place at the rally. Traditionally the last evening is Pot Luck and the dress is Black Tie!

At last check there are still a few campsites in Eagle section left as well as some cabins. If you want to know your neighbors check out Uncle Al's list of confirmed participants. And the gallery of Mug Shots so you will recognize your neighbors!

Alan Asselstine W7346 will be primary point of contact. Alan's email is majam41@gmail.com.

Class Rules have changed to allow a larger window in the Wayfarer jib and mainsail. The Rules now state that the "Total area of one or more windows in each sail is 0.5 square meters. The Class Rules will be amended shortly to reflect this change. If you are having sails made and desire a larger window, ensure your sail maker knows the new limits. See wayfarerinternational.org for Class Rules.



BoatsU.S.

npboatsus.com

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

Nick Seraphinoff: nseraphinoff@comcast.net Marc Bennett marc27732b@gmail.com



2017 Calling All Wayfarers

May 20	Lake Lansing Regatta	East Lansing, Michigan
May 21-25	Chesapeake Cruise	Oxford, MD
June 3-4	Mayors Cup, Lake Townsend YC	Greensboro, NC
June 3-4	Bayview YC One design	Detroit, MI
June 18-19	NC Governors Cup, Wayfarer Eastern Championship	Kerr Lake, NC
June 18-19	Rock Hall One Design	Rock Hall, MD
July 14-22	International Rally, Wellesley Island SP	Clayton, NY
July 22-23	North American Championship , TSCC	Toronto, Ontario
Aug 26-27	Blackbeard One Design, BSC	New Bern, NC
Sept 9-10	US National Championship, TYC	Tawas Bay, MI

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 2017-1

**United States Wayfarer Association
324 Winwood Avenue
St. Joseph, MI 49085**

CHECK LABEL!!! Please note your boat number and ensure that your dues are current.
Thank you to our members for supporting the USWA!

