



The Wayfarer SKIMMER

United States Wayfarer Association
Winter 2016-2

USWA Awards Charter to New Fleet

In late May 2016 the Officers of the USWA unanimously approved the request of Wayfarers sailors from Lake Townsend Yacht Club in Greensboro, NC to form Fleet 15. While LTYC will be the home base, the new fleet will include sailors in Maryland, Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia.

The Lake Townsend Yacht Club is a strong and active club that has been in existence since September 1977. The Wayfarer fleet at LTYC is one of the most active and fastest growing fleets in the club and members feel that forming a fleet charter under the USWA will only strengthen both the club and the USWA in the deep southeast.

This new fleet would be centrally located within the 6 state area listed above, and the majority of boats in the fleet would be located within 110 miles of our home base.



Cathy and Phil Leonard placed 2nd in this year's Mayor's Cup, at Lake Townsend Yacht Club. Phil has been elected Fleet Captain of USWA's newest fleet.

CHESAPEAKE CRUISE ATTRACTS 8 BOATS

Bill Harkins W2526



Bill and Margie on a beach of remote Watts Island.

Interest in this year's Memorial Day Chesapeake cruise was high this year, with eight boats participating, and crews hailing from six states and Canada. Seasoned regulars such as Dick Harrington, Tom Goldsmith, AnneMarie Covington, and Ken Butler were prepared for a classic cruise, sleeping on board, and generally relying on their own resources. Others, (whose names, for reasons of modesty, will not be specifically listed here), may have been attracted **to the cruise this year by the possibility of more comfortable beds and showers in the B&B's on Smith and Tangier Islands.** Whatever the personal preference, the cruise was a great success in promoting the unique pleasures of exploring the Chesapeake Bay.

AnneMarie and Ken, and Uncle Al and Peter Thorn departed Crisfield in sunny weather on Saturday to attend the art show on Smith Island; the rest of the fleet sailed on Sunday, after resourceful Tom Goldsmith and Ken Butler got AnneMarie's car keys sent back via the mail boat, to provide Dick with some sails. What a team!

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USWA ANNUAL DUES

Full membership	One year	\$20.00
Full membership	Three years	\$50.00
Associate Membership		\$15.00
Associate Membership is available to non-Wayfarer owners.		

rocks here. The clouds threatened rain as the day went on, and it finally arrived as we arrived in Ewell. We were warmly greeted by Pauli Eades, the longtime Smith Island artist friend of the Chesapeake regulars and by Uncle Al who had already set up shop making his famous Dark and Stormies, with truly authentic America's Cup ingredients.

Fortunately, the Smith Island restaurant was still open and as we dried out we enjoyed cream crab soup and crab cake sandwiches. Just three hours later we all gathered again on the restaurant's porch for a feast provided by Pauli, hamburgers and hot dogs, potato salad and all the fixings. The stars of the show were dozens of steamed crabs with Old Bay seasoning. There is a method and ritual for eating these beautiful swimmers, and it was fun introducing the newcomers to this leisurely but messy process. We retired happily to our boats (Brian's new self-designed and sewn green tent leaked nary a drop!) and comfortable B&B's after a great day's experience.



Brian Laux reaped the benefits of his well designed and skillfully sewn boom tent.

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We sailed on a reach out of the Little Annemessex River 7 NM to the narrow entrance to Smith Island, called amusingly the "Big Thorofare", a dredged winding passage barely wide enough to accommodate the daily mail boat and ferry. Bob Stevenson and Hazel Hewitt discovered just how narrow the channel is when they politely moved to the side to execute a 360 degree turn to allow the passage of the passenger ferry, but only managed 270 degrees and an introduction to Chesapeake mud. There are very few

Monday morning, Memorial Day, brought the rain in earnest. The effects of tropical depression Bonnie were more evident now. Strangely, just about one hundred miles to the west, remembrances in Washington, DC took place in bright sunshine. The first two boats, with Uncle Al and Pete, and AnneMarie and Ken, got an early start on the approximately 12 NM beat to windward down the Bay to Tangier Island. *Continued on page 8*



2016 MAYOR'S CUP/BOD PHOTOS ON Page7

Top: Wayfarers line the dock at LTYC.

Cathy and Phil put in some serious hiking during Sunday's heavy wind races

Center: Annemarie Covington and Susan Cole competed in Epiphany's last regatta as the beautiful wood boat is for sale.

Another female team, Trish McDermott and Ali Kishbaugh, sailed in Trish's boat as Ali's boat is in progress. They placed second in Race 1!

Photos by Linda Marsh

Bottom: Steph Romaniuk, Marc Bennett and Julie Seraphinoff are all smiles after Saturday races at Bayview One Design.

On Sunday Sailors watch the storm clouds from the BYC clubhouse.

Photos by Julie Seraphinoff

Chesapeake Cruise continued from page 3



Peter Thorn demonstrates Smith Island's most popular mode of transport. Bicycles, the second choice, are in the background.

The second group left soon thereafter with Bob and Hazel, Dick and Tom, and Bruce and Katrina Idleman in their GP 14 (another post war British design that proved to be equal in speed and better pointing than our Wayfarers except in very light winds). Kit Wallace and Patsy Poulin and Bill Harkins and Margie McKelvey followed. For safety's sake, we sailed using the buddy system, and attempted to adhere to regular radio contacts. Brian Laux, who was sailing solo, decided to return to Crisfield and the comfort of his brother's home. It rained all the way to Tangier,

making boats disappear at times in the grey mist, but we were fortunate that both the Bay water and the rain were warm, and the winds were not too strong so no one got cold until just before arriving in Tangier Island at Milton Parks Marina.

Everything was soaking wet and even the stalwart regulars were open to the idea of finding a B&B. We were met at the dock by a stretch golf cart limo to transport ourselves and sea bags to the Bay View Inn, which treated us very well indeed. Later in the evening, after warm showers and wine and cheese, we trudged off to the only restaurant which remained open. Some of us enjoyed another Chesapeake specialty there, soft shell crab sandwiches, served legs hanging out and all, eaten in its entirety between two pieces of old fashioned white bread. Just ask Hazel for a review.

At sunset, one could see a line of clouds hugging the western horizon. Being on Tangier and Smith Islands does give the impression of being out to sea, and the line was evidence that Bonnie was moving on. Tuesday morning was bright and sunny, a perfect day to sail the 5NM to Watts Island, to the east of Tangier. The winds were light from the east at 5-10K, and it was both a challenge and a pleasure to tack down the dogleg channel through Tangier, past the crab sheds and the working waterfront. Kit and Patsy somehow managed to find themselves stuck in some Chesapeake mud next to a crab shack. What to do? You can't just jump out and push yourself off as you will go up to your knees in the stuff. A waterman in his skiff came to the rescue and pulled them down the channel, but Kit and Patsy reported that they didn't understand a word of the distinct accent for which Tangier and Smith Islanders are known. Hand signals are a universal language.

Our sail to Watts was a lovely reach in gentle winds. After rounding the north side of the island, we put ashore for a picnic, some swimming and more Dark and Stormies. Watts Island is a beautiful wildlife sanctuary and is fast eroding, like much of low lying land on the Chesapeake. The reach back to Tangier was equally enjoyable, until the wind died in the late afternoon. Unfortunately, the tidal current was again running against us in the entrance channel, and we were forced to break out the oars and paddles for some enthusiastic self propulsion back to the dock.

In the morning, the winds were light. Rather than fight the current again through the eastern exit from Tangier, several boat decided to go west and then around the top of the island, across the shallow flats, at Milton Parks' suggestion. This worked well until the wind died again, and we watched as it filled in for the boats having taken the other route. The wind speed continued to build and we all had a wild ride on a close reach back to Crisfield. Warm goodbyes were said at the Somer's Marina, and later in town after dinner, and the whole crew looks forward to next year.

IN THE BEGINNING - CHESAPEAKE

By Dick Harrington W887



The first time I sailed my Wayfarer - *Blue Mist* - into the hamlet of Ewell on Smith Island I thought I was pretty hot stuff.

Further inflating my ego, I got a royal welcome from Pauli E at

Smith Island Marina. Never had she received a visit by such a small vessel. Low and remote, lying below the horizon, Smith Island is out of sight of the main land. At the time this seemed like quite a daring adventure. Yet, the open passage across Tangier Sound from Crisfield harbor to the entrance of the Thorofare bisecting Smith Island is only about six nautical miles. So it is quite an easy sail.

Following that and full of courage I was soon contemplating my next "off shore adventure". Along the road leading into Crisfield billboards advertise tour boat trips to historic and picturesque Tangier Island. It is obviously the ideal thing to do for visiting summer tourists. This fascinated me - an island way out in the middle of Chesapeake Bay. I envisioned this like some far off forbidden place. Was it too distant and dangerous to attempt in my 16-foot dinghy? Lying at the southern extremity of Tangier Sound, Tangier Island is about 12 nautical miles - as the crow flies - from Crisfield.

A complete town and independent community, it has a unique history and culture dating back to the early 17th century. There's no other place in the United States like it. Nevertheless, in spite of being much further out than Smith Island I decided I was ready to give it a try, yet being mindful of the potential dangers posed by the open waters of the Chesapeake. Just the year before I had capsized in Crisfield harbor during a nasty thunderstorm and needed to be rescued by a couple of wise watermen. They were nice guys but likely not overly impressed by my intelligence.

Arriving at Tangier Island I was again more in awe of my self-imagined seamanship prowess than appreciative of my God-given good fortune. Not appropriate, yet not totally unexpected either. Experiencing this vastly different and remote land of a nearly bygone era was like discovering a new world. Captain John Smith we admire you for discovering this marvelous region.

The busy harbor scene before me consisted of a large expanse of marshy waters - water over mud flats

deceptively thin and quite un-navigable - which contained a maze of rickety narrow jetties leading out to a multitude of shanties holding crab pens. You could hear the sound of the pumps and water tumbling through the pens. All around tall poles distributed a crisscrossing web of electrical wires feeding the pens. Most assuredly this made for a confusing picture to any stranger coming up the channel the first time. Like others before me I fell for the trap and soon discovered I was following a dead end alley instead of the main channel. But I was living a dream. My senses struggled to take in the sights and sounds harking back to nineteenth century times. Such a rich scene of nautical life and tradition is indeed rare.

I shall never forget that first arrival at Milton Park's Marina. A yachtsman snapped a marvelous picture of *Blue Mist* coming in. The sun was just dipping below the horizon, casting soft, glowing shades of red upon me and *Blue Mist's* sails. Ghosting slowly with the last few vespers of air before night fall, *Blue Mist* drifted ever so gracefully into her slip. This was a time when I experienced some of my very best cruising experiences.



Smith Island's prominent citizen, Pauli Eades, and local teen at Sunday's Art Fair

Photo by Uncle Al

The Perfect Cruise Venue

Where as the great rivers of the Eastern Shore, where I previously spent much time exploring were unimaginably remote - being largely surrounded by vast marshlands, mostly National Wildlife Refuges - there was little to be found in the way of landside amenities. No marinas where to tie up! No restaurants to drop into for a hot meal or cold beer! Living with nature was lovely, breath taking at times, and serene, but cruising requires total self-sufficiency, even for the barest necessities such as obtaining drinkable water. But these islands were a totally different story.

Right away it dawned upon me that my wife Margie, who was a good sailor, would really like Smith and Tangier islands. There were nice marinas with good facilities and there were fantastic seafood restaurants! There were B&B's too, though we wouldn't need such as we were perfectly happy rolling into our air mattresses and sleeping bags on the floor of *Blue Mist*. Maybe a little bit of wine

first would help. On top of it all what a fascinating place these island were to visit.

Sadly, Margie only lived long enough to make it one time with me to Smith Island. But I floated the idea around and it quickly caught hold with many of the Wayfarer cruising gang. Jane has now become my cruising companion. With time we added nuances to the venue, such as a must-do sail to little known picturesque Watts Island - a beautiful deserted nature preserve and home to several families of eagles. It is a wonderful spot for a picnic and swim off the pristine white sandy beach.

This year we have an especially large turn out of nine boats – 17 people who are making the trip. Many are staying in B&B's in spite of my disapproval, but that's their prerogative. I don't like the restrictions imposed by B&B's due to the need to adhere to a predetermined schedule - regardless of sea conditions. But I'm sure all will do well. We haven't run into significant problems in the past.



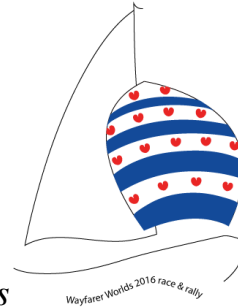
Jim and Linda Heffernan exhibited W1066 "Dawn Treader," on Front Street in Beaufort in May of this year.

Beaufort, NC Wooden Boat Show 2016
Jim Heffernan, W1066, W2458

Beaufort was and still is a fishing community with boating being a key element for the continued existence of the town. Commercial fishing has been replaced by pleasure fishing and a lot of tourism. There are still a few shrimp boats based around Beaufort but none near the picturesque waterfront.

At the east end of the creek passing in front of Beaufort is an island on which were built many of the sailing and power craft used by fishermen in past years. Two boats define the quality of design and versatility that the Harkers Island boat builders provided to the folks that made their

Good luck to Wayfarer North American



*competitors attending the
Wayfarer Worlds in Friesland! John
Cadman and Charles Childs, Jim, Linda,
and Sean Heffernan, Rob , Rose and
Daniel Wierdsma, Sue Pilling and Steph
Romaniuk. Leo and Joann VanKammen*

living on the shallow waters nearby. The Spritsail Skiff was a long narrow hulled vessel with purposeful working sails.. The spritsail skiff was able to sail in inches of water, empty or loaded, propelled by sail or poling oar. It was also quite fast allowing the fishermen to get their catch to town quickly and nail the best price from the buyers. A powerboat, the Core Sounder, was the workhorse in later years distinguished by the flared bow and gracefully curving lines. They could handle the shallow waters near behind Cape Lookout and were built in various configurations to suit the needs of the user.

How does the Wayfarer fit in? At the Wooden Boat Show, a 1965 Wayfarer was displayed on Front Street among various examples of Core Sounders and Spritsail Skiffs with restored versions and newly built replicas of these classic workhorses. Other sailing craft were present such as the lapstrake sided Nutshell and the Core Sound 17 a cat ketch design from the other side of the Neuse River. This is the same boat that Wayfarer sailors Michelle Parish and Richard Johnson have been building in their garage all winter.

Throughout the show, judges wander about making cryptic notes about the various craft and then turning in their comments to the trophy presentation folks. The surprise winner for the best Classic Sailboat was the 1965 Wayfarer, Dawn Treader, W1066, and a Wayfarer that was rebuilt in 2010.

This boat was chosen for its age, versatility of use and the beautiful lines drawn by Ian Proctor. This was great recognition for a One Design boat that we love for racing, cruising in the Sound, and training future sailors. The Wayfarer tradition lives on!