



The Wayfarer **SKIMMER**

**United States Wayfarer Association
Summer 2010-2**

COMMODORE COMMENTS

Jim Heffernan W2458

In the summer of 1974, the first Wayfarer International Championship (Worlds) was held at the Hayling Island Sailing Club located near Chichester in the UK. This summer, Wayfarer sailors from seven countries will again be racing in the English Channel, although further west off Weymouth in Dorset. Jane Austen often extolled the raw beauty and salubrious health effects of the seashore near Weymouth. Undoubtedly she would have included the Wayfarer in her novels had Ian Proctor lived a century earlier and introduced this versatile boat to the vacationers.

The first Internationals along with many subsequent championships had attendance limits placed on each of the visiting National Class Associations. This was due to the number of borrowed boats that could be provided to visitors by the host country. In 1974, the USWA was represented by six enthusiastic crews whose experience was mostly on small inland waters and the Great Lakes. With borrowed boats and their own sails, they competed nobly in the Channel waves, winds and tidal currents. A young Jeff Jones from Michigan gave it a good run and finished 4th overall behind the very capable Brits.

The upcoming (July 17) International Championship has been opened up to all members of a Wayfarer Class Association. At this time, over 70 crews have signed on for this week long event that will include a Bronze fleet of first time racers in a major championship. Only one US crew has signed up so we need others to step forward and test the international waters. It's not too late. See www.wayfarer.org.uk/worlds for entry info.

UKWA COMMODORE REMEMBERS FRANK DYE

WAYFARER CRUISING ICON



It is with great sadness that I inform you of the loss of the best-known Wayfarer ambassador ever likely to sail the boat, Frank Dye, who passed away peacefully on the 16th May. His name is as renowned as the boat itself, and he will always be remembered as the person who showed how seaworthy the boat is, and just what can be achieved in this incredible craft. Progress in boat materials and construction, navigation equipment, and clothing technology mean that his feats of sailing his wooden Wayfarer W48 on trips to Iceland and Norway will never be equaled, no matter what seas following generations of Wayfarer sailors attempt to cross.

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A publication of the United States Wayfarer Association		
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Full membership	One year	\$15.00
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Associate Membership is available to non-Wayfarer owners,		

Frank Dye remembered continued

It was Frank, with his wife Margaret, who started the tradition of the Wayfarer cruising rallies and the Winter Cruising Conference Weekend, both of which have grown to their present popularity from the humble beginnings of inviting a few friends to cross the Wash, and organizing a weekend around February for some fellow Wayfarer cruising enthusiasts to join him to discuss aspects of cruising. It is due to Frank initiating these events that Wayfarer Cruising has grown

in (international) stature and importance to equal that of Wayfarer Racing – something that is completely unique to the Wayfarer, (and sister dinghy, the Wanderer), among dinghy classes.

Frank has been an inspiration to all of us current Wayfarer cruisers, though he would never have claimed such a reputation for himself, being an exceptionally modest person. The fame Frank enjoyed never went to his head. If anything, the reverse was true, as he preferred to quietly sail on his own, or with Margaret, always turning down pleas to join any rallies to avoid any attention he might receive.

Paradoxically, Frank was a great speaker, and entertained audiences at many sailing establishments with tales of his many and varied cruises, always given with a self-deprecating sense of humour. He was also a fine writer, with his first book, “Ocean-Crossing Wayfarer,” enjoying a revival after being recently re-printed. I had the good fortune to meet Frank a number of times, and I will always treasure the personally signed copy I have of this excellent book. Frank will be sorely missed by the many people who knew him – in person or by reputation - but his stature as the greatest dinghy cruiser there is likely to ever be, will live on in our minds and hearts.

Ralph Roberts (UKWA Commodore) W9885

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This year's Chesapeake Cruise was the largest ever with ten boats and twenty two persons attending. Included in this SKIMMER are the first articles about this memorable cruise. Thanks to Gary and Dick for their prompt response to a very tight deadline! Editor

My View from the Rivers

Gary Hirsch, W1321

Both Steve and I drove with little sleep, arriving quite tired in Crisfield on Sunday. It made for a good first night's sleep aboard Solje. We arrived within two hours of each other from different parts of the continent - Steve from Ontario, near Brockville and me from St. Joseph, Michigan. The first night we continued the traditional group dinner at a local restaurant. We got to know the many new faces this year and passed out the coveted "W Chesapeake Cruiser" hats and star pins to commemorate the number of cruises attended.

Islands Group

Dick Harrington, *Cruise organizer*, & Jane Korver, Ohio

Jim Fletcher & his brother, Joe, Michigan

Tony & Mary Krauss, Michigan

Al Schonborn & Hans Gottschling, Toronto

Chuck & Kathy Smith, Oklahoma

Richard Watterson & Wes Gabriel, Pennsylvania

Jason Whitlow & Stephanie Corbet, Oklahoma

Rivers Group

Gary Hirsch, Michigan & Steve Roney, Ontario

Kit Wallace, Toronto & brother, Mark, Vancouver area

Jeff & Fran Kirk, Connecticut

Monday morning had the fleet split into the Islands (B&B) Group and the Rivers (do it in the woods) Group. Seven boats set off for Smith Island and three went north to the Manokin River. I remembered my first cruise where Al & Hans graciously switched crew the first day to allow me and my son to acclimate to a new boat and a potentially challenging venue. So when we found out that Jeff and Fran were fairly new to their CL16, Steve and I offered the same accommodation. They accepted and we were off with one problem. Steve had attended the navigation session for the Rivers Group and knew the plan, but I did not. So Fran and I, last to leave, found ourselves sailing out of Crisfield unable to meet up with the other two boats. The VHF got us sorted out and we had a spirited sail

North up Tangier Sound, surfing up to 8.5 knots by my GPS.

When we met up with our group, we sailed into a protected beach for some additional navigation talk to plan a possible stop for the night. We were to repeat once more before ending the search for suitable protection in Back Creek on the Manokin



Monday on Manokin River – Kit's AbFab W1307 with boom tent in place Photo by Kit Wallace.

River. The next day, Tuesday, produced fairly robust winds (20+) and we spent the day ashore with the exception of Steve and Kit doing some exploring in Kit's boat. Rain during dinner found a second use for the Gottschling Boom Tent.

Wednesday morning's hint of a breeze got us started at 9AM and we ghosted down the Manokin River. After a short lunch stop on a sand beach, we were off, close hauled trying to get around the top of Smith Island with as few tacks as possible. The wind was building throughout the afternoon. At one point Jeff and Fran fell behind and our band of brothers and sister were committed to helping each other, so we turned back with Kit and Mark. When we got down to the CL16, Steve & I finally convinced them to let us help. Steve made the daring move, jumping from my boat onto the CL. Fran was not keen on joining me as she did on day one, so I sailed on to Smith Island alone and Steve provided the extra ballast to assist Jeff on the CL16. As we came ashore on Smith, we found out about the carnage the Islands Group had experienced the day before. A broken centerboard, mast and rigging damage from a run in with a power line, and a capsized and rescue.

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“I’m Going to Die!”

*An event filled day on the Chesapeake
Dick Harrington W887*

Part I. Following a perfect Monday sail from Crisfield to Ewell on Smith Island, Tuesday arrived with different intentions. The weather forecast was for a SW wind of 10 to 15 knots, gusting to 20, with three foot waves on the Bay - afternoon thunderstorms being likely. A small craft advisory had been posted. This was the day we planned to cross the main portion of the Bay, over to Smith Point on the Virginia shore. It would be a new adventure since we hadn’t done this before.

One of our group expressed surprise when I said we’d probably head out in spite of the ‘advisory’. To me the wind didn’t seem that bad - if sailing under reduced sail. Tony and Uncle Al agreed. So we all rigged a reef in the main, except for Al and Hans, who switched to a trysail. Meanwhile, the sun was shining bright and hot, while the breeze bounced nearby tree tops around. At the worst it will be a wet sail – I thought, feeling only slightly guilty knowing that Jane would take the brunt of the beating.



Chuck Smith helps Dick bail “Blue Mist” after his self rescue. Photo courtesy of Chuck Smith

Though the Chesapeake is world renowned for fabulous yachting and sailing, few yachts visit the beautiful islands and rivers abutting Tangier Sound on the Eastern Shore. The waters are too shallow. Yachts that do ply these waters are of shallow draft design.

The entrances to rivers and harbors are invariably heavily barred and torturous; and the much convoluted guts that bisect both Smith and Tangier islands, known as Thorofares, are but narrow dredged channels, maybe only 10 to 20 meters wide at places. To the eye there seems to be lots of water, but for all intensive purposes most of it is less than 6” deep. This means that when sailing even a Wayfarer, frequent encounters with the bottom at the sides of the channel are a common occurrence. Keeping the board partway up is a good policy.



*Hans
Gottschling
and Jim
Fletcher show
off Jim’s new
centerboard
made at Smith
Island.*

*Photo by
Chuck Smith*

With several of the gang already tacking up and down the confined channel in front of Pauli Z’s Smith Island Marina, waiting on the rest of us, Jane and I lead the way out. We were under a small jib and reefed main. The west channel exiting to the Bay consists of a dogleg, running ½ mile north and then turning sharply SW for ¾ mile out into the Bay. It was at the turn, with the wind coming onto our nose that we got into trouble.

On our second starboard tack we overshot the edge of the channel a little too much and wham, *Blue Mist* came to an abrupt stop! The board was buried hard in concrete-like mud and sand. Unable to lift it, I managed to sail off by easing out the sheets. But this then had us heading for the opposite side of the channel and more trouble. So I made a perilous decision-- “Duck, Jane,” I yelled, “I’m going to jibe.” Unfortunately, right away Jane became

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Select Few Wayfarers Enjoy Spectacular Rock Hall Weekend *Al Schonborn W3854*

Early June continued to take its toll on Wayfarers wanting to take part in the Rock Hall weekend held June 11-13, as several teams were prevented from participating by conflicting family engagements or other concerns. Still, we ended up with a 5-boat Wayfarer fleet that added its talents to a very well attended *Down the Chester River Race* on the Friday, and the annual Rock Hall YC *One-Design Regatta* on the weekend.

Amazingly enough, the top three Wayfarers completed the 12-mile River Race within about 100 feet of each other as Jim Heffernan and son, Mark, edged out Tony Krauss and wife, Mary, who in turn squeaked in ahead of Al Schonborn and Richard Watterson who had held a sizeable lead for much of the race.

It was a different matter in the weekend's regatta which doubled as the Wayfarers' U.S. Nationals again this year. Although we got great sailing winds in completing a 7-race series over the two days, the excitement level was nothing to raise the heart rate excessively: Apart from Tony and Mary "stealing" one 2nd from Jim and Mark, the series saw each seed finish in their expected position in every race. Thank goodness for the seven Rebels who shared the course with us and added some spice to our racing as our boat speeds were eminently compatible.

Among the Wayfarers, Uncle Al of Oakville, Ontario got ever smoother work from rookie crew, Richard Watterson, who usually sails W10423 out of Hummelstown, PA, as these two cruised to victory ahead of the North Carolina team of Jim and Mark Heffernan. Now representing Walled Lake, Michigan, Tony and Mary Krauss took the bronze ahead of Rock Hall's 77-year-old Frank Pedersen who was sailing his lovely, just completed wooden Wayfarer in her maiden series with Tom Fulton. That loveable Frisian, Andy Douma, came down from Ottawa's Lac Deschênes SC and teamed up with Linda Heffernan who had sacrificed her usual spot on Jim's boat so that her son could sail. With all helms placing as seeded there was no *Most Improved* team in this event. The *Most Improved*

pennants were instead presented to our always gracious and fun hosts, the Rock Hall YC, and to Frank Pedersen to help him commemorate his inaugural regatta in his beautiful W8705.

Saturday brought the annual RHYC One-Design Regatta, tons more boats, and very likely the best sailing winds and weather that we will have all year!! There was even another Wayfarer who rolled in, albeit with his Hampton: Tom Ballantine purchased W9661 during the past year and told us he's really enjoying sailing the boat around Cape Cod! Welcome to Wayfarers, Tom!!

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Inaugural Lake Lansing Regatta

On May 15, Wayfarers gathered in East Lansing, Michigan for the inaugural racing event on Lake Lansing. Seven Wayfarers and 1 CL 16 completed five races in light winds that included the usual shiftiness expected on a small lake. Marc Bennett and Julie Seraphinoff alternated first places with seconds to take top honors. Joe DeBrincat and his daughter, Nicole, finished second just two points behind. Tony and Mary Krauss placed third and in Tony's words, "Mary and I showed no imagination whatsoever with a string of 3's and a final 2."



Jim and Maribeth Fletcher finished fifth in the Lake Lansing regatta in their newly restored wood W453 complete with wood mast and boom.

Hats off to Jim and Maribeth Fletcher who were hosts for this very successful event. Thank also to Stephen Wagner and Susanna Tellschow for the superb photographic record of the races.

INAUGURAL LAKE LANSING REGATTA May 2010



Clockwise top four photos; 3 Wayfarers, Krauss, DeBrincat, Watterson & 1 CL16, John Kolstoe, head downwind in race 1. Marc and Julie Bennett won the regatta with 3 firsts and two seconds. Top three finishers, Seraphinoff, Bennett and Krauss gather at the windward mark in race 1. Joe DeBrincat with daughter, Nicole, still sailing strong in race 4. Photos by Stephen Wagner & Susanna Tellschow



Inaugural Lake Lansing Regatta participants: Back row left to right, John Kolstoe, Susanna Tellschow, Tony Krauss, Marc Bennett, Richard Watterson; ,middle row, Julie Bennett, Joe DeBrincat, Mary Krauss, Jim Fletcher; front row, Robert Mosher, Nick Seraphinoff, Maribeth Fletcher, Nicole DeBrincat. Photo by Stephen Wagner





CHESSIE CRUISE AND ROCK HALL 2010



Top two photos courtesy of Uncle Al and CWA camera - Wayfarers at Parks Marina docks, Tangier Island.

Tony and Mary Krauss pictured here before Chesapeake Cruise which they sandwiched in between Lake Lansing and Rock Hall Regattas.

Photo left by Kit Wallace, Crab boats at docks on Tangier Island.

Lower photos by Linda Heffernan –Frank and Sue Pedersen are pleased with “Wind Song’s” maiden sail prior to Rock Hall regatta.

Richard Watterson, Jim Heffernan, Al Schonborn. Al and Richard placed first in Rock Hall Open Regatta.



My View from the Rivers continued

The mending took a bunch of Dark & Stormy action and Uncle Al was prepared and obliging.

The next day was a beat down to Tangier with more traumas. But, before we departed Uncle Al had to give our Smith Island hostess, Pauli, her first ride in a Wayfarer (after all these years).

A boat collision at sea, a broken rudder pintle followed by a beat in light air against the current in the Tangier channel was mixed in with a bunch of working boat traffic for added excitement. Dinner at the Chesapeake House allowed us to get refreshed. Afterwards, news of severe weather heading our way convinced several members to seek the fine Tangier Island B&B experience.



Solje, W1321, at rest on Beach Island in Pokomoke Sound on the last day of Chessie Cruise.

Photo by Gary Hirsch

Breakfast found four boats ready to complete their cruise a day earlier than planned and they left directly for Crisfield. The other six boats went down to the traditional Watts Island experience – lunch with the Ospreys and Eagles on a wonderful sand beach. Rays dancing and jumping off shore provided additional entertainment. At the end of our lunch, four boats headed for Crisfield. Dick & Jane went back to Tangier for the evening and Steve and I were off to an anchorage in Pokomoke Sound.

We sailed to Beach Island, where we found an incredible huge beach. Once inside the lagoon, we were surrounded by protection from waves in all directions. We spent a restful night and left in the morning pulling the anchor up at 6AM. We sailed out under the Genoa, fixing breakfast as we went. The wind started blowing about the time we got the

main hoisted and we were off running for the first time all week. Surfing along towards Crisfield was a blast with Steve calling out GPS maximum speeds higher and higher as the wind increased. We recorded extended surfs over 9 knots three or four times. But, when the GPS hit 9.9, we both came to the same conclusion - time to reef.

We had the boat at the Crisfield dock at 9AM. Saying goodbye was sort of odd, neither of us wanted the experience to end. We packed a lot into a short week and these words don't cover much of it. It was a great trip, with great sailors from a wide area of North America (Mark gets the furthest traveled award for coming all the way from the Vancouver area to sail with his brother, Kit). Thanks to every one of you for making this the best Chesapeake Cruise yet.

Rock Hall Weekend continued

Using the tried and true, delay-free Rock Hall system of starting whatever class was ready to go when they were ready, we spent most of our afternoon racing in the delicious conditions of warm sunshine and flawless SW sailing breezes of 12 to 18 knots. The Wayfarer/Rebel group got in four windward-leeward races Saturday and still got back to shore in plenty of time to clean up before the fine catered dinner at the club. Food and drink were delicious, and the socializing was lots of fun - a fitting conclusion to a day that had the best of everything that sailing with friends has to offer!

Sunday arrived with more warm sun but less wind. Fears of drifters proved groundless, however, and our ever efficient RC put us through our paces for three more windward-leeward races. In fact, the Rebels found the relatively lighter airs to their liking after having worked hard all Saturday to keep wave water out of their bilges. Being off the water not much after 1300 hrs, we could take our time to rinse the boats after their salt water experiences and ourselves to cool off in the by now very hot sun.

All in all, it was another classic Rock Hall experience: great hospitality and socializing, exciting and very well organized racing and this year, even the perfect weather! The only thing that would have made it just that little bit better, would have been more Wayfarers in attendance!! Why not do yourself and us a favour by joining us for the fun in 2011.

SAILING BUILDS STRONG MINDS NUMEROUS WAYS

Richard Watterson WI0423

So I'm standing near the door at the Lake Eustis Sailing Club looking out at the wind streaked water for my poor boat which capsized during the first race and which we could not right. The safety boat brought us to shore sans Wayfarer 10423 and my crew has gone to the hotel to fetch warm clothing for him and me because who knew you needed a dry change of clothes when racing. So, again; I'm shivering by the door feeling like the biggest moron when a youngster appears and asks me, "Did you capsize out there?" I replied that I did and he commiserates with me, "Ya, my Opti didn't capsize but it got swamped." We went on to have a conversation about the conditions on the water and sailing, not as adult to child but sailor to sailor. It was an amazing thing and I was completely unprepared for the level of maturity that this 9-10 year old had.

The next day we are doing the usual pre-race jockeying getting ready for the start of the race. It was a mixture of Wayfarers and MC's, -maybe 50 in all, packed into a small area. From above it must have looked like chaos, all these boats maneuvering to miss each other with the added necessity of maintaining propulsion by wind alone. It suddenly struck me that there are no dummies out here. I told Doug, my friend who, after 30 years of friendship, was sailing with me for the first time of my thought. There are no shrinking violets, no scaredy cats, and no lowest common denominator, and no intimidated out here. From my limited experience as a new sailor and newer racer it is this pre-race period that is most challenging. For many novice sailors jibes are scary, certainly they were to me before I started racing. Before the start though jibes from one close reach to another are commonplace because often there is no room for a tack. Racing forces you to do the things that make you a more proficient sailor, whether you win or come in last. Racing forces you to step out of your comfort zone and that is how you improve.

It is no wonder that children who are part of youth sailing programs will mature faster and develop more self confidence. The challenge of dealing with wind and water on their own in competition with

their peers leads to better intellectual development and self confidence. The best part is that they get to do this without their parents hovering over them; it allows them to have a learning experience that is heightened by separation from their usual comfort zone. It is what kids used to have when they were free to roam the neighborhood or woods and discover on their own. For everyone, sailing breaks down the lethargy associated with everyday existence that keeps us on the straight and narrow, valuing comfort and familiarity above all else. I often wonder why people are drawn to the water and I have come to believe that it is because of the independence it offers - the world is left on the shore and you are on your own to deal with wind and water. You get to escape the world and find yourself.

My Annual Pilgrimage to Rock Hall

Mark Heffernan

In June each year since 2006 (except 2009) I have made the arduous one hour drive from my home in Dover, Delaware to Rock Hall, Maryland for a fun filled weekend of sailing and socializing at two great events. The Rock Hall Yacht Club hosts the Chester River Race on Friday and the One Design Regatta on Saturday and Sunday. If you have never been to Rock Hall for these races you should definitely make the effort to do so! The RHYC is a very gracious host and does an outstanding job running the regatta and associated activities. The venue is beautiful and I guarantee you will leave on Sunday with many wonderful and lasting memories of the weekend. I don't own a Wayfarer, so when I go to Rock Hall I crew for my father, Jim Heffernan.

This year my mother Linda, the editor of this venerable publication, asked me to write an account of my experiences in this year's Down River Race and I am obliging her, as a good son should always do. Hopefully you'll be able to make it through my accounting of Friday's activities, and better yet it will encourage you to sail in this unique race.

The Down River Race starts off the docks of CRYCC and finishes twelve miles down the Chester River at the mouth of Langford Creek, which is only about one mile from the RHYC. Final placing is

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“I’m Going To Die!” continued

trapped on the leeward side, unable to scramble to windward. In an almost sweet, easy slow roll, the Wayfarer laid gently over on her side - making for Jane’s first capsizing!

The air was warm, the water warm, and *Blue Mist* lay calmly on her side, floating high. My vessel didn’t seem at all worried about her situation. My initial feeling of panic immediately evaporated, allowing my brain to take control again. Recalling the excellent advice that I had read regarding self-recovery, by Richard Johnson, Andrew Hail, and Uncle Al - which is posted on the *Whiffle Web* www.wayfarer-canada.org, I knew what I needed to do. The main steps being - right the boat quickly - raise the centerboard - then get the sails down. In a matter of a couple of minutes I was around to *Blue Mist*’s bottom side and had pulled the center board out, which had been in the up position when we went over. Climbing onto the board I was ready to bring *Blue Mist* up. But there was a problem! Where was Jane??

Oh! Oh! There she was, still within the cockpit and clinging on for dear life to a seat. “Jane, get around this side”, I commanded sternly. I was in a hurry! “I can’t let go!.... I’m going to die!.... I’m going to die!”.... was her frightened response. Finally, after forcefully repeating, several times, “No, you’re not going to die!” I persuaded her to let go. With Jane free of the cockpit and bobbing in her life vest, *Blue Mist* came up with amazing ease. But Jane is not a strong swimmer. So now she and *Blue Mist* suddenly began to rapidly drift apart. Focused on getting the sails down, I had foolishly waited too long to throw her a line. Up to then I had done well, but being in too much hurry and not looking after Jane, was a major blunder. Under different circumstances the consequences could have been serious.

Luckily, all ended well. Though the distance between Jane and me widened considerably, both of us were quickly drifting down upon a nearby small island with a nice sandy beach. Jane was scared, but I knew that she was safe in her life vest. After beaching *Blue Mist*, I walked out with a throw line, waiting for her to drift in. About this time we had been joined by Chuck and Kathy Smith, and Al and

Hans, who helped us bail out the Wayfarer, as well as retrieve my floating chart case.

The Lesson: Although at the time of setting sail conditions seemed to be within acceptable limits, it was good that we aborted the Smith Point crossing. One of the group told me later that wind gusts of 30 knots were reported at Smith Point. The conditions present when Jane and I capsized weren’t really terrible. We capsized because I made a mistake! It could have easily been avoided. In the vast majority of non-racing situations, it is human error that results in a capsizing.

Jane and I were able to self-rescue because we were prepared and I’ve had previous capsizing experience – I didn’t panic. Practicing a capsizing drill is a very valuable safety exercise for anyone planning on making this kind of a cruise. Most of our cockpit gear was tied down and neither watertight compartment leaked. When I checked I found less than a cup of water in each.

Part II. Not to be out done by Dick and Jane’s troubles, upon returning to Pauli’s we were surprised to learn that two others had suffered a bad time as well. While still inside the harbor, Jim Fletcher broke his centerboard and was forced to turn back. Much more frightening, however, newcomers Jason Whitlow and his fiancée Stephanie Corbet, were somehow blown ashore on the island across from the marina. There, their mast came in contact with a high voltage electrical line, creating a live ground that passed through their boat. Thankfully, they had the very good sense to jump off the boat just before the contact. The mast suffered a dime size burn hole, while the forestay, as well as a shroud, were burned off. This was an extremely close call. (An unconfirmed report was that the waterman whose power was knocked out lost a quantity of crabs!)

The good news was that Jim Fletcher was able to fabricate a substitute centerboard from materials he found in our B&B host’s, (Pauli) work shop. Meanwhile, Jason just happened to have a spare shroud with him – which was remarkable. All he needed was to borrow a suitable length of line to serve as a temporary forestay. Thus, rather unbelievably, by Thursday both boats were back in service and ready for the sail to Tangier Island.

Dick and Jane – W887

The Wayfarer Book

A Brief Review

by Richard Johnson W10435

It is unusual for a sailboat class to have a “Book” specific to it and rarer yet a fifth addition. But that is what has arrived hot off the press from the UK. One would expect a manual with dry text, a few line drawings, and a few boring doctrinal sailing articles which we’ve all seen bits and pieces of over the years. The truth is, “The Wayfarer Book” is worthy of hard covers and should be placed with reverence on the coffee table where it can be perused, referenced and paged through daily. At \$30 (includes shipping) it is a bargain!.

So why the high praise? First and foremost it is a lovely book. It is very well laid out, the organization makes sense, the photos are fantastic, and all the information current. If you like books for what they are, this one would stand out on any shelf. More to the point is the information. Certainly much of it is focused on the new Mark IV but it’s important to remember that the Mark IV is the culmination of the best practices within the class for either racing or cruising. What works for the Mark IV will certainly work for a Mark III, II, or I. The other unique aspect of the “Book” is that it is split evenly between racing and cruising. Both sections are very complete including articles from the best sailors of both worlds.

If you sail a Wayfarer the “Book” is not optional. It is as essential as your sails. Without it you aren’t really going anywhere.

Annual Pilgrimage continued

determined using the Portsmouth Handicapping System. It is a unique experience sailing among so many different classes of boats, and it also makes for a very crowded start line since all classes start together. This year’s race included five Wayfarers, skippered by Andy Douma, Jim Heffeman, Tony Krauss, Frank Pedersen, and Al Schonborn.

We sailed to the start area immediately after the skippers’ meeting. The start line was formed by the club’s dock and a buoy placed about 200 yards away in the river abeam the dock. When we launched, the weather was clear, temperature about 80 degrees, the wind about 10 knots down the river, and the tide going out, which made for about a two knot current flowing down the river. This combination of wind and current could easily cause an inexperienced sailor to

get pushed below the line early. Fortunately my skipper was able to negotiate this challenging situation. We crossed the starting line on a port tack, which was a gutsy move by the skipper since there were so many boats of various sizes and speeds. We made a clean start and headed down the river.

The 10 knot wind lasted for about 5 minutes, and then it just died and we languished there in the river while the wind gods teased us by increasing the wind, letting it die, and then increasing it again. Also, each time the wind would increase it came from a different direction. As my skipper opined, it was “a classic battle of two wind systems vying for dominance”. At one point during these shifting and fickle winds we passed Al and Tony as they were caught in a dead area while 30 yards away we somehow were in an area with wind. Dad said to me in a hushed voice, “Enjoy this moment while it lasts”. Sure enough the moment didn’t last. A few minutes later our wind situation was reversed and Al and Tony overtook us and disappeared around the next river bend.

Dad was frustrated during all this as he didn’t know where the wind would come from when it shifted and increased. Finally the wind filled in from the west, which left us tacking back and forth to work downriver. We settled into the third place Wayfarer spot well behind Al and Tony, and enjoyed the beautiful day and idyllic scenery of the Eastern Shore.

As we approached the last point of land to round before the finish line, we were surprised to see Al and Tony on the left side of the river beyond some fish weirs off the point. We had somehow caught up to them, probably favored with better wind upriver. Dad and I discussed going between the fish weirs and the point to give us the most direct line to the finish, but we were worried about the water depth. My skipper decided, with a little input from me, to go between the weirs and point. Thinking it was our only chance to catch Al and Tony, we went for it and the gamble paid off as we positioned ourselves ahead and upwind of both. Al flew his spinnaker and overtook us, but we were able to maneuver, steal his air and hold him on our stern quarter. During this maneuvering, Tony also passed Al. We crossed the line 18 seconds ahead of Tony, 21 seconds later Al crossed and Frank finished 2 ½ minutes later. This was a pretty close finish, especially considering we were on the course for 4 ½ hours.

I hope my accounting of this year’s race will evoke fond memories for you and persuade you to participate next year! Happy sailing!

CALLING ALL WAYFARERS!

Here is a listing of upcoming events and regattas that are open to Wayfarers. Some will have enough Wayfarers to be considered a class while others will put the Wayfarers into an open mono-hull class and use the Portsmouth Yardstick for handicapping.

- July 1-4 North Bay and Trout Lake racing events, Callander Ontario
- July 17 Fleet 2 Picnic/Cruise, Kensington East, Kent Lake, Brighton , Michigan
- August 7-14 North American Cruising Rally, Killbear Park, Parry Sound, Ontario
- August 14-15 North American Championships, Toronto, Ontario
- August 7-8 WRYC, VA Governors Cup, www.wareriveryachtclub.com
- Sept 25-26 Tim Dowling Memorial Regatta, Clark Lake, Jackson, Michigan
- Sept 25-26 SMSA smallboat regatta, Solomons, MD, www.smsa.com
- Oct 9-10 Indian Summer Regatta, Lake Waccamaw Sail Club, SC

If you know about an Open event in your area, we can post the info here and on the website. For Wayfarer only racing/cruising events visit www.uswayfarer.org Consolidated Racing/Cruising Schedule or contact: jheffernan@nc.rr.com.

USWA SKIMMER 2010-2

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