

The Wayfarer **SKIMMER**

United States Wayfarer Association
Fall 2010-3

COMMODORE COMMENTS

Jim Heffernan W2458/W1066

The wooden Wayfarer continues to be an icon of the classic lined sailing dinghy. The double chined hull and well turned stern are instantly recognizable by those who appreciate fine boats.

At the recent Wayfarer Internationals in England, the new fiberglass Mark IV's performed very well. Not to be outdone two "woodies," including the venerable W88, finished in the top six of the gold fleet. In the silver fleet, three "woodies" were in the top six.

While in the UK Linda and I were fortunate to race the beautiful wooden *Fantasia*, built in 1982 and owned by John Hartly of Hayling Island Sailing Club. This confirmed our decision to restore W1066, a "woodie" built from a kit in 1966 and resting near Tawas Bay in Michigan.

The trip to the Detroit area to collect W1066, gave us the opportunity to also sail the new "club boat" that the USWA has purchased as a demo boat and loaner. She is a lively Mark I fiberglass boat that is race ready and waiting to show off her abilities. If you know a sailor that wants to try out this boat or borrow her for a regatta, then contact Marc Bennett our new Racing Captain.



"Fantasia," a race rigged wood boat was loaned to Jim and Linda for the Internationals at WPNSA in the UK in July 2010.

WELCOME MARC BENNETT

By Julie Seraphinoff Bennett

The waterways traveled by the U.S. Wayfarer Association's new race captain Marc Bennett run far and wide, deep and narrow, tropical and frigid.

Marc, 50, is a recent immigrant to the U.S. from Canada where he was an active member of the Canadian Wayfarer Association. In fact, you'll see his name on many trophies as he was the crackerjack crew for Al Schoernborn for 15 years. He now sails with his wife Julie Seraphinoff, whom he married two years ago after meeting her at, of course, a Wayfarer regatta.

Much of Marc's Canadian sailing was done out off the Toronto Sailing and Canoe Club on Lake Ontario

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Full membership	One year	\$20.00
Full membership	Three years	\$50.00
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Continued from page 1 where he raced not only Wayfarers but also Sharks. As a respected sailor in the Toronto area for 30years, Marc was called upon to help organize and run innumerable regattas and races. He sets a mean course

Before the Canadian sailing scene, Marc spent his youth navigating the tropical waters of Jamaica. Although he was born in Trinidad and Tabago, he grew up on the island of Jamaica and sailed out of the Royal Jamaican Yacht Club. He got his first Mirror Dinghy at age 7 and was teaching sailing by the age of 13. Marc moved onto racing a 470, a beloved boat he even

transported to Canada when his family immigrated in 1977.

Since moving with Julie into their home in East Lansing, Mich., Marc has met with members of the Lansing Sailing Club to help organize a first-ever Wayfarer/CL16 spring regatta on Lake Lansing. He also held a rigging session with eight of the sailors this fall. He will now spend the winter hibernating in his garage, working on a boat recently acquired from Frank Pedersen in Maine. The boat, to be christened "Soon Come," will replace their current orange beast, "Pub Crawl."

Killbear Rally 2010

by Mary Krauss

"Make new friends, but keep the old. One is silver and the other gold."

In addition to the "golden" friends we enjoy seeing each year at the Wayfarer rally this year we had many first-time attendees – our new "silver" friends. Opportunities for the group as a whole to socialize off-the-water were plentiful, too. In addition to the annual group dinner at a local restaurant, this year there were three evenings of group activities at the campground itself. As always, participation was optional but encouraged, as these informal get-togethers are a fun way to get to know other Wayfarers sailors and turn new silver friends into gold!

One evening the group had a tailgate party in the provincial campground parking lot, where we shared snacks, appetizers and stories and were serenaded with a wonderful impromptu performance by new "silver" rally attendee and professional violinist Anne Armstrong. Another evening all were invited to a "black tie event" at the campsite of "gold" rally veterans Andrew Hail & Lori Beehler. Attendees "dress-up" their camping attire with a bow tie or regular tie (or even a sail tie) or jewelry (think Marti Gras beads but WITH clothes!) Thanks to Julia Schonborn who was kind enough to bring along extra "strings of pearls" for those who (like me) didn't read that particular pre-rally email and came unprepared! Again the group shared snacks, appetizers, stories and this time libations, as we were allowed to consume alcohol at a "private" campsite (but not in the "public" areas). Finally, those who attended Crystal's annual after-dinner "'Smores get-together'" around the Nelson's campfire benefitted from the outstanding job junior sailors Crystal Nelson and Quinn Ring did teaching the adults how to create mouthwatering 'smores. A good time was had by all at these casual

campground gatherings - and at the group dinner at the local restaurant, too!

“Many hands lighten the load”:

This year at the rally itself there appeared to be more people who helped either plan or execute the daily activities for the group. Kudos to the hosts and organizers of the aforementioned social events and also to the following folks (that I can recall two months later): to Allan Asselstine, who did an outstanding job of coordinating the daily skipper’s meetings and trying to get our large group on the water and ready to go at the agreed upon time! To new rally attendee, Ted Rosen, who gave the weather forecast each morning, and one morning even held a short lesson on how to monitor and use the hand-held marine radios many boats carry. (I for one was very grateful for the instruction, and would very much appreciate future mini-lessons - chart reading and man-overboard refreshers come to mind.) Someone else (I’m not sure who) researched restaurant choices, took the preliminary counts and made the reservation for the annual group dinner at a local restaurant. I am sure thanks are due to others who also helped behind the scenes, especially Dick Harrington and Tom Graefe, whose valuable input is born from much experience and many rallies! Thanks to those whose efforts made an enjoyable rally for all!



Mary’s ready smile and enthusiasm are always on hand to promote the Wayfarer family.

Photo by Gabriella Sousa

The 2010 Internationals at Weymouth-Portland

Jim and Linda Heffernan W2458

A record 107 Wayfarers gathered for a week of competition and socials at the Weymouth Portland National Sailing Academy in Dorset, UK, during the week of July 18. The racing conditions were excellent and the social side was lively with an international flavor. A lot of credit for the success of this major regatta goes to the UKWA organizing committee and to Richard Hartley the builder of the Wayfarer Mark IV. When he became the license holder for the Wayfarer Class, he promised that “soon we will have 100 boats at a UK Nationals”. That promise was fulfilled due to his personal efforts over the past years to actively and enthusiastically promote the Wayfarer. He strongly encouraged the new owners to get involved in racing and show up at the Internationals/UK Nationals. A Bronze Fleet category was introduced to entice the newer racers to give it a shot at a large regatta.

Since this venue will also be the site for the 2012 Olympic sailing events, there was always practice racing all around us as sailors from Great Britain, Switzerland, Australia, France and Germany honed their skills to gain a spot on their National teams. Most notable were the number of world class female skippers competing. This trend was mirrored in our Wayfarer fleet as 10% of the skippers were female with many more as crew. The intergenerational crews were also impressive as mothers, fathers, daughters and sons came to the starting line in good numbers.

Having over 100 boats on the start line can be a bit intimidating even to the old salts that might race mostly in small lakes. However a couple of factors made it less so; the start line was 650 yards long with large committee boats at each end, and the competitors were quite polite with a minimum of shouting in the few seconds before the start. Except for the times when one end was clearly favored, the desire to get a clear air start also spread out the fleet nicely with minimum bunching at one end or the other. Mark roundings were always exciting since the fleet did not spread out much on the first few legs in the somewhat steady winds. The wing mark on the Olympic triangle usually had eight to ten

boats simultaneously gybing spinnakers in rolling swells and then planeing off at top speed as the spinnakers were reset. Many Wayfarers planeing together with the spray flying in all directions is a glorious sight.

The logistics in the boat parking and launching area were handled neatly by having pre-assigned boat spots that matched up to the numbers placed on the bow of each boat. These numbers matched the skipper and crew tally bands that were worn to ensure crews safely returned each day. Using launch dollies for each boat, the fleet was under way in less than thirty minutes from the release signal. When sailing in the open waters of Weymouth Bay the start line was five miles from the club thus maximum sailing effort was needed to be at the line on time. A prevailing southwesterly pushed us downwind with over 100 spinnakers providing a photo op for the tourists as we sailed through the Portland harbor breakwater. The slog back to windward after sailing two long races was somewhat grueling. However, knowing that some fine ales were on tap made us sail quickly and kept the tired muscles quiet. On the two days that the races were moved into Portland Harbor, the commute was shorter but required more heads up sailing as Olympic 49ers whizzed about and windsurfers were practicing everywhere.

The organizers kept us busy on four evenings of the racing week. A welcome dinner on Sunday evening opened the week. Monica Schaefer, the Irish representative and skipper of "Liquid Asset" spearheaded two lively parties complete with bands, dancing and singing. Monday evening was a Pirates' Bash and Monica handed out hats, patches and sashes to all who didn't arrive in the proper theme attire. Richard Hartley, with a patch on one eye and a parrot on his shoulder, put on his comedian persona and entertained us with jokes and songs. Tuesday evening featured a Hog Roast with an international flair giving the Irish teams and the Danish teams the opportunity to don costumes of their countries and serenade us with patriotic songs. The final evening was marked with speeches and thanks and recognition of the trophy winners in the Gold, Silver and Bronze Fleets. The fellowship, fine competition and excitement of spending a week with Wayfarer enthusiasts gave us a memorable international racing event.

After Killbear Regatta A Solo Cruise By *Robert Mosher*

This was my first solo cruise. A week of sailing off Killbear with 18 other Wayfarer boats gave me new skills, but there were going to be new challenges.

Saturday, I broke camp and sorted out those things needed for the weekend. I felt really good about my general plans, and fall back destinations.

I loaded my supplies onto the boat, and pumped out the bilge. Heading out past Lighthouse Point I knew the winds would get up to 15 knots, a nice challenge within my abilities. A broad reach took us past Two Sister Islands, and then headed up behind Rose Island. Earlier in the week the Wayfarers did this passage on a downwind run, and the wind would magically shift to favor me. But today the winds would stay right on my nose. Tacking back and forth I came upon the narrowest part marked by a red and green buoy. A large motor cruiser heading my way was not slowing. I had maybe 10 boat lengths to work in at times, and he had a wide open 'lake'. As visibility was good I kept tacking up the small passage where it looked like we would meet. On my next to last tack, I was headed and had to wear ship (do a 360 ° jibe). The cruiser came on through, and thanked me for waiting. Drifting backward towards the rocks 40 feet downwind, I waved and kept my mouth shut. Two more tacks, cutting under the Green Buoy and I was through. Pointing tightly up wind I sailed past all the lovely houses, boats, seaplanes. Passing close off a house with a Wayfarer, a 27' Vega Albin (my two favorite boats) I saw people waving off their front porch and I waved back.

Off the Martyr Islands the wind was strong enough that it seemed wise to reduce sail. I sailed up to a sandy looking area, anchored, and started reefing. I had reef points, but was relying on makeshift reefing, (line tied around the boom, up thru the clew, under the boom, run around the end of the boom, and tied off). The owner of the nearby house came down and offered any assistance I needed. Then off to sailing again with a few more tacks than

expected and we were back in the clear channel. I sailed out to the rocks beyond the Martyrs, hung a left and headed up on a board reach past Good Cheer Island. Soon I was at Copegog Island which was marked by a picnic table on my chart. Then a steady downpour began, the wind died but just kept me moving over the glassy water. Coming around the end of Copegog, I caught a strange gust of wind and wave from a turning ski-boat. Water came over the rail and I stretched out to balance the boat. As things settled down the young boys and girls on the speed boat gave me a big hand and cheers. I looked for anchorage near 'the picnic table symbol' and saw a nice, three Wayfarer wide beach. I sailed in and threw out the Bruce Anchor then landed. Sheer rock walls on either side narrowed down to the beach and they would amplify boat wakes coming in. So I set up my first pulley system, used the fenders, and rolled the Wayfarer up onto the beach, out of the water. Shortly after this the Island Ferry came by filling the narrowing cove in wild choppy waves. Unloading the boat I realized the stove and fuel were still carefully placed on the right hand side of the car trunk. Now starvation was staring me in the face, well at least a hungry tummy.

The Island was soaking wet from the rain that was now on and off. Finding some dead birch trees was easy and supplied good tinder. The second match got the fire going and the firewood brought from the mainland soon caught, then slowly died out. After I gathered a good supply of tinder and kindling the fire was going for good with one match. Twenty damp matches had become part of the kindling. So now I could cook supper and get warmer in this 80 degree plus damp air.

Letting things cook, I wound my way up the south point on 3 to 4 inch deep moss. Ah this was going to be a good night. Back at the campfire I took my shoes off, and did not put them back on until I left. I heard the quick wispy sounds of a silenced mini-MAC going off on full auto. I was shocked, this was Canada! Whipping around I saw the aggressor, a Ruby Throated Humming Bird vainly looking for a snack.

I got down to relaxing on my camp chair, eating warm food, hot tea, and enjoying the fire. I gambled it would not rain again. Up on the mossy rock I laid out a pad and went to sleep in the open. A weird

dream of a friendly Bobcat entered my head, then realizing it was a silly dream I dropped off to sleep. The early dawn light woke me slowly and gently. With the morning fire boiling water, oatmeal with raisins, craisins, plums, walnuts were quickly prepared. I took lots of time eating and drinking tea. Loading up the boat was done as slowly and leisurely as possible. My feet moved slowly over the deep moss. Before noon the Wayfarer was back in the water. I wanted to go south from Copegog Island and run back home from further out in the bay. The wind had other ideas and came down the channel between the islands. Trying to tack, the wind would shift and pin me, pushing me toward shore. I would do a 360° jib and tack off in the other direction.

My reefed main sail had loosened up over night, so I was trying to tighten that up. I was making slow progress backwards. Soon I was near the intersection of the two channels and was again on a port tack, but away from the tree line and its effects on the wind. Again pinned on port tack, I started a jibe before getting close to the rock at the tip of the island and began coming around with several boat lengths to spare. The wind shifted over 45 degrees and hit in a huge gust. I was glad I had been cautious! All thinking left my head as the boat accelerated and I could just hold on. It looked like we would brush the rock or centerboard. Then the boat hit full speed ahead, despite the rudder, slid up the best ramped section of rock and stopped. I straightened back up and looked around. I flooded my mind and body with embarrassment and could not take out the video camera. I stepped onto the dry rock, and stood looking at the boat sitting totally out of the water. No one was around, so the Wayfarer was quickly re-launched. As I looked back at the rock there was not one spot of paint. We had ridden up on the keel band and back in the water the same way. It was a perfect beaching, done more smoothly and quickly than I could ever do, if actually meaning to!

A couple more tries at sailing up the channel into the wind, and I turned for home on a broad reach. It was the wise thing to do. Once past the Lighthouse I sailed on for two miles, turned and made a wide tack back to the launch ramp. With the reefed main I hit 9 knots!

Continued on page 11



Wayfarers beat towards the Toronto skyline after rounding the leeward mark during Race 3 in the North American Championships at Toronto Sail and Canoe Club in July. Photo by Boris Kuzum



Rally at Killbear Park attracts first timers to the Wayfarer cruising scene. Some are pictured here. Photos by Al Schonborn

Left: Linda and Ted Rosen W8231, Toronto



Left: Sean Ring And son, Quinn W907, Cincinnati

Right: Maribeth Fletcher W453 Michigan



A select few photos by Linda Heffernan of the 2010 Internationals at Weymouth Portland National Sailing Academy in England.

Top: Oh those wet launches at the concrete ramps in 60 degree water!

Top right: Mike McNamara, 2010 International Champion and renowned sailor and sail maker, always took time to explain the fine points of sail trim. Here he is assisting the Irish team of Margaret Hynes and her husband. Her crew, Emmet O'Mahoney, must be fetching their safety wristbands.

Left: Wayfarers pirates, Jim and Linda Heffernan, capture Irish damsel Monica Schaefer.



Silver friends among the gold at the 2010 North American Rally at Killbear Park. Kudos go to CWA Cruising Secretary Alan Asselstine (far right) for organizing this large rally of 18 boats in August 2010. This photo shows most of the attendees of the multigenerational group who enjoyed a week of cruising and socializing among sailing enthusiasts. Robert Mosher, kneeling at far right, took his first solo cruise after the Killbear Rally.

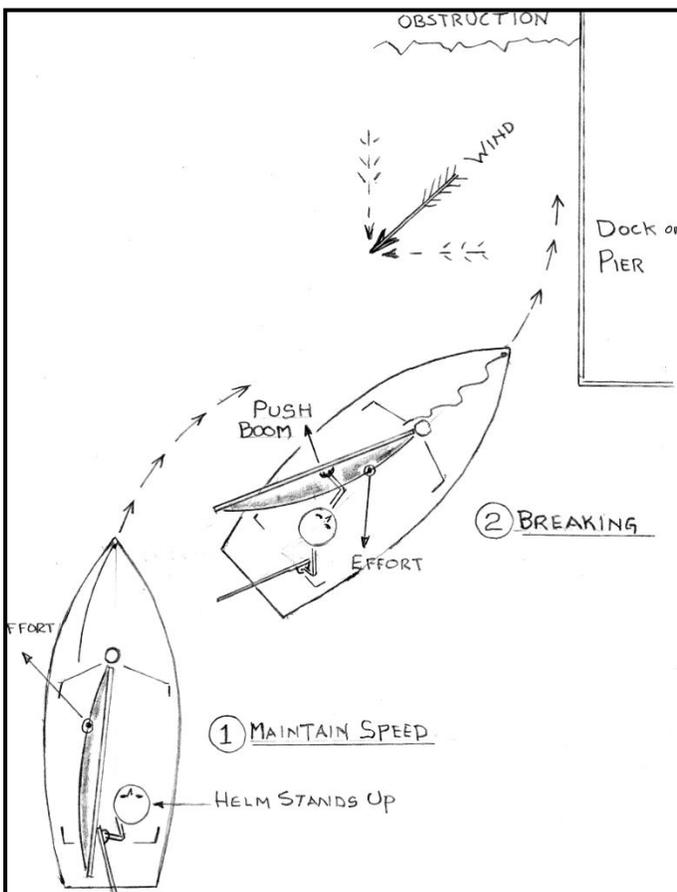
BACKING SAILS

Dick Harrington W887

At one time or another we all have come into a dock stopping just short of being able to get a line or hand upon it. It can be frustrating; and embarrassing to boot. At other times we've suffered the pain of coming in too hard - quickly running forward to see how bad the damage was.

The other day, when out on Lake Erie in a good breeze and a two-foot chop, I muffed a tack. Locked in irons, *Blue Mist* quickly came to a stopped and began drifting backwards. Following a brief mental lapse, I remembered to reverse the rudder and back the jib. This got me sailing again. What I did is a common maneuver practically everyone has employed at one time or another.

The practice of backing sails goes back to ancient times. It was routine on large sailing ships. I recall reading that square-riggers typically backed some foresail, even backing the ship, when coming about. So backing sails certainly isn't a new idea. However, I'm happy that Uncle Al put me onto it. Once I started experimenting with the concept I was hooked.



and have found that it usually works very well.

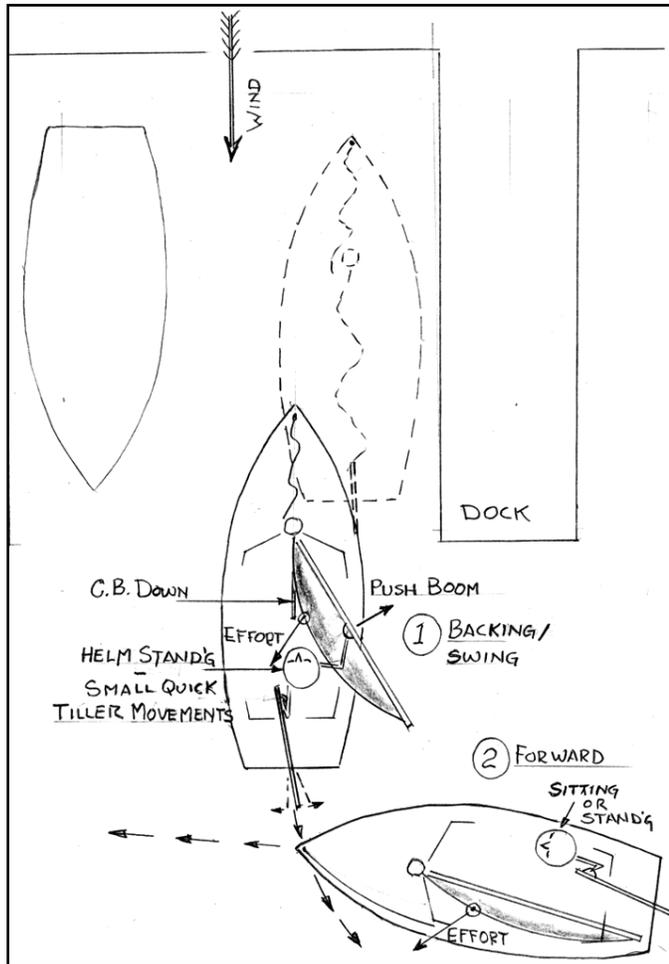
The Wayfarer, being a relatively light weight boat stops quicker than you may think. It is only when the wind is swirling and can come from behind, that things may go wrong. Coming in at an angle and standing off a bit to get a read on the wind helps to avoid such surprises. There have been a few occasions where I've been forced to abort, go about and make a second attempt - which means I must hold onto some boat speed.

Most everyone agrees that it is crucial to keep up boat speed in order to maintain good maneuverability. Obviously, this applies to close quarter situations as well as on open waters. So for safety and comfort, it would be nice to have some kind of 'boat brakes'. Knowing how to back sails to break your boat speed - or move in reverse - is a worthwhile skill to have in your repertory. Following are a few examples of how backing sails has helped me improve my skills.

Imagine a situation where I want to land in a small space on a dock. (See diagram to the left.) The breeze is strong and shifty enough that going directly in alongside might be chancy. A puff could catch me from behind. The obstruction might be anything from another boat to something hard and damaging. Around the boat launches here in my locality this condition wouldn't be uncommon.

Sometimes in a situation such as this I will decide to attack the dock at an angle - allowing the opportunity to luff up if necessary, or possibly land on the end. If I come in too slow I'll likely fall short; and if the area is congested with other boats this could cause problems. So my approach might be to keep up boat speed as much as I dare until the very last moment, and then apply the brakes by backing the main. I've practiced braking this way as frequently as possible

As you can imagine, this braking maneuver requires good vision and quick reflexes. Even though I'm old and have stiff knees, I always stand up when executing this kind of a move. When backing the main, the boom is always pushed out to the leeward side. It took me a little while to get the hang of this. At first it seemed wrong. But if you try to go the other way the sail is actually being pulled in and will continue to drive the boat forward. Everyone should give this a try. Pick a safe location and get a feel for how your boat responds.



I think learning to sail backwards is probably easier than learning braking. When starting from a standstill position, head-to-wind, you are in complete control. The speed at which you move in reverse can be controlled by how much you back the sails. By simply releasing the boom and letting the sails luff the boat slows down. Try backing in short spurts.

Backing away from a dock or slip is a good example of this maneuver. (See diagram to the left.) You can forget about that request – “Just give us a good shove!” Which sometimes fails if the shove is too weak and steerage is lost before the turn can be completed. Backing the main allows sailing out of a slip and assures enough speed to swing completely broad side to the wind - all the while maintaining control.

In 2009 Jane and I attended the North American Rally at Wellesley Island on the St. Lawrence River. The wind was such that on most occasions I was able to back *Blue Mist* out of the small constricted slip at the satellite docking facility we were using. It was the simplest and easiest thing to do; and it was neat too.

One day when we had a good breeze the whole fleet sailed to the town of Clayton. Having slipped from the front of the pack to the back, when we arrived we found the waterfront packed with Wayfarers and other visiting craft. There were no open spaces. Surveying the situation, I could see one small spot at the far end of a long congested channel between two closely spaced docks. Fortunately, it was up wind. A bit nervously, I was just able to run us up the gut. Though in tight quarters, I figured if necessary I could back sails to kill our momentum. Upon time to leave the wind was still blowing pretty well. One option would have been to sail down the gut under jib. However, not being fond of sailing under jib alone, I chose to raise all sail. Then Jane and I neatly backed *Blue Mist* all the way down between the docks and moored boats. Once free, we swung broadside to the wind and merrily sailed off. It was smooth as silk! Having beautifully executed a tricky maneuver in front of a crowd of onlookers gave me a great feeling.

Sailing backwards is easy once you get the hang of it. Again, I suggest standing up and facing forward. The centerboard should be fully down because it is needed as a pivot point. Because the rudder is now in the front, small tiller movements create large changes in direction. In this orientation the rudder is much too big. So steering is the hardest thing to get a handle on. Back slowly at first, making small quick tiller movements. Going too fast makes it impossible to keep steering under control.

Backing Sails continued

So there you have it. I don't expect everyone to agree completely with my techniques. However, the basic principles I've described are sound. Hopefully, I've given a few of you a couple of new ideas to think about. Happy sailing!

TIM DOWLING MEMORIAL REGATTA
Clark Lake Sail Club, September 25-26

In spite of cold temperatures and piping winds the Tim Dowling Memorial Regatta, hosted the third weekend in September by the Clark Lake Sailing Club attracted 9 Rebels, 7 Interlakes, 6 Wayfarers, 5 Buccaneers, and an open class consisting of three boats each of Sunfish, Snipes and Hobies. As has been his custom for the past years, Al Schonborn left his Wayfarer at home and competed in a borrowed Rebel, this year with crew Shannon Shank, a Rebel helm and crew. This powerful combination sailed a perfect series placing first in all five races. However, Uncle Al still kept his eyes on the Wayfarers and following is his summary of the Wayfarer series as posted in his report on www.wayfarer-canada.org.

GREAT SAILING AND SOCIALIZING BLESS
50TH CLARK LAKE INVITATIONAL REGATTA
Al Schonborn W3854

As expected, the top-seeded Marc Bennett and wife, Julie, out of East Lansing, Michigan, dominated the no-drop series with four firsts and a second. In the battle of Walled Lake, Michigan teams, Joe DeBrincat and son, Jeff, could not overcome a second-race DNF, even with a 4th-race victory, and were edged out by a single point by Tony Krauss who sailed with wife, Mary, as crew on Saturday, and Mark Sandstrom on the Sunday. These three also earned *Most Improved* honours, having beaten the 4th seed by two places. Well done, Tony, Mary and Mark. It was nostalgia time for USWA Commodore, Jim Heffernan, and his wife, Linda, of Chapel Hill, North Carolina. Long-time Michiganders, the Heffernans decided to not only come back for Linda's high school class 50th reunion, but to also borrow the Lake Lansing Sailing Club-based USWA fleet boat and make two regattas (Clark Lake and the London, Ontario Pumpkin Regatta) part of their odyssey. Dick Stage, who has recently acquired W1193, teamed up with Jim on the

Sunday as Jim completed his series in 4th place overall.

In what is becoming a tradition, Ann Arbor's Mike Austerberry and crew, Todd Pascoe, brought not just W2951 but also their young families to this lovely weekend for the 3rd straight time. Even though they again could not stay for the Sunday, it looked like they were cramming in enough fun for two days on their one day! Bridget Balint again brought W4098 from Bloomington, Indiana, and teamed up with Robert Mosher of East Lansing. Robert and Bridget picked up some useful pointers and seemed to be having a fine time!!

Fleet #3, Lake Eustis Sailing Club, Eustis, Florida
Mike Murto W2959

Memorial Day may be the official start of summer but it marked the end of our 2009-2010 season. This Florida schedule makes a good fit for the sailor who wants to sail year round. Our sailing season starts on Labor Day and ends on Memorial Day. LESC has 19 scheduled Club Race held every other weekend with two races on Saturday and two on Sunday. If you are in the neighborhood stop by on a race day to crew or sail on a spare Wayfarer sailboat. We all take on crew if available, but mostly sail single handed. I'm the only one that sails a spinnaker, but only if I can shanghai a crew.

Special Kudos for Jim Lingeman, our undisputed 2010 Fleet Champion once again, as well as kudos to the J's McIntyre's for their second place standing. Yours truly took 3rd place by showing up for nearly every race. Izak Kielmovitch crewed for me most race days and we ran the spinnaker which turned out to be our handicap, since we managed to screw up something every time we somehow got ahead. We will keep doing it till we get it right!

Jim McIntyre will take over as Fleet Captain, from retiring officer Ted Benedict. The officers will work on getting new Wayfarer Fleet Members. We should have seven active sailors next season with Jim McIntyre returning his nicely restored boat W1904 to action and hopefully we can grow by a few more boats. **The 12th Annual Wayfarer Regatta will be held February 4, 5 & 6, 2011 in conjunction with the Train Wreck (MC Scow) Regatta. Don't miss this outstanding event!**

Hope to see you next season, Mike

Editor's note: In fact Fleet 3 did grow by one more boat as Mike's crew, Izak, bought the demonstration boat that Mike had purchased and race rigged for interested sailors to use in club races. Welcome Izak!

A WAYFARER ADVENTURE

Jim Heffernan W2458

How close to the Statue of Liberty should a Wayfarer sail? Can a Wayfarer be hauled off to jail?

We know the Wayfarer can multi-task as a racer, cruiser, instructional craft or even a tour boat. Tour boat? Yes, the Wayfarer enjoys taking guests around the Statue of Liberty, past Ellis Island and even close-abeam the tip of Manhattan near the Battery Park.



Gabrielle and Claire Heffernan enjoy touring around Lady Liberty as they crew on Morning Star W2458.

In August 2009, Linda and I invited our granddaughters, Claire and Gabrielle, for a sail aboard W2458 on the Hudson River. We put in at Liberty State Park near Jersey City and sailed out, passing a group of kids taking sailing lessons in Optimist Prams. Within a few minutes, we had Miss Liberty in sight and then began a starboard circumnavigation of her island. There was some talk about landing on a small beach and letting Linda and the girls visit the Statue. Good thing we didn't! Passing between Ellis Island and Liberty Island, I noticed a high speed vessel setting out from the Ellis Island pier with a mission in mind. Meanwhile, Linda is snapping pictures as the girls are hiking hard, laughing merrily and dipping their heads close to the Hudson water. Since the patrol vessel seemed to be heading toward Liberty Island, I decided to lay off a bit and steer toward Red Hook in Brooklyn so as to get out of its path. As we accelerated onto a

fast reach, the patrol craft altered course for an intercept. Even a Wayfarer was helpless to escape from such a faster vessel with a big engine. Soon a whistle blew and an amplified voice warned us about a possible ticket for infringement of the safety zone around the two National Park Islands. I believe, however, that the National Park Police were only trying to get a close-up view of a beautiful wooden-decked Wayfarer skipping across New York's harbor with such a cute hiking crew.

Perhaps my pre-sail protocol should have included a check of the nautical charts online where the restricted areas might have been indicated. Sailing in the lower Hudson River is fascinating with a floating show of powered and sailing vessels moving over the water with purpose and ease. Try it sometime.

Do you have a Wayfarer adventure to share? Contact Linda, SKIMMER Editor, at jheffernan@nc.rr.com.

After Killbear continued from page 5

I helped a family get their aluminum boat on top of the van by taking a corner from the shortest person. They in return helped me get the Wayfarer on the trailer very quickly and easily, unlike my usual try, try, and retry. While getting the boat ready to travel, I tried slowly shutting the trunk. After clearing the items sticking out I gave it a short smart close. The sound of breaking glass was overwhelming; looking up the rear window was a maze of cracks. I could hear it continue to crack for 15 minutes. It took only one corner of a Vang block between glass and trunk lid. Everyone stopped and asked what happened? Then would go into a litany of how awful this was. Unlike when I docked on the rock, I did not fill myself with useless emotions.

At 70 miles an hour there was no suction out the back window, or wild winds whipping through the car. By Toronto a full thunderstorm and rain was in progress. The rear window shelf got wet but everything was OK.

I drove up to US customs and handed them my driver's license and said, "I can't find my passport. It's probably back there with that junk in the rear seat." The really nice, pleasant customs man asked what I was bringing back, and what happened to the rear window. I told him. He wished me a good day, and I was back in the USA.

CALLING ALL WAYFARERS!

Confirmed events for 2011

Feb 4-6 Wayfarer Mid-Winters & MC Scow Train Wreck Regatta at LESC, Eustis Florida

May 20-22 Wood Boat Regatta, Rock Hall, Maryland

May 29-Jun 4 Chesapeake Cruise, Details to be announced,

Jun 10-12 Chester River Race and Annual One Design Regatta, Rock Hall, Maryland

Aug 20-27 North American Rally, Hermit Island, Maine

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 2010-3

**United States Wayfarer Association
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YEAR ON YOUR LABEL INDICATES YEAR YOUR DUES ARE DUE