



The Wayfarer SKIMMER

United States Wayfarer Association
Winter 2016-4

YOUR CRUISING SECRETARY

Chip Cunningham aboard Solje, W1321
Fall 2016—The Inside of the Bend

My father's passion for fireworks gave me my first taste of a real river. At the height of every summer our family loaded into the car and we crossed from Michigan over the St Clair River into Canada. We crossed on the ferry at Marine City and came back over the bridge to Port Huron, or sometimes over the bridge and then back on the ferry. In Canada, where so many things are held with a more enlightened eye, fireworks were legal.

The ferry between Marine City, Michigan, and Sombra, Ontario, is small—maybe a dozen cars and freeboard of a few feet. It crosses where the river has spread out to over a half mile wide and the current has mostly hidden itself. Under weigh we were allowed to get out of the car and walk around. Its barge bow tumbled a fat wave ahead, and behind, the screw stirred the water into a long braid of green and white and blue and black. The ferry is still there, I think

Eighteen miles upriver from the ferry the Blue Water Bridge arches high over the very beginning of the St Clair River. It crosses between Port Huron and Sarnia. Our father drove slowly and close to the rail so we could marvel. He let us hang out the windows. We looked down through the grated steel road deck at the churning water 140 feet below. North, above the bridge, vast Lake Huron spread past the horizon. All that water pushed into the newborn river—a channel 780 feet wide and forty feet deep. The compression tossed up parallel colored streaks of sharp standing waves. Below the bridge it widened to 1200 feet and the waves gave way to huge upboilings of ominously smooth water.

Continued on page 8

2016 Wayfarer North American Championships Tawas Bay YC – September 10-11 *Al Schonborn W3854*



Young Detroit team Andrew Lockhart and Grace Pytell make an impressive debut at Wayfarer NA's.

As thirteen Wayfarers squared off on the gorgeous waters of Lake Huron's Tawas Bay to determine this year's North American champion, the list of entries included no fewer than five helms whose name already appears on the revered *Henry Croce Trophy* which goes to the winners of our NA's. The event was hosted September 11-12 by the Tawas Bay YC on a bay which is arguably the finest racing venue North American Wayfarers see on their extensive racing circuit. Winds were great in four of the series' five races, nice hiking breezes without becoming too scary. Only the Sunday morning opener was fairly frustrating as light winds were patchy and changeable while the standard summer sunny lake breeze tried to overcome the weather system wind off the shore. That indeed highlighted a surprising development which saw none of the past champions win the title. Instead it was

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NA's continued

young Andrew Lockhart (usually Doug Scheibner's crew) who teamed up with Grace Pytell, a high school sailing coach. They won decisively in all four races where boat speed was the issue. Congratulations, Andrew and Grace! It was a pleasure to have you with us, and I hope we will have your cheerful, friendly presence with us many more times

Visit canada-wayfarer.org for entire event report complete with side stories, results and numerous photos. Great winter reading!

CLARK LAKE YACHT CLUB REGATTA

Jackson, Michigan, September 24, 25, 2016

Rick Belcher

Rick Belcher, President of the Clark Lake Spirit Foundation, lives on the lake and knows several CLYC members. He posted daily reports of the Fall Regatta on the Foundation's website, www.clarklakespirit.org. Also included were very interesting aerial photos taken by Andrew Lajdziak who also lives on Clark Lake, not far from the Yacht Club.

Another chapter closes today in the storied history of the Clark Lake Yacht Club. This year's Fall Regatta attracted 29 boats from the United States and Canada. Clark Lake did not disappoint. The water was sparkling clear, the breeze more than sufficient for racing fun, and temperatures, refreshing.

The oblong shape of Clark Lake and fixed buoys contribute to a variety of interesting race courses. The Principle Race Officer determines the course based on wind and weather. At the skippers' meeting, he lays out where the buoys are and the location by assigned numbers. Intense competition occurs at these buoys as skippers work towards rounding them in the most effective manner.

The starting point of the race is an imaginary line between a buoy and the committee boat which is a raft equipped with flags. There were four classes represented in this regatta-Buccaneers, Rebels, Wayfarers, and Sunfish. Each class has its own start, which happens when the committee raises the flag with the insignia for that class.



Marc and Julie concentrate on the competition.

Many participants are practiced sailors, and they intend to win. Competitive juices flow and tense moments occur. Most sailors will tell you one of the most difficult, and tense, moments is at the start line. Unlike an auto race where the cars can be at idle at the start,

boats are at the mercy of the wind. You can spill some of it from the sails, but the boat has no brakes. So the sailors maneuver back and forth, gauging the amount of time it takes between two points so they can arrive at the start line when their pennant goes up and they hear the horn. Not to cross the start line promptly when the signal is given will put a boat behind, making it hard to catch up. As the boats gather, they are inches apart. Collisions sometimes occur. Words, not permitted during prime time TV, may fly!

The classes start based on their expected speed. Of this group, Buccaneers are expected to be fastest. They lead, followed by Wayfarers, Rebels and Sunfish. You don't have to hang around a regatta long to hear a story that a Rebel, for example, sped past a Wayfarer, a faster boat. The owner of a Wayfarer may argue otherwise.

At Sunday's awards ceremony in the Wayfarer Class First Place was awarded to Marc Bennett and Julie Seraphinoff of East Lansing, Michigan, Second to Mike Codd and Kurt Iredale, of Toronto, Ontario, and third to Al Schonborn of Oakville, Ontario, and Shannon Donkin of Michigan.

HOT V at LAKE TOWNSEND YC

Jim Heffernan W1066, W2458

For the past few years, sailors from the Carolinas along with a few northerners have enjoyed a fall regatta on the tree fringed waters of Lake Townsend. This is a charity regatta supporting breast cancer research held on the weekend near Halloween. Earlier this year, the event was in jeopardy as the originator of the HOT was moving on to other activities. That's when Trish McDermott W 1321 put her hand up and volunteered the Wayfarer Fleet to carry on the tradition. Somehow she got it all done with a little help from husband Scott and fleet members from North and South Carolina. With a direct line to the weatherman, she called for and got autumn days with kindly winds and a backdrop of trees changing into their finest foliage.

The racing was close, exciting and frustrating as holes devoid of the kindly winds would quietly appear in the middle of the upwind legs. PRO Jerry Thompson varied the courses so that some reaching legs could be had with tight spinnaker activity and tricky roundings at the wing mark. Using the Portsmouth Yardstick handicapping system allowed boats from 14 to 19 feet to compete evenly. *Continued on page 10*

CATAWBA YC Hosts OBD

November 5, 6, 2016

Jim and Alicia Cook W7372

Jim Cook, a fairly new member of the Wayfarer Family, purchased W7372 from Ken Butler of Lake Townsend Yacht Club. Ken purchased the boat from Rob Wierdsma of Mississauga SC. Jim, a lynchpin member of the Catawba Yacht Club, is moving the boat very well!

The 6th annual Old Brown Dog Regatta was held on November 5th & 6th at Catawba Yacht Club in Charlotte, NC. Eight Wayfarers and nine MC Scows participated, and the skills were closely matched for some tight competition. Temperatures in the low 70's and plenty of sunshine made it a very nice weekend to spend out on Lake Wylie.

The best wind of the weekend was forecast for Friday and as sailors arrived they were greeted with 15mph winds. Practice races were conducted, which was warm up for the Race Committee just as much as the sailors. Nick Seraphinoff took out his Osprey sailboat with AnnMarie Covington as crew, and Jim Cook went out on a Laser. Both were mainly looking for planing opportunities in the puffs. Most Wayfarers arrived too late to enjoy the good wind, but gathered on the gazebo to watch and take pictures. Uncle Al was disappointed that none of us death rolled, which would have improved the photo opportunities.



Nick, AnnMarie and Jim Cook test the winds

Saturday was forecast to have lighter wind, and on Lake Wylie this means lots of variability where anything can happen. In these conditions you have to remember that you're never out of the race, and the next time it could be you that gets lucky with the favorable wind. At the start of the first race the puffs were scattered and separated by lulls with zero wind.

It was clear that the winning strategy would be to stay moving in the puffs of wind, and that sailing on the lifted tack would be secondary. At the windward mark, the Heffernans, Johnsons, and AnnMarie and Nick rounded in a tight pack and launched their spinnakers but found that the wind was too light to get them to fly. The Cooks rounded close behind and opted not to launch the chute. The wind had shifted to a close reach, which allowed the Cooks to sail into the lead. They were able to hold the lead for their first bullet. Uncle Al rounded the windward mark in 5th but also went without a spinnaker and jumped up to a third place.

For the 2nd race, the wind had completely died but we somehow managed to crawl around the course. AnnMarie took the lead in the standings followed by the Cooks, Johnsons, and Heffernans.

At the start of the 3rd race the wind had shifted to the left and it was clear that the windward-leeward course would be more of a reach in both directions. The starts would be even more important for these short courses with reaches where it was hard to pass boats. So it makes sense there would be a pile-up at the pin end of the line. The individual recall flag was raised and four boats ended up going back below the line to restart.

After some adjustments to the race course we started the 4th race. It is sometimes bewildering to be stuck in a lull unable to get the boat moving while watching other boats sail right by in different wind. Richard Johnson found himself in one of these moments just after the leeward mark and let out a scream of frustration, which I think summarized how we all felt. Much of the fleet gave a goodhearted chuckle at his fate but this didn't help him feel any better.

At the end of Saturday the point totals were close. The Heffernans were in 1st with 10 points, followed by Uncle Al with 12 points. The Johnsons and Cooks were tied at 13 points. Ann Marie and Nick Seraphinoff were close behind with 15 points. Sunday was forecast to have even lighter wind, but if we were able to race, the standings could easily change.

The rest of the day was filled with beer, food, and relaxation in the pleasant afternoon temperatures. In the evening, live music was provided by CYC's very own Ron Wright and Jim Higgins.

Sunday morning we arrived at the club to find no sign of wind, and the race committee postponed ashore. However, around the planned race time a nice light breeze cleared away the morning mist, and it was apparent we would be able to race after all. It's nice at

Lake Wylie that we can all get from the shore to the race course quickly, whenever we happen to have wind. In the 5th race of the regatta the Cooks got a clean start and jumped into the lead. They were able to make the windward mark without tacking and hold onto the lead for their second bullet of the regatta. Ann Marie came in second followed by Uncle Al and then the Heffernans. It was getting late and the wind had died away, so the race committee declared there would be no more racing. This meant that the Cooks and Heffernans were tied for 1st with 14 points, but the Cooks would win the tie breaker with a bullet in the last race. Uncle Al finished close behind with 15 points, Ann Marie had 17 points, and the Johnsons had 18 points. The other sailors would rather we didn't say how many points they had. In the end, we had 5 boats within 4 points of each other, and I'm sure more racing would have changed the standings again.

Thanks to everyone who attended to make it a very competitive regatta and an enjoyable weekend.

Sailing, Sunshine and Spanish Moss

2017 WAYFARER MIDWINTERS

February 3, 4, 5

Lake Eustis Sailing Club, Eustis FL

Annual General Meeting Thursday, 10
minutes after sunset.

NOR on USWA and CWA websites

Fleet 3, Lake Eustis Sailing Club

Pack the Boat, Bring the Family

Pat Kuntz W 3140

Wayfarer racers returning to Lake Eustis for the Midwinter Regatta will easily testify to the beauty of the region and the pleasure of sailing here. There are, however, many opportunities for non-racers who may be considering traveling here with someone competing. If the lure of warm weather and beautiful sunsets isn't enough to tempt one to get out of the cold, the following may help entice you.

The Mount Dora Art Festival occurs February 4th and 5th, in Mount Dora. It's a seven mile ride from the sailing club, and has been recognized at the 7th best juried art show in the U.S. It's an open-air, street

show, with offerings of art from all media, and food vendors, in the setting of beautiful Mount Dora.
(See "WhattodoinMountDora.com").

Also, close to Eustis are the nature offerings of the Florida Aquifer and springs, Wekiva Springs, Kelly Park, Juniper and Alexander Springs. Kayaking and canoeing are available. Stay alert for manatee sightings here.

There's also Winter Park Florida, with the Morse Museum, the holder of one of the largest repositories of Louis Tiffany Glass in the world.

A 1-2 hour drive will bring you to both the Atlantic Ocean, with New Smyrna Beach and the Smyrna Dunes Nature walk, or to the Gulf of Mexico, and the cities of Tampa and St. Petersburg. Both coastal locations offer exquisite beaches and artistic and shopping opportunities.

Not to be forgotten are the Orlando theme parks, Disney, Universal and Sea World, to name a few. There's plenty to do, staying close to Lake Eustis, or hitting the road for a bit. You won't regret it.



Wayfarers line the dock at Lake Townsend Yacht Club.

Fleet 15 Champion Trophy for 2017

Phil Leonard, Captain, Fleet 15

Fleet 15, located in the Southeast USA, has announced the formation of a Fleet 15 Champion Trophy that will be awarded on a perpetual annual basis.

This trophy may be won by anyone who is a member of Wayfarer Fleet 15. It will be awarded to the skipper of the winning Wayfarer from Fleet 15 who scores the highest point total from their best 5 regattas out of the 8 regattas that Fleet 15 plans to attend in 2017.

The list of planned regattas for 2017 is as follows:

1. Lake Eustis Wayfarer Midwinters, Eustis FL, February.
2. Mayors Cup Regatta, Lake Townsend in Greensboro NC, Early June.
3. NC Governors Cup Regatta Kerr Lake NC, June.
4. Rock Hall YC One Design, Rock Hall MD, June.
5. Blackbeard Regatta, New Bern NC, August.
6. Virginia Inland Sailing Association Fall Regatta, Smith Mountain Lake VA Early October.
7. Old Brown Dog Regatta, Catawba Yacht Club, Fort Mill SC, Early November.
8. TBD

The winner will be the one who has the best score from 5 out of 8 regattas.

Any of the regattas having numbers 2, 3, 5, 6, and 7 may be counted toward the total of 5 regattas scored. Only one of the larger regattas, numbered 1, 4, and 8 may be counted towards the total of 5 regattas scored.

The intent behind scoring the regattas in this fashion is to encourage participation at the local level within the Fleet 15 area, and still encourage attendance at the larger regattas.

The trophy will be a permanent trophy that will have the winning skipper's name attached and awarded to that skipper to keep for a period of one year. There may be other trophies awarded at the discretion of the Fleet Captain.

The Fleet 15 Champion trophy will be awarded at the Annual Change of Watch Banquet held by the Lake Townsend Yacht Club or other venue at the discretion of the Fleet Captain.

All Wayfarers are invited to attend as many of these regattas as possible and help make this a banner inaugural year for Fleet 15.

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indicating this preference.**

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Above: Alicia, Nora and Jim Cook of Catawba Yacht Club.

Below: Fleet 15's newest members, Evan and Mary Trudeau, now race W10945 recently purchased from Ted Tewkesbury.



Richard Johnson and Michele Parish moved to New Bern, NC in 2016. They are thrilled that Catawba Yacht Club continued the Old Brown Dog, the regatta they began in 2012.



Trish McDermott, Chair of the HOT V Regatta, and Jim Schwartz, who started the charity regatta in 2012 and was Chair for four years.



Youth was well represented at the North American's at Tawas Bay. Four promising rookies, (l to r) Gabbie and Patrick Smith, Kathryn McCreedy, Jenna Pringing.

Babysitters: Regatta Chair, Nick Seraphinoff and his daughter, Julie.

All Photos this page by Uncle Al

WAYFARER 2016 FALL REGATTAS



Top: Wayfarers converge on the windward mark in first race of Old Brown Dog Regatta.

Center: An aerial photo taken by Andrew Lajdziak , a resident of Clark Lake offers an interesting perspective.

Bottom: Spinnakers at work on Clark Lake. Pictured are the Bennetts in W10861, Al Schonborn and Shannon Shank in W3854, Mike Codd and Kirk Iredale in W4600.

The Inside of The Bend continued from page 1

We travelled along the Ontario bank. Chip wagons captivated me. We always stopped at one among all the other stops at every fireworks stand we saw. My father stuffed his astoundingly varied selection beneath the front seat, in the wicker lunch hamper and under the picnic blanket in the trunk. The possibility that we might explode was far less worrisome than his warning as we approached customs: “Don’t say anything.”

Back at home we exploded like firecrackers ourselves into the fields beside the house. In lulls of our excited frenzy we speculated over our father’s arcane deployment of cardboard tubes and boxes. The wait for dark was excruciating. Our father’s idea of dark was much darker than ours. At last, having yielded to our pleas maybe one glimmer, he lit the punk. With lights of copper and beryllium, magnesium and gunpowder bursting into the air I remembered the churning river. I dreamed of roaming on it with the same easy freedom I wandered the land around home.

§ § §

The Black River flows along the south side of Port Huron and meets the St Clair River not quite two miles below the Blue Water Bridge. The municipal launching ramp is one mile and three low bridges up the Black. The bridges can open, but it seems a stretch to ask them to for *Solje*.

Sky and I once motored *Solje* with her mast down out the Black and, due to inexperience, up the U.S. side of the St Clair—the *outside* of the bend. That put us in the fastest current and through the biggest of the upwellings and standing waves. The water, to look at it, was some of the strangest I’ve ever been in. Actually, motoring through it was slow over the ground, but otherwise no ordeal. We raised the mast and sailed for an idyllic afternoon over the clear light green water, over the rippling sandy bottom of Lake Huron.

Toward evening, we sailed back into the St Clair. We were very aware of *Solje* being at first slowly drawn and then powerfully caught by the surging new river. The current itself is distinct and alive. It is like a river within the river. Its speed varies according to the time of year—fastest in the Spring. It varies, too, across the river. The fastest part has been exceptionally fast in recent years with the lake level up over two feet—approaching six knots. It is a sobering thrill to be in its massive writhing flow. We turned into the Black and shot the bridges under sail alone back to the ramp.

I’ve sailed out of the Black five or six times since then. The St Clair is narrow and busy, always tricky and interesting. The grail has been to sail up under the bridge into the lake.

§ § §

The end of this summer after the 2016 U.S.Nationals in Tawas—one of the best regattas I’ve ever been in—I planned to check off a different milestone: to circumnavigate the Saginaw Bay. Part of it is a 27 mile crossing between Tawas and Port Austin at the tip of the Thumb.

Solje was in great shape. Her flotation chambers were finally watertight. She is a woodie and I’m fairly certain that the standard woodie hatches rely mainly on wishful thinking. Plus, if you stick your head in either of the chambers, I bet you see daylight around the bulkhead. I used dangerously messy 3M Fast Cure 5200 sealant around the bulkheads. The addition of a small wooden ridge around the hatch opening focuses the pressure from the kayak hatch-cam closure straps to the middle of the foam gasket on the hatch covers. (*Details are in the Picture Supplement available on uswayfarer.org.*)

But circumnavigating the Saginaw Bay was harder than I thought. Besides Tawas, I’ve sailed the Bay out of all the launch sites on the south and west shores. I knew winds reported at Saginaw Bay Light and at Gravelly Shoal Light are reliably twice what they are elsewhere around the Thumb. So I was ready, I thought. I set out across Tawas Bay Sunday evening after the regatta on a close reach in a 15 knot southwest wind and mounting waves. It’s hard to judge wave height. I was sitting on the rail and frequently couldn’t see over the tops of them. I figured they were getting close to four feet. I made due west for the windward shore but conditions worsened. I hove-to and put one reef in the main. Let me say again how I love a Wayfarer’s behavior hove-to. It might be a wild ride but she will stay up. Even so, I cracked a bone in my hand getting tossed around.

It was nearly dark. Shelter seemed like a good idea. I sailed back to the emptiness of the post-Labor Day Tawas State Dock and spent the night aboard. One other boat pulled in after I was in the sack—some boat it was, though. At least 70 feet long. Three decks high. How I love Han’s boom tent. I woke up, threw the side flap open and sat with a coffee watching ducks and gulls settle out of a dimly brightening sky. After the sun came up I rigged. Eight people milling on the

fantail of the all-white motor yacht sipped at their lattes.

I set off with a full main on a beat south along the western shore of Tawas Bay in slightly reduced wind and not-much reduced waves. The motor yacht rumbled out, going amazingly fast on a course toward the tip of the Thumb. A lake bulk carrier riding high—empty and unballasted—was almost stopped three miles south. I was surprised and impressed to watch it very slowly turn around and, even with the stiff wind square against all that freeboard, back two miles into the Port Gypsum Dock. By the time I got there, it was tied up. A conveyor was shooting a stream of white rock into a hatch. A plume of dust trailed downwind. Another three and a half miles south is the abandoned aerial tramway at Alabaster. What's left of the loading building has a monstrous post-industrial spookiness to it—rusting corrugated sheet metal on a high rectangular island dock, a mile-and-a-quarter out in the bay. Its swaybacked roof covered the interior in gloomy shade, but sometimes the windows on one side lined up with those on the other accenting a cavernous emptiness. It's longer than a freighter, so I'd guess 500 feet or more.

The wind was swirling in nasty gusts in its lee. A line of towerless tramway bases reached to it from shore. I sailed away into the bay. Out of the gusts I headed south again and then sailed back, well off the loading dock's windward side. The light really went on when a wave broke over *Solje's* lee side and landed in my lap. The waves were reflecting off the dock in full force. It was impossible to make any sense of the pattern and some of them amplified into alarming spikes. I couldn't see a path to tack out and this was no place to go into irons, so I continued southwest through a chaotic mess. Things were dicey in my mind, meanwhile, *Solje* rode through it fine.

The wind was picking up near 15 knots again, I guess. Marine weather predicted that's where it would stay for two more days with the addition of cold rain. This was turning into a lot of work and my enthusiasm waned. I looked across the bay to Tawas point six miles northeast, and was there in forty-five minutes. I lost my favorite T.S.&C.C. hat in a chicken gybe at the point. *Solje* skirted west around the shallows past a couple kite boarders who actually dropped onto the water sometimes. We pulled into Tawas Bay Yacht Club and wrapped up.

I really don't like giving up: it scares me that I am getting old. I drove home in a disappointed funk. A few days later a long sail west out of Port Austin and back in a Small Craft Advisory got me feeling better about my sailing. Although, I have to say again, the boat gets most of the credit.

Once, when I was a low-time pilot—I am still a low-time pilot, but then I was a *very* low-time pilot—I invited my dad up for a flight. He was a *very very* high-time pilot even before he quit bothering to log it anymore. “You could get a lot of time—flying pistons,” he used to say.

That afternoon we were circling over his house with my mom standing in the front yard waving up at us. I was doing all kinds of piloty things and my father said, “Here, let me take it.”

Holding the yoke with just the tip of his thumb and index finger he put us into a solid much steeper bank and tighter circle. He mused, “You know, they designed these things to fly. If you get out of the way they do pretty good.”

§ § §

Sky and I went back to the Bay of Islands this year, September 24 to October 4. What a beautiful stone and water puzzle. This year I hit on a crafty way to get her in the sailboat: I suggested she paddle off in her kayak without concern for where or how far she had gone. I would sail within sight and when she was tired, she could signal me. I would sail over and tow her home. It turns out that she preferred to climb aboard and we sailed home with the kayak following happily and effortlessly behind. The wind was mild and the weather cool and overcast this year. We were out on the water every day. We had the whole bay almost to ourselves. With less wind it was safe to nose *Solje* into even more restricted and beckoning places.

Fall's weather just didn't cool off so I kept sailing: Lake Huron out of Lexington in another Small Craft Advisory. Inner Saginaw Bay a few times. And then one morning early in November I heard that Tuesday, the second, was going to be in the seventies with 15 to 20 knots out of the south. I said to Sky, “If that isn't enough to get me under the bridge....”

At the empty Black River municipal launch site a city worker cautioned me, “It's rough out there—wind from the south....” I motored out the Black into the St Clair

for a look around. Yes, it was rough. A two foot chop covered the river. Chop is way worse than waves. I motored back into the Black river to the Desmond Marine Dock. As I was tying up a man ran over and asked if I needed help. "Oh, I thought you'd been dismasted," he said. We talked about sailing up under the bridge. He had a 37' something-or-other and only motored. "A boat length off the Canadian shore," he advised. He said that in this wind the chop under the bridge would be far worse than it was this far down the river. I tipped the motor up, raised the mast, and set sail. It seemed prudent to scout the conditions first. We began a beat down the St Clair.

Chop is short—that's part of the problem. The other part is that it's steep. One wave broke over the bow, over the splashboard, and dumped a lot of water into the cockpit. That's never happened before. It took a good while to figure out how to tack reliably in it. The chop was not uniform. Its size reflected the current below. The fastest current followed its own path, careening wide in the bends. A couple of miles downriver I turned around and began a run upriver. I could not gybe without having the mainsheet sometimes wrap around the motor. *Around* the motor! That was scary. I sailed on past the mouth of the Black for about a mile toward the bridge. It was clearly very choppy under the bridge. I was not going to risk it with the mainsheet likely to foul. I sailed around in the river below the bridge. It was a really wet ride. Except when I hove-to for some water and a couple apples it was demanding work. But, you know, *Solje* heaves-to like a duck on water.

I drove home with two things to think about. First, I am not risking any kind of tricky sailing with the motor mounted until I figure out a cover or something. (I still don't like all that weight back there. Yes, the motor will stow ahead of the mast, but what in a capsize? I just don't know....) And second, in rivers there is an important trade-off between wind and chop

To be continued in next SKIMMER issue

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HOT V Continued from page 3

There was a good showing of ten Wayfarers along with Buccaneers, Flying Scots, Tanzer 16s, a Laser, a Harpoon 4.6, and a Holder 14.

The Buccaneer with Bart and Janet Streb from Raleigh, sailed very well and had a good lead at the end of Saturday racing having grabbed two firsts and a second. However a misstep into a windless hole gave them a sixth on Sunday along with another first allowing Jim and Linda Heffernan in wooden W1066 to move into an overall first place points tie. The tiebreaker went to Bart and Janet which they deservedly earned by sailing their boat well especially at the starts which were a bit crowded with boats of various speeds on the line.



Jim and Linda Heffernan accept 2nd place trophy from LTYC Racing Captain, Nancy Collins.

Uncle Al from Canada with local crew Susan Cole, kept his venerable Woodie W3854 moving through the fleet and ending up with placings of 1,2,3,4 and 5 for third overall. He was followed by three late model Mark IV Wayfarers helmed by Richard Johnson from the Blackbeard Sailing Club, AnnMarie Covington from Lake Townsend and Uwe Heine also from Lake Townsend. A couple of new Wayfarer owners placed 9th and 10th overall in the 21 boat fleet. Ali Kishbaugh from Catawba Yacht Club has been successfully resurrecting an old Mark I from oblivion in a Virginia barn and her work paid off with a ninth place followed by Evan Trudeau in his Mark IV W10945 gaining the tenth spot.

Stephanie DeLair from Oak Hollow SC in nearby High Point sailed her Harpoon 4.6 to a seventh place overall with a slim two points separating her from Robert

Bouknight of Lake Townsend in Flying Scot 775 who finished 8th.

A good amount of support money was raised for Earlier.org through registrations, donations, silent and auctioneer led auctions and a raffle featuring a Mistral 16, a Quebec version of the Wayfarer. This was won by 15 year old Elizabeth Plageman who plans to race as often as she can in the near future.

2017 International Wayfarer Rally Wellesley Island State Park July 15-22

Location: Wellesley Island State Park (WISP) in New York State on the Saint Lawrence River at the Thousand Islands. WISP is a large park offering a range of accommodations from tent sites to cabins. The early birds have reserved sites in the Eagle area. Nearby there are a number of other sites available but this is a popular park so book early if possible. There are fire pits at each campsite and a pavilion for larger get-togethers. WISP has beaches, but there are also great places to swim off the rocks right at our campsites. The park has many other facilities for family activities.

Sailing: The winds in the Saint Lawrence tend to be from the west and consistent. There are many islands to sail around plus picnic sites to stop for lunch. Clayton, an attractive small town, is a popular day sail destination. A six hour sail around Grindstone Island is an objective for our more adventurous sailors. At this point the Saint Lawrence River is the US/ Canada border. You can sail in Canadian waters and around the Canadian Islands, but you cannot land on Canadian territory without clearing Canadian customs.

Social Activities: We are planning three group social evenings with meals in the park. The cost will be determined on a cost recovery basis. On the other evenings there will be various activities such as square dancing.

Accommodations: The reserved campsites are in a group near the docks for our boats. In Wellesley Island State Park, there is also lodging in cottages, that sleep 4- 6, in cabins with bunk beds and kitchenette but shared toilets in a separate building) or in camper vans. Outside the park, additional accommodations can also be found on the New York side of the St. Lawrence River.

Pre or Post Rally: There are many historic sites (well, 200 years old) and tourist attractions in the 1,000 Island region. There are cruises through the islands that go where we cannot sail. Farther afield in New York, there are the Adirondacks, the Finger Lakes, Niagara Falls and New York City. In Canada, there are Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto, Quebec City and lots of natural parks.

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

2017 CHESAPEAKE CRUISE RETURNS TO CHOPTANK RIVER AREA

May 21- 25, 2017

Tom Goldsmith W8343

May 21. The charming village of Oxford, complete with B&Bs and restaurants located on the Choptank River will be our starting point. We will use the Oxford Boat Ramp and sail the short distance to Campbell's Marina for the night, sleeping on-board optional, otherwise find a B&B.

May 22. Picturesque Tilghman Island and the Napps Narrows Marina & Inn complete with their new restaurant will be our first sailing destination. To get there we'll navigate the narrows and pass through the lift bridge. Marina fees are: slips at \$2/foot with sleeping on-board optional. Accommodations at the Inn are \$120 per night and the slip fee drops to \$1/foot. We'll dine at the marina restaurant.

May 23 & 24. Our next stop requires a lengthy sail southward, destination, Slaughter Creek Marina located on the Little Choptank River. We'll share these remote waters with the local waterman and experience sailing through a Natural Wildlife Sanctuary. At the marina we'll tie up two boats per slip (\$25/boat), sleeping on-board optional. I have reserved the marina's on-site trailer which sleeps 8, complete with full kitchen. In addition, above the marina Ship's Store there will be newly renovated rooms for rent. Trailer rents for \$150 per night, rooms above Ship's Store TBD. We'll cook dinner May 23rd and dine at the marina's restaurant May 24th.

May 25. Decision will be made ahead; we'll have the option of hauling out at Slaughter Creek or sailing back 18 nautical miles to Oxford.

Space is limited to the first ten boats that sign up by emailing Tom Goldsmith at tomgoldsmith1219@gmail.com.



npboatsus.com

BoatsU.S. *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

Feb 3-5	2017 Midwinters, Lake Eustis SC	Eustis, FL
Feb 6-10	Cayo Costa State Park Cruise	Pinelands, FL
Feb 11-12	Single handed Regatta, LESC	Eustis, FL
Feb 18-19	GWB Regatta, Lake Eustis SC	Eustis, FL
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	Kerr Lake, NC
June 18-19	Rock Hall One Design	Rock Hall, MD
July 15-22	International Rally, Wellesley Island SP	Clayton, NY
July 22-23	North American Championship	Toronto, Ontario
Sept 9-10	US National Championship	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 2016-4

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

NEW LABEL!!! Please note your boat number and
ensure that your dues are current.

Thank you to our members for supporting the USWA!