



The Wayfarer **SKIMMER**

United States Wayfarer Association
Fall 2017-3

COMMODORE COMMENTS

Jim Heffernan, W1066, W2458

In May Linda and I were part of the sailing instructor team for a class of adults enrolled in the Lake Townsend Learn to Sail Program. The classes are a joint effort of the City of Greensboro, NC and the volunteer instructors from the Lake Townsend Yacht Club. I would like to share three aspects of this very satisfying experience that impressed me. First: Our students were enthusiastic to learn, eager to participate to the fullest regardless of the weather and always ready to help each other rig boats and learn the ropes. Watching the willingness of fledgling sailors helping other new sailors was a highlight of the days on the water and in the classroom. The class motto became "Sailors helping sailors." Second: It takes a team to pull off the instruction effectively; tasks include getting life jackets fitted properly, finding the boat parts, launching the boats, finding the wind, driving safety boats and of course, paperwork. Third: Some first rate instructional books are produced by US Sailing, the National Governing Body of Sailing in the US. This organization supports a National Training Program for sailors and instructors in dinghies, windsurfers, multi-hulls, and keelboats. The two Learn Sailing Right books for Beginner and Intermediate sailors are excellent tools for the students and instructors and can be purchased on the ussailing.org website.

For the past 55 years Linda and I have experienced the absolute pleasure of sailing and we hope to encourage you to introduce your children, friends, work colleagues and grandkids to the joy of being on the water in a sailing vessel. While the sailing schools and camps are out there to provide the professional instruction, we really need you Wayfarer sailors to invite people to join you on the water and expose them to the enjoyment of sailing as well as the experience of sailing in a lovely 16 foot dinghy designed by Ian Proctor.

US NATIONALS

Tawas Bay, September 7, 8, 2017

By Al Schonborn W3854

A regatta filled with children, great winds, fine weather, superb hosts and a world-class sailing venue, Tawas Bay. Who could ask for more?! And to top it all off, the exciting sailing, which had three boats tied for the lead going into the final race. And then the U.S. title was won by the oldest child of them all, Uncle Al, who was again in 7th heaven what with having Frank "Wayfarer Man" Goulay sailing with me.



Uncle Al checks in with Erin Smith and her youngest, the fabulous Fitch.

As Frank and I rolled into the lovely Tawas Bay YC on Friday afternoon, the weather had settled in for three days of mostly warm sunshine with winds from east of north starting to wake up around 10 AM. Beside the Coast Guard Station, a Wayfarer parking area had been reserved and, opening a Tawas-bought beer, we made ourselves right at home. Facilities don't get any better than this! Even the water level was comfortable this year. And it was nice to be sharing with the US Coast Guard!

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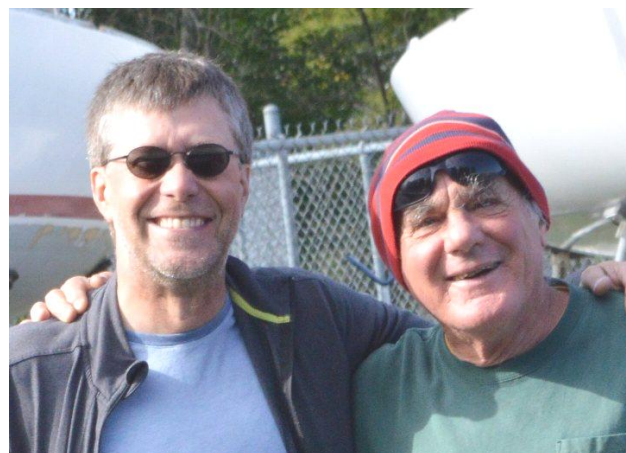
USWA ANNUAL DUES

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

U.S. Nationals continued from page 1

Our fine RC gave us four Saturday races as planned. Weather: occasional clouds and even a drop or two of rain and a more or less north to north-east wind that gradually increased as the afternoon wore on. The windward-leeward course (two sausages, offset mark at windward) worked well. The Wierdsmas, Rob and daughter, Samantha, of Oakville, Ontario, got off to a great series start, leading for much of the first race, before succumbing to their Mississauga SC mates, David and Anne Pugh, and to East Lansing's Marc Bennett and wife, Julie, in a close race. The downwind finishes in fact, produced some very exciting battles. I recall particularly race 3. This was the race in which Nick Seraphinoff and Chip Cunningham shot out to a

substantial early lead but on a weekend when the "big three" (David, Marc and Al) were sailing so well, it was just a matter of time before their lead was eclipsed by their nearly mistake-free pursuers. The aforementioned truly exciting finish was when Frank and I finished three seconds behind winners, Marc and Julie, and one second behind David and Anne Pugh. At that point it looked like it would be a two-horse race between the Bennetts (2-3-1) and the Pughs (1-1-2) with all the evidence suggesting that Al and Frank (4-2-3) would remain entrenched in a fairly clear 3rd overall.



First time meeting of these two Wayfarer treasures, Frank "Wayfarer Man" Goulay (left) and Chip "Cato" Cunningham.

And then came Race 4 in which Frank and Uncle Al used their weight and shift playing to good advantage in stronger winds to score a solid victory and remind us all that the old Wayfarers, Marks 1 through 3, can still compete with the sleek, new Mark IV's. When Marc beat out David for 2nd place, we ended the day in a three-way race for the US Championship. Figuring in the drop that kicked in once four races were in the books, the Pughs were still leading the series with 4 points from 1-1-2-(3) but only one point back were the Bennetts with 2-(3)-1-2 who in turn were one point ahead of the (4)-2-3-1 put up by Uncle Al and Frank.

In fact, everyone - from the youngest beginner to the wildest veteran - came ashore having thoroughly enjoyed the day's sailing workout. Uncle Al was ready to make a big dent in his thirst but that plan was short-lived. We decided to moor the boat in an empty slip beside a dock that had a superstructure that looked for all the world like an Olympic podium.

One careless step led to a fall on the foredeck and a gouged heel too serious for the casual bandage. So Uncle Al was sent off to St. Joseph's Hospital in Tawas

where, in admirably speedy fashion, the hole, deemed too big for stitches or epoxy, was disinfected and bandaged. A delightfully cheery nurse then gave me a tetanus shot and a start to my antibiotics regimen and I was on my way back to supper and drinks at the club by not too much after 6 PM.

With a constant backdrop of Hurricane Irma updates from Florida, we all spent a marvelously convivial evening before heading out to the Bennett-Wierdsma bonfire at the Timberlane cottages next door. After the fine work-out of four exciting races, we all slept well, and were ready to embrace the forecast replica of Saturday's weather by the 10 AM start time next morning.

After a fairly brief postponement as our RC waited for the wind to settle in, race 5 duly got under way in "nurse-your-boat" winds. A glance at the scoreboard revealed the fact that a three-way tie at 7 points would exist at the top if Al, Marc and David finished 1-2-3, and it would all come down to the final race. And that is indeed what happened.

As we started the finale, the wind had picked up to a lovely sailing breeze and Uncle Al and Frank moved out to a comfortable early lead, lost it at least twice before regaining the lead near the end of the second beat. By the second go at the windward and offset marks, David and Anne were only about 30 yards behind Al in 2nd place with Marc and Julie closing in. Adding to the wracked nerves was the flat spot which the leaders sat in as we began the final run to the finish line. In the end, the wind gods smiled on Al and Frank who got the returning wind while David and Anne wallowed on the right side. Indeed, Marc and Julie benefitted from hindsight and gybed to port right at the offset mark and were soon Al's closest pursuers. Luckily for Frank and Al, the light-weight Team *Jamaica Blue* had at least a hundred yards to make up on the heavier Team *SHADES* a.k.a. *Glory Days* who were able to nervously hang on for a narrow victory in the race and the series.

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VIRGINIA GOVERNOR'S CUP –WARE RIVER

August 5, 6, 2017

by Michele Parish W10873

When Richard mentioned to me that he wanted to go to an extra regatta, I was like, "I am not so sure I want to go." I was still feeling very car weary after the 15 hour trip to Toronto for the North Americans at TSCC for 2 hours of racing! Saturday's races were never held due to lack of wind and Richard's work forced us to leave early on Sunday. So Richard made plans to sail in the Virginia Governor's Cup with his sister who had expressed an interest in crewing for him. Initially I said sure, that sounds great. Then followed two straight weeks of Richard traveling while I hung out with our dog, Nikki. I mean she is great company, but conversationally a little challenged! After a week of being home bound I reversed my decision and sent in our registration. It was a good thing because later when talking to my sister-in-law she seemed less than enthusiastic about the crewing opportunity.

Two weeks earlier we had driven to Canada and back with no lights. Thus the night prior to our departure we were scrambling to get those pesky trailer lights to work. We set off the next morning at 5:30 am to go to Ware River Yacht Club. After leaving the interstate it was a lovely drive through countryside with a final six miles out Ware Neck to find a beautiful clubhouse amid a grassy field. Jim and Linda Heffernan and Phil and Cathy Leonard had come Friday and they pitched in to help us rig and launch.

About 50 boats sailed on our course and the Race Committee smartly managed 6 starts with little time in between races. Three Wayfarers and two Windmills were in the fourth start so we had an advantage of watching three other classes cross the start line before us.

Our hard work on this day resulted in three firsts and a third, although the Heffernans were always a threat and finally crossed first in race 4. They did have a keg of tasty beer and a dinner social that night. Most competitors camped on the grounds but Richard and I spent the night with his sister and her husband in Lancaster, a short drive through numerous back roads.

Sunday we were back early and wind conditions were less than stellar. We headed out to the course and I typically get grumpy when there is little to no wind. Fortunately Richard did not have to listen to me for too long since the wind quickly filled in. The Race Committee was able to run 3 races and again it was highly competitive match racing among the three

Wayfarers! We would pull ahead of the Heffernans only to be passed by the Leonards and then it would all reverse. The finishes on both days were very close for all three of us. In the end, four firsts, a third and a second secured us first place. At one point in between races Linda did say, tongue-in-cheek, to me, "I thought you were not coming. Where's Richard's sister?" For me, I was happy with my decision to race this regatta especially at the awards ceremony; when beautiful pewter Jefferson cups were given out with Champagne in them. What a lovely touch! It was a great venue all around and in addition they had a large fleet of junior sailors, some only knee high, competing on an Opti course closer to shore. It was so much fun watching these youngsters out racing as well as sporting their fine race gear on the shore.



Michele Parish and Richard Johnson, victorious in 2017 Virginia Governor's Cup and 2017 Blackbeard One Design are currently in the lead for the first ever Fleet 15 Trophy.

WRYC was prepared with great camping sites, food to purchase for breakfast and lunch, and a delicious dinner on Saturday (I heard) all provided with a large dose of warm hospitality. This is a regatta that we should definitely put on our travelling schedule next year.

Fleet 15 Report

Fleet Captain Phil Leonard W864

With three regattas remaining for the first ever Fleet 15 trophy, the race could not be tighter. Only 13 points

separate the top five boats, and 3 separate the top 3. With no clear winner at this point things will be getting most exciting as we near the end of 2017.

The top 5 contenders for the trophy are Richard Johnson and Michelle Parish, Jim and Linda Heffernan, Uwe Heine and Nancy Collins, AnnMarie Covington, and Phil and Cathy Leonard.

On the first weekend of October the Virginia Inland Sailing Association will host the 2017 Centerboard Invitational Regatta at Smith Mountain Lake certainly one of the most beautiful sailing venues in this area.

Fleet 15 will again be sponsoring the Lake Townsend Yacht Club HOT VI (Halloween on the Townsend) on October 28-29th. This charity regatta is a fund raiser for Earlier.Org, a local company that is working to develop early detection system for breast cancer. If you need housing contact me. If you cannot attend but want to donate to Earlier.org visit their website and find the link to the regatta.

On November 3-5th the Catawba Sailing Club will host The Old Brown Dog on Lake Wyle, Charlotte, NC, always a fine close out to the autumn season.

Over 12 Wayfarers expect to attend the HOT and OBD regattas so the potential for earning points is high.

Eights boats from Fleet 15 attended the International Cruise at Wellesley Island NY in July. This was the first time Cathy and I visited this venue and we had a spectacular time.

We just need to find a way to attend all the regattas and cruises. Maybe in a few years when we retire!!!

Kindness & Generosity Unlimited ***Monica Schaefer W1152 Lakka***

Skimmer editor in chief Linda Heffernan twisted my arm and squeezed a promise out of me to write a piece about the **2017 International Rally** which Miriam McCarthy and I had the great pleasure of participating in. Now home, the rally is almost a distant memory and I really don't know where to start. I suppose I could write about the fabulous location, starting with the campsite at Wellesley Island State Park in which Alan Asselstine the chief rally organiser had somehow managed to bag us all the most wonderful pitches running along the water from the little marina where our Wayfarers sat peacefully every night. We shared Kit & Patsy Wallace's pitch and wonderful hospitality with Kit's lovely daughter Rachel and our very nice neighbours were Sean & Quinn Ring. Because we had such a good swimming spot we also had the pleasure

and company of all who went for a swim each evening to cool off.

I could write about the sailing in the crystal waters of the St Lawrence in lovely light winds ideal for cruising and made all the more pleasant because of the generosity of a lot of people. First there was Nick Seraphinoff who kindly offered the use of a lovely MKIV cruising Wayfarer, arranging for its delivery and return in the safe hands of Tony & Mary Krauss who towed it with their own boat on a double stacker – wow how kind is that, thank you guys! Tom Goldsmith provided us with a slip in the marina so that we didn't have to launch and recover each day! Thank you Tom! The wind was a bit fickle at times, we didn't have a paddle but not to worry the wonderful Wayfarer family took care of that too. Jim Heffernan kindly handed over his 2nd paddle, but maybe we should be thanking Linda as she probably got stuck with all of the paddling! We also discovered that Nick's cruiser lacked a tiller extension and we soon had one courtesy of Al Schonborn who had a whole box of spares just in case – thanks Al! To keep our packing tight on the flight we hadn't brought lifejackets but again thanks to the foresight & thoughtfulness of local sailors there were plenty of PFDs for all the overseas visitors.

But maybe I should start even before the rally back to our arrival in Toronto Airport where Kit Wallace was there to welcome us and take us back to his lovely recently renovated old period home in downtown Toronto, there we enjoyed a lovely BBQ and the great company of Patsy. Kit's daughter Rachel would be joining them the following day for the ride to WISP which meant that their car was jam packed with all of the camping and sailing gear that they were bringing not just for themselves but for us and Rachel too! Thankfully we wouldn't have to walk to the rally as Bob Stephenson had kindly offered to take us and he regaled us with lots of great stories en route to make the journey fly by. At the border as "aliens" we had to declare ourselves. Thankfully the immigration officer was "Irish" and we got into a great chat about his family roots in Killileigh Co Down in Northern Ireland a town I know well as it is also the home of East Down YC a club with a very active Wayfarer fleet. Safely through the border it was just a hop and a skip to WISP where we found the gang of jolly Wayfarers in full swing erecting tents and assembling boats. After a hearty supper and a few bevs it was off to bed and a good night's sleep under the stars with the water gently lapping not ten feet away.

Waking up was just so wonderful, the sound of song birds, even a woodpecker, and fish jumping in the

water right next to us. It was great to see many familiar faces at the briefing and to learn of all the treats in store on the social side. Tom Goldsmith had obviously done a lot of planning to ensure we all had a great time, Hula dancing, ukulele singing, set dancing, wine tasting and lots more. The group was too large to set off together so after a thorough briefing we broke into smaller groups and decided which way to sail, those who had tried a place sharing their knowledge with those who had not sailed that way before. The week was wonderful, filled with fun, laughter and good times, it ended far too soon. It was sad packing up the boats and camping gear on Friday ready to set off. Bob kindly offered us a lift back to Toronto and then fed and watered us in the comfort of his beautiful home before summoning us an Uber to deliver us safely back to Kit and Patsy's.

The following day we headed down to TS&CC to take part in the North American Championships with another lovely gift from Nick Seraphinoff this time in the form of a beautiful Race Mark IV kindly delivered by Chip Cunningham. Initially we rushed around trying to get the boat ship shape for the first gun at 11am but we needn't have hurried as there was not a drop of wind and none came all day. So we enjoyed the day catching up with all of the racing fraternity who had gathered. Sunday dawned a very different day with plenty of wind and so we got to experience Lake Ontario in a blow and that was fun! Staying upright was key to finishing well and we managed that and sailed well enough to finish in the top 5. The hospitality at TS&CC was excellent and we went away with big smiles and great memories.

On Monday Rose Wierdsma took us under her wing and showed us the sights of Elora Gorge where we hiked around the park and then soaked up Mennonite culture & heritage in St. Jacob. Next we hired a car and headed off to the Niagara Falls wine country, had a good couple of days being proper tourists and then to Parry Sound for a flying visit with Sue & Steph, we had good fun playing with their water toys, including yoga balancing on a SUP! Only Sue would think of that for a relaxing morning on the water! Too soon it was time to head home and courtesy of Miriam's frequent flyer credits we enjoyed a first class experience complete with Champagne and lay flat beds the whole flight back to Ireland!

Fantastic trip from beginning to end - Thanks to everyone for making it so special!

2017 INTERNATIONAL RALLY at WELLESLEY ISLAND STATE PARK

It was about more than sailing!



A WIDE WAVE OF WAYFARER SAILORS ENJOYED WONDERFULTIMES IN SUMMER 2017



At Tawas Bay US Nationals: left, Dave Wilpula and Gabbie Smith in Dave's newly purchased W453; right, Terry Monville and daughters, Hannah and Izzy. Photos by Annie Prining

Below left, Uwe Heine and Nancy Collins hanging on at Blackbeard Regatta, photo by Jerry Thompson

Below right, Our Irish friends, Miriam McCarthy and Monica Schaefer packed in WISP, North Americans, Niagara Falls and Parry Sound on their 2017 Summer Holiday! Photo by Al Schonborn



Left: the stalwart rescue team that saved the day for four Wayfarer teams on a breezy Sunday at the North Americans at TS&CC.

Right: Evelyn and Elizabeth, 7 year old twin daughters of Adrian and Jill Hill, crewed on Fleet 2's Annual Trans Walled Lake Invitational that culminated in a smashing BBQ and Dish to Pass Picnic complete with Jimmy Buffet music! The August event was organized and hosted at the lake home of Jill and Adrian Hill, Fleet 2 Treasurer.

2017 NORTH AMERICANS July 22 23 at TS&CC



Meet Alastair Ryder-Turner and son, Andrew, your 2017 Wayfarer North American champions.

On the breezy Sunday after a windless Saturday, the champions appeared dead in the water, having scored 3-12 in what turned out to be a four-race series, while David and Anne Pugh scored a pair of convincing wins. But as the winds gradually increased, Alastair and Andrew scored a pair of bullets while the Pughs had the wheels fall off with a 5th and a capsized DNF.

Our 2017 North Americans were hosted July 22-23 by the Toronto Sailing & Canoe Club despite the fact that record Lake Ontario water levels still have much of the club's waterfront submerged. Kudos to Regatta Chair, Thomas K. Wharton, and especially to our Race Officer, John O'Dwyer, and his RC. After a windless Saturday, he proved a flawless race manager in Sunday's fresh winds of 12 to 15 knots with gusts nearing 20 knots.

The club's paying the TS&CC Junior Instructors to man the safety boats turned out to be a stroke of genius as four boats capsized almost simultaneously towards the end of the final race. Our thanks to these young men who very professionally and capably rescued not just the sailors but also their boats.

Meanwhile, back at the results board many of us were surprised that by getting four races in, we had reached the one-drop stage. This was a god-send to a number of the top boats who had big, juicy drops, while Al, Sue, Marc and Monica were the only helms with single-digit drops: 6th, 8th, 9th and 9th respectively. They were less enthused about the drop.

Worth noting about our winners out of the Mississauga SC is the fact that Alastair and Andrew were seeded 13th and have become the lowest seed to win an event.

Top-seeded David and Anne Pugh made it a 1-2 sweep for the Mississauga SC and were in fact the only highly seeded team to crack the top five. A DNF due to spinnaker troubles in the finale put an end to their hopes of duplicating their 2013 North American title.

George Blanchard would have smiled as W4600 *Redtop*, George's bequest to TS&CC's Mike Codd, had her best day ever as Mike and crew, Kirk Iredale, came back from a first-race 12th to place 3rd overall.

Our Irish guests, Monica Schaefer and Miriam McCarthy, did the Mark IV delivered from Detroit by Nick and Chip proud. After an unpromising 8-9 start to their series, the 7th-seeded Monica roared back with 2-3 finishes to grab series 4th on a tie-breaker with Uncle Al and son, David. That 3rd in the final race subsequently was upgraded to a 2nd when Monica and Miriam were given redress after one of the boats towing a rescued boat interfered with them and cost them 2nd in that race.

Coming in from East Lansing MI, were 2nd-seeded Marc Bennett and Julie Seraphinoff, who appeared to have a tougher time with wind and waves on this day and could manage no better than series 6th. They, too, got no help from the "drop race" after placing 5-3-9-7.

The 4th-seeded pair of Sue Pilling and Steph Romaniuk from Parry Sound placed 7th overall and were also not helped by their consistency: 4-8-8-5. Our lightweight aces, who placed 8th in last year's Worlds in Holland, were hampered by the breezy conditions.

Top finishers from the host TS&CC in 8th place were Kit Wallace and George Waller who looked very good in beating seed by 7 places. Ending up 9th was another lightweight team: Mike and Marg Duncan from the neighbouring Mississauga SC.

Rounding out the top 10 were TS&CC's John Cawthorne and Robert MacDonald who started great with 2-4 but then capsized in race 3 and withdrew from further racing.

Mississauga SC's Rob Wierdsma and daughter, Samantha, out did their 14th seed by three places despite a capsized in one of their races. Following the Wierdsmas were locals, Heider Funck and Tom Wharton, but the 5th-seeded pair were a bit off their game on this particular day. The Conestoga SC was well represented by Jan d'Ailly and son, Hendryk. They

were too late to sail race 1 but then placed 13-12-11 to place series 13th..

The wash-out of Saturday's racing was particularly unfortunate for a pair of North Carolina entries, especially Richard Johnson and wife, Michele Parish, of the Blackbeard SC in New Bern who had come all this way just for this event. They needed to leave early to get back home and so missed half of the races and fell to 14th.

Jim Heffernan sailed this event with his granddaughter, Claire, who was doing research at the Fields Institute and was able to get free to sail with Grandpa! The last gybe of the day gave them a taste of lake water as they went bottom up.

TS&CC Commodore, Bob Stevenson, teamed up with a new crew, Amy Langstaff, and this duo turned in a most respectable performance, beating their 18th seed by two positions, despite a pair of DNF's. Amy's and Bob's racing ended abruptly when their Mark IV was rammed and capsized to windward into a mast-down "turtle" during which excitement his rudder came off and now resides at the bottom of Lake Ontario.

That same event ended the day's racing for Susan Davis and Amanda Yilmaz who thus ended up 17th overall, one point up on Uwe Heine and his wife, Nancy Collins who had just sailed the Rally on Wellesley Island, and opted for an early start to the long trip back to North Carolina.

FLEET 3 REPORT

By Pat Kuntz W3140

Hurricane Irma flirted with both coasts of Florida so it was hard to predict from which direction the most damaging winds would hit Lake Eustis Sailing Club. On Wednesday before the storm willing hands from all the fleets gathered to minimize impending damage. We secured the trailers at the tongues with chains and attached heavy duty tie downs at the shroud points of the boats. Often straps across the decks were added to the tie downs.

We dropped the masts on 10 MC's because these boats lift and fly like frisbees! It proved best to leave covers off and remove the awnings on the pontoon boats. Empty the boat and remember to leave bailers open! The clubhouse was filled with equipment including the newest boats for the Youth Program.

We had a huge club turnout for the cleanup before the club races on the next weekend. Ingeniously the kids filled their Optis with brush and trolleyed the debri out

to the curb! After hours of work we were ready to race!

The infectious camaraderie that is a hallmark of LESC was felt before, during and after Irma!

A Nantucket Sleigh Ride

By Thomas Erickson W275

Previous sails from my home port of Lewis Bay have taken me east to Chatham, west to Falmouth, southwest to Martha's Vineyard, and to the Elizabeth Islands jutting into Buzzard's Bay. Sailing to Nantucket had been on my horizon for several years. In theory, sailing to Nantucket would be a beam reach both ways as the prevailing summer winds are out of the southwest. The journey is twenty-two nautical miles and should take five to six hours. I would be out of sight of land for several hours, something I'd never done before. With GPS and the site of frequent ferries, the course should be pretty straightforward. Two days of good weather were forecast so I took the plunge.

On August 11, 2016 Possum, Wayfarer 275, was launched out of Lewis Bay. Expecting SW winds of up to 15mph, I set up with a single reef.

The SSE sail to Nantucket was pleasant and uneventful. I arrived into Nantucket Harbor around 3PM, anchored the boat in a few feet of water near the town dock and walked into town. Nantucket is an old whaling town with cobblestone streets, houses dating back to the 1700's, and a great whaling museum. I walked around town for awhile, had a lobster roll followed by coffee and cookies. There is a huge protected bay east of the main harbor. Sailing east into it I passed a race in progress and lots of beautiful moored boats. I spent the night anchored close to shore by a nature preserve. Across the cove a couple sat on the porch watching me probably wondering, "What on earth is that guy doing setting up a tent in that little boat?" It was a warm but breezy night and I slept like a baby in a rocking cradle.

Next morning I had breakfast and packed up eager to get an early start as the forecast was calling for stronger winds in the afternoon. Double reefed, I tacked out of the harbor and began the NNW trip home. Winds were around 15 and gusting but everything was perfectly under control. I found sailing out of sight of land can be somewhat disconcerting. I had a GPS and a compass heading, but it is easy to start doubting them. Sometimes I found myself heading where I thought I should be going only to look down and see I was off course for which I would later pay. Lesson learned: trust your instruments not your senses.

I came in sight of land and could see the entrance to Lewis Bay when within minutes the wind built to over 20 with gust of 20–30. Waves grew to 5-6 feet. Being on a beam reach, they were hitting me broadside. I rolled in the jib to just a scrap to keep the head up and avoid too much weather helm and strain on the rudder. The boom began hitting the water. I thought about taking down the main but wasn't sure I could let go of anything for even a second. Would I have been able to heave to? I wasn't sure. I thought my best bet was to try to hang on for another 30 minutes until I got in the harbor. It wasn't to be. A gust hit at the same time as a big wave. Water began pouring over the side and I couldn't stop it. Down she slid and over she went.

I've practiced righting the boat but in calm conditions. This was howling winds and big waves. I gathered my wits and calmed myself. I got the sails down and made an attempt to right the boat. Up she came and proceeded to turn right over and turtle. Masthead buoyancy didn't seem to do much good with those waves. I got on top, got on the board and righted her again and sure enough over she went again. Help arrived in the form of the high speed ferry to Nantucket. Embarrassment now became my main concern as hundreds of onlookers were pointing to the poor guy in the little boat. The captain asked if I needed help and by that time I knew I would. He said he would radio for a tow boat. I was pretty impressed that the ferry full of passengers eager to get on with their vacations would remain with me for fifteen minutes until the tow boat arrived.

SEA TOW arrived and tied on to my bow line. One big problem was that the boom and attached main sail had floated away from the boat and were now drifting 15 feet from the boat at the end of the halyard. I had to cut the halyard and heave the boom and main onto the tow boat. With the boat righted and a little forward motion she quickly emptied. I struggled to steer behind the tow boat as she sometimes veered off. Followings wave pushed me dangerously close to the tow boat.

Once back at the dock the Harbor Master, who had followed us in, asked, "So what were you doing out there in those conditions in that little boat?" He must have thought I was nuts because by now there were small craft warnings. I hemmed and hawed for awhile then responded, "Before you declare me foolish and reckless let me say that I have sailed this boat to Martha's Vineyard, the Elizabeth Islands, Chatham, as well as off the coast of Maine. I was just returning from Nantucket where I'd sailed to yesterday." Now nobody sails to Nantucket with less than a 20 foot keel

boat. But after hearing my story I think he was impressed with my sense of adventure and with the capability of my "little boat".

In hindsight, my safest option would probably have been to heave to and get the main down. If I wouldn't have been able to get back to Hyannis harbor, I could have run before the wind with a scrap of jib and gone into Bass River, a few miles downwind to the east from where I could have towed the boat home.

Next trip: the north side of Cape Cod where I'll head northeast to Wellfleet and Provincetown.

BLACKBEARD SAILING CLUB

August 26, 27, 2017 New Bern, NC

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There we were splayed out on the water before God, Country, and race committee, I wasn't certain what specific event led to this capsize, but the floating was nice. We were on the finish line, with boats coming in so we needed to clean things up. I got busy on the board, Michele released the sheets, the boat came up, and I swam to the transom. Michele grabbed the back of my life vest, dragged me in like a gaffed tuna, with such force, my head ended up under the thwart. We wallowed across the line in the half full boat, and thus ended our third race and the first day of racing at the 2017 BSC One Design Regatta.

It had been a windy day. Wind out of the north, northeast, and mid-teens average with gusts to 20. The fleet of 10 Wayfarers was granted the first start. It was nice to have the course to ourselves for the first leg but left us all to decide on how to attack it.

The starting line was short and took only 17 seconds to traverse. With less than 10 seconds to go the fleet converged on the line with all boats heading to the left hand side of the course. Drowning in bad air, we tacked off but soon tacked to get back in sync with the fleet that had gone left, but by this time the fleet had split. At the beginning of the season Michele and I decided that we wanted to focus more on racing against the other boats and not just sail to the marks. With the fleet split, we defaulted to just trying to get to the mark. Michele kept track of the angles and we arrived at the windward mark just behind *Intrepid* sailed by AnnMarie Covington and Bob Williams.

Spinnakers are sailing's nuclear weapons. If one boat launches everyone feels compelled to maintain the balance of terror. *Intrepid* pulled her chute first and we followed. Not all boats did, hoping we two would

achieve mutually assured destruction. *Intrepid* maintained her lead on the second beat and run to win the race. A good solid win, the result of good calm decision making and execution.

The wind favored the right hand side of the course for the second race. We opted to start in the middle of the line and followed *Intrepid* and *Impulse*, sailed by Uwe Heine and Nancy Collins, to the right side of the course. We were third to the windward mark but pulled ahead on the run and were able to keep our lead and finish closely followed by *Impulse* and *Intrepid*.

There was a delay in race three while the course was squared. We arrived at the line early and ended up by the pin surrounded by boats and corrupted wind. Unfortunately we fouled *Impulse* and had to take a turn. In addition, by this third race our legs were sore from hiking, hands were cramping from holding the sheet, and we were crabby. There was a lot of tacking, covering, and escaping but somehow or another we ended up in the lead that would have been a final leg in the prior races. As we put up our chute, we saw the committee boat moving away from what had been the finish line. We had not read the "board" and only found it was a 3 L course from a passing laser.

We rounded the leeward mark with *Intrepid* once again on our transom. All we had to do was to stay between them and the finish line. But for some insane reason we tacked allowing them to get away. With the committee boat now set at the windward mark we saw a very small space between the committee boat and the orange tetrahedron; a more reasonable space between the tetrahedron and the orange offset ball. Uncertain we made a desperate tack crossing between the tetrahedron and the ball. Nothing happened!

Panicked, we tacked back to get to the line between the committee boat and the tetrahedron. In the process we passed behind *Intrepid* on our way to our fateful capsize. While standing on the centerboard, I could see *Morning Star* and *Impulse* heading toward us as well as two Lasers. Fortunately the boat came up and we finished with our vessel full of water. As the cockpit emptied, I began to calm down. The capsize brought me back to my senses and sense of humor.

I need to take a quick step back at this point from my naval gazing and give the day some context. It was the kind of day that had everyone taking a tack on the wild side. Uwe and Nancy had their chute flying with the justification that the waves were less than in Toronto. Evan and Mary Trudeau, not familiar with these conditions and mere yearlings in the class, hoisted their chute and kept it all under control. Jim Heffernan and

his brother, Brian, lost a shroud and had to fix it on the water with no assistance and without missing a beat. Phil and Cathy Leonard flew their chute every downwind leg and were rightfully pleased with their performance. Ali Kishbaugh and Trish McDermott, Mike Sigmund and Elle, Ken Butler and his borrowed crew all had good days and we finished tight as a fleet. It was the kind of day where finishing each race, and staying on top of the water, gave it all meaning well beyond that of just chasing buoys.

Sunday was Saturday on steroids. The winds were sustained in the high teens with gusts in the high twenties. A random puff could capsize the best prepared boat. The Race Committee placed the course mostly in Broad Creek which saved us from the waves of a long fetch but left us with a twitchy wind. Once again the starting line was short and the course was square. Our focus was on keeping the boat up and moving. At breakfast Jim Heffernan suggested footing out on the jib. That in combination with boom set level with the vang and sheeted to the corner of the boat, made the boat nearly self-correcting in the puffs, and allowed us to drive through the lulls. That said, *Intrepid* was first to the windward mark and *Morning Star* was just behind along with *Impulse*.

Intrepid rounded and put up her chute. We followed and I noticed as Michele was putting up the spinnaker pole that the bow was burying in the puffs. *Intrepid's* spinnaker pole came loose and in the process of trying to reattach the pole they broached and capsized. We flew our spinnaker for about another 100 yards and took it down. During all of this *Morning Star* took the lead. I'm not quite sure how but we led at the next windward mark and turned downwind without the spinnaker. On pins and needles we finished first.

Looking back up the course we could see several boats down, two Wayfarers and two Lasers. The crash boats were busy. *Dawn Treader* (Mike Sigmund and Elle Heywood) stopped to rescue Trish McDermott who had been left behind by the crash boat helping her skipper right her boat. As a fleet we decided to retire from the last race as did the rest of the boats in all other fleets.

The importance of this regatta is that we all had to push our boundaries. The competition in our class is fierce. By the end we had all taken excursions out of our comfort zones. It is difficult and often frightening but new techniques are learned, new confidence gained, and our comfort zone expands. Most important is the feeling of accomplishment and shared competitive camaraderie of this unique sailing weekend which renders all others somewhat dull in comparison.



npboatsus.com
For the dinghy sailor in all of us
Home of the Mark IV Wayfarer

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2017 Calling All Wayfarers

Oct 6-7	VISA at Smith Mountain Lake	Smith Mountain Lake, VA
Oct 28, 29	HOT VI, Lake Townsend Yacht Club	Greensboro, NC
Nov 4, 5	Old Brown Dog, Catawba Sailing Club	Charlotte, NC

2018

February 2, 3, 4	US Nationals and MidWinters, Lake Eustis SC	Eustis, FL
February 10-11	Single Handed Races	Eustis, FL
February 17-18	George Washington Birthday Regatta	Eustis, FL

For more information contact Jim Heffernan, jheffernan@nc.rr.com

If you know of an Open Handicap event in your area where Wayfarers can participate, we can post the info here and on the Racing Schedule.

USWA SKIMMER 2017-3

United States Wayfarer Association
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St. Joseph, MI 49085

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