

# The Wayfarer SKIMMER

United State Wayfarer Association – [www.uswayfarer.org](http://www.uswayfarer.org)

Summer/Fall 2020



After learning of restrictions on sailing into Canadian waters off Wellesley Island, Wayfarer sailors Paul and Dawn Miller of Connecticut and GP14 sailors Katrina and Bruce Idleman of Pennsylvania found other options. Here the Millers cruise on the St. Lawrence River near Grass Point State Park in New York. *Photo by Katrina & Bruce Idleman*

## A very Un-Rally rally

### ■ Sailing in the shadow of a pandemic

By Katrina Idleman  
GP1704

Dinghy sailing, much as life, requires working with the conditions at hand and adapting to them. We watch the weather forecast to make tomorrow's plans, we check conditions again as we board, en route we deal with gusts that threaten to blow us off course or dump us into the drink. All the while, we find pleasure and satisfaction in being able to adapt and enjoy the adventure that unfolds. We experience unexpected bumps and bruises, and unexpected delights as we explore in our little boats. We share our stories. We set out and sail again.

The 2020 U.S./Canada Wayfarer Rally got blown far off its original course by the COVID-19 pandemic. The result was a non-rally gathering at Wellesley Island State Park (WISP) that yielded both new challenges and new vistas for the participants.

In the months preceding the rally, the planning committee carefully observed the pandemic forecast, hoping for a clear window for the much-loved, weeklong annual gathering. A break in the pandemic never came. Instead, increasing controls aimed at keeping us healthy first limited our ability to travel

### ■ Canadian patrols add level of discomfort at Wellesley

By Robert Mosher  
W3445

The radio crackled to life: "Sécurité, Sécurité, Sécurité, The Fédérales" (said with a fake accent) "are coming up the Rift, over and out." At least they weren't hanging out behind Abercrombie Island on my last day of sailing at the Wellesley Island Un-Rally.

We had been worried about the Canadian Border Services Agency (CBSA) and rumors of how they were enforcing the border on the water. The web sites Bruce (Idleman) could find were confusing: "No need for transit permit." "Please call to transit." An American site detailed problems and rumors. It wasn't until later when I was back home and had good WiFi that I found the COVID Rules: No crossing the border on water, no fishing, no transit, etc.

Sunday evening two U.S. Customs and Border Patrol agents told Bruce that we, the U.S., had started the tough restrictions but had backed off and were allowing transits. The Canadians had not backed off and were to be avoided. "Don't mess with them period," we were told. Rumors had it \$750 fines came fairly easy.

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Make some plans,  
enjoy some  
insights

## A happy Wayfarer hangout

By Peggy Menzies  
USWA Communications &  
Outreach Chair  
W11158

As COVID cases were climbing and some areas returned to semi lock-down, I suggested a group chat to see how we're all fairing. (Wayfaring that is). Within 7 hours my email was full of requests and a date was set.

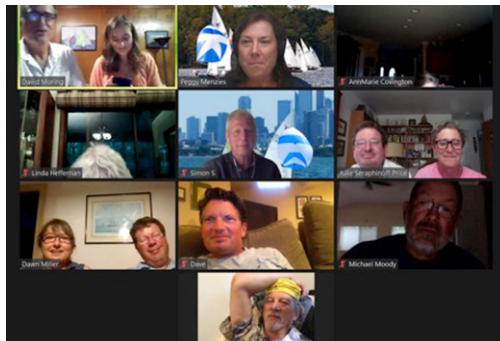
David Moring graciously offered the use of his Zoom account and it seemed a success. We did a round table to see what's happening.

In Florida, many are on summer break. I thought this regular break was due to alligator activity, but I stand corrected - it's hurricane season. While I enjoy a good blow, Isaias was probably too much. But Eustis is ready and still preparing for our Internationals.

North Carolina has had some club racing with success. (AnnMarie Covington stepped away for a sec and Jim Heffernan ducked his head just as I took the Zoom screenshot.)

New York is a little sparse for Wayfaring, but Simon is racing in other classes and is keen to keep up to date on Wayfarer events.

In Michigan, the Lansing Sailing



Day event was shared including a humorous story told by Julie Seraphinoff. Work is ongoing for the club Wayfarer and there is momentum for new Mark IV shipments.

In the New England area, there is a rousing group of cruising enthusiasts. I understand Paul and Dawn Miller toured Boston Harbor and set up for another event this summer.

More in Michigan, Dave and Dave (McCreedy and Whilpula) did their own bit of cruising across Lake Michigan to Beaver Island. Apparently a great cruise til the wind died 10 miles from the island. :O

A last news update - our Nationals for 2020 will tentatively be held with the 2021 Mid-Winters. If we get to have the event, let's make it a sell out and see just how many boats we can get entered.

## What's ahead

### CRUISES/RALLIES

**Cape Cod One-Day Rally** – Sept. 12  
(contact Paul and Dawn Miller for details)

**2021 North American Rally** – **tentative**  
Aug. 14-20, Hermit Island, Phippsburg, Maine

**2022 North American Rally** – July or August, Wellesley Island State Park, New York

### RACING

**Labor Day Regatta** – Sept. 5-6, Lake Norman YC, Mooreville, NC

**North Americans** – Sept. 12-13, Tawas Bay YC, East Tawas, Mich. **CANCELLED**

**Anything Goes Camping** – Sept. 12-13, Tawas State Park, East Tawas, Mich.

**Clark Lake Fall Regatta** – Sept. 19-20, Clark Lake YC, Jackson, Mich. **CANCELLED**

**The Mayor's Cup Regatta** – Sept. 26-27, Lake Townsend YC, Greensboro, N.C.

**Down the Chester River Race** – Sept. 25, Rock Hall, Md.

**Rock Hall One-Design Regatta** – Sept. 26, Rock Hall, Md.

**Pumpkin Regatta** – Oct. 3-4, Fanshawe YC, London, ON

**WoW Regatta** – Oct. 17-18, Wamplers Lake, Mich.

**Halloween Regatta** – Oct. 24-25, Lake Townsend YC, Greensboro, N.C.

**Old Brown Dog Regatta** – Nov. 7-8, Catawba YC, Charlotte, NC

**2021 Wayfarer Midwinters/2020 U.S. Nationals** – Feb. 12-14, Lake Eustis SC, Eustis, Fla.

**2021 U.S. Nationals/N.C. Governor's Cup** – June 18-20, Kerr Lake, Henderson, N.C.

**2021 Wayfarer North Americans**, Sept. 11-12, Tawas Bay YC, East Tawas, Mich.

**2022 Wayfarer Worlds No. 18** – Feb. 26-March 4, Lake Eustis SC, Eustis, Fla.

**CHECK IN REGULARLY WITH**  
**www.uswayfarer.org** as many events are being canceled because of COVID

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### USWA Annul Dues

Full membership - One year, \$20; Three years, \$15 per year

Associate membership available for non-Wayfarer owners - One year, \$15

Dues may be paid through PayPal or by check to USWA and mailed to: Treasurer Michele Parish,  
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**SKIMMER** is a publication of the United States Wayfarer Association. Have a story idea, a tale to tell? Julie Seraphinoff is always looking for Skimmer content. Email her at [julieseraphinoffprice@gmail.com](mailto:julieseraphinoffprice@gmail.com)

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# Wisconsin sailor buys nice sails and a Wayfarer

By Dennis Gamble  
W4116

I started sailing when I was 35. I had somehow got the idea in my head that I should build a boat.

With the idea of building a canoe or kayak, I went to the local library to see what kind of books they had on boat building. This is Central Wisconsin - farming country - so there weren't many. Actually, I think there were two. One of the books was Harold Payson's "Build the New Instant Boats." The main focus of the book was on building a small row and sail dory design named "Gypsy." Harold made the process seem pretty straightforward, so I went ahead and built one.

I was out sailing the boat on my home lake - Lake Dubay - with my wife Darcy and daughter Hannah, and the local sailing club was holding a Portsmouth race. One of racers, Joe Terry, sailed up to look my boat over and invited me to join in the next race, which I did.

I didn't really know what I was doing. I just followed all of the boats ahead of me around the course. It was fun though, and I soon purchased an old Flying Scot, which my wife and I raced for several years.

We added another baby to the family - my son Isaac - and suddenly my wife no longer had time to sail. Finding it difficult to find steady crew, I sold the Scot and concentrated on racing my Butterfly.

The kids got a little older, as they tend to do, and with thoughts of luring my wife back out onto the water again, I started shopping for a two-person boat. I wanted a boat that was small enough to sail singlehanded, but big enough for two adults to sail in comfort.

I live in scow country, but I like a boat with a pointy front end, so I was thinking a Mutineer might do the trick. There are usually quite a few for sale in Wisconsin within a couple hours drive.

I was aware of the Wayfarer, which was also a possibility, and, I thought, a better looking boat. But there just weren't many for sale in my area.

Eventually I came across an ad on Craigslist where a guy had both an old Mutineer and Wayfarer for sale down near the Illinois/Wisconsin border. He was asking \$400 for either boat, but I couldn't tell from the pictures if they were worth the four-hour drive to look at them.

As fate would have it, I needed to drive my wife and daughter to a baby shower down in Madison that weekend, which put me within an hour drive of the boats. So, I dropped the girls off at the shower and drove down to the border to see the boats. A cursory look at the Mutineer revealed it was totaled. The Wayfarer had been parked on the South side of the sellers' garage for about eight years. He had purchased the boat from



Dennis Gamble sails W4116 Genug (above) on his home waters of Lake Dubay in central Wisconsin. Hannah Gamble captures a selfie with her dad Dennis (left) while out for a sail on Lake Dubay. Dennis, who attended his first Wayfarer regatta last fall at Wayfarers on Wamplers, had plans of venturing away from his home lake with trips to three regattas this summer. Alas, COVID has kept him home and sailing in Portsmouth races at the local club. *Courtsey photos*

someone in Illinois, cleaned it up a bit and then fallen ill. He never had a chance to sail the boat.

We pulled what was left of the cover off the boat. The first task was dealing with the hornets that had taken residence. They seemed to enjoy living in the boat and were less than happy to leave. The wooden seats were still in good condition, and I do like a boat with some varnished wood.

Unfortunately, the boat had filled with water at some point and the rudder had been left on the floorboards to rot. The exposed portion of the plywood centerboard had also delaminated. I had some wood working skills, but I wasn't really looking for a project boat at that time.

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# Pandemic

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across the Canada/U.S. border, and eventually limited travel within the U.S. It became clear that this year's official rally had to be cancelled...and so it was...to be replaced by the unofficial Un-Rally.

The Un-Rally started with a handful of sailors who decided to keep those hard-won reservations at WISP and sail together if at all possible. The ability to change course quickly would be required under the prevailing conditions. On June 24, New York announced that North Carolina was a naughty state, and visitors from there would be required to quarantine for 14 days upon arrival. That caused Jim and Linda Heffernan (W2458) to bow out.

No further restrictions were announced as July 25 approached. All systems were go. Imagine our dismay when, upon our arrival at WISP, the rangers informed us that the Canadian border was being enforced vigorously on the water, with \$750 fines for U.S. boaters who strayed into Canadian waters. The rules of the game had changed. How would the week unfold?

First things first. We set up camp on Site E74, a waterfront site with a view across to Bradley Point (understandably beloved by Alan and Mary Asselstine W7346). Sailing or no sailing, it was a beautiful evening in a beautiful place. We were surprised and delighted to find that Robert and Marijane Mosher (W3445) were our neighbors, and that two generations of family would be joining them. We were sorry to learn that Brian Laux (W1445) had headed home after hearing the border news. Paul and Dawn Miller (W971) pulled through to introduce themselves not long after we had set up. First time rally (Un-Rally!) attendees, they had a site in C Loop. Pat Kuntz (W11135) planned on a Sunday arrival.

On Sunday, we struggled to reorient ourselves. The proximity of the border to Wellesley Island's north shore cut us off from our favorite sailing routes. Only Waterson State Park remained as a legal destination, a poor substitute for a week of freely exploring the Thousand Islands from the water. We had so many questions. Was the ranger's report accurate? Did enforcement extend to sailboats? Had there been misbehavior by U.S.



Dawn Miller (above) tends to her docked Wayfarer at Grass Point State Park on the St. Lawrence River in New York. Dawn and Paul Miller were joined by Katrina and Bruce Idleman in their GP14 in cruising the American waters. The stately Boldt Castle (left) was one of the impressive sights the sailing duo encountered in their impromptu cruising waters. Photos by Katrina & Bruce Idleman

boaters or the U.S. Border Patrol that contributed to the issue, or was it U.S. (mis)handling of the pandemic that was the last straw? Did we want to risk a steep fine? We decided to put the boat in the water despite our uncertainty.

We were staring out over the water from our campsite on Sunday afternoon, pondering, when a U.S. Border Patrol boat heading for the marina came into view. There was a primary source! Bruce jumped into the car and raced to the marina to talk to the officers. Yes, the U.S. had taken a hard line on border enforcement on the river immediately after the initial closure to non-essential travel, but had since gone back to the standard "OK to be on the water but don't land" practice. Canadian enforcement had become more stringent over time. Yes, there were often Ontario Provincial Police tucked in behind Abercrombie Island, picking off boaters who went around the island, dipping their hulls into Canadian waters,

rather than through the narrow, shallow passage that separated it from Wellesley Island. Fines were a distinct possibility. And yes, enforcement in some cases included arresting boaters and removing individuals from their boats, leading to distress calls from those left aboard who weren't confident in their boat handling abilities. Such a rescue mission was the reason the border patrol officers were in the marina at all on Sunday afternoon.

We made our decision. Our un-rally sailing would be limited to U.S. waters. Time to get creative!

Fortunately, Bruce and I had vacationed in the Thousand Islands area before we owned our GP14. Our camping and kayaking expeditions had introduced us to the NY State Parks at Grass Point and Kring Point, both located on the south shore of the St. Lawrence River. Both had good kayak launch sites. Could we use them as launch points for day sails? Monday's plans jelled. We

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would sail from WISP towards Waterson SP in the morning, and use the afternoon to explore our other options. Sailing conditions were fine, but 38 minutes on the water just whet our appetite. We kept our fingers crossed that sailing from the south shore of the river was practical.

We packed our lunch and set out for Grass Point SP, heading southwest towards Clayton, NY after we crossed the Thousand Islands Bridge. The weather was gorgeous, the wind steady and brisk at over 15 knots, and we found that Grass Point has not only a boat launch, but also a beach, a little campground, and a small marina. Next stop was Kring Point SP, a little over 10 miles northeast of Grass Point, a few miles past Alexandria Bay. The park is located on a narrow peninsula separating Goose Bay from the main channel of the St. Lawrence. It's a lovely place, despite its snug campsites, with every site either directly on or within view of the water. Several cabins perch on a rocky knob overlooking the bay. Two pocket beaches and rocky outcrops are available for swimming and, most importantly, there is a boat launch.

We headed back to WISP with information to share and an optimistic outlook. We found that the Millers had also been exploring and had come to the same conclusion. Un-Rally sailing could work! A flurry of communication and planning followed. The Moshers had family considerations and would stay based at WISP. Pat Kuntz, who had cancelled her WISP reservation once the border situation became clear, decided to drive up from Oneida Lake on Tuesday to join us and the Millers in a sail from Grass Point. She would stay the night at WISP on E74. A socially-distanced Un-Rally pot luck banquet would cap off Tuesday's events.

Tuesday found us picnicking with Paul and Dawn (and pooch Tiller!) at Grass Point, awaiting Pat's arrival. It was sunny and windy, which made for a delightful picnic...but a decision not to sail due to winds pushing past 20 knots. The Un-Rally pot luck banquet on Tuesday evening was unaffected by the weather, and we feasted on pulled turkey BBQ, a medley of sides including sparrow (oh no, that's farro!) salad, delicious baked goods, fine chocolate and local wine. Inspired by the Wayfarer rally pennants that Tom Graef had sewn in 2018, I had sewn facemasks in a blue batik to serve as our Un-Rally pennants. Ten people plus one dog formed three COVID bubbles around the campfire. We settled into a delightful evening of good food and good conversation, sharing the spirit of a rally in spite of all the challenges.

Wednesday morning brought light rain. We shared coffee and conversation with Pat before she headed back to Oneida Lake. Paul and Dawn set out for a sail from Grass Point, which was short lived due to the "sporty" conditions. Reefing is on their wish list! Our slow social start meant no sailing for us.

We indulged in a wine tasting at the Thousand Island Winery in the afternoon.

Sailors coordinated and weather cooperated on Thursday. We joined the Millers for a sail from Grass Point to Canoe Point. Starting from Grass Point gave the sail to a favorite rally destination a whole new look. We rounded Vanderbilt Island into the main American channel, tacked upwind and upstream past the Rock Island Light, then ducked between Picton and Murray Islands to get to our destination. Dawn and Paul are former International Canoe sailors, and Canoe Point holds special significance to them as the former site of annual meetings of the American Canoe Association. Our conversations were cut short by gusts from a huge thunderhead that had formed to the northeast. A quick check of the radar assured us that this storm would pass us by, but the threat of another storm led to

a hasty departure. We sailed to the west of Picton Island on our return, and enjoyed an exciting downwind run to Grass Point after entering the main channel of the St. Lawrence, an exhilarating end to the sail.

Friday the winds were lighter and our two boats set out from Kring Point. We considered Mary Island State Park as a possible destination, although the shallow water to the south east of the narrow peninsula on the eastern tip of Wellesley Island gave us some pause. We

ducked out of the main channel, cutting through the Summerland group just south of a tiny rock of an island with one tree and a For Sale sign (perfect site for a Wayfarer club house, we agreed!) with the Millers in the lead. We avoided being run down by a Ganonoque Cruises tour boat en route to the dock at Mary Island, where we were able to slip in without a hitch. Was time for lunch and a hike around the wooded campground at the boat-access only park. Then it was back to the boats and one more sail into and up the channel to get a view of Boldt Castle. The boat traffic was heavy near Alexandria Bay, so we headed back down wind and down river to Kring Point, ducking in between islands along the south shore and startling a family of loons before arriving back at the launch just before the wind completely gave out. We enjoyed a swim and more amiable conversation with the Millers before we said our good-byes. Saturday we would be heading home.

We enjoyed a last evening of neighborly conversations with the Mosher family. Robert and Marijane would remain at WISP for a few days after their daughter and her family left on Saturday. The Millers were aiming to head out early for their long drive to Connecticut. We broke camp on yet another sunny day and headed home to Pennsylvania. The Un-Rally required facing uncertainty and remaining flexible, and it has yielded fond memories of camaraderie and beautiful days on the water - for me, a silver lining to the summer of 2020's pandemic cloud.



Paul and Dawn Miller with their aptly named sailing dog Tiller join Katrina and Bruce Miller for a picnic after sailing on the St. Lawrence River. *Courtesy photo*





Robert Mosher (above) and his family, son-in-law Will Cordis, grandson Meng Fei Cordis, daughter Ann Cordis and wife Marijane Mosher, sport the batik masks sewn by GP14 sailor Katrina Idleman. While the rally sailing plans became difficult, there were still moments like this with good company and good food. Robert (left) rows his W3445 with Meng Fei at the tiller. Robert and his grandson spent quality time exploring, fishing and sailing off the shores of Wellesley Island State Park.

## Discomfort at Wellesley

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The official Wellesley Island Rally had been canceled due to COVID-19. The Canadians could not cross the border and, if the border did open, they would need to quarantine for two weeks upon returning home. New York State required people from an expanding list of other states to quarantine for two weeks upon entering its borders. The number of eligible participants kept dwindling and Wellesley State Park was giving full refunds. So there was no official rally.

The few of us who went ahead with an Un-Rally showed up to be greeted by rumors of tight Canadian Border enforcement.

Of the Un-Rally participants, Brian Laux decided it was easier to just go home as he only lived a few hours away. Bruce and Katrina Idleman decided to wait and see how everything went and to investigate more. My wife Marijane and I would stay as long as our daughter Ann came with her husband Will and son Meng Fei. Paul and Dawn Miller, who were staying in C section, dropped by our campsite with their beautiful wood Wayfarer to check things out and they stayed.

Late Sunday, our daughter's family arrived having tested the range of their Tesla with three bikes on the roof in a strong head wind. It's not as advertised in those conditions and they were a bit late. I discussed my border concerns with the kids and they added to them. They had not brought Meng Fei's passport.

Not all was lost as we were camping together and Meng Fei's priority for years had been to go fishing! The next morning we went down to the docks to try out his new fishing pole and to catch that first fish. Many of you know the fish are small, but did you know you can watch them nibble the bait? You can also catch a lot of them.

**Meng Fei gives his perspective on the Wellesley Un-Rally, see page 16**

I dallied about putting the boat in. While trying to convince myself, I convinced Bruce and Katrina there was a mile of sailing east to Watterson Point State Park landing. Monday they put their GP-14 in and sailed. It took them about five or six minutes to cover the distance to Watterson. On the return they took the outside or north course, looked both ways for Canadian border patrol, then

scooted out around the farthest American island and back in quickly.

Bruce decided that was enough, ending their sailing out of Wellesley Harbor

Tuesday I finally put my boat in while others did their thing. Wednesday the winds were right and Will, Meng Fei and I sailed east. Learning from Bruce's short sail, I wove my way through the American islands to Watterson Point, swung wide to avoid the rocks and docked. I was surprised Meng Fei was not interested in exploring this new land. We forced him out of the boat and made him eat treats. Finally, we tried our luck at fishing, but had no luck and therefore no fish.

We started the day's sail with a reef to slow things down and going back we needed it. Soon after leaving the docks we were weaving back up through the islands. The islands were funneling a stiff wind between themselves. The wind was knocking us around and our sail was baggy, not flat. Turns out I had tied the anchor side of the reef line too far forward so it made a 90 degree straight up run to the first reef cringle. The other side ran back properly but could not by itself pull the sail tight enough. Of course, just days before on the web I had explained to a newbie why the two lines should be at 45 degree.

We made it just off the eastern end of Eagle Loop when a gust rounded me up, putting water over the side. Just when I thought the wind was done with us it intensified. On instinct, I turned a little off the wind to get the boat back under the mast. The boat stabilized though the water gushed over the side covering the floor boards by two inches. I swung downwind and opened an auto-bailer. Will grabbed a pump and went to work. I handed a bucket to Meng Fei and calmly said, "Bail." He looked at me and said, "What's that?" He never flinched or got excited. It reminded me of my daughter Ann who when asked, "Were you scared when the tire fell off at 70 miles an hour?" replied, "No, it was just Pa being Pa."

Once we were stable, I sailed for and then rounded up on the beach on the eastern end of Eagle Loop. We finished bailing and let Meng Fei walk back to camp. We told him to say, "The boat went down and only I survived." He, however, didn't play our little game. We sailed back without him.

A highlight of the trip was that our campsite and Bruce and Katrina's were next to each other. Tuesday night they invited

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# Discomfort

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the Wayfarers over for the first ever Un-Rally Distancing Pot Luck. There we receive our official face masks. The food was great as was the conversation. Pat Kuntz had been able to come up from Oneida Lake, NY for the day, so we had 10 in the party.

Turns out if you stay in one New York State Park you can do free day visits to the others, including launching your boat. So Thursday, Bruce and Katrina and Paul and Dawn trailered to Grass Point State Park on the mainland. They sailed north to Canoe Point and had a lovely picnic. The storm clouds gathered in the west and they sailed south missing the storm. Friday they went to Kring Point for another lovely day of sailing in the Saint Lawrence Seaway and nearby islands. Those American waters had plenty of Canadian boats transiting, including the daily tour boat full of Canadian tourists.

Thursday did not deliver wind at Wellesley, so no sailing for the Mosher/Cordis clan. Just some land fishing with little results.

I had promised Meng Fei fishing and tried to get a bit in from the dock. But the big fish are in deep water and one must take the boat out to get them, according to Meng Fei. "But no sailing!" he said. So Friday out came the oars and just Meng Fei and I went fishing. First we tried the bays of Eagle Point with no luck. Then off to the first island east, that has no house. There, we were told, are big mouth bass. As we rowed up to the Island, Meng Fei wanted to explore. I nosed the boat in and he climbed off and up the rocks. I backed off maybe six feet. Getting back down the rocks was trickier but with coaching he made it.

We found no bass. But the plentiful perch and pan fish made it a successful day. On the row back I had Mung Fei steer while I rowed. My very clear instructions were not followed and he put us in the rocks of Wellesley. He wanted to make sure MaMa and BaBa saw him. His steering got better, we got seen and made it safely back to the docks.

Saturday morning everyone, except our kids and us, had left or were leaving. Once our kids were gone, I dragged myself down to the boat and set sail



Meng Fei explores an island off WISP.

for Canoe Point. I was concerned and not into it at first. A call on Thursday to CBSA for a transit permit had been futile. The wind would give me some long tacks west before I had to tack back away from Canadian waters. It took maybe a dozen tacks.

I marked the Canadian border bearings on my chart, checked my compass often, kept the GPS next to me cranked way in to better see the border line, and noted how far out the American power boats ran. The power boats were running outside U.S. waters a bit. On the inward tack I ran daringly close to shore, which had people staring and calling others to come look. Before Ambercrombie Island, I ran my last inbound tack so my outbound tack would place me at the head of the channel between the islands.

This worked and I could tack past the rocks and down the channel past Ambercrombie. We knew from others the island was a favorite hideout of the CBSA and was why I had planned to pass south instead of the usual safe route around the north end with its deep Canadian waters. But once around the south end I could see that the CBSA were not hiding out this time. I tacked up to Canoe Point, turned and ran down wind for home because we had packing to do.

We decided to stay at least until Monday, so Sunday I tried another run past the border. The wind was not as favorable and I pushed out closer to the U.S. motor boat limit. At Ambercombe, I set up my tacks like the day before. When I came out, all I could see was dark water blowing down from Canoe Point.

I kept going till the wind caught me. I luffed and lost ground towards the

Canadian line. Then the wind really hit. The sails went straight back in line with the boat. The tiller tugged sharply. We were sailing backwards at several knots per hour into Canada waters, far faster than I have ever sailed backwards before. I knew if I blew it, over we would go. Quickly I was up the north side of Abercrombie.

As soon as I was out of the wind funnel I ran south for the American shore of Wellesley. On the way, I hove to and started putting a reef in. While gently pinned to a piece of old lost dock sitting on the windward shore, I finished the reef with it properly pulled back this time. I jumped out on the wayward dock, spun the boat and jumped back in. With one reef it didn't go well. Deciding it wasn't worth the risk from the wind or CBSA since they could still be hiding out and just missed me the first time, it was time to run down wind, within the border to home. That's when the radio crackled to life.

Of course, to keep my Wellesley Island last sail tradition alive, the skies opened up and it rained all night. Our tent shook from the wind but did stay dry. Hopefully, dry is a new tradition. Finally, on Tuesday we were able to head for home.

PS: We missed everyone, but social distancing would have been hard with a lot of people and it was a bit of a mess for sailing. Before going, I did look up on the web for boating restriction due to COVID. Maybe I didn't look hard enough. My plan was to not transit deep into Canadian waters. I had hoped to sail north of Abercrombie and south of the Canadian Channel, which would be less than a quarter mile into Canadian waters. With westerly winds this is the safe route when sailing up wind for the Canoe Point, or Eel Bay, in America. I didn't want something to go wrong and be forced to enter Canada. You only need to anchor while in Canadian waters and you have entered. Also, I have no respect for Americans asking to drive straight to Alaska or back, then stop at tourist attractions. While I understand some of the whys, it was still sad to see the on-water Canadian Border Services acting like their American counterparts have. Canadians were freely transiting American waters so there was no proper separation of the two citizenry.



# NC barrier islands nice COVID respite

By Jim Heffernan  
USWA Commodore  
W1066

Most of the mainland of North Carolina is protected from the mighty Atlantic Ocean by many barrier islands, which are made of sand and prone to change shape and disappear entirely. One such series of islands is named Shackleford Banks located just seaward of Beaufort. Formerly attached to Core Banks and Cape Lookout, a 1933 hurricane cut through the islands and created a new inlet used by many boats as well as the occasional Wayfarer.

Except for the Cape Hatteras islands, most of the barrier banks can be reached by Wayfarers in one to three hours making them desirable destinations for solitude and nature at its best. Yes, nature does include mosquitoes and sometimes black flies near the feral horses. The daily sea breeze helps the comfort level of the horses silhouetted atop the dunes and gives the exploring Wayfarers relief from the summer heat and flying critters. Shoes are needed to go inland and over the top of the dunes to the ocean since the saw grass can make for miserable

hiking. Ask Uncle Al.

Leaving Beaufort three hours before high tide gives a sailor a good six-hour window to sail out across the Sound, explore, have lunch at anchor and return before the shallows become difficult. Current can be a problem on return if the wind eases so good planning is needed along with decent charts and/or GPS with chart service. The eastern three miles of the island are totally deserted with a lot of shallow areas, while the western end has day visitors brought out by small ferry boats that can navigate in the deeper water there.

A few years ago when three Wayfarers made the voyage, we fortunately anchored near the abandoned 19th century settlement at the eastern end and were met by five feral ponies that now called that spot home. They ignored us and we kept our social distance.



Super crew Linda Heffernan spent time sailing with husband Jim off the North Carolina barrier islands. Photo by Jim Heffernan

In May, Linda and I returned to a different part of the bank and only saw the horses from a distance standing on high dunes to catch the wind in their manes. Next time, all the way to the Cape Lookout lighthouse.

## Wisconsin

continued from page 3

I was ready to make my excuses and walk away, but the owner wanted to show me the sails. When my hand touched the sail bag and I heard them crackle; I suspected they might be new sails, which they were. He had a brand new North main and genoa, which he had ordered eight years previously and never used. So, essentially, I bought the sails, and he threw in the boat, "Genug," for free.

The boat wasn't set up for racing, but with the help of some of the great Wayfarer rigging information out on the web (Thank you, Uncle Al), I began the process of trying to turn the boat into a racer. This is a process that continues today.

My original intention was to day sail and race the boat in my club's Portsmouth races. But I was missing the fun of one design racing. I took a look at the Wayfarer website to see if there were any regattas within driving distance. The closest event was "Wayfarers on Wampler" near Brooklyn, Mich. That's an eight-hour drive and the race was late in October. I'm thinking, "That's a long drive, and it might snow." But my favorite cousin Bill, who I hadn't seen for a while, happened to live within a couple hours of Brooklyn, so when he agreed to sail with me (to my surprise), my racing career in the Wayfarer class began.

A trip to Mid-winters in Florida soon followed, this time sailing with my brother-in-law John. We got to know some of the great people in the class a little better on that trip, and I had big plans to attend three more regattas this summer.

And then COVID happened. So, I'm back to sailing the boat locally again, but still with hopes of sailing the Wayfarer Worlds in Florida in 2022.

North Carolina, Canada and Upsate New York are also on my bucket list. Maybe I'll even move up to a Mark IV some day.

But for now, "Genug" will have to be enough.



Dennis Gamble with Kurt Sims, a Buccaneer sailor from the club. Courtesy photo



# NC fleet back to club races, some regattas

As the summer progressed so do the cancellations of the regattas we had planned to attend as a fleet. So far the only regatta that we have been able to attend in 2020 was the Mid Winters at Lake Eustis, Fla. back in February, followed by a wonderful cruise to the Cayo costa State Park.

Although there have been no regattas held since February, we have been able to get out and sail. The Lake Townsend marina was open for business on reduced hours from May through June and not charging launch fees!! Many of the Lake Townsend Yacht club members took advantage of this and sailed frequently.

Although we were not able to run official club events or use club equipment due to city restrictions, we were able to run some impromptu rabbit start races using personally owned floats and even PFDs for marks. Sailors find a way :)

July marked the month where LTYC was able to formally run our club races and the club races for July saw 14 boats total, with six being Wayfarer sailors, and RC consisting of four Wayfarer sailors.

This club series was much needed and helped give us hope for future racing.

The Mayors Cup regatta was moved from June to Sept. 26-27. This regattas is still scheduled.

The Labor Day Regatta at the Lake Norman Yacht club is still scheduled for Sept. 5-6 but with no shore festivities.

Wayfarer Fleet 15 with approval from LTYC, presented a formal Learn to Race class for nine of our new and experienced sailors who have done little to no racing.

Jim Heffernan put together the syllabus that included a couple of books, one of which was Al's book "Kiss Your Dinghy," where many enjoyed the "Words



**By Phil Leonard**  
**Fleet 15 Commodore**  
**W864**

to Live By" section of the 10 maxims of racing.

We covered all aspects of racing such as the different courses, start and finish line sequences and tactics, flags, sail shape, boat balance, boat trim, upwind, off the wind and downwind tactics, and finally rules of engagement.

The students were very interactive and asked lots of great questions.

The class was taught by Jim, AnnMarie Covington and myself, and consisted of two three hour (which normally ran over due to great class participation) classes on a Thursday and Friday evening. This was followed on Saturday by paring each student with a skilled skipper from LTYC to compete in our August series of races.

We had 15 boats, five of which were Wayfarers competing in the series.

We gathered again Sunday for our sailing savvy day. Jim and Linda Heffernan and Uwe Heine and Nancy Collins set up a nice windward-leeward course and the nine students, now as skippers paired with skilled crew, set out to compete head-to-head in what started out as very light winds, but ending in pleasant 4-5 knot winds. I believe they got in four or five races total.

We received very positive feedback, with one student, Marie-Lyne Lavoie, handing out whistles to each student, and Dawn-Michelle handing out home-made jams and preserves to the teachers and skippers who helped teach the course.

We have one new Fleet 15 member, Marie-Lyne Lavoie who, after taking the basic sailing and Learn to Race classes, placed an order for a very colorful Mark IV. She has been very active and has been checking out and sailing the club Wayfarer almost every weekend and has progressed quite nicely.

I think in a year or two she will be one of the leading Wayfarer contenders. She is completeive and has high energy!!! Watch out folks!

Thank you to the USWA for allowing us to keep this boat on loan at Lake



Three of the nine sailors who took part in the LTYC Learn to Race class are intent on the instruction.



USWA Commodore Jim Heffernan shares his racing knowledge.



Anne-Marie Covington instructs new, enthusiastic racers.

Townsend. It has been used well and we are keeping her in good shape. We recently put new floors in and refinished the center board, rudder and tiller handle.

My understanding is that we have had several fleet 15 members order new Mark

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# LESC gears up for club racing

By Dave Hepting

W10962

We have had some inquiries about the status of sailing here at Lake Eustis, Fla. over the summer. Because of the COVID-19 restrictions and the fact there are few restrictions on boating on the inland lakes, there has been a great increase in recreational boating in the area. The local water patrol deputy sheriffs, who occasionally launch at our club, tell us they have never seen so many powerboats on the water. They attribute this, in part, to the fact several other counties in the area have shut down their public boat launch ramps due to problems with lack of social distancing. Since our sailing club has its own ramps, this is not an issue for our members.

Our sailing club is also unique in that our "official" sailing season and scheduled club races begin in September with Labor Day races and end in May with Memorial Day races. This is in part because many members are retirees who go North for the summer. Many others are raising families and spend the summer ferrying children to soccer practice and on family vacations. In addition to the reduction in club member population, summer is also often not ideal racing weather. Afternoons are often a mixture of doldrums and pop-up thunderstorms.

There is of course an exception, and that is the Wayfarer Fleet. Most of our sailors are retirees and are available for sailing all summer, although a few do disappear for varying lengths of time.

Wayfarers were never particularly popular in Florida and our local fleet started out primarily with older boats brought down from Michigan and available at a quite reasonable price. Many were originally cruising boats or had been used as training boats at sailing camps. Most did not have spinnakers and the local custom grew up of single-handing Wayfarers in club



Dave Hepting and crew Ali Kishbaugh compete in the Wayfarer Midwinters last February on Lake Eustis in Eustis, Fla. Lake Eustis YC Wayfarer sailors have raced through the summer. Photo by John Cole

races, as sailing was not popular in the area and crew was hard to find. Hence, the Midwinters always have a non-spinnaker class, so all the local boats can participate. Even now, with Mark IVs outnumbering the older boats, the singlehanded, non-spinnaker sailing traditions continues.

Although the club, in season, schedules two weekends a month of racing (plus regattas), the Wayfarer fleet sails three days a week, year-round, racing on Club Racing Weekends and day sailing or having pickup races on other days.

We generally have a few sailors who are new to sailing or have

always been cruising sailors who like to join us on days when we are not racing, feeling more comfortable not being the only sailboat on the water.

With the social distancing and other safety policies suggested or required, there was no need to change our informal sailing schedule. Most of our boats are singlehanded or are crewed by spouses or others who "shelter together." The major state limitation was no more than 10 occupants on a boat (!) and distancing between boats. With two launch ramps and a large T-dock, launching was not a problem for the two to six boats that turn out.

We usually launch from 9 to 10 a.m. and come off the water at noon. Thus we can take advantage of the usual morning breeze and avoid the usual afternoon thunderstorms. We have been sailing all summer with no problems.

As of this writing, Labor Day is approaching and the club is going to try regular racing. Everything is tentative, so we can remain flexible to changing conditions as they arise. We are starting with commonsense precautions, the clubhouse is closed, except for use of the bathrooms, no group meals, etc.

## Fleet 15

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IV boats. Richard and Michelle Johnson, Uwe and Nancy and Marie-Lyne come to mind.

Richard and Michelle sold Black Skimmer to Jim Cook and Jim Cook sold his boat to someone up near Jim Heffernan. I don't know the name so maybe Jim can comment. Uwe and Nancy will be selling their current boat.

The John Bernard regatta on Smith Mountain Lake in Va., and the Indian Summer Regatta at Lake Waccamaw,

N.C., two fall regattas on our list, have been cancelled leaving us only three regattas to go in 2020.

We are looking at several other regattas and a small cruise on the coast of North Carolina to fill in where these last two have been cancelled. More to come on those.

These are not set in stone yet but we certainly hope they fall in place:

Oct. 31, Bowtostern Halloween regatta in Oriental. No info available yet.

Nov. 1, Uwe and Richard Broad Creek Challenge. Course has been determined and details are in progress.

Nov. 3 or 4, Cruise from Beaufort to Cape Lookout. Wild horses are awaiting our arrival.

All depends on which COVID 19 Phase we are in for the state of North Carolina.

Our last regatta will be one of our favorites, the Old Brown Dog Regatta at the Catawba Yacht Club on Lake Wylie in SC.

2021 is not far off and let's pray it will be a more friendly year than 2020 has been.

Fair winds to all.



# A day of spring training on Lake Lansing

By Peggy Menzies & Mike Moody  
W11158

In our section of Michigan, one design racing was slow to get started due to the coronavirus. What to do?

Feeling desperate to get back on the water, we hosted a Wayfarer Sailing Day on June 27 at Lansing Sailing Club in Haslett, Mich. (you know the place, the home of the Jim Fletcher Memorial Regatta). The general idea was to have a sailing day to work out the kinks while staying within state protection health guidelines.

There was also a side motivation to aid the Lansing high school sailing team. Three of us were lucky enough to participate in a four-week virtual seminar on coaching techniques for high school sailing coaches. What a great way to practice the video training sessions.

We fielded three Wayfarers and a video boat on a perfect day for sailing - a steady warm breeze on a sunny day. For targets we set a windward-leeward mark pair and proceeded to circle, working out roll tacks and roll jibes. What better way to recapture the feel of the boat.

Those first few tacks were REALLY rough. By the end of the day, we were better, but certainly no professionals as our videos show: (<https://www.facebook.com/US-Wayfarer-Communication-Portal-100860244991621/videos/719950225493302>)

Bad foot position, bad main trim and slow crossing the boat among other things.... Oh, getting the rust off is hard.



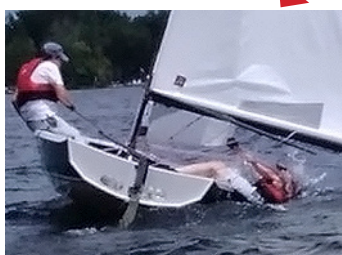
↑ We also found out our hiking muscles aren't as good either. Better get on that hiking bench again. :)



Marc Bennett and Julie Seraphinoff of East Lansing, Mich. were having a much better time on roll tacks. As for spinnakerless, wing-on-wing roll jibes, this was new for Julie who was caught off guard one jibe:

← Ouch that hurts! But she hung on by her toes...

After we all knew Julie was alright, Marc claimed that was the best roll jibe they had done.



↑ Since then, David Moring of LESC in Eustis, Fla. shared a spectacular roll tack image where his daughter's hair fling is part of the success: Maybe that's what we're all missing - that awesome sense of style.

Tom Redfern, 11, sleeps as the sun rises behind him with the Hurst Castle lighthouse on the horizon in Lymington, England. This was the first overnight trip for Marcus Redfern with Tom and 11-year-old daughter Alice on their Wayfarer Hoolie. Photo by Marcus Redfern

# Hoolie

Wayfarer gives family a chance to set out on English waters for an overnight adventure and lifelong memories

By Marcus Redfern  
W4031

The heat wave had started. So, Friday began with some early morning wild swimming in the crystal clear River Itchen across a field from home for all of us, before my wife took the kids off for a day with granny and grandpa in their large garden with pool. I spent the day working from home, with a little packing the car snuck in too.

The kids got home and the noise level went up as I finished my last work call. Then the three of us jumped in the car for the 45 minutes to the sea, leaving oldest teenager and Mum behind for a more comfy night. We grabbed some fish and chips on the way down so supper was easy and out of the way. Typical dad food - no fruit or veg to be seen!

Hoolie was almost ready to go. I had gone out for a quick mud bank recce at low tide the evening before, leaving the genoa furled, and main battened and rigged on the boom. It's low tide in a hour, here there is a range of about 1.5m at springs, but unusual

effects like a double high, are caused by the funnelling effect of the Isle of Wight a few miles off the mainland. Forecast was for light to non-existent winds with temps not dropping below 18 deg C. Weather was perfect for the planned overnighter.

We launched from the bottom of the muddy slip and I somehow managed to keep the kids' feet, plus the bottom of the boat, clean and dry. I rowed a hundred meters, then ghosted along the line of small yachts searching for the channel under sail.

The last of the ebb pushed us along with occasional assistance from an oar to scrape over a mud bank in only a few inches of water, the dagger board telling its own story about how deep the water was.

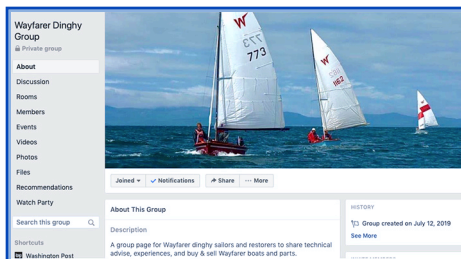
Passing through Hawkers Lake channel, disturbing the grey mullet all around, the kids kept a lookout for the local seal. Then we were out onto the Solent proper, gliding along at a few knots over towards Hurst castle.

The impressive stone castle was built by Henry VIII to keep the French and Spanish ships away from the great naval ports around Portsmouth. Now the more recent white lighthouse guides vessels safely out towards the Needles and Beyond into the English Channel.

The kids were excited and suggest heading the eight or nine miles across to Newtown Creek on the Isle of Wight for the night. Sounds tempting, but for my fifth sail in Hoolie and first overnight, I wanted to stay a bit closer to home. So, another time, but it is great they are up for the adventure.

We slip through 15 or so larger yachts anchored off the lighthouse and enjoying a quiet evening. A few ribs are pulled up on the protected beach, the smells of campfires and barbecues drift out to us mixed with laughter.

The wind drops away to almost nothing as the tide turns and I row quietly in behind the spit and back towards the castle. I was glad we hadn't headed to Newtown Creek. With the kids helming enthusiastically, it was not the straightest of courses to the castle ferry channel.



- Had a few U.S. sailors point out posts by Marcus Redfern on the Wayfarer Dinghy Group on Facebook. What with COVID taking over our lives worldwide, his approach to Wayfarer sailing and cruising makes for a good read.
- Plus, he is doing some really cool things photographically. Main subjects? His recently-acquired Wayfarer, Hoolie, his family and the beautiful environs of River Itchen in Hampshire, England and an overnight trip to the sea.
- The Wayfarer Dinghy Group is a private international Facebook group with, at last count, 1,299 members. Great posts, great information.

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Summer/Fall 2020



# Hoolie

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We moored on the edge of the 10m-wide channel where mud flats stretch away on both sides. The genoa was rolled away and main tied around the boom with some new shock cord reefing ties. The gooseneck was slid up its track and main halyard tightened against the sheet to hold the boom steady and out of the way.

The thermos of hot water came out for quick and easy hot chocolate all round as I remember the coffee jar is on the side at home, as is the breakfast bacon - schoolboy errors! Then I start to sort out accommodations for the night. We have inflatable camping mats with sleeping bags and waterproof bivi bags in case required, together with blow up pillows for the two kids who will sleep with their heads to stern on the floor.

As I sort out the beds, we quietly watch and listen to all the amazing wildlife: Terns wheeling overhead and splashing into the water after food, oyster catchers, spoon bills and small but vocal flocks of plover over the mud flats, as well as the bright

“Are a few last sweets and treats looking at the flame red sunset. Then, as it gets dark, everyone crawls into beds, the boat gentle rocking in a few feet of water as the tide comes in and the mud flats start to sink below the dark, glassy smooth waters.”

white egrets and herons wading in the shallows stabbing at small fish. There is a constant splash of large mullet hunting for food in the still water all around. Still no seals, though.

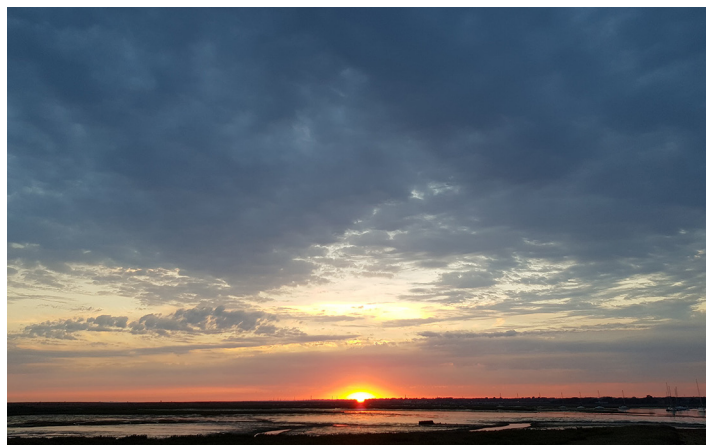
I dig out my homemade wooden supports, and rig up a hammock under the boom, setup so the rig takes no load from it. Then I tied up a small tarp over the boom, more to see how it works than because it's needed.

There were a few last sweets and treats looking at the flame red sunset. Then, as it gets dark, everyone crawls into beds, the boat gentle rocking in a few feet of water as the tide comes in and the mud flats start to sink below the dark, glassy smooth waters.

I can't say it was the best night's sleep I have ever had, but the Madelaine's after midnight distracted from a lack of sleep. The masthead anchor lights from all the yachts competed with the lighthouse gently pulsing away and sounds drifting across the marshes were relaxing.

About 4:30, the eastern horizon started to gently glow and the kids stick their heads up to watch a magical sunrise before grabbing another couple hours of snoozing. Then I de-rig the hammock, make another hot chocolate and cook up the eggy bread I did manage to bring on a gas cooker. We then make our way back to the launch ramp and pack up for home.

The road home is gridlocked in the other direction as people pour down for the day on the beaches at Bournemouth and Poole to escape the heat wave. We have a quiet day at home. After finally getting a bacon roll and a coffee or two, Mum made veggie lasagna to even things up on the fruit and veg front!



The brilliant setting sun (above) set Marcus Redfern and his children up for a soothing night of sleep on their first overnight adventure on Hoolie, their Wayfarer. The Redferns sail toward Hurst Castle (left), built by Henry VIII to keep French and Spanish ships away from naval ports around Portsmouth. The white lighthouse now guides vessels toward the Needles and beyond into the English Channel. Photos by Marcus Redfern

## About me and my boat

I grew up sailing Toppers and Lasers in the south of the U.K. and also on family 30-40 foot yachts. There were frequent trips along the South coast classic cruising grounds between the Solent and Cornwall, the Isles of Scilly, Helford River and Gillan being particular favorites. Crossing the English Channel to the Channel Islands, Normandy and Brittany then became regular family holidays with occasional trips across the Irish Sea and around the Scottish western islands. I also enjoyed the close encounters with mackerel, jellyfish, dolphins, leatherback turtles, even an orca off Tiree, as well as amazing bird life like flocks of gannets diving spectacularly into bait balls around the boat.

Distractions of working life and three young kids meant only occasional snatched weekends sailing. But the COVID lockdown supplied the impetus to buy a sub-£1000 MK1 Grp Wayfarer, do a little refurb, then get out on the water frequently again for some family adventures and singlehanded cruising.

Renamed Hoolie, W4031 from 1974 is based in Keyhaven, a sheltered marsh area behind a mile long shingle spit that forms the western end of the Solent. Cowes, Newtown Creek, Yarmouth and the Needles on the Isle of Wight, Chichester Harbour, Beaulieu river and Lymington all provide cruising options within a few hours, relatively sheltered sailing, and with countless nooks to overnight in.

Find me on Instagram under hoolie\_wayfarer4031 or Email wayfarer4031@gmail.com.

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Learn about Marcus Redfern's creative approach to photography while out on the Wayfarer. See **pages 14-15** for an explanation and photos.

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Marcus Redfern uses his tow-boat-cam to capture a beautiful photo of him sailing into the sun in his Wayfarer, Hoolie. Redfern said this is one of his favorite photos.

# Ingenuity, creativity make for memorable photos

By Marcus Redfern  
W4031

I like to combine an interest in photography with my other pastimes: sailing, cycling etc. It adds another dimension and level of enjoyment as well as providing great reminders of your adventures.

Lots of people take a lot of photos, just look at Instagram and other social media. Everyone has a camera. But a little thought, planning and imagination can go a long way to making those photos more interesting and memorable. Taking your phone out of your pocket, pointing, then shooting is easy. But the most interesting photos of sailing are not the helm's or crew's point of view looking out over the foredeck.

Open a sailing magazine or look through professional photos of sailing and the viewpoint is almost always outside the boat or cockpit, looking back in. They include the boat, crew and show the position in the landscape. Photojournalists in magazines do this because they want to show THE boat, not the view from ANY boat. Placing you and your friends in the frame, showing the boat and where you are is what makes the most interesting

photos. So I try to get the camera farther away looking back at me. This angle implies movement and also catches the eye.

There are a number of ways I do this. Mostly I use cheap odds and ends from the back of the shed, or buy cheap bits off eBay or similar. I often find a photo that catches my attention and then reverse engineer it to try to recreate the angle or viewpoint. This is a good way of improving. There is lots of inspiration out there.

Although I have a great SLR camera, it is not practical to use on a small wet boat. I use my phone camera which is in a waterproof bag in my pocket, or a now fairly old but very rugged GoPro that takes both stills and video. You can get cheap action cams that take 4K pics and video for £45 (just over \$59) or so. They are a lot less to worry about losing than a top of the range camera. Video is useful for still photos as long as you don't need professional quality resolution because you can find the best still rather than having to time a single picture.

I try to put the GoPro as far away as possible. I use the bottom half of an old fishing rod, a light and long carbon selfie-

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Charlotte, 15, controls the selfie stick to capture a photo of herself, Alice, 13, Tom, 11, and dad Marcus in Hoolie.



A masthead fly view of Marcus and Hoolie.



A GoPro on a toy boat makes up the tow-boat-cam for pictures of Marcus and Hoolie from behind.





# Creative photography

continued from page 14

stick to position the GoPro looking back at me. Even the kids can use it and it gives them something else to get involved with if not helming. Drop the end with the camera into and out of the water to create interesting water movement effects or different views of the bow waves. Boats look good from the front low down with lots of nice curves and lines to take your eye into the picture.

I also use the burgee halyard with a short stick to get a shot looking down from the top of the mast. A T-shape stick stops it twisting too much on the way up and is more stable resting against the top of the sail. I got a really cheap glass lifting suction clamp that I cut up and attached an old tent pole to, added a camera mount attached to the back quarter, and get a good view looking back into the boat. Tie it on too....

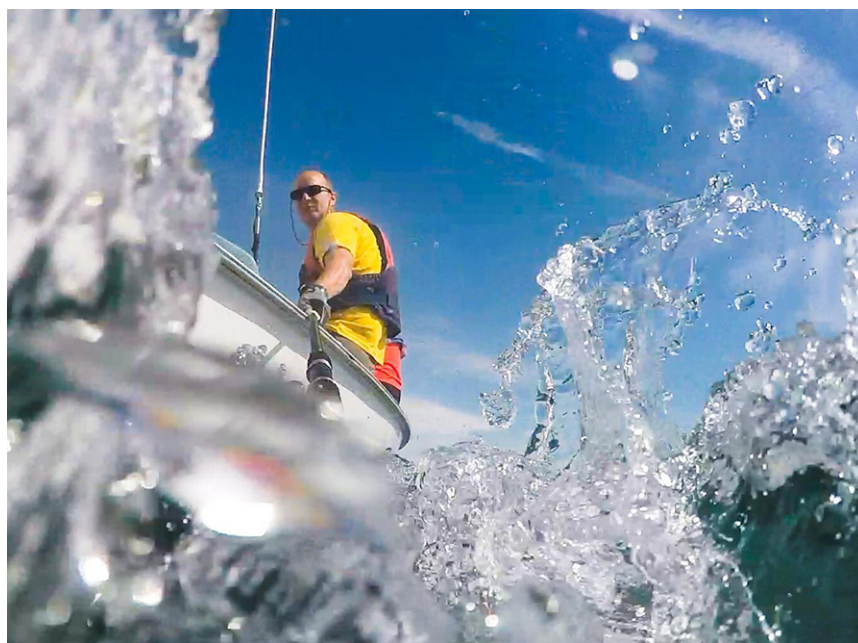
The most interesting device I have is my tow-boat-cam, which is now on the Mk3. The first two are homemade ones. The last cost £5 (about \$7) from eBay and is a fibreglass 75cm radio control boat hull with a proper hull shape with spray deflectors. I fashioned a camera mount and filled it with expanding foam. I then trail it behind on some pars cord; 15-30 ft back seems the best view.

I came up with the tow-boat.com when thinking about flying drones that have great angles and can zoom in close or fly off for wicked shots. But they are expensive and vulnerable, no chance to launch, film and recover successfully while single-handing a sailboat. Throwing an unsinkable toy boat over the side then forgetting about it is much easier.

If cruising in company there is no reason you cannot point the camera backwards. As the front boat, you can take really interesting pictures of the boat behind as it sails close to the camera. With a little planning, the front boat sailing slower and it would almost be like a flying drone coming in for a close up from a wide shot far away.

The photos I have from the tow boat are almost like someone else has taken them from a chase boat or rib, and will definitely make it to the wall of fame in the loo.

The final technique is one I use on my bike, where there are lots of "here is my bike leaning against something" type pics online that get a bit dull after a while. I use my phone, a cheap £15 (about \$20) Bluetooth shutter release, which you pair to your phone then have a key fob size remote for it. I put my phone on a small tripod on a fence post or the ground then cycle away and back towards it triggering the shutter to take photos - take lots, only a few will be good. This technique could be used for moored up photos, evening campfires with you actually in the shot. I also want to try



Marcus takes control of the tricked-out selfie stick and GoPro for a water-level perspective.

to combine this technique with the tow boat, to cast it adrift, then sail away and back towards, then past it, go back and pick it up. A small drogue may help keep pointing in the right direction. A short 10-15 min distraction from your destination might give some great mementos and lasting memories.

Make sure that whatever mounting point you use can be left there without worry if a boat handling need comes up and attention elsewhere is needed. Although, a capsize might be interesting and dynamic as a picture!

When I get home I download the photos to a laptop and do a quick 15-20 min to grab a few memories. Do a screen grab and then mainly edit by cropping / zooming in with a few basic filters or auto fix. I tend to use simple imaging apps like PS touch or Lightroom. There are plenty of options out there.

Put your pics up on Facebook with a little story or Instagram with #wayfarerdinghy or #wayfarersailing and inspire others with your adventures. Just remember everyone will be quick to tell you how bad your sail trim is when they can see it... I know I need more tension in most places on my old rig.... but I am having fun out on the water anyway!

A good reference book that explains some techniques is "The Photographers Eye." It covers framing and composition, the rule of thirds, contrasting colors and how to imply movement and interest.

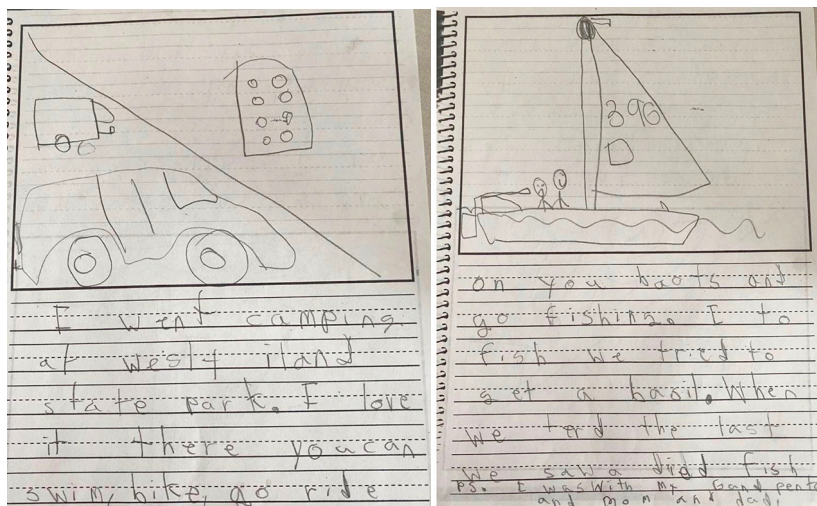
Find me on Instagram as hoolie\_wayfarer4031 or #wayfarer4031 and my cycling stuff is under marcus.redfern



A GoPro mounted off the back of Hoolie allows Marcus to get photos of him helming.



## Meng Fei's side of the Wellesley story



*I went camping at Wellesley Island State Park. I love it there, you can swim, bike, go ride on your boat, and go fishing. My grandpa turned the boat wrong and it filled with water. I go to fish, we tried to get a bass. When we tried the last time, we saw a dead fish.*  
*PS I was with my Grandparents and my mom and dad.*

## 2022 Wayfarer Worlds

February 26-March 4  
 Lake Eustis Sailing Club  
 Eustis, Florida, USA

**The amazing sunsets on Lake Eustis never get old!**

photo by Anne Pugh, W11222

### The Club and The Lake

Home to four one-design fleets, LESC is the most active racing and sailing club in



Central Florida. Plays host to five regional sailing events each year, including the Wayfarer Mid-Winters the end of January. Large boat storage area and dual launching ramps on 10-acres of property. Large clubhouse, perfect for pre- and post-sailing social gatherings. Bathrooms and shower facilities, and kitchen.

Lake Eustis is the center lake in the Harris Chain. Approximately 4 miles long and 3 miles wide, covering 7,833 acres of water. Lake averages 10-feet deep. Is large enough to handle a large fleet, with a racing area close to the clubhouse.

### The Weather

**Ideal!!** Temperatures in the mid-70s during the day, low-50s at night

### The Eustis Area

City of Eustis is part of Lake County, which features rolling hills and 1,000 lakes and rivers ideal for kayaking and swimming. Centrally located to both the Gulf and Atlantic coasts.

### Accommodations

- Eight spaces for RVs
- Tent camping on the club grounds
- Numerous hotels, resorts, quaint bed and breakfasts and inns, and other camping facilities within easy drive to sailing club

### Airports

- Orlando Int. Airport - 50 miles
- Orlando Sanford Int. Airport - 32 miles
- Daytona Beach Int. Airport - 50 miles

### Lots of Things To Do

City of Eustis features a historic downtown on the banks of Lake Eustis and is walkable from the sailing club. There is unique shopping and restaurants. A favorite stop is the Oyster Trough, just up the street from the club.

**Alligators?** Take a boat tour of the Dora Canal, a one-and-a-quarter mile waterway connecting Lake Eustis and Lake Dora. You will also see abundant flora and birds, turtles, snakes and fish.

5.6 miles from Eustis is the quaint town of Mount Dora, featuring Old Florida country living, lakes, quaint inns and shops.

Distance to **Walt Disney World Resort and Universal Studios** in Orlando - 44 miles

St. Augustine, Atlantic side - 89 miles

Cape Canaveral Space Center & Cocoa Beach, Atlantic side - 99 miles

Clearwater Beach, Gulf of Mexico side - 120 miles

Cedar Key, Gulf of Mexico side - 107 miles

Florida Panhandle, Gulf of Mexico side - 270 miles

Key West - 423 miles

## '70s a different time cruising Canadian waters

After reading Unlawful Entry in Issue 81, I went back to reading the North Channel log written by Joy Phillips, W886.

The year was 1974 and five Wayfarer 16s and crew had just left Canadian waters. "We reckon we are about on the International Boundary. Sounded one blast on horn, took down Canadian colors, and sang the Star Spangled Banner, being the only American boat in the fleet."

Then they landed at Glen Cove on Drummond Island, Mich. and the log reads:

"Since this was American territory, and the American representative's one chance to show hospitality to the Canadian Admiral and his small fleet, he welcomed them to American shores while his Lady brewed and poured tea."

No call in or check with Customs.

The next day upon entering Canada, "Sounded one blast on horn. Hoisted Canadian flag, and sang O Canada, God Save the Queen, and Land of the Silver Birch. That should get us safely back into Canada." Upon landing at Meldrum Bay, ON, "Bought some groceries and postcards. Alan and I did not realize that we were supposed to check in with the Immigration Officer in the caravan on the dock, and the others came chasing us and saying we had entered Canada illegally. We hurriedly went to check in and put matters right."

That was certainly a different time! I am currently retyping Joy's logs on the computer so others may read what small boat cruisers were accomplishing then.

*-Robert Mosher,  
 Cruising Secretary*