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ACTON ACTION

The Battles Begin!

Photos by Jerry Callahan

Just as Expected; Opening Day Comes Just Ahead of Warm and Sunny

HSA Lays Claim to Lake; Lake Reluctantly Agrees, But Not Without a Fight

April 29th, opening day for Hueston Sailing, was a much anticipated day, mostly because of all the faux Aprils we have had since January of this year. Those who had been waiting the arrival of Race Day One since it was 82 degrees in February, were finally let loose on the water for competition. One had driven six hours to be there. Some had given up their Sunday to volunteer on committee. Some inexplicably came, looked around, saw their shadow and decided to go back home for six more weeks. Meanwhile, the dock got busy and Jerry got pictures. (Cont. page 2)



**This Sunday! May 6
Weather: Partly Cloudy, 86
degrees; wind 10 mph
NNW; 0 % chance of rain**



HSA Briefs

Race Week 2

The committee boat crew is being reshuffled but it looks like Charlie Dearmon and Jim Mossman. All fleets sailing, but here is the all important info – the weather: 86 degrees; 0% chance of rain; wind 10 mph NNW!

New HSA Shirts Left

HSA members bought 31 of the cool blue polos and tees with the new HSA logo. We ordered a few extra and you can get one if you say hey. Two men's large; one men's medium; two ladies medium. \$13.

Junior Racing Memorial Day; Separate Start

HSA is inviting any junior sailor under 22 to race on Memorial Day weekend at the end of the month. A separate start for juniors racing against other juniors will be available.



Yes, that's Jerry's living room.

First Day, First Race, First Swimmer, First Hurrah!

Opening Day at Acton Lake (cont. from page 1)

But it all happened, despite the chill, despite the obvious 40 degree shifts, despite the lack of sunshine, despite the need for wet suits and life jackets. We had our long awaited reunion with Acton Lake and it was magnificent. Even if you ask Brendan. Halfway to the mark on the second windward leg, a well timed tack, but a line still cleated, a lifejacket caught under the boom and the lake had its first swimmer of 2012. And a lesson that will turn into a story to tell.

After the first race ominous clouds moved over, chilled and chapped faces smiled at one another - sailors, satisfied that the reunion with this wonderful little body of water had once again been fulfilled, headed in, knowing that in an hour the wind would calm and veer to the south, the temperature would rise above sixty, and the sun would make its debut. All three did.

Lots of activity at the docks. Fishermen we knew. Dennis of Starwind putting his cruiser in with Martin from Germantown. Some talk about the proposal to go to 25 hp, the boats in Charleston Harbor, the promise of summer. Charlie thinking about a new boat. Couples were walking their dogs.

Brendan shivered in his wet Sperrys. Bill Molleran was there too, tricked out in biking regalia and in the middle of a 70 mile day, saying hey.

Joe handed me the results as a barefoot Ryan collected the 12 pack of Vanilla Coke, his shoes, and his gear from the crash boat. It had begun again. I even heard someone's primal whoop that day as their sails filled at the dock and their boat sped away on starboard. Yes, I thought. Exactly.

Yes, that's my living room.

