

Acton Action

Hueston Sailing Association

Wier, Henthorn, and Schultz! Oh, My!

All fleets in action in last Sunday's Fall Series Weekend #3;
Wind goes bi-polar and has to be restrained

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Last Month of Season is Here; Hobie/Sunfish Fleets Try Team Racing Sunday

Sailing in September and October is as close to ideal as you can probably get. Compare this time of year to any other sailing month. You aren't guaranteed anything but you have a better chance of getting warmth, not heat – wind, not breeze. Once you are out on the water, take a look around. You're on a boat! And you are surrounded by some of the most beautiful images this part of the world has to offer.

With only three weekends of sailing left before we pull the drain plug on the committee and rescue boats, now is the time to get out and get your groove on. Just you, the sky, the water, and the wind.

This weekend is not only the make up date for the postponed Labor Day Potluck Dinner, it is also Team Racing Sunday. Hobies and Sunfish will depart from their usual racing routine and participate in our first ever team racing event.

SeptemberFast?

— After the 5th weekend in the Fall Series on Sunday, September 23, Oktober will be coming Fast. Yes, that means OktoberFast and the season ending Sunfish celebration as we close out the racing calendar and the Sunfish series simultaneously.

The event, which has closed the season for several years now, has evolved into a chili-pumpkin cookie-weird trophy-wild wind weekend that usually sees cooler weather and stronger winds. The event is occurring for the first time in September (30th) so we expect the weather to be a little warmer and the wind a little less wild. However, be prepared for anything.

Don Fecher was no doubt hoping no one would notice, but rumor has it that he miscalculated the number of laps in race 2 Sunday. He went four instead of the posted three. The stranger thing is – the other boats followed him!



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routine and participate in our first ever team racing event.

The format will match skippers by the RPI of sailing (which we made up just now) and combine two skippers scores in determining order of finish and who will receive the coveted Team Racing Trophies at the annual banquet. (We will also be recognizing the “Noodle Race” champs at that time.)

The main difference between this team racing and a more conventional one is that the top ranked skipper in each pairing must finish behind his teammate, therefore, requiring that the two remain in close proximity and communication throughout the races.

Y-Flyers have not joined in this competition, probably because of numbers. Some are out with injury, some are on committee, others fear the pairings? Junior Sunfishers may elect at the skipper’s meeting to participate with the adults or go it alone.

We are hoping for a good turnout, especially among the juniors who have yet another chance at a bit of reunion from summer camp.

Racing begins at the usual time – at 1:30. Skippers meeting to go over rules and pairings is at 12:00. The potluck is at the usual 5:00 in the Hueston Room. Bring a dish, bring place settings, bring your game.



How Did They Do Last Week?

According to Pete Peters, who raced last Sunday, the wind was all over the place. But then, we are used to that. With George Fecher and Bill Molleran on committee, it became their responsibility to cope with the wild fluctuations and they did so by sailing a figure eight and then a triangle as the variations shifted for race 2 to, well, new variations.

Mike Wier finished atop the heap in the Hobies (uncorrected), Roger Henthorn continued his assault on the record books in the Y, and Rose Schultz waved bye to the Sunfish as she led wire to wire in both races, but only after giving up a huge lead to make it close.

Hobies

Mike Wier	1 2	3
Don Fecher	3 1	4
Charlie Buchert	2 3	5
Dave Munday	4 4	8
Y-Flyers		
Roger Henthorn	1 1	2
Charlie DeArmon	2 2	4
Jim Paul	3 3	6

Sunfish

Rose Schultz	1 1	2
Pete Peters	2 4	6
Brendan Draper	3 5	8
Jerry Brewster	6 2	8
Kevin DeArmon	7 3	10
Brianna Brewster	5 6	11
Megan DeArmon	4 7	11

A few weeks ago I arrived at the lake only to discover that I was woefully unprepared. Oh, it had happened before. In fact, I once had to borrow clothing that I forgot after arriving with nothing but street clothes. And Lord knows I am no stranger to borrowed equipment, having shown up in the past without a hat, without a watch, without a main sheet.

This time was worse. A litany of lost or mislaid necessities. First was my lifejacket. How do you lose a lifejacket? I managed to scrounge one up from a generous soul, but only after parading around the parking lot asking, "Hi, my name is Mike. I am an incompetent fool. Do you have an extra lifejacket?"

One of the last things I do after slaving on sunscreen is put on my racing watch, the one with the oversized dial that chimes the countdown. It is so big that people away from the lake often ask if it is a watch for those with limited sight, i.e., old, blind people. How do you lose your \$100 racing watch? (I say "lose" not misplace because I have yet to find either item. Therefore, lost.)

So that's when Elvis and me teamed up for Sunfish Series #3. "Elvis" is my cheap department store watch with a picture of the gyrating singer in the center and no numbers. (It was a gift, all right?) However, it does have a second hand and that was enough for, if not a good start, a reasonably close one.

I was ready to slip my boat into the water and needed only to put the mainsheet on when I discovered that my boat had no mainsheet block. I couldn't remember removing it so I guessed that it had somehow fallen off in trailering, and I was now \$75 poorer having to replace it.

I quickly tied an old block to the eye strap with a piece of line, straightened out my Elvis timepiece on my wrist, and threw my borrowed orange horse collar lifejacket in the boat and launched. Petey later gave me a spare vest and I was spared the humility of the horse collar, but the damage to my ego as a competent participant was irretrievably damaged.

Last week I went to sail with a couple of friends in an Interlake regatta in northeast Ohio. I still had no lifejacket and no watch so it was Elvis and the horse collar again. I managed to leave my gloves at home too. I'm not sure they would have helped prevent what happened to my finger when I got pulled through a spinnaker cleat in a nasty gust, but fear of a rope burn was less than any other consequence, so I held on tight and the cleat bit hard.

It wasn't a terrible cut, but it was bad enough that my sister, a nurse, couldn't bring herself to either look at it or dress it later that night. I still have the finger. The lifejacket and the watch are still part of a mystery. (I found the block on one of my other Sunfish. I have no idea how it got there)

They are out there somewhere in the world, so if you have seen them or talked to them recently, let me know. I almost wish they had been stolen. That way, I can say, "Damn! People today! Stealing a lifejacket for cryin' out loud!" But I know deep down that I have simply forgotten where in Waldo's World I have put them.

I have not voluntarily made any concessions to age. Age has done it for me. If you see me out on the course, please point the way to the next mark. I may have forgotten just where it is.

Elvis and Me