

# Acton *Action*

Hueston Sailing Association - 60 Years



In action last Sunday at the jibe mark are three Y's. 2699 and 2702 fought a luffing battle on the reach and opened the door for 2692 to take the lead and the race. Grazie.

## HSA Sailing School Arrives with Weekend

### No Racing Sunday as Club Turns to Education

They come from all around the area. As far north as Troy, east to Beavercreek and Waynesville, and south to Cincinnati and Kentucky. But they all have one thing in common: they want to sail.

new class of mostly newcomers to the sport taking to the water on Saturday and Sunday afternoons. A full class of new sailors is also on tap for the June 25-26 School.

The first sailing school of the summer takes place this weekend at Hueston Woods with a

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#### Racing at Hueston

Some results so far, something about upcoming RC racing, and a little bit of gossip.

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#### Saving Sailing

Our last article on Nicholas Hayes book and an Action Plan straight from the author.

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#### A Racer's Story

Just what happened on that cool day two weeks ago at the lake? We have the exclusive report.

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## RC Racing on Memorial Day

Racing will begin again soon in earnest and, we hope, in warmer air. That happens on Memorial Day weekend, May 29-30 with the potluck dinner at five on Sunday the 29th. After dinner, HSA is turning loose the remote control sailboats near the launch ramps. Got a Soling or other RC? Bring it to the lake for some after dinner fun. There may be an extra boat or two for those who don't have one. We are just going to play a little.

## Racing

One Hobie showed up in chilly 55 degree weather. The others were in Michigan racing or lounging in the comfort of their hearth heated living rooms. The Y's and Sunfish took on Mother Nature. Here's how it all turned out.

### Y's

- 1. Pete/Rose 3 1 4
- 2. Roger/Bobbie 2 2 4
- 3. Mike/Brett 1 3 4

### Sunfish

- 1. Jerry Brewster 1 1 2
- 2. Joe Fulford 2 2 4

Committee: Bill Molleran, chair; Laura Beebe, John Shipley, Julie Molleran, Danny Molleran

Brett Hart and Yours Truly head for the finish line Sunday in winds that gusted to 22 mph. All participants were, uh, focused.

## Out and About at HSA

The weather has caused an uneven start to the 2016 racing season. After a nice opening day way back on April 24, it is been nothing but gray, wet, and icy. There was frost. Nuff said.

Mike and Louise Weir were in the Caribbean, again, this past winter and took another America's Cup cruise/race. Charlie DeArmon and family were in the Gulf of Mexico on a cruise this past week. Unfortunately, they were on the same ship that lost a young mother of four overboard.

The Bucherts went to the

Michigan Catamaran Racing Circuit for the first time this season. If you think it was chilly here, we think we heard reports of snow up there. Joe and Kelly finished second in their F-16 racing at the Crescent Sail Yacht Club in Grosse Point. They had some DNS's so there are probably some stories there too.

Ryan Servizzi has been traveling in his work as usual but he found time to work on HSA stuff and to reroof his brother-in-law's barn this coming weekend. Don't fall, Ryan.

And what about that rumor that Don Fecher is close to buying an F-16?

Joe and Kelly Buchert glide the "Beautiful One" from their rigging area to the launch ramp a few weeks ago. The family was in Grosse Pointe, MI this past weekend and did well, despite the fact that they likely left on Friday the 13th. They are not superstitious though. Sail number? 13



## Saving Sailing: Action Plan

The Final Installment of Our Look at Nicholas Hayes' Important Book

*(Editor's Note: This is our final look at the Hayes' book in the Acton Action. You can get a copy of the book or read other articles by Hayes on line by going to [www.savingsailing.com](http://www.savingsailing.com).)*

"Recent research suggests that collective fun is far more important to competitiveness in sport than any other factor, including repetitive rehearsals... the Charter teaches us to expect entertainment, not to expect a deep experience, and so we don't often expect to do, but only to receive. Moreover, we almost never expect to do things in concert with others..."

"What the research has confirmed is a shift in time use and family dynamics over about thirty years that, for many, feels a bit like quicksand... the solution to the time trap? It was right in front of me. I am as busy as ever. I work long hours. I travel for business. I have kids with homework and hobbies. Yet I almost

never have difficulty finding time for sailing, because - epiphany! - I am not leaving my family on shore..."

### Acton Plan

How to Rescue the Life Pastime

- mentor someone
- Live where and in a way that family isn't separated most of the time
- Build schedules that value and create overlapping free time, and find something to do together during it. Perhaps sailing.
- Form or join a club with people who share a common interest instead of subscribing to cable television. (continued on page 4)

## HSA Sailing School (continued from page 1)

One of the participants, Kiana Berry, has already bought a boat, one that she and her dad bought at the recent auction at the lake. Kiana purchased a classic wooden Windmill.

When HSA began offering a sailing class other than junior and ladies camps about a decade ago, it took a lot of publicity in newspapers around the Dayton , Cincinnati and Oxford area to round up enough participants, even though the class was free.

Many found out about the class from flyers posted around the lake and nearby community. Despite the apparent need to shake the bushes for people to take the classes, there was never a year that the classes weren't at capacity or near it.

Then something happened about three or four years ago. The classes started filling up before any publicity was done, largely due to a surge in interest that is still unexplained.

Most find out about the class via the internet, where our club website has been up and running for longer than the classes have been

forming.

Despite the uncertainty of weather that we live with every Sunday, there has never been a rainout or a cancellation of a learn to sail class in the eleven years we have been doing it. There were some with light air that we would like to forget about, and there were some with heavy air that we should remember quite well, but we have always been on the water for LTS.

This weekend we are hoping our luck holds. The forecast is neither foreboding nor especially delightful, but come Saturday morning, there will be a lot of activity at the lake in sailboats.

## Saving Sailing: Action Plan (continued from page 3)

-Never confuse team sports with teamwork. One is fun. The other is family fun.

"Define 'family friendly' not as something sanitized or segregated, but as a thing purposely built for active family use. Clubs, boats, classes, and curriculum should be gender and age neutral. Schedules must accommodate the realities of family life and the cooperation of groups...

"Instead of creating programs where kids are dropped off and picked up by parents, parent participation should be a prerogative. Youth sailing schools should be redesigned to actively enlist parents or guardians

as equal participants and eventually as mentors. Example: Milwaukee Community Sailing Center has a new kid's class with a built in parent day that will be expanded into a class for both parents and kids; it will eventually evolve into a families only family team sailing series...

"Clubs and schools should be designed to help mentors find apprentices and vice versa, across age groups and skill levels, without getting in the way of fun...

"Clubs should float fleets of shared boats, carefully manage time, and offer easy access to the water, but not much more. Community centers should float fleets of renewed boats for public lessons and use. "

## The Day I Got Boomed: A Reader Gives Us an Insider's Look

*(Editor's note: From time to time we receive unsolicited items for our newsletter from members and non-members alike. This one arrived recently and, though the writer wishes to remain anonymous, we decided to publish since it gives us a rare glimpse inside the racing sailor's experience.)*

I have to confess, I don't remember much about the day. It all began so hopeful and I was full of expectation. After all, the opposition that day two weeks ago was a very skilled woman but so heavily dressed in foul weather gear that her tacks had to be painfully slow. Another was a Y-Flyer skipper somewhat out of his element in a Sunfish. The other two were juniors who were dressed in shorts and tank tops and no doubt uncomfortable in the chilly air. Yes, they were both former junior champions but having learned from veteran intimidators like Chuck Smith, Don Fecher, and Roger Henthorn, I felt I could bully them off the course if I needed to.

The first race was as expected. A favorable shift here, an opponent's error there and I was across the finish line while the fleet fought it out for second in a tight pack. So it was that I started race 2 fully expecting a tedious yet somehow satisfying rerun of the first.

Things started to go south quickly, though. The upstart junior Megan DeArmon got to the first mark just ahead of me, and I couldn't help but notice a slight smug grin as she rounded the buoy and looked back at me. I shrugged it off and doubled down on my downwind intensity. By the time we had gotten to the second windward mark on the X course, she had faded horribly, and I secretly glowed with satisfaction.

No sooner had I headed back up wind on the last leg, I had a new problem. The other junior, long time nemesis and bowline knot master Kevin DeArmon, had somehow tacked right on my hip and was threatening to blow by me underneath. I was determined to stay on him and keep the weather gauge, so we rode on to the left side on the last windward leg toward the finish line. "I will take you to the Antipodes if I have to," I said to myself as we drove past the lay line and deep toward Sugar Camp. He began to fade. I had worn him out.

That's when I looked back. Two boats had just rounded the jibe mark and had gotten an enormous inside lift. They were headed straight for the finish line. I shouted to the Oakwood junior since he was clueless as to what was happening. We both tacked over but it was clear that I was the only one who had a chance to intercept the lead boat. And who was it? None other than the aforementioned nefarious Megan DeArmon. We were locked onto a collision course - she on starboard with a bead on the finish line, me on port headed parallel with the line.

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### Racing Results From Chilly April and May

In catamaran racing, Joe and Kelly Buchert, Don Fecher, and Ryan Servizzi have all been on the course, but, like other fleets, the racing has been spotty due to the cold in both the air and water. (That's Julie Molleran at left dressed to chill last Sunday.)

Y-Flyers have had two good

weekends out of the four raced so far, with three different skippers having won a race in the Spring Series.

Different Sunfish racers have shown up nearly every week. The results so far are far too spread out to give any accurate picture of the standings, however, in any of the fleets. Action will pick up with the temps.

# A Hueston Woods State Park Timeline

## Celebrating 60 years

-The land was deeded to Mathew Hueston by President Andrew Johnson and stayed in the family for over 100 years.

- In the late 1930's or early 1940's, Morris Taylor of Hamilton bought the big woods and held it in trust until the state monies could be allotted for its purchase

- September of 1941 the 377 acre Hueston property was bought by the state for \$20,000.

- In 1945 money was appropriated for the purchase of additional land that would lead to the present 625 acres.

-In 1952 the Oxford Honor Camp was set up under the supervision of the Ohio Department of Corrections

- For the next twelve years the men of the Honor Camp contributed greatly to the Park's development, clearing farm buildings and timber on what is now the lake bottom

-These men are also responsible for the building of the early roads and boat docks; the buildings they used as dorms, kitchen, and recreation are now being used for the main park office and the Hueston Room as well as other offices.

- In 1954 the contracts were let for the construction of the 35x1200 foot earthfill dam.

- In June of 1956 the lake was filled and the park attendance records have been broken every year until 1969.

- In 1959 the Pioneer Farm Museum opened, and in 1961 255 Class A camping opened along with a Class B area upgrade in 1969-70 with 265 sites.

-In 1965 new deluxe cabins appeared for a total of 59 housekeeping cabins and the new beach bathhouse was completed.

- In 1967 a new marina service center was completed and in 1968 the golf course began operations.

(Editor's Note: This timeline was written in 1986 and does not include changes since then. The history of the park comes from Park Office Employee Exemplar Jackie Schriever, a long time park office historian and HSA member.)

In our next issue we will hear more about that prison honor camp that coexisted alongside the fledgling sailing club. There were a lot of very helpful inmates and friends of the club back then, but there were also escapes, hostage taking, and other incidents. Jerry and JoAnn Callahan were there and will tell us some of the stories of... The Sailing Club and the Prisoners of the Honor Camp.



## The Day I Got Boomed (continued from page 5)

She had the right of way. I decided to tack on her bow and blow her sail up. That's when it happened. As I tacked, the wind decided to shift wildly left. My boom came back and struck me in the forehead. I was dazed and confused. My vision blurred as the boom swung crazily back and forth above my battered head. I looked over at the committee boat and heard the horn. Someone said, "Over, Megan!" I stared, double vision style, at the people on committee. They were bent over laughing but in slow motion. I saw Roger slap his thigh and dancing in a clogging like fashion. Bobbie was howling with apparent delight, which was probably because earlier before the races I had pointed out that she had the wrong four numbers up for the X course we sailed that day. She had put up 2-4-3-1 which is a square, which meant we had to round the marks by making a 360 degree loop around each one. It was funny. I laughed. Maybe too much.

The next thing I remember is waking up from my coma like state and finding myself drifting in my boat inside the beach area. The sail was luffing and I was lying across the deck on my back. I reached up and touched the lump on my head, the size of a bald eagle's egg. There was no one around. The beach was deserted, the lake was too. No committee boat - no nothing. They had left me alone, abandoned. When I finally had enough strength to sail my boat in, I found the launch area equally deserted and the sun low in the west.

They say that things happen for a reason. I tried to be philosophical about it and simply follow my personal creed: Live to fight another day, which I made up myself and adhere to still despite the bouts of PTSD.

When I went to the shed, I found a note tacked to the door. It read: Make sure you lock the door before you leave, First Aid kit on lower shelf by Sunfish booms. :) Bobbie and Roger. *(The editors of the Acton Action have been unable to verify the account of racing given here. But that doesn't mean it didn't happen.)*



That's Y fighting at left with Pete and Roger at the helm; at right Joe Fulford leverages the boat just before the start.