

Acton Action

Racing Sunday at Hueston Woods was full of fun and wild surprises.

Hueston Sailing Association



A Look Inside

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Racers Lose Wind Lottery

If you are looking for photos of last Sunday's racing, you won't find them here. We are too embarrassed to publish photos of racing sailboats sitting on glass. We knew it was going to be that way and we went out there anyway and drifted and sat and drifted and sat until all involved were exhausted from the heat and inactivity. Never again. (Probably lying.) Never again.

Another possible reason for no photos is that someone left the HSA camera at home. But it just goes to show what a crap shoot racing on Sundays can be. No mathematician or expert on probability here but isn't that one chance in seven of having a good race wind? It's likely better than that but we may have a better shot at Belterra or Jack Racino or of getting Zika than getting good wind. We'll no doubt be back for more, hoping to get lucky. Painful optimism.

Somewhere inside you will find race results with the emphasis on "results" and not "race". The word will lose meaning if we do.

Who's that kid in the yellow shirt?

Juniors at camp in the early 80's. The kid in the yellow shirt in the middle? We know who. In another photo on page 6, you can see his face.





At left, the HandyCat. Above, the Beetle Cat at C dock. At right, the sloop rig is the Penobscot - the HandyCat ahead.

Wooden Boats Making a Comeback?

Saturday's Wooden Sailboats Dazzle

We have all been grateful for the development of fiberglass hulls, but most of us remember the first wooden boat we ever sailed in and how it somehow made the whole experience more transcendent than it already is.

Yet, mindful of the time and effort needed to keep these classics shipshape, few of us would be willing to acquire one of these varnished beauties. But are they making a comeback?

If you had been at Hueston Woods late in the afternoon last Saturday, you would have seen a couple of these marvelous boats on the water.

We spoke briefly with a family rigging a wooden HandyCat in the rigging area. The gaff rigged 14 footer, according to its owner, was recently acquired in New England and brought back to Ohio and Acton Lake. We

didn't think to interview at the time, so information is sketchy, but the family is from Mainesville, Ohio and have both the Handy Cat and another wooden gaff rigged boat, a Beetle Cat, sitting in slips on C dock so you can take a look at these beautiful and unusual (for this area) boats yourselves.

Out on the water, we ran into two other members of the family sailing a Penobscot 14, one that the family built

The Penobscot 14' we saw, like the one at right, was home built. You can do this too! Total cost? About \$2100. And some woodworking skills.

themselves.

The Penobscot is also a gaff rigged cat boat. All three boats have wooden masts and spars as well as wooden hulls.

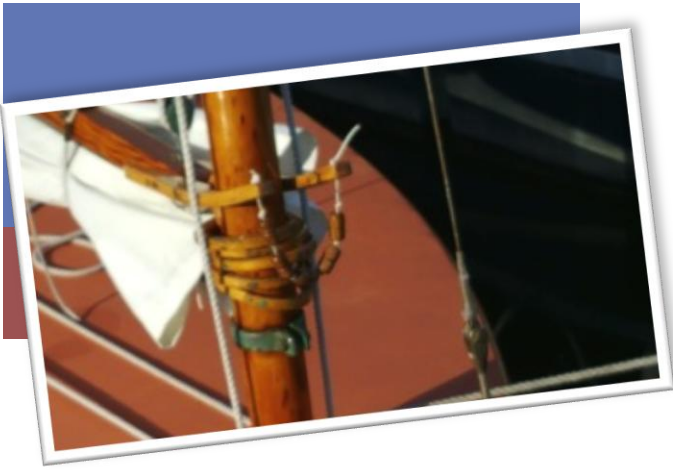
The Handy Cat was out of the water when viewed so you could see its rudder which the owner called a "barndoor"

rudder due to its width, about 2 or 3 feet wide.

There wasn't much wind Saturday after the storm so the two wooden boats just rafted up and chatted, but their sleek, shiny wood and sails reflected on the water at dusk as if painted. Later, we would run into cruiser and HSA friend



Dennis Hensley who was out at the same time. He remarked that the boats out there at that moment were like a water color.



A Sailor's Tale

We know about Sundays, but what's a full day at the lake like on a Saturday? Our on location reporter recounts his day at Hueston Woods. It wasn't anything like was anticipated.

The sun had set by the time we motored into the dock. With the engine in neutral, we glided quietly on the smooth glassy surface and watched enthralled as the bow created a series of gentle, smooth, rolling hills as if the boat was trying hard not to disturb the water.

It was in marked contrast to just a few hours earlier when Diane Pierok, Michelle Elsaesser and I had spotted the approaching storm from a mile and half down the lake. We were out on a certification run when we saw the dark blue/black front and heard the ominous but unmistakable distant rumble.

Since the wind was too light and the storm was coming from the very direction we had to go, we chose the safety of the lodge. It was up there in giant wooden rocking chairs we perched and watched the lightning and the 30-40 mph winds hit the lake.

One boat, a Precision 18 had already docked ahead of us.

Another came in or rather got blown into the docks as the first blast hit. It turned out to be none other than Nathan and Kelly Greer, recent HSA intro to sailing grads, in their West Wight Potter 15. They were peacefully anchored and swimming near the beach when they saw the storm coming.

From the lodge we saw a red boat, maybe a Flying Scot or a Rebel or a Buccaneer, still out on the water, flying toward the dam as if there were nothing to worry about, even though the sky was streaked with bolts of electric death.

They disappeared behind the trees. After forty minutes of intense weather, all that remained was a slight rain. We went down to the docks. Our Capri was fine though the jib had been shaken loose. The Greer's Potter was tangled a bit in the dock pilings but mostly unhurt.

The Precision 18, on the other hand, was not so lucky. Three feet of the starboard gunnel had been chewed up by

repeated smashing against the dock. Some later said that they heard that there was actually a hole in the hull. Ugly stuff. The sad part was that it was preventable had the boat been positioned differently for the storm.

A friendly pontoon towed us back to the dock due to the near total absence of a breeze. Michele and Diane went home and we went back out to finish rigging and cleaning Goodnight Moon. Dennis and Melissa Hensley were out there; the Greers had decided to finish their day on the water as well.

Later, after we got in at sunset, the Greers were putting their Potter away. Kelly had found out a few things about that red boat that disappeared behind the trees down the lake and out of our sight. Turns out they had to be rescued by the Sheriff's marine patrol boat. The red boat had capsized when the wind hit.

One of the crew had been left in the water as his boat sailed away. The other two who

continued next page

A Sailor's Tale - Continued

remained in the boat had to tell the deputies where he was.

Turns out the three men in the boat were from Indiana. A sailing instructor and two of his students, according to Kelly who had heard him giving instructions to the other two as they launched earlier that day.

We're not sure who was in the water alone after the capsized had been righted and the boat had sailed away, but we suspect it was the instructor. (Not good.)

It was now dark and, I headed out of the park on Camden College Road. My day was over. Almost. As I rounded the bend near Hopewell Church, I plowed into a tree that the storm had blown down on the road earlier in the day. I mean I ran into a tree. By the time I had screeched to a stop, the windshield was covered by tree

branches, and I was deep into a fallen giant. Luckily there were only scrapes on my truck's paint. I backed out of the branches to survey just what had happened.

A man who lived down the road near the park entrance pulled up in his flatbed. He got out with a chain saw and began cutting branches without a word. So I began throwing the cut limbs into the ditch.

When he paused for a moment, I asked him why some of the branches had been cut before he got there to claim the wood for his stove. He said that the power company came earlier and cut the tree limbs that were across the electric wires. As soon as the tree fell to the road, they left for other work and left the tree there across the road for me.

As it turns out, I remembered passing a few pieces of orange painted wood not far from the covered bridge. Turns out they said, "Detour - road closed. It had

fallen down. I had gone around them thinking it was a men at work sign or something similar. Wrong. At ten, I was home. With stories.

Race Results – Sun., Aug. 28

Wind readings: 3,2,2,0,2,2,1,0

Cats

1. Don Fecher 1 DNF 3
2. Dave Munday DNF DNS 6

Y's

1. Roger and Bobbie 2 1 3
2. Pete and Rose 1 2 3
3. Mike and Diane 3 3 6
4. Megan, Wally, Kayla 4 4 8

Handicap

1. Laura Beebe 2 1 3
2. Ken Wright 1 2 3
3. Jerry and Michele 3 3 6
4. Victor Abitabilo 4 DNF 10 14
5. Katie Lockhart 5 DNS 10 14

Club Acquires a Second Capri 14.2 Serendipity-ish

It was just an inquiry. Jerry and JoAnn Callahan had seen the Capri 14.2 sitting in the dry moorage area, encrusted with mold and mildew.

The registration was for 2007; the license plate had expired in 2004. So they asked about it in the park office.

Turns out the owner was thrilled that somebody had an interest in the boat. So guess what? He gave it to us. Moss

growing on the running rigging. The bow full of water. Deck covered in mildew. Flat tires on the trailer. It was beautiful.

The owner, a man named Larry from Lebanon, recently handed over rudder, tiller, bumpers, spare hardware, a 1984 Los Angeles Olympics line bag, and a really nice set of colorful sails. Thank you, Larry.

HSA plans to rehab the boat as they did the one

acquired earlier this year and put it into service soon.

You can take the certification class in the Capri and become certified to sail either one. The boats are easy to rig, easy to handle, and roomy enough for two adults. Add two small children if you have any.

Thanks, Callahans, for your timely intervention.

(See photos next page)



HSA's "new" Capri 14.2

The registration says it was last licensed to sail in 2007 and the trailer was last legal on the road in 2004. So about a decade sitting out in the sun and weather has produced this lovely mess.



Above, The Oelrich family's West Wight Potter 19. Mark and son Adam took HSA's LTS two years ago and the family is helping Adam rehab this classic. Below, Isaac Brewster works on getting the "Catfisherman" ready for HSA's Beach Day a few weeks ago. In the bottom photo four juniors enjoy a tow on the new boat that day as the wind was being petulant. That's Megan, Wally, Kayla and Cosette.

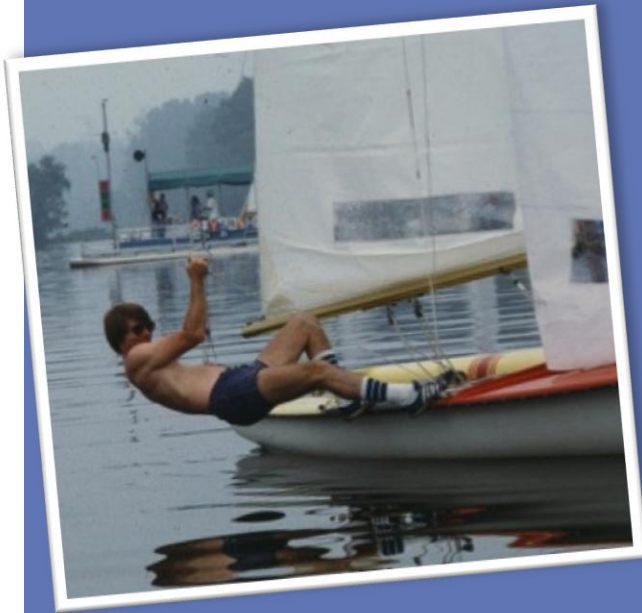


Harken blocks standing sentry as if waiting for some love. And action.

The bow was full of water and took several minutes to empty when Pete and Roger propped up the boat and tilted it to drain a few weeks ago. Above, the mainsheet, frozen in time, sprouts hairy growth. Lichen, moss and tiny trees were attempting to take root in the line. A small vegetable garden was growing in the cubby.



60th Anniversary Photos Show Life at Hueston Woods 30 or so Years Ago



At left, we think that is a very youthful Roger Henthorn hiking out over glassy water. Still does that. Moving clockwise, a pair of junior juniors take turns at the sippy cup. That girl just might be Laura Beebe. Bottom right, the old slips where Rescues 1 and 2 used to reside. Bottom left, the kid at junior camp breakfast with a bit of milk on his chin? Chris Snider, whose three boys will be at camp next year. At left, Norm Emmerich relaxes after a hard day at junior camp with an unknown mom. Norm was junior camp director B.C. (Before Callahan) Pete Peters is busy gathering such photos showing life with HSA for a special presentation at our annual banquet in November.

