

ACTON ACTION

Labor Day Is Here!

Weekend Series Last Potluck Hurrah for the Season



HSA's three holiday weekends usually have the most boats showing up. Let's party like it's 2018's last holiday series. Because it is! Bring family, bring friends. Let's race on Sunday and Monday. Bring a dish to share and place settings.

The final potluck of the year is Sunday at 5:00 right after the boats are wiped down, fed and put away in the barn. We have dueling forecasts for this weekend. Root for the SailFlow app over Weather Channel. Much better forecast.

HSA's New Publication Off the Ground (Water?)

Ever wonder what you did wrong in a race? HSA's new publication, *Spindrift*, hopes to answer that question. Each week after racing, the winners and others pipe up about how why they did what they did as they prepared for and moved around the race course. Yes, the secrets of the rich and famous now available to the masses. You don't have to labor forever at the back of the fleet. The learning curve can be shortened and smoothed out. Each week the boats doing well share their thinking about starts, wind shifts, and tactical decisions, so that you can compare your own thinking to those who turned in a good performance. As of right now it is only emailed out to active members, but you can have your name added.

AUGUST 30, 2018

What's Ahead?

After Labor Day Weekend, there is still something left in the tank. It ain't over til it's over.



September 9th is the 5th Fall Series - all fleets. Some from HSA are headed to a Sunfish Regional at Devil's Lake in Michigan! Good luck!



September 16th is the arrival of a new event on HSA's calendar - CruiserFest 18. Got a cruiser? Jump on board!



September 23 - Last in the Fall Series, #6, but there is still the Round the Lake Race on Sept. 30 for all fleets. Then we saved the best for last - OktoberFast! A two day Sunfish regatta to close out the racing season.

CruiserFest'18 Coming to a Lake Near You

First of all, what the heck is it? We knew you would ask. CruiserFest 18 is HSA's first attempt, as far as we know, to organize a race involving cruisers. Several members of HSA already own cruisers and are just a little bit tickled to get a chance to compete in them.

Yes, most of them are big, fat boats with maximum hull speeds of about six mph but racing is racing.

On September 16th HSA will have a skipper's meeting on Dock "A" for all who would like to participate at 12:30. Then it is out on the water for a 1:30 start for the first of what is hoped to be two short races around the ole triangle.

The event is being coordinated with some of HSA's friends in the cruiser crowd. Dave Judy, who organized the cruiser dock party last year, is helping coordinate the event. After racing, the 2nd Annual Dock Party will begin at 3:30.

Bring a dish to share and a comfortable chair and you are in! Plans are in the works for having plenty of room on Dock "A" for both food and seating.

Those who are not familiar with the race course will have someone from HSA on board with them to guide them around the course. We are looking for double digit entries!



Are you on Facebook? If so, you can access pictures and stories about HSA happenings almost as they happen. We post race results there first along with news, photos and info. Getting a Facebook account is easy. HSA has over 150 Facebook members/followers. Join us there.

Round the Lake Race Becomes Penultimate HSA Event



It may not look like this, but it will be fun. Six marks, 600 acres, and a lot of zig-zagging.

It was on the calendar last year. It just never happened, due to poor wind and weather. But this is 2018, and we are determined to pull it off this year. Grrr!

It will be the longest race of the year but you only need to go around the buoys once. The hitch? There will be six buoys, one in every zone. You can finally be able to see the lodge and the dam up close as you ply the double figure eight course all the way from the funky looking Miami methane monitoring float at the north end to the buoys at the spillway that should say, "Go no further!"

There will be a first place boat but if you like you can just take your time. After racing, a little gathering on Sunfish Island to meet, eat, and find out not only who won the race (corrected time), but who won the door prize. Your tickets will be on the buoys.



OktoberFast Starting a New Tradition

When the end of the racing season arrives in October, HSA is really counting on ending with a bang. With last year's Sunfish Regional, the event became a two day series to decide the OktoberFast champion.

Last year's winner, Dan Norton from Devil's Lake, and others who came for what was the first regional since 2007, likely won't be here this year since it is the same date as the Sunfish World Championships. Norton, Tom Katterheinrich (2017 champ), and Gail Turluck will no doubt be there competing in those Worlds at the Carolina Yacht Club in Wrightsville Beach, North Carolina.

Even without the usual influx of foreigners, the racing should be vigorous. Bill Molleran, who won OktoberFast every year from 2004 to 2015, will certainly be one of the favorites. He did not participate in 2015 and finished an uncharacteristic 6th last year in a loaded field.

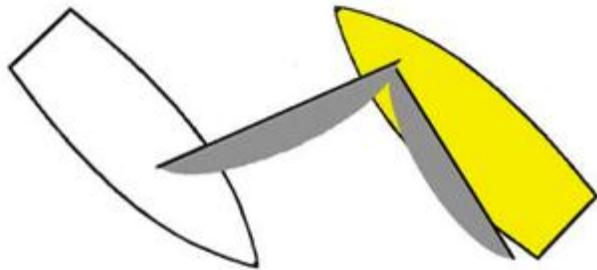
The odds on favorite has to be Laura Beebe

who bested Molleran last year in finishing 4th in that 22 boat competition, and continues to find a way to edge him out in this year's Sunfish Series.

There were 17 boats the year before at OktoberFast as the Sunfish events seem to keep attracting a good number of boats. Other contenders? Megan DeArmon showed that she will be in the mix by winning the Capri Championships earlier this year. Brother Kevin is always capable of surging to the front.

There should also be some smart money on Mark Costandi and Rose Schultz, two racing veterans who can find the windward mark pretty handily. Oh, yes. Roger Henthorn also has some Sunfish smackdowns under his belt. There is also the possibility that Jim Richter from Indianapolis could show up in his tricked out Sunfish. Jim finished second at AuGusto!

The entry fee is \$10. There will be food and trophies. Plan now on getting in the middle of the whole thing. The NOR is at the Sunfish class site.



Will Boulton on Flying Scot

After junior sailing camp was over this summer, Will Boulton decided it had not had enough. On August 18th, Will went out on the club's Flying Scot with Joe Fulford while an HSA race clinic was in progress and spent a few hours on the helm of this much-larger-than-a-Sunfish boat.

Joe is pretty good about taking others on the water. Jerry and Connie Taylor got in some "Scot" time as well as a few others this summer. Way to go, Will! Way to go, Joe!



You be the Judge. Which boat above needs to do turns? Who had the right-of-way? Or are they both at fault? (Answer is below but don't peek.) The yellow boat is on its way to the windward mark. The white boat has rounded the mark and is on its way downwind. Both boats are on starboard tack; both boats seem to be leeward of one another. Sooooo...?

"You have to go back to the definitions. The boats are on the same tack (starboard) and overlapped (neither is clear astern of the other). From the definition for Windward and Leeward: "When two boats on the same tack overlap, the one on the leeward side of the other is the leeward boat. The other is the windward boat." From Yellow's perspective, it is on the leeward side of White, From White's perspective it is on the leeward side of Yellow. In this case neither boat is required to keep clear of the other. The only rule that can be applied here is RRS 14 and both boats can be faulted for not avoiding a collision. Some might argue that White is on port tack, but the tack you are on is based on your windward side which is defined. I'll leave looking at that definition to the reader."

John Christman, US National Judge, Umpire and Regional Race Officer

(Not convinced John is right? You might have a case. For a full discussion among the pros, go to this link:

https://www.racingrulesofsailing.org/posts/214-what-about-this?forum_id=1)

The Real Chicago Story

(The following account of our most recent Chicago adventure is kinda based on a true story of what it was like to be at the North American Sunfish Championship, but not on the water.) (Reprinted from our HSA Facebook post earlier this month)

Since I am old enough to be her father, I did my best to protect and shield her. I have a daughter older than her. (I also have one younger.) And I am not so naive that I can't quickly realize just what was going on. Ok, "quickly" may be an exaggeration. Oh well. Here it is. I try to avoid being on the receiving end of slights and indignities. Sometimes you don't even know they are happening to you. Some people are direct and confrontational. Others are subtle and opaque. But they do happen and the story must be told. There was another element to the trip Laura Beebe and I took to Chicago a week or two ago that up till now has largely been unmentioned. I did say in one Hueston Sailing Facebook post that she was very "popular" there at the North American Sunfish Championship, but I didn't say more. Till now.

Every evening we were there, the host club (Lake Bluff Yacht Club) had a social gathering. The first night it was beer and hor d'oeuvres on the marina deck overlooking the Waukegan harbor and all its beautiful boats. We worked our way toward the keg but before we could grab the keg dispenser, three or four guys were handing the two of us red solo cups and filling them up. What friendly hospitality, I thought. I had been to regattas like this before by myself and had usually waited in line at the keg or been line jumped only to reach the front and find out there is little to nothing left.

Sometimes I would start pumping the handle and people would hold out their cups to me as if I had been hired for the evening to serve beer. To assert my racing identity and dispel any notion that I was on wait staff, I would try to start a conversation saying things like, "How about that leeward mark today!" But seldom did I get more than a "Yeah?" or a "What about it?" or a "That's too much foam, dude!" I had no answer for any of these comments.

But now at the big show in the long shadow of the Chicago skyline, I was in the conversation. Really good sailors were talking to me about starts, mark roundings, and sail trim. I was pleased and suspicious all at once. They had never done that before.

We managed to get away from the group of men, some of whom were crowding in into her space with hugs and laughter, praising her finishes that day. I managed to get her away, and we went down on the docks to talk to some cruiser types, guys mostly, who had just come in from Wednesday night racing. "Come on aboard!" they said. "Want a beer and some chips?" I had often admired other cruising boats in marinas on previous trips to regattas and attempted to chat with the crews about their rigs, about racing, whatever. Usually I got annoyed looks, so this was kinda new - these warm invitations. Why now? I was beginning to realize that when I walked in with her, everybody suddenly saw me in a different light.

The next night at dinner was no different. And the night after. At past events like this, I would go up to an empty seat at a table and ask if I could join them. (Usually the seat was taken.) But when we walked into the upstairs room for a regatta dinner at the Greentown Tavern in downtown Waukegan, guys were jumping up, pulling chairs out and motioning to us to come over. I did win a door prize that night - a new practice sail, probably worth 150 bucks. When they called my name, I got a modest applause. The very next ticket they drew, as if it had been for deliberate contrast, had Laura's name on it and she won a \$10 gift certificate to APS. The room erupted in shouts and applause at her good fortune. I was now pretty certain that the source of my new found social status was nothing I had done. It was the company I was keeping. And then some guy decided she should have his APS gift certificate too and gave it to her. WTF! (Why The Favoritism?) (continued next page)

The Real Chicago Story (cont.)

It didn't stop there. At our host's home, she got the bigger guest bedroom with a queen size bed and a private bath. I had a much smaller room with a twin bed and with no air conditioning, a room I shared with the family dog, Crosby. The dog and I became friends but only because I would pick up the saliva soaked tennis ball (at the host's urging) and throw it across the living room. He would retrieve it like a wolverine takes a rabbit and bring it back to my chair where he would deposit it near my crotch, leaving my shorts wet and my knees sticky. Our host would just laugh and say, "No, Crosby, no." But he didn't mean it. If Crosby veered and tried to take the ball to Laura, our host would leap up and scold him and apologize.

It all came to a head down on the beach on the third and last day of the regatta. The boats were all sitting on dollies and each morning had to be dragged down to the water, which was about 50 feet away. Getting them down to the place we kept them overnight had already been a ridiculously difficult chore. The sand is so deep that even those fat little tires were no help. It was like dragging an unconscious sumo wrestler through ankle deep mud. Not that I have any experience with that.

You ended up exhausted, your thighs and arms burning. The path to the water is littered with boats faded by the ultraviolet rays and laying aslant in the sand. There were hastily made grave markers and skeletons of those who had gone before, bleaching in the sun. Yet each morning and afternoon, we faced the punishing physical task of just getting a boat in and out of the water. In waves! And sand! 50 feet of sand!

I'm dragging my boat down as I had done the previous day, inch by inch, and once again I hear, "Need any help, Laura?" Not just one guy - three or four. They come streaming at her, hoping to be the one who is favored, to do a favor. Me, I'm laying face down in the sand having just suffered a stroke. I think someone stepped on my back. Later, realizing I'm with her, they help me up after checking my vital signs.

Listen, I don't begrudge her all the attention. She is young and pretty and obviously in need of someone to help her rig a boom vang. ("I don't know how to do that?" she purrs. "I've never had one on my boat. Do you know how to do that?") But do they have to be so obvious.

When I get back home, I tell my wife about all the "attention" I got at the regatta - that wasn't really mine at all. She smiles and says, "That reminds me of a song." So here it is - *Call Me Sir* by Train.



"The room erupted into shouts and applause at her good fortune."

Yep. My new anthem.

When I ride by myself

I don't ever get no help

But when I roll up with her

Everybody calls me sir

No matter how long I stay

They never ever know my name

But when I walk in with her

Everybody calls me sir.

North of Chicago, same old Friday night

Feeling invisible underneath these city lights

Then I walk in with her, feel like I struck gold

Now they treat me like royalty everywhere I go

Oh, oh, oh, oh.