

Ice on the Spars Edition

ACTION

Volume 56 February 2013



HSA Storage Barn

Park Approves Construction; HSA Gets Own Building

Construction to Begin Soon on HSA's Storage Barn After Long Wait

After more than a half century in existence, Hueston Sailing Association will finally have a place to call its own. Long time member and HSA good will ambassador Pete Peters met with park officials in November and got the OK to move forward on a project that has been several years in gestation.

The new structure will be built on the space near the boat racks by the launch ramps, and, according to Jim Mossman who visited the lake recently, the trees have already been cut down on the site. The 12x16 building will have two skylights, 30 year dimensional shingles, a tongue and groove floor and sit on four by fours secured to the ground on a gravel base.

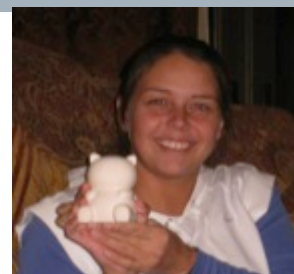
The cost, about \$6000, will be paid out of HSA funds reserved for this purchase with site preparation by Yoder Excavating and construction by Weaver Barns.



Secret's Out

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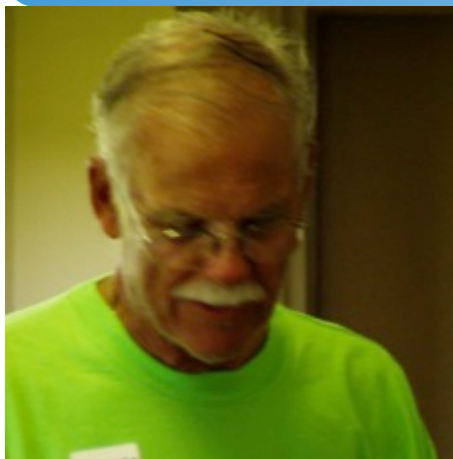
A book review on "Saving Sailing" by Nick Hayes by writer Erin Schanen.



Berfday Girl

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Check out the bio on this HSA member on page 5. Laura is not only 30, she is the reigning rear commodore.



Longtime HSA Hobie Racer, Friend Passes

George Fecher, Harbormaster, Catamaran Racer, Caribbean Cruiser, Volunteer, Husband, Father, Friend Laid to Rest in December.

We have excerpted from the eulogy given by George's son Doug. Here are some glimpses of George's life.

"More than anything, Dad was a Sailor. He loved the water. He loved going to his family's shore house in Normandy Beach, New Jersey. Though he spent most of his adult life in the Midwest, he was as much from New Jersey as he was from here. He'd go back to the shore as often as he could, at least twice a year, to sail, to fish, to walk the beach, to explore the marshes across the bay, to stand and let the waves cover his feet with sand as he stared out at the horizon thinking thoughts only a true Sailor might think. I'm sure he was dreaming of the faraway places he'd been, and the ones he wanted to visit. Or about how much fun he'd just had with his grandkids on the beach – the grandkids he loved more than life itself.

"He loved sailing so much he dragged my Mom and his best friends, Dick and Marian Schramm, down to the Caribbean summer after summer, so he could sail his way to the very edge of the horizon. They went many times. Visited most every Caribbean island that held an anchorage. We have picture albums full of the stuff these intrepid four did together. We have old VCR tapes that show what happens when a captain and his crew try to drink down all the grog on the last night of a trip so they wouldn't have to haul it all home. He was the captain. He led the way..." (Cont. page 6) (photo below courtesy of Brewster family.)

Did You Know?

George was a scout leader, an accordion player, a councilman, a vice mayor, a soccer player, a woodworker, an engineer, a pilot, a lifeguard, a veteran, a salesman, an inventor, a world traveler, a baseball and soccer coach? Oh yes, and a sailor.

GPS

George owned, according to his family, the first commercially available GPS. We remember when he first brought his GPS to the lake and we marveled at his tech savvy and his interest. In his eulogy, Doug Fecher said, "I remember him standing on the beach with me in Grand Cayman where Kelle and I got married and he said "Know what? Our house is 1,973.3 miles That way." And he had a huge smile on his face as he stared at the GPS screen. He loved that stuff.

Tinker(er), Sailor, ...

It is little wonder that George was our harbormaster for so long. Doug said, "Tinkerer? As I said, the man could fix anything. Whether it was the 1964 Volkswagen that was my first car, or the Fiat I bought after that, or the disposal, or the kitchen sink, or the floor that needed replacing, or the Christmas lights that didn't work, or the roof that needed to be replaced, or the boat motor that wouldn't start. Anything"





A book review by Erin Schanen

The Secret is Out: Sailing Is Not Easy

This article originally appeared in Sailing Magazine in 2009 and is used here with the author and magazine's permission.

To a certain extent, we all know it, and the sailing industry goes to great lengths to convince would-be sailors of exactly the opposite, but Hayes isn't afraid to put it out there. Sailing's not easy, but that's why it is so important.



In his new book, *Saving Sailing*, author Nick Hayes discusses the importance of the sport, which has a lot less to do with physical fitness or winning races than it does with family, and why now more than ever it's worth saving. He writes about "life past times," those activities that we engage in for most of our lives that rise beyond the level of a mere hobby, and help up

identify who we are and what we're about. It is what Hayes calls a "complex, learned activity" and is something we do within a group that defines us throughout our lives. "Very clearly, sailing falls into this category," he said.

"The reality is that to begin to understand why something invisible like wind can create motion and why it's important for four people to choreograph their motions to turn a boat and to think about how to be safe, these are real challenges that sailors face every day," Hayes said. "They are difficult and to suggest that they aren't is to not really be telling the truth. As soon as someone faces one of these circumstances, to not get it right makes it not fun, but if they understand this is a challenge and they do get it right, well then boy, what an accomplishment."

Hayes sums it up this way: "Hard things matter and hard things done in groups matter most."

Hayes, a partner at a research company, spent years

"Saving Sailing" review continued

gathering data about sailing participation through formal polls and interviews, and said his data, along with startling statistics, led him to write *Saving Sailing*.

"This book was not written with the objective of selling more sailboats or propping up or helping to market an activity in a shallow way," he said. "It was to help us go back to the basics: The concept that when we choose to spend time on the water with our kids we are making a commitment that matters."

The book cites some hard facts and figures that are dire enough to make anyone interested in the growth of sailing shudder. At its peak in the late 1970s and early 1980s (a period of long recession, high inflation, high unemployment and volatile energy costs, Hayes points out) more than 5 percent of Americans sailed, 78 percent of the time with family. Today, fewer than 2 percent of Americans sail and less than 10 percent of them are doing it with their family. It hardly makes sense when you look at another statistic: There are more kids ages 12 to 17 in sailing programs than ever before. But those teenagers leave the sport in almost a mass exodus as young adults, apparently having no devotion to the activity.

The key, according to Hayes, is that: sailing is suffering because fewer people are doing it with their families.

"When I found this family-groups connection, I realized there's not just a correlation, it's causal," he said. "If I spent time fishing with my dad when I was a teenager, what I think about now is that he made a commitment to me at a very important point in my life. What we're left with is this array of memories, and if the memories involve family activities, we'll express devotion to family by showing devotion to these activities."

With two daughters of his own—Kate, 15, and Elizabeth, 12—Hayes is no stranger to the societal strains put on a family. He understands the urge to have children involved in a multitude of activities. And he chooses to deny that urge, at least in part.

"It starts at a moment in which a parent says, 'I became a parent to pass on life lessons that are important,' and realizing they don't have much time to do that," Hayes said. "Time is penultimate. It is the one thing that we can consider the only family value. Our only entitlement in this life is the time we're given, so how it's spent becomes the critical question of who we are."

Hayes and his wife Angela practice what they preach. They have owned a sailboat for the entirety of their 22-year marriage, and they brought their daughters on board almost from day one.



Member Bobbie Bode tells us that Hueston Woods is opening a new attraction at the Nature Center. Cougar Cave houses a new four month old male cougar and you can see it (maybe) this Saturday, Feb. 2 from 10-noon inside the Center. "Timber" may be shy and not come out of the cave but there is also a Wildlife Invasion Nature Program at the lodge at 11 followed by a hike at 2:00. Free!



Bobbie also passed along this picture on HSA's Facebook page of a bald eagle, apparently one of two sighted at the park recently. The hope is that the other one is the opposite gender and the two will start a little family of flying feathered fowl wonders. Bobbie says the two of them have been seen "interacting".

"Saving Sailing" review continued

"We felt this was a matter of supplemental education for our kids," he said. "We determined a long time ago that we would never own a new car so we could always afford a sailboat and that we wouldn't take family vacations outside of sailing with our kids because it kept us connected with our kids. We just did it."

As his daughters have grown older, the payoff for those decisions has been immeasurable.

"My kids have seen the aurora borealis. They've held up trophies after winning regattas and have become members of adult crews. They impress us in huge ways."

Hayes says sailors will enjoy reading *Saving Sailing* because it is about a sport they love, and parents will enjoy and perhaps learn from the ideas presented in it, but society as a whole can learn from the lessons the sport of sailing has to offer.

"Sailors share a passion or almost an addiction to sailing," he said. "It indicates that sailing has a place in larger societal and cultural structures. It connects us socially and that connection is what creates this underlying emotional consequence. And all of a sudden our lives are richer."

--Erin L. Schanen

(This article was published in 2009 in *Sailing Magazine* and brought to our attention by member Neil Harrell.)

Continued from page 1 BARN

Pete will also be involved with the construction of two other buildings, one by the marina for the concession stand and one near the dam for a bird facility. HSA's building is due to be installed in March.

The building will house equipment for the rescue boats, rigging and parts for our club owned sailboats, and storage for events such as Junior Camp, Ladies' Camp, and other club activities. It will also have installed solar panels to give us battery charging ability and LED lighting for inside.

Pete gave a good deal of credit to new Park Manager Mark Lockhart for getting this long overdue project its jump start.

For most of the club's history, equipment was stored in the pump house near the lake in what was essentially a damp, dark underground bunker buried beneath a hill. When that was bulldozed a few years ago, the club had essentially no place to keep anything and had to use the insides of boats stored in dry moorage or members' homes and garages.

Club treasurer Roger Henthorn traveled to the lake to meet with Pete and park officials also. Many thanks to all involved for their efforts on our behalf.

January Birthdays

birthday this month but dad Pete let a lot of people know about this one. Congratulations to Laura.

Laura has been an active participant in HSA since the beginning of her sea going life. Photos have emerged of her hanging on the spars of dad's Y-Flyer back in the 80's, participating in junior camp with friends and sister Sarah, and the many events she has raced in here at Hueston Woods.

Her sailing skills were honed here and as a member of Miami University's sailing club before she graduated in 2002. Husband Chris owns and operates a design graphics business in Cincinnati and has contributed numerous wonderful things to HSA including our signs and many of our awards. She is an accountant and the two of them reside in Northern Kentucky. If you attended the banquet, chances are you saw Chris' tricked out truck. Fabulous.

Laura Beebe turned 30 in January. We don't really know who else had a



Laura Beebe, the birthday girl, shown here with her "prize" for a stellar finish in 2011's OktoberFast Regatta in a Sunfish, her specialty.

ODNR Meeting to Address Horsepower Limit on Acton Lake

State Proposes to Allow Bigger Engines on Watercraft



The Ohio Department of Natural Resources is hosting an open house on Friday, February 15 to “educate lake users and community members on the proposed lake management plan...”

The proposal would allow unlimited horsepower engines to operate at idle speed on Acton Lake.

At present, only watercraft

powered by ten horsepower engines are allowed access to the lake. .

Those who attend the meeting would be able to submit written comments, ask questions, and discuss lake issues with the ODNR.

The meeting will be from 7:00-8:30 at the Lebanon Citizens National Bank at 30 w. Park Place in Oxford.



At left is a photo from Jim Mossman showing the area behind the boat racks where the trees have been cut down. Jim says the trees have been removed and all that remains are the stumps. HSA plans to build a storage barn on this site sometime this spring. Meanwhile, the lake itself now has something it has been missing, its full complement of water.

(More from Doug’s eulogy about his father George)

“I could go on and on about my Dad, celebrating his Dad’s life, a life well lived. But I need your help. You see, my Mom wonders what will happen next. Mom, Dad is here with us, and always will be. I’m reminded of a letter I came across from something I read once. It’s from a Civil War Soldier to his wife the night before the second day of the Battle of Gettysburg – a battle in which this particular soldier lost his life. Here is what he wrote to his dear wife as if he knew what was about to happen:

“But, Oh, if the dead can come back to this earth and flit unseen around these the living, I shall always be near you, amidst your happiest scenes and your gloomiest hours, always, always. And if there be a soft breeze upon your cheek, it shall be my breath, or if the cool air fans your throbbing temple, it shall be my spirit passing by.

“Dear wife, do not mourn me dead, think I am merely gone and wait for thee, for we shall meet again.”

Mom, Dad is not gone forever; he is just gone from here. He is with us, and he always will be.”