



July 2022

# NEW HAVEN YACHT CLUB NEWSLETTER

VOLUME CXXXX

ISSUE 7

## NHYC'S RED-CARPET MOMENT: THE MEMORIAL DAY AWARDS PICNIC



**The Commodore's Cup goes to Commodore Drew.**



**Racers won plaques**



**Mystery man in hat wins award**



**Barry and Barbara bring home the "helping hand" award**





**Barbara accepts the Perseverance Award.**



**The crowd holds its breath.**

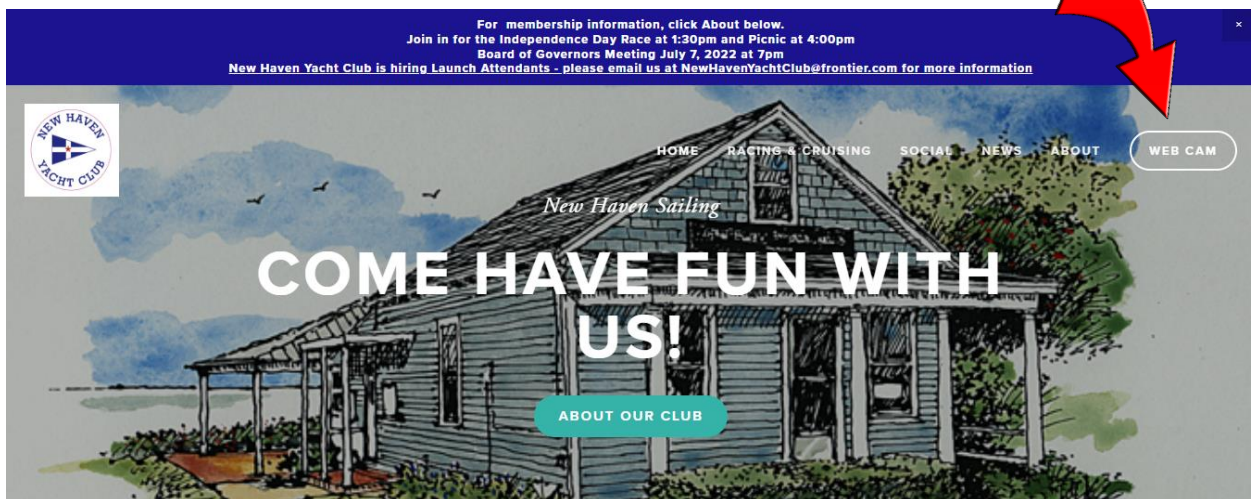


## 2021 Awards presented at the May 30 Memorial Day Picnic

Trophy Name	Description	Presented to
Commodore Cup	Commodore	Drew
Katona Cup 1908	Treasurer Supreme	Frank
Millennium	Significant Contribution to the club	Carlo
Seahorse Cup	Continuous Contribution to the club	Kevin
Wriggle Cup	Someone who got out of a tricky boating situation	Ryan (Dismasting)
News Anchor	Newsletter correspondent	Robert
Cruising Cup	Cruiser of the year	Kevin
US Sailing Plaque	Club Member recognized for promoting racing	Manning
Vixen (turtle feet)	Significant contribution to the yacht club	Joe
Regatta Sailing Cup	Mayors Cup - Continuing contribution to Invitational Race	Wayne
Pluck Cup	Contribution to club and community	Bill
Scud	Important contributions to club operations	Nick (Ulysses S. Grant)
Andy Cup Won by Viola	Promising up and coming NHYC sailor and member	Paul
Broadwater Victory Cup "Larry Smith Cup"	Someone who inspired or helped accomplish something for the club or the environment.	Frank <i>Master Story Teller</i>
Rosalie Cup	Best looking yacht club boat	Joe & Jill's - Tanzer 22
Helping Hand	NHYC Member who is willing to help others	Barry
Perseverance Award	Club support does not waiver. Diligence during difficult times.	Barbara in Loving Memory of Steve
Thalia Cup	New club family showing yacht club spirit.	Paul
Dingy Cup	Up and coming child sailor	Kevin's Daughter Amy

Special thanks to the Awards Committee...

- Cindy
- Drew
- Cheryl
- Frank
- and Carlo



Check out the new webcam!



# Your Launch Attendant of the Month: A.J.

AJ (the “A” is for “Anthony”) claims that being a NYHC launch attendant is the best job he’s ever had – an astonishing thing to hear from a former stock boy at Goody’s Hardware in East Haven. Goody’s, after all, is known to aficionados of hardware throughout the area for carrying thousands of fasteners, cad-plated, galvanized, stainless and brass; all sorts of tools and hundreds of cans of paint; innumerable other items, blubs, brooms, bits, bags, bread knives and beeswax. AJ gave all that up so he could come work for us.



“There was plenty of variety at Goody’s,” he admits, “but not enough water. I’ve got to be on the water to be happy.”

The day in Morris Cove that AJ remembers best happened early in his launch attendant career. “There was a tropical storm coming or a hurricane, and everybody was furiously preparing their boats. Somehow on Entropy they tore the plumbing off a through-hull fitting. The fitting was amidships, just above the waterline. I had to go get Barry to come and help fix it. I helped put in a plug and mix the fiberglass. It was a very exciting introduction to being a launch attendant.”

This will be AJ’s next-to-last season at the Yacht Club: he’s slated to enter the Massachusetts Maritime Academy in the fall.

Fair winds to you, A.J.! We look forward to seeing you return to New Haven—in command of a tanker.

## From the Society Page:

Stocky Clark invites members to visit the Yacht Club pavilion for a celebratory beverage and snack anytime from 4-7pm after their afternoon sail.

The following folks have graciously agreed to act as hosts . Give ‘em a hand in setting up and cleaning up after if you can. Most importantly, however, is to have fun. Here’s the schedule:

- July 9- Rich
- July 16-Katie
- July 23-Paul
- August 6-Alex
- Aug 13-Josef
- Aug 20-Stanislas
- Aug 27- Ryan

## AND WHICH HANDSOME LAUNCH ATTENDANT IS THIS?

- A.J.
- R.J.
- Justin
- Theo
- Julian
- Sally

Answer on the last page.



## Sailor Profiles

# TROUBLED YOUTH FINALLY LEARNS THE ROPES

Harvey Klein, 64, recalls how he learned to sail:

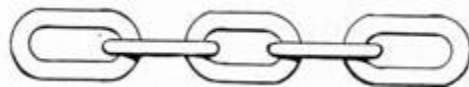
*Some people'll tell you that sailing is a great way to stay fit and keep your weight down. That's bull. I get more exercise walking to my slip. They'll tell you that sailing teaches patience and self-reliance, that it builds character. That's bull, too. The only thing that sailing built in me was my ego. I was a rotten kid. At summer camp -- when I was eleven-- we raced Sabots; I'd look for ways to yell "starboard" just before hitting another boat amidships and if it turned out I really was on a starboard tack, so much the better. If not, I'd just say I got confused.*



*Looking back, it was a mistake they should never have started me off on catboats. You can get in a lot of trouble with a catboat. The next summer camp I went to had 420s, but I was still a bad kid. I learned the rules just well enough to intimidate other skippers, hollering a bunch of nonsense about "barging" and "room at the mark" and "sail your proper course." Half the time I didn't know what I was talking about. Once I made two boats hit each other and then hit the Committee Boat, but I did it so it would look like it was their fault.*

*I did terrible things in sloops: scuffing docks, anchoring badly and fouling other boats. It's a mistake to give a kid like me a sloop; it's just a bad idea. When you got a kid who doesn't understand anything about life, you gotta give that kid a yawl or a ketch — at least a cutter. When you got a more complicated sail plan, it makes you consider things from multiple points of view, especially if you got more than one mast. It's not just "should I reef" but how? When I was thirty my next-door neighbor quit sailing and gave me an old Caledonia Yawl, gaff-rigged fore and aft. It was a crappy boat, but it made a man of me. Thanks to that boat, I learned to check my impulses and think things through rationally.*

*If I had a kid like I was, I'd make him learn on a topsail schooner.*



## THIS MONTH'S LINK:

**This young British couple thinks living with a kitten on a sailboat is endlessly fascinating.**

Members are free to disagree.

[https://youtu.be/OVRU0zg5\\_3w](https://youtu.be/OVRU0zg5_3w)





## Spotted on Craigslist:

### A 32-foot Cutter Needs Work in Maryland

Would you like to set sail for distant lands? Your newsletter was unable to identify this blue-water cruiser.

Full keel with a platform bowsprit! It looks like a double-ended Valiant or a Westsail, but the photo doesn't show the stern, so we couldn't tell. Does anybody recognize this neglected gem?

It's got a stove. You'd stay warm.

The owner wants \$4000.



# FROM THE POETRY LOCKER

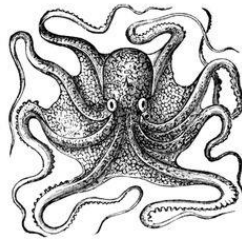
In the mid-19<sup>th</sup> century Walt Whitman took the Brooklyn ferry and had a vision of the East River eternal, time, space and generations smashed to nothing as all humanity gets on the same boat. He couldn't know that bridges would be built that would spoil everything. Here's the third stanza of *Crossing Brooklyn Ferry*. (1892 version)

It avails not, time nor place—distance avails not,  
I am with you, you men and women of a generation, or ever so many generations hence,  
Just as you feel when you look on the river and sky, so I felt,  
Just as any of you is one of a living crowd, I was one of a crowd,  
Just as you are refresh'd by the gladness of the river and the bright flow, I was refresh'd,  
Just as you stand and lean on the rail, yet hurry with the swift current, I stood yet was hurried,  
Just as you look on the numberless masts of ships and the thick-stemm'd pipes of steamboats, I look'd.

I too many and many a time cross'd the river of old,  
Watched the Twelfth-month sea-gulls, saw them high in the air floating with motionless wings, oscillating their bodies,  
Saw how the glistening yellow lit up parts of their bodies and left the rest in strong shadow,  
Saw the slow-wheeling circles and the gradual edging toward the south,  
Saw the reflection of the summer sky in the water,  
Had my eyes dazzled by the shimmering track of beams,  
Look'd at the fine centrifugal spokes of light round the shape of my head in the sunlit water,  
Look'd on the haze on the hills southward and south-westward,  
Look'd on the vapor as it flew in fleeces tinged with violet,  
Look'd toward the lower bay to notice the vessels arriving,  
Saw their approach, saw aboard those that were near me,  
Saw the white sails of schooners and sloops, saw the ships at anchor,  
The sailors at work in the rigging or out astride the spars,  
The round masts, the swinging motion of the hulls, the slender serpentine pennants,  
The large and small steamers in motion, the pilots in their pilot-houses,  
The white wake left by the passage, the quick tremulous whirl of the wheels,  
The flags of all nations, the falling of them at sunset,  
The scallop-edged waves in the twilight, the ladled cups, the frolicsome crests and glistening,  
The stretch afar growing dimmer and dimmer, the gray walls of the granite storehouses by the docks,  
On the river the shadowy group, the big steam-tug closely flank'd on each side by the barges, the hay-boat, the belated lighter,  
On the neighboring shore the fires from the foundry chimneys burning high and glaringly into the night,  
Casting their flicker of black contrasted with wild red and yellow light over the tops of houses, and down into the clefts of streets.



Answer to launch attendant quiz: it's THEO, Julius' younger brother!



### **MEMBER INTRODUCTIONS**

If you are interested in sharing a story with other club members in a future issue, please send it to Bob. The content and focus of the story are up to you. Submissions should be limited to 500 words. The author will be able to review and accept edits before publication.

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