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## NEW HAVEN YACHT CLUB NEWSLETTER

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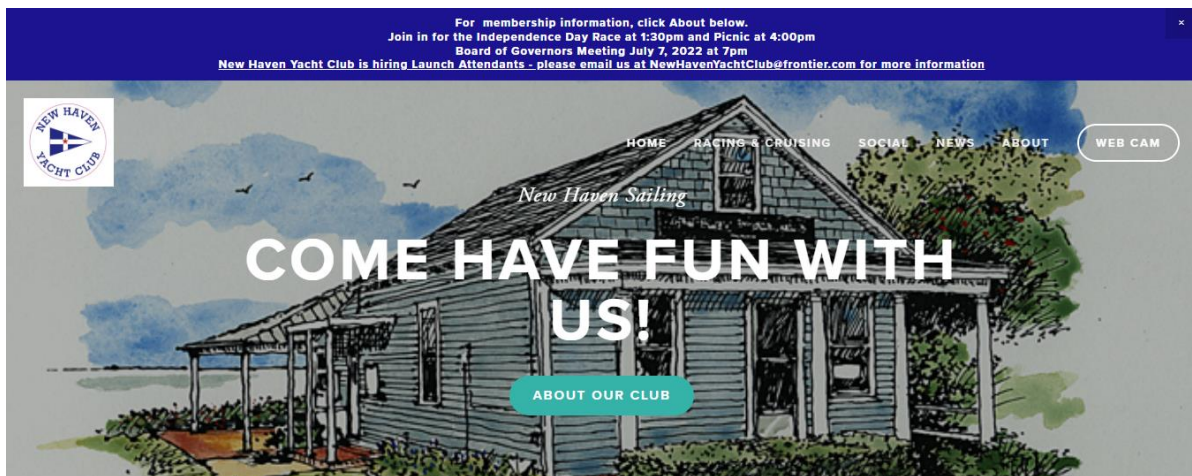
# NOAA DROPS FEBRUARY FROM CALENDAR: HENCEFORTH AUGUST WILL RUN TWICE



*Washington, exclusive to this publication:* a spokesman for the Marine Weather Service of the National Atmospheric and Oceanic Administration announced Tuesday that February would no longer be recognized as a month. In its place, August will run twice. “Climate change is a fact. Summers are getting longer and hotter; we might as well have the months that match,” said Noah Booley at a Commerce Department press conference. “February was getting to feel a lot like April anyway. February had become a month that was irrelevant except for presidential birthdays and Groundhog Day. And do I have to remind you that last Groundhog Day Punxsutawney Phil died of heatstroke? I mean, who needs that degree of irony? It’s better to say ‘sayonara’ to the whole idea of February. It’s a month we can do without.” When asked how the Administration hoped to fit a second, 31-day month of August into the slot vacated by February – which normally only runs 28 days – Mr. Booley said the question was “under discussion.” “We’ll have an answer to that after the midterms,” he said. “In the meantime, we’ll have twice as many days of August weather that actually happen in August.”

# Carlo sez...

Tentative fall work party dates are October 22nd, 23rd, 29th, and 30th. Assignments will be sent by the end of August so that everyone can plan their schedules.



## Sailor Profiles

# REGGIE GETS EVERYTHING RIGHT

Reggie Harcourt, 41:

*I love steering my boat. I especially love steering my boat on a day like today. Not a cloud in the sky; the water calm; there's good light, but not that crushing, midday light, you know? It's not too hot, I left the bimini cover zipped up. I like to unzip the bimini cover, but I like to leave it zipped up, too.*

*I love wearing this sweater when I steer my boat. I worked hard to get this exact sweater faded to just this color blue: not too dark, not too light -- navy blue, but not that dark navy blue they have in the navy.*

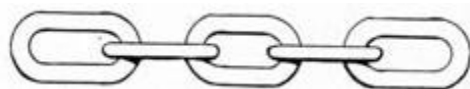


*I always grip the wheel as if I'm about the turn hard to starboard. That's an important part of how I steer my boat. When I steer my boat, I shave close three days before, then leave it alone and just shave my upper lip. I never wear sunglasses when I steer my boat. When I wear sunglasses you can't see my knowing, capable-sailor squint.*

*I like to look at the compass; I never use the chart plotter, but I know how to turn it on. The compass always shows south-southwest.*

*I like to be photographed from a low angle when I steer my boat. That way you can't see the dock behind me; you can't see the other boats at the dock; you just see me with the sky behind me.*

*I never learned to sail. Why would I want to? Most people who know about this -- most people who steer the way I do -- will tell you the same thing: when you've got everything just the way you want it, when you've got the slip and the boat IN the slip, just leave there. South-southwest all the way!*



## THIS MONTH'S LINK:

**"If it's something you love doing, it's not a job." John Xenides talks about life as captain of the New London ferry.**

It sounds like he's got it all figured out.

<https://youtu.be/TCQET7lr9B0>





## Spotted on Craigslist:

### 1972 Coronado 30 – free to a good home

Your newsletter was sincerely reluctant to publish another feature about a boat that's down on its luck and looking for a new owner. We were hoping to find a quirky-but-fun proposition to crew on a luxurious yacht that's maybe thinking of doing the Newport-Burmuda race next year. We wanted something spiffy and glamorous and a bit pretentious. Yet here we are pitching another free boat in need of a good powerwashing.

The owner, in Riverhead, NY, is moving. The boat is in the water. Readers are invited to come and sail it away.

As free boats go, this one looks like good value for money. The owner says the motor ran two years ago – just like everybody's congressman!



The sails look to be in poor condition, but they'd probably get you home.

Just be prudent going through Plum Gut!



# Wind-blown Pages

Your newsletter presents pages torn from nautical literature. Today's excerpt is from David McCullough's *The Wright Brothers* (2015). In the early autumn of 1900, Wilbur hires a boat to take him to the North Carolina Outer Banks for the first time. McCullough died last Sunday at the age of 89.

*The water was much rougher than the light wind had led them to expect, as Israel Perry pointed out several times, clearly "a little uneasy." The voyage ahead was forty miles.*

*The wind shifted and grew increasingly stronger. The waves, now running quite high, "struck the boat from below with a heavy shock and threw it back about as fast as it went forward," Wilbur would write. He had no experience with sailing, let alone rough water, but plainly the flat-bottom craft was woefully unsuited for such conditions.*

At 11 o'clock the wind had increased to a gale and the boat was gradually being driven nearer and nearer the north shore, but as an attempt to turn round would probably have resulted in an upset, there seemed nothing else to do but attempt to round the North River Light and take refuge behind the point.

*The situation suddenly became more dramatic still.*

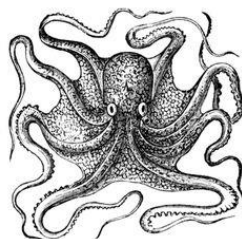
In a severe gust the foresail was blown loose from the boom and fluttered to leeward with a terrible roar... By the time we had reached a position even with the end of the point, it became doubtful whether we would be able to round the light... The suspense was ended by another roaring of the canvas as the mainsail also tore loose from the boom, and shook fiercely in the gale.

*By now their only chance was to take in the mainsail, let the boat swing stern to the wind, and, under the jib only, make a straight run over the sandbar. This, as Wilbur wrote, was a highly dangerous maneuver in such a sea, but somehow Perry managed without capsizing.*

*He would not land on sandbars for a thousand dollars, Perry told Wilbur. So they lay at anchor in the North River the remainder of the night. Having no stomach for any food Perry might have below, Wilbur dipped into a jar of jelly Katharine had packed in his bag and stretched out on the deck.*

*Setting the boat in order as best they could took half the next day. It was afternoon before they got under way again and not until nine that night were they anchored at Kitty Hawk, where again Wilbur slept on the deck.*

*He finally went ashore the next morning, September 13, two days after leaving Elizabeth City.*



**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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