**Upcoming Activities**

**August 13-14**  
**Sail Away**  
**West Harbor - Raft Up**

Raft-ups, a great way to get together, relax, play in and on the water and enjoy shared food and beverages.

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**August 20**  
**Sail on the Klondike**

Leaving New Rochelle @7:30 pm for a 4 hr cruise down the East River to the Statue of Liberty and back.  
*Includes buffet dinner (BYOB)*

Click on appropriate link to reserve your spot  
**SUS Members $75**  
**Guests $85**

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**Sail /Drive to Echo Bay Yacht Club**  
**Dinner & Dancing**

**Sept. 3, 5-9 pm**  
**Dinner 6:30**

**THE SAINTS**

$50 per person  
Buffet Dinner, Soft Drinks, Beer, Wine  
Optional: Bring your own hors d'oeuvres

Click [HERE](#) to pay & RSVP by August 30th  
EBYC Launch – Dock A – New Rochelle Municipal Marina

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**September 3-5 Labor Day Weekend Sail Away**  
**Echo Bay YC—Statue of Liberty**

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**August Birthdays**

Len Ances  8/2  
Gene Celentano  8/11  
Cynthia Scanlon  8/3  
Marie Taney  8/26  
Gale Egan  8/5

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**Welcome New Members!**

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<tr>
<td>Denise Brown</td>
<td>Crew</td>
<td>Stamford CT</td>
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Perseverance is defined as “persistence in doing something despite difficulty or delay in achieving success.” I thought this word would perfectly sum up my first experience at racing.

As you might imagine, the thought of it was a bit daunting, exciting and down right scary, however I was invited to crew and I wasn’t going to disappoint. It was a beautiful Sunday morning when the crew and I boarded Sha Ka Ree to set off for the big event. Cindy assigned our jobs to ensure that there weren’t any miscommunications when our sails would be filled with wind, rails in the water and we were neck and neck to win the day’s trophy. I took my seat port side, behind her with my clipboard, pen and a timer on my neck. I looked official, confident as if I’ve done this before. Haha! I was directed to jot down the course posted on the committee boat, good luck if I could see the letters identifying the marks to be rounded. Eventually, we got close enough to see two sets of 3 vertical letters directing us sailors to our marks: HOF & NJW. Which set do I pick? Hmmm…somehow that was sorted out and we input the correct set of marks into our chart plotter and off we went. Well, we had to wait. The AP Flag, a general purpose postponement flag, was flying, indicating that there was a postponement. We sailed in circles with our competitors, until we heard our first horn directing us to make our way over to the starting marker. This was my signal to start my timer and get the crew ready for our launch in the race. Counting down, 5-4-3-2-1 minutes the race was off! We tried, we really tried to get to the starting line. The wind was not in our favor. We watched as the big boys sailed off, with their special material sails, moving further and further away from us. Eventually, we got to the start line. One would think that we would be disappointed, mad, and even upset. We weren’t, we laughed, we learned and we tried new tactics. Eventually, we rounded the first mark and shortly thereafter, we learned that the race was over and the next race would be starting soon. We didn’t give up. We continued on to the next mark “J” and laughed, hooted and hollered when we made it. A group decision was made to bail out before reaching the last mark and officially withdrew from the race. So we did, and we were Sha Ka Ree proud as we did not give up, we persevered!

Commodore’s Corner—Peter Luciano

Fall Sailing

The SUS annual cruise is behind us, multiple boats participated, sailing as far as Martha’s Vineyard. Although the winds could have been better, La Bella Vita crew had a great time, including meeting up with other member boats, visiting new places, catching a Bonito in Block Island sound, and enjoying a great sail home on Sunday. Check the photos in this newsletter.

Fall is just around the corner, the winds will be getting stronger and it is a great time of the year to sail in Long Island Sound. Janet has a list of boats that will be sailing this fall and some skippers will be looking for crew. You can get full details on what is happening and how to join on our website, just click Day & Twilight Sails - Singles Under Sail. I encourage all members, especially the new ones, to call a skipper and go sailing this fall.

Pete
CRUISE—Click HERE to see ALL cruise photos
Vice Commodore’s Message—Janet Steinberg

Cruising

The annual club cruise has been the traditional “banner” on the water” event in SUS.

As new and seasoned crew we have learned and understand what is involved in sailing a cruising boat and we understand that we are not just passengers getting to a destination!

While cruising, even the simplest trip involves planning and preparation. The principles are the same. Some things to consider:

**DESTINATION SELECTION** - How far and how long will it take? Will there be a dock, mooring, anchorage? Do we need to make a reservation? Cost?

**PREPARATION** - Is the boat ready for the trip? Boat repairs and routine maintenance completed?, Fuel, VHF radio, GPS, safety equipment, first aid kit, et al..

**CREW SELECTION** - Skills, food provisioning, compatibility.

**WEATHER FORECAST** - Sea state, tide and currents and how will that affect the sailing conditions.

**LEAVING THE DOCK** - Leaving the dock procedures (wind and state of tide), time of departure, handling of lines, casting off, handling fenders.


**SETTING THE SAILS** - Raising the main, the jib, adjusting trim. halyards and sheets.

**JOURNEY WATCH** - Where are we now? Where is that on chart? Lookout for other vessels, who has right of way?

**ARRIVING AT DESTINATION HARBOR** - Land Ho! Identification of buoys, communication with land personnel via VHF, fenders and lines, appropriate knots to use.

**PREPARING TO DOCK** - Communicating with yacht club/marina, launch. using marine VHF radio, pick up buoy or set anchor, secure lines to a cleat when docking, get in and out of a dinghy/launch, and safely get on and off the dock at your destination.

**REMEMBER** - KEEP ONE HAND FOR THE BOAT WHILE ABOARD!

**ABOVE ALL** - BE SAFE AND HAVE FUN AND MAKE WONDERFUL MEMORIES!

Yes there is much to consider and the rewards are great: a wonderful time on the water with friends, creating memories that last a lifetime!

POP QUIZ by Gary Silberberg

**Answer to the July pop quiz**: What are the TWO purposes of a winch?

1. To provide mechanical advantage
2. To allow you to change the angle of effort. ie. when a line is wrapped on a winch you can move your position and still use the mechanical advantage.

There were NO submissions to that question, therefore, no winner. How come?

Come on, people, send in your answers! I won’t embarrass you if you are wrong, and maybe you can learn something!

**Addendum to June’s Pop Quiz**

If a sailboat is overtaking a powerboat, the sailboat must yield (ie. be the give way vessel) to the powerboat.

And yes, there are times when a sailboat overtakes a powerboat.

**Pop Quiz for August:**

Taken from your own already acquired boating knowledge and **without referring to the Internet, other members or other resources**, please submit your answer to the following.

**What geographical area is covered by Chart 1?** (NOTE: this is a trick question!)

The first person with the correct answer will have their name published in next month’s Masthead along with the correct answer. The reason I don’t want you to refer to the Internet or other resources is because, if you were out on a boat and encountered this/these situation(s) you would not have the time to consult.

Please email your answer to Gary Silberberg at GreenwichRealty@aol.com and put "POP QUIZ" in the subject.
Vice-Commodore Janet, sinking, sinking, sinking away... down and down and down cradled in the stern, seeming about to be awash in the wave rising over her head. Her hands resolutely grasping the wheel, eyes on the bow, pushing into the wind. Squatting on the cabin top, I watched. My feet braced against the hatch; my back painfully pressed against hardware in the mains' track. Arms straining high above to the boom to haul down the #2 reef line, shifting the halyard from my teeth to my knees.

And still Janet went down, the slow-motion scene now in my mind soundless as a dream, she was floating like a leaf wafting down toward the foamy wave.

Then stabbing pain, the shackle in my back wakened me in an instant to the roar of wind as the bow pitched down the backside of the wave. Janet now levitated into the sky above the water to pause, then glide down, down again, certainly to be enveloped in the oncoming grey green waters...

Sleepy sunrise, sunny Monday morning. The canal spit us out like a gumball at 8 knots into the bathtub of Cape Cod Bay. Janet, Maureen, and I had risen at 4:00 a.m. to catch the tide to start us off to Portland, Maine. Sky clear, water flat, calm, windless. Bright yellow sun saturated sky and water. Steaming north, the Cape shore arched away to the west until even the Boston skyline slipped away. We were alone and remote. Midafternoon a single freighter in the Boston shipping lanes crossed our path. We settled into motoring toward Portland. Planning to sail through the night, sail reduced, about 18:00 I sent the crew below to start some dinner and a watch list.

The radio had spoken of wind backing from SE to SW... “late” (NOAA meaning we don’t know when, just “in a while”). We had none. The flat, oily water ahead lay down to accept the descending sun.

Then, standing at the wheel, a breeze ruffled the back of my neck. A flutter of sail over to port. Looking sternward, a sudden startling sight. A half mile out a racing surface of stampeding cat’s paws wavelets, SE to SW as far as I could see. Coming faster at us than we traveled. “If you wonder if you should reef, reef!” The wind wall slammed the sail firmly over to starboard tack.

“All hands topside now! We need to reef! Now!” Dinner and watch list forgotten, Janet and Maureen jumped to the cockpit. Janet took the wheel. I went to the mast, Cur Non pitching like a crazed hobby horse. Even tethered, I sat down to do the work, watching Janet in the teacup of the stern sinking impossibly away as the bow lifted to oncoming waves. Reef cleated, one last look to the cockpit saw Janet rise in the air again like Mary Poppins to the passing wave. We turned north and as I crawled to the cockpit, we began a mad rolling broad reach in quartering waves toward Portland.

That SE wind was a devil constantly sneaking around the leach of the sail with Maureen now at the wheel, fighting against jibing. The quartering waves pushed the stern around like a cat with a mouse. The next three hours we all in turn tried to tame our dance partner.

The frustration of strong quartering waves is the twisting motion of the boat as they pass under. They will push the stern to port, pass under the keel and, laughing, then drag the bow to port, rolling the hull the whole while. Steering is a dance with the partner leading. Feel for the coming push, watch their feet and guess when they will reverse step. All the while, countering in a rhythm of opposite moves. Janet proved the best of us with this water tango. It kept up until 23:00. We’d had no food and no off-watch time. I decided we must eat something... something hot!

Below was a crazy Tilt-A-Whirl. I could not stand at the stove. Just going with it, I imitated a “fallen” position. Laying my chest on the bulkhead of the stove and stretching my legs straight out behind to plant my feet against the berth behind. Like a human cran over the stove, two robot arms swinging from stove to sink. I managed to boil a stew of couscous, chicken, and onions. A couple cute tins of steak and kidney pudding would have been lovely, but certain crew had not shipped those aboard. Lowering my stiffened crane body to the floor, I hanked up rations. Janet’s dance partner cruelly knocked the better portion of hers to the cockpit sole, but we all munched a little.

Conditions eased a little after 23:00. The promised SW wind shift announced itself with a breath on my left cheek. I called for a controlled jibe. Feeling at ease ourselves for only a moment. Up ahead a masthead steaming light bobbed in the blackness slowly eastward across our path. AIS showed it to be the training schooner, Harvey Gamage. We watched with some concern as it inched across our path, only the firefly of its mast light visible three miles ahead.

“Mayday! Mayday! Mayday! This is the sailing vessel Harvey Gamage.”

“This is the Coast Guard. What is your position?” They gave it. “Say again the name of your ship.”

“Harvey Gamage.”

“What damage do you have?”

“Injuries. This is the Harvey Gamage.”

“What damages?” The “who’s on first” continued for precious minutes. I had running commentary from my crew, Janet and Maureen, both career nurses.

“Injuries! Two students with head injuries! We sustained an accidental jibe (I could imagine!) Two students, one bleeding head injury. A third with trauma and panic. Need assistance! We need an airlift. How copy?”

“Good copy. What is your position?” They gave it again.

“Repeat, we need airlift. How copy?”

“Good copy. We cannot assist.”

...To be continued next month.
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* Board Member