



**"A Sailor is an
Artist Whose
Medium is the
Wind"**

-Webb Chiles

Searching for a way to honor the memory of their parents HCYC founding members Lorraine and Donald Merberg, their sons, Mitchel and Glenn, asked for input from Commodore Eddie Frank.

They were looking for an appropriate use for a planned

annual donation... Something that would pay tribute to the senior Merbergs as well as acknowledge their love of sailing and the part they played in starting the HCYC. Ideas were discussed... A special HCYC race named for the Merbergs? A college scholarship fund for the next generation of Yacht Clubbers? It was Chuck Manley who suggested we channel this donation to an Adapted Sailing Program. Adapted Sailing doesn't recognize physical limitations. Sailboats and equipment are modified to create crew-friendly configurations so people with disabilities can sail efficiently and safely while still enjoying all the thrills every sailor experiences. One chapter is administered out of the Nyack Boat Club. (Read more about the Nyack Adapted Sailors on page 13.) At our suggestion, the Merbergs will now be writing a check annually to the "Nyack Boat Club Adapted Sailing Program." Included in their donation will be the proceeds from a "GoFundMe" account they have established in their parents' names. Learn more about that account at <http://www.gofundme.com/L-D-Memorial-Fund>.

For our part, in recognition of Lorraine and Donald's contributions to the HCYC, our annual Labor Day Barbecue will be renamed

**"The Lorraine and Donald Merberg Memorial Barbecue."
Meet Mitchel and Glenn Merberg at this first annual event
Sunday, September 6th at 5 PM..**



Midnight Squalls, Gale-Force Winds, a Grounding Dilemma, one Scenic Trip Without the Scenery, and the Carton of Cigarettes that Started it All...

Mitchel Merberg Shares His and Brother Glenn's Warm Memories of Over Forty Years of Family Sailing



My father learned how to sail at the Offshore Sailing School on City Island, NY in 1970. His first boat (1971) was a 12-ft. "Sea Snark" purchased for \$88 and a box top from a carton of Kool cigarettes. We would car top that boat and sail it on Rockland Lake. His next boat circa 1973 was a 17-ft. O'Day



Daysailer which we kept on a trailer and launched each weekend. At around that time he joined the Nyack Boat Club so we could launch the boat from their facilities. I

recall my Mother and I attending a series of evening classes on sailing theory, sailing terms, safety, etc, at the NBC around 1977. While my mother enjoyed sailing she never had the passion for it my father had. She was more comfortable being a passenger and crew than sharing duties as co-captain. On land, it was a different story, she was always co-captain. They enjoyed an enviable 50-year marriage and partnership.

Around 1975, he moved up to an O'Day 23, which gave us the ability to cruise and eliminated the hassle of launching and pulling the sailboat every day we wanted to sail. Within a couple of years, he upgraded again to an O'Day 25. By this time my Dad had a few more years of experience under his belt, my Mother was more confident and comfortable being on the boat, and Glenn and I were both in our teens and fairly competent at the helm and trimming the sails. We sailed down the Hudson to experience Operation Sail in 1976. I also recall we spent several summer vacations cruising from the Nyack Boat Club out to the Long Island Sound, sometimes traveling as far as Block Island. I remember mooring overnight at the Manhasset and Sea Cliff Yacht Clubs and that we had some trepidation about returning home through Hell Gate in the East River. Our pleasant experiences staying at yacht clubs along the way had an impact on my father, which is what is partly responsible for the formation of HCYC.

One of our great lifetime memories centers around a midnight squall that blew in one night when we were moored in Port Washington. The gale force winds broke us free of our mooring, and we fired up the engine and rode out the storm, eventually tethering to another moored boat until the storm blew over. It was a harrowing and exhilarating experience that buoyed our confidence aboard our boats, and ultimately gave us the courage to do more adventurous cruising.

Another experience that I vividly remember, and which my father and I recalled and laughed about many times afterward, occurred around 1979. He and I planned a Father-Son trip to the Statue of Liberty. We left from Nyack Boat Club, stayed the night docked at the Alpine Boat Basin, and headed off at the crack of dawn to circle the Statue of Liberty and head home. We had timed the tides out just right so that we would have the current behind us the whole time and wouldn't be fighting it.

The wind had died and we had to motor. Getting low on gas we decided to fill up at the 79th Street Boat Basin. We pulled into the marina and the man on the fuel dock shouted over that they didn't have any gas left. As we circled around to leave, we ran aground. The tide had gone out just enough that our keel got stuck in the mud. We had to wait about an hour for the tide to finish going out and another two hours for it to come back in enough to float off. There was nothing to do but, talk, read and eat the cantaloupe which we had brought. Now the tide was heading north and we had to abandon our quest to circle the Statue of Liberty and just head back home. I think about that "adventure" every time I pass the 79th Street Boat Basin or eat cantaloupe.

In the early 80's my father again traded up to a Lancer 30-ft. sailboat and moved to Haverstraw Marina. He made many friends there, among them Ron Alfandre and Jeff Friedman. Ron, Jeff, Marc Halpern, and my father decided to start HCYC, in part, inspired by my father's experiences staying at other yacht clubs while he was a member at Nyack. Haverstraw Marina was great, but in order to have reciprocal privileges with other yacht clubs you had to be part of one yourself. Thus, they formed their own.

Over the years, my brother and I brought friends to sail with my parents at Haverstraw, and later my wife, then eventually my children sailed with Grandma and Grandpa. I think my father sold his sailboat in the late 1990s when he and my brother bought a vacation home on the Chesapeake Bay. Along with the house, he bought another 17-ft. O'Day to keep moored at the house. He kept that boat, named "Sweet Lorraine" after my mother (like all of his boats) the rest of his life. He sailed up to the summer before he passed away in January 2012, my mother predeceased him nine months before.

Glenn and I still love sailing. Glenn keeps "Mermaid," a 15-ft. Marshall Sandpiper catboat, at the Chesapeake Bay house and we often sail together on it.

We fondly remember two fantastic Father-Sons bareboat charter sailing trips in 1995 (to the British Virgin Islands) and in 1998 (to the Windward Islands, starting in Martinique and ending in St. Vincent). Over the years Glenn and I have both done separate bareboat charters back to the BVIs with our families and I did one to the Ionian Islands of Greece in 2010. We have recently begun talking about taking our families on the ultimate bareboat trip: to French Polynesia -- Tahiti and Bora Bora -- in 2016 or 2017.



The Snark that started it all still sailing in this 2008 photo. On board captain and first mate Mitchel and Harry Merberg.

— Mitchel Merberg