



To the Membership Committee at
Nantucket Yacht Club
Nantucket, Massachusetts

Dear Committee Members,

I do not usually complain. However, after Friday evening's dining experience, I feel compelled to say something on behalf of the membership.

The halibut was visibly exhausted.

Not overcooked — exhausted.

My son Tarantino took one bite, looked up from his iPad Pro, and quietly asked if the fish had "*died stressed.*"

Frankly, devastating commentary from a four-year-old with a very advanced palate.

Additionally:

- the truffle fries lacked confidence
- the burrata arrived room temperature
- and the espresso martini foam collapsed before wifey could get a photo to post on instagram

Wifey was so shaken she had to regroup with the tennis pro near the harbor for nearly 45 minutes.

I'm not asking for perfection.

I'm simply asking that the striped bass at a coastal yacht club display a basic understanding of seasoning and self-respect.

We pay substantial dues.

The least the kitchen can do is make the aioli feel intentional.

Warm regards,

Johnny Hilbrant Partridge

JOHNNY HILBRANT PARTRIDGE
Chairman, Summer Leisure Operations Committee
(self-appointed)

