



United States Power Squadrons

Come for the Boating Education...Stay for the FriendsSM

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City Island Sail and Power Squadron Newsletter



Celebrating our 35th Watch
Join Us!

The Commander's Corner



Welcome back! As summer goes the way of the dodo, we console ourselves with a great season ahead for the City Island Sail & Power Squadron. But before we start gloating about how great we're going to be this winter, let's gloat about how great we were last summer.

The Blessing of the Fleet was well attended by local boaters seeking the Lord's blessings for a safe boating season. Many thanks to Fenton Marine. The blessing is the central public event for our squadron and Fenton's generosity makes it possible. Thanks as well to Lt Gormley and XO, P/C Taylor for their hard work.

Our annual Rubin Meadows Raft Up was a roaring success. Some of our finest boats rafted up sharing food, friends and fine weather.

On a personal note, I am proud to report that our Squadron's flag vessel, S/V Willful (crewed by the intrepid - and occasionally sober - Troy Sill and Jeff Taylor) made a 26-hr passage from New Rochelle to Block Island. We waded ashore and planted our squadron's flag on the beach. We informed our new vassals that as long as the inhabitants of the island paid their quarterly tribute of rum to our Squadron in a timely matter, they would find us benevolent and kind overlords!

The Commander's Luau was a beach front delight. Alex Schibli and Noelva Vigoya again hosted the event at their stunning waterfront property. (Their staggering generosity and the hard work they do preparing for the party are equal to their outsized hearts.) Party-goers feasted on breathtaking views, a private beach and food lovingly prepared by Barry Watkins. The party again made me realize this basic truth: as Commander, I greatly depend on the hard and selfless work of my flag officer, Barbara Mandarano.

We have a tremendous season of classes, meetings and events ahead. Join us!

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Barbara Halecki, Editor



2017 Basic Marine Electrical Course



A Basic Marine Electrical Course was held at the Mandaranos' home during July and August. Pictured (left to right) are: Michael Croce, Ron Wolfe, Cathi Swett, Jeff Taylor (guest), Susanna Taylor, Barbara Halecki, Tim Halecki, Cheryl Chun-Burke and instructor Gary Mandarano. (Missing: Kim Behrens)

SEO's Corner

A New Pilot! -- One of our members recently passed the Piloting course. Congratulations to Scott Endsley and to his instructors, Ed and Jeff.

Upcoming Course -- Early next Spring, we will be offering the Advance Piloting (AP) course. The course will be open to any member who has passed Piloting. Watch for further details!

For additional educational information, please contact Richard Welch at nyteacher1@gmail.com or (386) 320-2488

Good & Welfare

Condolences to P/C Gary Mandarano and P/C Joyce Mauro and their families on the passing of their parents Pat Mandarano on July 3, 2017 and Jean Mandarano on September 22, 2017.

Connect with Us

- www.cityislandpowersquadron.org
 - Find us on Facebook: City Island Sail & Power Squadron
 - For information on upcoming events, contact Troy Sill at: troydsill@gmail.com
 - For information on the America's Boating Course, contact Richard Welch at: cityislandabc@gmail.com
- For information on other class offerings, contact Richard Welch at: cityislandabc@gmail.com

Have a story or an announcement you would like to submit? Please send it to Barbara Halecki at: halecki@juno.com

Nautical Terms

Taken Down a Peg - This expression comes from the practice of superior officers having their flags positioned higher on the mast than subordinates. The flags would be attached to the mast by a peg. If a senior officer had to hand over his command to a junior, his flag would become subordinate or “be taken down a peg”.

Tidy - This is derived from the word “tide”, hence its meaning of being well arranged and very methodical.

Windfall - At one point, English landowners were prevented from cutting timber since it was reserved for building ships for the Royal Navy. This rule did not, however, apply to trees that were blown down. Hence, a “windfall” became known as a financial blessing.

**** Special thanks to Barbara Mandarano, SN who submitted all event pictures. ****

Blessing of the Fleet

There was a good turnout for June's "Blessing of the Fleet" to kick off a safe boating season.



Summer Raft-Up at Ruben Meadows



Summer Beach Party / Luau

Special thanks to Alex Schibli and Noelva Vigoya for their hospitality



Summer Beach Party /Luau (cont'd)



Dangerous Pace, Dangerous Race

Submitted by Jeff Taylor, SN

Andy Lubimov, our captain, stared into my eyes in the pre-dawn darkness, shouting to be heard above the noise of 20 knot winds and 8 foot seas. "I'll go forward and raise the pole; we'll ease the guy and sheet, and spill some air under the spinnaker. That should help." I had just been insisting that I couldn't keep control of the boat like this.

It was the wee hours of Saturday morning and we were more than halfway through the Around Long Island Regatta (ALIR), an annual sailboat race hosted by the Sea Cliff Yacht Club. Last year, on Andy's Jenneau 37 ft. sloop, "Duet", we came in first in our division. This year, we discussed ahead of time whether we should stay in the same division we won last year, or kick Duet up a notch into a spinnaker division. It would be much more challenging, with stiffer competition from other boats and much greater demands on the crew in terms of skill, stamina, nerve and pure endurance. I'm proud to say everybody wanted to move up. Some of our crew of nine had lots of experience with spinnakers and the rest trained on Duet in advance of this race. Among the crew were CISPS own Steve Kornspun and Andy's son, Vlad.

When Andy said he was going to the foredeck to ease the foot of the spinnaker, I knew what he was doing would surely help. I just wasn't sure it would be enough.

Steering a 37 ft boat under spinnaker in a strong wind with boisterous seas is a great challenge. Both the wind and the sea were on our starboard quarter, out of the northeast. The boat was going wonderfully fast, surfing down the face of each wave, the hull actually breaking free of the water and planing over the surface like a huge surfboard. Every time it did that, it would make a tremendous whoosh, clearly audible above the roar of wind and sea, and you could feel the boat surge forward as if she would take off and fly. The crew seemed really exhilarated -- a little crazy even, like a pod of killer whales on a strong scent of blood.

Every time we reached the crest of a wave, before she would break free and surf, the wind would roll her to port and try to tear the wheel from my hands. If I let go, we'd broach and blow over on our side. That could cause us to capsize and possibly sink.

Heading too far off the wind could cause a jibe where the main and boom would crash across the boat, slamming into the rigging on the opposite side. The boat could also pitchpole, with the bow plunging into the back of the next wave, tipping the vessel end-for-end. Avoiding these disastrous events takes balance, carefully steering just the right course to keep the boat upright and moving fast. But the higher the wind and sea, and the more sail you have up, the more it's like sailing on a razor's edge. Needless to say, adrenaline was running high among the crew of Duet.

As Andy made his way across the pitching foredeck towards the spinnaker pole, somebody yelled, "Jeff, you see those boats?" There were two other sailboats not far off the port bow, visible in the dark mostly by their navigation lights. One suddenly made a hard turn to starboard, straight into our path. It was instantly clear we were on a collision course.

Dangerous Pace, Dangerous Race (cont'd)

“We have to blow the spinnaker!” I yelled above the din. Steve stared ahead for another split second. “OK,” he shouted, “blow the chute.”

Vlad, Andy’s son, was standing nearby with the spinnaker guy line in his hand. He stared fixedly, not at the boat we were about to collide with, but at Duet’s own foredeck, where his father was trying to adjust the pole. Andy looked back, but had no clue there was any problem. Vlad let out a warning bellow and turned loose the line.

The guy line flew forward like some demonic whip. At the same instant, the eighteen-foot metal spinnaker pole next to Andy’s head lurched and spun out, flailing around like a giant ninja sword. Andy quickly got it under control and the pressure on the helm was instantly relieved. The other boat crossed our bow with less than fifty feet to spare -- a lot closer than you ever want to get in that kind of weather.

Andy was unaware of what happened and came storming back to the cockpit with fire in his eyes, demanding a reason for our stupidity. When we pointed out the boat we had just missed, he calmed right down. But with very little sleep and too much adventure in the last 36 hours, he needed to collect himself. After all, the spinnaker pole had rocketed right past him, missing his head by an inch.

Vlad was also clearly quite upset. I told him he had done the right thing and his father would agree. Andy quickly reassured his son and we all got control of ourselves again. There’s a funny thing about reefing (or reducing sail to take some of the pressure off the helm and rig). Very often when you reef down, the boat is not only safer and easier to handle, but it goes just as fast as before -- sometimes even faster. My father used to say, “Less haste, more speed.” Sometimes that old adage applies like a law of physics.

We rode that storm for hours and flew down the Sound at breakneck speed, averaging nearly eight knots. We arrived at the finish in Manhasset Bay around 11am. The waves were somewhat smaller but the wind was still blowing thirty-five knots.

With the race finished, we sailed home with Andy at the helm. I stood on the foredeck, calmly regarding the still raging wind and water. Andy had the helm well in hand, we were twenty minutes from Duet’s slip on City Island, and the fight was over. We exchanged satisfied, victorious smiles and finally started breathing a little easier.

Are we crazy? Stupid? Will we ever do such an insane, exhausting, potentially dangerous thing again? No of course not. At least not ‘til next year.

Mark Your Calendars

- October 19th - General Membership Meeting at City Island Yacht Club at 20:00
- November 11th - D/4 Fall Conference (details TBA)
- November 12th - Veterans' Parade (meet at 11am at Tremont and Lafayette Ave)
- November 16th - General Membership Meeting at City Island Yacht Club at 20:00
- December - Holiday Cheer Party (details to be announced)
- January 18th - General Membership Meeting at Leonard Hawkins Post - 550 City Island Av
- January 24th to 28th - NY Boat Show at the Jacob Javits Center
- January 28th - Founder's Day Celebration at the Larchmont Yacht Club

The next newsletter deadline is January 15.

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