



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 34th Watch

We are family.

The Commander's Corner



As I write my last Commander's message, I find myself very nostalgic and retrospective about my USPS experience. The first thing that comes to mind is the friendships that I have made and how those friendships have enhanced my life. Then I think about the boating community. I reflect on how we as a Squadron have contributed to making recreational

boating safer and in doing so have undoubtedly saved lives. Finally, my mind turns to my personal achievements. I joined USPS in December of 1990 and I was extremely excited about continuing my boating education. Very soon after joining, I was asked by the Commander to fill a vacancy and become the Squadron's Historian (a lieutenant's position). I was honored and excited to receive an officer's flag. I decided that I wanted a uniform and Marge Phelan (our squadron's first female commander) offered me her old uniform. Marge was a remarkable woman. She was a Past Commander, the 2nd woman in USPS to earn the grade of N (Full Certificate, now known as SN) and had attained Life Member status (25 merit marks). Her uniform was decorated with as much braid and insignia as almost any past squadron commander's could have been. I had to remove it all and, in its place, put my single red trident.

Now, over 25 years later, I am excited and most proud to report that I have achieved the grade of Senior Navigator. It was not easy for me. Many times during many courses I considered quitting. I stayed the course throughout the years because of my CISPS instructors and their dedication to our educational mission. I must especially thank Jeff Taylor (my Navigation instructor) who constantly pushed, urged and tirelessly supported me through Navigation. At the end of this year I will have earned my 25th merit mark and will become a Life Member. Marge Phelan's uniform can finally be restored to its former glory.

In closing, I would like to say thank you to the entire membership who made these two watches so successful and enjoyable. Thank you for your support and may God bless you.

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Barbara Halecki, Editor



And the Award Goes to.....

P/C Jeffrey Taylor, SN



Celebrating P/C Jeffrey Taylor, SN --- Winner of the 2016 National Charles F. Chapman Award for Excellence in Teaching. This picture was taken at our November General Meeting.

**CITY ISLAND SAIL & POWER SQUADRON
IS MOST GRATEFUL TO OUR MEMBERS FOR THEIR SERVICE
TO OUR SQUADRON DURING 2016.
MERIT MARK RECOMMENDATIONS WERE APPROVED
BY OUR CHIEF COMMANDER FOR THE FOLLOWING:**

- Alvarez, Franz
- Bocchimuzzo, Vincent
- Croce, Michael
- Duffy, James
- Elliott, Hezikeigh
- Evers, Charles
- Fenton, Robert
- Font, Nelson
- Gormley, Dennis
- Halecki, Barbara
- Halecki, Timothy
- Hawley, Amy E.
- Keane, Kevin
- Kornspun, Steven
- Luciano, Robert
- Mandarano, Barbara
- Mandarano, Gary
- Mauro, Joyce
- McKay, Harrison
- Schibli, Alex
- Shimansky, Edward
- Sill, Troy
- Simotas, Eugenia
- Simotas, Jerry
- Stevis, Nick
- Taylor, Jeffrey
- Taylor, Susanna
- Vigoya, Noelva
- Warncke, Marguerite
- Warncke, Michael
- Welch, Richard
- Wilson, Delius

Connect with Us

- www.cityislandpowersquadron.org
- Find us on Facebook: City Island Sail & Power Squadron
- For information on upcoming events, contact Barbara Mandarano at: barb.mandarano@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

Looking Back...

This copy of an early Yachting magazine article was contributed by P/C Jim Duffy. It announces USPS sponsoring of harbor battalions and the extraordinary value placed upon successful completion of a USPS Navigation course.

April, 1951

50 Cents



141 HARBOR BATTALIONS FORMING: Squadrons on both oceans and on the inland waters have responded to the Army's appeal for aid in organizing harbor craft battalions. These squadrons are acting under the Army affiliation program, which provides for the sponsoring by civilian organizations of service-type units of the organized reserve corps. Army marine-type units have been described as "critically short" of men with skills required for service in them. The Potomac River (Washington), St. Petersburg (Fla.) and Long Beach (Cal.) squadrons each have agreed to sponsor a battalion. Cleveland, Ashtabula, Painesville, Akron and Vermilion are jointly co-sponsoring one battalion. Mobile, New Orleans and Sue Island (Baltimore) were in negotiations for agreements, according to recent information, and Chicago and Detroit were disclosed informally to be ready to sign agreements when negotiations could be completed. Toledo, Fostoria and Sandusky had been prepared to co-sponsor a battalion, but in view of the activation of an Army harbor craft unit in the Toledo area, did not go forward with the project. The Army is making available a 65' T class wooden hulled vessel for training purposes to battalion sponsors.

How well USPS instruction is adapted to the Army's requirements is shown by a regulation affecting the Officers' Reserve Corps which says that applicants for harbor craft specialist positions "may substitute four years of qualifying experience in lieu of graduation from a recognized college or university, or a United States Power Squadron's certificate as a Navigator".

NAVIGATION CLASS CELEBRATES!

ALL STUDENTS PASSED OPEN BOOK EXAM!

Congratulations to Steve Kornspun and Susanna Taylor on passing the open book portion of the Navigation course - all that remains is for them to shoot their sights and submit their site folders.

And Congratulations to our new SENIOR NAVIGATORS, Barbara and Gary Mandarano!

Special thanks to our Navigation instructor, P/C Jeff Taylor whose subject knowledge, great teaching, tireless dedication, commitment and effort got us all through this course! Jeff Rocks!



Navigation class (from left to right): P/C Gary Mandarano, Cdr Barbara Mandarano, P/C Jeffrey Taylor (Instructor), P/C Susanna Taylor and Lt Steven Kornspun.

Nautical Terms

Above Board: Pirates often hid their crews below decks. Ships that showed their crew were considered to be honest merchants who were “above board”.

In the Doldrums: The Doldrums is an ocean area on either side of the equator. The wind here is weak and inconsistent, leaving ships stranded.

Mind your P’s and Q’s: Sailors often got bar credit until they were paid. Drinks were tallied as P’s (pints) and Q’s (quarts) and they had to “behave” so they’d have enough money to pay their bill.

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The Circle of Life



Several members recently became proud grandparents! Congratulations to:

- Kevin and Mini Keane on the birth of their grandson, Brayden
- Ed and Carol Shimansky on the birth of their grandson, Samuel Barra
- Steve and Lauren Kornspun on the birth of their grandson, Levi Kornspun-Klein



Our condolences go out to the family of recently deceased former-member and avid sailor Nick Argiento.

Our Holiday Party

Pictures Submitted by Cdr Barbara Mandarano, SN!

The squadron's 2016 Holiday Party was held at Juliano's on December 3rd. A great time was had by all. Check out these beautiful pix of the event!



Our Holiday Party (Cont'd)



The Road to Windsurfing (and Back Again?)

Submitted by P/C Jeff Taylor, SN

Almost thirty years ago, I learned to windsurf. I wasn't very good at it, but I did manage to get back and forth from the dock to the two-mile buoy in Monterey Bay without falling too often. I could even tack once in a while without plunging into the briny drink. Once in a while. Just barely. Sue and I were a recent item back then. She was a sergeant with four years of active duty under her belt. I was a new recruit, fresh from basic training. We shared a little apartment near the ocean.

The rig I used would be considered a monster by today's more technologically advanced standards. The board itself was eight feet long, too wide and heavy to carry under my arm. It was cheap to rent - \$15 for the whole weekend - from the Army Rec Center. It was a pain in the logistical neck to maneuver the gigantic windsurfer on land. I would tie it to the roof of my rusty old Celica to haul it around. The board was almost as long as the car and the mast stuck out past the bumpers on both ends. Once parked at near apartment, I would untie it, wrestle it into the courtyard, up the stairs and down to our door. There, I balanced it on the hand rail, pivoted ninety degrees and gingerly edged it into the living room where, with the mast and boom, it took up most of the space. Naturally I was far more concerned with the board than the furniture. Sue must have thought I was crazy. In fact, I think she still does.

My first attempt at windsurfing was a demoralizing, backbreaking ordeal. Having read a small pamphlet or something, I was supremely confident I understood exactly how it was done. I was soon dragging the unwieldy contraption into the gentle waves. The mast had a short, heavy rope attached, which you were supposed to pull on while standing on the board, until you got the mast upright and the sail up in the wind. The first time I tried it, the sail was floating in the water to windward of me (not good). As soon as I lifted it enough for the light breeze to get under the luff of the sail, the thing flipped up into the air and came down on my head, forcefully knocking me into the water. Once I figured out it was better to lift the sail into the wind from the leeward side, other problems arose.

With the sail floating to leeward, I leaned down and pulled on the rope 'til the mast and the luff of the sail came up out of the water a couple of feet. At that point, the small portion of the sail that was exposed to the wind filled up with the breeze and the board started moving across the water at a good clip. Then I fell over backwards into the drink, no doubt making a great impression on my future wife. After a good bit of flailing around, I finally got to the place where I could grit my teeth and hold on to that rope for dear life for a gradually increasing period of time. The board would race through the water at more and more exhilarating speeds until I would finally fall backwards into Monterey Bay yet again.

That bit of progress was so intoxicating, I didn't stop to consider that while the sailboard was rushing along at ever more exciting speed, I had virtually no control over it. I have a vague memory of Sue yelling something incoherent at me from the beach, but all I registered was a mild annoyance that she couldn't recognize how quickly I was mastering this difficult skill and how amazing my progress was. When I looked to see where she was, she had turned into a tiny little dot, her arms just visible, apparently running up and down the beach screaming something frantically. This gave me pause.

Windsurfing (cont'd)

I was enough of a sailor by this time to know that getting back to the beach would be quite a task. The method for actually steering suddenly didn't seem quite as clear and logical to me as it had when I stood safely on the beach. And I had an intense backache from hanging onto that stupid rope. I tried swimming toward the beach, dragging the board behind me. Next I tried lying prone on top of it and paddling, like surfers do. Finally, it occurred to me that I might balance the mast, boom and sail across the board, then lie on top of the whole pile, and paddle. This proved to be the solution. The trip back took twice as long as the trip out and, no doubt, made an even sadder impression on the poor, long-suffering woman still faithfully waiting for me on the beach.

Sue was not pleased, to say the least. But I was perversely determined to master the thing. The next day I came out and tried again, for hours. Gradually things improved, although I could hardly sleep at night with the backache. This became my pattern every weekend. And, somehow, I did learn to keep my eye on my distance from shore after that first outing.

By the third week, I had progressed to the point where I could stand up and keep the sail completely out of the water for whole minutes at a time. One morning, sailing close to shore in a very light breeze, I noticed a large, thin black fin slicing through the water. It had only part of my attention, since at this early stage of skill, staying on top of the board still required a laser-like mental focus. I assured myself that the fin belonged to a sea lion.

What happened next is one of those things you never forget. The fin broke the surface again and I could clearly see the creature attached to it. It set off an instinctive reaction at some deep, Darwinian level as the word burst into my brain: "SHARK!" It was almost as long as my board. He was so close I could see his eyes sizing me up. He was travelling dead slow as he closed in for a pass and I could count the Remora fish swimming in his wake. I swear my knees were knocking loudly enough to be heard on the beach and I prayed I wouldn't wipe out now. For reasons I will never understand, the shark decided not to make me his lunch that day. Perhaps he simply wasn't hungry or perhaps I didn't look tender enough.

Days later, when my heart stopped pounding, I told some "old salt" fishermen my shark tale. I was sure they would be impressed by my close encounter. To my embarrassment, they laughed like it was the best joke they'd heard all day. "Oh, that was just a blue shark," they said, not interested enough to look up from baiting their hooks. "They're all over here. Totally harmless." All I can say is those fishermen saw sharks from their big, safe fishing boat and not nearly as close as I had been.

Over the remaining weeks and months of my time in Monterey, I got much better at windsurfing. Once it became easier, it was also far more fun. I became a full-fledged addict. Being on a sail board makes you a part of the wind and water and it feels like flying.

The army sent me from Monterey to Germany, where there was no windsurfing. After returning Stateside, the windsurfing habit never came back. The water in NY is cold. Finding the perfect access to the water is not so easy. Still, I've never forgotten the thrill, even after thirty-odd years.

Sue and I are going for an extended six-week vacation in Isla Verde in San Juan, Puerto Rico. She found me a windsurfing school just down the beach from our rental condo. I think I'll check it out.

DAILY NEWS NYDailyNews

28 Wednesday, January 25, 2017

New kin rule warms Hart

BY RICH SCHAPIRO
NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

THE CITY'S Potter's Field on Hart Island is becoming a little more welcoming.

The number of people permitted to visit graves at the mass burial site each month is increasing from 50 to 70 under an agreement between the city and the New York Civil Liberties Union.

"Hart Island is sacred ground for family members of the generations of people who suffered the indignity of mass burial, and this increase in gravesite visitation is one more step toward honoring the memory of people buried there," NYCLU Associate Legal Director Christopher Dunn said Tuesday.

The agreement comes 18 months after the city settled a lawsuit allowing families to visit their relatives' unmarked graves for the first time.

Families were previously restricted to a memorial area on the island located a distance away from the burial sites.

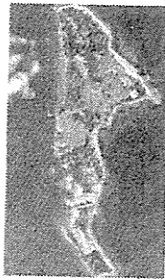
Visitors reach the site by ferry from nearby City Island in the Bronx.

Now the resting place for an estimated 1 million bodies, Hart Island (photo) has served as the last stop for the poor or unidentified since 1868.

The mile-long island, which is the city's only active Potter's Field, is controlled by the city Correction Department.

A Correction Department spokeswoman said the agency has "sought to maximize access and facilitation of such visits" after the 2015 policy shift.

"This expansion furthers that goal in a manner consistent with visitor security and safety concerns," the spokeswoman added.



This article in The Daily News, presents info on a change to visiting rules for families of those buried on Hart Island, nearby neighbor of City Island.

Mark Your Calendars

- February 19th – 26th - USPS Annual Meeting at the Rosen Centre Hotel, Orlando, FL
- March 10th -12th - D/4 Spring Conference at the Marriott Hotel, Park Ridge, NJ
- March 16th – CISPS ANNUAL MEETING & ELECTIONS at the City Island Yacht Club
- March 19th - D/4 Memorial Service at St. Albans Church, Staten Island, NY
- April 1st – CISPS CHANGE OF WATCH GALA at Juliano's, New Rochelle, NY

The next newsletter deadline is May 15.

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