



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

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United States Power Squadrons

City Island Sail and Power Squadron Newsletter



Celebrating our 35th Watch
Join Us!

The Commander's Corner



The squadron will be relieved to know that, at the Commander's request, Jeff Taylor has consulted his almanacs, sextants, and calendars, and he assures me it is a mathematical certainty that spring is coming. In fact, P/C

Taylor informs me that, at this very moment, the Earth is hurtling toward the sun, which is very reassuring in one way and very unnerving in another.

Regardless, it's been a delightful winter. The annual Christmas party was a thumping success. Esprit la rie and warm holiday wishes were the order of the day. The Commander's thanks to my Flag Lieutenant P/C Mandarano for assuring that the party would be another triumph.

Next, the squadron's Founders Day brunch was held at the historic Larchmont yacht club. Squadron members, family, and friends enjoyed the club's splendid buffet and breathtaking views.

Well, *IF* Jeff is to be believed, and I have always found him reliable in matters celestial, Spring is around the corner. So, shipmates, drop by the marina and tell your boat not to lose hope. She'll be in the water soon. Warm summer days, fun meetings, and social events await our squadron.

Fun is on the horizon. Join us!

Your loving Commander,

Troy

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Barbara Halecki, Editor



You and your guests are cordially invited to attend

CITY ISLAND SAIL & POWER SQUADRON'S

36th Annual *CHANGE OF WATCH GALA*

Saturday, 14 April 2018, beginning at 1900

Juliano's Caterers - 700 Main St., New Rochelle, NY 10801

Includes: Cocktails and Hors D'oeuvres, Dinner (with salad; pasta; choice of Prime Rib, Chicken Francese, Fillet of Sole Florentine or Vegetarian/Vegan entrée; dessert; coffee/tea)

OPEN BAR

Dancing to the live music of Alive N Kickin' Trio

Installation of the New Bridge and Presentation of Awards

Cost: \$75 per person / \$25 for children under 12 (Dress - men: suits / women: semi-formal)

Send checks (made out to "CISPS") by 31 March to:
Barbara Mandarano, 3311 Radio Drive, Bronx, NY 10465
For additional info, call Barbara at (718) 792-0897

**CITY ISLAND SAIL & POWER SQUADRON
IS MOST GRATEFUL TO OUR MEMBERS FOR THEIR SERVICE
TO OUR SQUADRON DURING 2017
MERIT MARK RECOMMENDATIONS WERE APPROVED
BY OUR CHIEF COMMANDER FOR THE FOLLOWING:**

- Alvarez, Franz
- Bieniewicz, Gary
- Bocchimuzzo, Vincent
- Chun-Burke, Cheryll
- Croce, Michael
- Duffy, James
- Elliott, Hezikeigh
- Fenton, Robert
- Gormley, Dennis
- Halecki, Barbara
- Hawley, Amy E.
- Keane, Kevin
- Kornspun, Steven
- Luciano, Robert
- Mandarano, Barbara*
- Mandarano, Gary*
- Mauro, Joyce
- Santiago, Carmen
- Schibli, Alex
- Shimansky, Edward
- Sill, Troy
- Simotas, Eugenia
- Simotas, Jerry
- Swett, C. Catherine
- Taylor, Jeffrey
- Taylor, Susanna
- Vigoya, Noelva
- Vitaglione, Glenn
- Welch, Richard
- Wilson, Delius

***Congratulations to our new Life Members.
(Life Members have earned 25 Merit Marks.)**

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

Blind Eye - In 1801, during the Battle of Copenhagen, Admiral Nelson deliberately held his telescope to his blind eye so that he would not see the signal to stop the bombardment. He won. “Turning a blind eye” means to intentionally ignore something.

By the Boards - Boards refers to the wood that makes up a ship’s deck and planking. To go by the boards meant to throw over the side or to pass by the side of a vessel. Today, it generally represents a missed opportunity.

Clean Slate - Prior to the GPS and onboard computers, courses and distances were recorded on a slate. At the end of each watch, these were transcribed into the ship's log and the slate was wiped clean for the next watch. Thus, it means starting anew.

Jury Rig - A repair to keep a disabled ship sailing until it could make port, such as erecting a jury sail when the mast was lost. Thus, the term represents a quick or temporary fix.

Holiday Party

**** Special thanks to 1st/Lt Michael Croce, P who submitted these pictures. ****



Holiday Party (Continued)



Block Island Adventure

Submitted by Jeff Taylor, SN

I'm looking out my back window, watching the snow gradually cover the backyard, while the radiator emits a reassuring hiss with heat that warms me to the bone. There's a white-gold disc low in the clouds where the distant sun shines through dimly, although it's still only mid-afternoon. The light outside is silver and seems to come from everywhere at once, filtered through the low clouds and reflecting off the blanket of snow. The wet, thick snow covers every twig with white frosting and the world looks like it's made of spun sugar. Everything seems translucent and surreal as I start to daydream. The warmth of the radiator takes me right back to the long hot days of last summer, the blinding sunlight and the excessive heat. Of course, I'm thinking about last year's sailing. It was a beautiful sailing season for me, although mostly on OPBs (other people's boats). In particular, I'm dreaming of the passage Troy Sill and I made to Block Island on his Columbia sloop, "Willful".

We had spent a week or so in 2016 touring a few of the small towns along the shores of western Long Island Sound, happy to hang out on the boat awhile, but not very ambitious about travelling far and wide. This year, still severely limited in terms of time, we wanted to push our horizons further east. We decided to head for Block Island in one shot, knowing it would take us over twenty-four hours to get there. We left fairly early in the morning on the last day of July, figuring we could sail right through the night and arrive at our destination sometime after daybreak the next day.

It was almost dead calm when we dropped the mooring in New Rochelle, and we motor-sailed for a while across glassy smooth water in the early morning haze. Then the wind picked up and blew a sweet, steady southwesterly all day long at ten or twelve knots. The sun was warm and bright, but not blistering. Steering was a pleasure, leaning back into a cushion propped against the cockpit coaming and taffrail. The captain kept busy in the galley, feeding me breakfast and then sandwiches and drinks all day. He did his share of the steering as well, while all I had to do was soak it all in and go below for a nap when I was tired. The sun rose before us, marched to the meridian high up in the south, then slowly set behind us. The day was gone before we knew it, but half a year later, the pleasant memory seems as if it all happened just a few minutes ago.

If anything, the night was even sweeter. It was still warm and clear, and the wind kept up as steady as an old friend to make steering a pure, easy joy. Troy had cooked up some stew before sundown and kept food and drink coming into the cockpit all night long. The moon shined its bright light down on the sound from sunset until it sank below the western horizon, a few of hours before dawn. I remember feeling like this was all going to be over too soon; that I was going to be sad when we arrived. The only thing steadier than the wind was the captain, relieving me before I got tired, so I alternated between steering through that beautiful starry night, and napping below -- sleeping the sleep only sailors on a passage know. Sleeping underway in those conditions is magical. There are no worries and no noise but the gurgle of the water passing the hull. The motion of the boat is as gentle as a baby's cradle. I woke up in a different state of consciousness, with a quiet sense of purpose and no hurry. It was like waking up in a different age, centuries ago, when people had time to just live.

Block Island Adventure (Cont'd)

Submitted by Jeff Taylor, SN

The very eastern end of Long Island Sound is a special place with wide vistas. From the middle of Block Island Sound, in the last of the moonlight well before dawn, we could see Plum Island and Orient Point behind us to the west. Fisher's Island and the Connecticut and Rhode Island shore were visible to the north, and Gardiner's Island and Montauk Point could be seen far away to the south. For a long time, Block Island appeared as a faint glow on the eastern horizon. Beyond "Block", as we started calling it, was the limitless Atlantic Ocean.

Of course, we were very lucky to have such easy, favorable conditions for the whole hundred-twenty-mile passage with only two in the crew of a 27-foot sailboat. The calm and the quiet conspired to put us in the perfect state of mind to be utterly transported by the long-awaited dawn.

We caught sight of the Block Island shore before the sun came up. It was an indistinct mass on the fuzzy horizon at first, but the glow of the coming sun made it unmistakable. Then the sun rose above the horizon, and the island emerged into the pristine light of the brand new day. By this time, the Block Island North Lighthouse stood out clearly at the north end of the island, and it wasn't long before we heard and saw the red number 2 bell buoy at the entrance to Great Salt Pond, the island's main yacht harbor. We cranked up the engine and motored in.

It's a small harbor -- barely a mile from end to end. The place seemed totally deserted and eerily quiet at such an early hour, although there were hundreds of pleasure craft of all sizes and descriptions made on anchors and moorings. We had arrived.

If you're from Long Island, lower Westchester or City Island, Block Island has a certain cachet. If you can get there in your sailboat, you can lay claim to all of Long Island Sound as your personal cruising ground. It seemed so to Troy and me. We had been dreaming of making this passage for years and it seemed a great accomplishment. We would end up buying a pennant showing just the Island's outline (no need of any writing) to prove our membership in the exclusive Block-and-back club. For the moment, we just furled the sails and motored up to the deserted fuel dock where we strolled up and down, savoring our victory.

It seemed that everybody on Block Island was asleep. We tried to raise the Port Captain and two or three marinas by VHF and cell phone, but got no answer. I guess there were a couple hundred moorings in the protected harbor, but every single one was occupied and there was no sign of life anywhere. The wind was calm and the sky clear. We had traveled all night, arriving from New Rochelle Municipal Marina in about twenty-two hours. Although we were both keenly aware of the historic significance of the epic voyage we had just completed, I have to admit: it was a bit of an anticlimax.

Block Island Adventure (Cont'd)

Submitted by Jeff Taylor, SN

Finally, a teenager showed up to open the marina office and fuel dock. He told us we would have to just motor around the mooring field, waiting for somebody to leave. That was the system. We got back on the boat and started motoring slowly back and forth through the fleet. We immediately noticed two or three other boats, all bigger and more expensive than ours, also idling back and forth. I'm sure Troy and I both felt that a nice brass band would have been a much more appropriate welcome for us, but we bore it all like the intrepid old salty dogs we'd just proved ourselves to be, and nobody aboard Willful allowed any complaint to pass his lips.

Then the engine died. Why are so many of my salty dog stories punctuated by this fateful phrase? I would have left it out of this story altogether, except that it led to further adventures which were mostly pleasant.

When attempts to restart the engine failed, we whipped out the sails and focused on maintaining steerageway in the cramped, crowded moorings. A glance in the bilge revealed a ghastly quantity of engine oil, which led us to fear catastrophic engine trouble. Poor Troy was wondering if he would actually lose his beloved "Willful". The cost of replacing the engine could be more than the lovely, modest little craft was worth.

Anchoring proved impossible and there were no moorings, but we did finally reach the port captain who put us on a private mooring while we waited for help. We got towed about ten miles to Point Judith, where we spent the night and came across the most honest, decent, competent and unassuming pair of diesel mechanics it has ever been our pleasure to meet. They replaced the minor leaky gasket, refilled the engine oil, cleaned out the bilge, gave us free dockage for the night and sent us on our way, all for a couple of hundred bucks. We had a lovely dinner and a big breakfast the next morning in Point Judith and then set sail right back to Block Island so we could conquer the place properly.

This time we docked alongside the pier. Block Island is a bit touristy, but has great restaurants and beautiful saltwater vistas. Everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves and so were we. We went to some of the tourist trinket boutiques and bought souvenirs - a thing I would never do normally - but on this occasion, we felt a special need for anything that said "Block Island" on it. We had landed intent on conquest and booty, but I fear the onshore pirates made out better than we did. We stayed a couple of days and loved every minute of it.

The remainder of our week aboard left us ample time to make our way home in leisurely fashion, with a stop or two along the way for showers, restaurant dinners, and a night's sleep. I can't think of a better way to spend a summer vacation. And the memories will keep us warm for many a cold winter's day. Not only that, Troy is keeping Willful in the water this winter over at New Rochelle Municipal and we could always take her out for a little wintertime day sail. Let it snow.

Congratulations and thanks to.....

Dennis Gormley - who received his 50-year member plaque from Cdr Troy Sill at the November CISPS meeting.

Congratulations, Dennis!



P/C Ed Shimansky, SN - who was honored at the CISPS November membership meeting as CISPS's and District 4's nominee for the Charles F. Chapman Award for Excellence in Teaching. Although Ed did not win nationally, to us he is a true winner. Thanks for all your service, Ed!

P/C Susanna Taylor and Cheryll Chun-Burke - who provided an informative presentation on handling both on- and off-water emergencies at the November Membership Meeting.



Mark Your Calendars

- February 18th - 25th - USPS Annual Meeting at the Rosen Centre Hotel, Orlando, FL
- March 9th -11th - D/4 Spring Conference at the Marriott Hotel, Park Ridge, NJ
- March 15th - CISPS ANNUAL MEETING & ELECTIONS at the City Island Yacht Club
- March 18th - D/4 Memorial Service at St. Albans Church, Staten Island, NY
- April 14th - CISPS CHANGE OF WATCH GALA at Juliano's, New Rochelle, NY

The next newsletter deadline is May 15.

City Island Sail and Power Squadron
P.O. Box 233
City Island, NY 10464

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