

SEBAGO CANOE CLUB E B L A D E

The official electronic newsletter of the Sebago Canoe Club in Brooklyn, NY

kayaking, canoeing, sailing, racing, rowing

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OPEN HOUSE City of Water Day JULY 18, 2015 10am - 3pm

ALL ARE WELCOME
JOIN US ON THE WATER
kayaking, canoeing, sailing



photo courtesy of Chris Bickford



Commodore's Report *By Walter Lewandowski*

There is a saying that goes something like this. *"The ocean is so big and my boat is so small."* We at Sebago paddle or sail small boats but our outlook is anything but. This past spring we have celebrated with more events in the month of June than I can ever remember in another month.

We have had our *All Club Invitational/Luau*. In cooperation with the National Parks Conservation Association we hosted a *Wounded Warriors Project* event on Flag Day. Feeling the gratitude of the veterans we hosted to give thanks to was a humbling experience. We hosted a training day for Sebago volunteers and Mount Sinai Rehabilitative Medicine therapists in techniques for adaptive paddling. The boat workshop has been a beehive of activity.

I am very excited about the adaptive paddling project. With the National Spinal Cord Injury Association, New York City Parks and support of the Mount Sinai Rehabilitative Medicine department we are developing a program to allow the spinal injured the opportunity to paddle. We have four kayaks and other equipment provided at no cost to Sebago to start this program. At the training program I was feeling overwhelmed by the difficult task I had volunteered for. But after assisting and paddling with the two spinal injured paddlers and seeing and feeling their joy, it was the most satisfying experience I ever had as a paddler. Anyone desiring to volunteer please contact me.

The lazy days of summer promise to be full of action as well. July 18th we will host *City of Water Day in your Neighborhood*. August 8th and 9th will be the annual trip to Orient Point, coinciding with a sailing race around Shelter Island. Two canoe trips in Adirondack State Park are planned and various training classes are offered. All can be found on the Sebago Google calendar.

None of what makes Sebago a great club is possible without volunteers. Please speak to John Wright or me for work opportunities. Do not forget the important Officer of the Day position. Four-hour shifts available every Saturday and Sunday.

Most of you know Sebago has lost longtime member and friend-to-many Joe Glickman. Joe was a bigger-than-life part of Sebago. Later in this issue members are sharing their memories of Joe. I will give one now. When I first took up kayaking I read Joe's book *"Kayak Companion"* and loved his irreverent enthusiasm for the sport and sought out his quirky kayak club in Brooklyn. After becoming a member I met Joe and was warmed by his welcoming style and soon became "Big Guy". I will miss our discussions on the forward stroke and Joe's advice and inspiration whenever I became down by my responsibilities at the club and when I could not find the muse to write these Commodore's reports.

Sea Kayak Report *By Tony Pignatello*

Ahoy Sebago,

The 2015 season is in full swing. If you come down to the club on any given weekend you'll find the parking lot full and the grounds bustling with multiple activities. Membership is at an all-time high and storage space is near capacity. For the month of June we have 22 organized paddling opportunities for kayakers. That's not a bad deal for \$.48 a day.

Our *Orientation and Quick Start* class drew a record eighteen participants on 5/31, shattering the previous record. The *All Club Invitational/Luau* was a huge success. We had our first kayak camping trip to Staten Island with the National Park Service in May. Judging from the response it's sure to become an annual event. We had our moonlight paddle on a moonless night. You can't stop that intrepid Sebago spirit.

Looking ahead, we have instructional classes both at the lake and club house. We have trips to Norwalk, North Brooklyn and Orient Point, member paddles both day and night. On 7/18 we'll be hosting *City of Water Day in Your Neighborhood*. That's like an *Open House*. We invite the public to join us for a day of kayaking, sailing, and canoeing. Tell all of your family and friends to save the date. It's a chance to let them see for themselves what we are so passionate about. Check <http://www.sebagocanoeclub.org/calendar-of-events.html> for exact dates and times.

We all know that none of this would be possible without the wonderful work of our volunteers. I believe that it's this sense of belonging to something bigger than ourselves that makes Sebago unique. We have something that all the other clubs strive to emulate. Sebago Rocks!

See you on the water.



photo courtesy of Tony Pignatello

Above: Tony and Fran Pignatello. Below: Flag Day with the Wounded Warriors.



photo courtesy of Chris Bickford



photo courtesy of Patrick Daniels

Above: Brooklyn TSCA members join Sebago's first traditional boat cruise. Below: Melonseed and Crab Skiff wing and wing.

Sail Report *By Holly Sears and Jim Luton*

The 2015 sailing season is now well underway, and we have been blessed (or cursed) with abundant wind, depending on your point of view. Both of our spring cruises featured demanding conditions, and we've performed more than our normal share of rescues. But the cruises are skill builders, and we've had excellent participation so far. We had a terrific four-day *Spring Race Series* with a resurgence of laser sailors. Eoin Delap took first Laser, David Cripton took second Laser, Logan Tack took first Sunfish and Lissa Solnick took second Sunfish. Tracy Kornrich conducted a *Beginning Laser Clinic*, and Holly Sears conducted a *Workshop for Sailing Instructors*.

We have just finished our *Annual Sailing Course*, this year with nine students, nine instructors, and three safety boat/support participants. We've gotten too used to perfect conditions over the last several years, and were due some challenging wind. This year we got it! Saturday's wind was light enough, but on Sunday we got a hard northwesterly with wind in the high teens, and gusts even higher. But we all managed quite well, despite some broken equipment, and an ailing motor on the Whaler. Congratulations to everyone!

We are all looking forward to a summer of continued sailing. There are cruises scheduled for July and August, a *Race Clinic* in August and then we will be into the *Fall Race Series* that includes our ever-popular *Sebago Cup* in September. Impromptu clinics will be scheduled throughout the summer. Of course we are all on the water sailing as much as weather and time permit!

Want to be part of Sebago Sailing? Join the sailing email list sebagosailing@sebagocanoecub.org to receive sailing notices. Read the sailing page of the Sebago website for scheduled events and certification requirements to use club boats. Questions? Email sailing@sebagocanoecub.org.



photo courtesy of Jim Luton



photo courtesy of Patrick Daniels

Above: Hans Liebert sails the Crawford 'seed. Below: Pat Daniels drives his Goat Island Skiff upwind.



photo courtesy of Jim Luton



photo courtesy of Chris Bickford

Above: Crab Skiff and Peapod. Below: Jim Luton's Matinicus Peapod.



photo courtesy of Chris Bickford



photo courtesy of Jim Luton

Above: Chis Bickford and his Melonseed in the marsh. Below: Mixed fleet, old and new, Melonseed, Laser and Peapod.



photo courtesy of Chris Bickford



photo courtesy of Patrick Daniels

Peapod downwind.



photo courtesy of Patrick Daniels

Above: Dottie Lewandowski sails her Sunfish. Below: John and James Decker in their Vanguard 15 and Quint Klinger in the Sunfish.



photo courtesy of Bonnie Aldinger



photo courtesy of Bonnie Aldinger

Above: Sunfish, Goat Island Skiff and Melonseed. Below: Lunch on the beach, May Cruise.



photo courtesy of Bonnie Aldinger



photo courtesy of Patrick Daniels

Above: Dave and Tara Kelly, Ruffle Bar. Below: Jim Luton rigs the Peapod.



photo courtesy of Chris Bickford

Sebago to Fort Wadsworth Campout *By Steve Heinzerling*

On Saturday, May 30th nineteen kayaks left Sebago for a sixteen-mile voyage to Fort Wadsworth on Staten Island. On Sunday the 31st nine boats returned. Those odds are the making of a harrowing and treacherous adventure. This was far from that. It was a challenging distance and crossing of the Narrows but what happened over the weekend was nothing but all fun.

It was in mid-February that Tony Pignatello first contacted me to coordinate Sebago's participation in this trip that was first hatched by John Daskalakis of Gateway National Park at Floyd Bennett Field. John originally booked three campsites at Fort Wadsworth. He eventually managed to get the entire camping area. The Fort was completely taken and held by kayakers for the weekend. Sebago, Red Hook Boaters, the Brooklyn Bridge Boathouse and Floyd Bennett occupied the site.

Tony and Fran Pignatello provided Sebago's ground support Saturday afternoon. They met us for our break at Coney Island Creek and transported all of our gear, coolers and food to the camp. Families from the other clubs met us at the fort as well. We had a fabulous cook-

out followed by a tour of the fort. Night settled in and what had been our barbecue pit was rekindled into a blazing fire that we all sat around to share stories.

Sunday morning coffee was procured from a local Dunkin' and we fueled up on cereal and fruit. The Brooklyn Bridge Boathouse was the first group to depart. They had to catch the tide before it would turn against them. The Red Hook Boaters decided to hang out and wait for the 3 pm flood. Moishe Schlafrig from Sebago drove over in his van to provide our morning ground support. He returned two boats, all of our gear and two campers back to Sebago.

The remaining Sebago paddlers got on the water a little after 10 am and had a great day on the water. The following photos tell the story better than I can put to words. They were taken by Tony, Bonnie Aldinger and Minh Nguyen. Thanks go out to everyone involved in making this trip a success. This will certainly become an annual event. There are even some murmurings of a return trip this fall.

Below: Steve Heinzerling talks us through the trip plan.



photo courtesy of Bonnie Aldinger



photo courtesy of Minh Nguyen

Above: Waiting for everyone to get on the water at the start of our trip. Below: On the way to Fort Wadsworth Staten Island!



photo courtesy of Minh Nguyen



photo courtesy of Tony Pignatello

Above: Bonnie Aldinger photographs the photographer. Below: Heading for the Marine Park Bridge.



photo courtesy of Bonnie Aldinger



photo courtesy of Minh Nguyen

Above and Below: Coney Island, here we come.



photo courtesy of Bonnie Aldinger



photo courtesy of Bonnie Aldinger

Above: Steve Heinzerling talks to Tony Pignatello at the Coney Island Pier. Below: Taking a break.



photo courtesy of Tony Pignatello



photo courtesy of Bonnie Aldinger

Above: Next stop, Staten Island. Below: Where is Pete Peterson's boat?



photo courtesy of Bonnie Aldinger



photo courtesy of Minh Nguyen

Above and Below: Paddlers avoiding the barges.



photo courtesy of Tony Pignatello



photo courtesy of Tony Pignatello

Above: Carlos Negron finds a landing! Below: Lone Ranger hits the surf.



photo courtesy of Tony Pignatello



photo courtesy of Tony Pignatello

Above and Below: Quint Klinger demonstrates perfect form.



photo courtesy of Tony Pignatello



photo courtesy of Minh Nguyen



Above: Our fearless leaders.
Left: Fort Wadsworth portrait.

photo courtesy of Minh Nguyen



photo courtesy of Bonnie Aldinger

Above: Landing. Below: Campsite on Staten Island



photo courtesy of Bonnie Aldinger



photo courtesy of Bonnie Aldinger

Above: Steve Heinzerling cooks. Below: Chris Correia frolics.



photo courtesy of Bonnie Aldinger



photo courtesy of Minh Nguyen

Above: Fort Wadsworth: Below: Fort tour.



photo courtesy of Bonnie Aldinger

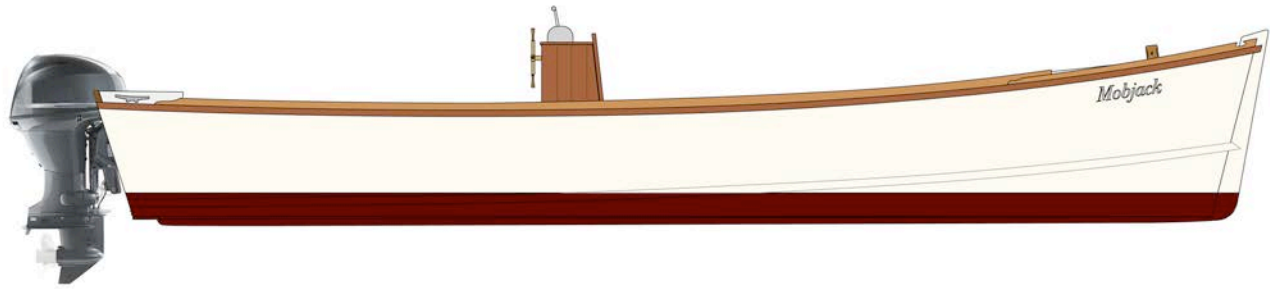


photo courtesy of Chris Bickford

Above: Canoe workday - testing for links. Below: All-Club Invitational Luau event.



photo courtesy of Chris Bickford



Point Comfort 23
A Deadrise Skiff by Doug Hylan

Jim Luton

Building the Point Comfort 23 *By Jim Luton*

Many of you have come by the boat shop, and have seen the progress the crew has made on our new safety boat, the Point Comfort 23. In our last Blade, we had chosen the design, had been awarded a budget (thanks Board!) and had met to discuss the project.

January found us warmed by a cranking wood stove as we dug holes and poured concrete footings to support our strongback. Boat molds must be set up perfectly level, and stay that way through the entire hull construction process. On a dirt floor, concrete is the best way to achieve this. On these footings, we set up three trestles, custom cut to height from a laser line. The 2 x 8 strongback timbers were then set up on the trestles, and connected together with cross beams about four feet long, making the entire structure about four by twenty-four feet. It was at this point that we began to realize the actual scale of this project!

This boat is built on molds spaced roughly three feet apart which, along with the permanent transom and inner stem, define the shape of the boat. Bent around these molds are the keelson, or “hog” (the actual backbone of the boat), the chine logs, and sheer clamps. The keelson, chines, and sheer clamps are all made from vertical grain Douglas fir, cut out, dressed, and scarfed to length. We made a trip out to White Plains to buy some expensive, but super high-quality material. The stem is made from a sandwich of fir and Meranti plywood.

Many of our group had never before taken rough lumber and processed the finished boards on the jointer and planer, so this was an eye opener for some. It was gratifying for us all to see those beautiful, tight-grained boards emerge from the machinery. Boat building is not all machine work, though, and a lot of hand tools are needed to produce the parts, and fit the joints. My set of hand planes, drawknife, spokeshave, and backsaws all get a workout as everyone has a go at cutting the long scarf joints and compound bevels that fit the changing curves and pitch

of the various pieces needed to complete the structure. These fir parts were the first pieces we fit that will remain in the finished boat. Every part up until then was to be temporary, and there were a lot of them!

With the longitudinal timbers bent on and secured to the molds, the next task was to bevel and fair the entire structure to receive the planking. This alone was an arduous and time-consuming task that we completed over several weeks. Not only do the timbers need to be bent on in a fair curve, but their bevels must be co-planar and fair to each other in order for the hull to have the designed shape. We found the full-size mold patterns to be quite accurate, and little shimming was needed to get a fair shape. There is a lot of twist in the planes of the bottom and topsides as you approach the bow however, and it was not always possible to get the stiff chines and sheer to make the twist required. Consequently, a bit of hand planing was necessary to achieve fair planar surfaces. As the true shape of the boat emerged, everyone was delighted to finally see the form in three dimensions. Even for experienced eyes, the actual shape can be hard to perceive from the lines plan alone.

It's hard to describe, but there is a kind of magic to coaxing a complex shape from a pile of flat, somewhat stiff boards and sheets of plywood. As planking commences, the boat is gaining solidity and purpose, coming alive a little more as each day of work is completed. Crafting beautiful objects with just our hands and a few tools has to be one of the more sublime achievements that we as thinking creatures do. And boats as objects can come close to being some of the most elegant crafted structures that we have. I have been a professional woodworker all of my adult life, close to forty years now, and I'm still learning the craft! Every day in the boat shop brings some new eureka moment, about tools, or forms, or logic. I can see the magic happen in all of the crew too, as this large, beautiful thing takes shape. We are all stoked!



photo courtesy of Jim Luton



photo courtesy of Jim Luton



photo courtesy of Chris Bickford



photo courtesy of Jim Luton

Top Left: Laying out the footings.
Top Right: Digging the footings.
Mid Left: The strongback crew.
Mid Right: Strongback.
Bottom Right: Consulting the plans.



photo courtesy of Chris Bickford



photo courtesy of Jim Luton

Above: The midship mold goes on. Below: Patrick Daniels, Jim Luton and Hans Liebert



photo courtesy of Chris Bickford



photo courtesy of Jim Luton

Above: "That's a big boat!"
Right: A pile of select, old growth douglas fir.



photo courtesy of Jim Luton



photo courtesy of Jim Luton



photo courtesy of Jim Luton

Above Left: Dressing the keelson. Above Right: Ami Samin roughs out a scarf. Below: Hans Liebert checks the bevels.



photo courtesy of Jim Luton



photo courtesy of Chris Bickford

Howie Alfred hand planes a chine.



photo courtesy of Jim Luton



photo courtesy of Jim Luton

Above: Hanging the first plank.
Left: Inner stem and pattern.



photo courtesy of Jim Luton

Hanging the bow planking.



photo courtesy of Jim Luton

Steep deadrise!





photo courtesy of Jim Luton

Above and Below: Chris Bickford drills out a broken bronze fastener.



photo courtesy of Jim Luton

Reflections on Joe Glickman

Larry Lembo

I've been a member of Sebago for a few years. I really enjoy going during the week to help mow the lawns and find quiet solitude. Often I would find this friendly dog at the club running back and forth. I'd throw the ball when I didn't mow and she would chase it. Give her a drink and she would partake. But always she kept an eye on the dock, running down to greet and sniff every returning paddler. Finally I met the owner, a tall, lanky, friendly guy. "Don't worry about her; she don't bite". We got to know each other without introduction. He always took the time [no matter what he was doing] to stop and talk with me. When I asked him about the surf ski he took the time and had the patience to answer every question. He right away offered to take me out and teach me. When he found out I was a cyclist we had many conversations on the subject. He would actually ask me if he was disturbing my mowing. Always a firm handshake and when he spoke looked me straight in the eye, a good trait in my book. May the wind always be at your back and the rubber side always be, down my friend "the guy with the dog."

Steve McAllister

His book "The Kayak Companion" was the main inspiration for me to start kayaking again after thirty years. Early in the book he states that he does most of his paddling on Jamaica Bay and is a member of the Sebago Canoe Club. I had never considered paddling in NYC until then. I joined Sebago soon after. It seemed like almost every time I'd be at the club Joe would be heading out or returning from a paddle. He'd always stop and spend time to talk about human-powered boating with anyone who was at the club. He was a great writer, award-winning paddler, an extreme adventurer, a very likeable person and inspiration to many. He will be missed by many people.

Jan Price

Joe had a kind, accepting nature, calm and centered. Those thoughts, feelings, kindnesses will always live in my memory. He was always willing to lend a hand carrying my boat, chatting, playing with our dogs either before or after kayaking. A beautiful, kind soul. My heart & healing thoughts go out to Beth, Willa, family & friends.



Jake Monahan

I remember him sitting on my kayak, in shallow water, facing me, teaching me the basic habits I've depended upon while paddling in all sorts of conditions. I remember him at Sebago, with his boat at the door of the racing container, sunny skies or stormy, Sylvie yapping at me, his bright smile and easy banter, his firm handshake and good humor.

Martin Small

How I Learned to Love My Rudder

Years ago, new to Sebago and kayaking, on one of my solo self-teaching days, as I struggled to keep my kayak straight with the gusting high wind and strong following sea, as I often did in those early days, I wished I'd never gone on the Bay. Desperate for invisible intervention, I not so silently prayed for help, promising the Jamaica Bay Sea Gods never to go out alone again especially in such terrible weather. Far away, slicing effortlessly across the Bay on his disciplined paddling schedule came Joe. He saw me before I saw him, and having seen me struggling he changed route, quickly closing the distance between us. At the time, I knew his reputation more than I knew him

and didn't want him to see me floundering as I was. But he had, and as he drew closer I thought I heard him yell something to me. "What?" I screamed. Again he yelled something, but I still couldn't hear him. Always the teacher, Joe once more shouted against the wind, "PUT DOWN YOUR RUDDER!" (I heard it clearly now followed by the unsaid, "schmuck that's what it's for.") I'd never used my rudder before because when I joined the club I listened to those who said to be considered a "real" paddler one needed to learn to control the kayak without a rudder. But with Joe's permission, I let the rudder down and immediately gained control of my kayak. Yes, indeed Joe, lesson learned; that's what it's for and thanks for giving me permission to use it when I need it.

Louis Demarco

Joe introduced me to the waterman concept, and how important waterman status is to the board surfing, surf skiing culture. Joe was a waterman.

Michael Strohbach

I am still shocked in tearful disbelief that Joe Glickman is gone. My many memories of Joe are of a man on a mission, good writer, a perfect example of physical fitness, discipline, good humor and warm humanity. So many times I have seen Joe leaving for or returning from a paddle on his racing kayak or surf ski. I always admired his nice disposition, infectious smile and how inspired I felt by his example. It would be a huge understatement to say that Joe is sorely missed. I can't begin to describe how deeply angered and grief-stricken I feel about the cruel fate that took our beloved Joe Glickman away from his family and multitudes of friends and admirers. The void left will be with us for a very long time. With love and sincerest condolences to Joe's family.

Laurie Bleich

Joe Glickman was my neighbor and fellow paddler, although as everyone knows, he was in an elite paddling class. He could paddle around Manhattan in less than half the time that it takes me and a great many other slowpokes and he could surf waves and swells far out in the ocean. But these skills pale in comparison to who Joe was as a person. Besides being an adventurer, he

was warm, really, really funny, and defined the meaning of the word nice.

One time I was hanging out at the club and I fell asleep in a hammock. Joe saw me there sleeping, and afterwards he kept asking me to teach people how to fall asleep in a hammock. It was a lot funnier when he said it.

And another time I was up at the lake and Joe was working out in his racing boat. He was wearing a heart rate monitor wrapped around his chest, and I didn't know what it was. When I asked him, he said it was a push up bra.

Joe was a skilled writer, and found a way to share the story of the woman who circumnavigated Australia, not only from the perspective of an adventurer, but providing insights into the emotional aspects as well.

In spite of being such a talented man, Joe was never too busy to take the time to talk. He was a wonderful person, and will be very much missed.

Lynn Kraus

When I was a beginning kayaker at Sebago, I would come to the club on weekday evenings to practice. I didn't have a key to the club container so didn't have access to a paddle. Joe was often there and always offered me his high-tech carbon paddle. I would leave it behind a vacuum cleaner in the club office for him, as I returned to the dock after he had left. He and his wife were always engaging, encouraging and utterly helpful to a new, lost kayaker. It was only much later that I learned that Joe was a world class kayaker! He truly embodied the Sebago spirit and will be much missed.

Steve Heinzerling

The Forward Stroke Clinic that Joe gave at Sebago was the best I've ever taken and the best I ever will. He worked with the group and then individually with each participant. In shallow water he straddled the bow of my boat and focused directly on me. One thing he said which stays with me every time I'm on the water was "Not every stroke will be perfect; maybe one in a hundred is a perfect stroke. That's okay. You'll feel it and you'll get closer with each one."

Joe and I shared the same interest in books: stories of survival, the arctic, mountaineering and such. He'd often recommend a book to me and we'd later discuss it together at the

club. Most of the books I'd recommend to him he'd already read. Once when returning from a paddle to the Ruffle Bar I showed Joe a bronze cleat that I'd found. "Hey man, it looks like a Greenland Kayak" were his words. This thrilled me as I hadn't seen it. It sits on my desk and I often smile and think of Joe when I look at it. In my mind I see Joe paddling through the galaxies on a surf ski. Joe was a great adventurer. He has moved on but has left a very deep impression with us.

Nina Sabghir

When I was injured in March of 2014, Joe sent his good cheer and encouragement. He also sent links to some films he helped produce. This bit of distraction helped ease my pain, and gave me a few laughs during a pretty rough patch. Joe was also encouraging and enthusiastic when I set out to purchase a kayak of my own

Bonnie Aldinger

At Joe's memorial service, one of the themes his eulogizers kept coming back to was how he had this way of seeing you as somehow much better than you saw yourself. I loved that because that's exactly what happened the last time I saw him.

It was back in March. I'd gone to the club to do something or other, maybe paddle, maybe putter, can't quite recall, but I

was out in front of the club when Joe comes around the corner with a friendly-looking tower of a man. I recognized the tower instantly of course - you just can't mistake Oscar Chalupsky for anyone but Oscar Chalupsky. At first Joe assumed I must know Oscar already; when I told him that we'd never actually met, Joe of course proceeded to introduce me.

Now, I'm a good paddler. I know that. But standing there with these two I was feeling very, very ordinary -- Glicker's Glicker, and Oscar Chalupsky is a total surf ski god -- but then Glicker did that exact thing that everyone was mentioning at the memorial service, telling Oscar a short story with me as the star. He recalled a day when there was a tropical storm moving through NYC and he decided to go out on the Bay and have some fun in the wind and the waves. "So I'm out there, blasting around, having a great time, and I'm thinking I've got to be the only person crazy enough to be out there, but then I see another boat and I paddle over to see who it is and it's Bonnie, and she's bobbing around in the waves -- taking pictures!"

Being me, I instantly had to explain that I was in my Romany, which is a super-forgiving sea kayak (and I think John Huntington was out there with me too) - but still, for those last moments I spent with him (and I had no idea that that would be the last time I saw him, he was a little on the lean side but his usual warm and happy energy seemed undiminished), Joe made me feel like a little bit of a rock star too.



photo courtesy of Andy Novick



photo courtesy of Chris Bickford

June 14 Flag Day event with the Wounded Warriors, National Parks Conservation Association & National Parks of America and New York City Parks.



photo courtesy of Chris Bickford



photo courtesy of Chris Bickford

June 14 Flag Day event with the Wounded Warriors, National Parks Conservation Association & National Parks of America and New York City Parks.



photo courtesy of Chris Bickford



photo courtesy of Chris Bickford

Above: Sebago helps the City College of New York engineering students practice paddling strokes as they prepare for competition in the annual "Concrete Canoe Competition ."
Below: June 14 Flag Day event with the Wounded Warriors, National Parks Conservation Association & National Parks of America and New York City Parks.



photo courtesy of Chris Bickford



June 14 Flag Day event with the Wounded Warriors, National Parks Conservation Association & National Parks of America and New York City Parks.

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EBlade

*Thanks to Editor: Beth Bloedow, Designer: Holly Sears.**All content in this issue is from individual contributors and does not necessarily reflect the views of the Sebago Canoe Club.*