

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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FROSTBITE REGATTA

New Years Day January 1, 2014

10am - 4pm

General Meeting - 2pm

Spend New Year's day at Sebago.
Go paddling or sailing in the morning.
Bring a potluck dish to share and
usher in 2014 catching up
with friends at Sebago.
Stay for our first general meeting
of the new year at 2pm.





Commodore's Report *By Walter Lewandowski*

It is winter and not normally an active time for paddling clubs, yet here at Sebago activities continue both on land and on the water. This fall members have made tremendous improvements to our grounds and clubhouse. We now are preparing for our New Year's Day frostbite regatta, looking forward to the seal-watching paddle, coordinating hikes of nearby trails, planning the winter indoor pool sessions and many other activities to be announced. A few of our sailors have been busy this fall racing in frostbite regattas at one of the premier yacht clubs in America. I have joked with Holly we may soon need racing uniforms!

We are lucky to have a new wood-burning stove in our clubhouse, thanks to the efforts of our vice commodore John Wright. It has proven more than adequate to the task of keeping us warm. This upgrade will enable us to provide programming, workshops and social events all winter for our members.

A recent editorial in a national paddling magazine complained paddling clubs in America "occupy a netherworld between professional instruction and friends going out paddling with the benefits of neither." He goes on to say "their stereotype is that of a fusty group that watches slideshows about paddling and never go out on the water that much." Well he obviously does not know about Sebago. Yes we have our fusty characters, yet we have an amazing group of members who are committed to their sport and take every opportunity to enjoy the water and initiate the uninitiated to their sport; be it kayaking, sailing, canoeing or flat-water racing.

The author goes on to compare North American clubs with Scottish clubs, which provide equipment and training for new paddlers as well as trips to surf and current for advanced paddlers. Here at Sebago our members enjoy good equipment and instruction along with supervised trips for members of all levels. Over the last two seasons we have seen the resurrection of canoeing and an explosion of our sailing program. We also managed to survive Super Storm Sandy during these same seasons.

Wow, we are all members of a pretty unique club by North American standards. I think by any standards. You the active Sebago member who volunteer without hesitation are what make our club the special place it is. So I would like to take this opportunity to thank you along with our special "fusty characters" for making Sebago the place it has been for the last 80 years and will be for the years to come.

Sea Kayak Report *By Tony Pignatello*

Season's Greetings.

The 2013 season was arguably the best in the 80-year history of the club. Membership is at an all-time high, we've had more kayaking activities and instruction than ever before. Aside from these tangible activities we have something that is unique to Sebago: call it the "Sebago Spirit". I've never been part of an organization where so many people give so generously of their time for the benefit of their fellow members. Thanks to all of you for making us by far the best club in New York.

Satchel Paige once said, "don't look back, something might be gaining on you". On that note I'd like to look at the summer.

We can expect to have our popular pool sessions starting in January. We'll have a kayak committee and instructor meeting sometime in January. Vicki Moss is committed to continuing the monthly moonlight paddles. Steve Heinzerling and Marc Brogna will lead an evening paddle every Tuesday evening during the summer. Sebago trip leaders will continue to guide members and non-members on our Wednesday and Saturday "Open Paddles". Our goal remains to have at least one exclusive member paddle per week during the season. Melanie Lorek has volunteered to help coordinate our Youth Program. We will also continue to provide the highest quality instruction at a reasonable price.

My assistant, Lisa Schnall, will again make my life easier by taking care of all the necessary detail work that brings dread to my heart. Fran Pignatello, Jane Dorlester, Lori Gralnick, Buzzy Zurrow, and John Decker will continue doing the Orientation Program. I believe this particular program is instrumental in welcoming new members and getting them acclimated to the club.

Needless to say, an agenda this ambitious requires a dedicated group of volunteers to bring it to fruition. Feel free to contact me to volunteer or offer suggestions to make our program better.





View of activity from Sebago Canoe Club Inter-club event on Jamaica Bay, Summer 2013. Photographs courtesy of the Long Island City Community Boathouse.





Top: View of activity from Sebago Canoe Club Inter-club event on Jamaica Bay, Summer 2013.
Middle & Bottom: SCC joins LICCB paddlers on the East River.
Photographs courtesy of the Long Island City Community Boathouse.





Sebago Canoes Had a Very Happy Year *By Dan Olson*

The fleet of 13 canoes at Sebago got quite a workout during the 2013 season: they were used for beginning and intermediate instruction classes, they ferried families on a paddle over to our favorite swimming hole, and they were stacked on the trailer for a day trip to Carmans River and an overnigher to the Pine Barrens. The canoes were also used to support a Bronx River Alliance kids' event and were treated as aluminum trash cans in support of the Littoral Society trash bash. And finally, one special canoe was even fitted with sails for Sebago's first-in-a-very-long-time canoe sailing class.

All and all, the canoes were happy with the attention they received. However, they were left behind when the Sebago crew drove to the Adirondacks for several days of back country tripping. See Jim Luton's article for the adventures our canoes missed.

The canoes are now resting and getting fixed for the 2014 season, which they expect will be as busy the past season. Of course there are

several trips planned for Jamaica Bay. But they are also planning to spend a couple of days on the Delaware and maybe a daytrip to Constitution Marsh or Basha Kill Marsh. And in 2014, the war canoes are expecting to get out more often since they will have a special handler who will train club members so the canoes are available for fun and special events. However, as happened in 2013, the canoes will be left behind when Sebago returns to the Adirondacks for a deep wilderness trip to the headwaters of the Oswegatchie River. (By the way, if you are interested in this trip, please talk to Dan Olson or Jim Luton immediately, planning has begun.)

All Sebago members and families are invited to use the canoes, join a trip, ride in the war canoe, and enjoy the water from a different perspective.

Top: SCC canoers on the Carman River. Bottom-left: Chris Russo and Dan Olson. Bottom-right: Chirs Russo directing the 'raft-up'. Photographs courtesy of Chris Bickford.





SCC canoes the Carman River, Fall 2013. Top: The group make progress. Bottom: Dan assist, Denis point.
Photographs courtesy of Chris Bickford.





SCC canoes the Batsto River, Fall 2013. Top: Maneuvering the obstructions - Dan wades, Mary guides. Bottom-left: Dan and Mary lifting laden canoe over one of many downfalls. Bottom-right: John fuels up. Photographs courtesy of Chris Bickford.





SCC canoes the Batsto River, Fall 2013. Top: Chris and John cruising the river. Bottom: Dan and Mary decide - over or under.. Photographs-top courtesy of Jim Luton. Photograph-bottom courtesy of Chris Bickford.





SCC canoes the Batsto River, Fall 2013. Top: John assists Gail up and over. Bottom: The river opens up. Photographs courtesy of Chris Bickford.



Tuesday Night Paddles on Jamaica Bay *By Steve Heinzerling*

Sebago has had much success with the Wednesday evening paddles. They're open to the public and to club members and have gotten scores of people out on the water for a good number of years now. My work schedule has never allowed me to make the early departure of the Wednesday paddles. I did get out late one Wednesday in early July this past season. I passed Sebago's group just as they were returning into the basin, planning a simple loop around the Canarsie Pol. It's a paddle I've done countless times but the experience as evening turns to night is completely different. Gliding along the east side of the Pol with the trees silhouetted against a sky illuminated by the sunset puts you in another place. The noise of the city is hushed by the buzzing of crickets and the call of birds. Skimmers glide by, scooping an evening meal. One can't help but be enveloped in the moment.

I vowed when I returned to the dock that I had to do this every week. I started posting Tuesday night paddles on the Sebago email. The groups ranged from as few as two paddlers to as many as eleven. That largest group took place on a very still night. We paddled out to the Marine Park bridge and some of did a bit of rolling off the beach. To be having so much fun on a weeknight almost feels illegal, kind of like playing hooky. Our groups have been out to the Ruffle Bar a few times. Once at high tide we paddled into the salt marsh there. Returning, we paddled through schools of fish that were tearing up the water. I swore they were bluefish; others said they had seen rays. In the dark you're never exactly sure what you've seen. Another group of us were at the Ruffle Bar the night of September 10th. We were admiring the city skyline when they

tested out the Trade Tower memorial beacons of light. Whether in small or in large groups there are times on the water when everyone is quiet, not wanting to disturb the moment. Everyone seems to be touched by the beauty of the bay at night.

Marc Brogne was out on almost every trip. I spoke with Marc about co-leading, and running the Tuesday Night paddles as a scheduled series next season. They will be officially posted from Memorial Day to Labor Day. As weather permits we will start it up before then and run as late into the fall as we can. I post the trips for intermediate level paddlers. One should be comfortable paddling for two to three hours for distances of six miles or more. Good bracing skills are essential as your boat is rocked by waves that you don't see coming. Lights are required so that other vessels can see you on the water. A white stern light is the minimum. They make you visible from the sides and from behind. Their limitation is that you are invisible to a vessel from straight on. Deck-mounted red and green port and starboard lights make you clearly visible for 360 degrees. They let everyone know your orientation, and what direction you're traveling in. Lights are for them to see you and to keep you safe from collision. The best small craft lights that I have found are by Kayaku www.kayaku.com.

I'd like to thank all of those who came out this last season to help make them such a success. There are nights and times that I will never forget. The Tuesday night paddles will resume in the spring. Until then we have winter paddling to move on to. Stay warm and get off the water before nightfall.

Pictures from a late season kayak trip on Jamaica Bay. Below: John in the foreground of the group. Photographs courtesy of Bonnie Aldinger.





Pictures from a late season kayak trip on Jamaica Bay. A beautiful day.
Photographs courtesy of Bonnie Aldinger.





Pictures from a late season kayak trip on Jamaica Bay. Above: Tony points out the destination with Jeff on the left and Beth on the right. Below: Pete in the foreground. Photographs courtesy of Bonnie Aldinger.





Pictures from a late season kayak trip on Jamaica Bay. In the Basin and under the bridge - Top: Lori Galnick in the foreground. Bottom: Linda Peterson in foreground, Frank Favia just behind. Photographs courtesy of Bonnie Aldinger.





Sailing Report *By Holly Sears and Jim Luton*

Yet another season of sailing activity has ended at Sebago. What a year we had! We started with a Spring Racing series and ended with our Fall Racing series, with a record number of over 20 participants. We had more people than ever participating in our yearly sailing events, from racing, canoe sailing instruction, monthly cruises, our 2-day and 1-day instruction, race training and our annual Sebago Cup. We continue to attract new members to our sailing program and this year we have had more new sailors join than ever before. Dinghy sailing on Jamaica Bay is fabulous!

Some of us continue to sail through the winter but we always look

forward to the upcoming 2014 season. Weather permitting we'll go out in Sunfish (sailors who have drysuits should join us) on New Year's Day for Sebago's annual Frostbite Regatta. We'll bring in the new year with a committee meeting (to be scheduled) in late January/February to discuss our 2014 calendar and scheduled events. Sailors: be thinking about what you would like to see happen in 2014 and how you can contribute to our events.

Anyone who has questions about Sebago Sailing or would like to be part of the sailing email list,

contact us at sailing@sebagocanooclub.org.

Above-right: Jim finishes the Sebago Cup. Above-left: Holly finishes race in the Fall Series. Below: Canoe sailing, Spring 2013 - Holly, Lee, John. Photographs courtesy of Holly Sears, Zach Carver and Jim Luton





Fall Race Series. Photographs courtesy of Jason Stevens and Holly Sears.





Above: Jim launching "Mouse" for her first season on Jamaica Bay. Below: Matthew's last sail before Oklahoma bound. We'll miss you Matthew! Photographs courtesy of Chris Bickford.





Above: Early-summer cruise group, Chris, Holly, Jeff, Matthew, Lynn, Mark, Jim, Ibrahim, Howie, Bonnie. Below: Ibrahim and Holly with the V-15 and Matthew in the distance. Photographs courtesy of Chris Bickford





Above: Fall Race Series. Below: Sebago Cup fleet heading to the first mark.
Photographs courtesy of Jim Luton and Holly Sears.





Sebago Cup - Above: Heading to Ruffle Bar. Below: Sailors approach the finish line.
Photographs courtesy of Holly Sears.



In recent memory the waters of the basin were full of effluent, such as condoms, balls of grease, raw sewage, and dead rats. Now the water is clear and fishing waterbirds are a common sight. These papers show how a small canoe club has played a major role in this change.

Commodore Walter Lewandowski, November 28, 2012.

Saving the Papers of the Sebago Canoe Club *By Charles Egleston*

Many years ago a sewage plant was built at the head of the Paerdegat Basin in Canarsie. To ensure the plant would not be overwhelmed during heavy rains, the design allowed for the overflow of the sewers into storm drains, which then dumped into the basin. The basin is tidal, and the garbage from the overflow would move to and fro, sometimes then washing out into Jamaica Bay. Our Canarsie clubhouse was built in 1961, and our members in their human-powered watercraft tolerated this deplorable situation until the passage of the Clean Water Act gave us a lever to move the city. The reason the water is clearer now is because of the Paerdegat Basin Combined Sewer Outflow Plant, designed to prevent up to 50 million gallons of combined sewer and storm drain outflow during heavy rain from being discharged into the basin. The plant opened in May 2011. The Sebago Canoe Club was a primary player in creating community support to build this plant, as our archives show.

I sometimes wonder if some future member will ask about our history and wonder why our papers are held by two different archives. Well, it is remarkable that we have any historical records at all, given Hurricane Sandy, and I would like to explain how this happened. In February 2007 I began to organize the papers and files stored at our Canarsie, Brooklyn, clubhouse because they were unorganized and deteriorating. The result of my processing work was approximately twelve linear feet of files, ranging in date from the 1930s (the days of the founders) to the present, with the bulk ranging in date from the 1960s to the present. All of the papers were organized and placed in acid-free folders and I then placed what I judged to be of greatest historical interest in eleven archival flip-top boxes. The remainder was put into two metal file cabinets on six-inch wooden platforms.

I received permission from the board to offer the papers to an archival repository. I chose the G. W. Blunt Library of the Mystic Seaport in Mystic Connecticut, the best nautical archive in the United States. I offered our papers to them because they hold papers of the American Canoe Association: <http://library.mysticseaport.org/manuscripts/coll/coll291.cfm>

On October 5, 2011 (then Commodore) Tony Pignatello and I delivered to Mystic Collections and Research Director Paul O'Pecko, a preselection made by O'Pecko of the Sebago papers. The Mystic Seaport Sebago deposit consists of "Commodore files" (our original constitution, founder's documents, deeds, plans, and contracts), photographs, and a nearly complete run of the club's newsletter, the Blade, which began in 1964. Among the papers that Mystic did not take are those that document our Brooklyn and Lake Sebago competitive and public-service paddling programs during the 1950s through the 1970s or material that documents our successful efforts to retain and maintain our Canarsie and Lake Sebago clubhouses. Most significantly, they did not

take papers assembled by member, and former commodore, Marilyn Vogel that demonstrate our part in the struggle to have the Clean Water Act of 1978 implemented in Canarsie.

Hurricane Sandy's storm surge washed over Breezy Point and the Rockaways and came across Jamaica Bay, and into the basin on October 29, 2012. Our flood precautions of lifting the file cabinets six inches off the floor on wooden platforms were for naught. The clubhouse was inundated to a depth of five feet. With the exception of a box on top of one file cabinet, all of the papers in the clubhouse were soaked.

Fortunately, the weather turned cool after the storm, which kept down the deterioration of the papers and which, like the salt-laden water, proved hostile to mold growth. The club's lack of climate control was an asset. I did not lose electricity at home in Astoria, Queens, so was able to use the Internet to call for volunteers and to research the best way to preserve the archives until I could get to Canarsie. Member Eric Russell pointed me to a disaster advisory site staffed by the Library of Congress, and the person there confirmed the decision that I already had come to: the files should be gone through, and all extraneous materials discarded; a sample of significant items should be photographed for evidence and in case the papers could not be recovered; and the whole should be placed in deep freeze as quickly as possible. I was able to link up with the Archivists Round Table of Metropolitan New York and conferred with Maria Holden of the New York State Archives. Member Gail Bier offered me the use of her car, which I could not accept because I could not get to Brooklyn.

On the morning of Saturday, November 4, 2012, I was finally able to get to the club thanks to Sebago member Mary Ann Hoag, who brought me. Without electricity, I had to set up a work-station outdoors, and I went through the archives both to discard anything I could safely do so (such as correspondence from and publications by city agencies -- where they would have a copy -- and the like) and so that I could photograph significant and representative documents should they be unrecovered. I took eighty-five digital photographs, while Mary Ann recorded my descriptions of them on a legal pad. I was able to discard approximately three feet of paper. The soaked remainder were put in plastic bins that were placed in the unheated clubhouse until they could be packed for frozen storage. I sent out an archives update to the club, asking members to take papers home and place them in sealed plastic bags in their freezers until I could find frozen storage. The response to this was heartening, as many members took papers home with them for a few days. On the morning of November 7, 2012 Tony and I packed the soaked mass of papers into four large zip bags and delivered them Hall Street Storage in Brooklyn for frozen storage in two cartons on a pallet until arrangements could be made for freeze-drying, cleaning, and deodorizing.

With the documents frozen, I worked on a grant application for \$2000 from the National Disaster Recovery Fund for Archives grant from the Society of Southwest Archivists and the Society of American Archivists to help pay for the storage, the eventual freeze-drying, deodorizing, and cleaning, and to purchase archival processing materials. American Freeze Dry in Deptford, New Jersey, gave me an estimate of \$1020 on November 28, 2012. I made the application by Internet on December 12, including with it a supportive cover letter from Commodore Walter Lewandowski, from which I have quoted at the beginning of this article.

The grant was approved quickly, and I gave the check to the club. On the morning of February 20, 2013 Tony Pignatello, (former Commodore) John Wright, and I picked up the frozen archives from Hall Street Storage and drove them 95 miles to 39 Lindsay Avenue, Runnemede, New Jersey, where we delivered them to Carol McGeoch-Harkey of American Freeze Dry.

American Freeze Dry returned the restored papers to me in nine cartons on March 27, 2013. A few months later, after \$349.11 in archival processing materials from University Products had been ordered and received, I began work. I reprocessed the Sebago Canoe Club papers, and in doing this was able to analyze material in much more detail. I located founder's materials that I had overlooked in the previous sort, and was able to discard much material. The papers filled fourteen archival flip-top boxes.

Organizing the material however made it no safer to be stored in Canarsie, and I kept everything in the library I direct for the Episcopal Diocese of Long Island in Garden City, New York, until I could safely place it. I brought the boxes to the Canarsie clubhouse at the board meeting in August 2013. At that meeting I suggested to the board that this group of papers be offered to an archival repository, with my first choice being Brooklyn College for three reasons: 1) because they

Pete Peterson and the interior of the clubhouse on the October 30, 2012, the morning after being flooded by Sandy's storm surge. The water level of five feet can be seen from the framed library instructions to the left of the bookcase. The tops of the file cabinets holding the archives of the club (not shown) were five inches above the flood level, so their contents were soaked.
Photograph courtesy of Jim Luton.



ORGANIZED 1933

4-27-79
INCORPORATED 1960



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To Members of Community Planning Board #18

On behalf of the Sebago Canoe Club I am requesting that the Community Planning Board approve and recommend to the Brooklyn Borough Board and see that action is taken by the appropriate offices and agencies in the city, state and federal government for the following recommendations with all deliberate speed and top priority:

1. Improvement of the water quality in Paerdegat Basin and elimination of all kinds of pollution,
2. A feasibility study to plan and initiate solutions to waterfront problems,
3. Upgrade the pumping station at Ralph and Flatlands Ave.
4. Improved management for land and water usage, safety and legal enforcement.

The elimination of hazards to health, recreation and safety would benefit all members of boat clubs, the community and serve the public interest. Previous efforts and long standing complaints have often been ignored. An outline of these problems which were discussed at a Citizens Advisory Committee meeting 3/6/79

COOPERATING WITH THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, AMERICAN RED CROSS, BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA, AMERICAN WHITE WATER AFFILIATION, INTER YACHT CLUB COUNCIL, NEW YORK-NEW JERSEY RIVER CONFERENCE, POWER SQUADRONS, UNITED STATES OLYMPIC COMMITTEE AND ALL GROUPS INTERESTED IN PLEASURE AND SAFETY AFLOAT.

is attached.

would be a useful teaching tool for Brooklyn history, 2) the Jamaica Bay Science and Resilience Institute is based there, and 3) the location is accessible to our members. I did not consider Mystic because of the Brooklyn-centered nature of these files. The failure of Mystic to place online the finding aid also was a factor in my decision not to offer the materials to them. The board agreed, and I wrote to Marianne Lebatto, archivist of the college, enclosing both the finding aid for the new material and the finding aid for the Mystic deposit, as the Blades and photographs at Mystic are essential for a full understanding our place in Brooklyn history.

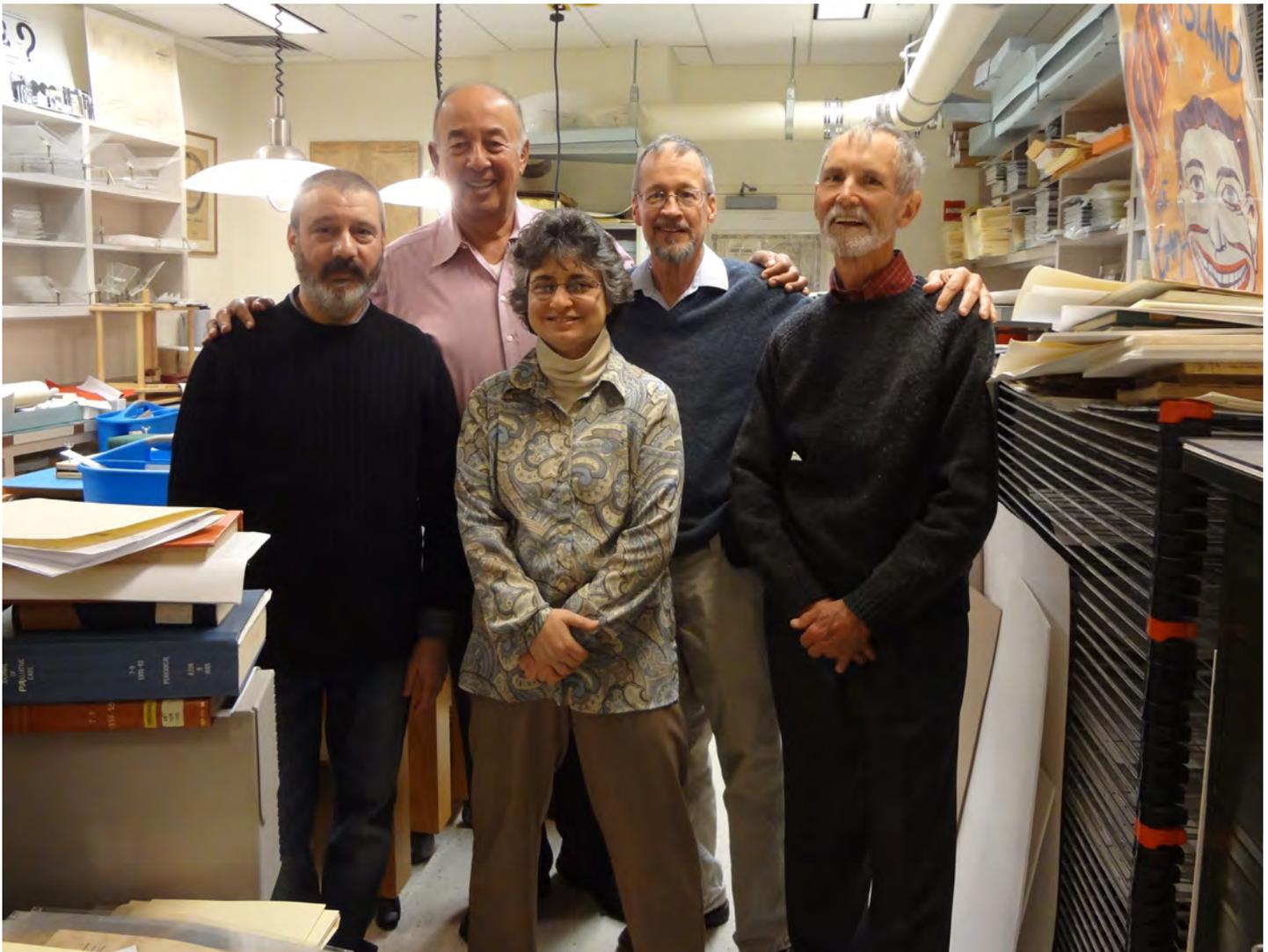
The college welcomed our offer of the papers, and on October 30, 2013 John Wright, Tony Pignatello, and I delivered Sebago papers to the archives of Brooklyn College. There Ms. Lebatto told us that the papers will support many of the college's academic programs, such as

sociology and environmental studies, and that students are energized when they research their neighborhoods. The faculty uses archives to teach students about primary sources. In a November 21, 2013 letter enclosing the deed of gift agreement for me to sign she said "not only will this research material greatly enhance our existing collection at the Brooklyn College Library but it is a wonderful documentation of a piece of Brooklyn history as well".

Item 3 of the Brooklyn College deed of gift agreement reads "Members of the Sebago Canoe Club may request photocopies of the documents free of charge". Both the Mystic Seaport and Brooklyn College will keep our papers in excellent condition, hold them in perpetuity, and make them available for public access by club members and researchers, none of which we could do very well by holding them in our Canarsie, Brooklyn, clubhouse.

Previous page: A soaked 1979 letter from the archives from Marilyn Vogel to Community Board 18. Later club commodore, she was a leader in the effort to involve the Canarsie community in advocating for clean water in the Basin and in Jamaica Bay. I took the photo on November 4, 2012 to document her work if the archives could not be saved. Photograph courtesy of Charles Egleston.

Bottom: The conservation lab at Brooklyn College on October 30, 2013, after the deposit of the freeze-dried, cleaned, and organized Sebago archives. Pictured are Slava Polishchuk and Marianne LaBatto of Brooklyn College and (left to right) Tony Pignatello, Charles Egleston, and John Wright of Sebago. Pignatello and Wright are former commodores. Photograph courtesy of Ted Hechtman, Brooklyn College





Bonnie and Beth bagging wet papers from the Sebago archives to take home and store in their freezers. Photograph courtesy of Bonnie Aldinger.

The Sebago Library Post Sandy *By Charles Egleston*

The Sebago Library is self-service. Items are in Dewey Decimal order, modified slightly by me for cataloging purposes; there is no catalog of holdings, only an acquisition book that I use for cataloging, and keep offsite. There is a small black pasteboard box on the right of the bookshelf. To check out a book or DVD sign your name on the pocket card found in a pocket on each item, add contact information (phone or email), and write the date you are borrowing. Please remember to return items in a timely manner, so that others may borrow. And when you return, please put the pocket card back in the pocket on the item.

Want to borrow something that someone else has? Find the card, then call or email them.

My accession book shows that there were ninety-one books in our library when the clubhouse was flooded to a depth of five feet on the night of October 29, 2012. Some of these books were borrowed, and presumably survived, but the items on the bottom two shelves of our three-shelf bookcase were completely soaked – at least fifty titles. When I got to the club on November 4, 2012, my priority was to save the archives of the club that were stored onsite. I discarded the bottom two rows of books. Subsequent to the flood, members have donated

new books, such that if the books destroyed in the hurricane were still in the club we would have one-hundred and fifty-eight books in the library. The two largest recent acquisitions are by Joe Fitzgerald and Steve Heinzerling.

After the flood the drawers of the bookcase were sticking. To the person who fixed this problem, “thank you”. If someone with carpentry skills would like to make a simple wooden box (configured like the pasteboard box) to serve as a repository for pocket cards for items that are being circulated, it would be much appreciated.

Want to donate books or DVDs to the library? Put them in the bottom drawer of the bookcase. I will catalog what I find, and add a spine label and a label asking for return of the item to the library. If you would like to add a bookplate with information, please be my guest. If you bookplate, please include the words “Kindly Return this to the Sebago Canoe Club”.

In closing, let me say again, “please remember to return items in a timely manner, so that others may borrow. And when you return, please put the pocket card back in the pocket.”



Town Hall Meeting, January 12: Sebago's Next 80 Years *By Joan Byron*

Perhaps only members of very long standing can recall what Sebago looked like before the concrete and debris that once covered our site were removed, and before the boat containers, gardens, and walkways were put in place. If you joined during the past two years, you may not even recall what life was like before our now-commodious dock was installed.

These improvements reflect a prodigious investment of thought, skill, and sweat by a highly dedicated cadre of Sebago members. They also reflect the priorities of a detailed long-term plan that calls for more improvements in the future – water and sewer service, expanded changing space, hot showers, flush toilets, and more. The drive for continued improvements comes from the desire to better serve our current members – and from the recognition that Jamaica Bay, the parkland that surrounds it, and the ever-growing community of people who use and care for it, are a dynamic environment.

Growing public awareness of New York's waterfront, and the Bay in particular, is welcome but also brings new challenges. New Yorkers have many more opportunities to get out on the water than they did a few

years ago; Sebago already faces growing competition from other non-profits, and from for-profit outfitters. By the time our lease with NYC Parks once again comes up for renewal in 2022, the case for Sebago's value not only to its own members, but as a unique resource to the public, will need to be stronger than ever.

Our programs and our capital improvement plan need to support a vision of Sebago through the next ten years and well beyond, and that vision needs to be widely shared and strongly supported by our members. So **SAVE THIS DATE** – Sunday, January 12, 4-6 PM for a town hall-style discussion of Sebago's future. Assume that we will meet at Sebago, conditions permitting, but please rsvp to ensure that you receive updates. Details, including venue and agenda, will be confirmed by e-mail – or contact the board, or the grant committee –

jbyron@pratt.edu with questions and suggestions.



Bob and Jim on the Harrington Brook carry. Photograph courtesy of Chris Bickford.

The Adirondacks Trip 2013 - Lake Lila to Lows Lake and the Bog River *By Jim Luton*

I leaned with my pack against the bank where I had just fallen over, my left foot on a rock that was wedged into the bank, and my right leg shin deep in the black mud that covered the path. I was lucky to have fallen to the uphill side, rather than down into the bushes that obscured the section of Harrington Brook we were to carry around. The guidebook suggested that we might be tempted to try paddling portions of the brook, but that the open portions would not be worth the effort of loading and unloading the canoes to paddle just a few yards. In any event, the brook was barely visible through the hell of brush lining the bank, and I never saw a path down to it. As I pulled my foot free of the mud, my shoe came off (for the third time) and I had to bend down, pack over ears, to retrieve it. This was just the first of three carries (in the Adirondacks they say carries rather than portages) on the route from Lila to Lows, and the morning was already slipping away towards noon. But I'm way ahead of myself in this story so let me get us back to the beginning...

Last fall the recently revived Sebago Canoe Committee met to discuss event possibilities. Along with several family-oriented paddles and basic stroke clinics, we kicked around the idea of an ambitious wilderness trip for a smaller group. In a former, pre-sailing life, Holly and I had done a bit of canoe tripping up in the Adirondacks, primarily in the St. Regis Canoe area around Saranac Lake. We quite enjoyed the experience; the carrying, the paddling, and the camping, just being two or three ponds away from the put in really, and staying out for several days. I was interested in promoting just such a trip for the club. Dan (Dan Olson, Canoe Com Chair) was interested too, and agreed to lead the expedition if I did the research. We both thought there would be plenty of interest in the trip, and set up some basic parameters to guide the research.

The Adirondack Park encompasses about six million acres in northeastern New York, an area roughly the size of Vermont, and comprised of both private and state owned land. One million of these acres is designated "wilderness", with most of the rest classified as "wild for-

est". The park is a mosaic of high peaks wilderness, lakes, rivers, remote ponds and bogs, old hunting and fishing "camps", small villages, and large private interests, all managing to coexist somehow without splitting apart at the seams. But for me, the park is a canoe tripper's and boatbuilder's paradise.

My canoe maps from the region, old taped-up, coffee-stained relics, seriously needed updating. I was also concerned about recent developments, like access restrictions, group limits, crowd issues, etc. so I found a couple of good paddling forums online. One is the ADK High Peaks Foundation- Paddling In The Adirondacks forum <http://adkforum.com/forumdisplay.php?f=62>. I posed my questions and concerns to the group, and got a lot of good feedback, plus a recommendation to check out St. Regis Outfitters, in the village of Saranac Lake <http://www.canoeoutfitters.com>. Dave Cilley, the owner of St. Regis Outfitters is also the author of what has become the guidebook for ADK waters. Recently revised, the Adirondack Paddlers Guide, 2nd Edition is chock full of trip routes, with maps, color photos, and trail identification. I ordered that, plus the Adirondack Paddler's Map, then called the outfitter for some route suggestions. I actually got to talk with Dave Cilley himself, and he spent quite a bit of time with me reviewing routes, our group size and skills, our time frame, etc. I didn't want too easy of a trip, and I definitely wanted a few carries, which weeds the cooler toters and Sunday paddlers out of the crowd. In the end, Dave suggested the [Lake Lila to Lows Lake](#) and Bog River route as an ideal, and justifiably popular trip. There is a nice combination of wide-open lake, twisty streams, beaver dams and bog, pretty tough carries, and the opportunity for a couple of scenic ridge hikes along the way. I gathered up a bunch of images, maps, and books, put it all into a powerpoint show, and we held a meeting in my shop to gauge interest.

'Occupy Lila' site. Photograph courtesy of Jim Luton.



What came out of that meeting was a core group of interested paddlers, lured by the beauty and remoteness of the area, not daunted by a little adversity on the route, and willing to put some time and money into the skills and gear necessary for the trip. There were eight of us, our group's size limited by the number allowed to camp in the wilderness area, and also by the practical logistics of keeping the group together and manageable. Dan is an experienced group leader on wilderness trips, and a stickler for organization. With Dan, there were myself, Holly Sears, John Wright, Mary Eyster, Mary Ann Hoag, Bob O'Neil, and Chris Bickford. Dan set up a couple of mandatory meetings at the club, one specifically to paddle together for skills assessment and to gauge compatibility. We also looked at our collective gear and made decisions about what stoves to take, the cooking gear, tents, and most importantly, what boats we would use. It seemed prudent at the time to utilize the outfitters for ultra-light kevlar boats and possibly for our shuttle as well, and in fact we rented three kevlar boats from them (I would take my own fiberglass Mohawk) and arranged for a full transport of people, boats and gear.

By the time our departure date in early August rolled around, we were pretty well stocked up on gear and food, and pretty well stoked for the trip. Our loose-knit caravan of four vehicles made its way from an early morning Palisades rendezvous up the Northway to exit 30 and the beautiful Route 73 through Keene Valley, Keene, and Saranac Lake, then to our first night's campground at Rollins Pond (so jam-packed I thought I was back in the Lower East Side). Though a motel might have been more comfy, staying at the campground forced us to run some unscheduled equipment tests, and in fact we made some last minute adjustments to our stove, cooking, and food lists. We were up by 5:30 the next morning, to pack up the tents and gear and drive the 30 miles

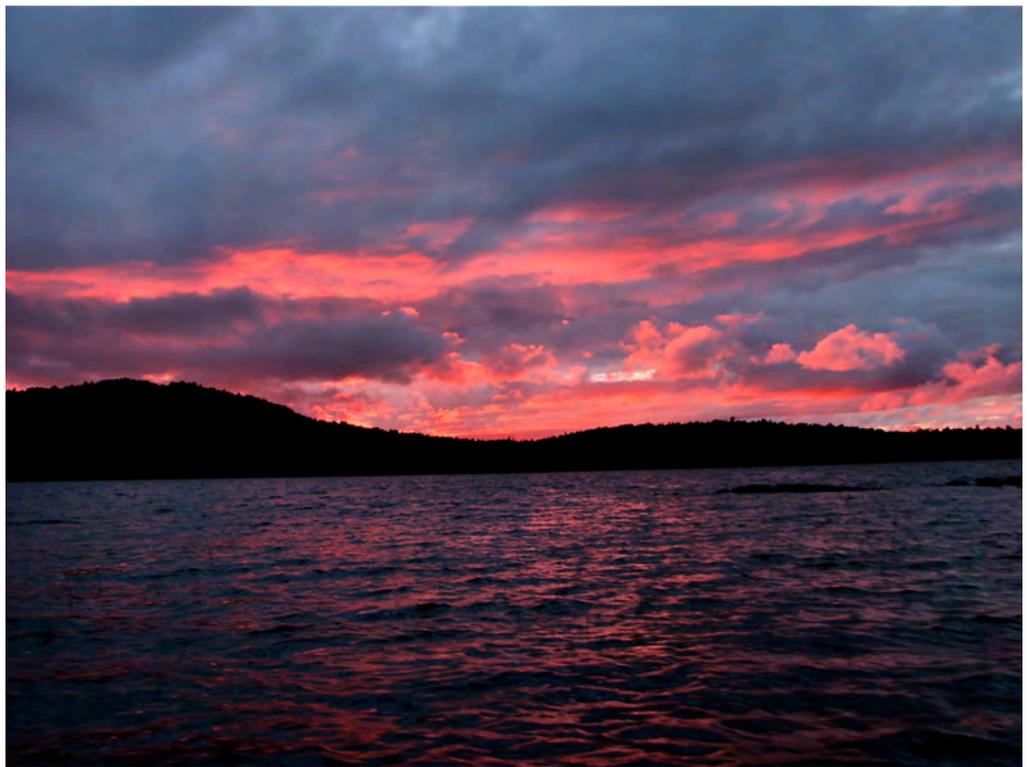
back to Saranac Lake and breakfast, arriving at the outfitters by 8:00. I can't say enough good about St. Regis Outfitters. They really are a full-service operation, with a full, knowledgeable staff, lots of gear both to buy or rent, three bathrooms, and even a shower if you needed it. We did spend a little money around, adding some new personal gear to our stash and renting a big dry-pack and bear canister. The group gathered around a big table with the canoe map spread open and Dennis, one of St. Regis' experienced guides, walked us through our complete route, adding tidbits of important recent intel. Dennis had recently paddled the entire Whitney Loop with just one overnight stop. We were doing maybe a third of that route over four days! I could see most of the group glazing over with information overload, we would just have to figure it out as we went. Time to go!

We all piled into a big van, four boats on racks on the trailer, and all the gear strapped into a shallow well below the racks. Quite a pile of people and materiel! Pat, our shuttle driver, is a long time resident of Saranac Lake, a paddler and

a High Peaks climber with a wealth of information, current and historical, on the land, the lakes, the boats (and boat builders), the old camps and the old money. I thoroughly enjoyed our hour-long drive out through Tupper Lake, down the old Sabattis Road to a long, narrow dirt track and the put in at Lake Lila. We chose (wisely) to put into Lila on a Sunday. The little parking area was a zoo that afternoon, with a lot of people coming in off the lake, and a few going out as well. I was worried about getting a site for the night! We unloaded what looked like a monumental pile of gear off the van, and began the schlepp down to the lake. This first carry was not inconsequential. It was longer than some I've done in the Seven Carries area. Pat considered it his job to get all the gear and boats down to the lake, and took off immediately with a pack and a boat. I carried my boat, and got a taste of what I was in for over the next few days. Everyone made two trips, with either boats or gear, and we finally were loaded and ready to shove off.

Lila is a beautiful lake. The put-in is situated on a wide, sandy beach, with a view up the lake and across to Mt. Frederica. The water is that beautiful, clear amber color, from the tannin, and the shore is full of sunken logs, reeds and bog plants. We had been hoping to hike up to Frederica, but it seemed prudent to head for a camping spot. We could see a few obvious ones, also obviously taken. But it was a stellar day, and the paddling exceptional. We found a site which we claimed, but which was also not quite big enough for the group. We left four of our group there to hold the site, and the other four (Dan, Chris, Holly, and myself) paddled off to look for a better one. We paddled nearly to the end of the lake, finding only sites with tents already pitched. Out to the west, and piling in over the mountain tops was a dark line of rain squalls that seemed to materialize magically in an

Top: The beautiful Lake Lila at dusk. Bottom: Lake Lila sunset. Photographs courtesy of Mary Ann Hoag and Chris Bickford.



otherwise perfectly blue late-afternoon sky. We decided to head back to our group, and make do with the site we already had. Holly and I had to scramble through our day packs to locate our rain gear on the way back down the lake with a squally breeze behind us, passing again by a curious little rock island just offshore from our site that we dubbed “Time-Out Rock”, where we intended to send any Debbie Downers from the group (there were none!). Once back, there was a mad dash to set up our tents and rain tarps against the showers that swept down on us from the west. The site really was too small for our group, but we set up anyway, cheek by jowl, pitching the tents around a central cooking area. Mary had already named our little camp “Occupy Lila”, and it looked it. Dinner that night was Maryland crab cakes, with two salads, baked beans, and chocolate for dessert, prepared by Holly and myself (we split our group of eight into pairs, each responsible for one main meal on the trip). With some daylight left, we organized the food hanging from an appropriate limb. This was to become a ritual, with the lines set up every evening before dark, ready to hoist the large Duluth packs containing all of our consumables, toothpaste included, against hungry bears. Just about at dusk, the whole group decided to take a paddle around Spruce Island, a half mile off of the shore we had camped on. We were treated to one of the most spectacular sunsets I’ve seen, and a beautiful paddle in the lingering twilight of late summer in the Adirondacks. Dan luckily had the foresight to hang a headlamp in our bear tree on shore, so we could find our home in the dark. We paddled back, and turned in for a somewhat restless first night in the woods.

At first light, we began what would become our morning ritual over the next few days. The food packs were lowered, stoves fired up, and water put on for Bustelo coffee from the French press. We were trying

for an early start to a long day of carries over to Lows Lake, and we did pretty well, considering how long it takes for eight people to eat, wash up, take down the tents, and pack up the boats. But it was still nearly 9 am before we were J-stroking our way to the north end of the lake and the take-out to Harrington Brook. We pulled the boats and gear out of the lake over big rocks to a little clearing at the trailhead. Holly and I loaded up with several packs and took off to scout the terrain. We made it maybe halfway before we had to drop half of our load. The trail was very rough, by anyone’s standards. Portions were steep, uneven, and rocky, with shin-deep mires in the pits, and twisty turns everywhere else. We made it to the end eventually, and were greeted by a final wade through the brook itself, over huge, slippery boulders to a rather precipitous launch into clear water. I didn’t think I could solo carry a canoe down that path, so Holly and I went back to try a double carry. I met Bob struggling up the trail with his boat, and we double-carried that the rest of the way. At one point I fell off the path face-first, still holding the canoe. I luckily landed in the brush, and not on rocks! Dan was the only one of us that managed a complete solo carry, and did so with at least two of the boats. The kevlar boats were 45 pounds apiece. My red Mohawk must be 55 or 60, and I felt every one of them! We were blessed however, with beautiful weather. I can only imagine what that carry would have been like with a pouring rain.

There are rewards for long, hard carries. First is the satisfaction that comes from a tough job, well and finally done. There was the beautiful paddle out of winding, Harrington Brook. And all those folks camped on Lake Lila? Well, they chose not to follow us. We never saw another soul for the entire balance of the day and night. Because, if the Harrington Brook carry doesn’t weed them out, then the next carry surely will! We

paddled for a few miles through a maze of branching channels, taking a wrong turn or two but managing to find our left turn into Rainer Brook and the next take-out at the railroad trestle. We clambered up a steep bank to the tracks with boats and gear, then plopped down for a much needed lunch of peanut butter, crackers, and chocolate.

The next carry had two very distinct parts, each about a half-mile apiece. The first, and far more difficult section was along the train tracks. Anyone who has walked very far along a railroad track knows that the ties are spaced in a way that defies the human stride. You’re either taking baby steps, or jumping over every other one. The ties were also kind of falling apart, and the path on either side was rough and sloping. We tried it every which way. At one point, as I struggled along with my heavy boat, I caught up with John who was sitting down on the tracks, one of

In Harrington Brook carry. Literally. Photograph courtesy of Chris Bickford.



the big Duluth bags still on his back. John had sat down with the pack on, then couldn't get back upright. I said I was sorry, but if I put the boat down to help, I'd never get back up either! We eventually made it to the turn off at the halfway point, and half of us took boats and gear to the end of the trail, and the other half went back to the start for a second load. In this way, we all got safely to the put in on Clear Pond. The second half of the carry was wooded, and far more pleasant than the tracks. The paddle across remote Clear Pond was short, and got us to our third and last carry of the day. This relatively short carry was down an old jeep trail, so was easier to negotiate by far than the previous two. At the end of this carry, we found a truly nice campsite, and decided to set up camp rather than press on. We were all ready to stop!

Our site this second night was in what appeared to be an old camp, kind of high up on a bluff overlooking Bog Lake. There were some rustic fixtures around, like old wood tables, just perfect for setting up our kitchen. The camp was wide and open, though beautifully wooded, and we all loved it. Dinner that night, prepared by John and Mary Ann, was a delicious and filling meal of burritos with beans, rice, veggies, and salsa. I turned in early, myself, but several of the group stayed up to stargaze down on the lake shore. Our morning routine on day three was a little more relaxed than usual. We had no carries, only paddling ahead of us, so we were treated to a hearty breakfast of quinoa with lots of fruit and nuts, krispbread with homemade jam and peanut butter, and good strong coffee all artfully prepared by Bob and Chris. We still had seen no other paddlers since leaving Lila, and wouldn't until we had broken camp and were ready to launch into Bog Lake.

Day three brought us some of the most enjoyable paddling of the trip. Bog Lake, at its northern end, narrows into a sort of marshy river, full of

Top: Jim carries one of the kevlar boats to Clear Pond. Bottom: John and Dan preparing supper in our camp overlooking Bog Lake. Photographs courtesy of Chris Bickford and Mary Ann Hoag.



flowering bog plants, reeds, and lilies. There was an old causeway with a stone culvert that we passed under, built sometime in the early 20th century, I guess, though it could be much older. Our “river” widened out after a couple of miles, as it opened into Lows Lake. There is a huge, dense, floating bog called Horsehead Island that nearly closes off the entrance to the lake. At some point, a big chunk of this floating mat of dense vegetation broke off, and drifted miles down the lake, where it lodged in a narrow section of the Bog River. As we came out into big Lows Lake, we thought it might be wise to look for a campsite early, heading in the direction that we were to paddle the next day. There is good bit of lake to the west that we did not explore, but we were a little worried about finding a good site. We passed by a few that were open, liking one in particular. If the day had been windy, we would have stopped there, but there was, unusually, a slick calm. We paddled on for another couple of miles, then decided we did like the former site, so Holly and I paddled back to claim it. It really was a nice one, looking south and west into warm sunshine. There was a nice swimming beach there, and plenty of room, so we counted ourselves lucky as we pitched an early camp, had lunch, and waited for the others to come back. This was our rest day. It was early afternoon at this point, and we had a nice day swimming, paddling, and some of our group took a hike up Grass Pond Mountain. Lows Lake is home to a large group of Loons, and as evening deepened, we were treated to their spooky calls echoing around the lake. Our last dinner was chicken curry and couscous, courtesy of Mary and Dan, with a beautiful view to the east of several High Peaks. We could actually see the sun flashing off the tower atop Mt. Marcy, way off in the distance.

Judging from the distance that Dan and I plotted on our canoe map, we had a bit of a paddle ahead of us on day four, and we needed an early start to make sure that we arrived at the takeout in plenty of time to meet our shuttle. So it was another “0-dark-thirty” morning, with a hurried breakfast and boat-loading to be paddling by 7:30. This day had a different feel, with a breeze stirring early and a sultry feel to the air. We had one short carry ahead of us at Lows’ upper dam. We wanted to be there by noon so that we could take the time for a hike up to Low’s Ridge. We paddled for a few miles, passing between Frying Pan and Pole Islands, then along the north shore of the lake to make sure we did not get tangled up in the slew of islands and peninsular obfuscations along the southern shore. There are several campsites down in there that, from the canoe map, look enticing. A paddler could easily spend a happy week or two camping and exploring this big lake. After about two hours of steady paddling, our lake narrowed into the upper reaches of the Bog River. The land along the north shore is privately owned for quite a way down the river, and no landing is permitted along this stretch, but we soon left that section and, after passing one or two occupied campsites, landed in a beautiful spot set aside for day use only where we rustled up a protein-rich (and much needed) lunch of dried sausages and cheese. We seemed to be making good progress towards our destination, so we lingered there for a bit before climbing back in and paddling onward. About a half-mile down river from lunch, we came across, or rather up against, that corner of Horsehead Island that had broken off and floated downstream to finally get stuck in this narrow section of the river. We thought we might have to carry across this bog, and in fact John and Mary Ann did just that, but Dan and Mary paddled around to the other side, and found a narrow cut through the bog, right up against the southern bank. The rest of us followed them, and before long, found our carry around the upper dam.

It is possible to carry a short way down a rocky path, and put into a swift little class-1 riffle below the spillway. Dan and Mary chose this route, while the rest of us carried around. We all gathered next to the put-in, then organized our hike up the mountain to Low’s Ridge. Only half of us chose to do the hike. My feet were hurting, but I was anxious to get a look at the expansive views from the ridge, so I dug my good shoes from out of the dry bag. A short walk to the trailhead took us through the old ruined foundations of A.A. Low’s buildings at the dam. At just over a mile each way, the hike up to the ridge was fairly easy, though steep in some sections. It did feel good to be hiking without a boat overhead or a big Duluth pack on our backs, and the walk

Chris and Bob paddling in Bog Lake. Photograph courtesy of Mary Ann Hoag.



was quite invigorating. There were no glimpses, even, of the views that were to unfold when we climbed out on the rocks of Low's Ridge. The panorama from the west back towards Lows Lake, to the east down Hitchens Pond and the Bog River, and across to the High Peaks was spectacular. What was remarkable to me was that there was not a paved road or building anywhere in sight for miles and miles looking up and down this valley. And all of that distance, and more that we couldn't see, had been traversed by our intrepid little group! This was, for me, the most rewarding moment of our trip.

It had clouded over and the west wind was fierce way up there. We still had several miles to cover down Hitchens Pond and the Bog, so after a last look we all headed back down the path to load up for the last leg. That west wind we encountered up on the ridge had filled in down on the lake as well. We were lucky that day to be heading generally downwind, though several of the meanders took us broadside, and even upwind on one short leg. We were all glad that we were not headed west in the big lake. I imagine that Lows could be quite rough! We did pass several groups headed that way, but most seemed unperturbed. Hopefully they all found campsites before too late in the day. This last section of the Bog above the lower dam is beautiful, an easy meander with sweeping turns through marsh grasses, under an old railroad trestle, and alongside huge rocks set into the banks with tree roots groping and curling around their worn and cracked forms, dense carpets of moss and lichen blanketing their tops. Before long our trip was done. We all had mixed emotions on reaching the take-out at the lower dam: sorry for the trip to end, but ready to be back and satisfied with the completion of a strenuous but beautiful passage. We had just enough time to unload the boats and gather for a few group photos, before Pat was there to pick us all up. Perfect timing!

Top: Sliding the canoe over one of a few beaver dams. Bottom Heading to Lows Lake. Photographs courtesy of Chris Bickford.



We finished our day with a drive to Tupper Lake, dinner, and a nice motel room with hot, hot showers. Before driving home the next day, we took a side trip to the Adirondack Museum in Blue Mountain Lake. I was anxious to see once again their fabulous collection of canoes, sail-craft, and guideboats. The museum has an extensive collection of important Rushton canoes, like the nine-and-one-half pound “Sairy Gamp”, built for the famous woodsman and writer Nessmuk (George Washington Sears). Boatbuilder Alison Warner was there as well, herself on display as she builds a traditionally framed and planked guideboat, right there in the museum. Meeting in the museum lobby later, we all congratulated ourselves on a trip well done, and said our goodbyes, as each group made its own way back to the city and home.

As this story goes to press, the Canoe Committee is busy planning our 2014 season. Dan and I are interested in “upping the ante” for the next wilderness trip, with a more ambitious route, more rugged carries, and a deeper immersion in the wilderness experience. We would like to pack and load lighter and smarter, with better gear and a more organized kit, limiting our portages to “single carries”, boats, gear, and people. We set the bar pretty high with our Lila to Lows trip, and we are looking forward to another awesome adventure. I’m liking the “Oswegatchie Traverse”, a route back west through Lows Lake, then up and over a rise to Big Deer Pond, and on to the Oswegatchie, two carries that total over three miles! I think we learned that the level of satisfaction and sense of accomplishment on a backwoods trip are directly related to the distance and difficulty getting there. We got game!



Top: Hikers portrait on Lows Ridge. Bottom: Spectacular view of Hitchins Pond and the Bog River. Photograph scourtesy of Mary Ann Hoag, Jim Luton and Chris Bickford.



Top: Winding through the gorgeous flora of Harrington Brook. Bottom: The final take-out at Lows Lower Dam. Photographs courtesy of Chris Bickford and Mary Ann Hoag.





Sebago Gardens *By Mary Eyster*

It was a challenging year. Sandy tore through our whole property, and the gardens were the least of our problems. After the storm, the club came out in force to put everything back where it should be – the boats, walkways, picnic tables, boat racks. At that time there wasn't really anything to do for the gardens, as they were, more or less, still there.

The damage became clearer in the spring, when we saw that many of the plants that had been with us for years were not going to come back. Herbs, like our various sage, rosemary and lavender plants, plus most of our evergreens, did not survive. There also were some new invasives, like poison ivy, that made an appearance.

Nonetheless, our gardens were productive and we moved ahead. Many of the dead trees and shrubs have been removed. We have a plan in place to re-locate some of the shrubs to our newly enriched garden near the restored Paerdegat Athletic Club fence (the one that was torn out last winter, and then replaced), and along the re-bricked walkway to the front door. Many members, new and not so new, came out to help with the gardening, mulching, mowing, pruning and other tasks.

In the spring we will be planting more native species along the PAC fence and the waterfront area, and will also restore plantings near the front fence. Many of the members are happy to maintain individual gardens, with combinations of flowers, herbs and vegetables. We also want to enrich the property by planting natives, especially salt-tolerant and butterfly-friendly species.

If you have any ideas or expertise, please contact maryjo.eyster@gmail.com or maryannhoag@yahoo.com

Name Published for Senior Membership

Iris Cuesta
Sylvia Cuesta
James Williams
Jack Resnick
Howard Alfred

Spirit Wind

By Sarah G Lilly

We sailors
seek the wind
wind sees us seeking

Present, elusive

We sailors
wish wind to be
steady, light or strong

Accept its gift.
changing
power

wind power
wind faith

Upwind
Downwind we sail
Wind smiles at us and waits

glad to carry us over the waves
glad to slow us til we touch our mooring
glad to take us safely home

We sailors seek the wind
and the wind seeks us



Sebago Works

By Frank Favia

Plans and drawings, hearts and minds.
Tapes and squares, levels and lines.
Sand and gravel, stones and chips.
Compost, cement, lumber and bricks.

Stacked and piled, bagged and heaped.
Mountains and mounds, shallow and deep.
Pickaxes, rakes, shovels and pikes.
Sledgehammers, hoes, jackhammers, spikes

Mary and John set up each crew.
Build, clean, repair, so much to do.
People drift in, have coffee and cake.
Then pick up a shovel, an axe or a rake.

And so work starts on this fall day.
Dig, scrape, rake, haul it away.
Axes and hammers and hearts are pounding.
Dig, scrape, rake like symphonies sounding.

The ground, stone hard, resists each blow.
Dig, scrape, rake ~ pickaxe then hoe.
Fragments fly, pikes and picks squeal.
But rubble's no match for sweat and steel.

More water, more gravel, bring more sand.
Break a sweat, bruise a shin, careful ~ cut a hand.
More chips, more rocks, and get more stone.
It's a dance, it's a beat, it's a rhythm all its own.

More compost, more blocks, and now more chips.
Load barrows, move piles, make hundreds of trips.
Pull weeds, stow hoses, rough ground smooth hoe.
Lay stones, neat pretty, make a straight row.

More bricks, set 'em straight, keep 'em all tight.
Eye the level, watch the line, set 'em all right.
Bring the sand, spread it flat, now use the broom.
Sweep it clean, fill all cracks, don't leave any room.

And so it goes as gray day turns sunny.
A crew like this worth all Solomon's money.
Laughing and joking and getting it done.
Some call this work, others call it fun.

Brick walk replaced, gardens cleaned, border built snug.
The weeds all gone, boardwalk fixed, a deep sump dug.
Work's finished now, the crew is happy, all hail, hearty.
Sebago works days, broad smiles of joy, a Sebago work party.



Above: Brick Pathway, BEFORE.
Below: Brick Pathway, the FINISH.



All photographs on the following pages of "Sebago Working" are the courtesy of Frank Favio. Working members, not pictured, include: Mary Eyster, Lori Galnick, Minh Nguyen, Hans Liebert, Lynn Whitehead, Howie Alfred, Mary Ann Hoag, Gracie Landis, Norman Blumstein, John Wright.

This page - Top: The ATTACK begins: Edmundas Rimkus, Eduard Brodsky, Frank Becht (hat), Giovanni Lopez (back to camera).
Bottom: Setting the border, Edmundas, stone mason and bricklayer, project designer.



Top: Mixing mortar: Gianni, Tim Holden.
Bottom: Setting bricks in the stone bed: Edmundas, Derrick Osborne, Frank Favia.



Top: Leveling the pathway: Edmundas, Javier in background, Tim, Frank B on steps, Derrick with bucket.
Bottom: Stones for the landscaped border: Jim Williams, Bob O'Neill.



Top: Putting the garden plot to bed: Sonia Brodsky.
Bottom: Tending to the green spaces: Den Gordon.



Top: Javier Muniz strikes with the breaker bar.
Bottom: Excavating for the dry well: Javier



Top: Fence post meet the hammer: Friso Postma.
Bottom: Wood chip transporter: April Duckworth.



Sebago Takes Out the Trash! *By Mary Eyster*

Once again, the SCC troops came out in force to pick up the trash. We had our annual Trash Bash on September 21. This is a very important event for our shoreline and environment, not only because our troops picked up over 500 pounds of litter, but also because we send our data to the American Littoral Society and the Ocean Conservancy. These organizations are at the forefront of efforts to clean up the waterways and oceans through a variety of initiatives, including the shore cleanups and legislation. They collect data about the trash that is removed, and use that information to lobby for environmental protection laws.

For example, in the years that SCC has participated in the Trash Bash, we have noticed a significant reduction in water bottles, due to changes in the law making these bottles refundable. So we are not only removing the existing trash – we are helping to reduce future pollution. Nonetheless, there is still an unfortunate abundance of trash to pick up (hence the 500+ pounds over ½ mile of shoreline).

We were happy to welcome Boy Scouts, members of a church group, and of course our own members. It was the first cleanup since Sandy (oh that wicked witch), and also the first time in a few years we could go beyond the bridge onto the Bay. Plastic is the most prevalent litter on our Paerdegat shoreline. Bags, bottles, caps. We know that some of this is not from the folks on the water but from the storm runoff. Everyone who drops a bottle on a city street is contributing to the problem. But we are helping to push toward a solution. Good Work, SCC!

This page : Group photo of all the Trash Bash participants.
Next page - Top: Dan assisting the launch of the canoes and the Boy Scouts.
Bottom: The group leaving the beach with canoes filled with the trash collection





Sebago Canoe Club Board of Directors:**Commodore** - Walter Lewandowski**Vice-Commodore** - John Wright**Secretary** - Mary Eyster**Treasurer** - Zachary Abrams**Board Members:**

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Holly Sears

Denis Sivack

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