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**Mid-Hudson Power Squadron**

# **THE FOGHORN**

**The Official Newsletter of the  
Mid-Hudson Power Squadron**

**December, 2010 Issue**

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2009-2010**

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**This month's Nauti Bender:**

While anchoring for lunch at your favorite cove,  
you check the tension  
of the anchor rode and it appears to be  
vibrating...

**What does this indicate?**

**“The Annual Holiday Party”  
and Mid-Hudson Power Squadron  
Monthly Membership Meeting**

**When:** Wednesday,  
December 15, 2010 @ 18:30

**Where:** Coppola’s Restaurant, 4167  
Albany Post Road (Rte 9), Hyde Park, NY  
Phone: (845) 229-9113  
Website: <http://www.coppolas.net>

**Uniform:** “Holiday Festive”

**Menu:** **Dinner Menu**  
Entrée Choices:  
Veal Parmigiana  
Chicken Marsala  
Broiled Salmon  
Including:  
Antipasta, Penne  
Dessert (Sundae)  
Coffee or Tea

**Cost:** \$10.00 per person  
courtesy MHPS

**Entertainment:**

**The Annual Pirate Auction** –  
please bring a wrapped gift marked for a man,  
woman or both if you wish to participate. The  
cost should be kept between \$5 & \$10.

PLEASE RSVP with your **choice of entrée(s)** and  
**number of guests** by  
Monday, December 13, 2009

RSVP : Ed Sugg at (845) 462-3153  
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**River Tales - Our Beautiful River**

How long did it take for you to fall in love with the river? How did your personal love affair start? Did you amble along the flats in a canoe or kayak or spend long cool mornings hoping for that first nibble. We all have some attraction to and reverence for this river. While the Power Squadron unites us all in our nautical adventures whether on river or sea, the Hudson River is our home cruising ground. It is a vital physical and emotional conduit for everyone in this area. This column is dedicated to the river and to the people who care for and about it.

Growing up, water was not big in my life style. Nonetheless as a youth I was excited by the river. I spent hours mesmerized by the currents at Hell’s Gate, and watched with amazement the power in the whirlpools of water. In those days, the parade of tugs and workboats ran with regularity. A whole family of red and black Moran tugs could be seen in the same day.

I moved north out of New York and started making excuses to head to a river front park (“But the dogs really want to go to that park”). I could see the weather crossing Storm King. I could watch the freight trains up close, the passenger trains from afar. The river that runs both ways. But it was not until I got a boat that I started to “get it” first hand. You can’t understand the power of the river until you depend on it for something... in my case mobility.

So now I sail, motor, and paddle along the river. I marvel at the physical beauty wherever I look. The Hudson is much more than a full time classroom in aesthetics. The wind, the weather, and the movement of the river all combine in constant evolution. Every day the river is new and different. It nurtures life and needs nurturing to survive. It teaches us.

..... Jeff Kantor

## November Meeting

Was held at Savona's Trattoria and included a guided tour of the Hudson River Maritime Museum. Great food! Great reports! Everyone had a really good time. The museum is a must see and there was a close rapport between our group and the museum administration.

### Keep these dates open:

**December 15, 2010**  
Holidays Celebration

**January, 2010**  
No Meetings! See you on the slopes!

**February 16, 2010**  
We're back... General meeting.

**April 9, 2011**  
Annual Auction:  
Poughkeepsie Yacht Club  
Yacht Club Road  
Staatsburg, NY  
If you've never been, this is one of the best annual meetings we have. Nautical items are pennies to the dollar. Dare to outbid your slip mates.

**April 1 – April 3, 2011**  
Spring Conference:  
Holiday Inn  
Saratoga Springs, NY

**May , 2011**  
What do you think about a party? Take the night off from re-commissioning your QE3! Music, beer? Maybe a Saturday night? Contact your local excomm member or email the Foghorn! What's your choice?

## Upcoming Courses

**All courses are now open to the public.  
(At a Cost!!)**

### Junior Navigation

January 11, 2011 Hurley Reformed Church, Hurley, NY

Junior Navigation is the first in a two-part program of study in offshore navigation, It is designed as a practical "how to" course. Subject matter includes:  
Precise time determination  
Use of the Nautical Almanac  
Taking sextant sights of the sun  
Reducing sights to establish lines of position  
Special charts and plotting sheets for offshore navigation  
Offshore navigational routines for recreational craft

### ABC Course

February, 2011

This is a comprehensive, entry level class for every boater. It is an 8 hour class and will be completed in 2 or 3 class days.

### Engine Maintenance

Spring, 2011

You wouldn't leave the shore in a canoe without a paddle. Your motor is important when a paddle just won't do. Know a little bit about what makes it work. It just might come in handy some day!

Contact any of these officers with your course interest:

[Mathew TenEyck](mailto:mattwin4@aol.com)      [mattwin4@aol.com](mailto:mattwin4@aol.com)  
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**Nauti – Bender Answer:**

Your anchor is dragging!

## Labors of Lunacy



*A Promising Fixer-Upper*

In my heyday I could afford frivolous expenditures, like double-dip ice cream cones and subscriptions to boating magazines. It's interesting to note, by the way, that these two discretionary expenditures are nearly equal in value these days. If you find yourself weighing their relative merits and happen to live by the sea, go with the ice cream.

Like all cellulose-based publications, which are dying by the barge-load from lack of relevancy, boating rags seem to recycle the same information every third issue. Amongst the repetition is the oft-rehashed Shakespearean theme of love's labor, wherein some wave-smitten business consultant with time on his hands and a languishing 18v drill commits himself to a forlorn hulk with oodles of hidden potential. He then proceeds to dedicate the best years of his life, health, marriage, and if he had any, self-respect, to the reconstitution of the thing to near-buoyant status.

Not me. I'm a turnkey kind of guy. In fact she doesn't even have to start as long as the key turns. Saves on gas. But this one guy (I will not name names) makes Joshua Slocum look like an impatient hack.

I was sitting on the pot, where I do my best reading, taking in the story from my Boat US mag, which I get free, mind you, because of the annual towing insurance I happily shell out for. Therein I read of a man who proudly confessed to spending somewhere near half a century, and I don't know, a hundred times the original value (while I think lopping off a finger or two in the process) to reconstitute a thing he

found rotting in a field, into a boat.



*A no-brainer. For a buck, she's yours. All you have to do is pay the salvage bill, the yard bill (ten years in arrears), re-power, redo the electrical system and gut the interior, all destroyed by salt water. Oh, and patch the gaping hole where she's been hulled.*

Here's the kicker. Over the decades he'd regularly exploited the free labor of his father and brother, neither of whom survived the project to completion. It isn't explained how each met his demise, though there was no overt implication of boatyard accidents or murder. Let's just chalk it up to natural attrition.

I'm not the sort to denigrate the spirits of those who have passed before me, unless I knew and despised them in life, in which case their legacy is fair game. I'm sure this project had been a satisfying and bonding experience for all. I really mean that. It's just, a little part of me wonders if the last words of either of the deceased were, "I don't care what else you do (Son, Bro), you

just have to finish this thing and put it in the water and see if it floats. Nothing else in life matters near so much.”

Or something to that effect. To which I would naturally have responded, “I’m on it, (Dad, Bro). I will not rest until I’m plying the high seas aboard her or I’m buried between the two of you first.” A little white lie doesn’t hurt once in a while, particularly when it’s told graveside.

Then I would have gone out and bought something I could’ve had some fun on right away.

But maybe I’m missing the point. I recognize the occasional perverse need to nourish something back to life from near extinction, which impulse is perhaps an extension of our own deep-seated desire to live forever. That compulsion exhibits itself in droves near water. It’s possible that some folks are truly happier fixing boats than boating in them. I, having once lived on a sailboat for a year and replaced the joker valve not once but twice during the period, recognize that what really makes me happy is living *by* the water, and occasionally playing in or on it. This is no great shame. *Know thyself*, is the dictum that comes to mind. Or as Deb likes to say, whatever blows your skirt up.

I have feet, not fins. And while I take pride in problem-solving and affecting certain types of repair, I’d prefer those problems surface only rarely and as far removed from the bilge as possible. That’s the way I hang.

By the way, that hopeless cause I’ve been alluding to? You should see her now. She’s a beaut.

*Thanks for this submission goes to Paul Koestner, who by his own admission, failed Basic Boating, but his wife Deb passed. Paul and Deb can usually be found sailing their Morgan 34 in Long Island and the Bahamas.*

## A Little Help Goes a Long Way

Last month’s Foghorn carried warning messages of dire importance to the MHPS’ survival. Very little has changed in the past month, only we are somewhat closer to some finality. Membership involvement is the only way out of this mess. We need people to practice their enthusiasm, or this avenue of knowledge will be closed. The cover page of Foghorn has phone and contact numbers of the E-board. Take a minute to call or email any one of them and ask what you can do. We are starting on a program to canvass local marine organizations; whether they are commercial or non-commercial, to generate community interest and light a fire where it’s needed.

Foghorn’s format has changed as of this month. Our publication will also be reaching out to the community for support and interest. Some future topics will include conversations with other mariners, product evaluations, and further tales of our relationship with the Hudson.

A column which I’m particularly excited to showcase will feature interviews with MHPS members. We should all be aware of the huge depth of experience around us. We’ll talk about our finest and worst times, how we landed where we are, and our hopes and aspirations.

If you have an interest in any of these topics, contact the Foghorn. Please submit your comments, articles, essays, corrections or additions. Did anything resonate? Do you have a story about rebuilding a boat that wants to be told? Sea stories? Fish yarns? Share your River Tales with the Squadron.

Fair Winds,  
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