



100th ANNIVERSARY OF THE ROCKAWAY POINT YACHT CLUB



BY: DOLORES Z. ELLIOTT

*For my nearest and dearest
John Hewitt Elliott*

*Our daughters
Lynn and Dolores*

*Their mates
Todd Nigh and Brian Diercks*

and

*In loving memory of my parents Lucille and Louis Zanelli
“Lou”, my brother and best friend*

You're all a grand bunch and I love you all.



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FOREWORD

In a place such as New York City, we have a hidden treasure. The Rockaway Point Yacht Club. Since 1909 it's been here, and we celebrate its 100 Anniversary. We know its value, those of us who are members and have the good fortune to use its facility are blessed.

Take a seat, view Jamaica Bay and watch the stream of ship, sailboat and yachts go by. Then gaze across the bay to the most spectacular panoramic view of New York's skyline. Not enough! Stay a while and watch the sunset, you can't help saying am I lucky or what, "it's a gem of a place."

The story, the history, as you follow it in this book of photo's and comments is a growth of the club thru the years.

There are people in the club with rich variety of wide-ranging skills, which makes whatever task is needed, get accomplished. They bring more than that, a united spirit and a way of going about a task that extends from the old salt to the new guy or gal. It works.

In a time of changing and confused values, it is reassuring to encounter a company of people, whose members have a central spirit.

The history needed to be documented and the story told in book form, so I was especially pleased when Eileen Van Note initiated the idea.

The Yacht Club has come a long way from my first encounter in 1959. Men in suits and ties, women in dresses, some even with "church hats."

I have some personal knowledge and half-forgotten experiences. It started with special invite to a gourmet dinner at the Yacht Club . Entering the Yacht Club, a waiter approaches with a tray of hors d'oeuvre and a glass of champagne. I was well-treated, welcomed by the members and theirs wives. Table setting with white linen, dishes, stem-ware and cloth napkins. We are assigned seats at tables of four with a place card "John Elliott's Guest", and a printed menu details our dinner. Duly impressed.

Time passes and now our toddlers are here for a day sail. We spend many a days at the club. Beware toddlers are not allowed to step inside the club, they must be carried to the bathroom. Not as easy as today, it fun to see children running about in bathing suits and enjoying the beach, sandy feet and all.

Over the years, the RPYC has shown growth in welcoming of families, initiative with its first female Commodore, responsibility to the community and a cooperation among its members to make it a place of refuge and enjoyment.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

I was touched and honored when asked to compile the History of the Rockaway Point Yacht Club for the 100 Anniversary. Little did I know of the privilege that was bestowed upon me. I rekindled friendship with past members and got to know new members. But most surprising were the unknown stories from the members who I have shared food, drink and sunsets with all these years. I hope you enjoy these accounts as much as I did in recording them, thank you.

This history could not have been written without the encouragement and assistance of many people. John Elliott, my husband, who has phenomenal memory especially of the Yacht Club. My daughter Dolores, her computer and graphic arts talent served this history book well. Tolerating the demands on her time for many weeks with sorting photos and mountains of new and old papers. Lynn Elliott for editing a good many pages for grammatical content.

Many thanks to Tom Tobin, who successfully tracked down information on members as well as photo's. His expertise and talent in writing the speeches for Opening Day, the Blessing of the Fleet and Winter of Discontent, is now documented.

To Pete Martino, who spent an afternoon at his office digging out a dusty box of Yacht Club memorabilia. Thank you Pete.

The first women Commodore, Eileen Van Note, who suggested and wanted the Yacht Club History documented for its 100th Anniversary. You planted the seed Eileen and the club owes you a thanks.

Some others deserve a special recognition Charlie Healey, a gifted seaman, and the first to come forward with photo's and stories. Harold Hohne for keeping in touch sending e-mails with data and photos of various events. To Ben Palino for climbing into the attic and finding old albums of Yacht Club photo's. To Bob Diercks and Neil Lynch for encouragement and support.

To Laura Regan, for taking time to sit with her mother, Mattie Curley. She located many old photo's of her and Jack Curley sharing good times at the club. The Mardi Gras, picnic and many other photo's are thanks to Mattie.

Finally to Midge Diercks for the spectacular Cover photo, your talent is apparent.

Any merit in this book is due in large part to the help of the kind souls named above.



A grayscale photograph of a rocky coastline. In the foreground, a large, dark rock formation arches over the water. In the background, a sailboat is visible on the water, and a bird is flying in the sky. The overall scene is serene and coastal.

2009 BRIDGE & EXECUTIVE BOARD



2009 Bridge



Neil Lynch
Commodore



Bob Leonard
Vice Commodore



Ed Gori
Rear Commodore



Harold Hohne
Secretary



Mike Moran
Treasurer

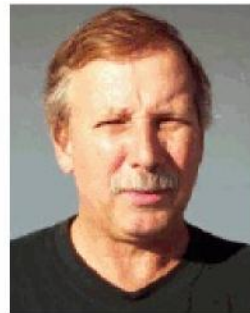
Executive Board



Mike Savage
Executive Board



Bob Diercks
Executive Board



Bob Scheriff
Executive Board



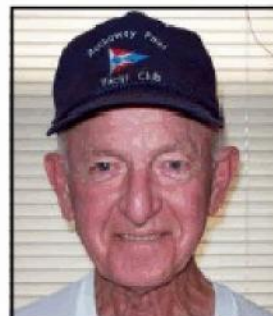
Eileen VanNote
Executive Board



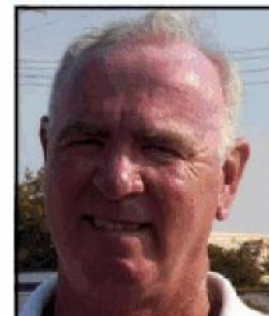
Don Johnson
Fleet Captain



Ed Rasmussen
Membership Committee



Charlie Rorke
Membership Committee



Lee Murray
UIYCA Committee

Past Commodores



1959/79/86 Art Elliott



1970 John Elliott



1971 Edward Baelis



1972 Ron Krausauka



1974/75/82 Peter Martino



1983 Bill Gibson



1984-86 Ed Rasmussen



1987 Mike Brady



1988/89 Bill Schwick



1990 Bill Gauge



1991/92 Mike Moran



1993/94/95 Tom Tobin



1996 Pat Ryan



1997 Harold Hohne



1998/99 Ben Paolino



2000 Frank Harding



2001/02 Mike Savage



2003/04 Bob Scheriff



2004-06 Bob Diercks



2006-08 Eileen Van Note



THE HISTORY OF THE ROCKAWAY POINT YACHT CLUB

THE HISTORY OF THE ROCKAWAY POINT YACHT CLUB

by John H. Elliott



Over the years I have had many conversations with long gone members and have researched much on my own, for my own knowledge and to learn the history of the Rockaway Point Yacht Club. Here I have memorialize what I have learned, remember and experienced.

1909 to 1941

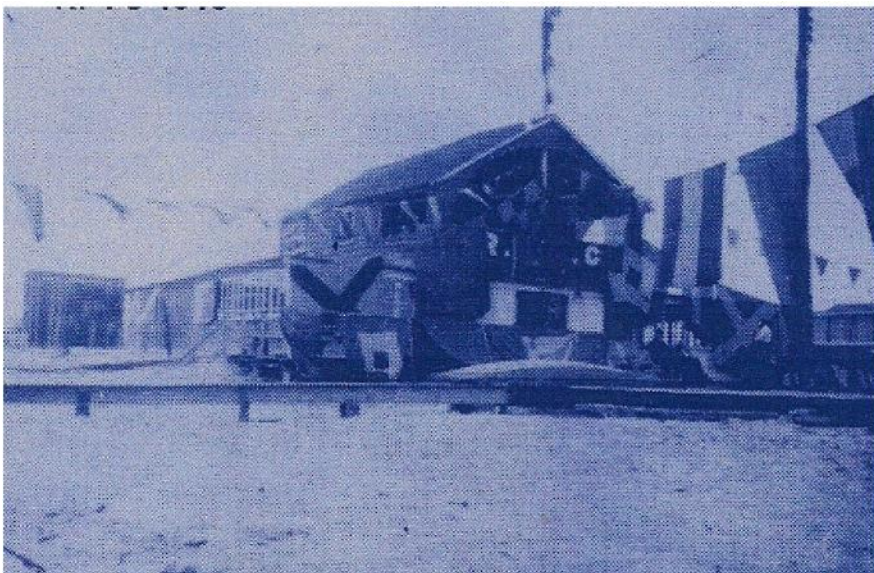
The Rockaway Point Yacht Club was purchased from Mr. Howard Reid in 1910. The building had previously been the Seaman's Hotel, owned by Henry Seaman. The hotel was a small two-story building with a open room in the front that faced the water and, in the rear, there was a bar on the left and a kitchen on the right. The second floor had small rooms and there was a small arched balcony on the front of the building.

The building sat further back than it does today, near where the trees to the rear of the parking lot are. A long boardwalk from the front door led to a pier. After the purchase, a one-story addition was built on the east and west side of the club. The original room, from the kitchen out, was opened up into the new addition, leaving a very large room for meetings and parties. Bazaars were run by the club for its benefit, and there were about 175 members in the club.

In the wintertime, boats up to sixteen feet were stored in the clubhouse's large room. During the summer season, a steward was hired to maintain the club, the tenders (rowboats), and work the kitchen and bar. Latrines were outside. In the back of the club, two rows of storage lockers were set up for the members' use. The outer parking lot in use today also served the club back then. A six-foot-wide concrete walk, filled with chairs and rockers, ran across the front of the club. It was a place to gather in the evening and tell fish stories and tales—not much has changed!

In the early 1920s, meetings were held in the Rockaway Point Yacht Club to form the Rockaway Point Catholic Club. By 1922, the Yacht Racing Association of Jamaica Bay (YRAJB) was formed

and was comprised of several clubs in Jamaica Bay: our club, Canarsie Yacht Club, Jamaica Bay Yacht Club, Old Mill Yacht Club, Rockaway Park Yacht Club, Midget Squadron, Broad Channel Yacht Club, and Belle Harbor Yacht Club. The YRAJB scheduled motorboat and sailboat racing events throughout the bay. They would choose a host club, favoring clubs that were better situated for racing such as our club, the Jamaica Bay Yacht Club, the Belle Harbor Yacht Club, or the Rockaway Park Yacht Club.



RPYC 1938

The dock was at least seventy-five feet longer than it is today and it had a larger float. The float was held off the dock by two groups of wire-wrapped spiles. Two crisscrossed chains secured it in place. Boats could tie up on three sides of the float. Used rowboats were purchased for tenders; in the 1930s, rowboats could be purchased for \$10 to \$20—they were considered expendable. The tenders were tied to the sides of the float and were never taken out of the water, which meant they lasted one season. Float boys, when available, were usually the son of a



Early 1930's in front of RPYC

member and used oars to row the tenders.

Thinking back, the members I remember from the 1930s are John Kelly (both the father and the son), John Sullivan, George Schwikart, Mike Young, Jack Sutter, George and Eric Olsen, Bill Franz, Gordon Riyners, Arthur Penny, Gene Gay, and Howard Reid, Jr.

In the 1930s, the yacht club was a center for social activities in Rockaway Point. My first visit was in September 1934, when I was eight years old. The Mardi Gras parade (held on Labor Day weekend) always ended in front of the yacht club and there was plenty of room for the floats and participants outside, with the judges sorting out the trophies inside the club. I was there waiting for the ice cream and I remember Al Nemith, Sr., (who owned the Sugar Bowl) was outside the yacht club handing out ice cream to all the children.

During the summer months from the 1930's through the 1940's George Olsen, a member and an amateur weather forecaster would post the weather forecast every day. The bulletin board weather station was located at the entrance of the dock, at the time, it was an invaluable system well ahead of the times.



Mardi Gras RPYC 1938

At that time, all around the club were summer homes facing the water; the bungalows were built two, three, and even four homes deep. Some of them had been improved tent sites from the turn of the nineteenth century. A fair amount of the members came from this area. When the City of New York acquired the land, the bungalows had to go. Some were moved inside the cooperative, some were torn down, and arson took the rest. Rockaway Point firehouse #5 stood alongside the club on the east side. It was a small building with hand-pulled firefighting apparatus.

1941 to 1953

The war years (1941-45) slowed boating down. Members were busy, gas was rationed or nonexistent.

The military struck a boundary line from Sheepshead Bay, to the round house in the middle of the bay, to the Breezy “lighthouse,” which is actually a concrete lookout tower. No civilian boats were allowed past this line. The restricted area and lack of gas meant only one thing: oars! My friend George Schwikart and I would row a very heavy outboard motorboat with the tide to the round house to catch two-pound porgies, two at a time! Fishing was very good. We also drifted for fluke with the tide. Fishing from the mooring was also done.

During the war years, I was a messenger for the Breezy Point air-raid wardens. My dad was sector commander for the wedge. In 1943, I joined the Coast Guard Auxiliary, which operated out of Belle Harbor Yacht Club, and I remember quite a few of the World War II-related events happening near the club and in Jamaica Bay.

In the fall of 1943, the US Army ran an after dark practice invasion. They landed troops on the beach east of the club, the Target, to take Fort Tilden. The troops once off the beach would work through the bungalows, across the road to the Fort. Not uncommon in nighttime maneuvers gear was lost and some troops got off the boat in deep water. The rumor was they were successful and took the Fort.

Once, a Navy wildcat crashed in the cove east of the RPYC. Police boats grappled for days looking for the plane and its pilot, but they didn’t find it. What they did find, however, was the large fisherman’s anchor that is now in front of the club’s flagpole. Sadly, the pilot eventually washed up on shore a year later and the plane was discovered in Sheepshead Bay, off Kingsborough Community College. Also, a navy crash rescue boat was stationed in Deep Creek and they would race out to the Atlantic to try and rescue the downed pilots. At the time, Sheepshead Bay was full of army patrol boats ready to be shipped where needed.

The U.S. Army hired the old fishing boat *Glory* to tow a target as practice for its coastal artillery. Six-inch, eight-inch, and sixteen-inch guns were fired at the target the *Glory* towed from Fort Tilden out to the Atlantic Ocean. The entrance to New York Harbor was covered with a field of push-button mines. Wires from the mines led to a concrete junction box on the bayside between the jetty and the lookout tower (the Breezy lighthouse). The bundles of wires led down our main road to Fort Tilden to control the mines.



1945

John Elliott with his sister Carol

On August 2, 1947, I joined Rockaway Point Yacht Club. The initiation fee was \$10.00 and the dues were \$10.00. I had the biggest boat in the club—a thirty-six-foot sloop. In early August 1953, I was on the beach at Lincoln Walk talking to friends when the fire siren sounded. We looked around and a large amount of smoke was coming from the Colony Inn area. I happened to be with the chief of Breezy Point Fire Volunteers and he took off running. I quickly walked to the site and found the Rockaway Point Yacht Club fully engulfed in flames. Volunteers and the city firemen did all they could to save the clubhouse, but it was

a total loss. They salvaged a few trophies and a couple of folding chairs. The dock and flagpole were the only things left.

1953 to Present

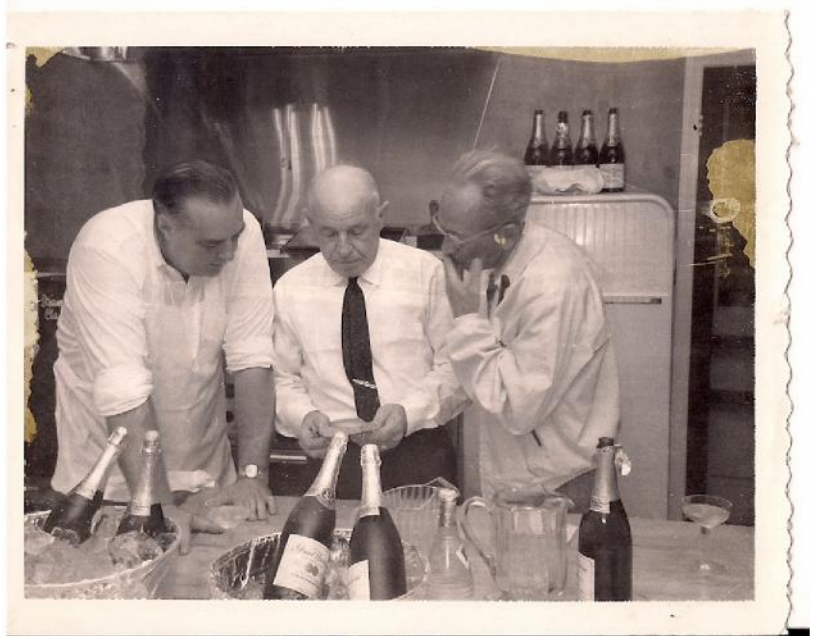
The insurance on the club was an original policy from 1910, for probably no more than \$2,000. This meant that the entire cost of the new club had to be raised. Card parties and fashion shows were put on at the Colony Inn as fundraisers. All members were asked to loan money to the club. All loans were paid back.

The new club opened for the 1955 summer season. It was not quite finished: there was no railing on the porch and the interior furniture needed varnish, but a brush and pot of varnish was ready for willing hands!

We had about thirty-five members and the club was built for approximately fifty members. The aim was to build a quality clubhouse, so the stove and sinks were stainless steel, bathrooms were tiled with marble surrounds, and the flooring was maple, done in bowling alley style. It was good to have a building where everything worked!

A leach field and septic tank was installed on the east side of the club house, but at the full moon high tide the empty tank floated away into Sheepshead Bay. Thankfully the Coast Guard towed it back to us.

The Rockaway Point Yacht Club always ran good parties, but the fanciest party ever run in the club was done by Charles Bienbeck. He was in advertising and was a party guy, amateur chef, and a hard worker. He had a crew that he used for business parties that included a chef, two or three waiters, and him as executive chef. He ran a gourmet party that began with champagne cocktails out on the open porch. A five-course dinner, with complementary wines for each course, was all cooked on site and served by the waiters. It was the perfect event to take my then girlfriend (and now wife) Dolores to. Thirty-five people attended and it cost only \$13.00 per person.



September 30, 1960; Charles Bienbeck, Dan Nolan and Henry Kisker at Lobster and Champagne Party.

Because Bienbeck was so demanding and such a hard worker, no one wanted to work a party with him. So I took a chance and stepped up, and we ended up running many lobster and champagne parties together. I learned a lot from him.

In the late 1950s, we started a dinner cruise party. The owners of six of our largest motorboats would take club members and guests to a seaside New York or New Jersey restaurant. We would dock the boats and have dinner then return to the club by boat (some of the older members would go by car). Barrs Landing in the Atlantic Highlands, Ye Cottage Inn in Keyport, Adventurers Inn on Staten

Island were some of the places and they loved having 35 to 40 people reserved for dinner and they would make sure we had dock space. One trip was almost canceled due to bad weather, but instead of traveling far, we called North Channel Yacht Club to see if they could take our boats and then we walked one hundred yards from that club to Weiss restaurant—we made it work!



In 1963, we entered the Rockaway Point Mardi Gras. Our theme was Cleo-fatra, which was a take-off of the movie *Cleopatra* that Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton had made that year. Jack Curly was Cleo-fatra, Sal Moresca was Julius Caesar, I was the centurion, Henry Kisker was the asp, Bob Peterson and Arthur Elliott were slaves, etc. We were a big hit and we won.

brother, Arthur Elliott, and I as toy soldiers, Jack Curly as Little Bo Peep, and Maddie Curley as Raggedly Ann.

In 1964, we entered as "It's Later than You Think, Merry Christmas" with Bill Robinson as Santa, my



Then, in 1965, we came up with "Carry Nation"—Carry Nation was a member of the Temperance Movement, which opposed alcohol in pre-Prohibition America and there



was a opera based on her life by Douglas Moore. Ruth Robinson was Carry and I was the Preacher. We had a lot of fun during the parade we won for both of them.

Mardi Gras 1966 brought King Neptune with Arthur Elliott as King and his wife, Susan Elliott, as the mermaid. Making it four years in a row that we won a very nice trophy for each of them. That night all the windows were broken in the club and we got the message.

In 1971, the New York City harbor police came to us because they were forming a Harbor Auxiliary. Four people from our club joined and I was one of them. I served for 17 years.

In the late 1980s, we started up the sailing program. First we raced large boats on Sundays, and then we added races for small boats on Wednesday evenings. Much work by Arthur Elliott, Harold Horne, and others over the years has made this a top-draw event. Home-cooked dinners from now-famous racer-chefs (you know who you are) draw lots of members and afternoon spectators, who have enjoyed many a race and sunset in the family atmosphere of Rockaway Point Yacht Club. One hundred years and just getting started.



MEMBERS

Thomas Alessi
Richard Anderson
Dennis Baelis
Edward Baelis
Mickey Bernstein
Michael Brown
Joseph Canale
James Cashin
Martin Cass
Bernard Cassidy
Arthur Cholakis
Robert Comer
Patrick Concannon
Patrick F. Concannon
Raymond Cryan
Mattie Curley
James Dalton
John Dalton
Brian Diercks
Robert Diercks
Pat Diffindale
Kevin Dolan
Paul Dorogoff
Timothy Dufficy
Arthur Elliott
Arthur Elliott Jr.
John Elliott
Dennis Fallon

Terry Farrell
Francis Fleming
Michael Gallagher
Phillip Gatti
Edward Gori
William Gorra
William Guage
Daniel Guiney
Dennis Guiney
Frank Harding
Joseph Hartigan
Aristoklis Haymandou
Charles Healey
Vincent Heely
Harold Hohne
Ron Hollander
Henry Iori
Jean Johnson
Donald Johnson
Robert Kaplan
Donald Kelly
Joseph Kerrigan
Ronald Krausaukas
Joseph Kubat
Robert Leonard
Robert Leonard Jr.
Cameron Livingstone
John Lynch

Allen Macsaveny
John Maroney
Peter Martino
James McCabe
Michael McInerney
Robert McLaughlin
John Mooney
Michael Moran
Peter Murray
Brian Murray
Lee Murray
Daniel Newman
Andrew Newman
Gerald O'Hara
Benjamin Paolino
Ben Paolino, Jr.
Ken Peters
William Pettet
Glen Pfister Edward
Rasmussen Eric
Rasmussen Steven
Reed
Peter Regan
Barney Reilly
John Roberts
Charles Rorke
Charles Rorke, Jr.
Jim Ruoff

James Ruoff
James Ruoff Jr.
Gerard Ryan
Patrick Ryan
Thomas Ryan
Michael Savage
Richard Savage
Raymond Schaefer
Robert Scheriff
William Schwick
Michael Singer
Timothy Smith
Michael Spasiuk
Thomas Sullivan
John Sullivan
James Thompson
John Tobin
Thomas Tobin
Hugh Traynor
Thomas Tully
Gerard Valentine
Eileen VanNote
William VanNote
Roy Williams
Jack Willis

Bob Comer

The modern sail boat races started in the late 1980's Don Burger, Bill Schwick, Arthur Elliott, Bob Larkin and myself (and others) raced around Beer Balls. The beer Balls were a popular item at the time. Bill and Bob, with some help from club members drank the beer and Bill smoozed up some balls so they floated. Bob got window sash weights from his house to use as anchors and the races got started.

The boats used in the first few seasons were as different and as individual as the sailors, home made dinghies, with leg of mutton rigs, a Sear's day sailor, an Inter Club, a Catamaran (Tom Alessi), a Holder 14 (Van Note) and several sun fish.



The "Mighty . . . Nugget" sailed onto the beach, some how missing the dock and the rocks. The cleats ripped out of the deck on Saturday. Bob Comer planed to ride out the storm out in Sheepshead bay as Nugget's engine was not running. Ed Rassmussen and bob were unable to row out to the Nugget which was moored in front of the float. This happened on Friday when the winds built up earlier than expected. The Yacht Club did not have a working motor on the dinghy at the time. When the motor issue came up at meetings Henry would talk about the good old days when men were men and didn't need motor. Many small boats were lost. The hulk a 28 foot powerboat left to sea, mooring and all. She eventually came back to the bay and rested on the flats off Floyd Bennet Field.

Ray Cryan



As a young guy in his twenties I had been living in Breezy Point for a short time when I bought my first sailboat, a second hand Sea Snark. So I needed a place to launch it. Taking a drive down to the Yacht Club for the first time I found Henry Kisker and Mike Kusmac sitting inside and asked about membership. Being in need of new blood they told me the membership /dues were \$150 a year. As a probationary member for the first year my responsibilities consisted of running a party, attending meetings and showing up for work parties. So I quickly agreed and joined. There were just a couple of sailboats at the time mostly power boats. Being one of the youngest members, the party that most appeal to me was a Toga Party, attend by most of my friends.

Mike found twenty cases of beer I had bought in preparation and was greatly amused, but very supportive. It became an annual event for a few years.

The club has grown since then but has remained the same in many of the important ways. A great spot. A better and friendlier bunch would be hard to find.

If the next hundred years are as good as the first hundred, we are in great shape.

Bob Diercks

When questioned about the year he joined, Bob answered, "How could I forget; What a year!" They had just bought a house in Neponsit, then their grandson, Tyler, was born, then they partnered with their oldest son, Robby, in a house on the river in Walton, NY, and finally, Henry Kisker called to say he was accepted as a member!

As a member of the Yacht Club, as well as serving on the bridge, one of the most satisfying job I have held and still enjoy is working with the boat boys. These young men come to the club mostly as young teens in



high school and grow before your eyes to responsible young adults who go off to college or the military. They vary in range from young men who are only interested in watching TV or playing video games to, in one specific case, a young man who sat and read War and Peace on his down time at the club.

Some arrive with boating skills and knowledge that is easily applied to the position. Very often they are beginners who have never run a boat and fall into the water as they learn the skills of assisting members and guests from their boats. Many come back to the club each year, taller, a little smarter, more sure of themselves and for the most part more responsible. Each season brings new experiences with these young people and it is the one that I look forward to the most.

Midge is the unofficial Photographer for the Yacht Club and helped great some great shots over the years, you will see many in the club house as well as in the 100 Anniversary History.

Brian Diercks



After being stuck on the couch for 5 months because of my injured leg, my father offered to put the boat in the water early, but made me promise not to go out fishing alone. Most days Pop was a willing and available fishing buddy. But one day Pop could not go fishing no big deal, there will be other days, I went to the club just to see what was up. All everyone was talking about were that the "Bass where in back" meaning back by the airport, you can imagine all the fish tales. I couldn't take it, "Who wants to go fishing tomorrow morning? I got a boat but can't go alone." — "We'll go" answered Frank and Donna (Harding).

All I could carry while using crutches, where my fishing poles and a six pack. They met me at the club at 6a.m. with bait, coolers, ice, and hauled it all. It was a great day, one of the best!

“Rocky” Paul Dorogoff (& Tom Tully)

They are partners in a 14 foot Hobie Cat “Souled Out” on their first sail, Kelso went with them.

Rocky tells the story: “The first time out the thingamajig broke and we ran into the Rockaway dock and we physically had to drag it away and then continued on.”

Tom tried to clear things up and tells a more nautical story: “On our maiden voyage, the tiller broke loose and we hit the Rockaway dock. Once we were able to fix the tiller we then sailed off the dock and continued our sail.”

Arthur Elliott



At about 14 years old, he remembers the original RPYC, grand looking, big two story building with a long ramp leading to its entrance and on the left side were members lockers.

Arthur and his buddy sneaked into the old RPYC (knowing they had beer on tap) went and filled glasses of beer, then heard members coming up the ramp. Quickly, they went into the main room where above the fireplace sat a model ship, slyly they poured their beer into the hull. Then ran out the back door and evaded capture.

John Elliott

At age of 21, in 1947, John joined the RPYC. He has seen many changes through the years. At one point the RPYC burned to the ground and members were asked to contribute a \$1,000 each to help re-build the Club house (all the money was refunded). Over 50% of the members left the club. Those who remained join together and rebuilt the present day club, because of those few who stood by, we, today enjoy the fruits of their labor. John was one of them.

He is a past Commodore. In the past he has run the Steak Party, the Lobster and Champagne Party and presently helps run the St. Paddy’s Day Party with Midge and Bob Diercks.

In the early 60's the Yacht Club would form a regatta and sail to Keyport for lobster dinners or Atlantic Highlands for a German dinner. Members would give us a 30 minute start because, at the time, we were the only sailboat the club. At one sail, the Robertson joined us and commented how pleasant it was to listen to music and have cocktails without the roar of the motor or crash of the waves.



Partners in two sailboats Salient with Tom Tobin, Jerry Ryan and Charlie Rorke. Summer Salt the other boat is shared with Lynn and Todd Nigh and Dolores and Brian Diercks.

Dan Guiney

Dan Served the Club as rear and vice commodore. He has fished and motored in his yellow cabin cruiser most time with his wife Nora and his son Denis Guiney, Jr.

Frank Harding

Frank is a past Commodore.

Frank and Donna are well know for good food at a low cost, 40 to 50 members and guest would hungrily line up on many a Sunday or Wednesday Races you would find Donna and Frank along with Jeanie and Mike McInerney cooking up a storm in the Yacht Club Kitchen. Some of the best meals were served, great team, great food!



Charley Healey



When Mike Moran wanted to relocate his new boat “Distant Drummer” from Fort Lauderdale to NYC Tom Tobin, John Elliott, Charley Rorke, Jim Cowan and I signed on as delivery crew along with Mike.

On the third night-out off the coast of Georgia (200 miles) the boat was hit by a microburst ¹. The boat was laid on its port side with all the sails under the water. The boat spun around as if in a whirl pool. Charlie Rorke and I were on deck, with the other 4 below sleeping. The boat still wouldn't right itself even with all the sheets loose.

The wind was blowing about 70/90 knots and made it difficult to control the boat. The bimini top and side curtains were acting like sails and trying to rip the frame out of the deck. We ended up cutting away the canvas of the bimini top then reefing the main and jib and slowly proceed northbound. The boat sustained some damage to the side safety rail and to the Genoa.

We were off Cape Hatteras when we ran into another storm (nor'easter) which caused the forward hatch to let go — the forepeak flooded and ended up with a foot of water inside. Once this happened all hands began bailing water from down below. But since the forepeak was flooded all the crew had to empty out into the stern to ballast the boat. I then went up to the bow with every pot and pan and began to bail. Finally, we proceeded to Ocean City, Maryland to dry out and take on fuel.

We fished off the stern every morning using a hand line and would usually catch a Mahi-mahi. One day using a hand line I caught a 100 lb White Marlin. The Sea was finally good to us.

¹ A microburst is a localized column of sinking air, producing damaging divergent and straight-line winds at the surface that are similar to tornadoes.

Harold Hohne



Harold has been a member for twenty plus years, he was commodore in the 1996-1997 season and is currently the club's Secretary. He is an integral part of the Sailboat Race Committee from setting up the handicap classes, the race courses, the starts, the awards and of course always a challenge to beat during the race. His volunteering with the National Park Service is well known and all he does with the children, adults, Wounded Warriors and maintaining of the boats, benefit many, including the Yacht Club.

He is an unofficial Photographer and many, many of the photos on the clubs website and its creation and maintenance are in his capable hands. The unique phone messaging system, the 100 year RPYC logo, the Lands End apparel and I am sure there is more, all were created by him.

As can be seen by all he does he is a very active member and very valuable member the Club is better for having him.

Don Johnson

Fleet Captain 1998

Don said he never even knew he was on the waiting list. One day I got a call telling me I could be a member. "Wow," he told his wife Jeanne, "I'm so proud the RPYC wants me to join!" Here I was, thinking they picked me out of all the boaters out in the bay. Then Jeanne popped my balloon, "Yeah" she said "I know I put you on the waiting list years ago."

In 1998, Ben Paolino shanghaied me to be fleet captain I haven't been able to get out of it since!



A few years ago, Jerry Ryan, Sheila, Jeanne and I took our power boat up the Hudson with the Veruna Yacht Club. Throughout the whole trip the yacht clubs along the way were great they welcomed us nicely and said "Here's a slip — have a drink."



Joe Kerrigan

Runs a very profitable \$100 Party which benefits the Friends of the Yacht Club, and many a winner. It's a fun and entertaining evening.

Ron Krausaukas

Ron is a Past Commodore. He played a large part in the rebuilding of the dock after Hurricane Donna in 1960.

Joe Kubat

Always has fun at the RPYC but the best time was when the Sister of St. Joseph held there end of the year picnic at the RPYC. He happened to turn up at the club on a weekday to find 20 to 30 nuns and teachers sunning, swimming and enjoying their beach day. The whole Bridge was there to welcome them and Tom Tobin admonished Joe “Watch what you say.”

But their was no holding Joe back. He stepped out onto the deck and made an announcement “Sisters and teachers, attention please, line up over here.” A hush fell over the crowd and as good teachers do they prepared to line up. “Let us know what type of tattoo you want crosses, Jesus, Jesus with thorns, we’ll take care of it all.” Suddenly, there was a roar of laughter.



Neil Lynch

As a boy of ten, he and his buddy, were fishing off the Henny’s dock and were so discouraged as their fishing lines hung their empty.

As they gazed across to the RPYC doc they saw a young man pulling in fish after fish. Gee, they wished they could go there but knew it was a private club.

Years later as a member he learned that young man was Arthur Elliott, who can hook a fish anywhere.

With a more solemn tale, Neil told of one day after September 11, 2001; as a fireman, he as others responded to the twin towers emergency for days.

Finally, one day he came to the club and felt the peacefulness. As he gazed about, tears filled his eyes and he suddenly felt grateful — here was a place of refuge, his club, RPYC.



Pete Martino

In 1951 Pete became the Secretary he held the position for one year and then handed it over to Robert Knight. Unfortunately, Bob passed away while holding the position so Pete stepped in and became Secretary again and held the position for over 25 years. Pete is most proud of the fact that while he was secretary no one ever dropped out of the club even when they were unable to pay their dues (eventually by working with them they would pay back what they owed).

He was Commodore three times and member of the Executive Committee for 35 year, consecutively, which may be a Yacht Club record!



When speaking with Pete for this 100th Anniversary History he stated: *“for 25 years the Yacht Club was my Heart and Soul.”* During his tenure he instituted the idea of creating Life Members, which are long time members and who contributed to the RPYC for many years. Appropriately, he himself became a Life Member and as Pete Caputo (a former Member) said it best: *“Pete Martino is the Yacht Club.”*



John Mooney

Spoke about the legend of Irving: He said members used to call him the “Sheriff of the Dock.” Invariably, if you came down to the club Irving was there with fishing pole in hand. The members used to tease Irving that he never caught any fish because his bait was so old and rotten it chased the fish away.

Pictured here are: John Bailey, John Mooney, Hugh Traynor, and Charlie Healey - “We had a great sail that day!”

Mike Moran

Past Commodore 1991-1992

Mike is truly “the man for two seasons” the RPYC membership salutes as you march smartly from the Bridge into the Clubhouse, whose members are sounder-structurally, socially, legally and fiscally.

For the past five years Mike has been responsible for the continued fiscal soundness of the RPYC.



Photo from BVI Bareboat Cruise 2002 at sunset just before our lobster dinner at Aneganda.



A Memorable First Cruise

August 1989

It was a beautiful summer day and my 16 year-old son, Brian and I were invited to join a flotilla of RPYC boats on an overnight cruise to Horseshoe Bay in Sandy Hook, New Jersey. We had never taken our year-old Catalina 22, *Amazing Grace*, beyond Jamaica Bay, we were to say the least apprehensive. We were encourage to go by our friends John Elliott, Tom Tobin, John Maroney, Charlie Healey, Mike & Rosalie Brady, Jim Cowan and several other clubs members that time has, unfortunately, erased from my memory. Assured aide by the crews of all the other boats who made this voyage many time before, we signed on.

With our boat packed to the bulwarks with provisions and medicinal supplies provided by my skeptical and nervous wife Virginia, Brian and I set sail with the other club members bracketing us for and aft. Passing the rocks at the end of Breezy Point jetty we were in the ocean for the first time at last. We sailed into the Ambrose Channel and spotted container ships in the distance heading for the Port of New York. With John Elliott leading the way we started across but I must admit, I had a hand on the kicker motor in case we had to run for it.

Safely across but with an unfavorable wind to head for our destination, we dropped sail and motored. John and Tom hailed us and asked for a tow since *Sail-Her's* motor wasn't operable. For Brain and me to offer aid to these varnished sailors was indeed an honor. As we motored into what we thought to be the entrance to Horshoe cove by the rising tide. John and tom raised sail and safely entered the Cove and Brian and I reversed course and followed them in. They guided us in to a comfortable anchorage where we rafter up with Charlie and John Maroney who secured their boats to either side of us. A Short inflatable ride to the beach and we began exploring the Hook and toasting our successful voyage.

We reassembled at diner time built a campfire with driftwood and lit up the barbies. After a great shared meal we had a few more toasts and awaited the entertainment promised for the evening. Sure enough, at about 11PM we were amazed to witness a full lunar eclipse. As expected that brought a continuous stream of howls from all the assembled and well prepared members fo the RPYC. After the show and needing more "provisions" from the boats we sent my son in the inflatable to get a contribution from all ships. After a while we became concerned and sent a search party out. He was found soaking wet, dragging the inflatable but with all the "provision" safe and sound! Time to call it a night.

Back to the boats for what we thought would be an uneventful and peaceful rocking of boats at anchor. Surprisingly, we were stable all night. The next morning Brian and I came up on deck and were met by Charlie and John M. It was then that we learned that the lunar eclipse of the previous night had caused a full emptying of water from the cove and all the other boats were turned on their sides. Mike Brady's boat went over during the night and her and Rosalie were forced to evacuate to the mosquito infested shore. What a night. John Elliott informed me that our three boats, tied together, remained upright with no water under our hulls because of the flat bottom of my Catalina's winged keel. Charlie said he was up all night praying that no one stirred on my boat to upset the precarious balance that kept the three of us upright. As soon as the tide returned we made a last policing of the beach to leave it better than we found it and up-anchored for home.

Halfway across the Channel we spotted John E and Tom with bare poles and though they might need our help. (Right from rookies like us?) As we sailed over and asked, they looked up from their chess board and said "No, we're good". I think they finished their leisurely game and still beat us back to port.

It was an exciting and memorable first cruise for Brian and me, taken under the wing of true salts of the sea. That's the way our club was and still is, always willing to help and teach other their accumulated wisdom. Thank you all.

Ben Palino

“Captain Ben’s Old Oars House”

which is use to store gear. It was donated to the yacht club from the back yard of Bernie Ross when he tore down his house to be rebuilt.



Bob Peterson

One of my duties as rear commodore was to meet the Schafer beer truck every Friday morning at 7 a.m. year round!

I also had the honor of supplying a Rabbi, Minister and Priest for our Blessing of the Fleet. The Rabbi recruited from Fort Hamilton, at the time it was a clergy school for the US Army, was unhappy with the \$20 fee of he received. The young priest got so badly sunburned and then drunk from drinking straight scotch that the bridge was worried about leaving him alone on the dock.

Glen Pfister

The year I joined (1999) I started the “Memorial Day Brunch” and I have continued to run the brunch ever since.

He enjoys sailing his Hobie Cat, right off the beach and with good wind in the bay he can really go fast.

Pete Regan



Laura started joining Yacht Club activities as a child when her father (Jack Curley) was a member and Commodore. She and Pete enjoy participating in the Sunday Regattas and sharing the beautiful sunsets and a relaxing “cold one” with their fellow members.

Charlie Rorke

Charlie served on the Membership Committee for several and served as Treasurer. He handles the ordering and sales of the club Burgee, caps, shirts and other branded items.



Jerry Ryan



The Transit Authority was closing the Franklin Avenue Station and discarding a lot of the iron works.

The dock gate came from the remains and fit perfect for the ramp. Jerry Ryan then worked on the RPYC lettering above the gate.

So thanks Jerry for a good looking gate for our yacht club, that will probably last another 100 years!

Mike Savage

Margaret and I take turns feeding the yacht club members and their guest for both Wednesday and Sunday races.

Mike is a past commodore.





Ray Schaefer

“Great Gerritsen” is a row boat designed and built by Ray. He always wondered how it would do if he converted it to sail. He converted the row boat with a dagger board and hiking board along with sails. Then in 1994 it was ready to race, Ray, Bill Schwick and Jerry Ryan entered the “Last Chance Regatta” against the RPYC fleet. It placed 3 out of 15 boats that raced.

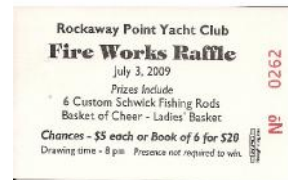
They were amazed at how well it did. After crossing the finish line they pulled up the dagger board and sailed it right up on to the beach and won the race to the “Bar.”

Bill Schwick



Bill was commodore two years in row and in 1986 he donated a handmade sailing dinghy and it was raffled off to benefit the RPYC. Over the years he has also custom built two wooden tenders for the fleet.

The hottest commodity at the club lately, are Bill’s custom made fishing rods which he generously donates for many yacht club events.



Bob Scheriff

Commodore 2003-2004

In 1994 Tom Fox and myself signed up for a race from NY Harbor to Bermuda. We were sponsored by many Maritime Corporations and represented the RPYC, we raced a 28 foot power Boat. 30 hours to the finish line we lost power and had to stop for 2 hours to fix the electrical problems. It was hair raising 30 hours of trip but we finally finished second out of all the boats.

To our amazement we would have finished first if not for our breakdown.



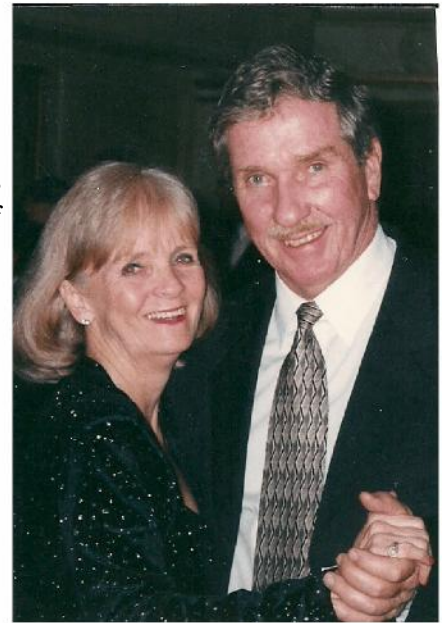


Michael Spasiuk

Relaxing with a cool drink.

Tom Tobin

Cast me with those who Yesterday, Today and hopefully a hundred years of Tomorrows, find in R.P.Y.C. membership that which is lost in most of life - autonomy!



Hugh Traynor



Hugh Sailed his Islander 28 and later became partner in “Salient” with Tom Tobin, Charlie Rorke, Jerry Ryan and John Elliott. Hugh and Sheila served many a chefs dinner after Wednesday and Sunday Races.

That’s Hugh checking for boat traffic!

Gerard Valentine

Gerard joined the RPYC after Kevin Lymn joined the club, he and Gerry bought the p/v Down Under and used it for diving all around the Rockaway peninsula. While a member, Gerry became interested in sailing. He and Tom Tobin bought an old wooden Blue Jay. Over Mardi Gras weekend in 1992, Gerry and I bought the sailboat Les-Lee Anne which we've sailed around Long Island a few times and got as far as Block Island.

In the Spring of 1993, Gerry and Kevin rebuilt and expanded the deck that had been damaged by a Nor'easter in the Fall of the of 1992. In the early years, Gerry and I did a few holiday brunches, race dinners and club clean ups.

Thinking of Kevin, reminded me of the time when Kevin and Gerry went out spear fishing for a Fish Night at the club. They came back to the RPYC dock and cleaned their catch -- over 100 pounds of black fish filets. Lastly, though the RPYC continues to grow and has seen numerous improvements, one of the nicest additions to the club was the wood burning stove and the enclosure of the porch that enabled members to enjoy the RPYC all year. We fondly recall the sight of Henry Kisker stoking the fire and gathering around.



Leslie is most proud of replacing the cowboy chandeliers that hung for way too many years in the club, and really just never fit.

Eileen Van Note



On January 6, 2007, I held the first Executive meeting followed by a general membership meeting as Commodore. So what you might ask. Well . . .

In 1986 I tried to join the RPYC and was told it was a men's only club. So I sent my husband Bill to join. That way I could still become a sailor which was my main goal.

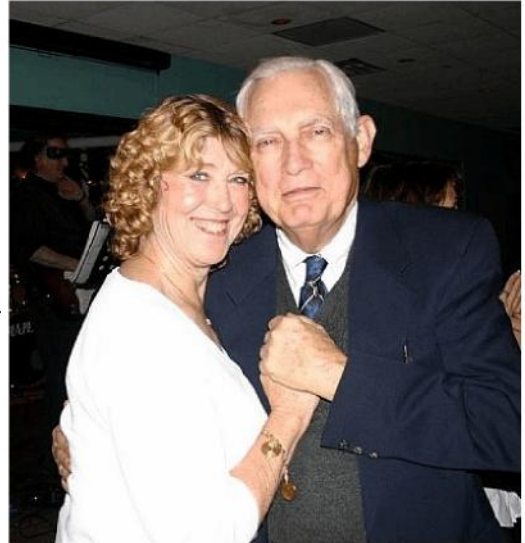
By the early 1990's, I was enjoying sailing, racing and developing my skills by listening and learning from so many talented club member they are too numerous to name here, but they know who they are and I thank them.

Still not a member I could not participate in the workings of the club nor vote on any issues. So in 1996, with the signatures of six past commodores I submitted my name for membership. Five years later my name came up for consideration, but by then it was a *fait accompli*. One year later I volunteered to be Rear Commodore and was elected. Two years later I was elected Vice Commodore and in 2006 unanimously elected Commodore.

I was the first female member, the first female officer and the first female Commodore in the Club's 98 year history.

Bill Van Note

Joined at the urging of his wife Eileen, in 1986. With his background as a CPA he was quickly recruited as Treasurer. He served on and off for ten years as Treasurer. His background made him aware of the importance of being in compliance with federal and state laws regarding corporate tax requirement, including payroll taxes, workmen's compensation for employees, and others. Of equal importance and more recently paramount importance, he got the then Commodore, Mike Moran, to support his pursuit of Not-for-Profit status for the RPYC. He engaged a couple of lawyers he knew from the Comptroller's office to bring the club into compliance with employment laws and to establish our Not-for-Profit status.



Bill and Eileen over the years progressed from a 12 foot Holder, to a 17 foot daysailor, to a 25 foot Catalina. They participated in Sunday regattas and Wednesday small boat races; prepared meals and enjoyed those prepared by others.

TO OUR "MIA" MEMBERS

Thanks to all you members who loyally and generously offer up their dues, but who ask for virtually nothing in return. The wisest Rockaway Point Yacht Club members are well aware how much we are indebted to you for what we enjoy.

Why this perennial gifts to us?

May I surmise?

- 1) Bragging rights as a member of the best little Yacht Club - any where
- 2) You are giving back what you have gotten from your Club in the past
- 3) You are tending to other facets of your life. But with a jeweler's eye you are looking forward to the day when you again have your hands on this gem by the bay.

Whatever the reason, let me acknowledge again our indebtedness and be assured that your interest are always represented at all meetings, social and special events, etc.

By: Tom Tobin



OPENING DAY



OPENING DAY

On the 100th Anniversary Opening Day, June 6, 2009

Delivered by Past Commodore Tom Tobin

Today's date, June 6, fittingly commands your grave Attention.



Traditionally, the first Saturday in June of every year is the celebratory start of the Rockaway Point Yacht Club season for members and theirs, honored guests, and residents of the Breezy Point Community. But June 6th is D-Day and neither can we mindfully forget our debt to those



who died as well as those who survived Normandy; nor can we mindlessly ignore the New York City skyline behind us which on 9/11 changed American lives forever.

So, we will all turn and locate with steely resolution the vacuous space where there should be Twin Towers. Let it dawn darkly and starkly that though we can never gift back the lives that were tragically taken, we can give them honor _____

Now we should maturely know that the finest way to honor their lost lives is to appreciate reasons for celebrating life.

Thematically then, today's address is also to honor all the members, past and present, men and women who have made 40 34.1 N and 73 53.6 W their destination decade following



decade. For the first 75 years what happened here then, only happened during the summer, but now every day of the year; but

still it stays only here. 100 years of viable activity in mortal time begs an answer. WHY?





A casual, but not a causal response, might be the single minded, “Location, Location, Location”.

As providentially provided as we are on this peninsula site, no discerning member thinks that the chesty spirit he walks with is explained away by bragging about monster fish that got away or were caught; neither, their barely willing to conclude aloud that we have probably the most durable best body of sailing water for hundreds of miles around’ nor better even the raconteur at the end of the day with a cold one in hand.



All this under the dusky rays of a setting sun glittering in the golden glass of our sky scraping monuments yet explains our Club spirit.

Yes, Yes, Yes, this is what is passionately indulged in by the Club’s sportsmen and women, but no seasoned R.P.Y.C. member feels that the “still water fondness” for this Club, that members with a sense of gravitas for a hundred years have experienced, is not yet fully explained.



No, No, No, we must not look at our natural paradise, but ironically to our sacrifices to get at the core of our Club’s Spirit in virtually every member. Look to the thousands of hours we volunteer to keep this site from main road to dock and float ship shape, year in and year out. When no name storms hit and take our decks and docks, emergency work party orders are issued by wire or letter. Like the luring of sirens of old, our members temptedly respond to these command performances which are never louder than a whisper. It is here in the toiling – jettisoning in guyed piles with water – that our Club spirit is hammered out.





If more member involvement is needed to empathize with our Club's spirit, then look not at our privileges but at our duty to attend regularly scheduled meetings. It is here where all issues are properly discussed – not debated – wherein by the rules of debate one side wins and the other side loses. No, it is consensus that we strive for in a democratic frontier forum. It is in this smelting fire that our Club attitude is forged and tempered. Everybody in this Club knows whose Club it is – THEIRS.



We inherited these rites of passage from the founders and members of the first 50 years. Those men knew what the ancients knew i.e., that to be fully human you must be of a community.



This we are and have led fuller lives because of the all encompassing facets experienced as a member of the RPLYC.





BLESSING OF THE FLEET



BLESSING OF THE FLEET 100th ANNIVERSARY Blessing

Offered up by Tom Tobin, Past Commodore

This year 2009 marks RPYC's 100th year.

At this moment, I pray that you will give me your divided attention because today we address two blessed events.

This morning the sailing clubs surrounding Jamaica Bay have ceremoniously participated in our annual Blessing of the Fleet. Representative boats – from formally dressed sail boats to work station power boats as well as crews – received a blessing. But this ecumenical Blessing did not happen this morning only – because it is still ongoing.



What do you truly make of this Blessing?

From BC to AD, no seasoned sailor worth his salt ever steps onto his boat thinking that his fate is in someone

else's hand. Every sailor, the most practical of craftsmen, conscientiously checks out wind, weather, water and what you have before he sets sail.

Surely then, the Blessing is a mortal wake up call – a shot across the bow to caution sailors to check off that safety list in order to be able to assist themselves.





Surer still, this morning's immortal Blessing – a call to a POWER greater than ourselves – has already been validated and traditionally consecrated by the millions of sailors who live their lives On Guard before they call on God.

Now this afternoon we are gathered at the RPYC because we have humbly asked to host the 2009 Blessing which coincides with our 100th Year Anniversary. So we welcome all present to celebrate.





REGATTAS



WEDNESDAY NIGHT RACES

By: Harold Hohne

Small boat races on Wednesday Nights started with mostly home built dinghies and a few Sunfish. After awhile we had many other types including, Aqua fin, Penguin, Blue Jay, Interclub, Catalina 14.2, Laser, Force 5, Puffer, and Point Jude and others not remembered. Not forgotten were some fantastic dinners after the races thanks to many great member cooks.



Many thanks have to be given to Arthur Elliott and Mike Savage. Arthur was the member responsible for setting up the volunteer cooks and starting and recording races for years. Mike Savage has been responsible for setting out start markers and small boat marker buoys as well as course selection. Both were members of the race committee for a long time. Arthur was especially instrumental as Race Committee Chairman for many years.

Starting the races has its own problematic history. The first start system was just air horns with a stop watch. Of course, human error and wind caused many problems with late or false starts. Arthur Elliott came up with an inspired system affectionately know as "the Lollipop start." The starter would use a timer and place poles with painted circles (actually bucket lids painted) red, green and yellow to indicate a pre-establish amount of time to the start.



Then Harold Hohne came up with a taped system which consisted of a prerecorded cassette tape played over a loudspeaker on the end of our dock. The tape had prerecorded instructions about the start signals with Oktoberfest music which fades in and out between instructions and the actual race signals, "five minutes", "one minute" then the start. A horn sounds as the music fades and the last ten seconds are counted down. The tape was recorded in a car using a tape recorder and an air horn and a stop watch. Some thought that there was a glitch in the timing sequence which gave some sailors a slight advantage. Numerous attempts were made to show that the timing was inaccurate but after awhile



everyone managed to know when to start.





In later years, around 1992, the club purchased a computerized system with a very loud air horn used to signal the start sequence. It is very accurate but some preferred the old “Musical version”. Now we get consistent results with good starts!

Boats were classified into A, B or C class based on size and or performance ratings. This method encouraged more sailors to participate since they no longer had to finish in the top three but could compete against boats in their class instead of the entire fleet. This allowed for a greater number of awards at the end of the season. First, second and third are awarded in each class.



Today’s Small Boat Regattas on Wednesday Nights during July and August have become one of the most widely attended social events of our club. The great dinners after race are more than likely the reason for this but a second advantage is that from the deck of the club (with drink in hand) you can watch and enjoy the entire race from start to finish! Many times the sailors can even hear cheers from the spectators. The boats involved are pretty much down to Sunfish and Lasers. Hopefully more will participate in the future. Let’s hope so!



SUNDAY RACES



At first, our Sunday Regattas were not sailed using a handicap system. The rules were kept very simple and there were first, second and third places for the fleet. As a result the winners were determined by the various participants boat speed. You could predict the ultimate winners by the performance ratings for each one. Unless the boat was sailed poorly there was

hardly any chance of competing against them. Breaking the fleet into three classes based on **boat length** did not really help. The regattas became more interesting for more sailors when a **handicap system** was used for the three classes. The

handicaps used were taken from US Sailing PHRF rating books. These ratings are based on many years of performance by each boat type and are updated each year. This handicap system gives all sailors an opportunity to compete with similar boat types in each class. We could have used the handicaps to give us only three top winners but once again it was felt that having nine possible winners encourages greater participation.



The start system problems affected Sunday racers differently than the small boat racer. The distance from the dock and how sound carries makes the air horn and the musical system hard to distinguish. A favorite among many Sunday racers was the “the Lollipop start” while cumbersome to the starter it would visually confirm what you thought you heard. While the musical system could be easily heard by the small boats it was nearly impossible to hear on the bigger boats with crew and radio noise. The start system currently used is the same computerized one used for the Wednesday night races. The sequence is five minutes rather than the three minute start sequence. The computerized system replaced the musical tape system which was created when racers complained about the Lollipop system. Wednesday night races. The sequence is five minutes rather than the three minute start sequence. The computerized system replaced the musical tape





Some have questioned our use of the same fixed buoys for our regattas. Suggestions have been made to have longer races and use different marks. Many believe that there is more of a challenge racing in the bay. Our changing tides and a need to change your sail trim frequently results in greater competition for all. Different boats perform better on different points of sail so every boat has the opportunity to be competitive. An added advantage is that from the club you can see the start and finish and usually a couple of the roundings of the marks. Being familiar with the minimum

number of
courses

avoids confusion. Longer races have a tendency to become parades similar to the blessing of the fleet. Having sailed with other clubs and seeing the fleet break up and disappear is not half as enjoyable as our regattas. We should not “fix it” if it’s not broke...



By: Harold Hohne



THE CHEFS FOR THE RACES

There are many attributes to the RPYC each member has their own idea, the location, the view, the friendship. But stop by on a Wednesday evening and as you pass through the kitchen and the aroma hits you; then the questions pop into your head: Who's cookin'? And what's for Dinner?

This is where our Club lives and breathes. Where the sailors and fisherman, new and old, sit down and share a meal.

A Sunday afternoon, and the club phone shrills, "Yacht Club . . . Is there room? Can you fit two more?" it never fails, when will they learn to sign-up.

The Racer Chefs are legendary and to pick or exalt one over the other would be unfair, they all do more than their fair share.

To thank you, seems so small, you bring us together. Many of us have tried it; we know it's hard work, tremendous prep time, and worry over will this meal come out alright. It takes talent to cook for 40, oh no its now 50 people, and have a little left over to support the Sailing Committee.

Time and time again, you step up, take over, fill in, and prepare delicious meals for minimum personal reward and immeasurable pay back for the Yacht Club. So we thank you . . .

Artie Elliott

Donna and Frank Harding

Jeanie and Mike McInerney

Margaret and Mike Savage

Hugh and Sheila Traynor

Neil and Sharon Lynch

Bob and Peggy Scheriff

Ray and Cathy Schaefer

Ed and Nancy Rasmussen

Pete and Laura Regan

Pat and Kathy Diffendale

Ed and Gerry Gori

Mike and Sonia Brown

Ray and Joan Williams



CLUB EVENTS



LOBSTER AND CHAMPAGNE PARTY

September 30, 1960



John & Dolores Elliott with the Lobsters and Jack Curley in the back .



Notice the ladies with table cloth and real dishes.

Left to right
Charlie Bienbeck
Dan Nolan and
Henry Kisker



GERMAN PARTY - 1965



Bill Robertson Jack Curley & Sal Maresca



Henry Kisker, Jack Curly & Sal Maresca

Dolores & John Elliott, Bill & Ruth Robertson

Jack Curley *standing*, Artie Elliott, *sitting*





**Mardi Gras
1963**

Contributed by: Mattie Curley
(wife of Jack Curley)

In 1963, it was decided to spoof "Cleo-fatra." We all gather at the RPYC to get dressed and help one another with our costumes. We made signs and found

places to hide our cans of beer, so we would not die of thirst! We usually had a big group of 15 or 20 people and usually won a trophy for our trouble.

For "Cleo-fatra" Ed Lockwood volunteered to put the make-up on all the participants. He was an undertaker so each of us had to sit on a chair with our heads tilted back so he could apply the make-up and that was just the being of fun all day!



left to right
Bob Peterson *Slave*, John Elliott *Centurion*, Jack Curley *CleoFatra*, George Sneller, Sal Maresca *Cesar*, Henry Kisker *Asp*,





Mardi Gras - 1964
"It's Later than You Think,
Merry Christmas "

Arthur & John Elliot
Toy Soldiers

Dolores Elliott
Christmas Card



Mardi Gras - 1965
"Carry Nation"

Jack & Mattie
Curley

Jack Curley



Susan Elliott on the
end, John Elliott Priest



Mattie Curley

Winners &
Trophy



PICNICS

1988



1979



1963



Notice the rubble from the bungalows being torn down around the Yacht Club.



CHILDREN'S FISHING CONTEST

The first RPYC Children's Fishing Contest was held on August 12, 1975.



The First Rockaway Point Yacht Club children's fishing contest was held August 12th. By captians, Bob Bromley, Henry Kieker and Dan Nolan.

It was a beautiful day, and everyone seemed to enjoy the lunch of frankfurters, beans, corn on the cob, watermelon, lemon cake, soda, and beer, prepared by Carol Bromley and Dolores Elliott. Wall palques made by Mrs. Bromley were presented to the winners.

The winners are:
 1st prize - Lynn Elliott
 2nd Prize - Linda detmers
 3rd prize - Susan Detmers
 funniest fish - Martha Killian



In 1978 - *Back row from Left to Right* John Elliott, Ed Rasmussen and Irving helped the contestants, *middle row*, Lynn Elliott, Martha Killian, Dolores Elliott, Mary Killian, *bottom row*, Arthur Elliott, Stacey Elliott, Billy Robertson and Eric Rasmussen..



1999
 Susan Elliott handing out awards in one of the largest Children's Fishing Contests held.

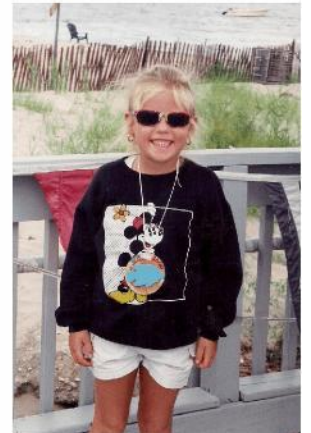




1999



In 2000 the awards were fashioned after Olympic Metals since Olympic Games that were being held in Atlanta, Georgia, they were a big hit!



PIRATE PARTY

Run by John and Laura Maroney



VIKING ROW





COMMUNITY SERVICE



SAILING PROGRAM



Above: Eileen Van Note

Above Left: Neil Lynch



Below: Harold Hohne

The RPYC helps run in cooperation with the National Park Service a Sailing Program to teach children and adults to enjoy the natural beauty of Jamaica Bay and valuable boat skills.



Right:
Bill Van Note



Right: Charley Healy

Volunteer captains not pictured:
Dan Newman , Pete Regan &
Bob Scheriff



THE WOUNDED WARRIOR PROJECT

In 2005, Bob Diercks, then commodore, was approached by the Grey Beards to see if they could use the RPYC for the Wounded Warriors.

The Wounded Warrior Project (WWP) was started by a group of veterans who were moved by the difficult stories of the first wounded service members returning home from Afghanistan and Iraq. The objective was to provide support for the severely wounded and help them on the road to healing, both physically and mentally.

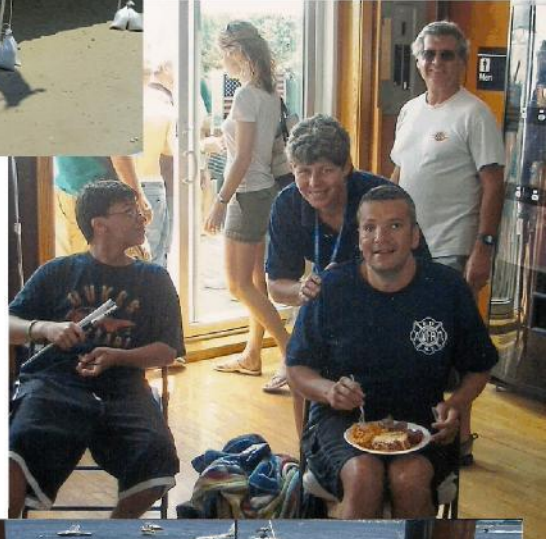
One of the steps is where the RPYC comes in, by providing access to the waters in Jamaica bay along with a facility so that the wounded veterans can water ski, scuba, sail, fish and sometimes just spend the day at the beach with there families. Most of the veterans attending the 3 day festival come from Walter Reed



Army Medical Center they stay at volunteers homes in and around the

Rockaway area and attend a Water Sports Festival held at the RPYC.

Since 2005 it has been an annual event the 2nd week of July with many members volunteering and is a very successful event.



YOUNG BOATERS SAFETY GROUP



Early young Boating Safety Group 1972



Boating Safety Training - 2006





WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT



THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT

The Club was devastated December 11th and 12th of 1992 by a Northeaster (the now infamous Storm from the movie “the Perfect Storm”). Here are pictures and Commentaries from Tom Tobin, (Past-Commodore) of how the RPYC managed the longest winter.

December - A true man sculpts his environs and allows his environs to sculpt him. Our conscious appreciation of what is unique at RPYC - an opportunity of shaping the destiny of this Club, and in part ourselves



January - If used judiciously, we have the time to virtually reconstruct dock and deck, but not so much time that we can mull things ad-infinitum, absurdum, ad-nauseam. So, a bonfire to our Vanities, and get on with it.



February - A few of the Club’s bravest, finest and hardest polarized their constructive wills to redress Mother Nature’s destructive alterations. Barely breaking the bay, members jettied pilings down and began to undo the destruction. So, just as we began, when the 56 members of the first work party left off, let us begin again at the next work party scheduled for February 20 th.

April - It can be legendarily said that never before in the course of the Club’s history – has more been owed by so many to so few who have given their all as they strained in near freezing water and wind restoring the dock, deck and grounds from three separate assaults by this Mother of All Winters.

May - Just when it appeared that we had overcome unrelenting, seasonal adversity with fantastic come-from-behind work party effort, lack of bench depth in final minutes of regulation work party time made it impossible for hard-pressed regulars to nail down a victory which is deservedly ours.

So, it’s an overtime work party and you, Mate, are needed.





LEASE SIGNING

LEASE SIGNING

May 7, 2009

Left to right:

Pete Mc Carthy, NPS Acting
Superintendent Jamaica Bay Unit;

Joel Lewellyn, Chief Business
Manager Division Gateway;

John Neil Lynch, Commodore RPYC,

Eileen Van Note, Past Commodore
RPYC and Lease Liaison NPS



*Present at lease signing
left to right:*

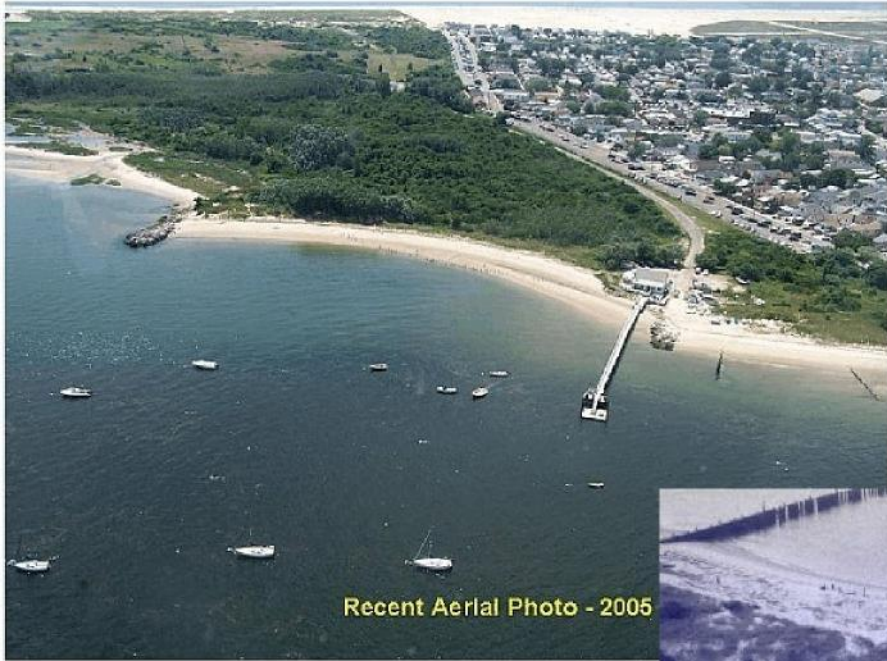
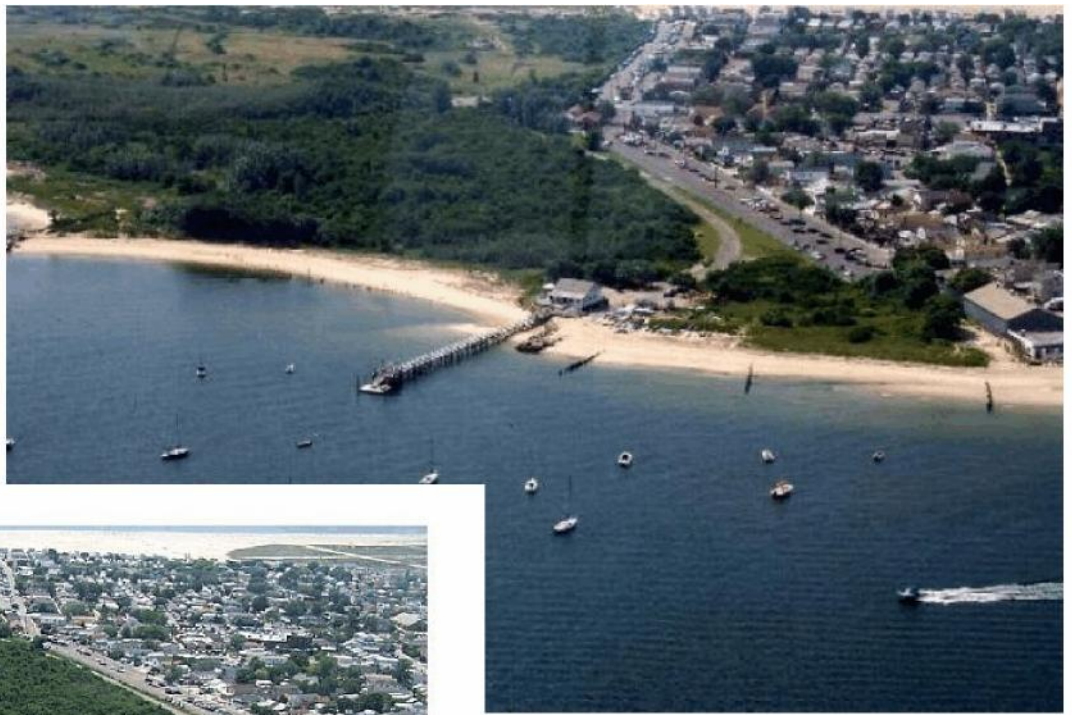
Bob Scheriff, Bob
Diercks, Bill VanNote,
Eileen VanNote, Neil
Lynch, Joel Lewellyn,
Pete Mc Carthy, and
Harold Hohne

The National Park Service granted the Rockaway Point Yacht Club a seven year lease effective 2009. There was a two year negotiation period regarding the RPYC enormous contributions to the community and the National Park Service.



AERIAL VIEWS





Recent Aerial Photo - 2005





1947?

