Hudson River Watertrail News

The Newsletter of the Hudson River Watertrail Association, Inc.
Box 110, 245 Eighth Avenue, New York, NY 10011

Volume 2010, No. 1 www.hrwa.org/

Bannermans Today

Photos and Text by Thom Johnson

Time has passed and tides have shifted much since Francis Bannerman VI built his island arsenal. For more than 60 years the castle was used as it was designed, as storage for the Francis Bannerman and Sons Co. military surplus outfitters. But by 1967, when the island, harbor and all the buildings were sold with the help of the Rockefellers and the Jackson Hole Preserve, all that remained was the damaged and unwanted stock festering in buildings that were well past their prime. But this Hudson River landmark still stood tall and inspired many to paddle or row to the island to explore and to learn about a Scotsman’s castle at the northern gate to the Hudson Highlands.

My own story of discovery began with my interest in the New York Central Railroad and the use of the castle in one of its ads. One particular ad that caught my eye was the 20th Century Ltd. along with the castle. At the time I lived in Dobbs Ferry, NY, and I soon took a trip up the river to observe for myself the eclectic building looming on that island. That was around 40 years ago and, to my pleasure, I am still learning about Mr. Bannerman and his castle.

In 1993 I first meet Neil Caplan who had recently discovered the castle when he had been given a book about the Hudson Valley. The image that he saw in the book was by local artist, John Gould, and it inspired Neil to take his own trip up the river to see the castle. Soon after we met, and with the help of many other likewise thinking

HRWA/Bannermans Benefit 10/03/09

Bob Huszar

The day started with a very dire phone call that only half woke me.

“There’s a 96% chance of severe and dangerous thunderstorms with predictions of squall-like wind gusts. We’re going to have to cancel.”

“Ugh!” I muttered, or something equally incoherent, as I tried to focus my sleep-numbed brain. “I understand! I’ll send you a refund.”

Okay, the back story! This was the first ever—but hoped to be annual—HRWA/Bannermans Island Trust fund raiser/social and paddle. And according to the tide charts, we had fairly favorable currents, that was if we were in the water early enough to catch said

What’s inside

Brooklyn Boat House .....................2
Bannermans History ....................2
Sebago Festival ..........................8
Tribute to Ian Giddy .....................11
Upon completion, the Park’s amenities will include a 5,000 square foot boathouse to be created by re-purposing a large existing maintenance shed. During construction we will be operating out of two 40-foot containers located between piers 1 and 2 that are being donated by the Brooklyn Bridge Park Development Corporation. Realistically, it might be several summers before the shed is actually transformed into a haven for small boats. Until then, we can’t accommodate any private boat storage. Nonetheless, the future promise of a substantial physical home for our Boathouse is exciting.

Currently, our kayak program is being given a generous boost through a donation from the Brooklyn Bridge Park Conservancy. With their assistance, we’re in the process of purchasing 20 boats and related gear, which should fill our storage containers and allow us to pursue a full and vigorous paddling program. However, while that means we are starting our program fairly well equipped, we will still need scores of dedicated volunteers to turn these proposed public programs into a reality. Plus, of course, the highly prized, experienced kayakers, who keep everything running smoothly and safely. That said, you need no experience simply to help out, as we will need multiple hands on board to make our inaugural summer a success.

So, please, join us and have fun as we introduce our neighbors to their home waters!
Chuck Newland

Scott Keller

Charles—Chuck—Newland (Born 11/21/1925, Died 2/8/2010) was an avid paddler, canoeist, and boat builder. Chuck was a two-time participant in the Great Hudson River Paddle, including the 2001 inaugural year of the event. Chuck served for two years as a member of the HRWA Board of Directors. I remember him as an enthusiastic paddler and boat builder who spoke passionately about both topics. Chuck always had a ready smile and a wealth of interesting stories. On the first day of the first Great Hudson River Paddle he launched a cedar wood strip canoe he had built, but never had a chance to test on the water. His paddling partner in the untested canoe was Governor George Pataki. And of course it paddled perfectly. The photo of the two of them in that beautiful canoe ran on the front page of the Albany Times Union newspaper. Several years after Chuck participation in the event he attended a talk about the event. I will long remember the look on his face when he heard about the improvements to the trip since 2002, especially the masseuse! The side of him his paddling friends didn’t see was that Chuck was a paratrooper in World War II, a mortgage banking executive, and Commissioner of Economic Development for the City of Albany. He will be missed greatly.

The Mayor’s Cup

In its 5th year, the Mayor’s Cup New York City Kayak Championships is the longest standing kayak race in New York City. The race has introduced the New York harbor to an international kayaking crowd as well as being a big draw for the local and regional paddlers. With the advent of the NYC Water trail system it is even easier to watch the race and have an up close and personal look at racers from 22 countries and 25 states race around Manhattan for $15,000 in cash. We draw enthusiast paddlers as well as real racer types and welcome all talented paddlers to come and Take Manhattan By paddle. visit www.nymayorscup.com for details.
currents. The bad part is that I’m a spaz in the morning, partially because my natural rhythms lean towards the nocturnal, but also due to me having worked the middle shift at my local hospital for multiple years. So... knowing the struggle of getting someone like myself up, loading the boats and driving and hour-plus to Cold Spring, and having the boats ready to launch with a little extra time allotted to assist any of the unknown group of paddlers who may or may not need assistance in their set up and launching ...I opted for the easy way out.

What’s the old saying, “When life gives you lemons, trade them for limes and make a margarita.” And that’s exactly what we did. Rather then deal with a frantic, last-minute, early-morning arrival, we elected to turn the whole ordeal into a mini-vacation, and so drove up leisurely the night before, had a relaxing dinner and the aforementioned adult beverage, spent the night in a nearby motel and planned on serenely sleeping till the last minute, arriving beatifically organized, rather then looking like someone who just rolled out of bed and couldn’t find their trousers. And the plan more or less worked, except for the alarming phone call part.

Arriving early at the put-in, my good feelings were buoyed higher as a few participants were already present and organizing themselves. In about twenty minutes, the rest of the participants all arrived along with a car load of my fellow guides. Everyone was exuberant, very competent, and all felt the weather would cooperate. The pace and mood accelerated from there, with a smooth group launch and a quick on-the-water briefing. Nancy Brous was assigned as point; Tom Galvin volunteered as sweep; and Marcella Baum and myself slid into the rover positions. The paddling was perfect. It was one of the calmest, most tranquil mornings I have ever seen on the Hudson. And as hoped, passing between Storm King and Breakneck Ridge, the clouds and fog led an eerie charm that added to the river’s mystery.

Our group of guides were almost unnecessary. The island was surrealistically visible in the distance, and even when it was momentarily obscured by fog, something in its almost unworliday visage drew us all straight to it. No compass or chart was necessary on this one.
Arriving on the south side of the island, we leisurely paddled—stopping and posing for innumerable photo opps—around to the new ferry dock that the Trust had built on the north side. Disembarking from our boats we met the guide who would escort us about the island. As we scampered up the stairs to the side entrance of the castle, a lite and warm rain hazed about, giving everything a fairy tale luster.

The tour was informative and offered many spectacular vistas of both the castle and the surrounding mountains and river. I think, perhaps, of all the group, I was the only one who was a little disappointed. I kept thinking back to the days when the castle was simply abandoned and you could freely roam about the island and photograph at the pace of your vision, rather than the pacing of a lecture schedule. I mentioned this to the guide and he reasserted the danger of the ruins, and I suppose in considering the recent collapse of several huge, bone-crushing sections of wall, all his precautions were well founded.

Returning back to Cold Spring, while a portion of the group pulled out and prepared to return home, a smaller, splinter group clamored for the second half of the trip: a journey to the secret waterfalls of Constitution Marsh. "Could we make it there?" someone asked. "Won't we be running out of water?"

(This owning to the way the Hudson's ebb tide drains certain sections of Constitution Marsh, leaving huge expanses of mud flats.)

I laughed and said, "Not really! But if everyone's game, we'll do it anyway. We may just have to walk a few sections."

Well, if a picture is worth a thousand words, what are the two gems on page 4 worth? The remaining group at the falls, minus Margaret Mann who's taking the photo; and a great shot of Ron Kleinman—via Ron's camera and Susan O'Neill's eye—coaxing his boat through the last of the mud, towards the floatable waters that lie tantalizingly ahead.
Bannermans Today

from page 1

individuals, the Bannerman Castle Trust was formed with the goal of making the castle ruins and island trails open to the public as a historical, educational and recreational site.

Over the years much has been done in order to open the island so that the public could enjoy it. As trails were cleared and a landing area for small boats was created, we were able to start limited tours. The first tours utilized rowboats and canoes to bring people to a landing at the Wee Bay on the south side of the island. Next, with the help of local contractor, John Lawrence, a dock was built on the north side of the island so tour boats could bring larger groups. As the tours became successful, the trails were enhanced and the gardens were expanded.

Now that the island was open on a limited basis, I turned my attention to writing a book about the island and its structures. I worked with fellow Bannerman Trust guide and board member, Barbara Gottlock, as co-author. As part of her research she went to the Hagley Library in Wilmington, Delaware, and while digging through the Bannerman archives, she found Helen Bannermans planting lists. Armed with this information she put together a garden committee under the direction of Donna Blakemore. This new group worked under the guidance of the Cornell University Master gardeners to rebuild the gardens and trails while keeping the island’s historical integrity in mind. Despite some daunting challenges, the island took on a renewed look as a historic heritage site. The ravages of time, tides, and vandalism were stunted.

This past year had been very productive. The trail in the center of the island was cleared so the gardeners could move easily from the landing to the Wee Bay, while a large flower bed at the Wee Bay was cut back and replanted. Also, during the year, I worked on the Bayley Silleck documentary, which focused on the business end of Bannermans. In addition, a group of West Point cadets redesigned and rebuilt the water pumping and storage systems that Mr. Bannerman once utilized on the island. Thanks to their valuable contribution, we now have pumps, pipes and four storage tanks in place.

As we closed the island at the end of our 2009 season, we were all very upbeat and looking forward to the next year. We had had a good year with the tours and the island’s trails were in the best shape they had been in years. One major concern was that the south Gap Tower was in such a deteriorated state that it might collapse from the force of the winter’s ice. But we were hopeful that it would make it through the winter and started to plan for next year, hoping to stabilize it.

All of this changed on December 27th when the first reports came in that part of the tower had collapsed during the heavy weather of a nor’easter. I traveled to the shore opposite the island to survey and photograph the conditions. What I saw was so depressing that I almost could not look at it. As I knew that river conditions prohibited further inspection, I took some photographs and left. The collapse made the news and there were many media events to follow. The Trust soon met with New York State Office of Parks Recreation and Historic Preservation (NYSOPRHP), Senator Schumer, Representative Hall and others too seek help and guidance in planning the continuation of Bannermans.

Southeast view as seen in 1925.

Southwest corner of the tower showing all the details and textures that Bannerman used.

The inside of the number two arsenal looking west. This image shows why the ruins are off limits.
Just as we were getting used to the new look of the tower we had another round of heavy weather and the tower lost more of its walls. The first collapse took the southeast corner along with 1/3 of the south wall and 2/3 of the east wall. The collapse on January 26th took the top of the south wall with the Bannerman coat of arms. Also lost was the entire north wall and what was left of the east wall. Currently, we have lost about 70% of the tower, leaving the west wall and only 1/2 of the south wall still standing.

Again there was press coverage and we received many positive communications from interested parties. This helped to keep our spirits up and allowed us to move forward. Recently a group of volunteers and some Trust members rowed out to the island to better survey the conditions so that we could plan for this year’s tours. Yes we lost a major part of this Hudson River landmark but we still have the west wall and we plan to do a laser scan so we can keep an accurate record of what the walls were like. I also have a large collection of photographs that will add to the record. The staff at NYSOPRHP have been supportive and we will be open this year to continue the tours and projects.

I hope that 2010 will be a “banner” year for the island and the castle ruins. I hope that all of the press and interest in the collapse has created will bring many new visitors and some past visitors who are returning to see what has changed. The Trust has planned some events to help raise money so we can stabilize and shore up the remaining structures. These events include a concert by Anthony K. at the Chance Theater on March 25th; and the first Bannerman Island Golf Classic, to be held Monday July 26th at the Powelton Club in Newburgh. We are also working on a challenge grant that will be used to rehab the Bannerman residence.

Another positive development is that Senator Schumer has requested one million dollars for the restoration project. There are many ways that citizens can help. We need volunteers to work on both the gardens and as tour guides. We also need the public’s support at all our various fundraisers as well as participating in all the various tours.

What’s next? Good question. All I know is that anything that was built can be replaced. Mr. Bannerman built his business and the castle by reusing old military goods. He “recycled” before the word was created and he knew that much of what he sold had great historical value. At his store at 501 Broadway in New York City, he maintained a museum of military equipment that he called the Museum of Lost Arts. His goal was to use historic military equipment in such a way to cause us to ponder and to teach us the futility of practicing war. Please visit and support his—and our—efforts.

**Thom Johnson** was the art, photography and tech theatre teacher at the Irvington High School for over 30 years. He also is one of the founders of the Bannerman Castle trust, a tour guide and has been photographing the island for almost 40 years. His recent book on the island was published in 2008.
Bannermans, A Brief History

Among the hundreds of rivers and streams crisscrossing America, few can compare with the legend-laden, geologically diverse Hudson River. The homeland of Rip Van Winkle and Ichabod Crane, the Hudson surges out of the Adirondack Mountains, flowing to the Atlantic Ocean. The scene of early Dutch & English settlements, the river has served as an indispensable pathway for moving people and goods into the North American interior. The impetus for it’s own school of art, the Hudson seems to have a power of it’s own, drawing people of all walks of life to it’s shores. A quote from William G. Scheller in the Greenway Council’s “Report to the People of the Hudson River Valley, the Governor and the Legislature of New York State,” describes the river best:

“Broad, silent, and powerful, the Hudson flows through time as easily as through the counties of eastern New York State, and in the mind’s eye it can float a tall Dutch ship as easily as a little green canoe.”

Singularly unique among the Hudson’s lavish and varied features, Pollepel Island perches between the northern reaches of the Highlands and Newburgh Bay. A craggy, thickly shrubbed hill now commonly referred to as Bannermans, the island has been the subject of legend and wild rumors since earliest times. Many Indian tribes believed it haunted and refused to set foot on it, thus it became a place of refuge for those trying to escape attacks. Other tribes routinely visited with the sun, but avoided it at night. While still other tribes utilized its 115-foot-high natural lookout for ambushing unwary river travelers. And while extensive excavations have revealed well-developed, permanent Indian encampments on both banks, very few Indian artifacts have actually been found on the island itself, perhaps indicating an early impression of the island’s inhospitable nature.

While the early Dutch explorers of the region had their tales and legends of the surrounding land, the later settlers and sailors lived in mortal terror of the Heer of Dunderberg, a fiend and his goblins who inhabited the Highlands and made themselves known by the treacherous winds that blew between and around the mountains. According to legend, the northern limits of their jurisdiction was Pollepel Island - from there north sailing was safe and easy. Therefore, new sailors to the River were inoculated against these evil spirits by being doused in the River as their boats passed Pollepel. The less superstitious rigged their masts without a rake but perpendicular to the deck so they could shorten the sail quickly in the gusty storms of the area.

During the black squalls that came in the spring, the old rivermen claimed to hear the shouted orders of the long-dead Captain of the “Flying Dutchman,” which was sunk on the flats south of the Island in the early eighteenth century.

Lying in a strategic spot on the river, the Island figured prominently during the revolutionary war. The British calculated that if they could control the river they could cut the colonies in half and end the rebellion. As the British slowly invaded northwards, the Americans, with varying degrees of success, block-
aded the Highlands to prevent further movement into the interior. Several miles south of the Island, the rebels erected a great chain boom, stretching between what is now West Point and Constitution Island. Remnants of this chain can still be seen at the U.S. Military Academy Museum at West Point. Further upstream, a Chevaux de Frise, an underwater obstruction designed to impale and sink approaching vessels, was constructed on the west bank between Pollepel and Plum Point. Unfortunately, the British were able to pass this defense with ease and there are conflicting reports that American traitors partly dismantled the obstruction and/or revealed the passage left open for river traffic.

In 1781, proposals were made and approved by General George Washington to build a military prison and to store munitions on the Island. While construction was started, there is little evidence that the prison was ever used or even completed, although it’s reported that Hessian soldiers were imprisoned there and after the war were offered land to settle in Pennsylvania. After the revolutionary war, the Island was used as a local fisherman’s headquarters and as a picnic, swimming and camping spot for neighboring villagers.

In 1888, Mr. Thomas Taft, of teetotaler fame, purchased the island to prevent its being used as an operations base for the black market liquor trade. In 1900, Francis Bannerman and Sons purchased the Island, thinking it an isolated place and ideal for the storage of their large artillery stock.

Bannerman and Sons was founded in 1865 at the close of the Civil War by Frank Bannerman, then only 14 years old. Born in Dundee, Scotland, his family immigrated to this country and settled in Brooklyn, NY, when he was three. As a child, young Frank would accompany his father, a buyer of chandlery goods, to Navy auctions. When his father joined the Union Army during the Civil War, school-age Frank began a business of collecting all types of scrap. When the war ended, Frank began purchasing quantities of surplus military equipment at government auctions. He continued to expand and diversify his business until he was an internationally known armorer. After the Spanish War, among the surplus acquired was 90% of the captured equipment and ammunition, which the New York City government wisely would not permit to be stored within the city limits. Early in 1900, searching for a safe and secure storage space, Pollepel Island was bought from the Taft’s.

A student and collector of antiquity, Frank Bannerman conceived and drew plans for a large storehouse with waterfront landings and a family home on top of the hill, both to be built in the style of old Scottish castles. Following construction of the Number 1 storehouse on the north side of the Island, docks and breakwaters were formed by sinking old barges with stones, and, after they settled, covering them with concrete. Small crenelated towers were placed at the corners, forming protected entrances to the harbor. From 1901, until his death in 1918, Francis Bannerman continued construction. Under his personal supervision the Island structures grew to include 3 storehouses, a personal residence, workshops, residence apartments for the workmen, a powder house, an ice house, a huge garden walkway, plus docks, turrets and towers, all surrounded by strategically located cannon emplacements and all built to elaborate detail and without professional assistance from architects, engineers or contractors. Though never actually completed to Mr. Bannermans specifications, the Island became a bit of Scotland, seemingly plucked out of the Scottish Highlands and deposited on a bare bit of rock mid-river. Arriving at the main landing, visitors climbed a steep walk between the arsenal, workshop and superintendent’s building, then crossed over a drawbridge and passed beneath an arch with portcullis and a coat of arms. Past the storehouse on the north side, terraces were laid out for gardens. At the top of the winding path, bordered by shrubs and tiny hillside gardens, overlooking it all was the Bannermans residence.

Incidents concerning the Island in the last century are many and mostly tragic: The cannon being tested against the mountain jumped and its shell went over the mountain and through a nearby barn. The workman melting scrap metal put live ammunition in the melting pot with resultant disaster. The castle was often known to have as many as fifteen flags flying about it; however, lightning struck down the flag poles so frequently that it became impractical to replace more than a few of them. Then, on a hot summer day in 1920, a tremendous explosion wrecked the arsenal. Two hundred pounds of powder and shells stored in a powder house exploded, heaving a barrage of brick, munitions and equipment high into the summer sky. A twenty-five foot section

continued on page 10
of high stone wall was blown to the mainland, blocking the New York Central railroad tracks. The castle was considerably damaged, while one of the towers, along with a corner of the Island itself, was blown far out into the river. Cities and villages along the river between Hudson and Peekskill were shaken by the explosion and hundreds of window panes were smashed.

Further incidents were to come; in 1950, a tremendous storm wrecked the "Pollepel," which had served the Island as a freight and passenger boat for fifty years. The final blow was a fire and explosion on the Island in 1969. Even though the Island was now deserted, having been sold to the state the previous year, officials speculated that the explosions and accompanying fifty-foot-high flames could only have been the result of old shells still lost in the debris. The fire was allowed to burn itself out, inflicting serious structural damage to the castle interior and leaving the wreck that is visible today.

Nowadays, as the signs attest, Bannermans is closed to the public due to extremely hazardous conditions, and can only be visited by pre-arranged tours. Nevertheless, its spooky visage and macabre past continue to draw the curious like a magnet, or perhaps like a moth to the flame. The best way to see the Island up close, without actually landing, is from a small hand powered vessel (canoe or kayak). Gliding soundlessly beneath the arched eastern gate into the breakwater, you get your first really closeup view of the castle and grounds. Very little is left of the original breakwater fortifications. Remnants of ruined bulkheads lie scant inches beneath the water, so you must paddle slowly and carefully through the debris-laden harbor. The crenelated towers at the far corners still stand, but who knows for how much longer. Of the castle itself, nothing remains but a towering saga of rack & ruin, a carcass of crumbling concrete and twisted metal. Even with the interior long gone, the exterior walls provide a stark reminder of the elaborate details that went into construction. Barely protruding behind years of dense thicket, the arched gate is only partially visible, as is the owner's residence high atop the hillside. The drawbridge and portcullis are long gone; as are the workshops, residences and other buildings strewn, in bits and pieces about the island and surrounding waters.

If one day you are fortunate and able to take this kayak trip, and you find yourself sitting quietly, gently rocking in the languid waters around the castle, don't be surprised if you feel the past nudge a little closer, peer over your shoulder and impart the distinct sensation that this land does not bid you welcome. Perhaps, given the long and tragic history of the Island, this chilling feeling was preordained. Maybe the island, and not the towering mountains of the region, is home to the Heer of Dunderberg and his goblin friends. Just maybe, the series of violent incidents were really a warning that this is a spot where man does not belong.

"...No one can tell what associations and incidents will involve the Island in the future. Time, the elements, and maybe even the goblins of the Highlands, will take their toll on some of the turrets and towers, and perhaps eventually the castle itself; but the little Island will always have its place in history and will be forever, we hope, a jewel in its Highland setting,"—Francis Bannerman and Sons.
H.R.W.A.

A Tribute to Ian Giddy.

Gail Cashen

The Hudson River lost a great friend when Ian Giddy passed away in the summer of 2009. If he had only been the author of the Hudson River Water Trail Guide, he would have deserved great honor. Now in its sixth edition, it has opened doors to the river for paddlers, sailors, and rowers from all over the country; many power boat enthusiasts also consult our wonderful Guide as well. But there was much more to Ian.

At our first meeting, Ian had a large personal impact on me. In the fall of 1985 I had just retired, and on a chilly November morning I joined a group of paddlers for a trip across the river from Rhinecliff and up the Rondout. Ian, as the group’s organizer, provided fascinating commentary along the way from his Feathercraft. He told us about the Creek itself, its history, and the commercial activity of the area, past and present, including the locks which had been developed to bring coal from Pennsylvania. I’d never been in a kayak and was rowing an Adirondack guide-boat, but it is too difficult for me to cart-top alone, so I was pleased to meet up with others on the river for help in getting the boat on and off the car and delighted to hear what he had to say. Perhaps that was one reason when, the next spring, my husband and I decided to buy kayaks, we settled on Feathercrafts, just like Ian’s. I immediately joined the HRWA and have been an active member ever since.

Ian’s commitment to the environment was not restricted to the Hudson. Several years ago, he and a long-time friend, Jenny O’Grady, also originally from South Africa, married and combined families, joining Ian’s two daughters and Jenny’s two sons. Soon after, he and Jenny founded two nature reserves, first Cloudbridge in Costa Rica and then Wildcliff in South Africa. Today these two not-for-profit preserves are helping to save pristine areas and providing opportunities for important research. Ian was a committed hiker and was enthusiastic about what he and Jenny were able to do.

It wasn’t always easy to catch up with Ian, especially after he and Jenny began collaborating on these numerous projects. In addition to paddling, hiking, biking, traveling, and establishing two extensive research properties, along with maintaining an apartment in New York and a house in Rhinecliff, they began to renovate properties in a neglected area of Kingston. Ian, a Professor of Finance at NYU’s Stern School, continued to keep a busy schedule of writing, consulting in the US and the Far East (sometimes accompanied by his Feathercraft), and teaching and mentoring students in his professorial role. He was also a notable nature photographer and had very high standards, quick to turn his bright blue eyes on a questionable statement or sloppy work.

Ian was entirely comfortable with technology and enjoyed documenting professional and personal activities and sharing them with friends and family. Moments after their beautiful wedding ceremony in Rhinecliff, Ian collected digital cameras from the guests and put the photos on his laptop in a slide show for everyone to enjoy! Visit www.giddy.net for a full range of Ian and Jenny’s interests.

Ian provided a wonderful legacy for everyone. He left us too soon.

Gail Cashen has been a member of HRWA since 1996 and has served as Treasurer, Vice President, and President.

Sebago Canoe Club

Phil Giller

The Sebago Canoe Club is a cultural, educational and recreational resource for New York City small boat enthusiasts. We are proud of our 75 year history and we continue to attract members of every age and interest and from every ethnic background and financial group. Sebago has provided instruction and coaching for thousands of adults and young people. We continue to serve the community with programs which include biweekly kayak trips on the bay and metro area inter-club invitational events.

The Sebago Canoe Club was founded in 1933, and is one of the oldest canoe clubs in the Northeast and our clubhouse stands on an acre of land that was once a summer encampment of the Canarsie Indians. Our canoe club was originally based on Lake Sebago in Harriman State Park where we continue to maintain rustic cabin facilities as part of the American Canoe Association camp. Sebago Canoe Club is open year round to its membership and by appointment to those interested in membership. We welcome anyone interested in the wide range of paddlesports. Contact our Membership Chair for more information. The Sebago Canoe Club is a volunteer run, 501C3 nonprofit, membership organization in Canarsie, Brooklyn. Our members include kayakers, canoeists, sailors, rowers, and flatwater racers. Available to our membership is the use of the clubhouse and club boats, boat storage, instruction programs in sea kayaking, sailing, and flatwater racing, and a cabin on Lake Sebago in Harriman State Park. Our Paerdegat Basin facility offers direct access to the beautiful waters of Jamaica Bay.

The Canarsie Indians lived on Lake Sebago in Harriman State Park which was once a summer encampment of the Canarsie Indians. Our canoe club was originally based on Lake Sebago in Harriman State Park where we continue to maintain rustic cabin facilities as part of the American Canoe Association.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>HRWA Membership Application</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>name (1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>address</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>city, state, zip</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>telephone #</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>e-mail address</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I am available for volunteer activities ____________________________</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Type of Membership: New ______ Renewal _______</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>☐ Basic $35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>☐ Patron $500</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Send to:
Hudson River Watertrail Association
Box 110, 245 Eighth Avenue, New York, NY 10011

---

HRWA notes
Welcome aboard for our 2010 spring/summer newsletter. As you can tell by our cover, we wanted to do something special regarding the Bannermans Island wall collapse that occurred there this past winter. As usual, our wonderful paddling community came through with such a wonderful assortment of articles on Bannermans past, present, and future, that we couldn’t fit all the articles in one issue. So don’t be surprised if you see a few more gems from Pollepel in our next issue. Meanwhile, want to know the present fate of Bannermans spooky island, check out the wonderful story by Thom Johnson on our cover.