



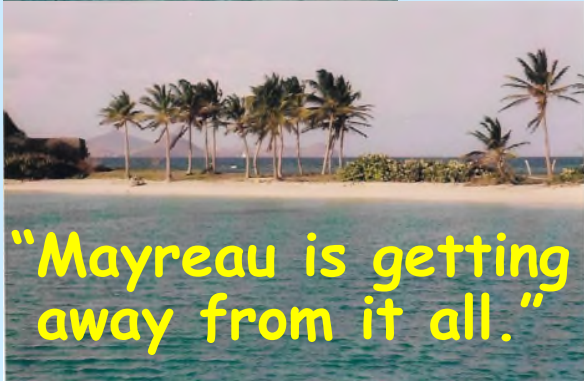
Republic P-47 Thunderbolt



Irwin Lebow



Nothing can stop the Army Air Corp!



"Mayreau is getting away from it all."



Mutterings & Musings

(from here & there about this & that)

by: Editor, Afterdeck News

I thought we were a
BOATING organization?

Then why is there a **World War II**
Army Air Corp, P-47 Aircraft
on the **cover** of our **Afterdeck News**?

Listen Up! -> and I will tell you.

"When the United States was attacked by Japan, Irwin Lebow worked as a tool and die makers apprentice in a defense plant. Not willing to wait to be drafted, he enlisted in the Army Air Corps to fulfill his dream of becoming a pilot. In his diary, Lebow chronicles his 93 missions, as a P47 Thunderbolt pilot in the European Theater in World War II. This is a story written by a 22 year young man being exposed to life and death situations on a daily basis, but also living with the thrill and excitement of doing things that movies are made of. These are the memories of the highs of climbing out of the cockpit after returning from successful missions destroying enemy targets. And the lows of losing a friend in combat."



From: [A Pilot's Story](#)
by Irwin Lebow

We are honored and fortunate to be able to hear Irwin Lebow's story at our next **General Membership Meeting on Tuesday 13 September at the Twisted Tuna Restaurant in Jupiter.**

AFTERDECK NEWS

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There is more on Irwin Lebow, this aircraft within, and on the back cover page of your Afterdeck News

This meeting will also be the Kick-Off for our 2023 boating season.

Please, do not miss out on this Opportunity!

See you at The Twisted Tuna!

Mutterings & Musings continued

The following are items noticed in over 90 years of watching such things:

Moon & Tide stuff

I hope that you took notice in the last issue of your Afterdeck News my comment, "Did you ever notice that the FULL MOON in the summertime follows the path across our heavens that our sun follows in the winter time?"

If so you may wonder what happens at the twice yearly equinox that occurs about or around the 21st of March and the 21st of September. At those times or occurrences, the FULL MOON will quite closely follow the same path as the sun.

Next time we will take a look at my "weasel words." I did say "about and around" and "quite closely."

*** **

Palm Beach Sail & Power Squadron Board of Directors

Meetings are held each month at our Headquarters on the first Tuesday evening of the month commencing at 1900. While voting is limited to the

New Business: Cdr Rick Wood, JN spoke about his dismay of the new title of America's Boating Club. He is formulating plans to notify Districts and National of his reasons for this. A discussion on the website resulted in the that it is still functioning. A professionally setup website would be very costly, but may be advisable.

members that you have elected to serve, you are welcome & encouraged to attend as well as to speak when recognized.

This long time member of the United States Power Squadrons is particularly proud & honored to serve as a Member at Large on this Board of Directors under our current Commander Richard (Rick) Wood.

Here is why, as copied from the meeting minutes:

I support Rick's dismay at this new title. It is my hope that all hands will chime in on this subject and from both sides.

Having experienced this diworsification while

employed or volunteering at Kodak, RCA, NAIC, other corporate entities, and now the USPS - it is known what will follow.

*** **

Afterdeck News comment

- I have strong feelings that we should publish an issue of our Afterdeck News every month including the summer month or in simpler terms, 12 times per year.
- Further, past issues should be available from an active vital, bright website.
- While at it, why not include within the website minutes from meetings as well as links to the best of websites from sister squadrons.

*** **

Pilots & The P-47 Thunderbolt

I was 27 days short of becoming 10 years old when my Dad told me that I was to go on my first flight in an aircraft. It was something that I wanted to do for as long as I could remember.

The flight was to be aboard the largest passenger aircraft of the time; it was the DC-3 of American Airlines. It was large in its polished aluminum color. Mom, Dad, & I boarded at the rear, walked uphill to our seats, to be greeted by a stewardess. At the time to become a stew, one had to be a Registered Nurse and a good looking lady.

The flight was over almost before it began. We flew for 20 minutes from Baltimore to Washington National where we were met by Mr. Gilchrist who worked with Dad plus his wife.

The 2 men sat if the front while I was squeezed between Mom & Mrs G in the rear seat. Stopping for fuel for the long dull trip home, the attendant pumped the gasoline, checked the oil, water, and battery; Mr G. declined his offer to check the tires as we only had 40 miles to go.

The attendant then mentioned that he just heard over the radio that the "Japs had sunk one of our battleships." It remains out of memory as to which man said it but I heard from the front seat, "As if the Japs could sink one of our battleships; I'll bet it was just an old rusty tanker."

As you may recall, the Japs sank many battleships that December 7th.

Dad was transferred back to New York just after Christmas that year; We moved to Teaneck, NJ where I joined the 4th grade at Lowell Grammar School (PS-7) in January 1942.

The neighbors next-door had 2 sons; one was a US Marine who I never met. The older son was home on leave from the RCAF; having completed all necessary training with their Spitfires he would

soon be shipped to England where the RCAF would support the RAF in their battle with the Germans.

He was my hero! I can only hope that I was not to big a PITA to him; he displayed nothing but patience to me. One day I went over to his place to "play" but he was gone; the first WWII pilot that I knew had shipped out.

With two exceptions, 1942 was a bad one for our war effort. The 1st was Jimmy Dolittle's raid on Tokyo followed in June with our stopping the Japs cold in the Battle of Midway.

Later that year, there was a knock at our door by a Western Union delivery boy. He had a telegram for our neighbor, Mr. Russel; it was the terrible news that my hero was MIA and presumed dead. As they were not yet home, my poor dad had to tell the Russel's of their loss.

My second encounter with a pilot from WWII did not occur until early spring of 1954. As a senior midshipman at the State University of New York-Maritime College, I and 11 soon to graduate shipmates were invited by the college president, a retired USN Admiral to dinner at his home with a distinguished guest.

Retired General Jimmy Dolittle was now president of Sun Oil Marine. He was a great pilot prior to WWII. So where does Jimmy Dolittle fit into this issues cover story with the P-47?

This topic did not come up during our dinner together but I have read much of our wartime history. It seem that a squadron of P-47s were at a wartime air base in north Africa, however, many of the pilots refused to fly them as there were too many losses due to the so called flight capabilities of that aircraft. Jimmy D. was told of this. He said, "I'll check one out in flight." He then put on a private airshow for our troops that knocked off their socks.

Next he led them on a raid against the enemy. By-the-way, he was forbidden to do any fighting himself as he would be too valuable an asset to our enemy if captured - he was in the know about Ultima. We did not learn about Ultima until many years later.

The only other pilot I knew that flew in that terrible war was Ken Magner. He flew B-25 twin engine attack bomber.

Now Ken was the preacher that married Mary and I on 1 April 1956. At the time he was married to Mary's eldest sister, the Dad of Beth & John; yes it occurred on April Fools Day but that happened to also be Easter Sunday.

Coming Attractions

September 2022

October 2022							<	>					
S	M	T	W	T	F	S							
25	26	27	28	29	30	1	6	OCT, THU	●	11:30 - 13:30	Lunch Bunch, Draft House		
2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	OCT, SUN	●	All day	Full moon 16:55		
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	10	OCT, MON	●	17:30 - 19:30	Mischief Monday		
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	11	OCT, TUE	●	18:00 - 20:00	PB-sps General Membership Mtg		
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	13	OCT, THU	●	11:30 - 13:30	Lunch Bunch, Draft House		
30	31	1	2	3	4	5	17	OCT, MON	●	All day	Last quarter 13:15		
									●	17:30 - 19:30	Mischief Monday		
									20	OCT, THU	●	11:30 - 13:30	Lunch Bunch, Draft House
									24	OCT, MON	●	17:30 - 19:30	Mischief Monday
									25	OCT, TUE	●	All day	New moon 06:49
									27	OCT, THU	●	11:30 - 13:30	Lunch Bunch, Draft House
									31	OCT, MON	●	17:30 - 19:30	Mischief Monday



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Mayreau, West Indies

By Jim Bloom, SN

"Eclipse potluck on the beach tonight, 5:30, BYOB, see you there," he said, and off he went in his dinghy. We had just set our anchor in one of our favorite spots, Salt Whistle Bay, Mayreau. We were aware of the predicted complete eclipse of the full moon. However, as new arrivals, we were unaware of the cruisers' potluck beach party celebrating the event. We were grateful for the heads-up. It was a good example of one cruiser taking care of another by making us aware and including us. The celebration was on Salt Whistle's calm beach which is separated from the strong Atlantic surf by less than a hundred yards of sand beach and palm trees.

One would think that starting an evening event at 5:30 was a bit early but Mayreau is 12.6° north of the equator, only 756 NM. It gets dark early that close to the equator, not

like the long summer nights in the States. In fact, they never have more than about 13 hours of daylight in the summer or darkness of night in the winter. Beach parties start early because setting up is easier done in daylight. No one likes to eat in the dark, especially on a beach, so early it is. Now, we had to hustle to prepare food to share with an unknown quantity of people.

The hotel's Calypso dance music drifted over to "our side" of the beach and enhanced our feast, encouraging dancing while the beautiful full moon began to rise. Once the moon was "hung in place," we could see the earth's shadow starting to make the moon disappear. At full eclipse, it became very dark with practically no ambient light except for the faint hotel lighting and a cluster of anchor lights. Having eaten, danced, and partied enough, we

used the darkness to retreat to *Valiant Lady*. We watched the second half of the moon's performance lying comfortably on our foredeck.

The tiny island of Mayreau (mayrow) is the smallest inhabited island in the Grenadines, maybe in the entire Caribbean, with a population of about 270 people. It is one of the more unique islands in the Caribbean. Mayreau has only one village, and that village has no name. A name is not really needed since the whole island is less than one half square mile. Salt Whistle Bay, one of the most charming and delightful anchorages imaginable, is in the northeast "corner" of Mayreau. Our favorite spot in the anchorage was in the northeast corner, out of the roll that sometimes accompanies an ocean swell. With *Valiant Lady's* six-foot draft, we had to be careful not to get too close to the beach, however.

Where the narrow strip of beach starts, at the south end of the bay, is a thatched tiki bar and a small open-air restaurant that are quite welcoming to cruising sailors. Both are now operated by the Salt



Whistle Bay Retreat, a very small, quaint "hotel" consisting of about a dozen small cottages well hidden among the palm trees along the ocean beach.

To give you an idea of where Mayreau is located, it's about a mile and a half west of the Tobago Cays, four miles north of Union Island and five miles south of Canouan. That should help. Oh, the latter two Islands, a bit larger than Mayreau, each have a tiny airport, but "you can't get there from here." Mayreau is only reachable by boat. The people in Mayreau must get all their supplies and goods via small inter-island cargo boats. The goods must be unloaded at the larger, deeper harbor at Saline Bay on Mayreau's south coast. Salt Whistle Bay is too small and shallow to accommodate these boats. Therefore, on my earlier visits, cargo for Salt Whistle Bay had to be transferred to even smaller boats because the road stopped halfway to Salt Whistle Bay.

Getting to town on foot from the anchorage was an adventure. Walkers had to scramble over large rock formations at the head of the bay to get up to the well-worn path through the "jungle," used by hotel staff. That scramble was followed by a rather steep climb up and over the top of the island. At the top of the path was a small, beautiful stone church with a gorgeous 360-degree view of the Caribbean. On one trip, the Frangipani trees were in blossom all over the island adding to the beauty of this tiny spec in the ocean. This visit, a "new" road extended the original road down to Salt Whistle eliminating the scramble, which had been fun, depending on one's age and how often it had to be traversed. Now the goods could come to Salt Whistle by truck.

The night after the eclipse we had dinner at the hotel's outdoor restaurant with Sue and Jon from *Saltscar III* and Sue and Leon, *Masade*. Yes, two Sues. (When cruising, your boat's name becomes your last name. Ergo, we were known as the "Valiant Ladys.") While waiting at the bar for our table, our young local barista told us there was going to be a festival in town the next afternoon, May 1st, Labor Day. She was going to be playing on the girls' basketball team against the boys. On hearing that Sue, "Saltscar III," informed us that she was a gym teacher in Canada. Immediately, our barista signed Sue "S" on as a member her basketball team and invited us all to come and partake of the festivities. Come

we did.

On this Labor Day, we took the "new" road running straight up and over the top of the island to town for a lunch out and to see what was happening at the festival. No scrambling over rocks and trudging up a slippery, possibly muddy path. We stopped at THE town restaurant where we were greeted graciously by the owner, Righteous Robert, a tall, thin, dreadlocked young man with a bright floral shirt, right out of central casting. Robert said that he could feed us, but that the town women were having a fund raiser at the cistern, and he preferred we eat there to help them. It was part of the festival.

The top of the cistern was a large flat concrete slab, about half the size of a football field. It was where the village caught and stored rainwater. Rain was the only source of water. The top of the cistern also served as a playground and town square, so to speak. There were lots of people at the festival including a couple of other cruisers. A long table was set up at one end of the square loaded with chicken, mac and cheese, local vegetables, chips, mashed potatoes, desserts, etc., all for EC\$26 (US\$10). The food was plentiful and delicious, we walked away quite satisfied. Thank you, Righteous Robert!

After all were fed, the main event began, the battle of the sexes basketball game. The baskets were the type used for practice shooting, a rim only set on top of a pole, no backboards. The boys were much taller and much more muscular as one could tell from their bare chests. The girls including Sue "S," who was maybe 5'3," were a lot shorter and less muscular, no bare chests! The boys definitely had an edge. It was obvious!

There had to be over a hundred people sitting on the ground surrounding the court watching the event, remember total population 270. Those who were not there could probably hear the "play-by-play" announcer all over the island from the booming speakers! "John takes a shot, misses. Mary has the ball, throws it to Joyce, Joyce throws it to.... *pause* Joyce throws it to...." *pause* the announcer was speechless. Joyce had thrown the ball to Sue. The announcer didn't know her name didn't know what to call her. Then he said, "Joyce throws it to the white woman." "The white woman throws it to Alice. Alice shoots. Tom





name is Sue! Her name is Sue"! From then on, he called her "Sue."

During the game a toddler wandered over to Judy who was sitting cross legged watching the game and plopped herself down into Judy's welcoming lap and promptly fell asleep all snugly. When the game ended and the crowd dispersed, no one came to claim the toddler, she just lay there peacefully asleep in Judy's lap. Judy didn't want to wake her. Finally, our barista, Sue's teammate, saw the situation and came to Judy's rescue. It was her niece, and she gently removed the sleeping tot.

When we all walked back up into town the next morning, we were greeted everywhere with "Good morning, good morning, Sue." Everyone knew Sue! She was now a celebrity. (On Sue's return to Canada, she sent a dozen basketballs to Righteous Robert for the playground.) We have found that cruisers who meet and interact with locals always seem to end up having a more interesting time.

Mayreau was always one of our stops going south or north.

If someone were to ask me, "What is being on Mayreau like"? I'd answer, "Mayreau is getting away from it all."

/)

© - Jim Bloom, 2022

blocks her shot. The white woman gets the ball back...." By this time, everyone was laughing hysterically, and we were shouting that "her



I had to find some photo or whatever to fill this space. As your Afterdeck News editor I just happened to have an appropriate picture for this space.

Please join
Great Gramps Ken, Gramps Dan,
and Dad Brett in welcoming
Owen Joseph Peters
to our world.



May 2, 1961

On this 20th anniversary of the first flight of the P-47 Thunderbolt fighter aircraft, its designer and producer, the Republic Aviation Corporation, of Farmingdale, New York is honored to present this commemorative scroll to

Irwin Lebow

Who, in the service of his country did, during World War II, pilot a P-47 Thunderbolt with courage and distinction

Wm. J. Pease
President
Republic Aviation Corporation

Entered combat March 1943
Served in all active theaters except Alaska
Flew 94,579 sorties; 1,024.10 combat hours
Destroyed 4,087 enemy aircraft

Destroyed or damaged:
99,000 railroad cars; 5,000 locomotives;
6,000 armored vehicles and tanks;
60,000 motor transports

Irwin Lebow was only one of the many
who flew this fine aircraft
but
how many flew 93` missions?



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Stephen Livoditis	\$ 400	Jun '21	\$ 400
Barbara Roemmele	\$ 100	Nov '21	\$ 1,600
Calvin Cearley	\$ 250	Nov '21	\$ 2,669
Ken Peters	\$ 102	Dec '21	\$ 552
Nancy Sweeney	\$ 100	Ded '21	\$ 1,600
Myra Hoffstein	\$ 100	Dec '21	\$ 2,800
Andras Andras	\$ 124	Mar '22	\$ 169
Joe Tringali	\$ 360	Mar '22	\$ 360
Mary & Art Dodd	\$ 500	Apr '22	\$ 500
Bill Eldridge	\$ 100	May '22	\$ 2,900
Lee Popham	\$ 65	May '22	\$ 65
Arlene Widmayer	\$ 90	May '22	\$ 6,888
Darryl Aubrey	\$ 100	Jun '22	\$ 2,000



AFTERDECK NEWS

Palm Beach Sail & Power Squadron

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General Membership Meeting

Tuesday 13 September 2022 at 1800 Hours

This fine venue will be our meeting place
for all events for the foreseeable future



The Twisted Tuna
353 South Federal Highway
Jupiter, FL 33477

Attention on Deck!

We are honored and fortunate to be able to hear Irwin Lebow's story of his 93 missions during WWII in Europe.



Come for the dinner and stay to hear
A Pilot's Story from the man himself.

You may buy his book which he will sign
just for you.