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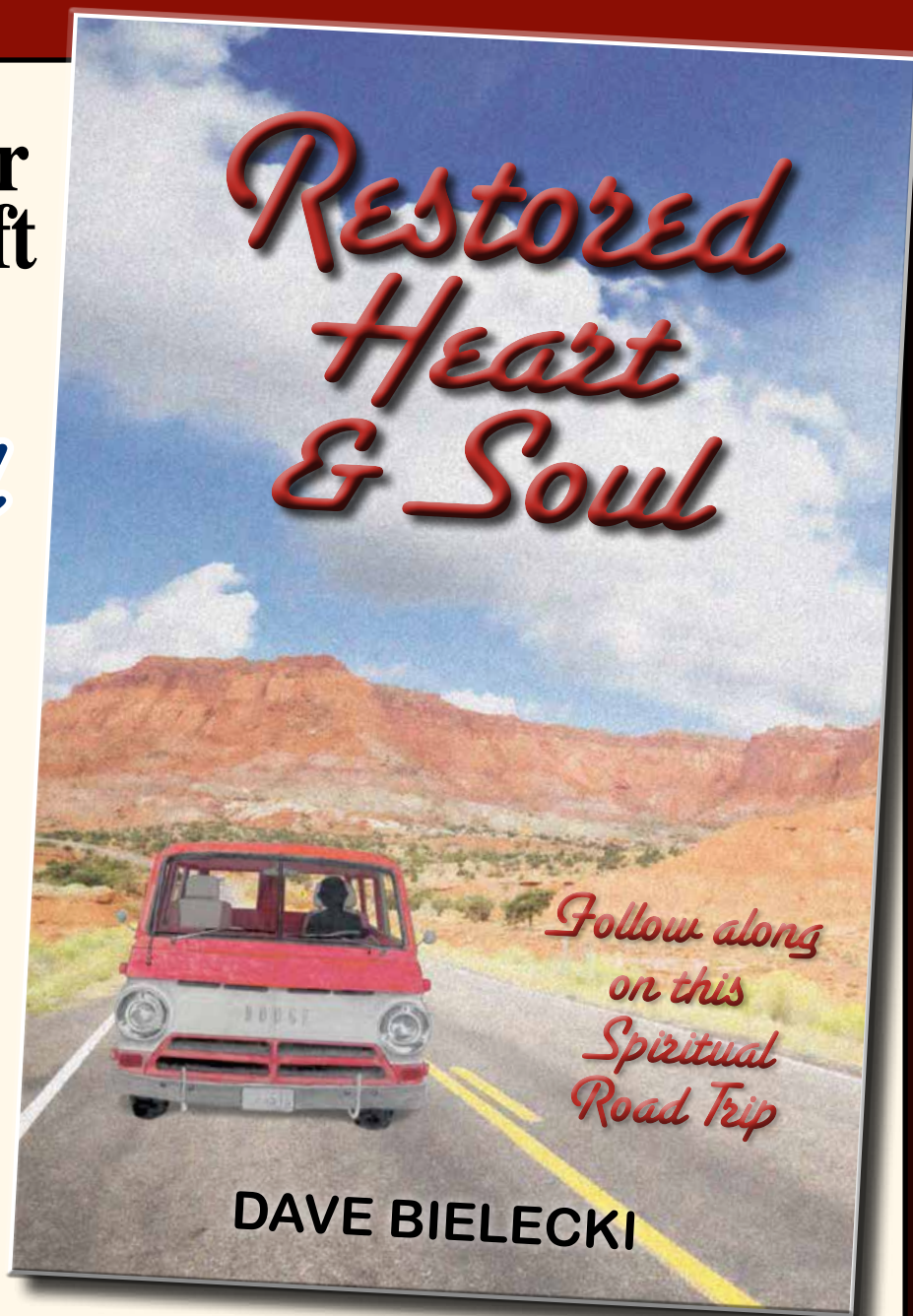
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UPPER BAY Boating

December 2016

Special Gift Guide & Boat Show Preview



Upper Bay Boating

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photo by Donna Bedell

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A Message from Dave

Hutch, Wendy & I wish all the Upper Bay readers a Happy Thanksgiving & Merry Christmas. While we don't have a print magazine this time of year, we thought you might want to get a jump start on finding out what's new at the Baltimore Boat Show, and while you are at it, possibly find something for the boater in your life for Christmas.

Some of our contributors have some gift ideas, along with the advertisers. Hutch and I thought we should join them, so why not buy my book, or have a portrait done of your boat dog?

And Sassafras Harbor has some ideas as well.

If you don't save copies of your favorite columns, we are sharing a few of our favorites from the past two seasons. Look for the same contributors

in 2017; we hope you enjoy the variety that UBB offers you.



Dave Bielecki, Author

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Don't forget the sign up to win some boat show tickets, \$50 gift cards, T-Shirts, and more. Our way of thanking our readers...

Happy Boating, see you all next year,
Dave

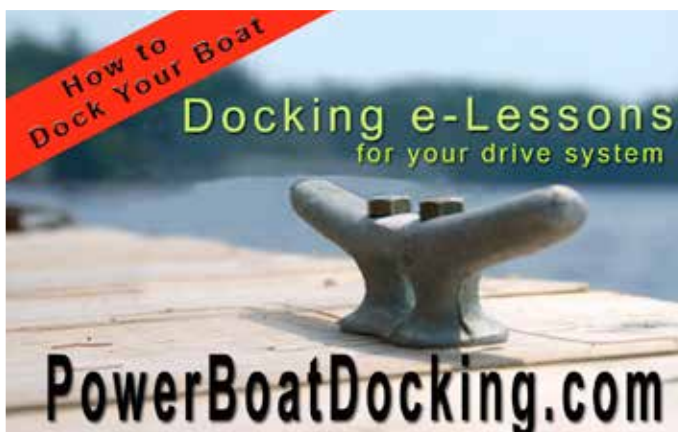


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40th Anniversary of the Tall Ships

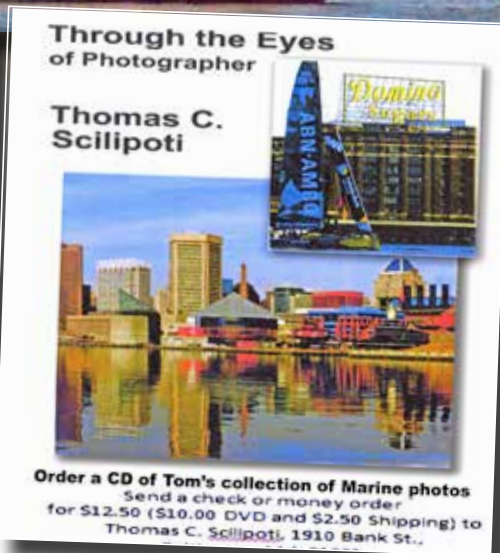
Check sailbaltimore.org for the most current information, and schedule.

Baltimore celebrates the 40th anniversary of the visiting Tall Ships this year. For the past four decades, the nonprofit Sail Baltimore has welcomed vessels from around the globe, including Japan, Mexico, Spain, and Norway to show them off to the public.

The event runs April to November and attendees will get a chance to tour the ships and learn about their maritime and cultural history.

Upper Bay Boating is blessed to have photos documenting Tall Ships gracing our harbor for all these years. A special "Thank You" goes out to Tom Scilipoti for sharing his work with us. The Baltimore resident has been taking photos of Baltimore's waterways since before the modern Inner Harbor venue was built. See his gallery available on CD on

photos by Thomas Scilipoti



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Prepare for the Boat Show

by Doug Dawson

Attending a Boat Show is a fantastic opportunity for you and your family or boating buddies, to view hundreds of NEW boats and nautical accessories on display with knowledgeable salespeople to answer all your questions.

What should you know before going to the show so you are prepared to take advantage of all that is offered and not lose out? Be Prepared

Go to the Shows prepared. Do your homework first!

Involve your family in discussions about what you all want to do with your boat, where you will all be boating, what activities you all want to participate in. Knowing these needs and wants will help you choose the right type of boat to look at and research. It will also help the Salespeople know which boats to show you and also which boats would be a waste of your time and theirs. There are over 70 different types of boats. Narrowing down your selection before you get to the Show can save you valuable time.

Take a note pad and camera to keep track of details. Too often, one boat blends in with another and it is difficult to remember when you get home. Start each series of pictures with a photo of the boat showing make and model so your close-up detail shots stay with the correct boat. Pick up brochures and business cards, and be sure to ask lots of questions. Check the Show website before attending so you can plan to take in some of the seminars and features at the show. Once there, pick up a Show Guide to help you find your way around. Information booths are also a great help.

Learn all you can

Learn all you can from all the salespeople and other boaters that you talk to. When talking with a sales rep, be honest about your level of boating knowledge and experience. Be straight and he/she will respond with a positive attitude and answer questions at the appropriate level.

Compare

Once you're in the Boat Show, you are free to compare. It is easier to compare makes and models, because they are only a few minutes apart, rather than hours and miles apart. Walk back and forth across the aisle and compare features and benefits. Keep in mind that each dealer probably has many more new models at the marina.

Ask Questions

Remember that no question is a dumb question and the exhibitors are there to help you. The more you ask, the more you'll learn. The salesperson will take you seriously—not mistake you for a “Hull Thumper”—a term similar to “Tire Kicker” in the automotive industry. Ask the same questions of several reps at different booths. You'll be surprised at how much you will learn.

Ask your questions and insist on trying out a boat's physical attributes. Sit at the Helm. Sit on the toilet. Lay on the bunks. Is it ergonomically designed for you or someone with totally different dimensions? Ask what equipment is included in the Boat Show Special.

The best question to ask Yourself is “Will this Boat FIT my Family, Income and Trips?” Consider your family – what activities do they want to participate in? Make sure you know how much money you can spend on a boat with your Income (don't forget the on-going costs like haul/launch, docking, storage, insurance, repairs, maintenance). Take into consideration what body of water you will boat on and the length of your trips so that you have the Right Boat for your Family.

Used Boat Shopping

If you are looking for a used boat, check with the Marinas, Brokers and Multiple Listing Services who are exhibiting. Request a specification sheet for the ones you really like. Having all your questions answered at the Boat Show can save you miles of driving time, money and frustration later.

If you are trading in your used boat, go prepared. Take a photo and your own spec sheet. The salesperson will set a time to come and inspect your trade. Usually this inspection and appraisal of your trade will be done after the Show closes. Most trade-in deals can't be finalized at the Show, but you can at least put in an offer and not miss out.

Shopping for Toys

Take measurements of your dash, if shopping for electronics and the sizes and weights of family members, if you are shopping for pfd's or clothing. Taking the right information to the Show will help you to ask intelligent questions and make more knowledgeable comparisons of features, benefits and price before buying. Take a summary of what you want and need to ask. Shop and research the many displays of accessories, trailers, dinghies, gifts, clothing, etc. at the Boat Shows and talk to factory reps and knowledgeable staff. Inspect, feel, touch and try out the electronics.

Unlike magazines and websites, the Boat Show exhibitors have actual products for touchy feely comparisons: for instance, readability of screens under bright lights (sun), actual size and feel. Make sure you are able to read the screen with your glasses and even more importantly, with your sunglasses. (Take your sunglasses with you to try them out). You don't want to get out on the water next summer to learn you can't read the screen with your sunglasses. Maybe you need a pair of prescription sunglasses or a pair of big sunglasses you can wear over your readers! Whatever the case, now is the time to find out—not after you have purchased the expensive electronics.

Are the controls user-friendly? Is the software user friendly? Compare different manufacturers' features and user friendliness. Does it do what you need or more than you'll ever need? You may want to drop down or jump up a model or two. If it doesn't do all you need, keep looking.

If the electronics you are buying requires a technician to install it, and you are not the installer type, check out sources of installers at or near your boat before you actually buy the product. Don't find out later that the marina either won't install it because you didn't buy from him, or they don't know how or who could install it.

Most electronics need to be repaired or adjusted as some point. Make sure the manufacturer has an easy and fast procedure for repair and/or adjustment. You don't want to have to ship it away for 6-8 weeks during your boating season for repairs. Read and compare warranties.

Is it really a good deal?

Even if it's a good deal, it isn't a good deal, if it doesn't fit your boat. It also isn't a good deal, if it doesn't do what you need it to do. Go with dimensions and a good idea of what you want.

Enjoy

Enjoy the Shows, they are there for you, and all the exhibitors are prepared with product, information and knowledge—all in one place. Go with your questions, a note pad, a camera and a good pair of walking shoes and take advantage of all the opportunities the Boat Show has to offer.

All this and much more is covered in “Buy a Boat With Confidence”. There are tons to know about buying a boat and/or electronics. These are only a few tips. Doug has documented 400 pages of boat buying information.

For more information visit www.BuyTheRightBoat.com.

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Scott's Top 10 Nautical Terms for the New Boater

Astern - The type of look your spouse gives you when you attempt to buy things for your new boat.

Bow - This is what you do in front of your banker when you are asking for more money to spend on your boat.

Compass - A navigational aid that accurately points to the largest metal object on your boat.

Deck - This is what your spouse will do to you after discovering how much money you have spent on the boat without first obtaining permission.

Hatch - A device similar in nature to a mousetrap, in that it will drop down on your head or hand without warning.

Keel - A stopping device for your boat. It works by contacting the bottom of the water body you are in, thus inhibiting forward motion.

Keys - These items are used for opening locks and lockers aboard your boat, starting the engine and things of that nature. Keys can usually be found in the water beneath your boat.

Line - What you feed your spouse in order to obtain funding for additional boat-related purchases.

Overboard - A term describing the final resting-place for anything expensive dropped while on board a boat.

Wake - Also what boaters participate in (their own) when they do not practice safe boating.



Bay Memories

by Sharon Shelton

While I was born in DC where I spent the first four years of my life, I have been a Maryland girl ever since. While I admit to being biased, I believe that the Chesapeake Bay (affectionately referred to as “The Bay” by us Marylanders), is the most beautiful body of water on earth! However, I have had more than a few adventures on the Bay that have made me respect its size and power.

I was first introduced to the Bay around the age of 3 or 4, when we would often visit my Uncle Ralph at the cottage in Mason’s Beach. The cottage was waterfront and on a clear day you could see across the Bay to the Eastern Shore. There was a community pier in front of the next door neighbor’s house, and at the end of the pier, a long staircase that took you right into the water.

At around age eight, I started to crab. Sure wish I had a picture of my crabbing apparatus which consisted of a huge black truck inner tube, a bushel basket with a rope tied to one of its handles, and a crabbing net. The bushel basket fit perfectly inside of the inner tube, which served as a flotation device for the basket. I tied the other end of the rope around my waist, and would wade through the shallow Bay water, pulling the inner tube and bushel basket behind me. The crabs were easy to catch back then; they often skimmed across the top of the water and all you had to do was scoop them out of the Bay and drop them in the basket.

As I got older, our means of catching crabs got a little more (but not much more) sophisticated. Frank and I started crabbing together when I was 13 or 14; we used a little flat bottomed boat, a small outboard motor, a trotline with chicken backs and necks tied to it, and crab nets for scooping. I loved crabbing, and loved eating them even more!

I remember clearly the very last day we ever crabbed the Bay. It was the summer of 1973, little Frankie was

about 18 months old. On the way to Deale, we had stopped and bought Frankie a new pair of red, white and blue tennis shoes. Managing a trot line and watching a baby in a tiny boat was quite a challenge. Two things happened that day that ended my crabbing days: Little Frankie took off one of his brand new shoes and threw it in the Bay, never to be seen again; and (2) Frank cut the bait and dropped it next to the boat, an open invitation for lunch for the dozens of seagulls that appeared and dive bombed us on all sides to claim their meal. I lay on top of little Frankie to protect him from the birds. Could have been a scene in the Hitchcock movie, for sure!

Another misadventure I remember on the Bay happened in the summer of 1967 when I was working as a camp counselor at Camp Charles H. Grimm in Kilmar-nock, VA. The campers went home Saturday before noon, and the counselors had the rest of the weekends free to do our laundry, swim, goof-off, or whatever. My good friend Vicki and I shared a cabin and also shared the duties of Head Counselor. We decided one Saturday to take out one of the row boats.

The camp was situated on a peninsula; one side of the camp faced the Rappahannock River, the other side (where the row boats were docked) was a small creek with a lot of branches that led to who knew where. Typical teenagers, we didn’t think this through, because (1) we didn’t tell anyone we were leaving in a boat; and (2) we didn’t have any water, suntan lotion, hats or life preservers (unless you could count that one cushion in the bottom of the boat).

We soon found ourselves in a predicament when one of us dropped our oar in the water and we were unable to retrieve it. If you’ve ever tried rowing with one oar, you know you just go around in circles. We soon found out the meaning of the expression, “that guy doesn’t have

both oars in the water!" Our attempts at rowing what I called Indian style, one stroke on one side, followed by a stroke on the other, failed. That works in a canoe, but not in a flat bottomed rowboat three times that wide.

Eventually, the tide carried us out of the back waters, into the Rappahannock River, and eventually into the Bay. We had been gone from camp for several hours, and were thirsty, and sunburned. We sang every silly camp song we had ever learned to try to maintain a sense of calm, when underneath that, we were both terrified.

At some point the folks back on dry land at the camp realized Vicki and I was missing, noticed that one of the row boats was missing, and called the Coast Guard. I don't know how many hours we were drifting, but I do remember the sight of that Coast Guard boat pulling up, bringing us onboard, and taking us back to Camp Grimm. I also that our always jovial Camp Director, Mr. George, was pretty grim, as he stood there on the camp dock as Vicki and I disembarked from the Coast Guard boat. If you're guessing that was my last time out on a row boat, you are right!

The next time I can remember having a bit of a scare on the Bay was on our anniversary on a July day in the early 1990's. Our next door neighbors had a cabin cruiser and we left out of Solomon's for a day on the Bay. Mid-afternoon, we were heading to shore, and the winds really kicked up. It took a couple of hours to get the boat in, because the winds were so strong, the boat kept running parallel to the shore instead of towards the shore. We were seasick and weary when we finally got off the boat. When I turned on the news that night, I learned that a tornado had touched down on the Bay near Benedict.

Not long afterwards, in August of 1994, Frank and I were scheduled to take a Friday evening cruise from Chesapeake Beach to Tilghman Island to have dinner with two other couples. It had been very windy all day; when it came time to leave to meet our friends at their boat, I got cold feet. I told Frank that he could go if he wanted to, but there was no way I was going to go out on the Bay that night. Because it had been windy all day, and I was certain the Bay would be rough.

Frank got home much later that night than I had anticipated, and I asked him about the dinner and boat ride. He told me the water was so rough, it took them two hours longer than usual to make it to Tilghman Island. The restaurant was expecting them for a 7:30 PM dinner reservation, but had given up on them, and was closing when they finally arrived. When he saw the ragtag group of boaters, the proprietor had second thoughts, and kept the restaurant open late so they could eat dinner.

The Bay was so rough on the way back across the Bay, everyone got sick and lost their seafood dinners overboard. The waves were high and the winds were gusty. Frank told me he thought they would never make it back to the western shore. We later learned that a seasoned sailor lost his life that night in four foot waves and high winds near Poplar Island, less than five miles from Tilghman island. The sailor was competing in the overnight Governor's Cup Race, which started in St. Mary's City and he was on his way to the finish line in Annapolis when he was thrown overboard and drowned.

That incident confirmed for me that my boating days on my beloved Bay were a thing of the past. My current experience with the Bay is from the shore (or on the Bay Bridge) only; but my love for its beauty and its bounty, and my respect for its power are as strong as ever. When God made the Chesapeake Bay, he gave us a beautiful gift to treasure! We should all treasure the Chesapeake!



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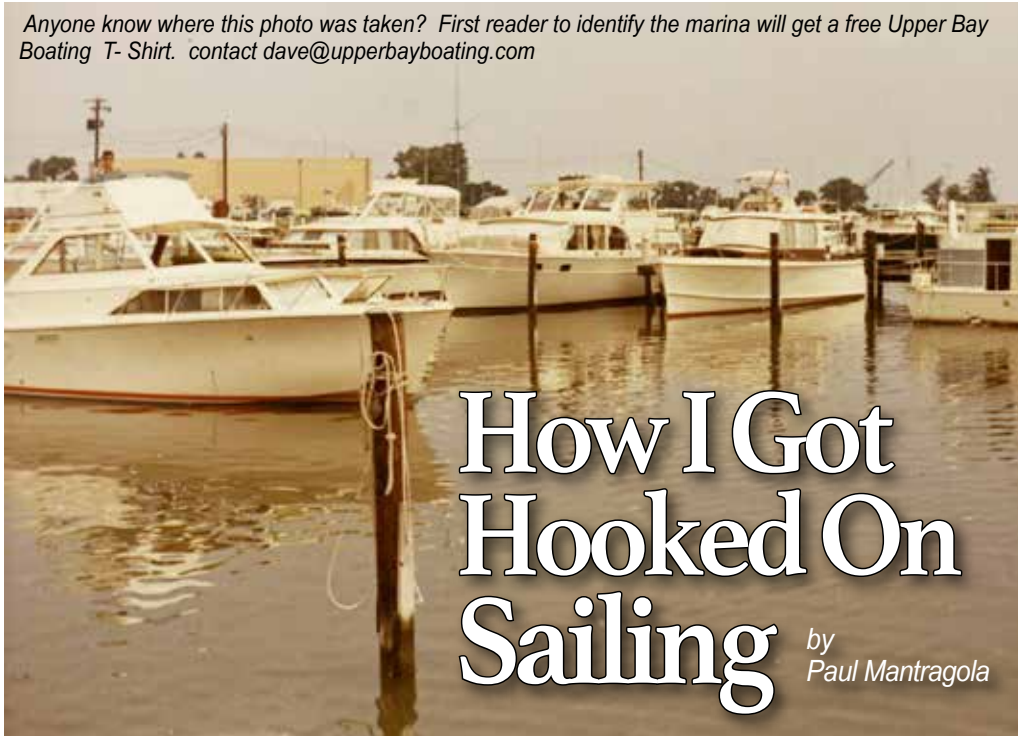
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How I Got Hooked On Sailing

by Paul Mantragola

After making everyone onboard strap on life jackets, my uncle skillfully pointed the boat into the wind, and hovered just leeward of a nun buoy. He throttled the boat just enough to hold position and to keep the buoy a few boat lengths away but always in sight. The waves kicked up a bit and the wind shifted back-and-forth. I could see that skill and experience was needed not only with the throttle but also with steering and playing the wind.

The storm lasted probably no more than 10 minutes. My parents and aunts and uncles were very concerned, but my sibs and I seemed to almost enjoy the adventure. (I guess

it was the luxury of being about 14 years old. I didn't know any better.)

The storm subsided. We motored up the Bush River, under the railroad bridge, and across the river to the yacht club. We were met by several dock mates who helped secure the boat in the slip. My uncle's fellow club members were full of questions. Is everyone okay? Where were you when it hit? What did you do? The ensuing discussion lasted 10 times longer than the storm did. I've listened to and participated in countless such "war stories" over the years since that time. It's part of the adventure and the social setting for boaters everywhere.

As I look back on it now my introduction to sailing was a very similar experience. It was the late 1970s. I was twenty something. It was a Thursday evening Havre de Grace yacht club race. It was one of those evenings when the wind was blowing a grand 2 knots. It was totally boring until an evening squall came down the Susquehanna River. The wind almost instantly went from the 2 knots to about 20 knots. The boat, a brand-new 1978 Hunter 33 foot, deep keel, demo model, healed over and took off like a rocket. I was instantly hooked on sailing.

Paul Mantragola - Tidewater Marina

I can remember it like it was yesterday, but it occurred in the mid 1960s. It was a hot summer Saturday afternoon outing from the Bush River Yacht Club across the bay to Fairlee Creek. The boat was probably an old Owens or maybe a Trojan, it was about a 30 footer, and is probably best described as a cuddy cabin type of boat. It was the typical V-berth with head, small galley, and enclosed steering station powerboat.

The trip started out as an uneventful day. The boat was owned and captained by my uncle. It was named "The Modulator", noting my aunt and uncle's careers in the commercial broadcasting business. The crew consisted of another aunt and uncle, my parents (non-boaters), and probably at least two of my sibs. I remember that we anchored near the sand spit just inside Fairlee Creek, did some swimming, ate a few hot dogs and burgers, and then headed back across the bay and up the Bush River.

It was midsummer, late on a Saturday afternoon, and even back in the mid-1960s the conventional wisdom was to get off the Bay before the late afternoon thunderstorms hit. Well, the storms came early that day. About two miles shy of the railroad bridge on the Bush River the sky darkened, the wind picked up, the rain came down heavily, and visibility almost instantly became zero-zero as the pilots say.



Why I Sail

*I don't sail to see far places.
I don't sail to finish first.
I don't sail to make new friendships
or to quench a social thirst.*

*I don't sail to have my teak seen
or my canvas neatly furled.
I don't sail to test my mettle
on a solo 'round the world.*

*I don't sail to give my children
a fresh view of life from sea.
I don't sail for these fine reasons.
I just sail for therapy.*

*I just sail to hear the silence.
I just sail to feel the sun.
I just sail because it's peaceful
when I'm on a downwind run.*

*I just sail to see my boat heel.
I just sail to taste the spray.
I just sail to be a part of
what was once the only way.*

*I just sail to watch the gulls fly;
hear the geese as they take wing.
I just sail to flee the chaos
that a troubled world can bring.*

*It's my refuge that I'm seeking.
Its serenity that's my goal;
to revisit nature's beauty
while communing with my soul.*

~ L. Alan Keene

Boating Safely with Little Ones Aboard

By Wendy Gilbert

As the summer wears on, it's only human nature to relax a bit when it comes to the daily grind of safety, but as any seasoned captain will tell you, you just can't. From toddlers to tweens, keep these tips in mind for a safe boating experience every time. I recently took a basic CPR and First Aid course through the Red Cross and found it not only enlightening, but inspiring. I'm no First Responder, but I feel a lot more comfortable in case of trouble. And my first aid kit is now awesome!

Wear a Life Jacket

Always have the children wear a life jacket approved by the U.S. Coast Guard while on boats, around open bodies of water or when participating in water sports. Make sure the life jacket fits snugly. Have kids make a "touchdown" signal by raising both arms straight up; if the life jacket hits a child's chin or ears, it may be too big or the straps may be too loose.

Infant Appropriate Life Jackets

According to the U.S. Coast Guard's Office of Boating Safety, babies should not travel on a boat — including rowboats, kayaks, motorboats, and sailboats — until they are at the appropriate weight to wear an approved personal flotation device (PFD). Here's some more information on how to choose the right life jacket. Hold on to your baby while also wearing your own life jacket. Car seats are not a good option. If the boat were to capsize, the seat would sink instantly.

Keep Little Kids Warm

Infants and young kids are at a higher risk for hypothermia, so if you are taking a baby on a boat, just take a few extra precautions to keep your baby warm. If your children seem cold or are shivering, wrap them tightly in a dry blanket or towel.

Don't Rely on Swimming Aids

Remember that swimming aids such as water wings or noodles are fun toys for kids, but they should never be used in place of a U.S. Coast Guard-approved personal flotation device (PFD).

Childproof Your Boat and Develop Some Basic Rules

Explain some basic boat rules and have everyone follow them. Children need to understand and follow rules such as keeping their hands and feet inside the boat at all times and not running on a boat.



Learn From the Professionals

According to Safe Kids Worldwide, enroll older kids in a boating safety course. Better yet, enroll with them. Get a vessel safety check every year for free from the U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary or U.S. Power Squadrons. For more information go to www.uscgboating.org and click "get a free safety check."

Use Your Best Judgment

A large portion of boating accidents that occur each year involve alcohol consumption by both boat operators and passengers. To protect your safety and loved ones around you, it is strongly recommended not to drink alcoholic beverages while boating. Take a CPR and basic first aid course. It will give you tremendous peace of mind — and the more peace of mind you have as a parent, the better. Local hospitals, fire departments and recreation departments offer CPR training.

Make sure there's a working carbon monoxide alarm on any motorboat to alert your family to any buildup of toxic fumes from the engine. Let your teen operate a boat only in a supervised setting and in adherence to the laws in your area. Laws regarding the operation of a boat or watercraft vary from community to community.

Teach Your Kids the Difference Between Open Water and Pools

Teach children that swimming in open water is not the same as swimming in a pool: They need to be aware of uneven surfaces, river currents, ocean undertow and changing weather. Make sure kids swim only in areas designated for swimming. Teach children not to dive into oceans, lakes or rivers, because you never know how deep the water is or what might be hidden under the surface.

Actively Supervise Kids In and Around Open Water

Every child is different, so enroll your child in swimming lessons when you feel he or she is ready. Teach children how to tread water, float and stay by the shore. Make sure an adult is present whenever a teen is operating a personal watercraft.

On the Waterfront

with George Waters

The “Man Purse”

Donna Bedell photo

A man-purse. Right there in the supermarket, the guy was carrying a man-purse. He excused himself to move my cart, so he could reach the rice cakes. Rice cakes! Man-purse! Rice cakes! I wanted to shake him by the shoulders and say “What did they DO to you, man? Dude – a man-purse? Do you think this is 1970? Do you think this is the Renaissance Faire? This is the cereal aisle. Have some self-respect.”

I should talk. In my twenties, I was called “effeminate” by a stranger in a restaurant. True story. I was halfway through my enchilada when a man in another booth leaned over and informed me that I was effeminate. (He had been drinking). He based his opinion, apparently, on the fact that I was eating a meal in public with my mother, and also the fastidious flourish with which I brandished my fork. Luckily, I was possessed of a powerful cool in my twenties, and simply turned to my refried beans. Had this happened today, with my temper rendered less steady by a decade raising children, he might have worn my effeminate fork home.

But it’s true, I have always been a little precious with my cutlery. Plus, I don’t watch sports. I don’t eat steak. I don’t drink beer. I like to listen to classic literature while I drive to work (Mr. Darcy and Ms. Bennett are parrying for each other’s affections this week on disc six). So I am kind of an authority on effeminacy. Man-purse dude was not gay, though. No gay man would have worn a suede man-purse with those shoes.

But I can’t imagine what he had to carry that was so cumbersome he needed a man-purse. A tub of fine-wrinkle reducing cream, maybe? A hardcover copy of “Confessions of

a Shopaholic”? See, there I go again, mocking the masculinity-challenged, when I am not exactly Stanley Kowalski myself. At least I did not call rice cake boy “effeminate” to his face, even though, clearly forkless, he was no danger to me. A guy on a rice cake diet throws one punch, maybe two, and he’s done. But he got me thinking about the very different ways we men define manliness.

Handshakes are a big deal to some. Some guys will crush your mitt to make sure you know just how manly they are. This smacks of insecurity to me, though. I always want to frisk them for rice cakes. But then a guy who hands you the limp fish is not even trying. The middle ground is best, I think, a firm but modest handshake which says “I’m a man, and I could kill you with the paper umbrella from the frilly drink you undoubtedly order when you are out with the little woman, but I don’t have to prove it with this squeeze.”

You could argue that Mr. Man-Purse was so secure in his masculinity he didn’t care what other people thought. Fair enough. But go with me here—unless you work for the Pony Express, lose the satchel! God gave you four pockets for a reason: keys, wallet, phone, mascara. (Ha ha, look at the manly way I kid this guy! I like him more every minute). Look, men have crossed over into many formerly-feminine domains already. Earrings. Hair coloring. Watching “Grey’s Anatomy” with the sound on. Fine. But come on, not handbags!

Whooo, this whole column has made me feel a little weak in the knees. I think as soon as my pedicure finishes drying I’m going to grill me up some sirloin.

Winterizing Your Captain

by L. Alan Keene



If you're one of thousands of upper Bay boaters who haul their boats every winter, you've probably read and reread every "check list" article you can put your hands on. You know, the type of article that lists all of the crucial things you need to do to your boat before you leave it high and dry for the winter?

Each Fall, almost every boating magazine in the country runs at least one of these "to do" lists that helps us remember to drain the water tank or remove the batteries or keep the leaves from clogging up the scuppers.

But you know what? While we concentrate so much time and energy reading about how to get our boats ready for the winter, nobody seems to be the slightest bit concerned about the Captain. What about getting the Captain ready for winter? What about HIS batteries and HIS scuppers?

Well, my fellow boaters, I think it's time we made a list! What follows are my top 6 recommendations for getting your Captain safely through the Winter. Please note that while some of these simple tasks can be performed by the Captain himself, most are best done by a caring loved one.

1 PROVIDE FIRM SUPPORT FOR THE CAPTAIN'S BOTTOM.....Proper support for the Captain's bottom while on dry land is critical. While a custom-made support is not necessary, a top brand rocker/recliner that conforms to the Captain's unique bottom shape is highly recommended. If the captain has an especially broad beam or water line length, other options, including a reclining loveseat or sectional sofa should be considered.

2 PROVIDE SHELTER FROM THE ELEMENTS.....While protection from the elements is not required 24 hours a day, a permanent pitched-roof structure with a localized heat source is needed. The ideal protective setting would be the den or family room of a residential home that contains a functioning brick fireplace or wood-burning stove nearby. While a centralized heat source alone is adequate, many captains have been shown to benefit from the aroma of burning hardwoods during the months of January and February.

3 REMOVE AND STORE ALL UNNECESSARY EQUIPMENT.....While some of the Captain's boating equipment may be used during layup (sunglasses, sailing/fishing cap, windbreaker, rain gear etc.) other equipment such as tank tops, shorts, swim trunks,

and other warm weather attire should be removed from the body, washed, and stored. **Great care must be taken with the removal and storage of the "favorite" boat shoes. While the potentially toxic odor of the shoes is rarely harmful to the Captain, crew members often suffer permanent damage. Storage in sealed plastic containers outside of the main structure is highly recommended.

4 INSTALL SUBSTITUTE WHEEL/TILLER DEVICE.....Since the Captain spends virtually all of his boating hours in control of his craft, serious withdrawal symptoms can and do arise during winter layup. To avoid these complications, it is recommended that a universal remote controller be installed in the Captain's hand of choice (rarely his beer drinking hand), allowing him to feel in control of his land locked environment. This ability to direct the operation of numerous electronic entertainment devices should prevent the occurrence of a serious withdrawal reaction.

5 DECOMMISSION MOTOR.....Since winter layup for most captains involves limited physical activity (post game celebrations notwithstanding), it is recommended that the motor/motors be decommissioned for the winter months. A continuous flow of antifreeze (sometimes known by the trade name Bud Light) should prevent any freeze damage to the old block. If rapid movement is required during the layup period, the fully operational motors of family members should provide ample power.

6 RECHARGE BATTERIES.....Since batteries require a low level charge to prevent freezing during winter layup, a continual trickle charge of televised sporting events (NFL football, NBA basketball, NHL Hockey, PGA golf), combined with the ingestion of assorted snack food items, should have the Captain's batteries fully charged by early March.....just in time to paint the bottom (the BOAT'S, not the Captain's!)

If you follow these six simple tips, by the beginning of next year's boating season your Captain will be fresh and ready to strike out on new and exciting boating adventures. From the Bay bridge to Port Deposit, from the Bohemia to the Patapsco, from Rock Hall to Middle River, your captain will feel like a kid on Christmas morning. As for you, however; you have my sympathies.



Captain Mark Galasso

Tuna the Tide Charter Service

Very few boaters start out with that 46-foot cruiser most boaters dream about. The fact is that for most boaters the 17 to 21-foot center console is the ideal introductory boat. You can fish, cruise, crab and water ski off these boats both safely and cost effectively. With the new lighter four stroke motors pushing you along an added benefit is the increased range of these smaller vessels. You can not only familiarize yourself with how you want to use your boat but where you want to use your boat.

However, the most amazing things about these small vessels is you can pop them on the trailer and take them almost anywhere. In the case of fishing it allows you to migrate with the fish. I will fish my 243cc Everglades up on the Susquehanna Flats in April, mid Bay in the summer and the Bay Bridge Tunnel in December. And the fuel I save trailering the boat instead of running it to these destinations is substantial. Here are a few helpful hints to remember when you trailer your boat.

First and foremost. Take care of your trailer, just like you would your boat. Check your lights before every trip. Make sure your bearings are properly greased. I carry a grease gun with me. I also care a spare trailer tire and a few extra dock lines to tie up the boat at the ramp while I park my truck. The bow line I leave attached to the tongue of the trailer until I'm ready to launch. Use safety chains were possible. In some states like Virginia your trailer MUST be locked to your vehicle. Cross the safety chains that run from the trailer tongue to your vehicle. This prevents wild swings if the hitch comes off the ball. And speaking of balls. Make sure you have the proper one for your hitch. Most hitches require a 1 and 7/8th or 2-inch ball. Lock down the latch securely. I prefer tandem axel trailers. If a tire goes flat you can still go a fair distance if you have to.

I prefer bunk trailers as opposed to roller trailers. Boats sit better on bunks and are less likely to roll off at a steep ramp. The new slick bunks are cool but I watched a boat slide off one once that landed on nothing but concrete. (Another reason to keep a tight line on the bow until the boat is over water.) Your

boat should sit level on the trailer or slightly bow up. Never bow down. Rain and wash water can collect if the bow is down causing slippery mold and extra weight. Make sure you have a trailer tongue jack that is rated higher than what you need. Carry some wheel chocks and a flat wood piece to set the jack on if you unhook the trailer on soft ground.

Make sure when you launch you can see behind you. I watched a guy in a large van trying to launch a row boat in Chincoteague once. He obviously couldn't see the boat and was holding everyone up while he tried to back down the ramp. Finally a couple of big guys getting impatient walked down and lifted his boat and trailer up and launched it by hand! Also remember to keep your trailer registration in the towing vehicle and boats over eight and a half feet beam need a special permit.

Last but not least know the height of your tow. Keep antennas down and rods out of the rocket launchers. A sure fire way to ruin a fishing trip is to arrive at your destination only to find all your antennas gone and fishing rods broken. Also make sure things aren't going to fall out of your boat. I once saw a boat dragging an anchor down Route 50 at sixty miles an hour. Chain was dragging and sparks were flying and the poor driver was oblivious to the cars behind him dodging and swerving. I can only imagine what happened when the anchor finally dug in!



Remembering A Great Man

By Dave Kilby

This month's column will be dedicated to my Dad, Daniel Kilby who passed away May 11.

Let's face it...since you have a current issue of Upper Bay Boating magazine in your hands you are obviously a boater, an angler, or just someone who loves the water. After all, Upper Bay Boating is a great resource to peruse all three. But what turned you on to your favorite aquatic outdoor activity in the first place?

Many times on the Saturday morning fishing shows I have watched a tournament-winning fisherman give credit to his Grandfather for introducing him to fishing when he was a youngster. Fishing show hosts will talk about growing up beside a lake which naturally spurred their interest in boating and fishing. Powerboat race champions have publicly commented that their love of speed and water intertwined and offered a career.

For me, my late father was my biggest influence who allowed me to become involved with the water and all it had to offer.

Although my Dad spent most of his childhood in rural North Carolina, he didn't play in the creeks that meandered through his town or fish for bluegill out of an old wooden rowboat in a small pond that was near his home. In fact, he was in the hospital quite often as a child and teenager battling Rheumatic Fever.

When I was growing up my father never placed any restrictions on any of my teenage activities unless they were against the law or Biblical principles. In fact, he encouraged me to try different activities and supported each and every one.

We rebuilt an old truck, went hunting a couple of times, built a garage, and replaced a heating system. He wanted to make sure I was "hands-on" so my career choices wouldn't be limited.

In 1970 however, the night he told me we were going to fish out of a boat with one of his friends from work changed it all. We launched a 14-ft aluminum boat with a 6hp Wizard outboard from Western Auto on the Susquehanna River out of Lapidum Landing and I...not the fish...was hooked. Except for the barely legal largemouth bass that I caught that night on an old Creek Chub Injured Minnow.



Daniel Kilby

A steady progression of my own boats went from several aluminum models to a 17-ft fiberglass bass boat to a 22-ft rocket ship with a 300hp Merc hanging off the back. The horsepower steadily increased as did my passion for fishing and the water.

My Dad was there the entire time. Not always in person but with his support and concern.

He always cautioned me to untie my shoes when in the boat in case I fell in and needed to swim to shore. He hated when I practiced for a tournament alone, worried that I would get caught in the Upper Bay's unpredictable weather.

Dad only fished with me a couple of times as high powered, high pressure bass fishing wasn't for him. My suggestions that we fish a calm area or walk the bank of a pond were unheeded as he

knew it wasn't what I was accustomed to.

My father was my pit crew chief as well as my pit crew. When I came home from a tournament halfway across the county he would always ask what was broken on the boat and what wasn't working. Within a day or two he would have it repaired, replaced, or reconditioned while I was at work, and always ready for the next tournament the following weekend.

He would have made an excellent boat mechanic as many times he has replaced my bilge or re-circulating pumps, livewell drains, epoxied transducers, or fished wires through the narrowest of gunnels for a trolling motor or depth finder. He was the original McGyver.

My Dad was asking me about upcoming tournaments right up until he went into hospice care a couple of weeks ago. Then it hit me like a ton of lead weights. I didn't have to be involved in fishing or boating. I could have been a mechanic, a fork lift driver, or a salesman. If I did it right he would have been just as proud as long as I gave it 100 percent and instilled the same values in my own children. I am the one who is proud, however. Proud of my Dad and how he handled all that life had to offer...be it good or bad...without complaining, that's the legacy he left me.

I hope each and every one of you has or had a father like mine and are encouraged to be the best you can be and pass it down to your own kids and future generations.

Wish-A-Fish at Sandy Point State Park July 16

By Tim Campbell



Wish-A-Fish

is an annual event designed for special needs children and their families to enjoy some time fishing on the Chesapeake Bay. The first event occurred in the year 2000. Experienced boat owners, including both recreational anglers and charter-boat captains volunteer their services for the cause. WAF events go on in Annapolis, Ocean City, Maryland and Virginia. The WAF Annapolis event takes place at Sandy Point State Park in cooperation with the Maryland Department of Natural Resources. This year, the event will occur on Saturday, July 16. The rain date is Sunday, July 17. Since its beginning, the DNR has waived the park entrance fee to all participants on the day of this amazing event. A friendly DNR officer is on hand to help answer any questions. Many enthusiastic volunteers and generous supporters work closely together to make this special day happen.

Families arrive at the park between 9 and 10 a.m. The volunteers start setting up as early as 5:30 a.m. The family fishing starts at 10 a.m. At 2 p.m. the picnic begins. The event wraps up at 5 o'clock.

Skip Zinck, President of the WAF Annapolis Chapter has been actively involved for many years. He sees himself continuing with the organization for the foreseeable future. Skip readily admits, "I do 1 percent of the work, but get 90 percent of the credit." A humble leader, he is quick to recognize the eager volunteers behind the scenes. Even some past WAF families have volunteered to help. Skip says, "It's a one day event that takes all year to plan."

There are no criteria for what makes a special needs child and there is no age limit. Some children are in wheelchairs, or are stricken with very serious illnesses such as cancer and leukemia. One year, WAF secured the services of an interpreter for a deaf child who wanted to fish. Skip likes to say, "It's a reality check for some able-bodied teenagers to see what a problem really is. Not having a cell phone or having a battery go bad on your iPod is no comparison to what these children

have to deal with."

Hosting a WAF event at Sandy Point State Park has a price tag of about \$10,000, but 100 percent goes directly to the event. Everything including bait, drinks, food, ice, snacks, tables, tarps and tents is either donated or purchased at a reduced price. Each child not only gets a WAF cap and t-shirt, but also a rod and reel combo. Every family receives

a small tackle box filled with hooks, lures and sinkers. Before the trip, each family also gets a goody bag which includes coloring books and other fun items. The volunteer captains also get a goody bag filled with caps, t-shirts, and magazines. Each boat is supplied with blood worms, ice and drinks prior to heading out on the bay.

After the families come in from fishing, they get their picture taken with their catch and the crew. Volunteers process the photographs on site and give the families an 8 x 10 color photo in a frame.

Parents sign a generic waiver form to allow their children's pictures to be used. Most years, every child catches at least one fish be it a croaker, perch or spot. Some crews catch a few keeper size striped bass. One year, a young girl even caught a flounder. Each youngster also gets a citation and a trophy to commemorate the occasion. WAF selects one child for the Diamond Jim contest, a state sponsored program which awards prizes to anglers who register the catch of their trophy fish.

Forty-four boats are needed including one to be used as a backup and one for a Press boat. The boats must be at least 22-ft. long. Some families need a boat to be able to accommodate a wheelchair and provide shade. Matching the families to the boats and scheduling the first meeting with the volunteer boat captains is essential. The families and volunteers begin as strangers, but the fishing helps to bond everyone. By the end of the day, most have become fast friends. As a matter of fact, Skip knows of one couple who even got married after meeting at a WAF event.

The event is restricted to 40 families due to space limitations at the park. Hundreds of families have joined in the WAF fun since it began over 15 years ago. To see the smiles on the faces of everyone is a heart-warming and humbling experience.

Donations are always appreciated. For more information, please see www.wish-a-fish.org.



Upper Bay Boating

Paul Hutchins

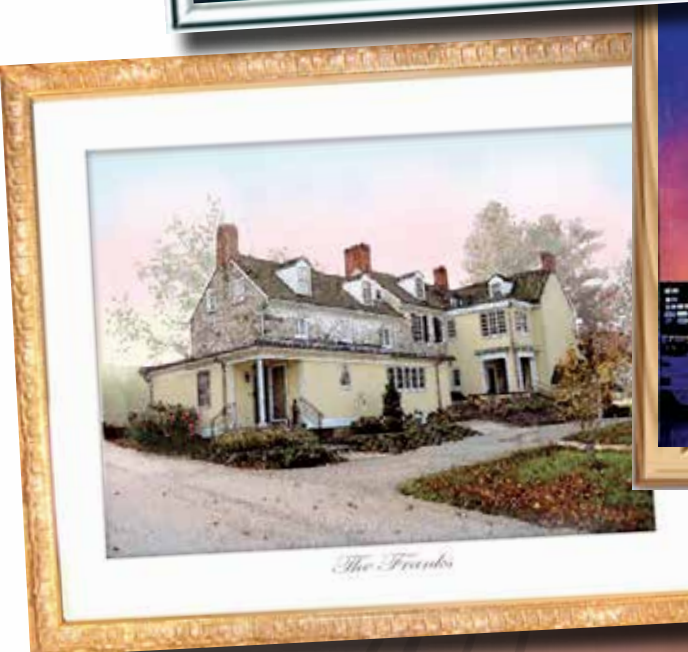
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The Stuff of Legends by Dick Greenwood

Excuse me, but I have to back into this narrative. In 2005, the proud owner of a new boat, the possessor of zero boating knowledge, I picked up a copy of a magazine titled *Nor'easter*. I liked it immediately. It was filled with stories, advice, recipes, history lessons, laughs, and an occasional bikini-clad nymph. But after reading it a couple of times, I emailed the publisher and argued that the magazine needed a column that looked at boating from the point of view of a neophyte.

Within an hour I received a reply that, more-or-less, dared me to put my energy where my mouth was. The publisher, Ira Black, in what experience would teach me was his style, tersely responded, "Show me 1500 words and we'll talk about it." I'd been thinking about what the column should say, so in about two hours I sent him an article. Typical of Ira Black, I received no response; but the next issue of the magazine included my article, and a check soon arrived in the mail. What would evolve into a meaningful friendship had begun.

Over the next few years, as I traveled around the Bay, looking for grist for my articles, one thing always surprised me: everywhere I went, I ran into people who knew Ira. As if he were some traveling medicine huckster, it seemed Ira's face and voice epitomized the notion of "ubiquitous presence." Not one of the people I met had a negative thing to say about the man; all seemed to consider him a friend, and as soon as I revealed my affiliation, nearly all immediately either asked how Ira was or wanted to share an anecdote about their relationship with Mr. Black.

Well, time moved on, things got sold, people moved, magazines died, and Ira left his home on the Elk River and relocated to the desert landscape of Tucson, Arizona. Still, however, whenever I would mention that I had written for *Nor'easter*, I would get the question, "Do you ever hear from Ira Black?" It bedeviled me.

So, when I began creating a list of people who Upper Bay Boating's readers might like to hear about, I'm sure you can guess which name popped into my mind at once. Yep, Ira Black's.

Not knowing how he might react, I called him—I'd visited him in Arizona and we'd stayed friends, so getting in touch was not a problem—and asked if he'd be amenable to an interview. To my great delight, he not only liked the idea, he told me he was going to be in the area in June and invited me to visit him at his daughter's home where we could have a conversation. Sometimes the stars do align.

Alright, in case you're one of the 15 or so people who don't know who Ira Black is, let me give you a thumbnail sketch of the man. A combat veteran of the Vietnam War, Ira first got into civilian publishing working for Chilton, the people who published books about cars and automobile maintenance. He had a lifelong love of boating and the Chesapeake Bay, so from Chilton and Southeast Pennsylvania he moved to the Chesapeake Bay area and headed up the writing staff at a boating magazine we'll just call Brand X. Unhappy with things at Brand X, he founded *Nor'easter* and guided it to its position as the most popular boating magazine on the Chesapeake. In 2007, after a brief association with the *Cecil Guardian*, he retired and relocated to Tucson.

Finally, I'll get to my conversation with Ira.

In spite of his popular image, I always saw Ira as a private person, so his response to my first question nearly floored me. "Assuming you miss some aspects of the Chesapeake, what do you miss most?" I asked.

He didn't miss a beat. "The notoriety," he stated flatly. "I miss walking down the street and having people recognize me, seek out my opinion, share a story they think I might want to include in a column, be my friend. I miss those things."

Rolling now, he went on, "And I miss the outlet for creativity, the ability to entertain."



When I asked why he left publishing, he just smiled. "For the most part, publishing has changed. It used to be a hands on job; now it's more corporate." He grew quiet at this point, and I was reminded that his credo with *Nor'easter* was consistent: "I want," he would tell anyone writing for the magazine, "readers to always feel better when they put the magazine down than they did when they picked it up."

"You were on a successful career path with Chilton," I asked, "what made you change directions and begin writing about boating on the Chesapeake?"

"I'd been a lover of boats all my life—when I was eleven a friend and I built our own canvas-covered boat, and I owned other boats as time passed—so when my father-in-law introduced me to the Chesapeake, I knew this was where I wanted to be," he replied. "Chilton wasn't offering me the challenge I wanted, so I began to look around. I turned down an opportunity to be a VP for a firm in Milwaukee and became an editor in Maryland."

Moving back to the question of his ubiquitous nature and the notion that everyone considered him a friend, I asked him how he explains the phenomenon. At first he demurred, but when pressed he downplayed it. "I'm adaptable. I've always worked to write as if I were writing for friends, to take readers aside and talk to them as if they were friends, not strangers."

"Even now that I'm retired, I tend to mix easily," he continued. "I can party one day with wild-eyed bikers and then next day play my native flute with a group of Native Americans." While he's been a motorcycle enthusiast for years, playing the native flute, a plaintive-sounding flute resembling a recorder, made from wood by Native Americans, is a newly acquired talent. Its soothing tone matches Ira's calm, warming demeanor.

Changing directions, I asked him about his take on the boating industry and its future. He put the thoughts of music aside and responded quickly and succinctly, "Its future will be different. Since the crash—the economic drop that occurred in 2007-2008—things have recovered to some degree, but I don't think it will ever be the same as it was. New materials, smaller boats, different uses will characterize the boating world. It's like what we've seen in the RV industry: the change in potential buyers and the upswing in gas prices will underscore the need to approach the pastime with greater caution."

"Will its popularity come back?" I asked.

"Oh, I think its popularity is still strong," he responded, "but people are committing with greater caution. Boats and RVs don't have to be Park Avenue apartments, and people are willing to accept that."

"Speaking of people accepting change," I asked, "how do you explain a person's switch from the lush surroundings of the Chesapeake to the arid desert of Arizona?"

Ira smiled. "A while back Eileen and I decided we wanted to try something different for our vacations, so we started to haul our camper trailer to Arizona for a couple of weeks in the winter. Well, to our surprise we fell in love with the high desert and really missed it when we were back east. Now it's home to us. I ride my bike [his black Harley-Davidson] all year long and have a new group of friends. It's a good life."

I couldn't let the reference to friends go and asked, "Do you still keep in touch with Juke the Waterman?" Just to make sure you understand the question, Juke the Waterman seemed to pop up in Ira's *Nor'easter* column on a regular basis, expounding on every possible topic and delivering an unending string of epigrams and witticisms. Anyone who knew Ira knew Juke; anyone who knew Juke knew Ira.

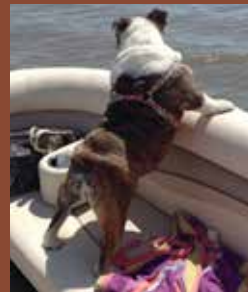
A warm smile grew on Ira's face as he answered, "I talk to Juke every day. Yep, not a day goes by that we don't communicate."

Old friends operate that way, I think. And Ira Black is certainly a friend.



My name is Penny, a brown head Jack Russell Terrier, and here I am in front of Turkey Point Lighthouse with my best friend Captain Christie Stillwaugh, who is the General Manager of Sea Tow Northern Chesapeake. I'm a rescue dog, so call us when you need help and I will find you..

**443-941-4181 /
410-885-5044**



Jerry Scarborough and his fishing buddy love to spend time on the Susquehanna River while Jerry smokes a cigar.

Boat Dogs



My name is Chelsea and I just love being out on the Bay with my best friends Joyce & Deb Ryan.



Upper Chesapeake Recreational Boaters Facebook fan - Patty Pearce's Forever Friend.

A Good Dog by Dave Bielecki

Every dog owner knows that they most likely will out-live their pet, and there never will be enough time together with them. The Bielecki family recently lost our beloved Molly. She was 14 years old and had a great life. She was loved by many of our friends and relatives; when hearing the news, the first thing everyone said was she really was a good dog. Molly was happy to meet people, and was very kind to other animals. Well maybe not so much to the occasional ground hog that tried to invade her farm.

When she was a puppy she immediately fell in love with my sister's dog, Killian, a yellow Lab. Every time they visited, she cried and ran out and "hugged" her cousin. They spent hours together playing and going on hikes. When she met new cats they never felt threatened and could share the same space without any drama.

Molly was rescued when she was 8 weeks old from an abandoned house in Baltimore. The area kids had killed her siblings and some good soul saved her. We were looking for a little lap dog for my daughter, not a Shepard mix. Katie wasn't thrilled when she first met her new dog, but the next day when I said I'd return her, Katie wouldn't let go of her new dog. No other pet we had through the years meant as much to our family. I've got to tell you rescue dogs make the best pets - you won't be sorry if you make room in your life for one.

Molly loved going for a ride in the car, and especially the truck. When we used to say "Boat Ride", she was out the door almost before we could get it open. I really don't think the boat ride was as fun as being on land for her, but she always wanted to be with her family. She wasn't a real fan of the water, swimming wasn't her favorite thing to do, but when she saw a beach she could frolic on, she was ready to jump in the water and make a mad dash for land. She spent plenty of time on our Sea Ray, and in the smaller boat too. Just like our kids, she was raised on a boat. But I still think riding down the road was her preferred mode of travel. On her last day with us, I took her for two truck rides!



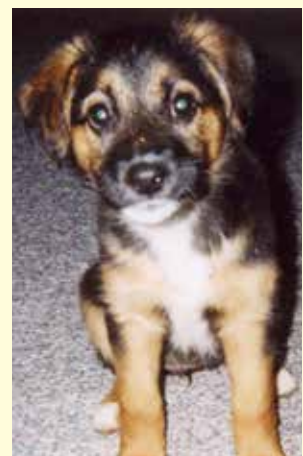
Up to last year when she developed a heart condition, people could not believe she was an old dog. Although she spent her share of time sleeping, she was always at the ready for playing and running around her farm. Over the course of the past year, just as some older humans do, she slowed way down and health problems began to take their toll. For a few months, we kept on wondering if it was time to help her end her suffering. You can never really know, but it is better to end their pain a week too early, than a minute too late.



Katie and her husband James visited a few weeks ago and noticed over the weekend that Molly seemed to decline. Katie has not been the type to accept making a hard choice like having to put your pet to sleep, but because she loved Molly so much she knew it was the right time. The next day, we made the hard decision every pet owner faces and called a vet, Kathy Martin, who specializes in

hospice and at-home euthanasia. We didn't want to bring her to the vet and found this great service. "Doc" Martin made the decision for us so much easier and better for Molly. Our son Dan prepared a grave on our property, Kathy came out, met Molly, sat with her on the front porch, and gently administered the medicine to end her life. Dan then carried and laid Molly in her final resting spot overlooking the farm fields below our property.

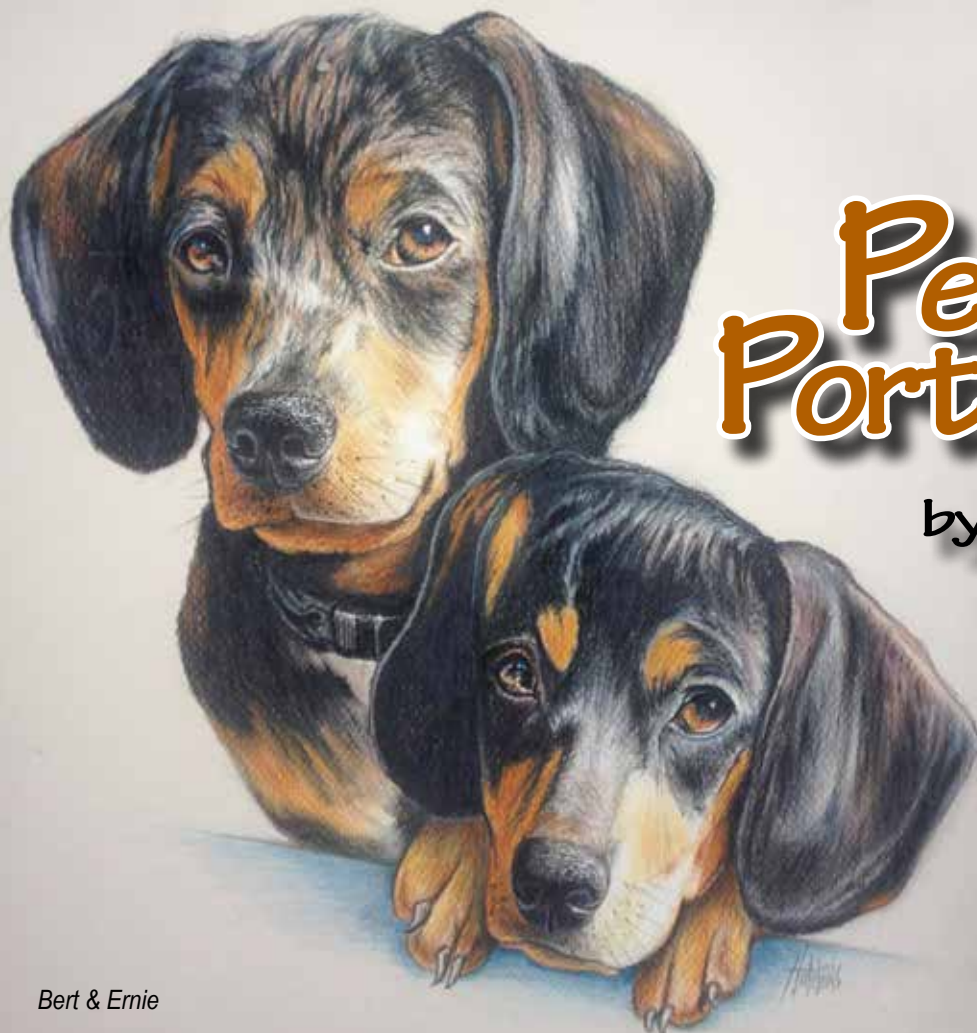
Folks, while we have shed some tears since her passing, we have great joy in our hearts knowing our dogs' last day was a good one. I wish that we humans could go out the same way. Imagine doing some of your favorite things like the truck ride, having a great chicken dinner, spending your final minutes with your family, and your last moments spent overlooking your kingdom from your front porch. Then peacefully you go to sleep for the last time. Thankfully we were able to offer nothing less for our Good Dog. Molly you are truly missed. Thank you for sharing your life with us. Good bye, Good Dog.



I wanted to try some new and different things with this publication. I wasn't planning to do this, but other magazines have and currently do,,and in Molly's honor, UBB will start a regular "Boat Dog" section. Why not share your pet with the readers? Send short caption and photo to dave@upperbayboating.com

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Ready for an Adventure?

Story and photos by Donna Bedell

Boaters love a good adventure. Exploring a hidden creek, observing an eagle soaring, watching a heron preen, being caught in a storm, losing a boat (well maybe not) are all great stories to share back at the marina. Some of us grab a dinghy bag and hop into the dinghy, leaving our boat securely anchored or docked. Others of us launch a small boat at a county ramp and set our sights on a small cove or creek, secluded and just waiting to be discovered. But beware...that's just how it started for James and Katie, our son and daughter in law (Katie happens to be Dave's, publisher and owner of this magazine's daughter).

James and Katie grew up over, under, and around boats. They both work at marinas and are true examples of rule following, safety conscious, twenty something young adults who love adventure. So of course, when they set out from Worton Creek in their 14-ft. aluminum Sears Game-fisher (formerly Dave's boat) they had all required and not so required safety equipment. There was a small craft advisory for the upper Chesapeake Bay (but that is a whole other article), playing it safe they motored out of Worton creek to Tim's Creek. Their boat was loaded with a portable marine radio, cell phone, clip on navigation lights, registration, anchor and drinking water. The creek was calm except for the occasional 20-knot gust which they knew to expect and prudently stayed in the creek and didn't venture to the open bay. There's not much beach left at Tim's Creek these days so the kids made sure to set the anchor and pull the Katie B up on shore. Sitting at the water's edge for some time, lazily watching the world drift by, they headed for a stroll only after feeling confident that the boat was secure. They grabbed the water tote (which the radio was in by chance) and went exploring.

Meanwhile back at the marina, my husband and I were just boarding our trawler loaded down with groceries for a few days at anchor. We turned on the marine radio, knowing the kids were out and immediately heard the Coast Guard calling the Katie B and



letting them know that Fireboat 5 had been dispatched! What-could there be another Katie B? - why a fire boat? Mom questions were rapidly popping up in my brain. As we listened to Katie talking very calmly, professionally and correctly we at least knew they were safe. We didn't know the hows and whys but apparently their boat was a quarter mile down the creek, resting at a dock and they were stranded on the beach. Luckily, if only by chance and not planning, they had the marine radio with them, everything else was in the boat. They were able to contact the Coast Guard which then dispatched the Fireboat. A big shout out of thanks to the Betterton Volunteer fire Dept. and Fireboat 5 for rescuing both the boat and our kids.



Knowing they were safe, we relaxed on our sundeck sipping a cocktail watching for the Katie B to motor toward their berth (and to wave James and Katie aboard to tell the tale of their adventure). James and Katie shared their mishap with us. It began with the wrong fluke anchor and a strong gust that picked up the boat turned it toward the creek and was carried away by wind and tide. Not the story you typically want to share back at the marina when everyone chuckles at your expense, but we all need that one boating experience, that hopefully turns out well, to remind us of the importance of taking necessary precautions and having the safety equipment with us as part of our adventures. Mother Nature doesn't always cooperate so we need to prepare for what can happen. I paused to consider our own dinghy adventures, sure we have the essential dinghy bag, but we always leave it on board when we walk the beaches and explore streams and coves. But now I realize there needs to be a small dinghy bag that goes ashore with us... just in case. Are you prepared for an emergency? If so....get ready for an adventure!!

Betterton, Maryland

Situated on the Sassafras River, 2 NM east of Howell Point and 4.5 NM west of Turner Landing is the sleepy little town of Betterton, Maryland. It is home to some 350 residents, give or take a few dozen. It has no motels or hotels, and only one remaining restaurant. The last B&B is closed. I've kayaked here on several occasions, but upon mentioning Betterton to my kayaking friends, the response seems to be a unanimous, "Where?" OK, that, my friend, is why this little town remains sleepy. Few kayakers know of Betterton's existence, and even less of its rich history.

One hundred years ago Betterton was a booming resort community, although you would never know it now. There were at least a dozen large hotels and five smaller inns. There were a number of summer rental cottages and rooms rented by the evening. There was a vibrant boardwalk where vendors sold lemonade and the then recently invented ice cream to hot and thirsty beach goers. Music played nightly in an opera house near the piers and vacationers danced in Betterton's dance hall to the sound of the big bands. Steamboats from Baltimore and Philadelphia arrived and departed from the Ericsson Pier at regular intervals 11 times a day. Betterton was the vacation spot on the Chesapeake. Its hotels, high on the bluffs overlooking the Chesapeake Bay, offered spectacular views. Excellent fishing abounded. Perhaps best of all, Betterton, located far enough north in the Chesapeake, was unaffected by nettles. Swimmers vacationing here bathed without fear of the jelly fishes annoying stings.

Originally named Fish Hall, and then later, Crew's landing, Betterton began to grow in size and importance with the opening of the Chesapeake-Delaware Canal in the mid 1800's. The crews of ships carrying cargo between Baltimore and Philadelphia stopped here for provisions. Some of the town folk began cooking meals for the crews, then later renting their spare rooms to passengers and crew members. Thus grew an upwardly spiraling cottage industry. With the introduction of steamboats small enough to navigate the narrow C&D canal that connected Baltimore to Philadelphia, Betterton became a familiar waypoint. Partly, this was due to the construction of a steamboat accessible pier financed by Richard Turner, for whose wife's family Betterton is named. As the popularity of steamboat excursions grew, so did Betterton. By the turn of the century, Betterton was one of the most popular vacation spots on the bay.

The Great Depression of the 1930's changed all this. Vacations began taking a backseat to feeding families. Betterton's vacation industry declined. The gas shortages of the Second World War further contributed to Betterton's demise. Steamboat routes were curtailed as ships were recruited for the war effort. Most of the steamboats never returned to service and passengers and vacationers dwindled accordingly. The coup de grace came in 1954 when the Chesapeake Bay Bridge opened. Vacationers from the Western shores of Maryland now had a direct route to Atlantic Ocean beaches. Betterton was dead, or so many thought.

In 1978 the beachfront properties in Betterton were purchased by Kent County with monies from Maryland's "Open Space" program. Derelict hotels were demolished. A modern boardwalk was built, complete with a bath house and picnic pavilion. The beaches were reconditioned and opened to the public in 1986. They remain open today. The hotels are gone, but have been replaced by a community of townhouses,

some with permanent residents, some of which are rentals. There are no motels for passing tourists or grocery stores in which to shop. There is one restaurant; Barbara's On the Bay. The last B&B has closed. In 1984 Betterton was placed in the National Register of Historic Places. In the significance section of the application are written these words: Betterton is the last intact community of the steamboat's golden age. Other resorts, either on the Western and Eastern Shores have either been destroyed or dramatically altered. ... during Betterton's heyday, it was the cottages and rooming homes that created the a quaint, unpretentious charm which combines the atmosphere of the Eastern Shore countryside with that of a seaside resort."

Betterton can be approached by road, or two water routes. If you prefer to launch from Betterton's groomed kayak launch, the launch lies at the base Main Street, just to the right (east) of the main beach. It is nestled between the fishing levy and the boat docks. After unloading, please move your vehicle to the parking lot above the beach. There is a bath house on the east end of the beach area with nice facilities where you can change before and after your paddle. You may head east to Turner Landing. Or if you are a stronger paddler, to Georgetown and beyond. If you paddle west, towards the Bay, Still Pond makes for a nice picnic beach and rest stop before returning to Betterton's launch. You will round Howell Point, then the high red clay bluff that defines Meeks Point, before entering Still Pond. This is a nice 11 NM round trip paddle. It's very nice in the spring and fall.

Alternatively, you can put in at the old United States Coast Guard Station at Still Pond first, then paddle north to the Sassafras River and Betterton Beach. USCG Station Still Pond is US Government property, but unused and now leased by Kent County. It has a nice parking lot suitable for 6 cars. The county may or may not have porta-potties on-site. If you choose this route, avoid landing on Howell Point; as inviting as it may be. This is private property. If you must land, stay below the mean low water line. Previous experience with the property owner here caused a party I was leading to rename this point "Hostile Point". Upon returning to Still Pond, take a few moments to visit Arts at Still Pond Station.

In my opinion, the best route to Betterton is from Turner Landing. There a landing with a mixed gravel and sand beach that is an easy carry from the loading site per se. Again, please park your vehicle in the upper parking lot. It's a short work back to the launch, yet will free up the kayak loading and unloading space for other visitors.

In late July to mid-August, you can paddle up Turner Creek after returning from Betterton to see the Lotus blooms. This is a beautiful, one of a kind, paddle. Turner Creek is one of the few locations on the bay where Lotus grow naturally.

As you approach Betterton from its watery side, I hope you will imagine viewing it as it once was. Listen for the voices of the porters on the pier shouting to new arrivals the names of their hotels and the inns they represent. Imagine the families chatter as they unload their trunks and gather together children to begin their summer vacations. In my mind I hear the music of the big bands that once played the music house and I smell the aromas drifting down of meals being prepared in the kitchens of the fine restaurants high up on the bluff; then my bow touches beach and I am brought back to reality. On warm summer days, the only thing that does actually remain from Betterton's past is a few beach goers out for an afternoon of sun. Betterton has been reborn, but it is not as it once was. Perhaps it is just sleeping.

Photo Gallery



Donna Bedell



(An unknown Facebook photographer)



Colleen Smart



Thomas Scillipotti



Thomas Scillipotti

Classic Corner

Chris + Craft



This beautiful **1956 22' Chris Craft Holiday** is being restored by

George Hazzard.

It is one of 27 built that year. She has all new planking, bottom, and decks. She will be ready for this spring.

His shop, **Wooden Boat Restoration** does the nicest work in the area. I love to visit the shop and step back in time. All the old boats and a few cars that are in different phases of restoration sure bring back some great memories of slower times on the bay. George is currently the President of the **Chesapeake Bay Area of the Antique & Classic Boat Society.**

This column is available for owners of both wooden and fiberglass classics to show off your pride and joy.



Live Aboard

by Don Elwell

On Downsizing to Move Aboard

So this week we had occasion to revisit our downsize by moving the stuff in our storage space to one far closer to our Marina. We were very, very fortunate to have made the initial storage decision we made: Our original destination was up the Nanticoke river in Delaware, and we contemplated getting storage there. From where we now dock here on the Middle River, that would have been a three hour trip just to get to our stuff. As it was, our storage space (near where we built the boat) is now nearly an hour away, and that was plenty.

Ultimately, though, the distance, time, gas, and rental expense became unsupportable, and we managed to find much less expensive storage within walking distance of our boat slip, which was perfect. . . .but of course it meant we had to go and GET the stuff.

Now here's the deal about downsizing onto a boat: One of the most common comments we got when planning our move aboard went something like "I could never do that, where would we put all our things?!" It is those "things" that are the problem. We are, to a very great extent, owned by our possessions. We spend a lot of time and money not only on our stuff, but on places in which to safeguard and maintain that stuff, even if we never even look at it.

Going into this, we read a number of downsizing accounts from live-aboards and from those in the tiny house movement. The advice we took from those articles goes rather like this:

- a) If you haven't touched, looked at, used, thought about, searched for, or tripped over something over the last two years, you don't need it and won't miss it.
- b) Get a storage locker for everything else. Gradually pull out the things you find you can't live without and figure out some way to keep them with you. Whatever's left at the end of, say, two years, you don't need.

It's proven pretty true for us as well. The things in our storage fell into four rough categories:

1) Family Memorabilia. What the deuce do I do with this stuff (some of it from the 1830's)? I feel like I'm the custodian for it in some way, but whom am I saving this stuff? This is always a problem. The stuff just lurks there in bins and boxes, full of dour Victorian faces, defying you to dispose of them improperly. Still no solution for that one. Perhaps a historical society somewhere. . . .

2) Tools, kitchen stuff, and assorted devices that we know we'll need eventually (or wished devoutly we had brought with us), but have no real room for on the boat. Eventually, some of this finds its way back aboard. The rest can go away.

3) In our case, artwork and supplies (Morgainne is a visual artist) and manuscripts and costuming (I'm a writer and theatre geek). This stuff has value, and represents either works available for sale or works in progress. Much of it is problematic for a boat due to size or fragility. I suppose this category might, for most folks, also include things like important papers like titles, tax forms, etc., and collectables that might have resale value.

4) This Box (as in: "What is in this box!?!"). Stuff that got slammed into boxes, bins, crates, and bags in the last desperate minutes when we were exhausted and doing our final move out. Moving storage spaces gave us the opportunity to revisit some of this stuff and a bit of it went straight into the dumpster.

Having this stuff closer makes it far more likely that, over the next year, we'll be able to continue winnowing it out, and makes getting to same somewhat less cumbersome. Based on our experiences, in your consideration of storage, though, keep a few things in mind:

First, if you don't know your final destination, don't guess. Opt for a storage facility near your point of departure or near a reliable friend or relative, which will at least minimize the effort expended on THAT part of your downsize. Otherwise, you risk putting your stuff someplace you wind up not being.

Second, plan on a serious revisit of your storage at about two years after your downsize to see just how much, if any, of that &%%\$ you really need to be paying out good money to store.

Whatever you do, know that the downsize is not only possible, it makes for a cleaner, far less stressful life. You'll realize that merely possessing things you neither use nor enjoy is a source of no pleasure but often one of much angst. Once the downsize is done, it's done, and you no longer have to go about dragging all that stuff like a snail dragging its shell. Enough Said.



Sculpture waiting patiently in the Storage Facility hallway for loading.

Careful layering of framed artwork assured that we only broke...um...several. Magellan refused to watch.

