

Nassawango Creek Paddle

This was the fifth version of this classic Maryland car camper and kayak trip. I was joined by 9 stalwarts (Carolyn Lee, Christine Adamczyk, Will Hershon, Ed Hershon, Jim Allen, Dan Hoke, Dan Petersen, Jesse Aronson and Mark Taylor) at Milburn Landing, Pocomoke River State Park, halfway between Snow Hill and Pocomoke City, on the north bank of the river. After arriving mid-afternoon on the 15th, Jim, Ed, Will and I paddled down river for about a mile, past an old house with metal sculptures on the grounds (more on this later). We joined the others at camp and had a nice campfire and a beautiful, cool night.



The "short" group (Dan Hoke, Christine Adamczyk, Jesse Aronson, Ed and Will Hershon) photo by A. Handy Post

Saturday morning, the group split into two. One group (Dan Hoke, Jesse, Christine, Ed and Will) because of injuries and paddling stamina, chose to drive over to the Red House Road put in and paddle up and down Nassawango Creek. The other group (Carolyn, Jim, Dan Petersen, and Ralph) paddled from the gravelly put in at Milburn Landing, up the Pocomoke, stopping for a rest at Shad Landing, then up Nassawango Creek, where we had a rendezvous with the others, just before the Nassawango Road bridge. We then paddled on up the rapidly narrowing creek, through twists and turns in the dense cypress and sweet bay magnolia jungle, to take out for lunch at Red House Road. We then relaunched and paddled down, amidst the Prothonotary Warblers and Swamp Rose to again meet the others, making their way back up the creek. We paddled on, accompanied by roaring bass boats (throwing little wake) on the Pocomoke. We stopped for a rest at Shad Landing again, and paddled out through Corkers Creek and back to camp, for a distance of 18 miles. The other group did about 7 miles, including stretches up and

down stream from Red House Road.

Saturday night, after nice hot showers, we ate *hor d'oeuvres* of shrimp, wheat bread with tomato salsa, watermelon, and a delicious cheese ball and crackers and toured Carolyn's nifty little T@B teardrop "retro" trailer in orange and talked about the day's paddle. We then settled in to the main "feast" of two kinds of salad, Trader Joe's Chicken Kababs, Hot and Sweet grilled Italian sausage, Buffalo Wings Jerusalem, and International Mexican-Italian Olive Pasta. Dessert was fresh sweet cherries and more watermelon. Dick Rock—Where were Mrs. Rock's brownies when we needed them? After another nice campfire, courtesy of Will (Firebug) Hershon and Jim (The Wood Man) Allen, we had a restful night under a starry sky.



The "long" group (Dan Petersen, Jim Allen, Carolyn Lee, and Mark Taylor) photo by Ralph Heimlich



The Cellar House Plantation photo by cellarhouse.org

Sunday, we ate a leisurely breakfast, broke camp, and paddled down river in two groups (Christine, Dan P., and Jesse; Ed, Will, Mark, Jim and Ralph; Dan Hoke chose biking in deference to his shoulder). The aforementioned sculpture house so piqued our curiosity that Mark Taylor landed to see just what it was. He encountered the owners, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Graham, and Mr. Graham gave us permission to examine his collection of sculpture, and treated us to a guided tour of the "Indian" in the cellar.

Cellar House Plantation, as we discovered it is called, is an intriguing place with a long and colorful history. See the house's web page at <http://www.cellarhouse.com/> for the house, sculpture, gardens, and especially the ghost stories. While the Graham's certainly satisfied our curiosity, I insist that CPA members

respect their privacy and not make a habit of dropping in ashore uninvited.

The group rendezvoused back at camp, finished loading up, and stormed the approaches to the Bay Bridge, mostly crossing in light traffic on an increasingly warm day.

Pictures are posted at <http://picasaweb.google.com/ralph.heimlich/NassawangoJune2007>, <http://www.kodakgallery.com/l.jsp?c=60mn31n.34poemor&x=0&y=-3lpolv>, and <http://www.fotomat.com/home/EDHERSHON/GLFK4LFE9XIT.EZP>



Culture vultures with The Archer photo by Ralph Heimlich