



Pirates run amuck on the Skipjack *Martha Lewis* during Fells Point Privateer Day 2008.

## Aye, Now Thaar's a Story for Ye

The kick-off of a long-awaited sailing season on board the Skipjack *Martha Lewis* went off in traditional maritime style at the fourth Annual Privateer Day Festival in Fells Point April 19. A varied crowd of pirates, privateers, and other historic characters invaded the waterfront in traditional garb in honor of the neighborhood's rich privateer and maritime history. With the weather begging for us to come out and play, we made the short jaunt from Havre de Grace to our temporary home on Broadway Pier. We brought our own "motley crew" of sailors and shortly found camaraderie within the crews of the Schooner *Woodwind*, *Pride of Baltimore II*, *Farewell*, and a variety of sailing vessels from the Fells Point YC.

There is nothing quite like the kick-off of a big sailing event in Baltimore. Old friends are quickly found, and new friendships are quickly formed between the crews of the varying boats. Many people from the local sailing community gravitated to this event for a bit of catching up, pirate style. During the day, the guest boats dished out deck tours and cruises on the harbor during which a mock privateer battle took place. One would be hard pressed to ignore the impressive amount of cannon fire coming from even the smallest of schooners.

While many visitors chose to take in the maritime music, crafts, and food, the Skipjack was booked for a private sunset tour of the harbor. Guests from the Charm City Social Club joined us for a sail under

a wonderfully temperate sky with about the best wind you could ask for. A good portion of the group came dressed as scurvy dogs, pirates, and privateers ready for an evening of pillaging and plundering, Baltimore style. The evening was sealed with a beautiful sunset and a slow glide back into a still bustling Fells Point.

In contrast to our perfectly beautiful weekend, our trip home was met with high winds, white caps, and a small craft advisory. Even with the looming threat of rain and the constant changing in and out of foul weather gear, there were no doubts we'd be back next year. Aye, there be pirates here.

—Report and photo by Amy Kehring