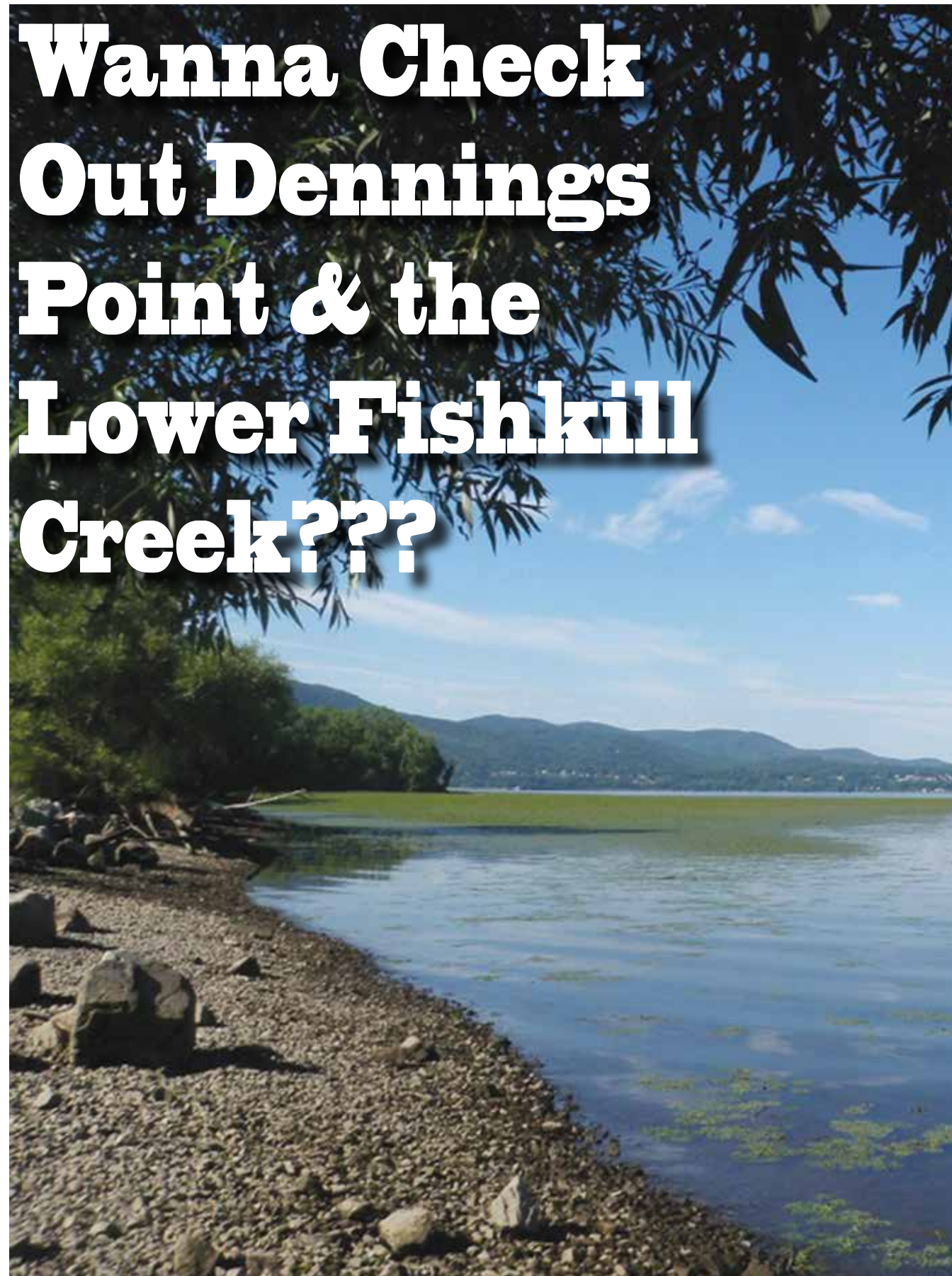
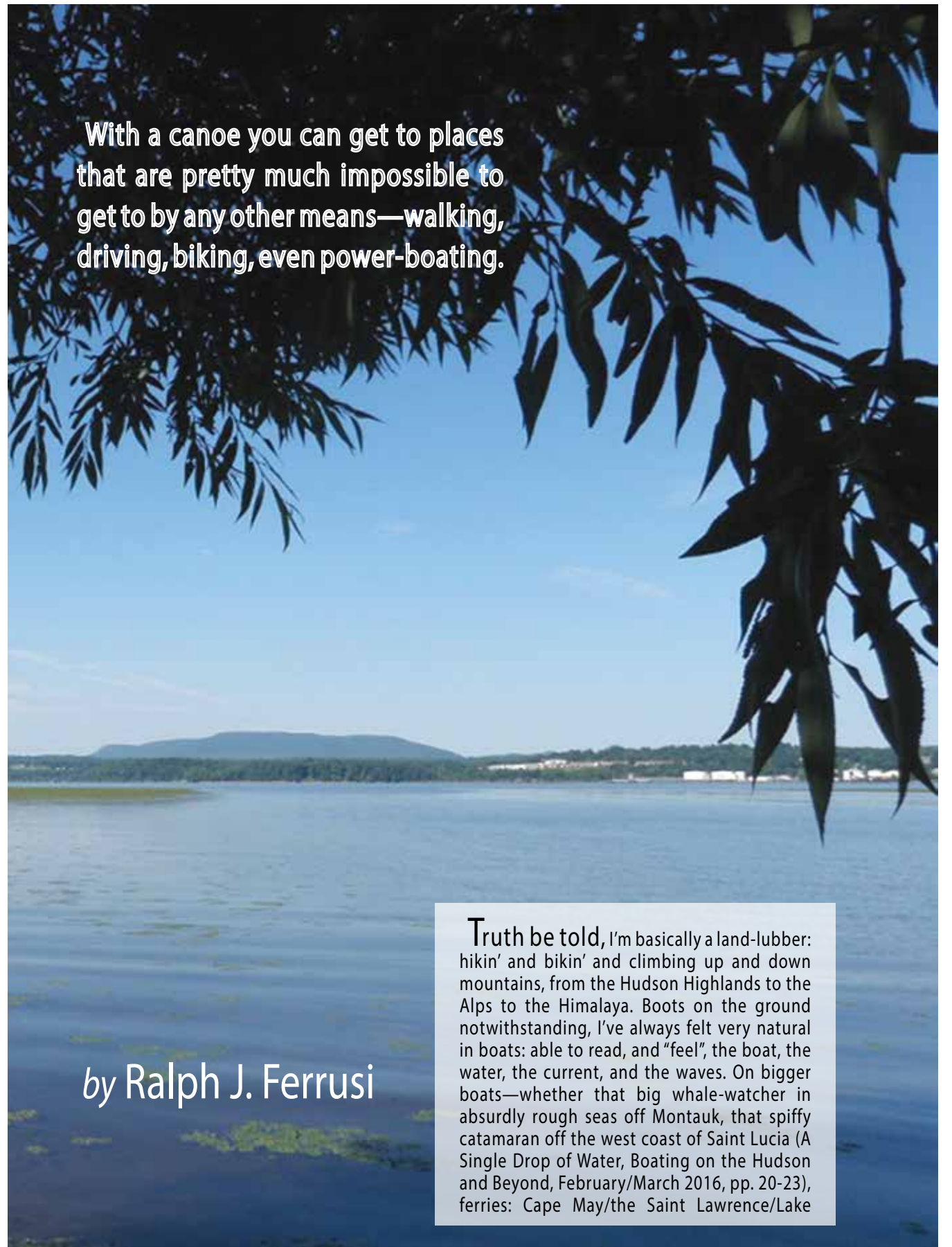


Wanna Check Out Dennings Point & the Lower Fishkill Creek???



With a canoe you can get to places that are pretty much impossible to get to by any other means—walking, driving, biking, even power-boating.



by Ralph J. Ferrusi

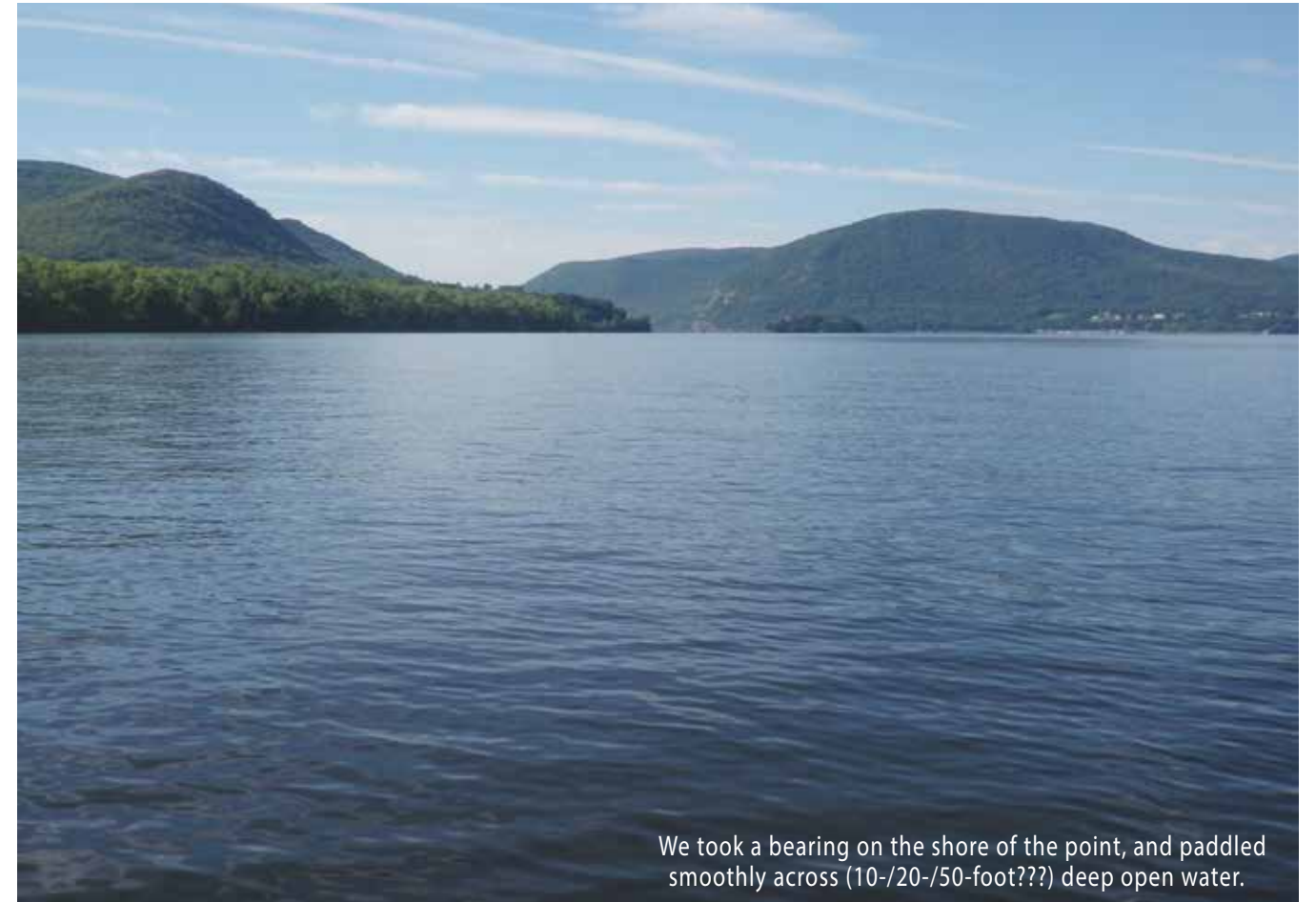
Truth be told, I'm basically a land-lubber: hikin' and bikin' and climbing up and down mountains, from the Hudson Highlands to the Alps to the Himalaya. Boots on the ground notwithstanding, I've always felt very natural in boats: able to read, and "feel", the boat, the water, the current, and the waves. On bigger boats—whether that big whale-watcher in absurdly rough seas off Montauk, that spiffy catamaran off the west coast of Saint Lucia (A Single Drop of Water, Boating on the Hudson and Beyond, February/March 2016, pp. 20-23), ferries: Cape May/the Saint Lawrence/Lake



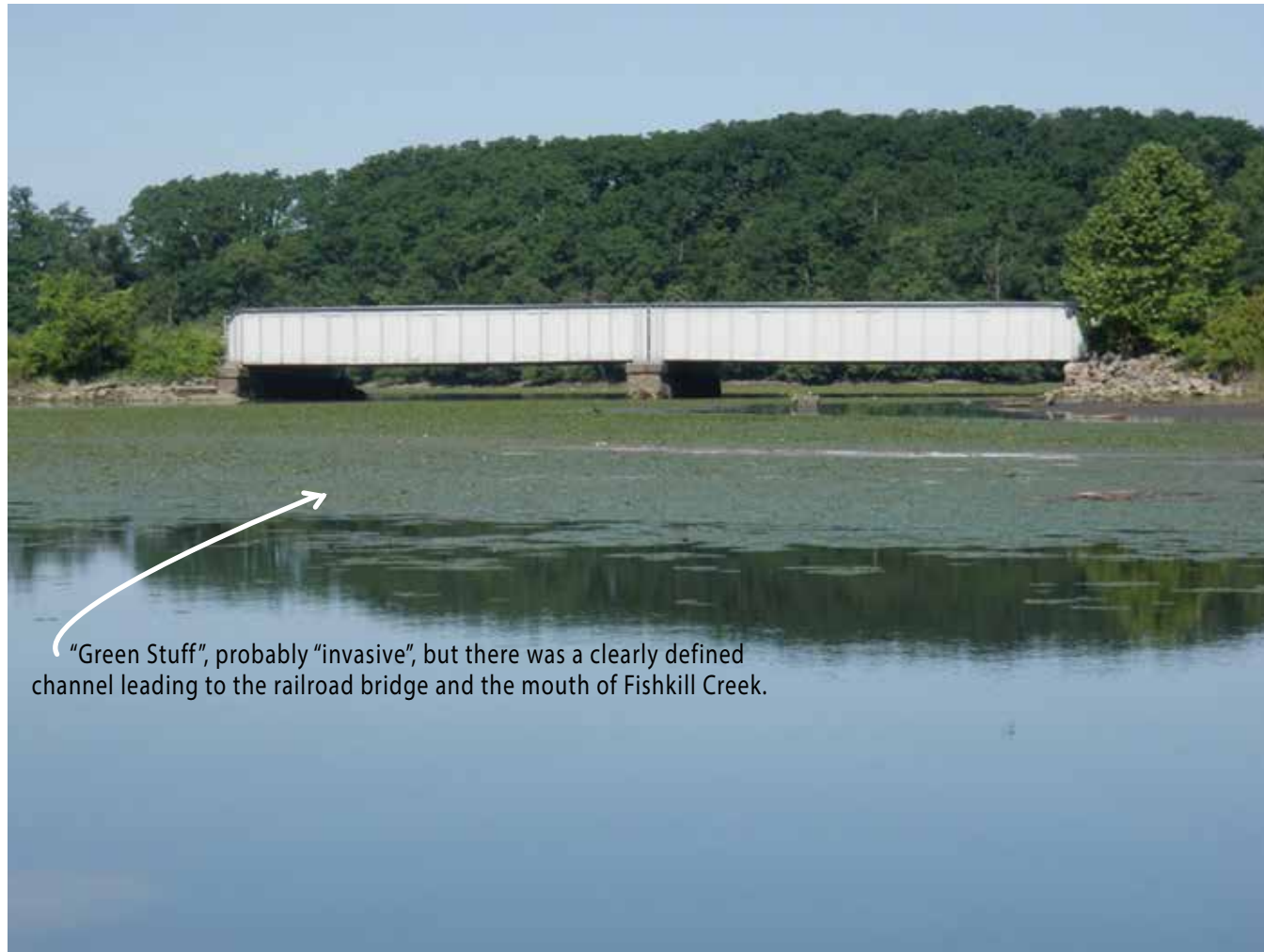
Champlain/etc., or, aboard the only cruise ship I've ever been on, the 250-passenger Dalmatica on the Adriatic—I always gravitate as far forward as I'm allowed to go.

Back in the day, I did own one power boat—a 14-foot fiberglass Crestliner—and, even though I enjoyed the hell out of it, I never felt compelled to upgrade to 16-/20-/24-/36-footers. My boats-of-choice for the last decade or so have been two-seater canoes: Royalex, or Kevlar. To me, they're one of the simplest, most basic, most efficient forms of human transportation there is: all's you need is, well, water—our current boats actually need very little of it, with their 2-3-inch drafts—and a couple of paddles.

One of the real beauties of this is you can get to places that are pretty much impossible to get to by any other means—walking, driving, biking, or, power-boating, except maybe small, shallow draft boats, and even these can't get under some of the railroad or road bridges that we can squeeze under—'way up narrow creeks and through marshes as far as it's possible—and sane—to paddle.



We took a bearing on the shore of the point, and paddled smoothly across (10-/20-/50-foot???) deep open water.



"Green Stuff", probably "invasive", but there was a clearly defined channel leading to the railroad bridge and the mouth of Fishkill Creek.

So, I love boating on the Hudson (and beyond). We've spent a fair amount of time way out on the river, in deep, power-boat accessible water. Let's talk about a recent trip that not only gets us out a ways on the Hudson, but also around a notable Hudson "point", then under a low Metro North bridge and then up the creek.

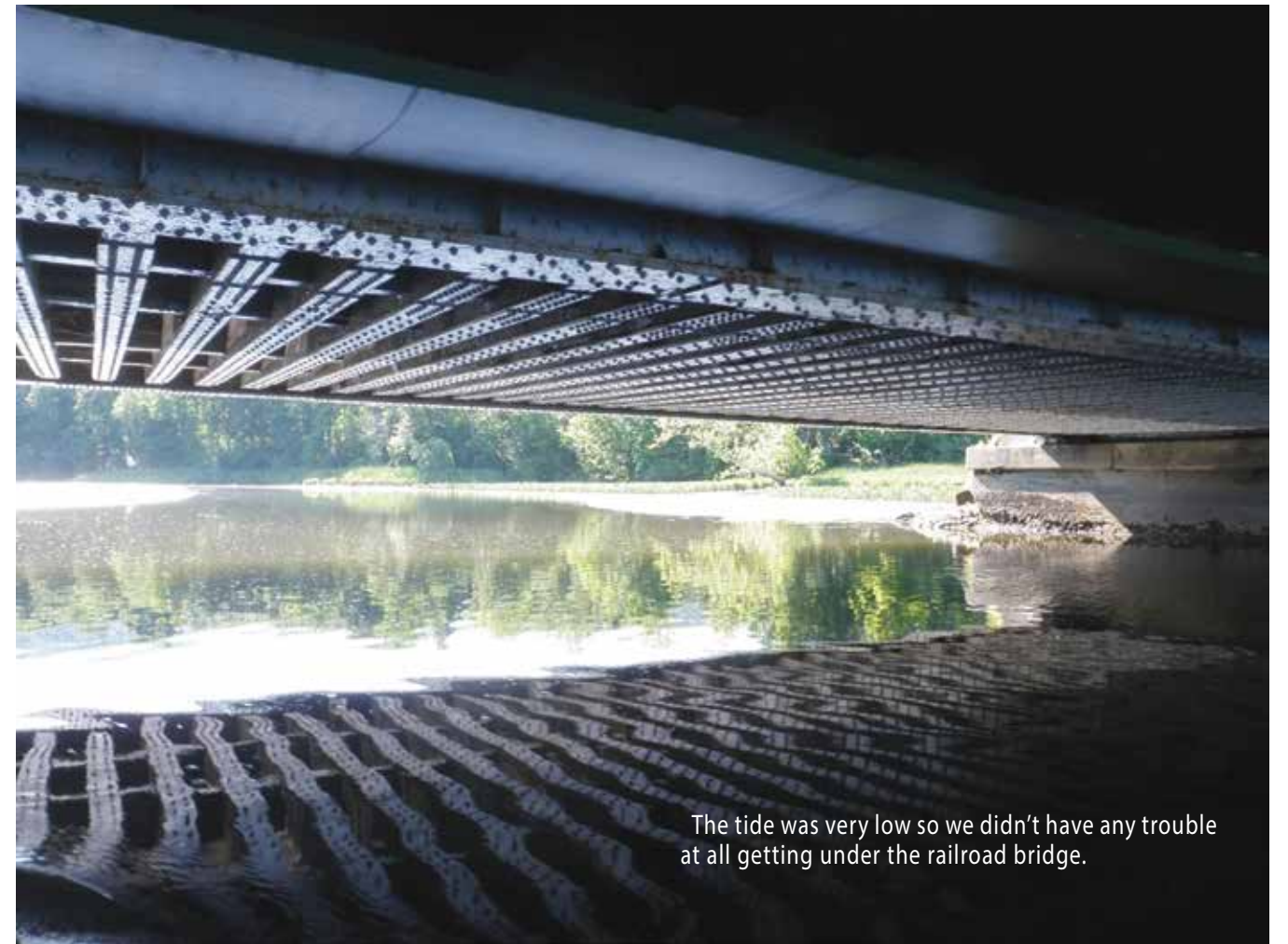
"Hey, whaddayah say we put in at Scenic Hudson's Foundry Dock Park in Beacon and scootch over to and around Dennings Point and up the Fishkill Creek to the old hat factory in Madam Brett Park???"

Saturday, June 24th, was another blustery day—seems like there had been a lot more of them than "normal" lately—but I had hoped the bay/cove south of the put-in was in the lee of the wind, and we would only have to deal with rough water along the west shore of the point, where we could stay close in. Nope: the wind was blasting just about straight out of the west: big rollers and nasty white caps. We'd dealt with worse, but this was supposed to be all about fun, not survival. We headed back

home, and Kath had a brainstorm: let's leave the boat on the rack and try to get out early the next morning, when the winds, and the river, would more likely be calm.

Well, surprise surprise, we didn't get out as early as we used to in the old days, but the river was calm, and, empty. As seems to often be the case lately we were the only boat out there—of any kind—for two-plus hours, on a beautiful blue-sky Sunday morning. I asked Kath if she'd like to swing around the shoreline, or head across the bay right for the point. We took a bearing on the shore of the point, and paddled smoothly across (10-/20-/50-foot???) deep open water.

It's a nice paddle close-in to the west shore of the point. And, one heck of a nice hike on the trail that swings around the point: we've often hiked this trail, and it was nice to look at familiar landmarks from water level. When we reached the point, I was surprised from this perspective that it appeared as if Bannerman's (ummm, Pollepel

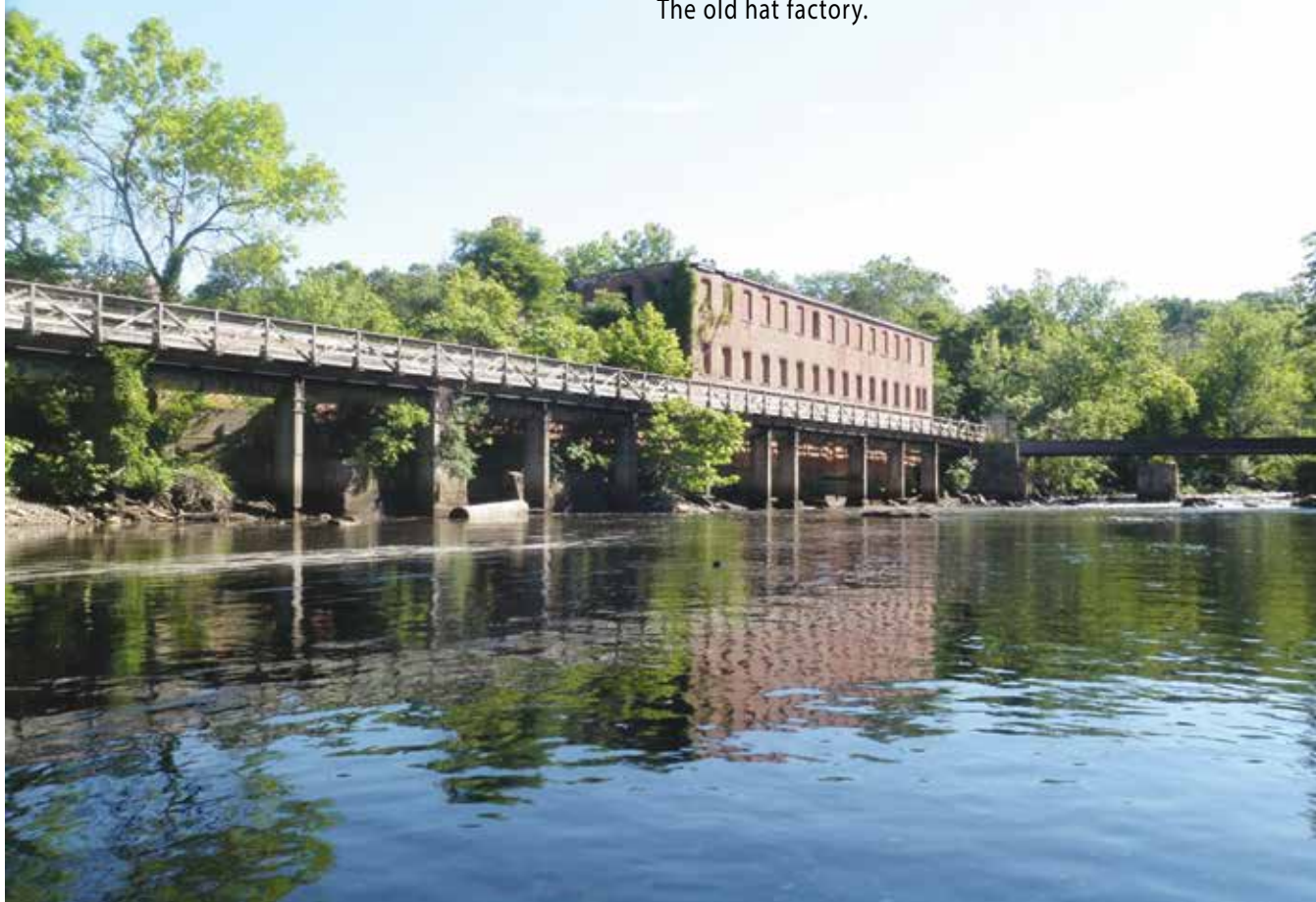


The tide was very low so we didn't have any trouble at all getting under the railroad bridge.





The old hat factory.



island...), was pretty much smack in the middle of the river, as close to the imposing Storm King as it was to the eastern shore!!! Of course, from down the river a ways and closer to the west shore the perspective is more normal, and Bannerman's takes its rightful place as an island with pretty shallow water between it and the closer-by Metro North-lined tracks on the east shore and a much wider gulf of water between it and Vails Gate/Cornwall.

Around the point, the whole bay/cove south of the point was about 99% filled with "green stuff", probably "invasive", but there was a clearly defined channel leading to the railroad bridge and the mouth of Fishkill Creek. We followed it in, and since the tide was very low we didn't have any trouble at all getting under the railroad bridge; in fact, this bridge appeared to be high enough to get under easily even at much higher tides.

With the low tide, we had to be careful picking our way up the creek; at one point, where the creek widened, the water was only inches deep; we kept close to the south (right) shoreline, where there

was a very gentle, but visible current, and, channel. Soon, the old hat factory appeared on the left, and Scenic Hudson's Madam Brett Park boardwalk. We'd just walked this the week before with my cousin Eileen, and had showed her the spectacular waterfall just up the creek a ways.

There's no way you can paddle through the rapids upstream to the waterfall, and we cautiously approached them to a point just under the can't-cross-it-anymore road bridge, pulled into an eddy, then artfully peeled out (ahhh, all that white-water experience) and headed back downstream, back under the bridge, back across to the point, and upriver. Surprise surprise, we had to share the vast expanse of the river with another boat: a woman in a kayak was heading back from an expedition down to Bannerman's.

Another great day on the under-crowded Hudson; and, beyond.

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