

## [Dave Mood, from page six](#)

Arundel Community College. So, he signed up for language, art, and exercise classes taking six at a time!

In October 2020, David unexpectedly passed away in his condo in Glen Burnie.

David is preceded in death by his father Rev. Frank Rogers Mood DD, his mother Iris Geraldine Mood, his brother Daniel Lewis Mood, and his brother-in-law SW Baldwin. He is survived by his siblings Marilyn Baldwin, Frank Mood Jr, and Laura Bilbrey, a brother-in-law, seven nephews, one niece, Three great nieces, two great nephews, one great great niece, an uncle, Gerald Feezor, and numerous cousins.

A tribute wall for photos and other remembrances is online at [www.singletonfuneralhome.com](http://www.singletonfuneralhome.com)



*Dave Mood, in the green shirt on the right, at St. Clement's Island Brunch in 2007.*

# The Monster Trip

*(an epic paddle with Dave Mood reprinted from The Chesapeake Paddler, Vol. 5, Number 5, August 1995)*

Intrepid paddlers Fred Brown, Mike Miller, Dave Mood, Joe LeTourneau, and Al Kubeluis followed Wendy Gardner out into the wind and waves of the Chesapeake Bay. As we headed on a 110 degree bearing toward Barren Island, the 10-15 knot winds and two to four foot waves smacked us nearly head-on.

Night was two and a half hours away, and we had nine tough miles to slug through. Following are reflections of survivors of this latest Wendy Gardner odyssey which began late in the day Friday, June 23 and ended at noon on Sunday, June 25, [1995].

**Wendy's Reflections:** Wow! What a great trip! This sure was a lot more fun than doing it alone. I'll let the others tell you about our little jaunt. I'd like to offer some thanks and a warning. First of all, thanks to Fred Brown for the Tequila and especially for making the trip all the way from Charlottesville, VA.

Thanks to Mike Miller for spotting "Chessie" and the dolphins. Thanks to the aforementioned pair for

showing us how to play chicken with a freighter. Ooh, aren't those 20 foot bow waves fun?! Thanks to Joe LeTourneau for being so much help, such a good paddler and scout, having so much fun and just generally being a real treasure to have along.

Now for my buddies Al Kubeluis and Dave Mood. Can't say enough about these two! Thanks, Al, for the hug, the tremendous amount of help during a difficult crossing, your sense of humor and adventure and especially for the champagne left on the island. Jamie and I will enjoy that! To Dave "Lawn Ornament" Mood (and only I know the true reason for that moniker!), thanks for the generous offer to tow me to nowhere, for showing stingrays how to fly, and thanks very much for buying me dinner even though "Judy" tried to kill us.

And this brings me to the warning. If you go to "Old Salty's" on Hooper Island, they'll try to kill you. No one person can eat a slab of prime rib that large. Or top it off

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with a giant piece of pie. But, when people actually wave at you when you walk in the dining room, and say, “Glad to have you” and mean it, it’s hard to turn them down.

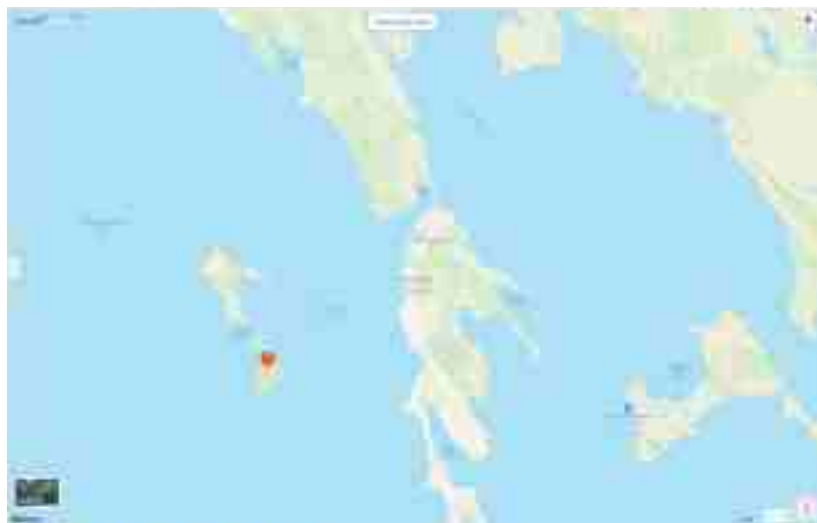
Thanks also to Lynne who took us on the longest mile ride in the back of his pickup truck. And for the screen house where Al was able to escape the Greenheads, even though “they weren’t that bad yet” according to the locals. And most of all, thanks to my wonderful sweetheart Jamie who came over with Mike Fitzmaurice (a.k.a. Fitzgerald) in the canoe and brought six very tired and thirsty paddlers a cooler full of ice-cold Coronas, bagels and cream cheese. Let’s do this again!

**Wimps Reflections:** Wow! We survived! Friday evening. Holy Gwakamoley, where did that freighter come from? Fred, get rid of that Greenland paddle and use a real paddle. We’ve got to get to the Island before it gets dark. Kayak camping ain’t camping in your kayak in the middle of the Chesapeake under a freighter. Where in the hell is Mike? Joe? Dave? Wendy? Where in the hell am I?

There’s the island, the camp site. We made it! Thank you, God, thank you. Steamed crabs, ice cold beer—oh God, we didn’t make it after all. We died and went to heaven. No, Wendy paddled over yesterday and stashed this feast away for our dinner banquet. Thank you, Wendy, thank you. If they paddle in heaven, this is the way they do it.

Saturday morning. We’ll have to do a little paddling on the Honga River. Nine hours later, wimps return to the Island, fall onto the beach, crawl up to the campsite, dog-tired, whipped. Wendy springs from kayak with cold Coronas, bagels, cream cheese. The messenger from heaven, again! What a trip! What a messenger! What a beer! Wendy says it’s time to go over to Old Salty’s on Hooper Island for dinner.

Now remember, dear readers, we’re on Barren Island. Barren Island is not Hooper Island. That’s why they were given different names. Barren Island is not near Hooper Island. There’s no metro, no sky shuttle, no cabs, no



*Barren Island is now part of the [Chesapeake Marshlands National Wildlife Refuge Complex](#) and undergoing [restoration with dredging spoils from the Bay](#).*

bridge, no power boats. Wendy, you mean paddle? Over? Back? Daring Dave says he’ll go. Wimps watch as Wendy and Dave paddle off into the sunset. Sunday morning. Eye lids snap open. Brain engages. Fear sets in.

What’s in store for us today? Paddle back to civilization. That’s all? This is a trick to get us onto the water. Okay, one more time. We get into kayaks and race for the western shore. Wind and waves at our backs. Surfing. Leave no time for side trips. Two goals: Survive and sell all paddling gear. Made it. Fire sale. Call anytime, day or night. Wait, we’re not finished! Have to scale cliff up to Wendy’s house. Will not be as easy as falling down cliff to put in. Will use Wendy’s cable system to carry equipment and kayaks up. Not bad. System works well.

But why is Dave’s kayak like the Rock of Gibraltar? Is Dave hiding in the kayak? Al’s hands bleeding from rope blisters hauling stuff up. Fred observes that Al’s hands may be soft from water. Soft?! Enough strength and blood left to tie hangman’s noose. Kill him. No, better yet, kill myself. All kayaks and equipment up cliff in only 1 ½ hours. Wendy’s going to mow lawn before her Mother arrives. Really want to meet Wonder Woman’s Mom, but not ready for likely activities with Mom, such as arm wrestling and iron pumping. Heading home pronto to cut some Z’s.

(Reflections of paddlers compiled by Al Kubelius).