

Bay Rat, by Bruce Deadman

After 60 summers and going on 5 years full-time on Green Bay, I'm a Bay rat, plain and simple.

My parents got the old place before they owned a house. The rules were simple:

- On land, be able to hear the cow bell and get home within 15 minutes;
- On water, when I could drag the Lone Star into the Bay, I could row anywhere within sight of the house. When I was strong enough to muscle the Sea Horse onto the stern, my range expanded from Camp Wabansi to Chaudoir's.

Dad and I ran the dog, shot .22's, and clobbered perch. Mom skinned them all.

They sold the place when I was 14, and I didn't speak to them for a month.

But that fall they bought the "new" place in beautiful downtown Dyckesville. An idyllic place to be a teen: skiing, sailing, cruising the beach, bonfires and July 4 fireworks. Watching the Bay change from sleepy to raging in minutes. I loved it all. I still do, which is why I work hard to preserve it for my grandkids and yours.

I'm a Bay rat.

