



**Special Issue:
Growing Up in Claiborne**

THE CLAIBORNE CLARION

A NEWSLETTER FOR THE CLAIBORNE
COMMUNITY
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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By Jim Richardson

This is an exciting time for me. A new Claiborne Association Board has taken office. We held a retreat on September 24 to begin planning our year's work. We spent the afternoon thinking and talking about the tasks ahead. The Village Hall is now essentially completed. A few more improvements remain to be done but the major restoration work is finished.

The Strategic Planning committee presented their proposed plan for the future. They put forward three priorities for the Association: ensuring financial and organizational stability; increasing engagement and community building; and strengthening connections between the Association and the greater Claiborne community. The full plan explains these ideas in some detail, and we will present the proposed plan to you for consideration and discussion in the coming days.

Last year's Board was also thinking about financial sustainability. They approved the creation of a Development Committee to focus thinking about fund raising for the future. Under the leadership of Libby Moose, the committee has prepared some promotional materials that explain giving options, including annual gifts, donating part of your Required Minimum Distribution from investments, and estate planning. The goal is to increase the Endowment Fund to the point where it can completely fund annual operating expenses.

There has also been an ongoing conversation within our community about the value of using the Village Hall as a source of revenue by renting it out for events. A limiting factor for this has been the lack of parking. One possible solution to the parking problem could be the acquisition of the neighboring property, part of the estate of Carl Griebel,

OCTOBER BIRTHDAYS

Sarah Sayre	2
Lexi Lednum	7
Susanne Scott	12
Karen Thomas	13
Ed Schaefer	16
Mike McCaughey	19
Mary Gregorio	23
Marty Bollinger	29
Dawn Lednum	31

If you'd like to add your name to the birthday list, please contact Pat Flory at patflory@gmail.com



Upcoming Library events:

Lunch & Learn Monday, October 2 at Noon. Ron Leshner will discuss The Taxation of Legal Alcohol During National Prohibition, 1920 – 1933 (There was a pharmacy on Tilghman Island at the time where your prescriptions for alcohol could be legally filled).

Stitch & Chat Thursday October 5 at 10:30 to noon -- Bring your own stitching projects and stitch with a group.

Memoir Writers Thursdays October 12 & 26 Learn how to preserve your family history by writing and sharing your stories.

My Tech Clinic Saturday, October 14 from 1:30 to 4:30. Free help with technology ranging from laptops, cell phones, Microsoft Office, etc.

One Maryland, One Book discussion 'There, there' by Tommy Orange Thursday October 26 at 2p.m.

Monday Movie@noon October 30 Asteroid City starring Scarlett Johanson and Tom Hanks. A Junior Stargazer/Space Cadet convention is disrupted by world-changing events. Comedy/Drama

should it become available. These two intertwined questions – renting out the Village Hall as a way to increase income, and exploring ways to acquire the property next door - deserve a robust conversation among the entire community.

I would like to begin talking about this possibility and its positive and negative consequences. So you'll hear more about this in the coming weeks.

GROWING UP IN CLAIBORNE

Several years ago, this editor started a series on "How I Discovered Claiborne". It was not 'till recently that it occurred to him to consider there was another group of Claiborneites for whom there had been no choice in the matter... those who were born here. This issue of the *Clarion* aims to rectify that oversight and begin the process of recognizing those lucky souls where were born and/or raised in Claiborne.

It will be an ongoing process because not all will be represented in this October issue. Many were contacted and asked to share their stories. Some were too pressed for time, others were willing, but committed to "next time". Still others were overlooked -- there are omissions, though unintentional. Apologies to those and be assured a better job will be done in the next round to be inclusive.

Nick Claiborne Frock

I am not much of a writer, but I feel as though with a name like "Claiborne", I should have something to say.

Many outsiders from the city don't understand what it was like growing up in such a small town like Claiborne since there is "Nothing to Do". We always had something to do because we made our own fun.

I grew up on Bayside Dr. with my younger brother and all the other neighborhood kids. We weren't allowed inside the house most of the time, so we didn't play video games or watch a lot of TV. Mom had a bucket of clothes sitting out on the front porch for us to change when we got muddy and wet. Sometimes we would change 4 times a day.

Our playgrounds were the back yards of our neighbors and the county marsh. We used to have a trail through the marsh with a small wooden bridge that went over the stream. We could ride our bikes from my back yard to the boat landing.

We had kayaks and canoes that we would explore the shores lines of the Claiborne cove. We knew every nook and cranny on the shoreline. There was a small tidal pond over on the far side of the cove behind what we called "Arrowhead beach". There was a mean swan that lived in that cove, and we only made that mistake once. I even built my own ice boat for when the cove would freeze over. I learned to sail in the cove and grew a love for boating. Between fishing, sailing and crabbing we always had something to do, and we never had to leave the cove.



SAVE THE DATE

Halloween Bonfire
Saturday, October 28. Rain
date October 29
At the Cockey Homestead

Details to follow but dust off
your scary stuff (like that
guy in the picture above) 🧛

GET INVOLVED, STAY INFORMED

Lots of things are
happening for the
Claiborne Association
and you are always
invited to hear first-hand
what is being planned
and to express your
ideas. All are welcome
when the Association
Board meets; usually on
the second Thursday of
the month at 7 p.m.

For more about
Claiborne and the
Association, check out:

<https://www.claibornem.d.org/>

The old Ferry pilings at the landing and along the jetty were our jungle gym. Large splinters were just a part of life. We used to set up a ramp at the end of the docks and ride our bikes off the end. We would have a bottle tied to the handlebars with a piece of string so we could find the bikes. Then we would swim, drag them to the boat ramp and do it again. No shoes were a way of life. Somehow, we could run across the freshly laid tar and chip roads and be just fine. Running across the rock jetties barefoot was not our smartest move, but we did it anyway.

If I wasn't playing outside, I would be tinkering around at the shop building things and getting into projects. When I got a little bit older, I restored a few boats. I made more mistakes than progress, but I learned. Eventually I got a job working for a few local builders in town. I bounce back between who paid a dollar more. I learned a lot which let me to path I am on today.

I also worked for the local farm up the street taking care of odd jobs around the farm and cutting the grass. 18 years later, I'm still there. After high school I met my wife and we lived together for several years in the apartment at the corner of miracle house circle. After we got married, we bought our first house in Neavitt and had our fist child. Only a few short years later, we needed more space and ended up moving back to Claiborne on Old Claiborne Rd. Were we now raise our three children. You may see us drive through town often in our white Golf cart with fishing rods on the back.

A lot of things have changed over the years, but I am glad to be raising my kids in the same town I was raised in. They enjoy selling eggs at our egg stand, making honey with Pop Pop and visiting horses at the farm.

I could truly go on forever about "Growing up Claiborne", but this is all for now.

Ella Murphy

Growing up in Claiborne is an experience unlike any other, and is one I wouldn't trade for the world. When I was younger, I never understood how amazing it really was, I loved the beach, the people and the potlucks but I also thought it was kind of boring, as I've grown up I've realized how far that is from the truth.

First of all, Claiborne is one of the most beautiful places I have ever seen, I mean how many kids get to grow up with a beach basically in their back yard? The sunsets here have made me sunset snob, only a Claiborner would see a sunset in Mexico over the Pacific Ocean and say "meh I've seen better out of my own window". And I love watching the seasons change through the fields and the willow tree in my back yard. But Claiborne is so much more than its beauty, the community here is unlike any other. The potlucks will forever hold some of my favorite childhood memories, specifically the Christmas ones. I would eagerly await the evenings when I could put on my cute Christmas outfit and meet up with

Two Great Ways to Support Chesapeake Multicultural Resource Center (ChesMRC) During Hispanic Heritage Month

One: Though ChesMRC's partnership with the Avalon Foundation, a special Central American Marimba concert will be at the Avalon Theater on Saturday October 7th at 7:00pm, and 50% of all proceeds will go to ChesMRC!!!

Two: You can purchase an original work of art created by [Rosemary Cooley](#) and provided by the [Dock Street Foundation](#) online (<https://chesmrc.org/paso-valiente-art-print/>) or at the Poster Contest event at the Academy Art Museum on Friday October 6. This donation will help ensure that ChesMRC continues to provide essential service to the community and our commitment to celebrating Hispanic Heritage in Talbot County.

the Kabler girls. I loved getting to sing for everyone and when people would ask me what theatre activities I was up to at the time. The support this community has given me has truly been so special and as I go into my last year of high school I look forward to telling everyone about this special, supportive, unique village I get to call home.

Emma Richardson

Three things bring me back to Claiborne in an instant - walking barefoot on a hot day, the smell of boxwoods, and spotting a post office in a small town. The first is easy. Childhood summers meant steadily building up calluses from the moment it was warm until the second we were forced back into shoes at the start of school. We took great pride in walking across the black tar and chip until we found relief in the white or yellow painted lines. Only the black needle rush of the marsh or the big gravel and oyster shells of the jetty road could make me wince. Once we had our summer feet we were invincible and the town was ours! It was full of trees to climb, ferry pilings to hide inside, periwinkles to collect, and phragmites to weave paths through. We had names for every sliver of town, some more poetic than others. The serene Half Moon Beach was right next to the very aptly named Wet Carpet Beach, which had the distinct feeling of both floating on water and being sucked down into ooze. Years later I was disappointed to find that this seemingly non-Newtonian fluid was given the unsatisfying name of "O horizon plant material." I would argue the Applegarths and I gave it a much more fitting name.

The smell of boxwood drops me right back into the summer anticipation of Wednesdays at Mrs. Burling's pool. All of the kids in town grew up knowing how to swim because of her generosity. I have a photo taken by Pete Gregorio of the long gravel lane with eagle-topped columns that I keep as a reminder of that height of summer excitement. The pool was surrounded by an old bath house and tennis court to escape to once your lips turned purple, as well as the boxwoods that have worked their way deep into my memory. My mom, the infamous Martha Hamlyn, was the official summer lifeguard. Halfway through the afternoon she would call us all out of the pool for a snack of two cookies, pretzels with mustard (once Oliver Noyes finally convinced me that combination wasn't disgusting), and a cup of lemonade. It was pure kid bliss and a welcome relief from the hot humid weather once the jellyfish had arrived.

But childhood would not have been the same without growing up in the post office. The phone booth and soda machine out front made it the designated center of town and default school bus stop. Restocking the Pepsi machine and rolling its coins was my favorite chore! Inside the doors with the jangly bells was the bench where so many people stopped to chat with Nancy Clark or my parents, whether or not they had mail to pick up or send. I will forever miss listening to their stories. Nancy had her own share of stories and was my default eastern shore grandma. We would all have epic rubber band fights with my dad while he was trying to work in the sign shop, especially when Renny was around. When rubber band battles weren't raging, I'd pass the time crawling into the cloth mail sacks or picking out the best stamps to put on packages. I still hold a grudge for whoever invented self-stick stamps instead of the old lick

Star Democrat Subscribers Beware

Have you gotten a recent bill from the Star Democrat for print delivery? I did and my 12 month subscription had been shortened by 11 weeks. The back of the current bill has a statement that reads " All subscriptions will automatically include up to 12 premium content editions, there will be a charge for these premium editions, which will shorten the length of your subscription. The publisher reserves the right to change subscription rates during the term of any subscription. A maintenance fee may be added to subscriptions to accommodate for increased business expenses during the year."

These were not the terms that I signed up for last year. A call to the paper restored my full 12 month subscription, but I was told that will not be the case for the upcoming year. We can expect premium subscription and maintenance fees to reduce our subscription time by an undisclosed amount. Buyer beware.

Terry Boos

ones. They put me out of a job! Luckily, I could still help my dad sort the mail on Saturday mornings with Car Talk playing on the radio, or run downstairs to hand people their mail when I heard the bell ring. The end of the day had its own ceremony of taking down the flag and checking the mailbox using an ancient key. Sometimes a stack of coins in aluminum foil wrapping would be left in the box to pay for any unstamped mail. Each letter and package would be given the satisfying "ka-chunk" of the day's

postmark and then off it would go on the mail truck. It is no surprise that when I went away to college I ended up working for the school's post office. I will never feel more at home than I do in Claiborne with its marshes and woods and community stories and parties. I am eternally grateful to the current stewards of such an incredible town!

Terry Boos-Fellinger

I didn't really grow up in Claiborne, but I did do a lot of growing up in Claiborne. My Claiborne family history began in 1912 when my Great Grandparents, Charles and Mollie (Larrimore) Kerper, built the farm house on the corner of Claiborne Rd. and Cedar Ave. They relocated to Claiborne from Bozeman and spent the rest of their lives here. In the 1930's my Grandparents, Charles Eugene and Lydia Mae (Haddaway) Kerper married and relocated to Pennsville NJ. I didn't come into the picture until 1962 and I always heard Claiborne referred to as "down home."

Things were a little bit different in the 1960's and 70's. Back then, my Great Grandparent's house was only heated by a single oil burning stove in the middle of the living room. There were two window air conditioners, one in the dining room and one in the living room. There was no heat or air conditioning in the upstairs bedrooms. There was only one bathroom and it was down stairs too. The front door was rarely used. Family and friends entered through the kitchen screen door that was rarely locked.

One of my earliest memories visiting Claiborne was of my Great Grandfather. We called him Pop. He was a quiet, patient man. Whenever we came to visit he would hang a set of swings that he retrieved from the shed. The swing set was in the yard, but he stored the seats and chains in shed to keep them from rusting. He would meticulously adjust the length of the swing chains for each child, all without saying a word. When we were done, he re-hung the swings in their place in the shed.

Pop's patience and attention to detail were also evident in the way he maintained the hedges that surrounded the house. He kept those perfectly shaped hedges with manual sheers. He even sharpened the sheers with a manual grinding wheel in the back yard. I didn't get to spend much time with Pop as he passed in 1971 when I was 9, but I can still see him hanging those swings in the yard surrounded by perfectly manicured hedges.



After Pop passed, my Great Grandmom, Mollie, would spend winters at my Aunt Jane's home in New Jersey. She would always come back home for the summer and someone was always staying with her. That's how I got to spend so many weeks growing up here in Claiborne.

During my stays I enjoyed spending time listening to Mollie's stories and advice. I learned she was a strong, independent woman who didn't have much patience for the male dominated society of her generation. She worked many jobs from a young age to help support her family. One of my favorite pieces of Mollie's advice is about standing up for yourself. I have two older brothers. Mollie often told me that I could do anything they could do and to not let anyone stop me. She went on to say if someone bothers you and you can't do anything else, "climb up a tree and piss on them!" I haven't had to do that, but it's a bit of advice that has shaped my life in many ways. It's a story that I passed onto my daughter, Liz. She has taken it to heart too!

Mollie is in the picture on the left. My Grandmother, Lydia Mae, is holding me. My Mom, Cecelia Mae Kerper Boos is on the right.

Of course, I also spent many summer days as a child on the waters surrounding Claiborne fishing or crabbing. And I still, occasionally, ride a bike down Bayside to the wharf and back. John and I are delighted to be able to retire at our own place "down home."

Tyler Murphy

I believe that growing up in Claiborne is different than growing up in most places. Claiborne is a tight knit community where everyone knows everyone. One of my favorite things about growing up in this wonderful little community is the potlucks, because they consisted of some of my favorite things; friends and family... and food. Another thing I love about Claiborne is the 4th of July parades, I remember riding my bike trying to be the fastest and first kid back to the church. One last thing I love about Claiborne is the picture-perfect sunsets, I think that Claiborne has some of the best sunsets in the world. Growing up in Claiborne is very special, and I wouldn't trade it for anywhere else.

Bill Sewell (a.k.a. William Honey)

When I was growing up in Claiborne I lived with my mother, grandfather and two sisters where Bea and Buddy Wharton lived.

One day, I made mom so mad she chased me around the house. Not wanting to get hit with a broom I dove under the house. Mom yelled you better stay under there. I hid like a scared cat looking out.

The story I like to tell about my sisters is the day they were playing house. They were baking cookies and had fed me three of them before mom put an end to that. The problem was they were mud cookies. I am here to tell you a little mud won't kill you.



My grandfather and I spent a lot of time together when I was growing up. In the spring we would always go asparagus hunting around Claiborne and Rich Neck Farm. The one with the most ticks after the hunt won.

My father built me a 12' scow and grand pop and I would row out to the edge of the Claiborne Flats and fish using hand lines. Grandpop would give me "the look" if I dropped something on the bottom of the boat because it would scare the fish. "The look" was passed on to me and I passed it on to our own kid.

It was no problem for Grandpop and me to wade the Claiborne Flats in the summer and catch all the crab, hard and soft, that you wanted to eat. In the winter I would hunt wild game and trap muskrat in the Claiborne marshes. A lot of what I did growing up was to put food on the table.

There were lots of fun times too. Swimming at the ferry wharf and on the raft that was anchored off the Claiborne beach. I guess there were about a dozen or so kids of all ages growing up in Claiborne then. A lot of early evenings we would play games of hide and seek.

My dad was the Quarter Master on the Claiborne Ferry so I took many trips across Eastern Bay and back. The ferry's cook, Hayward Henry, made the best ham biscuits you ever wanted to eat and I did. On weekends the ferry would be loaded with "reach the beach" traffic. Before landing the ferry's horn was blown as a signal for mothers to get their kids off the streets. Cars would speed thru town passing one another trying to get ahead.

There were lots of good times growing up in Claiborne. Then came the Navy, DuPont and marrying my best friend, Alice. We have two great children who passed on "the look" to their children.

Well, to hear the rest of the stories you'll have to join me and my best friend on our deck. I'll have a beer and rocking chair ready for you.

Hannah Richardson

Growing up in Claiborne the 80s and 90s (*similar to other small towns*) provided, encouraged, and required a certain magical pre-cell/social media independence. It was a time when your parents knew your general location, but couldn't track it with a phone app, or monitor exactly what you purchased when you biked down to McDaniel store.

As a kid in Claiborne it meant also being identified as part "the Claiborne kids", the sizable contingent of elementary and high schoolers who got on and off the bus in front of the post office every day. Who could roam together house to house, beach to jetty, and from "old" Claiborne to "new" Claiborne on bikes, skateboards, rollerblades, and bare feet. Where there were enough kids to make our own (small) parade on Christmas Eve and Easter.

A unique piece of my experience revolved around being a child of the post office. I remember feeling both anxious and proud when a car pulled up and I had to recall the name of the person and the location of their mailbox before they walked through the door. It felt really important that each person felt known when they entered. Having our home utilized as a real *community center* greatly impacted how I then chose to journey through the world and find community thereafter.

Audrey Noyes

Growing up we called it 'Clai-boring'

My great grandmother as a young woman would come to Claiborne on the ferry to meet her boyfriend (not my great grandfather) and they would take the train to ocean city.

Dad would take the old Jon boat out and we would catch crabs on the jetty.

Folks would soft crab at the wharf

I fell through the ice a few times when it actually would freeze over

There 'wasn't much to do'

So we made our fun— at the beach, at the wharf, running through Miss Jarmin's yard.

There was a 2 cookie rule at Martha's but you always knew you could have a Swiss cheese sandwich.

My brother, Oliver, would sit at the edge of the fields and watch the combines all day— finally they invited him for a ride and his farmer status was sealed.

We weren't terrorists— but adventurous kids— so sorry for anyone's yard we trampled through.

We 'Claiborne kids' are still a tight knit group even if we don't always see each other. We have a shared history that feels very sacred and we were blessed to grow up with so many moms.

The Abshers always had the best Halloween treats.

The 'cat house' is legendary.

Miss Nancy was everyone's best friend. She and Duffy thought the world of us kids.

Miss Florence would give us Klondike bars for getting her mail

There was what we would equate to Fern Gully between Miracle House and the Jetty road.

Mrs. Burling so graciously allowing us to swim in her pool every [Wednesday from 1-4](#). Martha always supplied lemonade, cookies and of course pretzels with mustard. Every kid in Claiborne was included

The Steinbegers basement always smelled like sauerkraut

Susan Murphy made the best bread— and the best chocolate cake.

Hannah and Devin and I thought we'd be extras on 'Homicide'

My sweet grandparents lived out their final days here with the best caregiver (my mom)

I always wanted to run away from the 'boring' — but I'm so grateful to still be a part of this community. It's the best.

Anna & Stella Kabler

Our favorite memories of growing up in Claiborne are our grandmother Carol's 100th birthday party at the hall, and Friday night potluck dinners at Uncle Renny'.

Dawn Ledlum

(Originally published Volume 8, Number 11)

I don't really know where to start? Growing up in Claiborne compares to a Norman Rockwell photo. There were so many things magical about those years. Everything revolved around the store/post office. The great characters who would always be found on the bench. Quack McQuay would always have a big smile for you; Capt. Nick would buy me an ice cream cone, if I whistled for him. They say I could whistle before I could talk. The cool glass candy case and Otis Jones big brass cash register. He sold all kinds of good stuff.

I remember Poe Burling would send Lena Cooper to the store every Wednesday, to buy sodas and cookies for all the Claiborne kids. She would have her pool open every Wednesday, for all the Claiborne folks when school let out for the summer. If we ran out of goodies, Lena would pile us in the old station wagon for a fast ride down the lane. One would be thorn in jail for that today.

My dad kept his boat at Cockey's Warf. You can still walk in the old boat shed and smell a hint of the old Masury paint they used to copper the bottoms of the boats with. I had a little skiff and spent every afternoon soft crabbing. One day I caught 6 dozen soft crabs, that was a personal best!!! I started working on my dad's crab boat when I was 10. We would leave the dock at 4:00 AM daily... returning in around 3:00 PM... 7 days a week. He was the first boat out and the last one in. I got the first two



weeks off from school, after that it was time to work. He paid me \$8.00 a day. I would save all summer long, waiting for the St. Michaels Carnival, that was the social event of the season.

Thinking back about Tilghman Creek, does anybody remember the pink elephant??? There was a house on the creek that had a big concrete pink elephant. Many a girl fell for that one. The boys would all swear to the girls that there was a pink elephant. Of course, it was pretty deserted back there, and the guys would be more than happy to drive her down the old woods road to see it.

I think the best part of growing up in Claiborne was, it was everyone's Claiborne. There weren't Private Property signs all over it. We rode horses, mini bikes, bicycles, you name it. We roamed through the woods and fields, looked for arrowheads and old bottles. We didn't destroy anything, we were just kids having fun. I wanted my kids to have the same experience. I hope they can look back on growing up here with the same found memories I have

Jack Applegarth

When I think of Claiborne the first thing that comes to mind is the dock and the jetty. So many people come there to look out on the Chesapeake. After being in Baltimore for years, it seems like such an isolated sanctuary, but at the same time, open to the wide bay. I liked being by the water and the access it gives you to explore nature.

I really enjoyed the crabs, oysters and wild game we sometimes had to eat.

I think of all the great friends and other interesting people of different perspectives I was exposed to.

It's a great place.

Jesse Applegarth

For me, growing up in Claiborne in the 90s was a mystical experience. The very foundations of my sense of self and of the world were built in Claiborne. The jetty, the hidden beaches, the winding paths through the woods, the fields of corn and wildflowers buzzing with insects in the summertime – they were the places I played in and explored as a child, and they are part of me now.

The people of Claiborne were just as formative for me as its nature. Some of my earliest, fondest memories are of playing with the neighborhood children, and spending time with their families. There were many creative people in Claiborne – musicians, painters, potters, writers, woodcarvers. There were also many people who earned their living from the earth – farmers and watermen. I formed so many influential connections there as a child and a teenager. I am certain that I would be a very different person if I had grown up somewhere other than Claiborne.

Kaitlyn (Scott) McGurn

I was 10 when I began visiting Claiborne and got to know its charms and character. We would visit on weekends and, upon arrival, I would immediately get to exploring the wetlands. I would put on my wellies and splash into the water to find crabs molting, heron hunting, and the occasional ray wings cresting the water. I imagined myself a fish, a biologist, a poet, as I grew up on the bay shore. My most vivid memories are of hot summers avoiding jellyfish and chasing lightning bugs, crisp falls with bonfires and potlucks, cold winters skating ponds and enjoying family feasts, and bright springs of frog chasing and shell collecting.

I also keenly remember all the faces that welcomed our arrival. The people of Claiborne were just as exciting and interesting as the shoreline. I was always inspired by the art, food, and stories that such a small community could produce. When I close my eyes, I can still recall the Claiborne of my childhood and see Martha tending her garden, Jim welcoming Will and Lida as they gather their mail, Hannah and Emma laughing on their porch, Hugh and Carol waving as we sail by, Pete taking pictures on the dock, Renny working in his studio, and the Inka crew readying for a sail. The village is always growing and changing, but its essence stays the same. It is still home.

Having lived many places and been part of different communities, I can see how special it is to be a part of the Claiborne community and the care and love it extends to each member. And I am excited to watch my children fall in love with Claiborne, as I did.