



# The Claiborne Clarion

A Newsletter for the  
Claiborne Community  
**March 2014**  
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Mary Gregorio, President, Claiborne Association



## **Claiborne Association President's Message**

Mary Gregorio, Claiborne Association president

So we chug along in our daily routines, heading off to work, taking care of our families, getting together with friends for dinner or a movie; we plan this year's garden and next month's vacation. And every once in a while we stop to appreciate all of the people who make up our community, the people who nod a "hello" as they are passing by as well as the people who water our plants when we're away.

I'd like to take this moment to appreciate all of the people who offered help and support and care during a most un-routine time. When the fire was discovered, police and firefighters came from all over the County. Those men and women, neighbors all, were diligent and determined and kind and compassionate as they set out to contain the damage.

Neighbors called neighbors to make sure they were okay and then to offer a shoulder of support in the face of the devastation; some cooked breakfast for the firefighters as the long night wore on, others made space for belongings rescued from the fire and still others began to think about what they could do to help in the aftermath.

We know that Claiborne is a special community... I so often think, and hear others reference, what a special place it is to live. I'd just like to take this moment to say thank you for nodding hello, for watering plants, for being a friend, for coming to the rescue, for being diligent and compassionate and generous... for making Claiborne *Claiborne*.

### **March Birthdays**

Elva Gerlach 101!! *March 1*  
Ted Jones *March 9*  
Suzanne Todd *March 9*  
Mike Kabler *March 13*  
Rebecca Cockey Parks  
*March 14*  
Penny Rhine *March 14*  
Bea Wharton *March 21*  
Michael Haddaway *March 29*

### Third Annual Valentines Making Party and Abdication

It was a dismal night with rain turning to ice, but a few intrepid townspeople came out and lit up the village Hall with their enthusiasm and creativity.... Cards were made, soup was eaten... and conversations had a chance to really blossom among small groups of people....

Rather than the traditional crowning though, there was a proclamation from the queen herself...

I, Carol Valentine Kabler, formerly proclaimed,  
Queen of the Valentines, forever...  
wish herewith to resign  
My Valentine's Day Queenship

For the following reasons:

To spend more time with my family... (But, of course).  
My duties are too demanding.  
The crown is lost.  
I want to  
Read a book  
Write a book  
Have a good long nap.

And for a bit of advice on LOVE: Good Advice-

***"Once you have found him (her) never let him (her) go.***

(Thanks, Ezio Pinza, Italian opera singer)

One Enchanted Evening, from South Pacific

Seriously (my advice)... maybe too serious for your purpose:

***"If you love him (her), tell him (her) so frequently."***

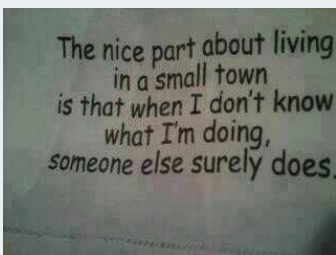
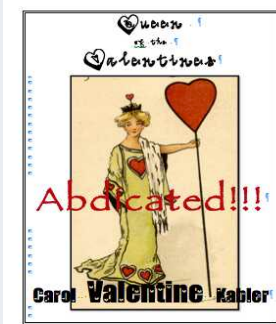
Is there a one-word synonym for him/her? himher, himmer, herim

MY BABY?

Hugs,

C. Valentine Kabler...

For a picture editorial of this event see Chesapeake Journal....  
<http://chesapeakejournal.wordpress.com/2014/02/16/valentines/>



Any other thoughts for  
a Claiborne Motto?  
Send them to... ☺



*Judy Cockey enjoying St. Kitts and her studies*



## **Enjoying Veterinary School in St. Kitts**

By Judy Cockey

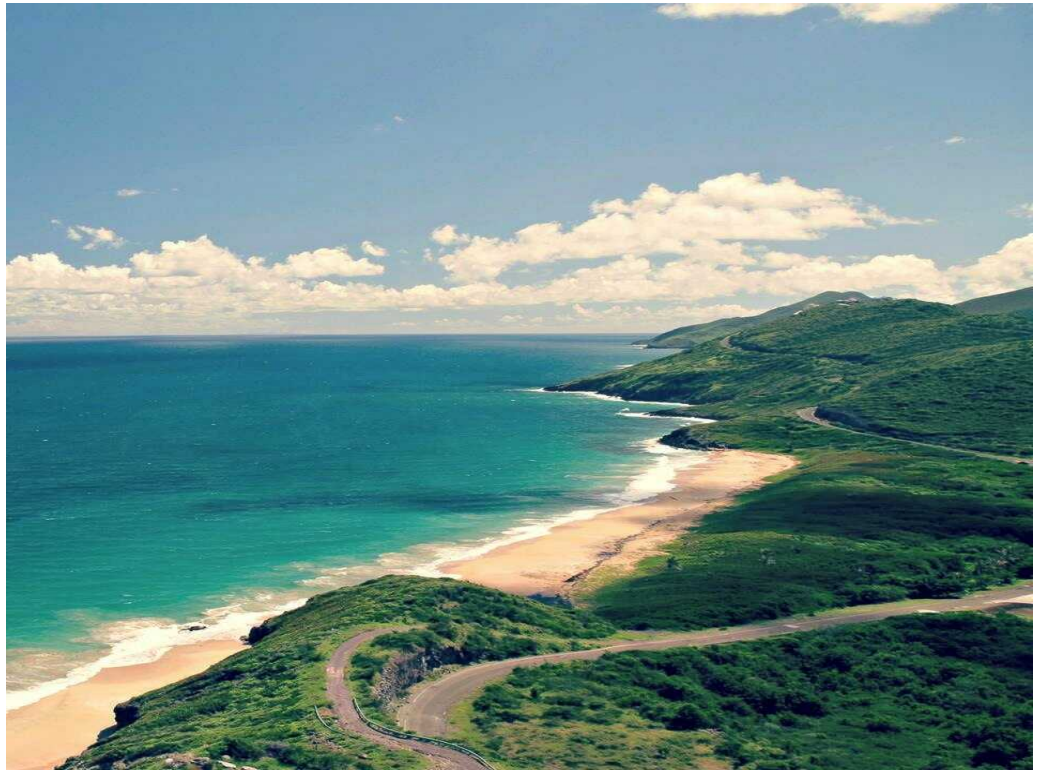
Growing up in Claiborne I was known fondly as 'one of the Cockey girls', of course that meant there were 10 of us to choose from between Locust Hill and Maple Hall. My parents and grandparents always encouraged us to look around and appreciate the world and everything in it. Sitting on the picnic table in the evening looking out onto the creek or on Granny's front porch watching whatever wandered up in the yard was a great way to learn about the world without really leaving home. My love for animals goes as far back as I can remember. I got my first horse for my twelfth Christmas as a gift from mom and pop. I spent the next couple of years looking out the window at my horse Sandy, who was a palomino roan mare, thinking.....this had better not be a dream! Thank goodness it wasn't. From that moment on I have been involved in some capacity with animals.

I have wanted to help animals that had problems both mentally and or physically since my first cat had to be shot because a dog bit him though the chest and punctured his lungs. At that moment, I was as much curious about how the body worked as I was broken hearted. I guess that is when vet school became a plan. It has been fun getting to my current state of education. I say this because I seem to have been in school in some capacity for the last 48 years. Granted, some of the education was the school of hard knocks. I have an Associate of Science from Chesapeake College, a Bachelor of Science in Animal Sciences and a Bachelor of Science in Agronomy from the University of Maryland in College Park, as well as a couple of years of graduate school at the University of Maryland Eastern Shore.

My current path began when I understood why my undergraduate grades were so low. A gentleman who I was sailing with worked with dyslexic individuals and he helped me understand this learning disability. This is what kept me from being a competitive applicant for vet school. Now that I know what I am working with and how to get the grades, I applied to Ross University School of Veterinary Medicine in St. Christopher (St. Kitts), West Indies. What a great environment to begin a new path in life.

St. Kitts is an island that had a native population of Arawaks and Caribs. In 1624 an Englishman Thomas Warner, with a small entourage became the first non-Spanish European colony in the Caribbean. This invasion of the island was shortly followed by Pierre Belain d'Esnambue who also had a small contingent of French settlers. The British and French settlers wiped out the entire native population of Arawaks and Caribs at an area known as Bloody Point. The English and French then expanded their sugar and tobacco plantations and brought African people to work on the plantations as slaves.

In 1834 slavery was abolished throughout the British colonies. This was the beginning of the end of the sugar industry. Europe's beet sugar undersold Caribbean cane. The island could no longer make a profit so, in 2005, the Government closed both the cane fields and sugar factory. St. Kitts is now supported by tourism and the various universities on the island. The universities on the island are Ross University of Veterinary Medicine, the International University of Nursing, the University of Medicine and Health Science and the Windsor University School of Medicine



The local people are typical of a very small island, which makes this a very familiar environment. There is a large amount of both British and African influence. It is very old school and many of the traditional values still exist. For example, you can be arrested for cussing on the street, you must always say 'Good morning', 'Good afternoon', 'Good day', or 'Good evening' and if you decide to go into a government building or the bank, you should have on proper attire, that is, closed toe shoes, a skirt or slacks and covered shoulders. Doors are still held for you and an occasional tip of the hat is seen as a respectful greeting. Everyone here is related and extremely helpful and kind to newcomers, especially if they are not here to change the island into the town they just arrived from. While on the island you have to accommodate the other local residents: the goats, cows, horses, donkeys and various dogs and cats that roam the island (there are no fences!).

I will be back and forth to the mainland between semesters to work and support my education but will be returning to St. Kitts in April to an apartment that I am leasing from a local in her 80's. I can't wait to sit in her rose garden and ask a million questions.

### **Watts Towers**

By Pete Gregorio

*"Ain't it strange how an old broken bottle looks just like a Diamond ring?"  
- John Prine*

In 1959 I chanced upon an article in the Philadelphia Inquirer about a zoning fight in the Watts section of Los Angeles. The City government (at the behest of private developers) was trying to raze something called the Watts Towers. The City called the towers, which were pictured in a black and white photograph in the article, unsafe. But the City and the developers lost the fight and Sam Rodia stood his ground.

## **Movie Night is Back in High Gear!**

Please join us in March for Movie Night, Wednesdays, at 7PM at the Village Hall. Showings in March will be from among the following:

*"Hitchcock"*  
*"The Trip"*  
*"Salmon Fishing in Yemen"*  
*"Star Wars"* (the original)  
*"Capote"*

Please send suggestions for additional movies to [Jakeflory@gmail.com](mailto:Jakeflory@gmail.com) or [Patflory@gmail.com](mailto:Patflory@gmail.com)

See You At the Movies!

For those of you who want to get out of town for a movie...here is...

## **Harpers' Handy Encore Movie Guide**

Easton Premier Cinema  
Thursdays at 1:00, 4:00 & 7:00 pm

3/06 *Her*  
3/13 *Inside Llewyn Davis*  
3/20 *Labor Day*  
3/27 *The Past/ Le Passe*  
(French and Persian with English subtitles)

For more info on these movies see:  
<http://www.cambridgecinemas.com/easton/artcinema/INDEXNEW.html>

I was intrigued as much by the fact that the powers that be failed in their efforts to "remove the pile of junk" as I was by why someone would spend his whole adult life building something like this.

So while waiting for the internet and Google to be invented, I went to the local library and then to the Central Library in Philadelphia to see and read more about this man and his work.

What I discovered was that Sam Rodia was an Italian immigrant who worked as a tile setter. Sam had an idea for a structure that he wanted to build and his search for the perfect location led him to the Watts neighborhood where he settled and where his Hispanic neighbors called him Don Simon Rodilla. Sam spent 33+ years of his after-work hours building a series of shapes with steel, grout, cement, and all manner of glass and ceramic cast-offs.

In 1955 he "abandoned" his masterpiece and moved to Martinez CA to live with his sister and her family; he spent his remaining ten years there.

Since I first read about them, I had the nagging desire to see the towers, but LA was far away and Watts was WATTS! This year Mary, Pete JR and I finally made the trip and we wandered through Sam's life's work with a small group of people.

I, of course, took photographs. But the more precious experience for me was looking at each part of each piece that caught my eye and fantasizing what he must have been experiencing as he selected the shards, bent the rebar on the nearby railroad tracks, mixed his mortar and added pieces to the puzzle of his life.

Sam's determination and his focus on creating this homage to the memories of his childhood home and the ship that brought him to this country has had a powerful and lasting impact on my own life and on the way that I "see" art.

**For more information on the Watts Towers, check out:**  
<http://www.wattstowers.us/>.



Photos by Pete Gregorio

## History of Claiborne (continued), with Margaret (Sherman) Bryan

Please join us at the Claiborne Village Hall on Sunday, March 16th at 2 PM as we listen to Margaret (Sherman) Bryan share her experiences growing up in Claiborne.

Margaret was born in Claiborne in 1923 in the house where Ted Jones now lives. She was married in that house in 1945 and went to the one room schoolhouse here in town. Her dad was the General Manager of the Ferry company.

*This is a great opportunity to learn more about the history of our wonderful Village. Tea and cookies will be served*



Illustration by Renny Johnson

## The Sweater Set

By Anna Kabler

The Sweater Set came to the Claiborne Village Hall on Monday February 24<sup>th</sup> to give the 3<sup>rd</sup> performance in the Claiborne Concert Series. After the show I got the chance to interview them. There are two members of the band Maureen Andary and Sara Curtin. They came up with the name "Sweater Set" because they wanted a name that meant "Duo" and was girly. They had incredible voices that made me feel sad and happy at the same time. They also played many instruments; Guitar, Ukulele, Accordion, Banjo, Flute, Shakers, Kazoo and my favorite was the Glockenspiel. The Glockenspiel is like a Xylophone!

Here are some of the facts I found out about Maureen and Sara.

- \*They are both solo artists when not performing together.
- \*Maureen's favorite color is green because it is calm and natural.
- \*Sara's favorite color is red because it is fiery and passionate.
- \*They have performed in many places including Texas, New Orleans, England, Scotland, and Ireland.
- \*They both grew up and still live in Washington D.C.
- \*They both started singing when they were 3.
- \*They started singing together when they were 10.

This concert was astonishing! If you were not able to make it to this one, make sure you come to the next one on April 28<sup>th</sup> to hear Robert Kikuchi-Yngojo who is a Filipino singer, storyteller and will play a gong!

## To My Claiborne Friends and Neighbors

I cannot thank you all enough for the love and support you have given me. I will rebuild this year. I will be around a lot this summer and I will then be retired. See you soon.

The Claiborne community has been a huge help in dealing with this devastating event.

*Thank you,  
Penny Rhine*

## Haiku for Claiborne?

John Carver Scott, Jr.

Haiku is a Japanese verse form rendered in English as three unrhymed lines of 5-7-5 syllables respectively (total of 17 syllables) traditionally on some subject in nature (e.g., the seasons, vegetation, earth, plants or stars) although the poem can be expanded to other foci.

The transition to the last line is frequently dramatic, witty, startling, humorous or vivid. The lines used need not be traditional sentences. Here are several examples from my pen.

Newly fallen snow  
On our unpruned crape myrtle...  
White calligraphy

Black and White,  
Old differences resolved,  
Now gray together

Crisp halcyon morn  
And remembered winter's chill  
Come; join me without

On this dark winter's  
Night, pale moon, how can we too  
Find our lonely way?

As they waltzed...that  
Languid hesitation step  
Brought tears to my eyes

Fame – to be known as  
The husband of my wife  
The father of our son

A few years ago I started a "Haiku Corner" at Londonderry, in Easton, where I live. Since that time we've had many residents share their inspirations. Maybe this is something that Claiborne would be interested in trying.

## Parting Shots:

**Jim & Martha, Phil & Sara, Jake and Pat, John & Susanne**

*You can go as far away as the Bahamas and you still can't get away from Claiborne! (Next time you see Pat, ask her why she's flying out of the water)*



Illustration by Renny Johnson