



The Claiborne Clarion

A Newsletter for the
Claiborne Community

November 2017
Volume 8, Number 11

John Scott, November Editor
Barbara Reisert, Clarion Founder and Editor Emeritus
Rob Todd, President, Claiborne Association

November Birthdays

Bob Todd
November 4

Jake Flory
November 7

Janet Friedberg
November 10

Ella Murphy
November 11

Bernie Boos
November 21

Leigh Anne Schaefer
November 21

Judy Harrald
November 23

Mimi Holt
November 24

Rob Todd
November 29

FINDING CLAIBORNE

Back in 2006 this editor had a great idea...he put up a sign at the Post Office that read, in part, "I'd like to put together a collection of stories -- poems, illustrations, photos, etc. -- about Tilghman Creek, a place with special meaning to me, Susanne and our daughters, the youngest of which, Emily, proudly carries Tilghman as her middle name." The goal: "...to capture the experiences that have drawn us to Tilghman Creek so that we can all enjoy them and pay a collective homage to our neighborhood jewel." Then, and for a long while afterward, he did nothing about it...

Fast forward a few years and this same guy with the bright idea started editing the Claiborne Clarion. Remembering his first bright idea, the occasional "How did we get here" column was born (also encompassing the "How the heck did I get here" and "Why I liked being a kid in Claiborne" versions as well.

Since the Claiborne Clarion has become largely an electronic newsletter, size is less of an issue than it was earlier so this issue will be devoted to a reproducing, in one place, the ongoing and ever growing collection of the stories of how Claiborneites found Claiborne, beginning with the latest contribution, by Phil Sayre.

SERENDIPITY, OR HOW WE LANDED IN CLAIBORNE

By Phil Sayre

In 1984 Sarah and I moved our family from northern Maine to Westminster for new jobs — and to be near the Chesapeake Bay. In Westminster, we lived on the Western Maryland College campus, but almost immediately we set out to find a place of retreat for weekends and vacations.

December Birthdays

Liz Fellingner
December 6

Lida Klunk
December 8

Jess Murphy
December 9

Danielle Murphy
December 16

Cecelia Boos
December 17

Edward Schaefer
December 22

Norm Haddaway
December 26

Owen Bond
December 28

Devin Lednum
December 29

Page Landsdale
December 30



WORK FOR PIZZA?

Come and participate in the next Village Hall Work Day. Be a part of the progress that's being made!

November 6th, Monday
Starting @ 8:30 AM

Projects:

1. concrete pad for outside AC unit
2. landing/steps for side door
3. interior partitions
4. blocking for dry wall and cabinets
5. other duties as assigned

We'll provide lunch. Pizza!

Our mental image for our retreat was of a small cabin in the woods, away from the faster pace and distractions of modern life.

For six months, we travelled both sides of the Chesapeake, from Taylor's Island to Tilghman, and north to Chestertown. Searching... We even spent a weekend scouting the western shore. Finally, we found a piece of wooded land in Bozman that would allow for building our cabin in the woods.

Alas, on arrival that weekend with deposit check in hand we learned that the property had sold the day before. It was a low moment; we had grown tired of looking, and our chosen spot was gone. But our real estate agent urged us to take a look at a small cottage in Claiborne. We agreed, even though the place had two strikes against it: no woods, and it was in a village, not off by itself.

Fortunately, we were accompanied that weekend by Sarah's aunt, visiting from New England. After a brief inspection tour, and never at a loss for words, she instructed us: "Well, of course, buy it!" And fortunately, we had the good sense to hear her wisdom.

Several months later our kids were riding their bikes all around Claiborne (with little parental worry about safety given the village's serenity), and we spent countless Saturday mornings at the Claiborne Supply & Post Office where we met many fascinating Claiborneites, both long-time residents and recent "come heres." In short, we fell in love with our new home.

We learned that what we really had been looking for was not the isolation of a cabin in the woods but the community of a vibrant village. Yes, the beauty of the sun's daybreak rays on the wetlands, or sunset over Eastern Bay (no greater sunsets anywhere in the world!), or the sparkle of the sun on the Miles River—all these are wonderful. But the greatest wonder is the village community.

That was thirty-two years ago. We landed in the right place.

GROWING UP IN CLAIBORNE

By Dawn Lednum

(Claiborne Clarion, April 2013, Volume 7, Number 4)

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.

Claiborne Concert Season Begins



Save November 10th. 7:30 PM

Why? Because the Claiborne Concert Season is starting big. Really big.

Cassie and Maggie MacDonald will bring Celtic harmonies, fiddle, piano, guitar, and even some step dancing percussion to our fair village. They have spent the Fall touring the U.S. and Canada, and we are delighted to host them as they make their way home to Nova Scotia. Having received more nominations than anyone for the Canadian Folk Music awards, they were also Live Irish radio's 2016 "Singers of the Year." Live Irish call Cassie and Maggie "an unbelievably gifted duo," and say "it's hard to think of a more entertaining act in music right now."

See why we're excited? It's one you need to invite your friends to. Mark your calendar now for Friday, November 10, 7:30 p.m. As always, bring your own favorite beverage, and we make sure there is dessert.

A \$10-\$15 donation is much appreciated, so that we can keep bringing this top-notch level of entertainment to Claiborne

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. 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.

THE ORIGINS OF RENNY'S TAVERN

By Renny Johnson (Claiborne Clarion July 2017, Volume 11, Number 7)



The picture, above, was taken in 1980. The large silver maple on the right continued to live for another 25 years before I had to have it removed.

Notice the outhouse/chicken coop on the right. My little red roof building that you now see was directly behind the house.

It is very unnerving when someone approaches you and wants to buy your Tilghman home for twice as much as you paid for it three years



News About the Hall

By Kirke Harper

Now that we have our Building Permit, you will see a lot of activity at the Hall. November 6 through 9 will be a Work Week. The crew will frame the wall, vestibule and doorways between the kitchen and the bathroom, build a deck and steps at the new door on the northwest side of the annex, install a new fire escape door in the main room, pour a pad for the heating system compressor, and install new steps and decking at the annex portico entrance.

In November and December Tim and Ethen Green of Accent Heating and Air Conditioning will install a new heating and air conditioning system in the annex. An electrician and a plumber will complete the rough-in electrical wiring and plumbing. After those installations are inspected insulation will be installed and inspected; then drywall installed and inspected.

By the end of December you will see great results in the annex.

The Board anticipates that we will need an additional \$10,000 this fiscal year thru August to complete the annex interior and most of the exterior changes. We will kick off a fund drive in December. As you plan for your end-of-year giving, please keep the Claiborne Association in your thoughts.

before. This is the situation I found myself in spring of 1979 when I was 31 years old. Mindy my, girlfriend, and we decided to take the money and run.... But to where... now that we were homeless, slightly panicked but with cash in hand?

Great friends, Carl, Lee and Webb Griebel moved to Claiborne in 1976 the same year we moved to Tilghman. I became well-aware of the wonderful attributes of the village running to and fro to the Griebel's as we shared in their fun and gracious hospitality.

Then I got the call...."Ren, It's Carl. I just got the word the yellow house in Claiborne that you like, that was under contract to sell... well the contract fell through and the property is now available....You better jump on it" And that is what I did.

On a hot late July summer day Randy Spencer and I emptied the Tilghman's house contents onto Big Green (Severn Marine's so named big truck) and made the move. By 7:00 PM we had plied everything into the house.... Shut the front door and headed north for a 9-hour drive to Connecticut on our way to Maine for a 3 week stay.

If hindsight is 20/20 vision then this was the best MOVE of my life. I live in Paradise....actually, we all do....

DISCOVERING TILGHMAN CREEK

By John Scott

For a while now the Claiborne Clarion has run an occasional feature on growing up in Claiborne. We've had a "newcomers" story about the discovery of Claiborne. Here's a discovery story about Tilghman Creek.

Nearly 31 years ago Susanne and I discovered Tilghman Creek, and Claiborne, on the last stop of our sailing honeymoon. Our love affair continues, with the creek, the village and its residents.

Many Claiborne residents have known Tilghman Creek longer and more intimately than we, and others have come to know it in recent years and have developed an attachment like ours. The Clarion would like to capture the experiences that have drawn us to Tilghman Creek so that we can all enjoy them and pay a collective homage to our neighborhood jewel.

This occasional editor takes his role seriously as an *editor* of stories, not an *author*. In this case, however, he realizes that he cannot continue to expect others to shoulder the burden of producing stories without doing some of the heavy lifting himself. So, here goes... (and here's hoping that this example will stimulate other lovers of Tilghman Creek) to step forward and express yourselves. ...

Susanne and I were married July 30, 1983, in Bethesda, Maryland on one of the hottest days of the year in a church with no air conditioning. I wore white linen pants, appropriate for the occasion and the season, and a heavy wool blue blazer because that was the most practical thing for me to buy for my wardrobe needs... but not the best choice for the season. Susanne was beautiful and dressed in white linen.



County Zoning Change Meeting

St Michaels Library Meeting Room
Thursday, November 16
6:00 P.M.

"County planners are holding a joint Claiborne-McDaniel meeting to discuss the upcoming changes to the County's Zoning Ordinance and implementation of the new Comprehensive Plan.

For more information visit the County's Planning and Zoning webpage and the Next Step 190 pages."

http://www.talbotcountymd.gov/index.php?page=Planning_and_Zoning

After the wedding, we headed for dinner at the Treaty of Paris Inn in Annapolis and after that to our boat, Mele, which was waiting for us at our slip on the Rhode River, off the West River on the Western Shore. Our friends had decked her out with lights up and down the stays, sheets on the v-berth cushions, candles and Champaign in the cooler.

It was slow going the next morning...only one of us really rose to the occasion, which was motoring across the Bay (wind at the end of July on the Bay? Forgetaboutit)... Susanne spent the first half of the trip sleeping soundly, and being towed in the dingy behind Mele. Several hours later we made it to Oxford and spent a lovely day and night there. The next day we motor-sailed from Oxford to St. Michaels where we proceeded to run hard aground on a shoal shelf off the Inn at Perry Cabin, as the tide was going out (and an early August thunderstorm was coming in). At first, we just sat on the boat and listened to some live music being played on the grounds of Perry Cabin. But I guess that was too romantic (after all we were already married) so we rowed to town and walked to C-Street where we ate popcorn, drank ice cold Genesee 12 Horse Ale on tap and watched Rambo (remember when C-Street used to play videos?). After the storm blew by we walked to Big AL's and bought steamed crabs that we'd eat later that evening, then we sailed up the Miles River and into Tilghman Creek (see, I eventually got the story to Tilghman Creek).



It was stinking hot. We rowed around to try to cool off (nettles were everywhere so swimming wasn't an option). I was just telling Susanne of my hallucination about drinking a tall, cool gin and tonic when a couple anchored near us in a big, beautiful Dickerson called over and asked us if we wanted to come aboard for a drink. It was too good to be true. They didn't have to ask twice. They had a full bar and asked what we wanted – "gin and tonic for me!" They had more experience with martinis than with gins and tonic, and that became clear when the guy poured a tall drink where the tonic was the equivalent to the amount of vermouth you'd put in in a martini. Yikes! But it was cold. And good. And they were great company.

After the drinks, we agreed to meet for breakfast the next day aboard their boat (homemade French toast and mimosas!). There was still some

daylight so we rowed into shore, where some guy was painting in a little boathouse on the water. He seemed nice enough so we chatted for a while. He said that he didn't think anyone would mind if we walked up the drive into town to check things out. We did, and found a cute little store where we bought some snacks and magazines to read later on the boat. We also met the cute couple that ran the store.

That night we ate our crabs on Mele and in the morning had breakfast with our new friends. Later that day we sailed back across the Bay. When we got back home I did some research to find out who owned all the property on the creek. I learned it was Ms. Edna Burling and promptly wrote her a letter, which I have kept to this day. I often think about how she would have responded. I didn't send it because on rereading it, honest though it was, I was embarrassed by its naivety. I had told her how much Susanne and I love Tilghman Creek and asked if she was ever willing to part with a piece of it to let us know...ahh the innocence of youth.

Fast forward several years, and we are at home on her waters, the middle name of our youngest daughter is Tilghman, and you know the rest. We couldn't be happier.

AN ACCIDENT IN CLAIBORNE

By Dave Wheelan

(Claiborne Clarion, May 2014, Volume 8, Number 5)

When you dig a little bit on the definition of the word "accident" on the web, it doesn't always suggest a negative moment. Generally, it is defined rather neutrally as an "unforeseen and unplanned event or circumstance, often with lack of intention or necessity."

That particular word fits well with my last six months in Claiborne. As something that was never intended, nor a necessity to my life, I landed in this small hamlet of 147 people five miles west of St. Michaels last October to work closely with the Mid-Shore Community Foundation in Easton to launch the Talbot Spy (www.talbotspy.org) as a nonprofit community newspaper.

It was a friend of a friend that passed on the news that a house-sitting job was available in Claiborne. And unlike many on the Eastern Shore, I knew about the town. I had actually known about it for years, at least going back to the mid 1980s, when those same friends of friends had friends in Claiborne.

The story I vaguely remembered was of a small town made up of artists and craftsmen who had migrated to this dot of a place in Talbot County for cheap waterfront housing in the early 1970s. At least that was what I was told.

Now, some thirty years later, I found myself and my labrador taking up residence on Claiborne Landing Road. Perhaps this was the reward of not having "intention or necessity" in my life.

But even with this fortuitous circumstance, there was from the beginning a palpable sense of a door closing after driving into town for the first



night. A feeling perhaps no different from someone deciding at the last minute to spend an isolated winter on Martha's Vineyard.

In Claiborne's case, it is not the ferry or water than hints of remoteness, it is a partially paved road the car moves off Route 33. Without warning, the tires send a message that you are leaving the mainland, so to speak.

The town had an almost island quality from the start. Boats in yards, and porches with summer furniture staked, added that sense of isolation. The summer people had taken flight.

To remind myself I was only five miles from excellent grocery stores and fine dining, my trips to St. Michaels or Easton were frequent at first. But with the advent of winter, that almost uncontrollable impulse to escape Claiborne was replaced quickly with an equally strong desire to stay put.

In some ways, it reminded me of Henry Beston's classic "The Outermost House," where the writer spends a year in remote Truro on Cape Cod to experience all four seasons. And like Beston who was "so possessed by the mysterious beauty of his surroundings that he found he "could not go," I, too, increasingly wanted to hold on to this as much as I could.

Some days it was the deserted beaches of Claiborne that held my attention. On other days, it was witnessing Tilghman Creek pass from Fall to Winter. Or our daily encounters with Floyd, the horse-like bloodhound at the end of Cockey Road forever protecting the remains of the former fishing boat, Miss Louise.

More likely, it was the winter sunsets that propelled me into such pleasant isolation. Each night from my temporary home the frequency and the intensity of Claiborne's western horizon can only be called an addiction.

At the end of this month, however, I return to the normal. A transition which will not shock the system but, like someone heading back to the mainland, I leave Claiborne understanding that a sense of the normal has changed permanently.

WHY I LIKE BEING A KID IN CLAIBORNE

By Koa West Cureton, Claiborne Clarion Cub Reporter
(Claiborne Clarion November 2012 Volume 6 Number 11)

I'd like to say, first thing, that while the people in Claiborne are incredible, the very best thing I like about living here is the bike riding conditions. It's not too hilly and there are some great courses for a beginner like me.

Being a kid in Claiborne is really fun. Knowing our neighbors' names, starting with our next-door neighbor, Ralph, or "Raf", as I like to say, is just the beginning for me. It's also really great to have the autumn weather here now and see all the leaves falling. I spend a lot of time playing in the yard with my big trucks. I also like to watch the big trucks drive by my house. As you might have guessed, "big truck" were my first words. I really dig the water around Claiborne and love the beach and the landing. What can I say? I'm a lucky kid to live in Claiborne!

PS - My dog, Kingston, really, really, really likes living here. He thinks he's even luckier than I am!



WHY I LIKED BEING A KID IN CLAIBORNE

By Bill Sewell, Resident Waterman
Claiborne Clarion, September 2013, Volume 7, Number 9)

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

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.

Your Neighbor and Friend,
Bill Sewell.



Editor's note: About 18 years ago I sailed my boat to Claiborne from the western shore where Susanne and I had kept it before buying our house in Claiborne. I had decided to moor her in Tilghman Creek and the best place I could find was just off Bill's mother's house. At first, before I tied the boat up, I dropped a cinder block tied to a cheap float to see if anyone would be upset with me mooring there. After a couple of weeks with no sign of a problem (I had visions of coming back to a buck shot-laced mooring ball), I dropped the permanent mooring and tied my boat up to it. As luck would have it, the day I chose to do it Bill was working on his boat "Alice" (his other best friend), just a stone's throw from my mooring. "Oh S__!" I said to myself. I'd only heard of Bill, but had not met him. I timidly introduced myself across the water. I said I was a newcomer to Claiborne and I wished him a good morning, not knowing what trouble I was going to be in. "Welcome to the neighborhood" was all he said, in the kind, soft-spoken voice characteristic of Bill....and we've been friends ever since.

CLAIBORNE: A REGIONAL KITE SURFING HOT SPOT

By Adam Grant (Regional Stringer for the Claiborne Clarion)



The Maryland/DC area contains 50 or so of us wind addicted kite surfers and it's not uncommon to drive hours to find the right spot and atmospheric conditions. When it blows from the northwest, most from the western shore kilters will go to Terrapin Park in Stevensville due to its proximity to the bridge. It's an okay spot but open bay water, shipping lanes and "DC kilters" create choppy crowded waters. Those of us who know better come to Claiborne, and we don't talk about it on the open kite forums.

The Claiborne cove (Broad Cove) offers perfect geography to make use of a northwesterly wind, the prevailing frontal wind in the Chesapeake. Clean wind and smooth water are the most coveted conditions for the kiter and it's very rare to find a shallow protected cove with good wind exposure. With the whole fetch of the Eastern Bay, there is little landmass to interrupt the wind. The jetty at the northern end of the mouth provides a break from the incoming swell without disrupting the airflow due to its absence of buildings or tall trees. On a north wind, you can ride into the cove, right up to the dock, on glassy smooth water. This condition is fondly known to kilters as a "slick" because strong wind and smooth water don't usually coexist. On the outside of the cove, the gentle sandy shoal smooths out the swell by increasing the wavelength and lining up the peaks creating a visual effect of giant corn rows. On a big wind day, you ride through the trough and have chest-high wave peaks on each side of you to bank off of like a half-pipe. These wave peaks also create great ramps to launch from. These perfect conditions, coupled with the beauty of the spot and the warmth of the local spectators make Claiborne a favorite for us lucky few that know it and love it.

HOW THE HECK DID WE GET HERE?

A “*Thing*” for Water

By Mike Kuperberg

(Claiborne Clarion, July 2014, Volume 8, Number 7)

My wife Jeanne and I have had long-time “things” for water. I was born in Naples, Florida where my parents ran a water ski school. I spent my formative years in Naples, exploring the Rookery Bay estuary. My “thing” for water followed me to Tallahassee where I worked on the Apalachicola Bay estuary in my undergraduate and masters studies. Though born in New Jersey, Jeanne grew up living on the water in New Port Richey, Florida. She recalls boating, fishing and scalloping in the nearby Gulf coastal waters. Jeanne and I met as students at Florida State University. We were both members of the Marching Chiefs (FSU’s marching band) – Jeanne played alto sax and I played the sousaphone. In one formation, Jeanne’s line had to pass through the sousaphone section’s line. During a performance, a friend and I closed up Jeanne’s space, leaving her with no way to get through the line. The rest was kismet – we married in 1986.



The Kuperbergs at Claiborne Beach – Jessica, Jeanne, Sparky, Jordan, Ben and Mike

One of the first things we bought together was an old Boston Whaler, which we used to explore the lakes, rivers and coasts of north Florida. Following my parent’s early interests, we also took up water skiing. My cousin invited us to central Florida to take barefoot skiing lessons (no, neither of us developed a penchant for barefooting). Our instructor was selling his demo boat – a beautiful Mastercraft ski boat with a 225 hp outboard (yes, an outboard ski boat). It was a Ferrari compared to our Whaler and before we knew it, we had a new boat. We spent a lot of time skiing on the lakes and coastal rivers of north Florida, bringing our daughters (Jessica & Jordan) along as soon as they were big enough to wear a life preserver. We eventually bought a piece of riverfront property south of Tallahassee with dreams of waterfront living.

As things happen, fate had other plans. I was offered, and accepted, a chance to come to the DC metro area on loan to the Department of Energy in 2003. Jeanne agreed and we moved, bringing the family, but leaving our boat and our riverfront property behind. That temporary position became permanent and we became Marylanders. The girls grew up and our focus turned to college and tuition. When both girls graduated, we revisited our dreams of water and waterfront.

We spent over a year exploring the Chesapeake and its tributaries. We began, pragmatically, on the western shore (Calvert and St Mary's counties). Eventually, Jeanne convinced me to cross the bridge and explore Talbot County. We spent a weekend in Oxford and, on a whim, wandered into a real estate office on a Sunday morning. The realtor on duty, Ray Stevens, sat down with us to talk about what we wanted and how Talbot County might fill that bill. Ray is exactly what one would hope for in a realtor – a friend to help you find a place that suits your needs and desires. Between Jeanne's voracious research skills and Ray's local knowledge and experience, we identified two interesting properties, one in Oxford and one on Claiborne Landing Road. We struggled to find a place that met our needs, looking at many other properties in the process. Ultimately, we became the proud, new stewards of Nancy Clark's house.

Since closing in mid-November, we have discovered something that didn't show up in any of our research – the community of Claiborne. In a few short weeks, we have danced with you, dined with you, toasted with you, watched amazing sunsets and met many wonderful new friends. We have discovered neighbors who are near-neighbors in Bethesda; we have found long-term locals who have welcomed us warmly to the neighborhood and we have already come to love the beautiful community of Claiborne. We look forward to many weekends (and ultimately more than weekends) here in Claiborne.

HOW DID WE GET HERE?

By Alan Wright

(Claiborne Clarion March 2016, Volume 7, Number 11)



The Eastern Shore was not a place I really thought about growing up even though I loved the water. I had waited until I was 26 to cross the Chesapeake Bay Bridge to visit Salisbury State College to finish college. On the drive to Salisbury I saw nothing but beauty and the water I love. I was thinking on that long drive I could live here. Years later when Karen and I were working on the celebration of our first wedding anniversary the

first place that came to mind for me was the Eastern shore. I don't think Karen was excited about it but she went along with it. We stayed at the Inn at Perry Cabin and we both fell in love with the area. Several years later that I wanted to celebrate my birthday at Inn at Perry Cabin. The day before we left for our trip we talk to a couple at dinner that had just visited St. Michael's and they suggested 201 Talbot for dinner. The next night we ate burgers and drink milkshakes at 201 Talbot. While waiting for the van and take us back to the hotel I walked across the street I looked at the ads for home sales at one of the realtors. When the van came, I told Karen I thought it be fun just to go out and look at homes the next day. The next morning bright and early Karen and I were in the realtor's office with no intentions of buying anything we were there just to have fun. The day was

beautiful and looking at the homes was just what I thought something fun to do. We looked at six homes several too large, a couple too small, but most too expensive. The realtor stated she had one more for us to look at before we left for the day. When we were following the realtor to the house Karen and I were asking ourselves where in the world is she taking us. I was thinking this is a waste of time. I want to get back to the hotel maybe I can get another cheeseburger tonight. Then we drove to the house my wife was instantly in love. When we walked into the house the first thing my wife said is this is our house. I tried hard not to pay my wife any attention about that house for the rest of the day but it was hopeless when every conversation was about that house in Claiborne. She talked about even selling her house in Washington DC to buy this office. I said let me have a week to think about this because this house is a big expense. She said I won't be happy if someone buys this house from under us. She said I don't ask for much. That night after a lengthy conversation I caved in and the rest is history. We both love the neighborhood, unending beauty and most of all our neighbors.

Stalking Claiborne

By Kari Walker

(Claiborne Clarion, April 2013, Volume 7, Number 4)

For years, Aaron and I have been in love with the Eastern Shore. Our first real vacation after we started dating was in St. Michaels. Aaron proposed on the deco of the Hooper strait Lighthouse. We had a fun family adventure with our oldest boy and our daughter when they were little at the McDaniel house on Easton. We dreamt of a house on the Eastern Shore.

Imagine our surprise with, after looking at a few homes in St. Michaels a few years ago, we stumbled on Claiborne. We knew about Tilghman Island, we had been to Easton, we had heard of Bozman and Neavitt. But Claiborne? We had no idea it existed.

We liked the house we saw, but we loved the village. The amazing water views, the sunset, the private beach! As we drove down to the pier before we left, we saw a father and his two sons with fishing rods slung over their shoulders, and their dog following closely behind. Was this real or was this Redbud (see Chevy Chase)? For a couple of Northern Virginia residents wrapped up in raising three young children and a dog and juggling two full-time careers, it was like a breath of fresh air. Literally!

So... we stalked Claiborne. We read years of Claiborne Clarions, we pictured out kids at the potluck picnics, we researched the Claiborne ferries. And we kept checking for Claiborne houses.

Then finally, one day, the house for us appeared. Big enough to fit our family, with a yard full of climbing trees, and great historic charm. We jumped, and here we are. Happily, no longer stalking Claiborne, but instead enjoying the fantastic place that it is.

(Editor's note: while we enjoyed the company of Kari and Aaron and their children for a few years, they have sold their Claiborne Home -- the former home of Dan Higgins and Jean Higgins. We look forward to welcoming our new neighbors who are currently doing quite a bit of restoration).

