



Pete Gregorio, photographer

# The Claiborne Clarion

A Newsletter for the  
Claiborne Community  
**October 2014**  
Volume 8, Number 10

P. Cruickshank-Schott, October Editor  
Barbara Reisert, Clarion Founder and Editor Emeritus  
Mary Gregorio, President, Claiborne Association

## October Events

**Association Board Meeting**  
Tuesday, October 14 - 7:00 PM  
**All Welcome**

**Village Hall Work Day**  
Tuesday, October 14 10 AM

**Halloween Preview Potluck**  
Saturday, October 25 - 6 PM

## October Birthdays

October 2	Sarah Sayre
October 12	Susanne Scott
October 15	Tom Ritner
October 23	Mary Gregorio
October 28	Kathy Bernstein
October 31	Aaron Walker

## Halloween Preview Potluck Join us on Saturday, October 25, at 6:00

Kids will have a chance to show off their costumes early to a very appreciative audience and to play some Halloween games. Costumes for grown-ups are optional but encouraged, and silly hats alone get extra points. Some silly hats and Groucho glasses provided at the door. Potluck standard rules apply [Bring a dish to share and your own drinks]... But this is your chance to make the Spider Cake or Eyeball Soup recipe you've been dying to try.

## Scrap Metal Drive

Kirke Harper, Vice President, Claiborne Association  
Mike Kabler, Project Coordinator

The Claiborne Association will hold a scrap metal drive in October and November. Mike Kabler will coordinate the drive with the help of a committee. Notices with project details, including a list of items and price per pound will be emailed and posted in the Hall in the near future. If you have old metal items such as batteries, aluminum, pipes, copper, old electric motors, etc. please consider donating them to the Association.

If you would like to get rid of larger items, such as old vehicles, the Association will take the items to the scrap yard and give you the money. More details to follow. If you are interested in further information or want to participate, contact Mike: [mikekabler@gmail.com](mailto:mikekabler@gmail.com) or Kirke: [Kirke.harper@gmail.com](mailto:Kirke.harper@gmail.com)

## And Speaking About Cars....

**Judy Harrauld has a new blue Prius 2...**



**Her old  
Prius went  
to Martha  
Hamlyn...**



**Martha's Toyota went to Emma Richardson...**

**We're not sure where Emma's car went...**



**But we hope she'll consider...  
the Scrap Metal Drive!!**



**Mary-Eileen Russell,**  
a writer with another name...  
all photos courtesy Mayapple Press



"People frequently ask me why I wrote **Trianon**. One of the reasons is that I kept encountering educated people who really thought that Marie-Antoinette said, "Let them eat cake." I kept running into Catholics, including priests and nuns, who thought that Louis XVI and Marie-Antoinette were killed as punishment for some egregious wickedness or, at least, for unforgivable stupidity. Having read books about Louis and Antoinette since I was nine years old, I knew that not to be true; it was only after a great deal more research that I came to see how completely false is the common belief about the king and queen. But the demonization of Louis XVI and Marie-Antoinette in the popular mind is necessary in order to justify the excesses of the French Revolution. When people have a false and distorted view of history, then it is difficult for them to grasp the present, and almost impossible to meet the future with any kind of preparedness."

**Elena Maria Vidal** on Facebook

### An Artist By Any Other Name....

**Mary-Eileen Russell**, writing under the nom de plume, **Elena Maria Vidal**  
as told to Patti Cruickshank-Schott

*There are any number of wonderful artists living in Claiborne, and they have such interesting tales to tell... Recently I had pleasure of spending a late summer evening sitting with my nearest neighbor, Mary-Eileen Russell, on her screened porch as she shared some of her stories about being a writer...*

When I was a child I loved to tell stories... and I would share them with my brother and sister and my cousins. And as soon as I learned to write, I started writing them down... I kept a book of ideas for stories from an early age, and at 15, I started writing my own medieval stories and novellas. I just made up my own little fantasies... something like the *Chronicles of Narnia*. I was fascinated with the Middle Ages. I think Joan of Arc pulled me in.... I wanted to learn everything about her world... I reread *Lord of The Rings* every November for years.... and the *Chronicles of Narnia*.... People run down CS Lewis, comparing him unfavorably to Tolkien... but I think he wrote for children and was able to convey Christian faith in simple stories that inspire truth and heroism. Tolkien and Lewis were great friends. I think they were both geniuses as well.

During college there was not much time to write, but I did research the French Revolution. I was fascinated with the good side of Marie Antoinette... When I was in graduate school, at SUNY Albany, they had a great library. It was there that I started writing that story...

Another part of my personal story is that I went into a monastery for 5 years .....

Long story short, I left.

I then went to Vienna with a friend, and we visited the tomb of Marie Antoinette's mother... I had a strong feeling there that she was asking me to set the record straight... Once home I found all my notebooks in my father's basement and realized I already had enough information for a novel. At that time I was a nanny, and I wrote while the children were asleep. When I needed research materials, I was able to get them from Interlibrary Loan. [This was before the easy access of the internet.] It was all written longhand....

When I was engaged to be married, I was motivated to send the manuscript out to several publishers, but I got no responses...

### **Trianon: A Novel of Royal France, 1997.**

On the day Princess Diana was killed I was with a childhood friend.... And we were comparing Marie Antoinette to Diana... My friend, Virginia Crum, said, "Let's self-publish this book!" We accomplished that in two months. *Trianon* sold out its first printing in a year... I had to do all the self-promotion, which was not easy without the Internet... Everything was sent out in the mail ...with stamps even!!!

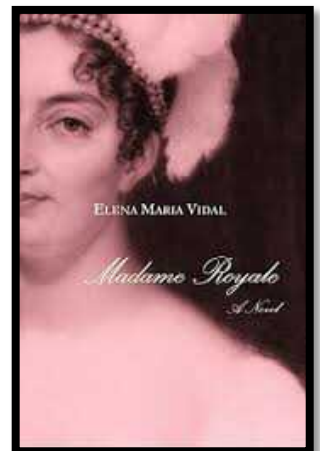
*Trianon* was originally aimed at Catholic homeschoolers, but then I realized I had a universal readership. Neumann Press had been selling for me, and when the first printing sold out, they said they'd like to publish the 2<sup>nd</sup> edition along with a sequel.

### **Madame Royale, 2000**

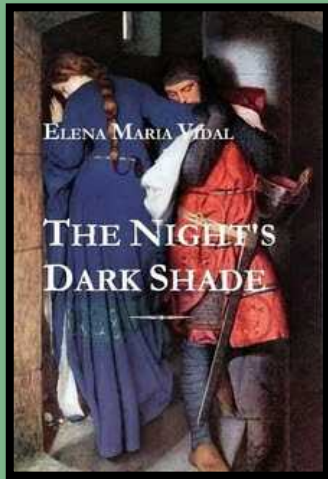
So next I wrote about Marie-Antoinette's daughter.... She was a prisoner at 17 and her brother was tortured. She was in solitary confinement for a year before being sent to Austria.... I decided to write a novel about her life...

From Amazon - "*Madame Royale* is the epic saga of Marie-Antoinette's daughter, Marie-Thérèse. The period which follows the fall of Napoleon Bonaparte, called by historians "the Bourbon restoration" (1814-1830), was outwardly one of rest and peace for France. Yet beneath the surface, the forces of revolution were engaged in a ruthless duel for power with those of the reaction. At the center of the drama one woman, consumed by a quest for love and restoration, must struggle to survive amid deception and betrayal..."

One of my supporters calls herself, The Bourbon. She believes she's the reincarnation of Marie Antoinette's daughter, and she often corrects details in my writing. She works in a casino in Las Vegas and is one of my biggest







benefactors.... She believes I'm the reincarnation of Madame Elisabeth of France who was guillotined at 30 as a counter-revolutionary. As a Catholic, I don't believe in reincarnation, and for other reasons... And yet, I feel a connection with lots of historical figures, who, I think have adopted me... Once I had a dream in which Marie-Antoinette spoke to me, saying - "I just want people to see us as we really were..."

### **The Night's Dark Shade: A Novel of the Cathars, 2009.**

Some time later I went to the south of France and stayed in what had been a Cathar castle... I became fascinated with the Cathars. They didn't believe in the material world. They were vegans. They believed in reincarnation and two gods, but adapted some of the terminology (though not the precepts) of Christianity to make it more respectable. They abstained from meat and thought touching women was sinful. They lived simply and called themselves the Good Christians, using much of the rhetoric the Puritans later adopted.... They were also anti-Semitic (Hitler and Himmler were fascinated with the Cathars)...

They won many people over in the South of France.... It was kind of a melting pot and there was a flourishing artistic community.... And for a time various groups coexisted peacefully... They also had a lot of salt... and that was money... It turns out these 'Good Christians' wanted to dominate southern France to get the salt deposits (the equivalent of gold), and they were not above violent methods. The King of France ended up having a crusade against them....

So from all this background came the germ of the story for my third novel - How would an innocent Catholic girl deal with being with Cathars? There are many complications: It is kind of an inverse fairy tale... The girl has to make hard decisions.... Her central task is to look for a wiser more mature decision...

It turned out that the novel was too racy for my publisher. They wanted me to make all the Catholics good, and all Cathars bad.... So this was the third time a book caused difficulties with a Catholic publisher. My own belief is you never succeed when you don't tell the truth or try to fudge history.... In my opinion, lies do not serve the faith. By then I had a big enough readership to make it worthwhile to self-publish again, and by now I could do promotion on the internet and had lots of friends here and in France to do reviews... And it got very good reviews...

### **The Paradise Tree, 2014, RELEASE DATE October 5, 2014!!!!**

My new book is just out on Amazon this month! It is NOT about France though... It's based on my Irish ancestors, and the life of my great great great grandfather who went to Ontario after being persecuted by the English in Ireland. He made a good living; was the first Irish Catholic magistrate and educated all his children. But there was prejudice against the Irish.

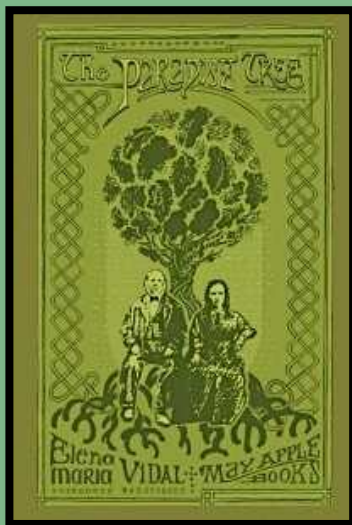
I lived with my grandmother for a time during graduate school. We'd drink sherry and look at family pictures. The old family homestead was by a lake in Canada. One summer a cousin, who was a family historian, encouraged me to write the story and helped me with some of the research. She died, but after many, many years I was able to get the book together.

I wrote the story of a family in Canada and the difficulty of their lives with no medicine, no help for difficult childbirth, rabies, tuberculosis and so many other hardships... Also there was Victorian prudery and there was the need to hide 'sins' and that led to some dysfunctional situations. These were very high-spirited Irish people in a staid Victorian setting under British rule. It's a romance filled with tragedy, death, and sickness...

It was supposed to be published by Wiseblood, another Catholic press. I felt inspired to write in Flannery O'Connor's gritty style, but my editor objected to the inclusion of what she called 'the occult, fortune tellers, banshees, preternatural occurrences...' She wanted me to leave out the Celtic character... But, to my mind, the Irish were never afraid of the Celts. They were deeply Catholic, while accepting all the stories of fairies and the second sight... And the editor objected to the wise woman character in the story. Women were more revered in Celtic and Scot history, and the book would not have been real if I left *that* out...

So *again* I turned to self-publishing. This time I ran a kick-starter campaign.... We raised \$1000 in a week, which was used for reviewers, a cover artist, and will support a blog tour.... Robyn Mendelsohn, from St Michael's, edited the first draft. She has worked for the BBC and is a great editor... She insisted, "You have to make sure it gets to all the right hands..."

When I first self-published, the professional review magazines would not take Independent writers, but they now do... This new book was sent to San Francisco Book Review, Midwest Book Review, Library Journal, Booklist, Publishers Weekly, and Kirkus...



**Mary-Eileen's  
great great grandparents  
Daniel and Bridget O'Connor**

*"As for my nom-de-plume, I write under my grandmother's name... Maria Magdalena Vidal... born on May 25, 1904 on the island of Cebu in the Philippines... Grandma Magdalena would spend the summers with us in Maryland... She is one of the most beloved people of my life, whose influence upon me has no measure."*

*Excerpts from, "An Interview with Elena Maria Vidal, author of "Trianon." July, 2010.*  
<http://garethrussellcdevant.blogspot.com>

Elena Marie Vidal self-publishes under the name **MATAPPLE BOOKS** in remembrance of the mayapple plants that carpeted the woods of her childhood home. So Mary-Eileen was delighted to discover quite a large patch of mayapple growing in her yard here in Claiborne. It was an unusual find, since it usually only grows in the forest. "What a good sign," she smiled... I agreed.

This is the first in an occasional series about the animals of Claiborne. Please submit a photo and profile of YOUR pet/s to Patti:  
[awayhome@happynomad.com](mailto:awayhome@happynomad.com)

All my books are out in paperback and kindle editions... Royalties went sky-high at one point, and for a small writer, I sometimes am making more money than more recognized writers...

My books have not been New York Times bestsellers. [Actually NYT does not even review self-published books yet] But they are respected by historians... A friend told me he even saw two of my books at the Oxford Bodleian Library when he was there.

#### **Tell me about your non-writing life...**

I do caregiving with the elderly... It has helped me learn compassion and I have met some of the most interesting folks... people who have lived all over the world. I never thought I'd do this kind of work. I started on my own in Pennsylvania when my husband was unemployed and continued it here. I've worked with people in last stages in Alzheimer's, people with mild dementia, people who'd had a stroke... It has enriched my life so much.

At one point I worked with a wonderful old gentleman with Alzheimer's... All his life he had written poetry and painted watercolors. I spent a beautiful summer editing his poetry into a book—poems matched with his paintings in a seasonal format. At times he would free associate about Alzheimer's.... and I would try to capture it... "I am still the same person I always was no matter what I say or do..." We published it for family members as a holiday gift... He was like a Greek philosopher and had been a gourmet cook, an avid reader and loved to travel.... We'd have the most wonderful conversations....

I sometimes took on the role of *secretary*, which worked well with some of the most difficult situations... easier to work with a secretary than a caregiver. And I get along well with the wives.... You become like their family and that doesn't end when the husbands die. We go to First Fridays together.... and to concerts, the opera, art exhibits... I believe it's part of my work to minister to the widows... We are human beings, and some things go beyond the money... You have to be a *mensch*...

#### **It all comes back to writing....**

Writing late at night is only time I have no interruptions... But when I get on a creative roll it can be hard to stop... then it's hard to get up in the morning... My life has been very enriched by moving to the Eastern Shore though, and it helped me to be able to finish my novel in such a creative and beautiful atmosphere.

In the end, having a meaningful life is what it's all about. If I had a lot of money but went against what is right for me, I wouldn't be happy.... I have to be the kind of woman I want my daughter to become.... This is not easy.... I'm a human being... I often fail.... When you love your child, you have to be a certain kind of person though.... And as a writer as well, I do not want to lose my sense of respect. I have young people writing to me on my blog and I have to be the kind of person they can reach out to and trust...

All of Elena Marie Vidal's books are available on Amazon.

Her website is [www.emvidal.com](http://www.emvidal.com)

Her blog is **Tea at Trianon**, <http://teaattrianon.blogspot.com>



#### **Claiborne Pet Profile**



Linda and Kirke Harper didn't wait long to get a new dog after losing their English Pointer mix, Annie, to illness. They adopted Jessie, a 9 year-old beagle, from Talbot Humane in August. The Harper's grandson, Sam, named Jessie after the female character in the film, "Toy Story". Jessie is a very friendly, small dog who looks more like a puppy than a full-grown dog. She thinks everyone is her friend, including the neighborhood cats. Jessie's favorite book is "The Going to Bed Book".



## A Life Worth Remembering

### Coming Home Whenever Possible... and Finally for Good Talking with Adine Kelly Installment 4

transcribed by P. Cruickshank-Schott

*This installment collects a wide variety of vignettes, from Adine's days as a young wife and mother until the time she moved back to Maple Hall permanently...*

#### On The Water...

Both my children, Caleb III and David, loved spending summers at Maple Hall... They were cub scouts, but didn't want to join boy scouts because they could do all those kinds of things here, without leaving to go to camp.

Each of the boys learned to swim at age 3, but David forgot over the winter, and when he first jumped off the dock into deep water the following summer, he couldn't swim, and someone had to drag him out. And it took us most of the summer to get him back in deep water... Once in, he learned swimming quickly though.

The summer Caleb and David were 5 and 3, Bill, Betty and Pam Drummer stayed at The Bungalow with us. They were friends of my sister, Sally and her husband, Dan. Bill Drummer was working for the electric company in Easton on a project that summer and in his spare time he built a rowboat in the bungalow. He used brass screws, so it lasted a long, long time...

During that same summer several children (though not mine!) got chicken pox. Pam and Janet had them and infected, Sally, who was miserable. So when the boat got finished we called it the *Pox Box*. The children all learned to row in that boat. Before we'd let them take it out by themselves, we made each of them swamp it so they'd know they could get to shore without sinking.

We did the same thing with the sailboats. They had to capsize and right the boat before they could go out in the creek... the creek is probably the trickiest place I've sailed... Because of all the trees, you get back puffs, which could cause you to go over.

I only capsized once outside of the creek. It was during a Regatta and Penny (Rhine) begged me to take all the kids down. So Penny, Janet, young Caleb, David, and I sailed up to St. Michael's on Celebrity, Penny's parents' boat (Bob And Alice). It was a lovely day... Once there we tried to take sail down but it jammed mid mast... I wasn't worried about that at all as I just thought we could unstuck it at home... But a storm came up suddenly on the way back and capsized us!! None of us had life jackets on... At that time our kids didn't wear life jackets and we didn't wear them either when we sailed. There weren't regulations about that at all.

So we were all in the water. But no one was concerned. A boat came along and hollered at us to put on our life jackets ....we did so only grudgingly. The real problem was sea nettles!!

I never lived down breaking that boat! The boat that pulled us ashore cracked a couple of the ribs... If they'd let us bail it, it probably wouldn't have happened. All sorts of boats went over that day, and they were dragging them all to shore. The kids weren't worried except for the sea nettles, mostly they thought of it as a lark.... Penny, though, felt responsible since she had begged for us to go.

I loved to sail... my grandfather built a small boat for Maple Hall guests to use, but the guests didn't get much of a chance... Everyone ate at the same time but we ate faster and would get down to the dock before the guests.... We would sometimes alert people who really liked to sail so they would rush down to meet us. We tried to sail twice a day if there was a breeze.

The thing about the creek is you always get blown home....

My grandfather taught me a lot about sailing by watching me though binoculars.... When I'd get back on shore he'd tell me what I could have done differently. For the most part I was self-taught... My father had taught me a few things when we would go out as a family. My sister would say, "I'll go out with you if you'll sail." So she'd handle the sail. She never really learned how to sail.... Sometimes I would really upset her. Once because of the swell, the boat wouldn't go about, so I jumped overboard to pull it around (which wasn't easy). Sally kept yelling, "Hold on, hold on! I don't know how to sail!!"



Adine, David, Caleb III (Cay), Caleb



Janet's sister, Dana, rowing...



A sailing lesson

#### Praise for... A Life Worth Remembering

"Another Gem! Beautiful job again,  
and it is so amazing and fun to read all  
of this." **Terry Babb**





**Sally and Dan at our 50<sup>th</sup> birthday**



**The Bungalow**



**Four Generations at the Bungalow**

Top: Dan & Adine Cockey (Adine's parents), Salvadora & Mordecai Cockey (Adine's grandparents) holding Caleb III & Janet Kirby. Bottom: John & Jane (Adine's brother and soon to be sister-in-law), Adine, Sally & Dan Kirby.

Once I took my sons (about 8 & 10) on a canoe trip up the Miles River, all the way above the bridge until it became just a trickle.... We turned around and came back down and set up camp across the river from St. Michael's. We built a fire and had supper on the beach. It was a gorgeous night with a full moon, and the river was like a lake... At some point Cay (young Caleb) said, "I think we should paddle home; it's so calm... Do you have the energy?" It was so beautiful...every time you dipped the paddle in the water you saw the bioluminescence... It was a long trip, and I think the boys were just put into bed in their clothes.... I had paddled all day and was sore all over by the time we got back, and Sally had to give me a massage.

Another time we paddled across the Miles and all around Wye Island in a canoe ... That time people came over and got us as we exited the Wye, because they were afraid a storm was coming. So we didn't have to paddle all the way back across the Miles...

Yet another time, we paddled from our dock around Rich Neck to Claiborne Landing ... We left the canoe there and walked to the bungalow for lunch, then walked back to Claiborne and paddled back!! That was another night we were sore!

### **My Sister's Courtship**

Sally married Dan Kirby, who was 8 years older.... They had met on a hayride when she was 16. He went home that day and told his mother he had just met the girl he was going to marry. His mother laughed at him, but he did! He wrote Sally over 300 letters during their courtship. And he was so proud of Sally going to nursing school. Dan was an avid tennis and ping-pong player. He played all through the war.... including at Patty Duke's estate in Hawaii. Neither of our husbands ever saw actual combat...

When Dan was courting my sister he'd go out sailing with us. What we didn't realize was that he was scared to death. Once they were married, he'd never go out with us again...

Also during that time they'd take a canoe and paddle up the creek to the beaches by Rich Neck. Dan courted Sally on those beaches. He'd come back covered with mosquito bites. They never seemed to bother Sally though.

### **The Bungalow**

Until Sally and I had our own places, we all stayed together at The Bungalow (where Beja Marshall and Sally Cockey now live) during the summer. Until our grandfather died we shared the house with him. He had built it in the early 1900s with lumber milled on the property. My sister wasn't always able to be here because she was nursing, but we always had Janet...

I remember one time I was walking across the yard, and Janet called out, "There's my mommy!!" Another Maple Haller was standing nearby and tried to correct her, "That's not your mommy!" Janet didn't miss a beat, "Yes it is! She's my *other* mommy..."

More people came on the weekend. When our brother, John, and Jean were in the neighborhood, there were 6 of them (Beja, Sally, Dot and Liz), 4 of us, 4 of the Kirbys (Sally, Dan, Janet and Dana) and usually a couple of extra teenagers (often Molly Bond and friends). And then we'd have guests on the weekend... There might be 24 people all crowded in....

Once we thought we'd write a story called, 'Please Don't Bring Ham!' Guests frequently brought gifts, and most often it was a ham. So we'd got so sick of it... "Bring a chicken," we'd beg. But a ham did feed a crowd.

My friend Sue Duckworth and her 4 kids would come with friends from Washington College. They'd gloat that, "We had our OWN room... all 6 of us!!!" Once they brought down a friend of their daughter's who went upstairs and wondered, "Is this haunted???" It was not in the shape it is now.... It was very rustic, to say the least. My grandfather cooked on a potbelly stove and the pipe went up through the roof. He would make the most fantastic meals on that tiny stove.... Waffles and creamed tomatoes fried with bacon grease was a favorite. He did all the cooking, and Sally and I did all the cleaning up....

Grandfather continued his rule that we all had to get up for 8 o'clock breakfast no matter how late we got in... We never had a curfew as we all stayed on the property, and there was not much trouble we could get into... Skinny dipping in the duck pond maybe, jumping in the haystacks, things like that...

### **My Sister, Sally, came to own Kenley Cottage**

One of my very best friends from when we were teens, Sue Horn's family had rented Kenley Cottage summer after summer. Before that, Maple Hall had used it for overages. The next renters were the Gratens. Mr. Graten owned and ran St. Michael's Hardware & Gift Store –



**Old Point before we began renovations**

Adine went to the 100<sup>th</sup> birthday party of one of her Maple Hall friends on September 13<sup>th</sup> - Maggie Kuntz (GaGa in her family). Adine said there were 300 people there and probably more than 200 were family members...The event was at the Fountains Hotel in Salisbury. During the party, Adine said Maggie was standing more than anyone because so many people wanted to talk with her.

Maple Hall friends, Maggie, 100, Ruth De Hoff, 89, and her brother, Tommy Beynon, 88 still come out to Maple Hall to visit Adine.

now the Christmas Shop. Kenley Cottage sold in the late 40s to a family named Smith. Then Sally and Dan purchased it from them, and the Smiths moved to their house in Florida... Mr. Smith was a builder for the Navy (CB/ Seabee). He got a disease, maybe Malaria, in the tropics that affected his lungs so eventually he couldn't climb stairs or make the trip back and forth to Florida.... When Sally and Dan retired, they moved here full time....

Sally's daughter, Janet, lives on the property now with her husband, Mike Friedburg. The Cottage was torn down during Janet and Mike's ownership and they built their current home. At the moment, Mike's twin brother, Steve lives with them as well. Like Sally and I, Steve and Mike are twins and best friends... Now we joke that Steve, is Janet's 'other' husband!

### **Moving Back to Maple Hall**

We bought our current house, Old Point, in the fall of 1979 from Mrs. IC Cockey (named Beppy by her grandson). She had moved to Maple Hall a few years before that. They sold it to us at such a reasonable price! We did not move here full time at first, but we spent summers here for 12 years.

When we just spent summers here we always had a huge garden back at the house in Cockeysville. I would go home weekly to cut grass, take care of the garden, pick the crabs... I was always either canning or picking crabs or cutting grass! I did 15-20 lbs. of crabmeat in a summer... At one time we'd get crabs just down off the piers, and we'd walk on the flats chasing for soft crabs! You can't do that any more... not since the 90s. And even though I was so busy, we almost always had loads of people down here for the weekends.... I just planned meals ahead.

I've lived here now as long as Beppy did... 35 years!

### **Does Money Matter....**

Caleb probably only made \$1000 the first year we were married... but we got by on it... Of course I made a \$1000 too!

Caleb always felt poor because he went to a private school where most people had more money than his family... On the other hand, I *never* felt poor, but that might be because as children we were often with children who had much less.

Caleb did not make more than \$25,000 a year all the years he was a lawyer. He always kept his own office rather than joining a partnership (which would have been more lucrative) because he wanted his time to be his own. He could coach lacrosse, run the Lacrosse organization out of his office, and things like that.... He probably made more money when he retired and got interested in investing....

I spent summers at Maple Hall from the time we bought the house on Roland Avenue. Actually half of that summer I spent painting and getting things in shape, then Caleb let me come down here. I had quit working at Westinghouse to redo the house.... They tried to get me to take a leave of absence rather than quit, but I said any trained monkey could do what I did... I learned later that they eventually hired 3 people to do my job.... First I was mail clerk, and then I took on the filing from the telephone operator. Then the men had catalogues that had to be organized, and they were always behind, so I took on that. Next I started shaving the wax cylinders for the Dictaphones so they could be reused the next day. I'd come in early to get that done! I was someone who wanted to keep busy so they just kept giving me more to do... but with no increase in salary for the two years I worked there...

I had a side job sometimes working for one of the men... I made \$15 a night filing for one of his organizations, and that seemed a fortune then.... My regular full time job at Westinghouse paid about \$20 a week! He also bought me dinner and drove me home, so I didn't have to walk that two miles... which was great for me...

During the early years we lived with Caleb's mother and she had a little income from things that were left to her by relatives. She'd been widowed so young... Caleb had sent money home to her from the service and he continued to help her, and she helped us with owning houses.

Later I worked at St Paul's School in the library for eight years while the kids were in high school. That paid their tuition... Of course it was only \$875 a year, so I really wasn't making much. But it was a help...



**Caleb mowing...**



**Caleb dancing with our good friend, Ruth, at her daughter's wedding. I'm still friends with Ruth DeHoff!**

#### **A Life Worth Remembering**

**Transcriber's Note:** I started working on this project with Adine last March. Over seven months we have spent countless hours talking, editing, proofing, pouring over family albums, choosing photos, and editing some more. We've gone over the stories so often we began to wonder if maybe we'd included all that before...

We've shared many of Adine's adventures here, but I imagine there are many more as well. I'll keep checking back with Adine to see what else she's remembering....

Perhaps there will be another installment in the future... In fact we are already remembering things we didn't include – The 'pony driven home in the car' story for instance... You'll hear from us...

#### **GREAT MINDS THINK ALIKE....**

Last Fall, Anna Kabler, then 9, seemed to sum up Adine's attitude when she wrote this about being thankful –  
**"Be happy with what you have. Be glad you're not working in fields. Be glad you have family. Be glad you have a home. But most of all be glad you have people who love you."** --Anna said she was inspired by a book she'd been reading in fourth grade about the Great Depression.

#### **Last Years with Caleb**

Caleb used the letters he wrote his mother and the ones she wrote him (over 350) to write his life story. He called it, *The Autobiography of Caleb Redgrave Kelly, Jr.* He had run the PX and entertainment services while in the service... Later he became a Judge Advocate General. The first section of the book was - *My Best Friends were Enlisted Men.* He preferred enlisted men to officers and was pretty fed up with the rules and regulations that separated the two groups. I think almost all the friends he had were actually enlisted men.

Caleb was very sure of himself.... His dad died when he was 11. I imagine someone told him that 'now he was the man in the family', and I think he took it seriously.... He became very convinced he was right. Caleb would explode in a temper, but he was completely oblivious to any hurt he may have caused... He had always liked 'discussions'.

One of the things Caleb did when he went overseas was to get a ring tennis set, which he set up on the boat and then on land. He was stationed on Tinian in the Marianas.... He got so good, that when he got home he challenged 6 people to play against him saying they wouldn't get 3 points... And he won!

Caleb was 95 when he died, but he was only sick the last six months. We had a big party when he was 90, though he wouldn't let me have it in January. He cut grass, until he was 92 pushing the lawn mower... Finally my son, Caleb, gave him his old sit-on mower. But Caleb didn't want to use it, so passed it on to Owen Bond. That's when Owen started cutting our grass... Caleb always had a garden, even here. He was always very active...

Actually the last coherent thing Caleb said to me was, "Let's dance..."



Adine was asked to create a bio for an authors' event we just did at the library. She wrote:

My name is Adine D. C. Kelly. I was born September 23, 1926 in Winston-Salem, NC. My family and I left there because my father lost his job and home due to the Depression, though I didn't know why till years later. We always came home to Maple Hall Farm for vacations and sometimes, tho unknown at the time, because we had no place to go. Never in all the bad times, still unknown, did I ever feel poor or deprived in any way. In 1992 after 25 moves in my life, I finally came home to Maple Hall to stay.

Many thanks to my husband and very generous relatives. Paradise at last.



*Some people might say you had a hard life, Adine. Your family lost your house in the Depression, your father had a million jobs, and you moved, it appears, every few months. Why do you have such happy memories?*

My father's jobs were mostly through the WPA, and I have no idea what amount of money he made. We thought we had plenty, and we knew we had a lot more than many of the families. We never questioned it as children... we didn't think anything about it.

When we lived in the mountains there were mothers who were quite haggard, because they had nothing. The children would say, "Your mother is so gorgeous... she is so pretty." Life was so much harder for all of these mountaineer type people...

In retrospect it probably made school more difficult... though I never minded going to school. Of course I loved when it got out for the summer. Still I looked forward to going back in fall.

There was the constant worry about getting nits! We knew if you had nits you had your hair washed in kerosene... And we didn't want THAT! We'd get a good going over..

I did wonder, as an adult, how my mother put up with it. She had had a really nice house as a child in DC. She'd been born on a farm, which was also very wonderful. And almost all her nice furniture stayed in storage while we travelled around all those years.



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### **Save The Date**

#### **Saturday, November 22**

We will host a concert and country-  
dance with a dynamite fiddler from  
Vermont! *[There's a rumor this  
involves Busy Graham, so you know  
it will be wonderful...]*

### **November Birthdays**

November 7	Jake Flory
November 10	Aiden Berry
November 25	John Berry
November 29	Rob Todd

**Proud Grandparents,  
Sarah and Phil Sayre,  
will be taking her to sea as soon  
as allowed by  
equally excited parents,  
Hannah and Martin...**

## **Let's Talk About Aging in Claiborne**

### **An Invitation**

Several of us have been raising questions about what it might mean to age in place here in our Village. Of course this is really a personal decision and will be different for everyone.

But we keep wondering...

What does it mean to have a community in which we help each other until the end?

How realistic is that idea?

Will people accept help from people other than family?

What kinds of help: meals, help with driving or medications? What else?

What might be some of the pleasures of making this happen?

These questions have been swirling about in the neighborhood for some time. A couple of years ago there was a women's dinner and discussion group called: Let's Talk About Aging. We'd love to expand that conversation and invite your input and participation. We will plan a gathering of interested people for late October or early November to think together about how to move forward. This might include an ongoing discussion about aging and it might become a planning group to support people who would like to continue to live here in Claiborne as they age.

In the meantime, Here's a link to an interesting article about ways other communities are doing this – **The Village Movement: Redefining Aging in Place.**

<http://www.nextavenue.org/article/2012-06/village-movement-redefining-aging-place>

Please let us know what you think.

You can contact Patti Cruickshank-Schott: [Awayhome@happynomad.com](mailto:Awayhome@happynomad.com) [919-696-6630] or Kirke Harper: [Kirke.Harper@gmail.com](mailto:Kirke.Harper@gmail.com) [410-714-3191], if you might like to be part of this conversation. We welcome your questions and thoughts, and we are also happy to provide a paper copy of the article if you prefer. Be in touch...

**Mara Vaughan Kozaczek! Born July 6, 2014.**



Thanks to Claiborne Cartoonist, **Renny Johnson**