



# The Claiborne Clarion

A Newsletter for the  
Claiborne Community  
**May 2014**  
Volume 8, Number 5

John Scott, May Editor  
Barbara Reisert, Clarion Founder and Editor Emeritus  
Mary Gregorio, President, Claiborne Association



## Claiborne Association President's Message

Mary Gregorio, Claiborne Association president

Hello Friends and Neighbors!

I have just a couple of tidbits of information to share with you. We have not yet heard from the National Fish & Wildlife Foundation about the awards of grant money; we hope to hear something by the end of this month and we'll certainly keep you posted.

Village Center Zoning and Land Use Information meetings have resumed. The meeting for property owners in Claiborne, Bozman, Neavitt, McDaniel, Bellevue, Newcomb and Royal Oak is scheduled for Saturday, May 10<sup>th</sup> from 9:30am to 12:00pm at the Christ Church Parish Hall in St. Michaels. If you'd like more information you can go to [www.talbotcountymd.gov/village](http://www.talbotcountymd.gov/village) for information about County planning.

We look forward to seeing you at the Spring Potluck and General Meeting on May 3rd! We'll kick off the evening at 6:00pm with our usual sampling of culinary delights. Please bring a dish to share and your favorite beverage. We'll hold a brief general membership meeting where we will re-introduce the ever hardworking nominating committee.

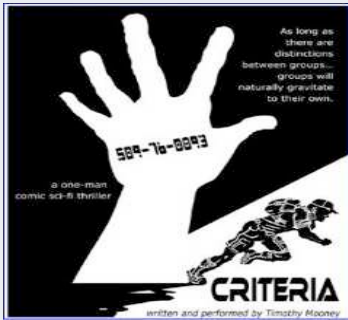
And finally, (I really did mean just a couple of tidbits) I know you join me in thanking the Program Committee for keeping us entertained through the winter months with events and movies. Thank you, as well, to Carrie Gould-Kabler in partnership with Busy Graham (Carpe Diem) for bringing a wonderfully diverse music experience to Claiborne!

Thanks  
Mary

## May Birthdays

Mark Gerlach *May 1*  
Abby Cureton *May 2*  
Tom Beaver *May 5*  
Molly Bond *May 5*  
Lynn Marr *May 7*  
Jane Nigra *May 9*  
Alice Sewell *May 11*  
Beth "Squirrel\*" Dawson *May 13*  
Barbara Reisert *May 14*  
Melissa Connolly *May 16*  
Owen Connolly *May 20*  
Dylan Pritchard *May 22*  
Carrie Gould-Kabler *May 26*

\* Squirrel is Beth Ellen's  
childhood nickname



## Coming to Claiborne on Saturday, May the 3rd

(Following our Pot-Luck/State of the Village Meeting)

Repeat performer, and honorary Claiborne resident, Timothy Mooney, presents:

### **CRITERIA**

A one-man comic sci-fi thriller!

## **An Accident in Claiborne**

By Dave Wheelan

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](http://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.



A reminder from Barbara Reisert that Saturday May 17th is armed forces day so *Fly your flag!*

### **Movie Night to go on hiatus for the summer**

Sadly enough Movie Night came to a close the last Wednesday with the showing of 'Putney Swope'. We'll start up again after sailing season is finished, whenever that will be, says movie guru Jake Flory. There will be a notice in the Clarion. Until then, have a great summer.

Please send suggestions for next season's movies to [Jakeflory@gmail.com](mailto:Jakeflory@gmail.com) or [Patflory@gmail.com](mailto:Patflory@gmail.com)

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 want 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.

### **A Fish Tale From the Bahamas**

Jim Richardson

*(Editor's note: This is the last – and first – tale from afar from Jim and Martha. By the next issue of the Claiborne Clarion they will be back in Claiborne regaling us, in person, of the many and wonderful adventures they've had with their sailing companions Phil and Sarah Sayre)*

As you may know, Martha and I left Claiborne last fall for an extended sailing trip aboard our little sloop, Togwotee. We got as far as the Bahamas and are now on our way back home. John Scott invited me to share a story with readers of the Clarion. So here goes...

I'm not a fisherman, but I do like to eat fish and the idea of catching dinner really appealed to me. On our way down the inter-coastal waterway I bought several fishing lures and leaders. Jake Flory had lent me a light fishing rod before we left Claiborne, and I had it strapped to a post at the stern of the boat. It looked rather important. I added a second fishing line that was wrapped around a wooden hand-held device I had discovered in the Claiborne General Store's archives.

As we were crossing from Highborne Cay to Spanish Wells in the Abacos, I had both lines trailing behind the boat as we sailed along near the end of the day. I had done this before but all I had managed to catch were clumps of seaweed. This time I noticed that the hand-held rig was pulling against the winch to which it was loosely attached. As I slowly wound in the line, assuming it was just some more 'salad from the sea' I discovered I had actually caught a fish! As I reeled it in, I could see it was certainly large enough for supper. I landed it on the deck, clubbed it with my trusty winch handle and put it in a bucket. Jake's rod was still trailing behind the boat and I began to reel it in and call it a day. As the lure neared the stern of the boat, and just beside our inflatable dinghy, I watched a large fish take the lure at the top of a wave. The small rod bent over so far that I thought it would snap. It was all I could do to hang on to the rod. When the fish came to the surface a second time, I could see that I had hooked a three-foot barracuda. As he dove repeatedly under

the inflatable dinghy we were towing, I imagined either the lure or the fish's razor- sharp teeth puncturing a hole in our dinghy, which would be disastrous. Each time I thought I had him close enough to the stern to land him, he would dive under the dinghy or the sailboat. Martha slowed the boat down so that I was able to concentrate on the problem at hand. After a long struggle, I finally was able to grab the line with my left hand and lift the heavy barracuda on deck. This fish would need something larger than a winch handle so Martha went below, rummaged around and came back up with a large pipe wrench. It did the job on the barracuda, but it took repeated whacks to its head. Later, when we arrived at our quiet anchorage, people on a neighboring boat identified the smaller fish as a yellow jack which we knew would be good to eat, but they warned us not to eat the barracuda. Although tasty, barracuda feed on reef fish which harbor a disease that no one wants to risk contracting. We've been traveling alongside Phil and Sarah Sayre on their boat, *Spartina*, and they joined us for a grilled fish dinner that night. Sometime after our dinner, and well after dark on that quiet night, I remembered to deep- six the barracuda that was still lying on deck. Minutes later we all heard a huge splash followed by a loud chomp off our port side. A shark had apparently joined us for dinner and had enjoyed eating our barracuda in one quick bite!

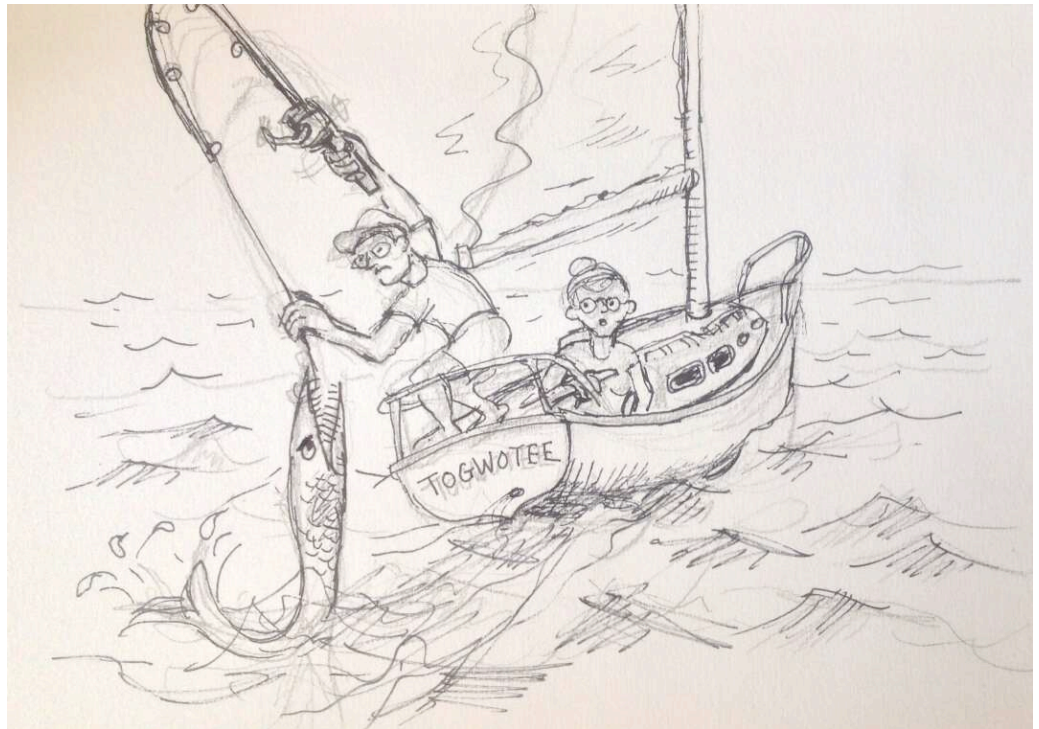


Illustration by Jim Richardson

### **Call For Ideas: Claiborne's First *Plain Aire* - *Tout Compris***

*Plain Aire* is a French expression that means "in the open air" and is particularly used to describe the act of painting outdoors. *Tout Compris* is French for *all inclusive* and is this editor's addition, suggesting that we expand beyond the traditional "painting" to include all forms of art (to wit: photography, ceramics, mosaics, writing, song, dance). The theme, or *motif*, would be, of course, Claiborne. Anyone interested in working on plans for Claiborne's first *Plain Aire* – *Tout Compris*, please contact John Scott at [jcscott@cpssc.com](mailto:jcscott@cpssc.com).



***"Interested in saving gas and money?"***

Kirke Harper wants to start reducing trips to Easton by sharing trips to Lowes and other places. He would also like to consolidate purchases such as printer ink to get volume savings. For example Quill offers a \$50 savings on brand name ink purchases over \$300. If you're interested in exploring this idea further contact Kirke at: kirke.harper@gmail.com



**St. Michaels High School Reunion**

The St. Michaels High School Alumni Association will be holding a Spring Festival fundraiser on Saturday, May 24, 2014 from 11:00am to 3:00pm on the St. Michaels elementary School grounds parking lot. All proceeds will go to providing scholarships to graduating seniors and other programs within the St. Michaels/Bay Hundred area. There will be local entertainment and DJ, silent auction, raffle, games, crafts to make, food vendors and more. If anyone would like to make a donation, receive vendor information or help in any way, please contact Lynn Marr [410-829-4079](tel:410-829-4079).

**Come Bang a Drum!**

An advance notice for the 2nd annual Summer Solstice Parade and Music Sat June 21st

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**Errata:**

(Corrections from the April Claiborne Clarion)

In the first installment of the interview with Adine Kelly: A Childhood Worth Remembering, a few errors appear in labeling the sidebar photos.

1. "The Kelly Family" is actually "The Cockey Family". Adine would only years later become a Kelly. (Pg. 3)
2. The photo of "Adine, Sally, and John in the ancient grape vine" was taken in Front Royal, VA. Not the (non-existent) "Front Oak" (Pg. 4).