

Isle of Kent - 1631

"To Discover, Identify, Restore and Preserve the Heritage of Kent Island"

QUARTERLY NEWSLETTER OF THE KENT ISLAND HERITAGE SOCIETY, INC. ■ SPRING 2001

OFFICERS

President
Nancy M. Cook
Vice President
John F. Smigo Jr.
Corresponding Secy
Carole Frederick
Recording Secretary
Florence M. Dunn
Treasurer
Audrey Hawkins

DIRECTORS

Forrest P. Chisman
Deborah H. Clarke
Francis K. Collier
William E. Denny III
Charles G. Dunn
Daniel T. Hopkins
Sharon Hoxter
William N. Hoxter
Claudia E. Jewell
William Maurice Sanger
Janes G. Sparks

COMMITTEES

Kent Island Days
Nancy Cook
Docents
Audrey Hawkins
Fundraising
Charles Dunn
Programs
John Smigo
Kirwan Museum
Bill Denny
Maurice Sanger
Nancy Cook
Dan Hopkins
Renee Woodworth
Oral Histories
Dan Hopkins
Jane Sparks
Fran Taylor
Grants
Nancy Cook
Membership
Mae Hutchison
Library Files
Myrtle Bruscup
Newsletter Editor
John Bonner
Scholarship
Claudia Jewell
Social
Janet Denny
Nominating
John Smigo

President's Message

Nancy Cook

KENT ISLAND DAYS 2001, held on May 19 and 20, celebrated the 370th anniversary of the first English settlement in Maryland on the Isle of Kent. This was the 26th time that this annual event has been held, always on the third weekend in May.

We were privileged to have all three Queen Anne's County commissioners—George O'Donnell, John McQueeney and Marlene Davis—attend our opening ceremonies. Delegate Wheeler R. Baker of the Maryland General Assembly was presented with a framed duck print in recognition of his interest and assistance in obtaining a bond bill to fund restoration of the Cray House.

The special honoree for this event was the William E. Denny III family. See text of proclamation in accompanying sidebar.

My special thanks go to those whose hard work helped assure the success of this event: Parade Chairs Jane Sparks and Deborah Clarke; Bake Table Chair Myrtle Bruscup; Docent and Souvenir Chair Audrey Hawkins; Patron Chair Florence Dunn; Sponsor Chair Bill Denny; Entertainment Chair, Eva Thompson; Artisan Chair Carole Frederick; Photographer, Jean Leathery; Facilities, John Smigo; Signage, Dan Hopkins.

Planning has already begun for next year's Kent Island Days. Mark your calendars now for May 18, 2002.

Students Learn Cultural Heritage

Tour Cray House and Train Station

Myrtle Bruscup

The combined efforts of the Kent Island Heritage Society, The Historic Sites Consortium of Queen Anne's County and the county's Office of Tourism have resulted in a successful cooperative effort with Queen Anne's County schools for students to visit local historic sites to learn about their cultural heritage. KIHS President Nancy Cook, Gil and Florence Dunn, Janet Denny and I have hosted six bus loads of children so far.

We had four bus loads of students from Kennard School in Centreville last June. We had two bus loads in April—even though it was a miserable, wet and nasty day—from Churchhill Elementary, one in the morning and one in the afternoon. We had students from Bayside Elementary in May.

I gave the students a presentation on how it was to be a child in the 1800s, how it was to live without electricity, without plumbing, without television, without even radio. And how students had to walk several miles through rain, mud and snow to attend their one-room school—after they had milked the cows and done their other chores.

Gil and Florence Dunn told the students about the railroad and its importance to commerce in moving local goods to far away mar-kets and to personal transportation when the only alternative was a horse and buggy. They talked about the places the train went as shown on the display model in the train station.

Janet Denny gave a hands-on demonstration in which

Continued on page 3

Mark Your Calendar

Heritage Society General Meeting

Tuesday, June 19
Kent Island Library
7:00 Refreshments
7:30 Program

Wes Stone
Historic Interpreter on Lighthouses



A portion of the William E. Denny III family in costume for Kent Island Days.

PROCLAMATION IN RECOGNITION OF THE FAMILY OF WILLIAM EARECKSON DENNY III

Ancestors of the Denny family came from Scotland, Iceland, Wales and England. They settled on Kent Island in the 17th century. The families consisted of the Whites, the Earecksons, the Gibsons, the Tolsons, the Prices, the Ringgolds, the Chances and the Goodhands.

Jacob Denny was a Queenstown bank director; John Denny was the owner of the Cray House, located here on Cockey's Lane; Dr. William Denny was a doctor on Kent Island and was the owner of several farms at Love Point. William Eareckson Denny Sr. was a county commissioner, merchant and farmer at Love Point. William E. Denny Jr. was owner of W.E. Denny and Son, a Chrysler and Plymouth dealership in Stevensville, a school bus driver, a founder of the Kent Island Volunteer Fire Department and member of many organizations.

William E. Denny III and Joyce M. Denny produced four sons, William Eareckson Denny IV, Randolph Gibson Denny, John Gregory Tolson Denny and Richard Chance Denny.

Widowed several years, he later met and married "his lovely reds," as he calls Janet, five years ago. Bill and Janet Denny reside in Stevensville surrounded by lovely gardens and wonderful goats, which provide wool for Janet's hobby as a spinner.

Bill is a Kent Island Heritage Society director, a Queenstown Bank of Maryland director, a farmer and was a school bus driver for 35 years. He was also a partner in the Chrysler and Plymouth dealership.

Bill, a resident of Kent Island for all of his 68 years, is the proud grandfather of Megan Denny, Jeremy Denny Derick Denny, Lauren Denny, Kayce Denny and Michael Denny. He is a person who loves people, hunting, fishing, and pretty girls. Also sheep, goats, dogs and kittens.

Genealogical Research

Myrtle Bruscup

The Kent Island Heritage Society has recently responded to the following requests for information and assistance:

■ With the aid of Mrs. Mary White, information from our files on David Moorhead—who came with Clayborne on his first trip to the Isle of Kent—was assembled and sent to Mr. David Moorhead in Dunkirk, Md.

■ After several phone calls and notes left in our file drawer at the Kent Island Library, I met with Janet Nash Freedman, a Kent Island native who is writing a history of Kent Island for her master's degree at Johns Hopkins. The Maryland Historical Society accepted it for publication but asked her to expand it. With the help of her family and the records and pictures in our genealogy file she is working on this. Upon publication a copy will be given to the Kent Island Heritage Society.

■ While Henrietta Grollman and I were working on the files, a young lady—Debra E. Lavoie—heard us mention the Denny name. She immediately came over and said she was doing an in-depth study of the Denny farm and was interested in all we could tell her. We supplied her with pictures, books and articles on the farm from way back in the past. I put her in touch with Mary White, who also was very helpful to her.

The Denny House was purchased by David R. Goodhand and Vincent J. Gri-ski, who are remodeling and restoring it to its appearance of many years ago. Mary White and I drove past the house several weeks ago and already both sides of the lane leading to the entryway have been lined with trees.

A copy of Ms. Lavoie's unpublished manuscript, titled "Scillen—The History and Building Chronology of an Eastern Shore Farmhouse," is in the history section of our files. Scillen is the name of the area in which the Denny House was built.

Myrtle Bruscup is Librarian for the Kent Island Heritage Society.

Treasurers Report

April - May 2001

Audrey B. Hawkins, Treasurer

Checking account

Balance of March 31 \$42,439.30

Accounts Receivable

Dues	\$210.00
Bank Interest	130.00
Sales Income	148.60
Sales Tax Collected	17.68
Stock Dividends	1,047.80
KI Days Income	7,429.05
Scholarship Fund	10.00
Petty Cash	150.00
Total Accounts Receivable	\$10,499.25

Reimbursements

Purchases to Sell	520.00
Cray House	1,390.00
Train Depot	219.16
Postage	4.20
Printing, Office Supplies	301.60
Old Post Office Hdqtrs	
Post Office Boxes	\$2,100.00
Post Office Desk	204.95
Cleaning, grass, elec, sewerage	365.68 12,670.63
Storage fee	408.10
Kirwan Property	
Move Furniture	120.00
Bal on New Furnace	2,500.00 2,620.00
Miscellaneous	234.00
KI Days Expenses	3,639.79
Total Reimbursements	12,007.48
Balance as of May 31, 2001	40,931.07

Other Accounts

Cray House Building Fund	\$19,140.64
CD Account	811.50
CD Account	16,155.92

Isle of Kent

John Bonner, Editor

Isle of Kent is published quarterly by The Kent Island Heritage Society, Inc., a nonprofit corporation chartered by the State of Maryland, P.O. Box 321, Stevensville, MD 21666. Every effort is made to assure the accuracy of published information, but no responsibility is assumed by The Kent Island Heritage Society Inc. or the editor in the event of claim of loss or damage from any article. Statements attributed to individuals do not necessarily reflect official policy of the KIHS. Send correspondence regarding newsletter to Editor, 324 Columbia Lane, Stevensville, MD 21666.

Students Learn Cultural Heritage

Continued from page 1

students felt the different kinds of wools and saw her spin it into yarn for sweaters and other garments on her spinning wheel. They were given an understanding of the connection between the shearing of sheep and clothing they wore.

The children asked relevant questions and seemed genuinely interested in both the Cray House and train station. Each child received a brochure to remind him or her of the day's events and what they had learned about the very different life of their forebears.

Kent Island Days Report

May 19-20, 2001

Audrey B. Hawkins, Treasurer

Income

Sponsors	\$4,445.00
Vendors	1,770.00
Cake Table Sales	276.05
KIHS Sales Table	348.55
Little Train Rides	80.00
Patron Ads	970.00
Total Income	\$7,889.60

Expenses

Rent	
Stage	300.00
Tables, Chairs	155.70
Tent, Sides	235.00
Postage	34.42
Gift for W. Baker	81.65
Hoffman Publishing	900.00
Encampment	1,600.00
Signs	113.00
Water for Vendors	35.00
Donation, Confed Soldiers	100.00
Dumpsters	200.85
Portable Toilets	150.00
Electric Service	12.12
Misc. Supplies	22.05
Total Expenses	3,939.79
Balance	\$3,949.81

Dot's Story

The engaging story that begins on the following page tells of growing up on a Kent Island farm early in the last century. The author, Dorothy Adele Hopkins Jones, lovingly wrote this account so that her own child might better understand his or her heritage.

This unpublished manuscript was provided by Dan Hopkins, a member of the Board of Directors of The Kent Island Heritage Society and a nephew of the author.

—Ed

Dot's Story

Dorothy Adele Hopkins Jones

I was born in the family parlor one September morn at 7 a.m. at Great Neck—or Hopkins Place, as we called it. September 25, 1913. I don't know whether Dr. Henry was on time, but the colored mammy was. We called her Aunt Harriet, and she helped nurse me as well.

I don't have any recollections until the white potty we all used broke with me on it and cut a gash in my backside. I was three years old. There was a great rush to hitch up the horse and carriage to take me to town—Stevensville—to the doctor. I recall him laying me across his knees and closing the wound. Whatever he used felt like the flat side of a knife.

The next event in my young life was a trip to the hospital in Baltimore by boat to have my tonsils out. I was four years old.

Growing up on a farm of 210 acres with water on three sides was exciting every day. There were chickens, baby ones that hatched in an incubator in a back bedroom above the kitchen, besides the ones that hatched under the mother hens. There were baby ducks—all yellow and fuzzy—that knew how to swim the first time their mother took them to the creek. The baby goslings that hatched from the big goose eggs were so well protected by the hissing mother goose that you could not get near them.

Turkeys hatched in big coops on high ground because they were delicate and didn't like to get their feet wet. My Mother usually raised about 500, as they were a good cash crop around the holidays. I always thought turkeys were stupid. They didn't know to come in out of the rain or before a thunderstorm in the summer. I was usually sent out to shoo them in from the fields and ended up getting soaked to the skin. Young turkeys get sick from the rain and cold. We fed them hard-boiled eggs and onion tops, chopped by hand every day.

There was corn that had to be put through a grinder every day for all the critters, as my brother called them. It was made very clear to us at an early age that if the poultry didn't eat well, the family didn't eat well either.

There were the cows with baby calves in the spring. The cows had to be milked twice every day at 5 a.m. and 5 p.m. When I was big enough daddy—Daniel Hopkins—gave me a cow to milk. She was named Dolly, and she only had two teats. I guess he thought I could handle that better than the normal four.

We processed milk to sell. I remember squirting the warm milk from the cow right on my tongue. It was hard to keep the cow from kicking the bucket over. We put milk for our own use in big crocks on a shelf in the cellar under the parlor. The cream formed on top overnight, and we skimmed it out for table use and to make butter.

We made butter about twice a week and took it to town to sell in exchange for staples that we didn't grow. We also took eggs for the same purpose.

We made cottage cheese by putting the clabber in a fine cotton bag and squeezing the water out. My dad loved to eat clabber with cream. We had many desserts of milk, sweet cream whipped, butter and eggs because they were so plentiful.

My parents adopted an orphan girl from Baltimore when we were quite young. She was more or less our baby sitter as she was only in her teens. Her name was Elizabeth. She eloped when she was about 19 or 20 and raised a family.

There was always help in the kitchen, as there were colored tenants living in a small house on the farm. There was Lucy, who did the washing and ironing, and Mary Ellen Riley, who says she helped when she was 15 and I was a baby. Mary Ellen has been cooking for Dr. Truitt for many years. He now owns Great Neck. Then there was Sadie who learned to cook from my mother and who became my confidante when I became a teenager and who advised me in all matters of romance.

I sat in the kitchen for hours watching Sadie do her hair when she had a date. She used a hot curling iron to straighten her hair and then grease to hold it down. Sadie also had three brothers—Willie, Coke and John—who were around my brother's and my age. We played baseball every afternoon in the yard after school. We were never at a loss for playmates.

The other help on the farm consisted of Sadie's father, Russ, and Frank, a hired hand who helped daddy in the fields plowing, planting, cultivating and harvesting. We grew wheat, corn, tomatoes, watermelons and cantaloupes to ship via sailboats that came up Warehouse Creek and tied up at our wharf.

We always saved the biggest watermelon for Christmas. We would paint or varnish it to seal it and put in a dark corner of the cellar and it kept just fine. We also had many secret watermelon parties in the corn field, which upset my dad as we picked the biggest and best that should have gone to market.

I don't know which season of the year was the most exciting. The snow in winter was so beautiful. The sleigh would be brought down out of the second floor of the carriage house, daddy would tie our sleds on behind and across the fields we would go.

One time mother and I went in the sleigh to visit a neighbor, who neighbor gave us a dozen eggs. We stayed too long I guess because when we left to go home the horse—Cleve—started to run. When we turned the corner from their lane to the main road, the sleigh upset. Mother and I were thrown out into a snow bank, the eggs were broken and so were the traces to the sleigh.

The horse ran all the way back to our house. When daddy saw old Cleve had come home without us he was really upset. There was no way for us to get home through the snow. He brought another horse and finally got the sleigh out of the snow bank. Daddy would never let us use old Cleve again.

The only other blizzard I remember was about 1925. We tried to walk to school. It was a good two miles, and the snow had drifted to about six feet. So we walked on top of the snow drifts. The highways were all dirt. After the snow came the thaw, and we had mud up to six-inches deep.

There was only one way to get anywhere and that was by horseback or horse and carriage. We hardly ever missed church on Sunday and afterwards usually went to see my grandparents on my mother's side. My father was on the vestry at Christ Episcopal church for 40 years. He always took up the collection. We sat

in the front pew as my Mother was deaf. My parents were very active in church, and we attended many church suppers.

I was baptized by the Bishop, and whenever he visited our parish he was always our guest for dinner. We usually fed him rook fish with sliced hard-boiled egg and a sauce. My mother was a wonderful cook.

Winter time also provided us with lots of ice skating. My father was a wonderful skater. We started out on two-runner skates on the pond at an early age. When we got old enough daddy took us out on the creek if it was frozen thick enough.

We had many skating parties with our friends. Mother would always make a half gallon of chocolate ice cream in the turn-the-handle ice cream freezer. I can still remember licking the beater blades when she took them out. We used to build a fire on shore to keep warm as we skated by moonlight. We also chopped blocks of ice and covered them with straw to put in the meat house.

The Fall season was exciting as that was harvest time. We always had a big Halloween party and spent a lot of time decorating the parlor with corn shocks and pumpkins. My father was a square dance caller and could play a fiddle. My mother played the piano. They always had a gay time. They would invite their friends, who brought their children.

Their other social activity was playing cards: a game of 500. My mother had been a school teacher in a one-room schoolhouse, so they entertained the teachers—and their boyfriends—every Friday evening. Later on they taught my brother Ed and I to play 500 as the teachers got married and were busy raising families of their own.

My parents used to take us to dances at the old Love Point Hotel. Cousin Jim Cooney taught us to dance. Love Point was a great place for picnics on special occasions like the Fourth of July. After the parade it was the place to go for picnicking and shooting fireworks.

(Your own Dad Jones, as young as 10, came there with his parents to picnic on the 4th. And so did Mrs. Headley when she was a young girl.)

Love Point was where you took the

ferry to Baltimore—it took two and a half hours—which we did about two or three times a year. We would stay overnight at a rooming house so you would have time to shop for clothes. I can still hear the clanging of the street cars and remember how noisy it was in the morning in the city with all kinds of trucks for milk and bread and fruit.

The biggest excitement was trying to make the ferry to go home and to buy lots of fruit, especially bananas, at the wharf.

Sometimes the ferry would run into a storm on the Chesapeake Bay. The big boat would roll from side to side, and people would get seasick. Other times the bay would freeze over in winter and boats could not get to Baltimore.

Another fall activity was killing hogs. We kept two in a pig pen near the carriage house to fatten for our winter food. We had the opportunity to watch all their babies grow up.

Killing hogs is quite an experience. You have to build a trestle to hang them from after slaughtering them with a knife. You also need two big containers of hot water to scald the skin so the hair can be scraped off.

Most every part of the pig is good for something. The best part for us kids was the bladder. Daddy would blow it up with the bicycle pump, tie it tightly and we would float it up to the living room ceiling where it would spend the winter getting dried out. We used it for a basketball in the spring.

Hog killing was a full two-day event. There was meat to be ground up for sausage, which was formed into cakes, cooked on the wood stove and sealed in hot jars of grease for use with pancakes later. There were pigs feet to be boiled and hams to be smoked and whole lengths of pork loin for roasts. I can't remember what happened to the head and tail. The meat was hung in the meat house to feed us in winter.

We also killed one cow for beef. But it was usually tough, so we had lots of beef stew. We also ate lots and lots of chicken. Fried was my favorite. We only had turkey at Thanksgiving. We also ate lots of duck and oysters and fish. Maybe goose once a year.

Never, never had lamb. Either they were too valuable for market or else my Mother loved them too much. When the baby lambs arrived in the

spring those too weak to stand were brought to the house to be fed with a bottle and nipple. They were so soft and cuddly that it was hard to set them free when they got strong enough.

There were also baby calves to look after in the spring. And baby kittens were all over the place. We had 13 cats.

We had two dogs, named "Tiz" and "Taint" because they looked so much alike. Tiz had three puppies and died in the process. Taint grieved himself to death. The puppies were lovely. I used to carry them around in a basket until they got too big. Then I gave them away to Elizabeth's children.

My brother has hunting dogs as he liked to shoot rabbits. He taught me to shoot a 22 rifle and single barrel shotgun. We had lots of rabbit stew.

He also trapped muskrats in the marshland and sold the pelts. I used to sit and watch him skin them.

My father liked to make bread. He made hot biscuits every morning. He would get up at 4 a.m. and make a fire in the wood stove, go milk the cows and then make the biscuits. Sometimes he would make corn bread. He was the oldest of seven kids, and his mother had taught him to cook. He also made beaten biscuits every Saturday using a wooden block and an axe.

The summertime I guess was best of all. By May 1st it would begin to be warm enough to go barefoot on the way home from school.

My brother and I used to ride our bicycles out to the end of the lane, lock them to a tree and then catch the school bus. My dad drove the school bus. On the last day of school he would drive the bus to the drug store in Stevensville and buy all the kids an ice cream cone, which cost 5 cents each in the 1920s.

After school closed in June there was much to do on the farm. There were strawberries to be picked and fresh asparagus to be cut. We had a big garden—about an acre—where we grew all kinds of vegetables for eating at home, such as white potatoes, sweet potatoes, green beans, squash, cabbage, peas, lettuce, sweet corn, beets, carrots and wax beans. There were also pear trees, fig trees, peach trees and apple trees.

We canned many vegetables and fruits for winter use. We made jam and jelly from fruits. From the grape arbor

we made our own wine. We had a cider press for apple juice. We had a big peach orchard and shipped peaches to Baltimore by boat to sell. We also spent several days canning peaches, which I thought was hard work.

The next big thing in summer was threshing wheat. The fields of wheat had been cut and stacked in shocks in June. In July a threshing machine came to our farm for two days to separate the wheat from the straw. It was very exciting to watch the wheat pour out of one pipe and straw the other. We were allowed to play in the new big straw stack, which we could slide down, roll down, make tunnels and play hide and seek. The straw had many uses in the stables and around the barn. The wheat was shipped to Baltimore to be sold.

Some of the wheat was kept on the second floor of the barn to be ground into flour for home use. I used to ride with daddy in horse and carriage 18 miles to Queenstown to take the wheat to the mill so it could be ground into flour. Daddy and I would have a huge dish of ice cream from the ice cream factory next door to the mill.

In the summer we could swim in the creek, row or sail a boat, go crabbing for hard and soft shell crabs, dig clams or fish off the pier. We also had picnics and went horseback riding. The fun was endless.

I spent many an early morning walking along the shallow part of the creek or marsh with a dipnet looking for soft crabs. That is where they would hide while in the shedding stage.

We used lines for catching hard crabs with the row boat or off the pier. We used fish or chicken necks for bait. It was easy to catch enough crabs with the dipnet for a crab feast. We would steam them in a big lard can with a little water and vinegar.

We also had eel traps to catch eels from the wharf. They were cylinder-like with a wooden door. Daddy liked them for breakfast.

In the early 1920s when I was about 8 or 9, my mom and dad decided to rent a house in Stevensville for the winter months of January and February. There, we could all enjoy a little more social life and get to school easier. Winter in the country is a constant freeze and thaw. If you didn't have ice and snow you had mud.

It was great fun being able to see

your friends every day. When the State Roads Commission put in the first mile of concrete highway through Stevensville, my brother and I had a chance to learn to roller skate on the new road. I think every kid in town got ball bearing roller skates that year. It was probably great for our parents too, as we were out of the house all day.

My parents played cards and visited a lot. Daddy had to make many trips to the farm to feed the animals. I guess the tenants and farm hands took care of everything else.

The rest of the winters we spent on the farm. It was a challenge just to keep warm. We had a coal stove with a register in the ceiling for the bedroom above. There were three beds in one room, each equipped with a feather bed on top of a mattress. During freezing weather you would take a hot flat iron or hot brick wrapped in newspapers to put in bed with you. Needless to say you wore long underwear and flannel pajamas.

The toughest part was washing in cold water and brushing our teeth. When we were small we would take a bath in the tin wash tub in the kitchen.

The kitchen had a big wood stove that was kept burning all day and half the night. Later on we had a coal oil stove in the kitchen, but it had no oven. There was a pot-belly wood stove in the small dining room. There was a bedroom above this room where Sadie slept. There was a back stairway as well as three other bedrooms over a back porch that were probably used by the large Hopkins families before us.

There were no bathrooms anywhere. The toilet was outside down by the creek. It was a three seater with a bucket of lime, a bucket of corn cobs and an old Sears, Roebuck catalog. It was concealed from view by a big hen house.

When I was about 13 in 1926 a very wealthy man named Dr. Cook from Baltimore came to our house to ask permission to keep his yacht in our creek—Warehouse Creek. We had ten feet of water outside the back door. For this favor he took my brother and me on many trips on his yacht. It slept eight people below. We thought it was a floating castle. There were wicker chairs on deck and a galley below. Some of the trips I remember were across the bay to Annapolis and to the

boat races at the Miles River Yacht Club. Dr. Cook kept his boat at our place for about seven years. He also built a tremendous home called "The Log Cabin" on some land he bought on the Chesapeake Bay. It had one huge room with a walk-in fireplace and a balcony all the way around it. The six bedrooms were all around the balcony on the second floor. The kitchen was in another building connected by a walkway. The furnishings were gorgeous, all bearskin rugs on the floor and antique furniture.

When I was a sophomore at the University of Maryland, he suggested that I bring some of my friends home for a weekend at the Log Cabin for a house party. I think there were eight or ten of us. It was a great time. He tried to chaperone us, but we really gave him a hard time as we were up most of the night. We ate our meals at the farm, enjoying my Mother's wonderful cooking.

My Grandmother Tolson died when I was 12 in 1925. She lived across the fields, and mother and I walked to her house many times. She spent her last years in a wheelchair, a victim of rheumatism or arthritis. After she died my grandfather moved to town—Stevensville. We spent most every Sunday with him for the next few years. We had some great times there listening in on the new telephone party line that hung on the wall.

My two uncles, who were in the hotel business in New York City, used to show up on holidays. That was lots of fun. They always brought lots of goodies for the kids and applejack booze for the grown-ups.

These were our teenage years. Too young to drive, but not too young for romance.

Kitty, my first cousin, used to be there too. We used to walk over to the train station to watch the train come in to take on passengers on its way to Love Point, where the ferry left for its regular 6 p.m. trip to Baltimore.

Kitty and I had always had some great times together growing up. We were first cousins and did not live too far apart. We had signals, such as a white sheet hung from my kitchen porch, which she could see from her cupula. The signal was one if the creek was frozen for ice skating, and two if we wanted to go horseback riding.

THANKS TO THOSE WHO MADE KENT ISLAND DAYS POSSIBLE

PATRONS

Robert L. and Lorraine Aaron
George and Phyllis Abendschoen
Mr. and Mrs. Michael Anderson
John and Mary F. Ashley
Patricia Baker
Wheeler and Holly Baker
Stephen and Marilyn Bassford
Carol and Bob Bateman
Mrs. Lucie M. Baldi
Ronald Becker
Harry and Nancy C. Bly
John L. and Diana Bonner
John and Meg Borders
Janet and Ted Breeding
Richard C. and Deborah J. Britt
Roland and Myrtle Bruscup
Ida Jean Buckel
Elizabeth Bukowsky
Lynette L. Burton
Patricia C. Carnes
Eunice and Curtie Chance
Richard and Cindy Chirumbe
Forrest and Renee Chisman
Frank and Sharon T. Clark
Deborah and Spencer Clarke
Jeanette Clevenger
Lois Cockey
Lynne Riley Coleman
Butch and Linda Collier
George and Nancy Cook
Copies Plus
Gordon and Alice Crouch
Richard and Eileen Dadds
Jean Darcy
Mr. and Mrs. John F. Davidson
Janet and Bill Denny
Claude DiGiovine
Alta Dunn
Gil and Florence Dunn
Mary T. Dunn
Jack Douglas Dunn
James F. Ewing Jr.
Mrs. Thomas Ewing
Charles B. Ford

Carlton and Ruth Foster
M. Esther Foster
William, Jack and Ann Franklin
Janet Freedman
Hugo G. Gemignani
Mordecai and Dorothy Gibson
Pastor Timothy George
Jane H. Grafton
Harry L. and Eileen F. Griffith
Henrietta Grollman
Larry and Mary Hansel
Mr. and Mrs. William H. Harris
Audrey Bruscup Hawkins
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Helfenbein
Jacqueline W. Horney
Mrs. Thomas O. Hoxter
Mae Hutchison
Claudia E. Jewell
The Rev. Joseph E. James
and Mrs. Augusta G. James
Ginger Jones
Mr. and Mrs. John C. Kellam
David A. and Claire A. Kelley
Harry and Ellen Klages
Charles and Eileen Lacijan
Karla J. Larrimore
Edna May* Lewis
Olive Lowe
Elizabeth MacGlashan
Marguerite Mankin
George and Barbara Marmion
Harold and Dorothy McAllister
Barbara Kettler Mills
Nathan Morris
Barbara Nash
Marie Neuhauser
Gregory J. Nizza
Anthony and Delores O'Brien
George O'Donnell
Art and Karen Oertel
Thomas and Dorothy Oyster
Junc Palmer
Norma and Bill Patton
Michael J. and Merna Pelczar Jr.
Fran Peters
Sandra Pezzoli
Roy and Thelma Phillips
Mary C. Pippin
Harry and Isabel Porter

Mrs. Royden N. Powell Jr.
Annie May Price
Evelyn Q. Price
James W. Price
Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Pyle
Harold and Rebecca Ringgold
Dorothy Ringgold
Dorothy Risley
John and Jane Robbert
Mary A. Rouchard
Mr. and Mrs. William R. Russell
Jerud and Dorothy Ryker
Edna L. Ryon
Warren and Nancy Sadler
Bernard and Dorotheann Sadusky
Maurice and Ellen Sanger
Sonny Schulz
Tracy and Stacey Schulz
Dr. and Mrs. John Seidel
Robert I. and Frances J. Seiders
Edward F. and Shirley Severa Jr.
The Reverend & Mrs. James Shand
Judy Sheubrooks
Pete and Mary Jane Shinnamon
John and Shari Smigo
Jack and Janice Smigo
W. Franklin and Jarrett Smith
Elaine Snyder
Jane G. Sparks
Mary Lee Steadman
Mickey Steele
Frances Taylor
C. Willard and Emma Thomas
Katherine G. Thompson
James and Anna Thompson
Mrs. Kathryn Thompson
Ruth Thompson
Lem and Eva Thompson
Irma Tillman
Dorothy Tolson
Robert and Sara W. Towers
Mirian Usilton
Mike and Mindy Voelker
Honey Voermann
James and Gayle Walls
Robert F. and Shirley J. Walters
Adam and Margaret Watkowski
Jack H. and Patricia Weston
Mary White

Peggy A. Whittington
Margaret Nash Whittle [SHS 1931]
Paul Wilderson
Jim, Bucky, Laura & Natalie Wills
William E. and Madlyn E. Wooters
George D. and Beverly Ann Young
Charles and Bonel Zakarian

SPONSORS

Queenstown Bank of Maryland
Centreville National Bank of
Maryland
Annie's Paramount Steak House
Island Inn
Peter A. Holland
Foster, Braden, Thompson
and Palmer
Baker's Liquors
Century 21
Angler's Restaurant
Kent Island Floor Covering
Hogan's Insurance Company
Fellows, Helfenbein and Newman
Funeral Home PA
C.J. Langenfelder
Holly's Restaurant and Motel
Friel's Lumber Company
Fisherman's Inn Restaurant
Lowe's Nursery
Mark Freestate Insurance
Kent Drugs
Western Auto
Dashiell School of Dancing
Annapolis Bank
Jetty Restaurant
Harris Crab House and Seafood
Restaurant
Kent Island Realty
Helfenbein Insurance Agency
Matapeake Deli
Jinx Liquors
True Value Hardware of KI
Mitchell Andrew's Love Point
Delicatessen
Stevensville Antiques
Big Bats Cafe, Steve Garland

We each had a horse and would meet in the woods halfway between our homes. We had many rides together. There were also many sleep overs on weekends. Later there were house parties with three extra girls.

In 1930, a new ferryboat named

Gov. Harrington began carrying people and cars across the Chesapeake Bay from Matapeake to Sandy Point near Annapolis to be followed by a dance pier and clubhouse for dinners.

Sometime in later years, Dr. Cook's Log Cabin caught fire and burned to

the ground. There was very little fire fighting equipment at the time. Dr. Cook had bought up a great deal of property on Kent Island. He sold it to developers, and so the face of Kent Island changed. ■

THE KENT ISLAND HERITAGE SOCIETY, INC.
P.O. Box 321 • Stevensville, Maryland 21666-0321

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

I wish to become a member of the Kent Island Heritage Society, Inc.
Enclosed is my check to cover dues of membership indicated
below: Life Membership ... \$250.00 Single Membership ... \$10.00

Name _____

Name _____

Street _____

Town/State _____ Zip _____

Telephone _____

*Dues and contributions are deductible on income tax returns.
Membership period January 1-December 31*

The Kent Island Heritage Society, Inc.
Post Office Box No. 321
Stevensville, Maryland 21666

Address Service Requested

Non-Profit Org.
U.S. Postage
Paid
Stevensville, MD
21666
Permit #11

