

Isle of Kent - 1631

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

NEWSLETTER OF THE KENT ISLAND HERITAGE SOCIETY, INC.

SPRING 2022

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President's Message



We are well into 2022 and our best thoughts are...**We're back!**

After an unreal set of challenges in 2021, this year looms bright and positive on a variety of fronts. We outlined our challenges in our last Newsletter - now for the good news. Linda Moore, our new interim Treasurer, has embraced her new key position with energy and confidence, after the tragic death of our beloved treasurer, Lynne Riley-Coleman. Thank you, Linda. At the Historic Stevensville Bank, our new owner,

Bill Hufnell, has warmly welcomed our heritage partnership, as he moves forward with plans to establish a branch of his wealth management firm in the rear board room. The Kent Island Heritage Society will continue to manage the front section of the old bank and vault as a preserved historic site. Bill has already completed some interior and exterior restoration work. Thank you, Bill. We look forward to our partnership.

And some more good news – **Kent Island Day is back!** - Saturday May 21 in Historic Downtown Stevensville. We are looking forward to a really big Kent Island Day celebration. Along with our opening up for Kent Island Day, we are also opening all of our historic sites starting in May, the first Saturday of the month through November and for special tours upon request. Please share the enclosed Non-Profit Vendor form with other groups to which you belong which might want to participate in Kent Island Day. Forms for commercial vendors can be found on our website.

We will also be hosting a number of other events. On Tuesday June 14 in Historic Christ Church in Stevensville, there will be a presentation on the newly recognized Underground Railroad site on Kent Island, the Stoopley Gibson / White's Heritage Manor House in Gibson's Grant. The presentation will be by Andrew Costello, owner of the Manor, and Matt LaRoche, University of Maryland, Graduate Assistant. It should be an interesting evening. In September we plan to host our annual Fall Heritage Picnic at the Kirwan House, showcasing the Kirwan Place itself along with Kent Island's autumn glory. In December we plan to host our annual Holiday general meeting and elections at Cascia Vineyards. We also plan to participate again in the annual Queen Anne's County Festival of Trains in December, highlighting the railroading heritage of Kent Island. During the summer, we hope to host a "Thursdays in the Park" concert on the Cray House Green, sponsored by the Queen Anne's County Center for the Arts, similar to last summer. Check local press and social media for information as details are not yet firmed up as of this printing.

(Continued on page 2)

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Toni Gibson

Chris Kilian

Carmen Mendez

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PROGRAMS

Kent Island Day

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John Conley

Nancy Cook

Carole Frederick

Bob Lowe

Picnic

Carole Frederick, *Chair*

Toni and Jay Gibson

Linda and Butch Collier

June General Meeting

Jack Broderick, *Chair*

Annual Election Brunch

Toni Gibson, *Chair*

Our plans to explore and celebrate our Native American history on Kent Island are in a holding pattern pending availability of exhibit space for the famous Marks collection of artifacts, with the assistance of Dr. Darrin Lowery. In addition, this summer we look forward to the completion of the archaeological project on Parson's Island, overseen by Dr. Lowery and Dr. Mike Walsh of Texas A&M.

There is an exciting new project that we will be supporting. It will document an important part of our local African American history - the seafood shanties of Kent Narrows. Supported by grants from Maryland Humanities and Stories of the Chesapeake Heritage Area, the "Shantytown" project is spearheaded by historical researcher Yolanda Acre of Federalsburg who has ancestral roots in Queen Anne's County. We will share access to our heritage files and offer research assistance. The project will result in a new exhibit/display at the Kennard African American Heritage Center in Centreville and a possible future book.

Much of our Heritage Society work in the past two years has been done virtually, however as we move back into the "in-person world" we still expect to continue our on-line effort in terms of genealogical and historical research. We are responding to an unprecedented number of special requests on Kent Island history and genealogy. Our Board Members, Lou Crouch, Bob Lowe, Annie Mae Price, and Linda Collier have used their extensive research talents and knowledge of local history to provide priceless information for inquiring families and researchers. We will continue to develop and present sessions, both virtually and in person, on Kent Island's history to local groups upon request. With the assistance of QACTV, we have filmed virtual tours of our sites that are being made available on QACTV, YouTube, and other social media outlets.

On the broader community level we have participated in a number of ways to help strengthen and protect our heritage. Some of the efforts that we shared in our last Newsletter bear repeating and updating. We continue to work closely with our QA County Tourism Office in our mutual commitment to strengthen heritage tourism. We are now partnering in a new program to have our Stevensville sites documented in a new Iphone app using information in our Historic Stevensville Walking Tour pamphlet as a guide. We really appreciate our QA Tourism partnership. We have also been actively engaged in the process to revitalize the Historic Stevensville Arts and Entertainment (A&E) District, where most of our historic sites are located. We look forward to partnering with the new A&E leadership team in numerous events in 2022. Updates will be on our website and social media. Likewise, we are engaged with the QA County Library in their KI Branch expansion efforts and are ready to move into the new heritage room to support our records storage and research activities.

On the controversial Bay Bridge front, no new information is available as of this printing. As previously discussed, we opposed the third span proposal, advocating instead for a larger replacement of the two existing bridges. Our QA Commissioners have since supported a similar proposal. We expect a decision by the State sometime this spring (?). And most importantly, from the long range perspective, we have been actively engaged with the QA County Department of Planning and Zoning in drafting the update of the County Comprehensive Master Plan relating to preservation of our historic and cultural heritage over the next decade. Working in concert with our heritage partners of the QA Historic Sites Consortium we anticipate a strong approach from the County level in support of our heritage.

Looking forward to the next few months, our new Board members, Mike Rosendale, Chip Price, Vernetta Sherman, and Mindy Voelker are getting involved as we become immersed in planning for Kent Island Day. We are grateful to have each of them on our team. Look for a description of their unique backgrounds in our Newsletters.

With our plans to reopen our historic sites starting in May, we want to emphasize the important work of our docents at each site. Our docents are the folks dressed in historic

CALENDAR 2022

JANUARY 19
BOARD MEETING

FEBRUARY 16
BOARD MEETING

MARCH 15
BOARD MEETING

APRIL 20
BOARD MEETING

MAY 18
BOARD MEETING

MAY 21
KENT ISLAND DAY

JUNE 14
MEMBERSHIP EVENT
AT HISTORIC CHRIST CHURCH

JULY 20
BOARD MEETING

AUGUST 17
BOARD MEETING

SEPTEMBER 21
BOARD MEETING

SEPTEMBER 25
MEMBERSHIP PICNIC

OCTOBER 19
BOARD MEETING

NOVEMBER 16
BOARD MEETING

DECEMBER 11
ANNUAL MEETING
AND ELECTION

*NOTE: OTHER THAN BOARD
MEETINGS, ALL OTHER EVENTS
WILL DEPEND ON THE STATE OF
COVID 19.*

period outfits who meet and greet our visitors and tell our stories. It can be stimulating and fun and educational in its own right. If you appreciate our Kent Island History and enjoy meeting people, consider becoming a docent.

As we were going to press with our last Newsletter we received word of the passing of our old friend and retired Heritage Society Board Member, Bill Denny of downtown Stevensville. Billy was proud of his long Kent Island heritage and of his work with the Heritage Society. Please see our tribute to Billy in this Newsletter.

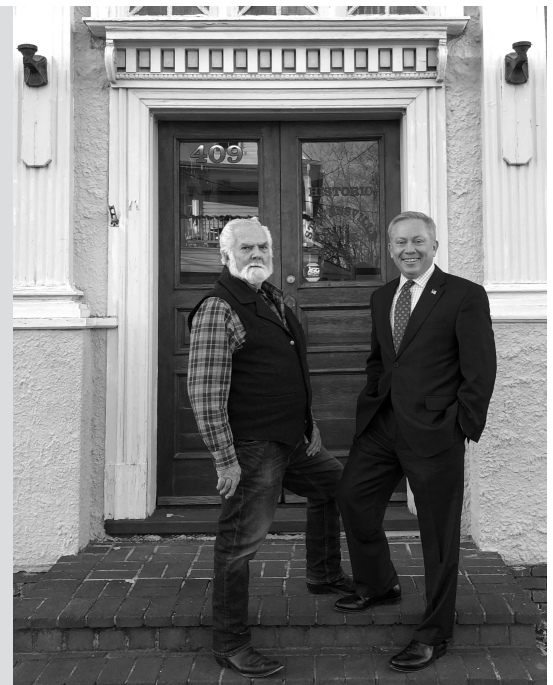
We thank you for your continuing support as we look forward to an active year of activities and events in support of our mission to discover, identify, restore, and preserve the heritage of Kent Island.

We'll see you in May if not sooner!

Jack Broderick

**"This could be the
start of a beautiful
friendship."** KIHS

President Jack Broderick and Bill Hufnell, the new owner of the historic bank in Stevensville have made arrangements whereby KIHS will continue to operate the front portion of the bank as a historic site and Hufnell will upgrade the office space at the back of the bank for his financial services company Bay Wealth Management. Hufnell has already made improvements to the bank which will open with other historic sites on May 7.



SCAN KIHS QUICK RESPONSE (QR) CODE TO REACH OUR WEBSITE.



Quick Response (QR) Code

You can reach our Kent Island Heritage Society website with most Smartphones which are equipped with QR Code readers in their cameras. Hold your Smartphone camera over the QR Code so that it is clearly on the phone screen. The phone will scan the code and connect to the site. Some phones might require you to take a picture of the QR Code.



KENT ISLAND DAY NON-PROFIT FORM

SATURDAY MAY 21, 2022
10:00 AM to 4:00 PM

Registration form deadline is April 30, 2022.

Return this form to:
John L. Conley
142 Evelyn Street
Chester, Maryland
Phone: 703 216 0449
jconcomm@gmail.com

NAME OF ORGANIZATION: _____

501c3 NUMBER _____

NAME OF CONTACT: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP CODE: _____

E-MAIL ADDRESS _____

DAY PHONE: _____ **EVENING PHONE:** _____

EMERGENCY PHONE (IN CASE OF RAIN, ETC.): _____

WE INTEND TO SELL FOOD OR OTHER ITEMS SUCH AS

REMEMBER, ONLY ONE VENDOR IS ALLOWED PER RESERVED SPACE.
A 10' X 10' SPACE WILL BE PROVIDED. YOU MAY BRING A SUN CANOPY,
BUT NO TENTS WITH SIDES WILL BE ALLOWED.

SIGNATURE: _____ **DATE:** _____

**THIS EVENT IS SPONSORED BY THE KENT ISLAND HERITAGE SOCIETY, INC. WHOSE PURPOSE IS TO DISCOVER,
IDENTIFY, RESTORE AND PRESERVE THE HERITAGE OF KENT ISLAND.**

STARDUST BY THE BUSHEL

Recalls Entertainment Industry's Many Ties to Maryland's Eastern Shore

By John L. Conley

Did you know that:

One of the first motion picture railroad crash scenes was filmed in Queenstown for the 1917 silent film *The Whip*? That Tallulah Bankhead is buried alongside her sister at St. Paul's Cemetery near Chestertown?

That Bea Arthur (Bernice Frankel) who starred as Maude and as Dorothy on the *Golden Girls*, as well as on *Broadway*, lived in Cambridge and served as a truck driver with the Marine Corps during World War II?

That Edna Ferber spent many hours with the actors and crew of the James Adams Floating Theatre that performed in Stevensville, Queenstown, and other Eastern Shore ports before she wrote *Show Boat* which became a classic Broadway musical and movie?

That Annie Oakley's Cambridge home is on the National Register of Historic Places?

That the actress standing next to Charlton Heston in the iconic final scene of the 1968 *Planet of the Apes* was Linda Harrison who was born in Berlin, Maryland?

You can read about these and many other connections of stage, screen and literature to Maryland's Eastern Shore in Brent Lewis' new book, *Stardust by the Bushel*. Lewis, a longtime member of the Kent Island Heritage Society, has written many books involving Kent Island, including the non-fiction *Remembering Kent Island*, *Stories From the Chesapeake* and the novel *Bloody Point*. He is a walking encyclopedia of local lore.

Lewis does not just provide details of movies filmed on the Eastern Shore but goes deep into "behind the scenes" nuggets of the impact of making the movies on the people and towns where they were filmed. The 2005 *Wedding Crashers* was filmed in and near St. Michaels where actors and crews spent six weeks. They became frequent visitors to local restaurants and actress Jane Seymour bought several paintings from local shops.

A 1928 movie *The First Kiss* brought Fay Ray and Gary Cooper to St Michaels. The eventual Hollywood legends did not only stay at the Pasadena Inn in nearby Royal Oak, but Fay Ray also married John Monk Saunders in Easton's Calvary Methodist Church. Cary Cooper was a witness.

One of the most successful movies made on the Shore was *Runaway Bride* which brought box office giants Julia Roberts and Richard Gere and director Gary Marshall to Berlin in 1998. Many businesses and homes were transformed for interior and exterior scenes. The name

of the town in the movie was changed to Hale after one of Berlin's native sons, Hale Harrison. Lewis reports that the town celebrated Julia Robert's birthday and that she charmed everyone she met. "She'd ride her bike through town and when she visited the bazaar at Buckingham Presbyterian Church, she 'bought everything those ladies made.'" Berlin later saw its name changed to Treegap in Disney's 2002 *Tuck Everlasting*.

Sissy Spacek and Kevin Kline experienced the many positive features of Ocean City and its year-round residents in 1984 while filming *Violets are Blue*. Hundreds of locals were used as extras, and scenes showing the beach, boardwalk and local restaurants and buildings would be familiar to regular OC visitors. The movie's credits thank longtime Mayor Harry Kelley who died before the film was released.

Lewis goes beyond the movies and plays and the actors with Eastern Shore connections in *Stardust by the Bushel*. He also covers writers and producers and people with non-starring roles. One chapter covers Harriet Tubman and the movie portraying her life. Another is on Robert Kearns, inventor of the intermittent windshield wiper whose long patent fight with the automobile industry went all the way to the Supreme Court and was documented in the film *Flash of Genius*. Even *Misty of Chincoteague* has her own chapter.

Author Lucille Fletcher who wrote the radio script *Sorry, Wrong Number* and her husband Douglas Wallop (of Wallop's Island lineage) lived and wrote in Oxford. Her *Sorry, Wrong Number* was made into a play and movie and her *The Hitchhiker* was first presented on radio by Orson Welles and the theme became one of the best-known *Twilight Zone* Episodes.

Douglas Wallop was graduated from the University of Maryland in 1948 and went to work for United Press International. There he became lifelong friends with broadcaster David Brinkley and worked with just-retired General Dwight David Eisenhower on his book *Crusade in Europe* about his role in World War II. A long-suffering Washington Senators baseball fan, Wallop turned his frustration into a book *The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant* which was the basis of the musical *Damn Yankees*.

Another non-actor featured is writer James M. Cain who lived in Chestertown beginning in 1903 while his father was President of Washington College. He entered

(Continued on page 6)

Stardust by the Bushel is as much an entertaining portrait of the Eastern Shore's towns and people as it is of the entertainment industry's history here. This reviewer gives it Five Crab's and urges you to pick up a copy in person from a local store. The book is available at retailers up and down Delmarva including the Gifted Crab and Bakers Liquors on Kent Island and Edwards Pharmacy in Centreville, as well as online at secantpublishing.com. ■

A black and white photograph showing a large, dark, arched structure, possibly a tunnel entrance or a large building, with two people standing in front of it. The structure has several windows and a door. The people are standing on a pile of debris or rubble. The image is tilted slightly to the right.



STARDUST ON KENT ISLAND



By John L. Conley

While Brent Lewis's book *Stardust by the Bushel* focuses on the entertainment industry on Maryland's Eastern Shore, our little Kent Island certainly also enjoyed visits from famous entertainers and authors. Many surely crossed the island after arriving by steamboats and ferry boats, especially after the railroad station at Love Point opened in 1902. Like with any good history book, the reader is sent off to learn more about the subject.

Kent Island railroad men participated in the train crash scene in the silent film *The Whip* filmed in Queenstown in 1917. Lewis writes that, “G. E. Eckstrom, a ‘well-known engineer’, leapt off after sounding a long-drawn whistle blast as the swan song of locomotive engine No. 4 which, upon collision with the obsolete rolling stock purchased for the sole purpose of maximum wreckage, performed acrobatics never before staged for the screen.”

George E. Eckstorm was one of many members of the Eckstrom family to work the railroad on Kent Island and the Eastern Shore. He was born on Kent Island in 1889 and lived here for many years before leaving the railroad for farm life in Delaware. He registered for the draft for

World War I and again, at age 52, for World War II while living in Milford, Delaware. In the 1920 Census, he is shown on Kent Island and his occupation is listed as Railroad Shop Foreman.

His father, Henry Eckstorm, was born in 1861 and in the 1910 Census is living on Love Point Road where his occupation is listed as “railroad laborer.” In an article for *The Isle of Kent 1631*, long-time Stevensville resident John Eckstorm Jr., wrote, “With my grandfather, uncle and father employed in various positions by the railroad that served this section of the Eastern Shore, needless to say, the railroad played an important part in my early boyhood memories.” His father was a Stevensville station manager and telegrapher.

You can learn more about the filming of *The Whip* in Queenstown from the excellent book *Queenstown, The Social History of a Small American Town* by Harry C. Rhodes. You can watch the full movie by logging onto the You Tube site and typing The Whip Movie 1917. (Spoiler alert: Make sure to log into the right “Whip movie” and don’t try to turn up the sound”).

Lewis devotes a full and informative chapter to Edna Ferber and the James Adams Floating Theater. The theater was a showboat that brought live performances to small communities in the Mid-Atlantic states from 1914-1941. Edna Ferber visited the floating theater several times to talk with the crew and performers as she did research for her 1929 novel *Show Boat* which was made into the iconic Broadway musical and several movies. One of the people she may have met was Wade Arledge who lived in Chester on Kent Island and played the trombone on the showboat for twelve years. According to his obituary in January 1936, "He was also active in promoting the success of the Stevensville Opera House in which he was engaged as motion picture operator."

The showboat visited Stevensville for the first time in October 1915. The boat would travel along Cox Creek to near where the Stevensville Cemetery is located today. While it continued to visit Queenstown, Centerville, Rock Hall, Crumpton, Chestertown and several other Eastern Shore ports until 1940, the last visit to Stevensville

was in 1930. It would be interesting to learn why the floating theater did not continue her visits. The boat was destroyed by fire on the Savannah River in November 1941. Maryland writer Dr. C. Richard Gillespie wrote a detailed history of the tugboat pulled entertainment barge in *The James Adams Floating Theater*.

From 1913 to 1917, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Butler enjoyed living near the Choptank River near Cambridge. The area was a "sportsman's paradise" where Mrs. Butler, also known as Annie Oakley, could shoot a wide variety of game. Longtime Kent Islander Phil Kemp (see Isle of Kent 1631 Spring 2021) who was raised on Love Point is quoted in a Bay Times article that in 1913 Annie Oakley put on a shooting exhibition at the Dreamland Amusement Park at Love Point where she threw lightbulbs in the air and shot them with a Merlin rifle. "She didn't miss anything," he recalled.

There are probably many other stories about entertainers and entertainment on Kent Island. If so, let's share them in future issues of this newsletter. ■



SPREAD the WORD!!!!

KIHS SCHOLARSHIP:

Application forms for the
2022 KIHS Scholarship for a

graduating Kent Island High School senior
are due by April 30 and can be found on
our website kentislandheritagesociety.org.
There is no longer a "legacy requirement"
for the \$1,000 Scholarship which is open to
all seniors.

KENT ISLAND DAY MAY 21:

Information and vendor forms are available
on our website, including for people selling
food or other products and for non-profits,
activities and local authors.

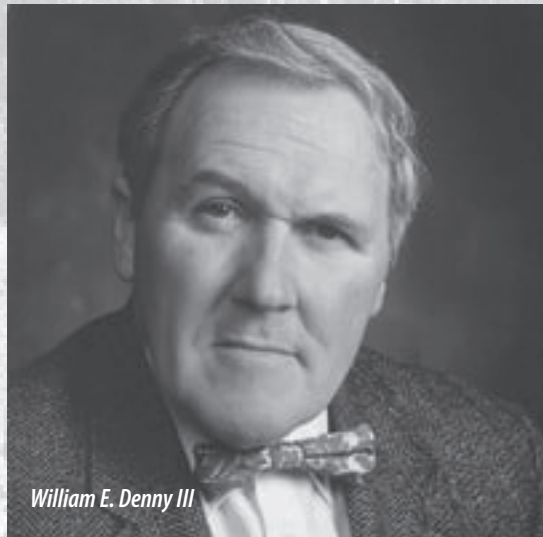


Can you help identify
this pottery that was
found along the
shoreline just below the
Matapeake Pier by a
KIHS member?

It was buried about a foot into
the sand. For color pictures of
the pottery, please contact us at
jconcomm@gmail.com.

LEGENDARY KENT ISLANDER

By John L. Conley



William E. Denny III



Billy Denny (left) and lifelong friend and fellow 1949 Stevensville High School graduate Donald Crouse at play c1937.

William Eareckson Denny III, a longtime Kent Island Heritage Society member and champion of local history, died on November 20, 2021 at age 89. He was born on Kent Island on July 8, 1932. Denny grew up on the island and was a 1949 graduate of Stevensville High School. He was fondly remembered by several KIHS members.

“Queen Anne’s County and especially Kent Island has lost an ardent supporter and promoter of the history of Kent Island,” said Nancy Cook, a KIHS Board Member and past president. “Through Bill’s efforts, the Kent Island Heritage Society was able to purchase the old Stevensville Post Office (1877) that was once used as the headquarters of the Society, lent his support and energy to raising funds via a bond bill for the renovation of the Cray House (1809), aided in the opening of the Kirwan House (1889) as a museum, and arranged for the Society to rent the old Stevensville Bank (1903) when it became vacant in 2006.”

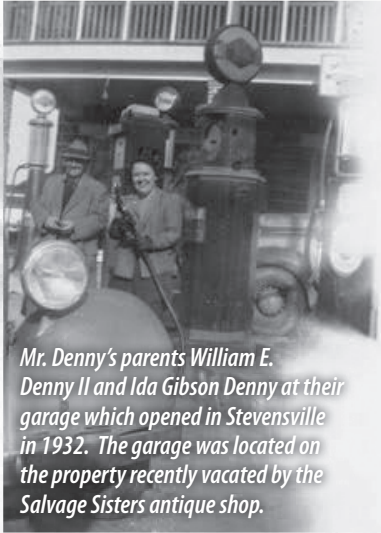
Cook said that “During my tenure as president of KIHS, 1999 through 2008, ‘Billy,’ as I addressed him, was always active in seeing that projects were completed and that personnel were available for the opening of our historic sites. He stepped down as a director in 2011, but remained as Director Emeritus, always willing to lend aid where needed. KIHS will ever be grateful to have been the beneficiary of Billy’s interest and support.”

Billy Denny’s roots run deeply into Kent Island soil and continue today through his great grandchildren. According to an article in the Spring 2001 issue of the Isle of Kent- 1631 newsletter which included a picture of the Denny family at Kent Island Day, “the ancestors of the Denny family came from Scotland, Iceland, Wales, and England. They settled on Kent Island in the 17th century. Jacob Denny was a Queenstown banker, 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 owner of several farms at Love Point. William Eareckson Denny Sr. was a county commissioner, merchant, and farmer at Love Point. William Denny Jr. was owner of W. E. Denny & Son, a Chrysler Plymouth Dealership in Stevensville, a school bus driver and a founder of the Kent Island Volunteer Fire Department.”

Billy Denny attended Randolph Macon College and then studied business at the University of Maryland before he joined his father in the car dealership and garage business in Stevensville. He was a director of the Queenstown Bank and worked as a school bus driver. He married Joyce Marlene Chance in 1953 and together they had four sons. She died in 1994. He married Janet Guertin-Ellis in 1996 and gained two stepdaughters and a stepson. Janet Denny continues to live in Stevensville where she is known for her skills as a wool spinner.

Denny remained active in the Stevensville High School Alumni Association. Though he suffered a stroke and seizure in 2018, he worked with his lifelong friend, KIHS member, and fellow 1949 Stevensville High School

WILLIAM "BILLY" DENNY III DIES



Mr. Denny's parents William E. Denny II and Ida Gibson Denny at their garage which opened in Stevensville in 1932. The garage was located on the property recently vacated by the Salvage Sisters antique shop.



Billy and Janet Denny and their family at Kent Island Day

graduate Donald S. Crouch to prepare a biography which Crouch delivered at their 70th Class Reunion in 2019. The following information is from that biography which was shared by Crouch.

Billy helped his father grow the William E. Denny & Son Automotive business that included the car dealership and an International Truck dealership. The company also sold used cars, did automotive repair, and sold parts. "The Scottish work ethic of the Denny's was really demonstrated by their operation of their business which was kept open 14 hours a day Monday through Saturday and reduced to 12 hours on Sunday," Crouch wrote. The business lasted until 1991 when the Bay Times reported in the June 12th edition, "One of Kent Island's most beloved landmarks closed shop for the last time Friday, leaving behind enough stories to fill a dozen scrapbooks."

Billy not only worked in the family store, he and his family lived above it in an apartment they soon outgrew. Crouch wrote that, "They purchased the vacant parish home next to the unused Methodist Protestant Church located in the center of Stevensville and contracted a total refurbishment of the property. They did a beautiful job and probably saved the property from being razed for some commercial purpose." Janet Denny still lives in the house where visitors can see the beautiful old church next door that they also purchased and turned into Ye Olde Church House Antiques in 1997, and where sheep and goats could be seen grazing next to it.

Billy Denny knew tragedy. Within six months in 1994-95, he lost his wife, mother, and father. Crouch credits friends like Nick Hoxter and the then Janet Ellis, who he married in 1996, for helping Denny get through those dark times. "Simply put, I am not sure how Billy would have survived without her support and love," he wrote. "One thing that she accomplished was to drag Billy off of Kent Island long enough to show him that another world out there really existed." They visited the town of Denny in Scotland, the Grand Canyon, Yellowstone National Park and even went on a Caribbean cruise.

Billy Denny's name is part of Kent Island history. His photo along with those of Nick Hoxter and Melvin Clark appear on the cover of Hoxter's book Kent Island: The Final Visit to the Island of Yesterday Featuring Tales of the Three Olde Islanders. Denny also helped his 1949 Kent Island High School classmate in Hoxter's other books on Kent Island.

Bill Denny was an avid hunter and fisherman and enjoyed doing 18th century reenactments in the middle state region. He clearly led a full Kent Island life. He is buried in the Stevensville Cemetery along Cox Creek which he enjoyed throughout his life. To paraphrase the 1991 article on the closing of the automobile business, Billy Denny has left behind enough stories to fill a dozen scrapbooks.

Dot's Story of Her Early Kent Island Life

Dorothy Adele Hopkins Jones

(Editor's note: Dorothy was born on September 25, 1913, and died on August 3, 1994. This article is from an unpublished manuscript she wrote so that her own child would better understand her heritage and the Kent Island of her youth. It first appeared in the KIHS newsletter in 2001 and was provided by Dan Hopkins, her nephew and then a KIHS Board Member. The language in this article contains racial stereotypes that are reflective of the time she wrote it but would not be acceptable if written today. The language is retained to show the realistic historical and cultural context of Kent Island at that time.)

I was born in the family parlor one September morn at 7 a.m. at Great Neck--or Hopkins Place, as we called it on 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 babysitter 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 it 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 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 snowbank, 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 snowbank. 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 the 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 rock fish with sliced hard-boiled egg and a sauce. My mother was a wonderful cook.

Wintertime 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 schoolteacher 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 Cookey 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 had 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.

(Continued on page 12)

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

My brother and I used to ride out to the end of the lane, 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 of 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 big new 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 rowboat 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 garage 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 catalogue. 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 cupola. The signal was one if the creek was frozen for ice skating, and two if we wanted to go horseback riding.

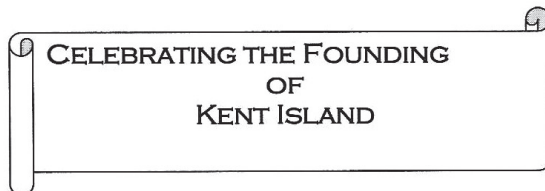
We each had a horse and would meet in the woods halfway between our homes. We had many rides together. There were also many sleepovers on weekends. Later there were house parties with three extra girls.

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.

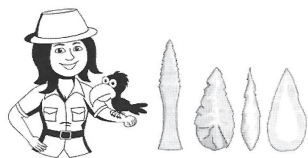
Sometime in later years, Dr. Cook's Log Cabin caught fire and burned to the ground. There was very little fire fighting equipment at the time. Dr. Cook had bought up a great deal of property on Kent Island. He sold it to developers, and so the face of Kent Island and changed.

(Editor's Note: Clabber: Dot Jones mentioned that her dad "loved to eat clabber with cream." Your editor had to go to the dictionary to learn about "clabber." Clabber is produced by allowing unpasteurized milk to sour to a stage of a firm curd without a separation to whey. It has a yogurt consistency with a sour flavor. It was used prior to milk pasteurization developed, especially in areas without refrigeration.) ■

Opening Ceremonies and Parade at 10:00 a.m.



Kent Island Day May 21, 2022



Come Join the Fun

Attention

*Commercial Groups, Artisans, and Non-Profits
For exhibitor forms to participate go to our website:*

www.kentislandheritagesociety.org



Sophie's Place - Thank you

By Linda Collier

As curator of the Kirwan House and on behalf of the entire Kent Island Heritage Society, I would like to extend our heartfelt thanks to the family of Sophia Kirwan Coleman. Sophia was Senator Kirwan's daughter and she and her husband, Whitefield Coleman, built their home across the street from the Kirwan House about 1910. Her descendants have lived there or had extended visits there in all the years thereafter. Dot Wagner, Sophia's granddaughter, now a widow in her late 80s and the present owner, decided she could no longer maintain the house long distance and would reluctantly have to put it up for sale. It sold immediately. This house, chock full with generations of goodies, now had to be emptied. Prior to an estate sale and after the family made their selections, the Society was invited to select things we could use at the museum or that were Kirwan heirlooms. They included a gorgeous hanging oil lamp that had been converted to electricity had already been tagged as not going with the sale of the house. It had begun its life at the Kirwan house, but when Mrs. Kirwan decided to "modernize," it came to Sophie's place. Now it will come back to where it began, and we are absolutely delighted to have it.

The Coleman family had already been so generous to us over the years, and this was no exception. It was very, very hard for them to relinquish a place that held so many memories, but we want them to know their Coleman and Kirwan precious possessions have found a good home with us. Family photos, toys, memorabilia, and household items will now be enjoyed by our many visitors. We will miss their visits (we are up to 4x great grandchildren of the senator) to see what's renovated and also what's new in the museum. Some of us also enjoyed sitting with them for a spell on their front porch while they reminisced, giving us valuable insight into

days gone by. We hope they will come back to Kent Island for a visit from time to time and make the Kirwan Museum their first stop.



Whitefield and Sophia Coleman are shown at their home across from the Kirwan Store in the early 1900s. Sophia was the daughter of Senator James Kirwan. The Coleman family recently sold the property and made some very generous historic donations to KIHs.

WELCOME NEW KIHs BOARD MEMBERS



MICHAEL ROSENDALE was born and raised at Love Point. He is the youngest of Chris and Mary Rosendale's six children, who were the founders of The Bay Times newspaper in 1963. Michael is married to another born and raised Islander, Tammy Davidson Rosendale, together they are the owners of Rosendale Realty, which will be serving the community 45 years in January 2023. They have two grown children and two grandchildren.



VERNETTA E. SHERMAN (maiden name Pauls) is a native of Chester MD. She retired in 2011 from the Maryland Department of Natural Resources with 38 years of state service. She has been a minority partner in the family's small dump truck business since 2007, after the death of father. She is an active member of New United Methodist Church in Chester and has been a Hospice Patient Volunteer since 2011. Vernetta is widowed and has one daughter, one grandson, and one sister. She has been interested in Kent Island history since I am a native. She says, "I love Kent Island. (except for the traffic.)"

MINDY VOELKER is 1964 graduate of Towson Catholic High School, Towson, MD. She moved to Kent Island in 1974 with her husband and young son and they were eventually the proud parents of three sons. They live on Cox Neck Road, down before Turkey Point, also known as Southwinds. She is a member of St. Christopher's Church and a longtime member of KIHs. She says, "I have always been interested in history, antiques and "old stuff". And I cry and get angry every time I see, or hear of, another piece of this beautiful island being decimated for the builders' gain."



JAMES W. "CHIP" PRICE is a descendant from multiple generations of Kent Islanders. He was happy to assist the Kent Island Heritage Society decades ago. He completed a thirty-four-year career with Maryland's Department of Natural Resources (DNR) where he served in many positions, including as Director of Program Open Space, Maryland's primary funding program for public land conservation and park development. This afforded him the opportunity to work with county governments across the State to pursue the acquisition, conservation and development of parks including those on Kent Island such as Terrapin Nature Park, Old Love Point Park, Cross Island Trail, and others. Soon after retirement from DNR, he was honored to serve a three-year term as Director of the reestablished Queen Anne's County Department of Parks. Currently, totally retired, he looks forward to reconnecting with others who share an interest and love for the heritage and nature of his island home.



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In Memoriam

Ted Breeding
Lynne Riley-Coleman
William Denny



LET US HEAR FROM YOU!!!!

Please contact KIHS if you have comments on items in Isle of Kent 1631 or if you have questions about Kent Island history that we can try to answer. We welcome topics you would find of interest and especially information you can provide for future issues.

Contact: John Conley - jconcomm@gmail.com | cell: 703-216-0449

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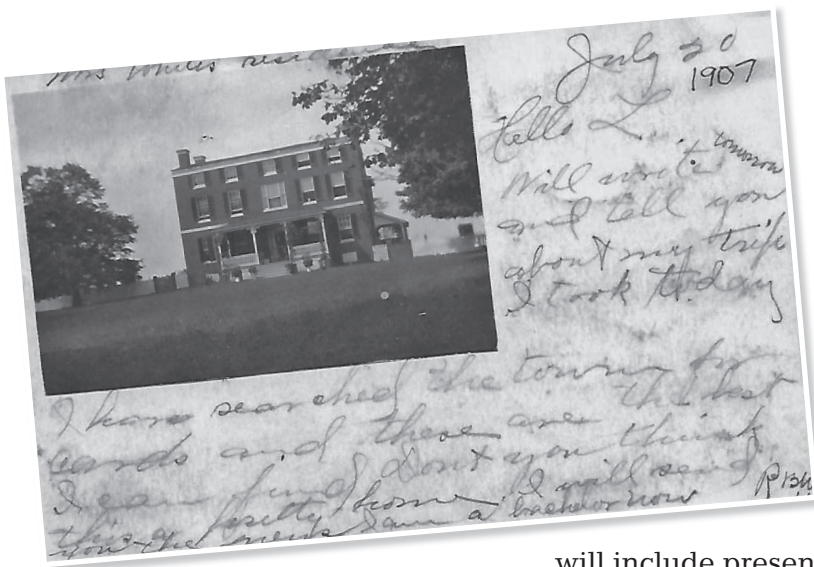
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POSTCARD from Kent Island: KI Property Added to Underground Railroad Trail

Submitted by John L. Conley



This postcard mailed in 1907 shows the front of the Stoopley-Gibson/White's Heritage home as viewed from the water. Located on a farm along Macum Creek that became today's Gibson's Grant, the property was recently named by the National Park Service Network to Freedom of Underground Railroad stops as the Henry Massey Escape Site at Stoopley Gibson Manor (Kent Island). Massey was a 14-year-old slave who escaped from the property in 1849 and was returned five years later from Pennsylvania. The June 14 Kent Island Heritage Society General Meeting at the Historic Christ Church in Stevensville

will include presentations on the history of what is today known as the White's Heritage property and the escape and capture of Henry Massey. Check the KIHS website kentislandheritagesociety.org website for further details. (Note the " Mrs. White's house "the sender wrote on the card.)