President’s Message

Well it happened. It rained, hard, on Kent Island Day. I placed this note in The Bay Times and wanted to reprint it here to share with all our members. Kent Island Day Saturday—May 21—Cancelled Rain - the little sign read in the flooded pocket park in Stevensville.

The decision was made on Wednesday, May 18, based on the unusual weather forecast. The notice then went out directly to our many hundreds of players and on social Media: “Due the dismal forecast, we’re acting preemptively. It’s official, Kent Island Day 2016 is cancelled, due to the 100 percent heavy rain prediction for Saturday. There is no rain date. We’ll look forward to a bigger and better event next year.”

The 100 percent rain prediction held through the week, and boy did it rain on Saturday! Over the years Kent Island Day has grown to be an annual rite of spring on Kent Island, like a ritual that many folks look forward to. It’s a celebration of the best of our heritage, our culture, and our life on this wonderful Island we call home. But, being what it is and where it is, it is dependent on good weather. We have been lucky with reasonably good weather for the past 12 years. This year the odds caught up with us. We are thankful that we had accurate warning and made the right decision.

Some have asked if we could do a rain date. We have looked at that over the years and concluded that there are just too many players, the preparation is too long, and the time of the year is just too busy to make a rain date possible.

We want to express our thanks the many hundreds of folks who had a part and have worked for months in planning and supporting our Kent Island Day effort: our KI Day Team headed by Nancy Cook; our vendors; food folks; entertainers; paradesters; logistics supporters; the business folks in Stevensville; our local first responders; to all who helped us get the word out so quickly; and all our friends and neighbors who are always so supportive. We have felt that support as we made this difficult, unavoidable decision. We especially want to thank the Kent Island American Legion for their generous financial sponsorship of KI Day. Even though the day was cancelled, their word to us was to “use that support to help defray your ex-
Continued from page 1

penses, and we’ll look forward to supporting you guys next year.” Well, we are looking forward to next year. We extend our heartfelt thanks for such a supportive and understanding community. We’ll see you at Kent Island Day 2017.

Meanwhile, back at the farm, work has continued to improve our physical facilities at the Kirwan Farm. The old storage shed behind the farm house has been removed and replaced with a new, larger storage shed, thanks to Tom Willey Enterprises. The best compliment we’ve heard is “looks great, blends right in, looks like it’s always been there” — and it’s very functional. Also, our Eagle Scout project is underway to clean out, and restore the other shed – the old historic tool shed. It will eventually become an historic venue, with workshop tools and farming implements. We look forward to completion this summer when our attention will turn to plans for a working Blacksmith Shop on the Farm.

Our recent events this spring featured a fascinating presentation in March about Amelia Earhart by Mary Ann Jung. The gifted historic actress literally brought Ms. Earhart to life in her brilliant portrayal of the aviation pioneer’s life and adventures. A great learning experience for all who attended!

In April we participated in the Stevensville Spring Festival – sock burning and all – which included a short storytelling event, including yours truly (It was fun!). Later in April we participated in the Queen Anne’s County Heritage Day event with a display at Chesapeake College during the big County Storytelling Festival. We also participated with docents at the Queen Anne’s House and Garden Tour.

Of course, we are gearing up for our first Saturday open sites throughout the summer and fall months. The sites in Stevensville and at Kirwan’s are being spruced up and docents are ready for our visitors.

On June 15 we will host another evening dinner cruise aboard the Chester River Packet. Last year’s anniversary cruise was so popular many have asked to have it again. We will depart at 5:00 p.m. from the dock at the QA Heritage and Visitors’ Center at Kent Narrows for a three-hour cruise on the Chester River with narration and wonderful Chesapeake dinner. Look for details in this newsletter and in our separate mailing. Hope to see you then.

Jack Broderick
Our Docents Are Our Ambassadors

Rawle Mannix, Cray House docent

Rawle Mannix was born in Charleston, South Carolina into a Navy family and traveled all over the world during her youth. She lived in Guam, Iceland, France and Germany in addition to many ports of call in the United States. Through these travels she developed a love of many different cultures, art, architecture and world history.

Although she graduated from the University of Maryland with a major in History her career turned out to be in engineering. After attending a technical school in Baltimore she briefly worked for an architectural firm but found her niche in civil engineering. Studying topographic contours, preparing maps, designing underground water and sewer piping, calculating storm water ponds, counting parking spaces for a shopping center, and figuring out road curves to match driving speed turned out to be a lot of fun. Who knew?

Before retiring in 2009 she was a Senior Project Manager overseeing numerous complex engineering projects involving commercial properties, residential subdivisions and private single-family homes. Processing plans through the difficult permitting process with local planning and zoning agencies was more challenging sometimes than the actual Engineering.

Rawle has lived on Kent Island since 1970 and loves the Eastern Shore. She also loves volunteering and was the first president of Christmas in April (now called Rebuilding Together) in addition to serving as secretary, treasurer and fundraising chairman over the years. This affiliate organization was started in Queen Anne’s County in 1993 to repair homes for low income elderly or disabled homeowners and after over 20 years in existence the organization has repaired more than 250 homes for our citizens in need.

Since retirement Rawle has focused on gardening, yoga, travel, and improving her golf game by studying the topographic contours on the putting green. She is a member of the Kent Island Garden Club and is currently serving as vice-president. She loves gardening as well as visiting the many beautiful gardens in our area and learning about new plants and gardening techniques. She also volunteers at the Chesapeake Bay Environmental Center handling the raptors and monitoring the wood ducks and ospreys.

Rawle has two children, Anne and Chris, who also live in Maryland. Anne is Director of Communications for the Baltimore Museum of Art and Chris is a budding writer and filmmaker.
A BIG THANK YOU...

The American Legion  Kent Island Post 278

Through the years, The Kent Island Heritage Society, Inc. has been the beneficiary of monetary gifts from the Kent Island American Legion Post 278. These gifts have made many of the projects of the Society possible. We are so grateful and want to take time to recognize this organization for such generosity and to let everyone know how these gifts have been used to further interest in the history of Kent Island.

A Walking Tour ... Historic Stevensville, a brochure describing the historic district houses, was one of the first projects funded by The Legion. It has always been and still is very popular with visitors to our businesses and historic sites.

Our Kent Island Day, held on the third Saturday of May each year, has, in the past, obtained historic re-enactors with these gifts. Last year an historic fife and drum corps was also funded by Post 278 and led our parade.

The Society is extremely appreciative of these gifts as we continue to fulfill our mission of discovering, identifying, restoring, and preserving the history of Kent Island!

Editor’s Note: This year as Kent Island Day was cancelled, we offered to refund the money to the Legion but they would not hear of that. Their donation of $1,500.00 makes them belong to the Matapeake Sponsor level and we appreciate that they think we are using their donations wisely and will continue in that same vein.

Kent Island Day Supporters  2016

We thank our generous Matapeake Sponsor and Kent Island Day Patrons for being so supportive of our efforts.

Since we were rained out this year, we would like to carry your good will forward and apply it to a bigger and better Kent Island Day 2017. Thank you!  Jack
A Day Too Soon
by Alex Johnson

Half-emptying the brown paper bag
One hand holding the ground round
The other reaching for the celery stalks,
she smiles,
Remembering last evening’s tuna casserole
He liked deliciously.

Raking the winter litter leaves
From the plot
Where crocus and daffodil
Would soon emerge,
she cries,
Great shoulder-shaking sobs
Little Gretel lost.

Out walking with the morning sun
Following the island trail
Passing white egrets,
she smiles.
They stand so still beside the marsh.

Lying on the cool grass
Under his keen caress
Watching the night sky
To see if that small shadow cloud
Will hit the moon
she cries,
Softly, knowing a day will come,
All too soon,
When she will neither smile nor cry.

Annual Picnic at the Kirwan House
September 25
1:00 - 5:00 p.m.

Plan Now to Attend! Lots of fun, stories, prizes, activities and good eats along with our core potluck lunch!
Hunting

Rabbit Hunting was and is a great way for hunters to exercise their dogs and themselves. It requires a lot of walking for the hunters and running for their beagles. Rabbits live in the undergrowth in fields and along fence rows. They also make their homes in any parts of a field the farmer does not cut during the harvest. They reproduce prolifically as you can see by the bounty in these pictures.

The common kind of rabbit on Kent Island is the cottontail.

My favorite rabbit has always been Brer’ Rabbit who was invented by Joel Chandler Harris (aka Uncle Remus). Brer’ Rabbit always outsmarted Brer’ Fox and Brer’ Bear! He was a very sassy little character and couldn’t help but let them know he had gotten the better of them – usually by using reverse psychology! However, Brer’ Rabbit might not have fared so well with the skilled hunters on Kent Island!

Claudie Lowery talked to me about rabbit hunting at some length. This winter rabbit season was from No-
Claudie Lowery and Bob Pulley at day’s end

November 7, 2015 to February 29, 2016. He said to be really successful you have to have well-trained dogs to flush them out. He also told me that almost always a rabbit will run in a circle and right back to his original spot – or very close. Recently he trained three of his beagle puppies who would follow another experienced beagle to learn the tricks. Sometimes Claudie had to hide up a tree so the puppies wouldn’t see him and get distracted. It takes 10 to 15 times out with the puppies before they are thoroughly trained. Claudie keeps his dogs in dog runs so they cannot get loose but have plenty of room. One thing we know about beagles is that if they get loose they will put their noses to the ground and run, run, run with that country-western yelp going on. They don’t look where they are going - they just follow their noses – sometimes out into traffic. Out of rabbit season, Claudie takes his dogs out just to exercise them but he has control of them and they won’t run away.

A doe (the female) breeds at 6 months of age. Each doe can have six litters a year, with possibly five young per litter. Half of those will also be does, which will go on to breed the same year. That’s a lot of rabbits dining on the farmers’ crops!! Unlike a human, it’s key to the rabbit’s diet that it only eats the correct balance of fiber. If it does not it makes the bunny ill and can lead to Myxomatosis or other diseases. This fiber also controls the rabbit’s continuously growing teeth as it wears at them during nearly endless chewing. The fecal pellets or “droppings” are very important to a rabbit’s diet. They are re-eaten to absorb all of the healthy protein and carbohydrates that were missed the first time. The main bulk of the rabbit’s food is grass, but they will also eat anything green. This includes wild herbs, leaves and any crops they can find. It’s not uncommon for rabbits to eat mushrooms, fruits from trees and even walnuts.

From: http://www.how-to-hunt-rabbit.com/Wild-Rabbit.html

Beagles have the best noses for scenting of any breed of dog in the world. They can track a rabbit scent trail that is several hours old. Beagles can hunt in all types of terrain and vegetation including hills, mountains, prairies, deserts, forests, and swamps. They can track rabbits over snow, ice, and water or down a hot, dry, dusty road. http://www.beaglesunlimited.com/rabbit-hunting/rabbit-hunting-beagles-circular-pursuit

Rabbits can be prepared and cooked in numerous ways. Most of the people with whom I spoke said they fry rabbit just like they fry chicken. Nancy Sadler and Joann Lowery both flour the pieces and fry them. Nancy said the meat is coarser than chicken but along that line. She used to simmer the meat in water after she browned it to make it tender. Some people make rabbit stew that is simmered for hours with seasonings of their choice.

Nancy Saddler provided a synopsis of Kent Island when it was mostly farms. She recounted how the fence rows that were over-grown with wild vegetation provided habitats for some forms of wild life including rabbits.
She said, “People of the island ate what they could provide. If they were lucky enough to have a waterman in their family, they ate fish, crabs and oysters. There were no big supermarkets then so many islanders had a big vegetable garden and fruit trees. Some families had hunters as was the case with our family. My husband supplied meat for our table by hunting. We didn’t have a farm but knew a lot of people who did.” Warren, her husband, would get permission from the farmers to hunt rabbits and provided many family meals that way.

Nancy added, “The beagle is the dog most used for rabbit hunting. Sometimes a ‘beagle-type’ dog is just as good.” (A beagle-type dog is one that is partly beagle and partly another breed.) “Warren had a dog that was a ‘beagle-type’. Most beagles are tri-colored (black, brown and white) but Rusty was red and white. Warren would brag about how good a rabbit dog he was. After hearing so much about this great rabbit dog a friend who had champions wanted to compare his dogs to Rusty so he and Warren went hunting together. Rusty was so fast that he chased the rabbit out of hiding and had him half way back to Warren while the other dogs were still heading out. The friend had to admit that Rusty was a good dog. Rusty was such a good dog that the friend told Warren not to mistakenly shoot him instead of the rabbit!”
"Ol’ Bud, look at you lyin’ there. You are just so tired and worn out, aren’t you, boy?” said Jim Rawlings. Jim lived alone and his sole source of companionship was Bud. And Bud did respond. Characteristically, he lifted his head, his rheumy eyes looking at Jim, his tail doing a thump-thump, and then he slowly lowered his gray muzzle back down on the kitchen scatter rug.

Jim had decided that Bud was really showing his age, and the pain that came with it. He had come to the conclusion that it would be only the merciful thing to do — putting Bud down. Jim could go into town to have the vet do it, but he decided that Bud deserved to have one last time doing the thing he loved best— hunting quail. Jim thought he would take Bud out in the morning hunting with the rest of the guys and their younger, and much more agile dogs, dogs who ran circles around Bud.

Not always, though. In his prime Bud was one of the best quail hunters Jim had ever seen. He could flush out the quails before they knew anyone was in the field. Bud always found the ones that the other dogs missed. But lately, Jim had noticed that when Bud ran, more often than not, he would slow down and would begin to favor his right side. By the time they got home, Bud would be noticeably limping, and he would just stand in front of the doorsteps for awhile before making an attempt to go on in.

“Yep,” Jim thought. “This has to be done. I love my Bud. My buddy, my pal, my friend,” he hummed the familiar Willie Nelson song, “It’ll be that way until the end...” he trailed off, rubbing his eyes. “It’s gotta be done.”

That night Bud and Jim watched a few TV shows, just like they always did, each one sleeping and softly snoring, until one would stir and wake the other. Jim had his hand on Bud’s head a long time that night, and with a heart full of conflicting emotions, he fell into a restless sleep.

The next day (Saturday) dawned full of promise for a good hunting day. Even Bud seemed to sense that he was going to get to do his favorite thing. He stayed up and danced in little eager circles as Jim got the supplies needed. Since he wasn’t really going for the hunt, Jim needed little ammo. Just one shot would do what he needed, but didn’t want to do. As they drove over the bumpy fields in the old truck, Bud breathed a face full of fresh air out the window just as he had done since he was a puppy.

“How did this happen so fast?” Jim thought to himself. “Wasn’t it just a short while ago that he was too small to even eat out of his bowl without slipping into it? And hunt? He was the best of the best.”

At last they arrived. The air was full of baying and barking dogs, anxiously pulling at their leashes, sensing the challenges ahead and impatient to be put to the test. When it was time to go, all the other dogs rushed headlong into the tall grasses, each wanting to be the first to cause a flurry of feathers and that crisp, clean shot.

Bud started out excitedly too, but he slowed down at a mound of grass that the other dogs had eagerly run by. He cautiously sniffed, and then struck the pose, telling Jim, “I found this for you!” Sadly, Jim shook his head, as he carefully took aim, and thought, “Poor guy ... there’s nothing there. He’s really too old.” The shot quickly found its mark. Bud would never hurt again, and he didn’t have to ever know that he had lost the talent he once lived for.

Jim blindly walked toward the mound, unaware of the tears streaming down his cheeks. He was too busy watching the subtle movements in the grass—the mother quail and her two chicks that only Bud, only Bud, had found.
Membership Form

I/We wish to be a member of The Kent Island Heritage Society.
Enclosed is a check to cover dues of membership
for one calendar year:

□ $15 Single Membership
□ $25 Family Membership
□ $25 Organization
□ $250 Life Membership per person

Name _____________________________________________
Address ____________________________________________
___________________________________________________
Phone______________________________________________
Email ______________________________________________

Interests: History _____ Genealogy _____
Photography _____ Docent Program _____
Property Maintenance _____ Special Interest __________

Mail to: The Kent Island Heritage Society, Inc.
PO Box 321, Stevensville, MD 21666

Dues and contributions are deductible on your income tax.
Membership period is January 1 to December 31.

Island Quotes submitted by Alex Johnson

› Shall we tell you marvelous tales of ships and stars and islands where good men rest. (W. Burberry)
› Look stranger on this island now and silent be that through the channels of the ear may wander like a river the swaying sound of the sea. (W. H. Auden)
› We shall defend our island home. (Winston Churchill)
› On some secreted island – the place where in the end we find happiness. (William Wordsworth)
› Oh it's a snug little island, a right little, tight little island. (James Dibdin)
› No man is an island. (John Donne)
› We live in an old chaos of the sun or island solitude free of that wide water inescapable. (Wallace Stevens)
› For a moment we have a glimpse of ourselves islanded in a stream of stars. (Henry Beston)

In Memoriam

Wilbur R Garrett, Jr.
1914 – 2016

Janet Doeler
1931 – 2016

Emily Dryden Russell
1934 - 2016

Remember me in your heart, your thoughts, your memories of the times we loved, the times we cried, the times we fought, the times we laughed. For if you always think of me, I will never be gone. Margaret Mead
Movies, songs and books are filled with quintessential hometowns. There are neighborhoods, locally owned businesses and communities where everyone knows your name. Growing up on Kent Island gave me that quintessential hometown childhood. Most places mean more to me than what they actually appear.

The beach by my home may be just a flat stretch of sand, but it’s where I made clay sculptures on hot summer days with my sister and my cousins. Downtown Stevensville may just be filled with antique shops, but for my grandfather, it’s his brother’s corner store and his parents home, and a place where my mom always used to buy penny candy and drink Sprite soda as a kid.

Growing up as “Babe” Grollman’s youngest granddaughter marked me as “Babe’s Baby” for life. One time, at Kent Island Day, I had to give my name and address for a raffle. As soon as I said my name, the ladies at the raffle knew who I was.

Frequently, they would tell a story about my Papa. Either, how he stole watermelons off of the back of trucks or how he was joking around with someone. My Papa has been and still is a prankster—even at the ripe old age of 90!

It’s fun learning about my family, through other people’s perspectives. Because Kent Island is so small, most old families know each other. I hear stories about my family, sometimes they don’t even remember. I didn’t know my Papa was in drama club until someone from the arts council told me. How coincidental that my grandfather enjoyed performing as much as I do.

I learn so much about my family by being a part of Kent Island’s rich heritage. You know your family within the context of your family, but it’s very hard to find out who they are in context with the rest of the world; who they are with their friends, teachers and classmates. For example, I never knew playing practical jokes was hereditary. But apparently my great uncle and Papa were great practical jokers in their youth and had a close knit group of friends throughout their school years - much like I do.

I was at my synagogue helping set up after-service snacks, when an older man came over to me and asked if I were “Babe’s granddaughter.” He told me a story about how he ran into my Papa in Stevensville and he told him that there were free cigarette lighters at his brother’s corner store. The man went all the way to the corner store and there were no free lighters. He asked my great uncle about it, and he just responded with “Yeah, Alvin’s been telling people that all day. I have no idea why.” Apparently things like that happened all the time.

Kent Island’s heritage is so important because of the understanding it provides. It closes the gap between generations. I’ve observed similarities and differences in the way I act, and the stories I’ve heard of my family when they were my age. It helps me observe and understand the people in my life in a new light. I understand their decisions, morals and personalities better.

No matter where I go after graduation, I know that I can always count on finding home, not just my house, on Kent Island.
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PO Box 321, Stevensville, MD 21666

or  Call Jack: 410-643-6452

Back by Popular Demand! Aboard the “Chester River Packet”

Chester River Cruise and Supper

Dockside – QA Heritage and Visitor Center
Kent Narrows

Special Chesapeake Dinner

Wednesday, June 15
5:00 p.m. to 8 p.m.