



**FREE
TAKE ONE**



CHECK IT OUT: Miss Molly's Inn is on the market | Page 8



MAKE IT: Crab cakes put flavor in the season | Page 10



SUMMERTIME ON THE SHORE



It's carnival season in Wachapreague and Chincoteague | Page 6

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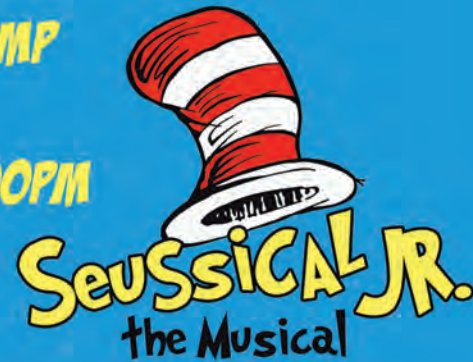
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Beachfront

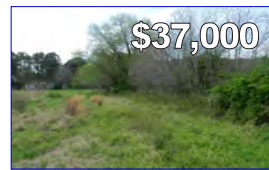
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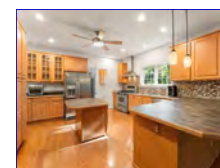
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Information contained herein believed accurate but not warranted.
Owner/Agent Properties are included in this advertisement



Friday, June 13 | Kiptopeke Butterfly walk

BUTTERFLY WALK: 10 to 11:30 a.m., Eastern Shore of Virginia National Wildlife Refuge, 32205 Seaside Road, Cape Charles (Kiptopeke). Take a walk along the refuge's butterfly trail and learn about the butterflies that visit the park.



Saturday, June 14 | Around the area Le Tour de Shore bike tour

BIKE TOUR: 6:30 a.m., Onancock Town Square, Onancock. The annual Le Tour de Shore bike tour offers cyclists of all skill levels a scenic ride around the Eastern Shore. There are 25k, 50k, 100k, and 100-mile routes. There are rest stops along the way and a barbecue lunch is served afterwards. For more information visit <https://tinyurl.com/5v9szvht>



Saturday, June 14 | Cape Charles Free ukulele concert

CONCERT: 6 to 11 p.m., The Oyster Farm Seafood Eatery, Cape Charles. Five different ukulele groups will perform on the lawn overlooking the bay. This is a free, all-ages event. Food and drinks will be available for purchase. Acts include Chris Ousley, Half Pint Harry, Skye Zentz, Jess Eliot, The Birdwatchers, and The Sonic Ukes.



Friday, June 6

■ **STREET FAIR:** 5:30 to 8 p.m., Bank Ave., Exmore. Exmore's First Friday Artisan Fair features artisans, crafters, food vendors, and extended hours for businesses in town.

Saturday, June 7

■ **MUSIC FESTIVAL:** Doors open 2:30 p.m., music starts 3 p.m., Bloxom Fire House, 15312 Bayside Drive, Bloxom. The Bloxom Firemen's Music Festival will feature music by Jay Allen, Dusty Vinyl, Maurice, Dee Ervin, and Atlantic Road. There will also be food and beverages, a live auction, and giveaways. Tickets are \$60 for general admission. For tickets visit <https://tinyurl.com/ydcpwshy>

Saturday, June 14

■ **SUMMER READING KICK OFF:** 10 a.m. to 2 p.m., Eastern Shore Community College, Melfa. The Eastern Shore of Virginia Library System is hosting a summer reading kickoff. There will be bounce houses, yard games, face painting, food trucks, crafts, activities, a DJ, information tables, and sign-up forms for the summer reading program.

■ **JUNETEENTH:** Noon to 4 p.m., Mary N. Smith Cultural Enrichment Center, Accomac. The Accomack County NAACP is hosting its annual Juneteenth Community Festival.

Sunday, June 15

■ **MUD HOP:** Gates open 8 a.m., racing begins at noon, 316 Dirt Drags, 20305 Greenbush Road, Greenbush. Spend time with dad at the Father's Day Mud Hop. Tickets are \$20 for adults. Kids 10 and under are free.

Wednesday, June 18

■ **COMMUNITY FAIR:** 10 a.m. to noon, Cape Charles Memorial Library, 201 Mason Ave., Cape Charles. The library is hosting its summer reading registration kickoff. Kids can register for the summer reading program.

Shore First | Entertainment calendar

Friday, June 20

■ **JUNETEENTH:** 6 to 9 p.m., Worcester County Library Pocomoke Branch, 401 5th St., Pocomoke City. The Sturgis One Room School Museum is hosting its fourth annual Juneteenth Celebration at the library with an open mic night with Sharnell Tull.

Saturday, June 21

■ **JUNETEENTH:** 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., Exmore Town Park, Exmore. The 26th annual Juneteenth Festival will feature music, a Juneteenth Queen Contest, food vendors, health education and screenings, voter registration, and more. The Unity Parade will be held starting at noon. The parade will begin at the Fresh Pride plaza and progress up Main Street to the park.

Sunday, June 22

■ **JAZZ BRUNCH:** Noon, Giddens Do Drop Inn, 8204 Bayford Road, Weirwood. Melinda and the Speakeasies will perform for this jazz brunch, which is held in honor of World Sickle Cell Awareness Day. Attendees are encouraged to wear red to bring attention to the disease. There will be an all-you-can-eat brunch buffet. The cost is \$25. To make a reservation call 804-513-0532.

Thursday, June 26

■ **GAMES:** 2 to 4 p.m., Island Community House, 6246 Mumford St., Chincoteague. Play games with others at Island Community House.

Saturday, June 28

■ **GRAND OPENING:** 11 a.m. to 6 p.m., Beebe Ranch, 3062 Ridge Road, Chincoteague. A grand opening will be held for the Beebe Ranch. Explore exhibits that share the history of the Beebe family, Misty, and Marguerite Henry. Admission is \$8. Members of the military and their families, children under 12, and museum members are free.

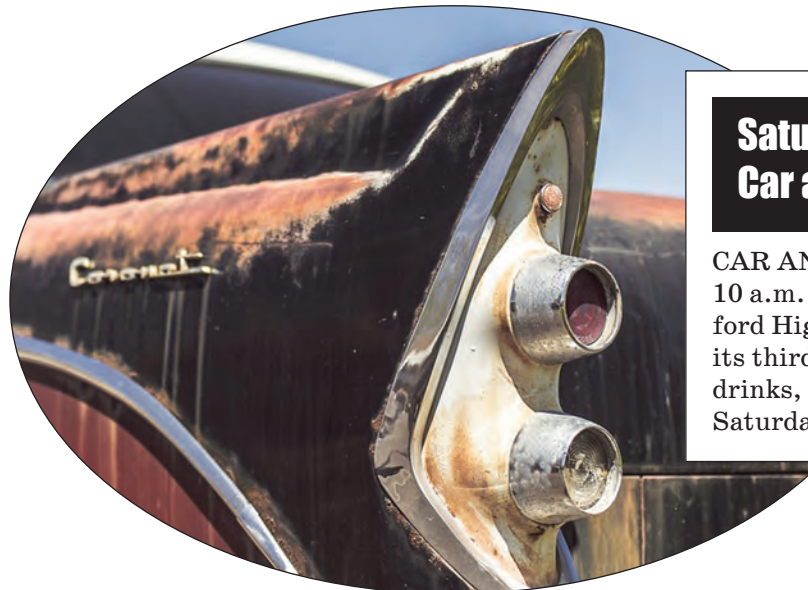
Tuesday, June 24 | Pocomoke City Storytime at the library

STORYTIME: 10:30 to 11:30 a.m., Worcester County Library Pocomoke Branch, 401 5th St., Pocomoke City. Kids 5 and under can enjoy stories, songs, and crafts.



Saturday, June 28 | Temperanceville Car and truck show

CAR AND TRUCK SHOW: Registration 9 a.m., show 10 a.m. to 2 p.m., Masonic Lodge 121, 10268 Lankford Highway, Temperanceville. The lodge is hosting its third annual car and truck show. There will be food, drinks, and baked goods for sale. The rain date will be Saturday, July 19.



Saturday, June 28 | New Church Independence Day Celebration

4TH OF JULY CELEBRATION: 4 to 9:30 p.m., New Church Volunteer Fire and Rescue, 4264 Firehouse St., New Church. The fire company is hosting its annual Independence Day Celebration. There will be bounce houses, food, games, an auction at 7 p.m., and fireworks at 9:30 p.m. Bring a chair.





SHORE FIRST/TED SHOCKLEY

The Ferris wheel at the Chincoteague Volunteer Firemen's Carnival offers a view of the grounds — and the water.

It's firemen's carnival time on the Eastern Shore of Virginia

Wachapreague, Chincoteague draw thousands to annual events

Go visit!

- The 71st annual Wachapreague Volunteer Firemen's Carnival will be open Wednesday through Saturday evenings from June 18 through July 5, from 7 to 10:30 p.m. There is no admission charge. Ride tickets and food are sold.
- The 100th annual Chincoteague Volunteer Firemen's Carnival will be open Fridays and Saturdays from June 27 to July 26, and every day from July 28 to Aug. 2, from 7 to 11 p.m. There is no admission charge. Ride tickets and food are sold.

BY JIMMY SHOCKLEY
Shore First

Every summer on the Eastern Shore, thousands of people flock to the firemen's carnivals in Wachapreague and on Chincoteague Island for a night of great food, rides, games, and socializing.

The events are time-honored traditions that span generations.

The Wachapreague Volunteer

Firemen's Carnival will return for its 71st summer, while the Chincoteague Volunteer Firemen's Carnival will be celebrating its 100th anniversary.

"We like to see the community have a good time," said Penney Thornes-Fluhart, co-chair of the Wachapreague carnival.

The Wachapreague carnival will be open Wednesday through Saturday evenings from June 18 through July 5, from 7 to 10:30 p.m.

The Chincoteague carnival will be open Fridays and Saturdays from June 27 to July 26, and every day from July 28 to Aug. 2, from 7 to 11 p.m.

The proceeds of both carnivals go back into the respective volunteer fire companies. Some of the revenue is invested back into the carnivals themselves.

Both carnivals are staffed mostly by volunteers — the Wachapreague carnival has about 100 staff while Chincoteague's staff is closer to 200.

Wachapreague's carnival even has a volunteer in her 90s, Gracie Smith, who still works at the carnival every year, said Wachapreague Carnival co-chair Wayne Dize.

"She does it and her daughter does it — it's kind of a generational thing they pass down," he said.

Games and foods

Games at the carnivals are staffed by various organizations and schools on the Eastern Shore like the Kiwanis Club, Rotary Club, and Shore Christian Academy.

Both carnivals will have a large selection of foods — famous clam and oyster fritters, boardwalk-style fries, pizza, and much more, including desserts like ice cream, cotton candy, and funnel cakes.

"We run the gamut — we make sure we've got everything," said Denise Bowden, the president of the Chincoteague Volunteer Fire Company and the mayor of Chincoteague.

(Continued on page 7)

Carnival

(Continued from page 6)

Bowden also said the carnival is an integral part of the Chincoteague summer experience.

“The carnival is an event tied in with Pony Penning,” she said, “it’s like a homecoming for us.”

Regional attraction

Both carnivals also attract more than just locals — some people plan Eastern Shore summer vacations around the dates of the carnivals.

The two carnivals have attractions for everybody — some go for food, some go for rides and games, and many go to socialize and reconnect with friends and family.

“Sometimes you see people who live on the Eastern Shore that you only see at the carnival,” Thornes-Fluhart said.



In 2024, Sophia Morrell, center, was named Wachapreague Carnival Queen. Madison Annis, left, and Mackenzie Fluhart were named runners-up. COURTESY PHOTO

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COURTESY PHOTO

The side porch at Miss Molly's Inn features waterviews.



COURTESY PHOTO

The Marguerite Henry Room at Miss Molly's Inn.



COURTESY PHOTO

The well-appointed dining room at Miss Molly's Inn.

Miss Molly's Inn, located at 4141 Main St., Chincoteague, is a historic home with a special claim to fame — Marguerite Henry, author of "Misty of Chincoteague," stayed at the home while researching the famous book.

COURTESY PHOTO



Miss Molly's Inn, a Chincoteague home for the ages, is for sale

Famous Main Street structure lodged 'Misty' author Marguerite Henry

About this series

This is part of a monthly series about the Eastern Shore's most captivating and unique homes for sale. This property at 4141 Main St., Chincoteague is listed for sale at \$875,000. Contact listing agent Angie Abell at 757-710-1598 or angie@beachbayrealty.com.

BY TED SHOCKLEY
Shore First

It is the home where a literary legend was born. And it is on the market — an opportunity to own a showplace home where the concept for the book "Misty of Chincoteague" was formed.

Marguerite Henry stayed at Miss Molly's Inn on Chincoteague Island during the summer of 1946 while she met the people, visited the places, and

first met the pony Misty at the Beebe Ranch. The book was published a year later and a movie followed in 1961.

"It's an iconic property," said Angie Abell, owner of Beach Bay Realty and the listing agent for Miss Molly's Inn, located at 4141 Main St.

The home, which has seven bedrooms and seven bathrooms, is listed at \$875,000. And the sale price includes everything in the historic home — all the furnishings, artwork,

homewares, and decorations.

The bed-and-breakfast inn even comes with its own staff — the proud employees at Miss Molly's Inn would like to continue their work under the new ownership.

"It comes with everything," Abell said of the home and business. "It is a good income-producing property."

The 3,500-square-foot structure has living space available for the owner. For the bed-and-breakfast inn, there is a reception area and all business equipment is included.

The tasteful interior decorations convey warmth, charm, and history. Handsome hardwood floors are covered by colorful area rugs. The modern kitchen is spacious and well-appointed.

Outside, the home features porches fronting on Main Street. The stately home is within walking distance of shops, restaurants, and waterfront parks.

According to the book, "Once Upon an Island: The History of Chincoteague," by Kirk Mariner, the Miss Molly's Inn was built by Joseph T. Rowley in 1886.

The inn later was named for his daughter, "Miss Molly" Rowley. It is where Henry, who already had written 25 books by the summer of 1946, stayed while researching the book and meeting islanders.

Wesley Dennis, the artist who illustrated "Misty of Chincoteague," also was in town to collaborate on the book.

As the story goes, Henry spent afternoons on the home's porch discussing ideas about the book with Molly

(Continued on page 9)

Miss Molly's Inn

(Continued from page 8)

Rowley, who recommended she connect with Clarence and Ida Beebe.

She met Misty, the pony, at the ranch. Their grandchildren, Paul and Maureen, are the central characters in book.

Henry stayed in what is now called the Marguerite Henry Room, which includes a fireplace, king-sized bed, and sitting area. According to Mariner's book, Henry "worked out the story in her room at Miss Molly's" to her famous book about Misty.

The home stands about a tenth of a mile from the Misty statue placed just off Main Street by the Misty of Chincoteague Foundation Inc.

Not only is it appropriately close to the statue, the property is close to anything.

"You can walk everywhere," Abell said. "You can put the car away and walk and bike."

As a bed-and-breakfast inn, the property also conveys with all the amenities that visitors enjoy on a vacation, Abell said.

The sale of Miss Molly's Inn is the rare opportunity to own a storied piece of the past that helped produce a book with a special place in the hearts of children and adults.

"It has a lot of great history," said Abell.



COURTESY PHOTO

The tasteful interior decorations at Miss Molly's Inn convey warmth, charm, and history. Handsome hardwood floors are covered by colorful area rugs.

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An Eastern Shore summer should include homemade crab cakes

Everyone is always excited for the arrival of the month of June. School is wrapping up for the year, so there are fewer obligations for a couple of months. Lazy beach days, long carnival nights with sunsets that just never seem to quit. Who doesn't love summer on the Eastern Shore?



Laura Davis

For me personally, I've kind of been dreading the month of June this year. We lost my dad in October, so this is going to be the first Father's Day without him.

His birthday is June 20. Often it coincided with Father's Day — so we'd just hit two birds with one stone and do crabs and cake at the same time.

Dad taught me everything I know about crabs

— from catching them, to cooking them, to cleaning them. He gave me my affection for all things on the water.

I'm thankful that we had the time together to pass along that passion to my boys. I can't think of any better way to honor him than to "keep on keepin' on" doing all the things he loved — like crabbing, fishing, and cursing the weather.

While we've had high winds most weekends that have cheated us out of our typical boating days, during the week the weather is beautiful and we have seized the opportunity to do a little crab potting.

I don't want to jinx ourselves, but the results have been very fruitful so far.

My favorite thing to make is crab cakes. A few

(Continued on page 11)



ESVA crab cakes

- 1 pound fresh crab meat, picked clean of shells
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 3 tablespoon mayonnaise
- 1 teaspoon dijon mustard
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 teaspoon Old Bay or other seafood seasoning

Add flour, mayonnaise, dijon, the egg, and the Old Bay to a large bowl. Whisk to combine. Carefully fold in the crab meat, being careful as possible not to separate the lumps of meat. Gently form about 1/2 cup of the crab mixture into a cake about 3 inches wide by 1 inch thick with your palms. Once formed, set aside on a cookie sheet lined with wax paper.

Heat about 1/2 cup vegetable oil in a heavy-bottomed skillet (I like to use my trusty cast iron pan!) over medium-high heat for 2 minutes. Add crab cakes to hot oil, and fry for about 4 minutes on each side — until nice and golden. Transfer from pan to a paper towel-lined plate to drain. Serve with cocktail sauce, tartar sauce, and plenty of fresh lemon.

Laura Davis, of Chincoteague Island, is a food writer and blogger at www.tideandthyme.com. Her recipes have been featured on Huffington Post and www.craftbeer.com, among other publications.

She is a frequent guest on WBOC-TV's DelmarvaLife show, where she showcases her culinary talents for viewers. Her work appears monthly in Shore First.

Crab cakes

(Continued from page 10)

minutes and a handful of ingredients and you have a dinner that is easy to get on the table but is also impressive enough for entertaining.

This recipe makes about five cakes. If your budget allows, I'd highly recommend doubling the recipe and

then freezing half of the cakes.

Simply form and place on a cookie sheet lined with parchment or wax paper. Freeze on the cookie sheet for about 2 hours, until frozen. Then vacuum seal or wrap securely in freezer paper. Cook the frozen cakes just as you would if they were fresh, adding a few minutes of cooking time to each side of the cake. They are great to take out during the holidays for a nice, easy dinner.

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Arrival of railroad ushered in a time of growth and prosperity

The railroad transformed Chincoteague. Four decades of growth and prosperity followed its coming, and in that period much of the Chincoteague of today — its homes and buildings, the configuration

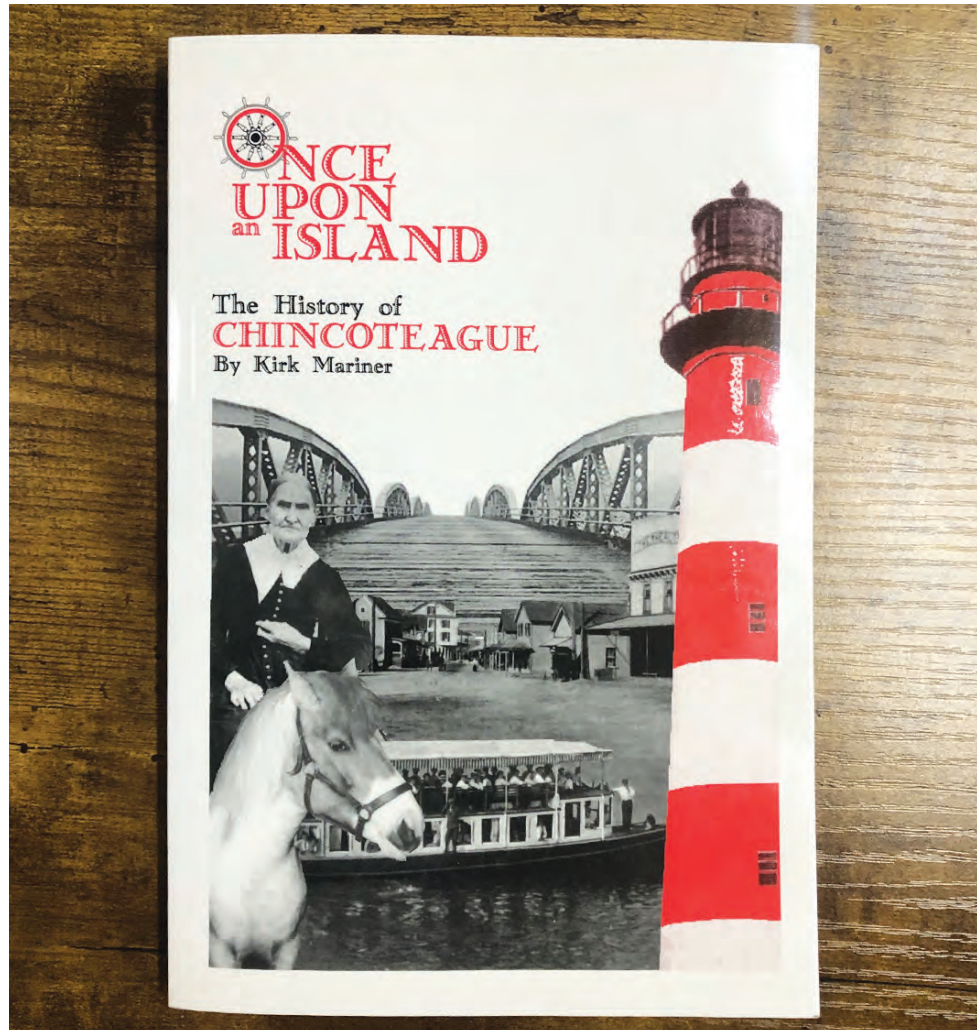
of its neighborhoods, the lay of its roads — began to take shape. The “enchanted isle cut loose from modern progress” that Howard Pyle encountered in 1876 was, by his death in 1911, a bustling and progressive community that



Kirk Mariner

prided itself on its modernity.

Chincoteague’s progress was, like some parts of the town itself, built upon the oyster, for with accessibility to the railroad its seafood industry expanded rapidly. During the season of 1879-80 no fewer than 318,113 bushels of oysters were drawn from Chincoteague Bay, more than half of which were shipped out by rail through Franklin City, the rest — 152,000 bushels — by sailing vessels. The average price per bushel during that season was 60 cents, and by the end of the season a bushel was bringing 90 cents. Ten years later the islanders were shipping 300 to 400 bushels of oysters a day, and one



This excerpt is taken from Kirk Mariner’s “Once Upon an Island: The History of Chincoteague.”

day in 1899 saw fully 1,600 bushels sent to the railroad.

By the 1890s a good oyster season could pump \$250,000 or more into Chincoteague’s economy, and

islanders were shipping and measuring their produce more in barrels than in bushels, 3.28 bushels to the barrel. During the winter of 1889-90, the steamer Widgeon car-

ried to Franklin City 43,502 barrels of oysters in the shell plus an additional 1,600 barrels of shucked oysters, each one of which contained stacks of the gallon cans so prized by collectors today packed in ice. The record for the number of barrels shipped in a single day stood at 770 until 1900, when on one Saturday alone 942 barrels were sent to market. In 1913 the island shipped 60,000 barrels of oysters in the shell and 80,000 gallons of shucked oysters.

The Eastern Shore of Virginia then had three weekly newspapers, and thanks to local correspondent James E. Matthews, the Peninsula Enterprise in particular chronicled the island’s interest in and dependence upon the oyster. “Oysters at this point are improving very rapidly,” reads a typical entry from November 1883.

“The prospect for fat oysters is flattering, the planters are anticipating a rich harvest,” reads another from September 1887. The extent to which much of the island’s livelihood centered around the bivalve is suggested by the newspaper’s reports of its growth and condition: “The time for planting oysters having expired, our people in that business have hung up their oyster tongs for the season...”

But oysters weren’t the whole of the seafood industry. More than 31,000 large trout, a single day’s

(Continued on page 13)

The Rev. Kirk Mariner was an Eastern Shore author, historian, and United Methodist minister whose book, “Off 13: The Eastern Shore of Virginia Guidebook,” is an indispensable volume for natives and visitors alike. Mariner died in 2017. His work appears in Eastern Shore First courtesy of Miona Publications. This first appeared in his book, “Once Upon an Island: The History of Chincoteague.”

Mariner

(Continued from page 12)

catch, were shipped northward in 1882, while commercial fishing for channel bass was a profitable enterprise as early as 1883. In 1890 the catch of fin fish was “never so large, or fish so fine.”

“Very many of our people have had remunerative employment this season in sea fishing,” reads a newspaper item from October 1891, when a fisherman could make between \$6 and \$8 a day, and the islanders’ aggregate daily profits from fishing were often \$100 to \$200.

In 1901 Lambert Ayers, who had recently moved to the island from New Jersey, became the first to stake out giant trap nets, or “pounds,” in the ocean. By this method Ayers often caught so many fish that he had to be careful not

to break the nets. Others quickly followed his example by taking up “pound fishing.”

Clams were shipped northward from Chincoteague by 1883 and in 1884 sold for 75 cents per thousand. Unlike oysters, clams could be harvested year-round, and many of the poorer watermen supported themselves “almost entirely during the summer months” by clamming. By 1891 clams were bringing \$1 per thousand. By 1902 they were bringing as much as \$5 per barrel or sack. Some of those shipped in 1906 brought \$6 per thousand and were intended to “be reduced to a liquid state for a soft winter drink in a fashionable city restaurant.”

Crabs also were being shipped from the region as early as 1885, though not in great numbers. By 1895 a crab factory at Franklin City was employing from 15 to 25 people regularly, all of them women and children.

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'Broadwater Island, my childhood paradise'

Barrier Islands Center in Machipongo acquires photographs of Hog Island from an unexpected place

The Barrier Islands Center in Machipongo recently acquired more than 200 scans of photographs of Hog Island taken in the 1880s and 1890s.

The find was a pleasant surprise, but the mysterious twist to this story comes from where the photos were discovered. They were in three albums in the collection of the Museum of Northern Arizona in Flagstaff. The museum was founded in 1928 to preserve the history and culture of the native people of the Colorado



Curtis Badger

Plateau.

So how did photos taken on Hog Island end up in a museum that celebrates the life and art of the indigenous people of the Southwest?

The story begins in 1884, when the railroad was being built on the Eastern Shore. Joseph Ferrell was an engineer from Germantown, Pa., who worked on the design and layout of track. Ferrell visited the barrier islands and realized that the railroad would make these remote, beautiful islands accessible to millions of city dwellers almost overnight.

The railroad opened in 1884, and Joseph and his wife, Elise, went on a buying spree on Hog Island. Between November 1886 and January 1888,



COURTESY PHOTO

The Barrier Islands Center in Machipongo recently acquired more than 200 scans of photographs of Hog Island taken in the late 1800s. Pictured here is the cottage of Joseph and Elise Ferrell.

they bought well over 600 acres.

The Ferrells clearly had a plan. In 1890 they formed a corporation called the Broadwater Land and Improvement Company and issued stock at \$5 a share. They transferred their landholdings to the corporation with the intention of selling residential and resort parcels on the island. The Ferrells hired A.T. Mears and Company of Chincoteague to build cottages for

their family and for friends and clients from Philadelphia.

Joseph and Elise Ferrell moved to Hog Island with their daughter, Mary-Russell, and began to actively market property. Early on, Ferrell dropped the name "Hog" and replaced it with Broadwater, which had been in use as a generic term describing the vast shallow bays and salt marsh that separate the southern islands from

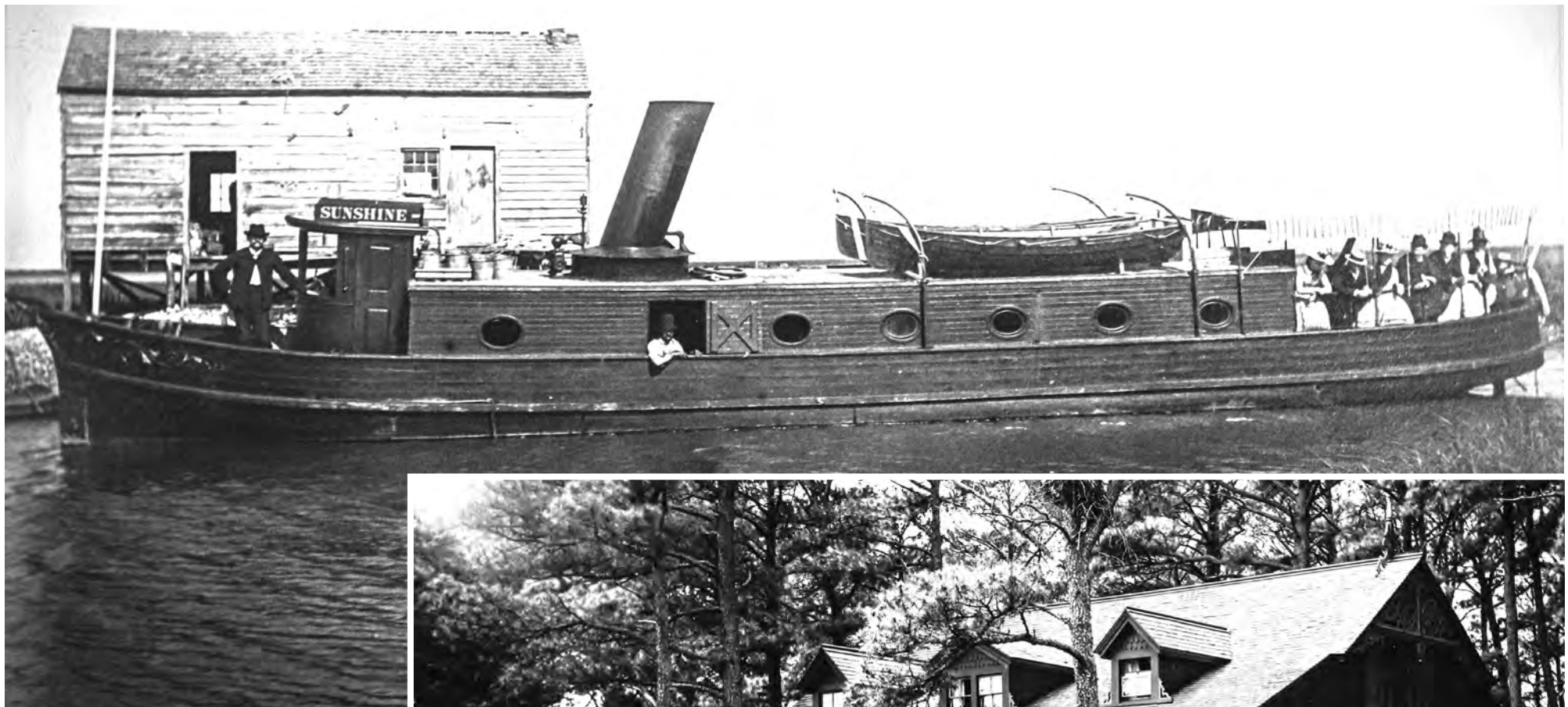
the mainland.

A large clubhouse was built in a pine grove adjacent to Ferrell's cottage, and memberships were offered to well-off sportsmen, mainly from Philadelphia. Ferrell was president of the club.

In November 1892 president-elect Grover Cleveland came to Broadwater for nearly two weeks of duck

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Curtis J. Badger is a Delmarva native who majored in English at Salisbury University and, with the exception of four years traveling as a U.S. Air Force photojournalist, has enjoyed a career photographing and writing about his native coast. His books include "Salt Tide: Cycles and Currents of Life Along the Coast," "Bellevue Farm: Exploring Virginia's Coastal Countryside," and many others. He lives in Accomack County.



COURTESY PHOTOS

The Barrier Islands Center in Machipongo recently acquired more than 200 scans of photographs of Hog Island taken in the late 1800s, including the picture at right of the large clubhouse that was built in a pine grove adjacent to Joseph and Elise Ferrell's cottage.



Broadwater

(Continued from page 14)

hunting, and Broadwater Island was in newspapers from coast to coast. News coverage frequently suggested that the entire island was owned by the Broadwater Club, and this suggestion was not quickly refuted.

Mary-Russell was three when the president visited, and later in her biography she recalled sitting on the president's lap when he visited her home, remembering Cleveland as "a nice jolly fat man."

Mary-Russell spent her childhood on Broadwater Island, and the experience had a profound effect on her life. Ironically, although she spent

her childhood as an island girl, as an adult she would make her mark in the American Southwest as a noted artist and a champion of the art of the Hopis and Navajo of northern Arizona.

She and her husband, Dr. Harold Colton, founded the Museum of Northern Arizona in Flagstaff in 1928, which today remains a thriving institution whose mission is to celebrate the beauty and diversity of the Colorado Plateau.

Among the artifacts in the museum collection are three photo albums from Mary-Russell's childhood. One of them, on the title page, is inscribed, "Broadwater Island, my childhood paradise."

And so, the island girl whose early years were spent riding a Chincote-

ague pony on the sandy beaches of Hog Island made the transition from east to west, from seaside islands to the high country of the Colorado Plateau. And when the island girl moved west, she took with her memories from her childhood. And now they have come back home.

The photos include a variety of subjects: local people, family, visitors, the lighthouse keeper's family, members of the life-saving service, and many landscapes, ranging from ancient pine forests to fig orchards to lotus gardens. There are several photos of the steamboat *Sunshine*, which for years ferried passengers (including the president) and supplies between Broadwater and Willis Wharf. The vessel was destroyed in a hurricane in 1896 when

it was battered while moored at the government pier on Hog Island.

Two of the albums contain family photos, and another, made in 1892, was done by William Jennings, a well-known commercial photographer of the day who worked extensively for Pennsylvania Railroad. His album was intended to promote the Ferrells' Broadwater development.

Mary-Russell Ferrell Colton lived to be 82 and died at The Bells Lodge in Phoenix on July 16, 1971. By the time of her death, Alzheimer's had swept most of the past from her memory. But her biographers say she would sometimes recall pleasant events from her past. "The things she remembered most were childhood days on her 'Paradise,' Broadwater Island," they said.

Rolling Stones tribute, much more at Arts Enter

Wilder Horses
will perform again
in Cape Charles
on Saturday, June 21,
at 7:30 p.m.

This month is full at Arts Enter and the Lemontree Gallery. Canvas and Cocktails is the fundraising replacement of the recent Benefit by the Bay art sale that was hampered by a strong wind.

To be prudent, the sale was cancelled and will happen Friday, June 6. Over 40 artists and friends have donated pieces, some from private collections.

Local artists including Clelia Cardano Sheppard, Thelma Peterson, David Crane, Joanne Taylor Donahue, Diana Davis, newcomer Janet Hanofee, and many others will be represented.

Professional auctioneer Sally McNeilan will emcee the evening. There will be live music, complimentary champagne, food, and a cash bar. Entrance is free.

Shore Singers

On Saturday, June 7, at 4 p.m. in the theater, the Shore Singers, a community choral group directed by Megan Cartwright, will present its spring concert entitled "Hope Lingers On."

The performance is free, though donations are welcome and help to support the program. The choral group has been increasing in numbers over the past several years and now includes over 40 voices.

After a very successful production of "Cinderella" involving 65 local adults and children, videographer Chris Roll will show the performance DVD on the big screen on Sunday, June 8, at 4 p.m. All are welcome to share in the fun.



COURTESY PHOTO

Wilder Horses is coming again to the historic Palace Theatre in Cape Charles on Saturday, June 21, at 7:30 p.m.

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Cape Charles

(Continued from page 16)

Wilder Horses is coming again on Saturday, June 21, at 7:30 p.m.

There is no mistaking — Bobby Alderman is a spitting image of Mick Jagger and sings like him, too.

After two previous successful and sold out shows at the Historic Palace Theatre in Cape Charles, the group again brings the sights, sounds, and attitude of the Rolling Stones. They have put their time in the studio rehearsing, recording, preparing costumes, and shooting videos.

The nine-piece band has fine-tuned

its act to bring the absolute best Rolling Stones tribute experience.

“What a performance! Their sound was solid and precise. The instrument choices were authentic and really captured the Rolling Stones. We were totally impressed and decided then to have them for another rock ‘n’ roll party,” said MaryAnn Roehm, Arts Enter co-director.

Tickets are \$40 for adults and \$15 for students. For ticket information visit www.artsentercapecharles.org

The summer continues with Stars on Stage Musical Theatre summer camp with a production of Seussical, Jr. on Friday evening, July 18 and a 2 p.m. matinee on Saturday, July 19.

During a two week intensive program, 40 students from the ages of 7 to 14 learn songs, choreography, and all of their lines and are prepared for the big stage.

The summer camp is always full and campers repeat year after year until they age out. Megan Cartwright and Morgan Garrett direct the camp.

The end of July brings the award-winning program Films That Move that was named by the Virginia Commission for the Arts as an “Exemplary Program and Pinnacle Event.”

Filmmakers, dancers, and technicians come to Cape Charles from all over the world and the U.S. to participate in the two-week residency.

The program focuses on the production of short films where movement is the storytelling language. Top dancers bring the films to life with a variety of styles and moods.

The program concludes with a premiere of all the short films created during the residency. They will be shown in the theatre on Friday, Aug. 1, at 7:30 p.m.

“Small Town, Big Art” has been a familiar mantra for the arts community at home in the gallery and the theater. Arts Enter, the nonprofit fine and performing arts presenter, will be 30 years old in 2027. That will be a celebration,” said Co-Director Clelia Cardano Sheppard.



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Christian Birch is ESCC's writing contest winner

Student wins James M. Shaeffer Award of \$500 — and he still has the seahorse from a long-ago walk with his dad

This spring, Eastern Shore Community College invited student writers to reflect on identity, community, and personal growth at ESCC, as inspired by the college's "YES!" culture.

Christian Birch was selected from all of the entries by a panel of judges and awarded the James M. Shaeffer Award of \$500 (thanks to the generosity of Jeremy and Bunny McLean). The following is Christian's winning entry.

A long time ago at Chincoteague Elementary School, I was having a day like any other. I sat in class while my teacher taught history — or maybe it was math? At most times, such a day would have seemed entirely forgettable. That was doubly true on this day: I was feeling rather disengaged.

It was a familiar feeling at the time. My grades stayed the same, but my apparent disinterest in life did not go unnoticed by the school faculty. I remember my teacher checking in on me, asking if I had been feeling okay; I told her I was. She must have known that wasn't true, but she didn't broach the subject again. Likely, she thought it best that I had some space to cope in my own way.

After all, it couldn't really be helped. It was only natural for a kid to feel down in my circumstances: I barely ever saw parents anymore. My father, it seemed, was always at one doctor's appointment or another, and my mother usually accompanied him.

Indeed, it couldn't be helped. They were doing their best in what seemed an impossible situation. I knew as much at the time.

Doing my best to put that out of my mind, I tried to pay attention to my teacher. That was until the classroom door opened to reveal my father.



COURTESY PHOTO

Christian Birch's writing entry was selected by a panel of judges and earned him the James M. Shaeffer Award.

Disbelief turned to elation as I saw him standing in the doorway, smiling, beckoning. With my teacher's permission, I ran toward him and embraced him. With my arms about his waist—which was level with my shoulders—he told me that he was taking me out of school for the day; we had something more important to do.

My memory of the ensuing car ride is foggy. I don't recall if he told me where we were going, or if he kept it as a surprise. I might have wondered, what could be more important than school?

Perhaps I even felt a brief moment of trepidation, as a child is wont to do in unusual circumstances; had I done something wrong? Something so wrong that it required me to be taken out of school and addressed immediately?

Whatever misconceptions I may have initially held regarding the purpose of

our trip, they were soon resolved. I was not in trouble, and we were not doing anything "important" in the professional or educational sense. We were taking a father-son trip to the beach; and indeed, the importance of such a trip was difficult to overstate.

We arrived in the early afternoon. Seagulls flew overhead as the ocean sounded its perennial churn. It was spring, and the sun bathed the world in a comfortable warmth.

On that warm, sunny beach, we spent the afternoon together. My memories of the specifics are now sparse. I recall that my father showed me how to make a sundial in the sand, and I dug tunnels. But most of those hours were spent simply walking and talking.

I don't remember what we talked about. I only remember the waves, the amber light of the late afternoon, and my father's smile. I remember a feel-

ing of serenity like few I've felt since. We were simply doing as family does: taking comfort in one another's company, enjoying life while we were alive.

Eventually, our walk took us to a curious sight: a dried seahorse, sitting in a footprint in the sand; it seemed someone had stepped on it without even noticing. Being nearer to the ground as I was, I was the first to notice it. I picked it up excitedly and found it was still intact, despite what it had been through. My father was pleased, both by my perceptiveness and by the fact that I had been given a keepsake by which to remember that day.

Finally, the sun neared the horizon and we went home. Yet, the feelings of that day persisted. They were to be a beacon in trying times.

That was 16 years ago. Today, my father is no longer with us. It is with a supreme sense of gratitude that I recall all those doctor's appointments. Only now do I understand their purpose: Difficult though they may have been, they gave my father more time to spend with me, my brother, my sister, and my mother.

The world will continue in all its apparent randomness. Things so precious as to feel like load-bearing pillars of the universe will disappear. So it has ever been.

And yet, I believe that so long as we continue to create moments like the one my father gave to me, all the pain of living will be worth it.

After all these years, I still have the seahorse. My life has continued — full of joy and heartbreak, blessings and loss, as human lives tend to go. Yet, so long as I live, I'll never forget that day. For all the trials of life, I find it funny to think that it may be worth it in the end, thanks to something so simple as a few hours on the beach.

**JUNE 21
CAN U DIG
IT**

**JUNE 28
CELESTE
KELLOGG**

**JULY 5
TFC BAND &
SHOW**

**JULY 12
THE FIGHTING
JAMESONS**

**JULY 19
ROBERTA
LEA**

**JULY 26
JANGLING
REINHARTS**



**AUG 2
THE DELOREANS**

**AUG 9
BRASSWIND**

**AUG 16
GOOD SHOT JUDY**

**AUG 23
FULL SPECTRUM**

**AUG 30
LoveFest with
THE ENGLISH
CHANNEL**

**SEPT 6
TELL ME LIES**



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100 years ago
June 1925

Shipping 400 cars of potatoes daily

With more than 400 carloads of potatoes moving out daily from Northampton and Accomack counties that are averaging \$4 a barrel f.o.b. and better, approximately \$300,000 a day is being brought back to the Shore farmers and should continue at this rate for the week or ten days.

Up to and including Saturday's movement, the two counties have forwarded 2,500 carloads of potatoes this season. The prices for the past week averaged \$4 or better and with labor plentiful and the crop fully ripe to dig, shipments for the next ten days will be heavy, with close to 500 carloads moving out daily during the peak digging season.

The yield for lower Northampton County will be almost normal, while the crop for upper Northampton and Accomack counties, it is estimated, will not be more than 70% of normal due to the drought that had prevailed over the Shore for the past three weeks. With the crop ten days later in the upper county, the dry weather has cut the tubers considerably.

Estimates vary, but it is believed from Cape Charles to the point, 60% of the crop has been dug. From Cape Charles to Exmore about 40% has been dug, and from Exmore to the Maryland line, not more than 25% has gone forward, which means not more than 35% of the Shore's potato crop has been moved.

The railroad is taxed to its fullest capacity, taking out loaded cars and supplying empty cars with train after train, which means that during a night an average of more than 400 loaded cars are moved to the northern markets and a like number of empty cars are placed for the next day's loading.

— *The Daily Star*

Chincoteague Bay survey is started

Conservation Commissioner Swepson Earle today started a preliminary survey in southern Maryland looking toward the establishment of a definite Maryland-Virginia boundary in the waters of Chincoteague Bay. The boundary, when completed as planned, will extend from Greenbackville to Pope Island and will be marked by buoys. It is expected by the commission to end alleged friction between Maryland and Virginia fishermen.

— *The Virginian-Pilot*

Woman arrested for murder

Mrs. Myrtle Melvin, of Wilmington, Del., is today locked in a cell of the Accomack County Jail charged with murder.

Her arrest followed the discovery near Parksley Friday night of the body of Oliver Carey, of Pocomoke City, in the driver's seat of his touring car with a bullet in his brain.

Commonwealth's Attorney Jeff Walter refused to make any statement, but it is believed other arrests are to follow. The motive for the killing is not known, but Carey, who had a reputation as a bootlegger, had made many enemies recently.

In his car, when searched by the Parksley officers, were found 32 half-gallon fruit jars filled with corn whiskey.

According to the first story told by Mrs. Melvin, she left Pocomoke early Friday evening in a party that did not include Carey. Their destination was Onancock. As they passed through Whitesville, a small village one mile from Parksley, they saw Carey's car ditched, and when Mrs. Melvin's companions discovered the dead man, they fled in panic, leaving her in the road.

She hurried across the fields, asking men she met the way to Parksley, but she made no mention of the shooting. She told a driver named Lewis, who had picked her up in his car, she had been in an auto accident.

Dod Hall, a farmer, notified Parksley authorities of Carey's death.

Mrs. Melvin was taken into custody by the Parksley authorities. After an examination by Commonwealth's Attorney Walter, she became confused in her story of the night's events.

Following an interview with her father, she admitted she had been with Carey when he was shot, but she insisted a man jumped on the running board and fired the shot. She was unable to identify several men brought before her. Authorities believe she has not told all she knows concerning the crime.

The bullet that killed Carey entered above the bridge of the nose and came out the back of his head. There were no other marks upon him, nor has any weapon been found. Several men, including one at whose house Carey had stopped early in the evening, are locked up as witnesses.

Mrs. Melvin is a native of Accomack, but she has been living in Wilmington. Her husband is Ingalls Melvin.

— *Culpeper Star-Exponent*

75 years ago
June 1950

29 fishermen safe ashore

The Menhaden fishing boat Peconic, owned by McNeal Co., of Reedville, sank last night in the Chesapeake Bay, near Plantation Light, three miles southwest of Cape Charles. All of the crew of 29 were rescued.

The 120-foot diesel-powered craft grounded on a shoal off Fisherman's Island, 12 miles south of Cape Charles, during a heavy blow. Captain Massey Jones, of Tibitha, near Reedville, freed the vessel.

However, with her hull damaged, the vessel began to take on water. The Elizabeth Foleigh, another fishing boat, took the Peconic in tow, but the Peconic sank in approximately 20 feet of water before reaching Cape Charles.

The Peconic had radioed the Coast Guard for help when she was grounded but later informed Coast Guard headquarters at Norfolk that she was afloat and needed no further assistance. At 9:40 p.m., the Coast Guard was advised the Peconic was being towed to Cape Charles by the Elizabeth Foleigh.

Cape Charles police were asked to help, and Sgt. Sherman Hermes sought the aid of Capt. Ernest Richardson, sports fishing guide. Richardson, accompanied by Hermes and Thompson Ballard, went to the Peconic in Richardson's cruiser, Clara II, but on arriving found that six men had been put ashore in a seine boat. Others were taken off by the fishing boat John O.

— *Ledger-Star*

Chincoteague's broilers become a major industry

Although Chincoteague Islanders claim more broilers are raised on their six by a mile-and-a-half island than in any world area of comparable size, theirs is a mixed blessing.

The island grows an estimated 3 to 3.25 million broilers yearly. Chicken growing got a toe-hold in the home of the wild pony and fishing fleets during the early years of the depression. Many islanders, turning their hands to whatever would bring in an extra dollar, traveled up the Delmarva peninsula to pick strawberries and got their first look at the massive chicken operations in Maryland and Delaware. The idea

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Yesteryears

(Continued from page 20)

looked good, so the strawberry pickers brought it home with them.

On the outskirts of Chincoteague, a town of some 3,000, is a mile and a tenth stretch of winding macadam road along which live less than 100 persons. It has been dubbed Chicken City Road, a moniker highly unpopular with the newer residents. On this road are raised an estimated 1,350,000 chickens yearly. Of course, this is just a drop in the bucket to the United States chicken population, which runs to about 448,838,000, but it still adds up to a lot of dinners.

“To be as big as it is, chicken raising is the most unstable business I’ve ever seen,” one islander complained. “The nation’s growers are now putting in about three million chickens a week. The buyers claim that 2.75 million is about as much as the market will stand. Now, when our chickens reach maturity, we have about 10 days to play around with the market. We’ve got to sell them or they’ll lose their fat. We may not take the market this week, but next week we’ll have to. It’s a headache.”

Despite the depressed market, there are still optimists who are going into broiler raising. Chincoteague Islanders told of an outfit in Delaware that is constructing 12 chicken houses with a capacity of 40,000 to 480,000 chickens in a batch or, on a yearly basis, 1,400,000 additional broilers for an uncertain market.

— *The Virginian- Pilot*

Eastern Shore exceeds quota for hospital

The final report meeting of the \$225,000 building fund campaign for the Northampton-Accomack Memorial Hospital became an enthusiastic victory dinner this week. Committee chairmen and team captains added \$95,851.35 in new subscriptions, sending the total to \$247,917.60, an oversubscription of 10%.

Fund officials anticipate a number of additional gifts within the next few days.

Termed “the most ambitious undertaking ever attempted on Virginia’s Eastern Shore,” the completed building fund will make possible the construction and outfitting of a new nurses’ school and residence and the expansion of pres-

ent hospital facilities to care for an additional 350 patients a year.

Jeff F. Walter, campaign chairman, lauded those who had participated in the program and paid tribute to the memorial gifts committee under the chairmanship of F.B. Bell.

— *Richmond Times-Dispatch*

Flyer tumbles out of plane over Virginia

A rushing airstream sucked a veteran airlines pilot through a cargo door of a C-46-F cargo passenger plane flying 8,000 feet above Accomack County last night.

Identified by Hamilton B. Gowin, safety agent of the CAA at Byrd Field, as James Trotter, 32, of Miami Springs, Fla., the pilot, who was riding as a passenger, was presumed to have been killed.

Gowin said last night that a combined state police, Coast Guard, and Air-Sea Rescue search was begun almost immediately for Trotter’s body.

He quoted the pilot, Henry Goodman, also of Miami Springs, as saying in a phone conversation from Norfolk that Trotter was seen by the plane’s steward kneeling at the cargo door and that the steward said the door suddenly flew open and “Trotter was gone.” The steward said he was also almost sucked out.

According to Gowin’s conversation with Goodman and the copilot, Harry W. Cobb, of Miami, the plane was flying “over the coastline, about 8,000 feet above Accomack County, with a northwest wind at 11:25 p.m. when Goodman was notified of the accident. Chances were, Gowin quoted Goodman, Trotter fell into the water.

Gowin also said that Goodman told him there were 21 passengers aboard, most of them Puerto Ricans returning to their homes. The plane was en route from New York to Puerto Rico by way of Miami.

After the loss of Trotter, the plane proceeded to Norfolk, where Goodman made a report to the Civil Aeronautics Administration. After learning that the door through which Trotter was sucked had been fastened, the CAA permitted the plane to proceed to Puerto Rico.

The plane was on a chartered run and was identified as being operated by Argonaut Airlines, of Newark, N.J.

— *The Richmond News Leader*

50 years ago
June 1975

Aune Jane sees the bay

“Aunt Jane” Turlington Russell ventured off Chincoteague Island for the third time in her 102 years last week.

In the back seat of a cranberry-colored Cadillac chauffeured by her nephew, she journeyed across the Chesapeake Bay Bridge-Tunnel to Norfolk, something she had wanted to do since the 17 ½-mile span linking the Eastern Shore to the mainland opened in 1964.

Slightly nervous, as this was her first trip “since I went to Cape Charles some years back,” Aunt Jane was clearly more interested in reminiscing about old times in Chincoteague than in looking at the \$200 million bridge-tunnel span.

“It’s nice, what I can see of it,” she finally conceded. “But I like boats better.”

Midway through the trip, Wheatley Watson, her nephew and Chincoteague’s mayor, stopped and took Aunt Jane for a stroll down the fishing pier so she could get a better look at the bridge and boats.

But she was more fascinated with the helicopters circling in the distance off Little Creek Amphibious Base.

“We see a lot of boats in Chincoteague, but we don’t see many planes,” she said.

She would have crossed the bay to Norfolk sooner, except that she has been too busy, she said.

She raised 10 children while helping to make ends meet by taking in six loads of washing daily, which she laundered on a scrub board.

More recently, she pieced 21 quilts for the Ladies Aid Society “until my eyes went bad,” she said. “I always wanted to travel. I was raised poor but nice,” she said, speaking in the dialect of Chincoteague’s downtown section, where she has lived all her life.

“I go to church every Sunday, as I have since I was baptized in the ocean. We’ve got the best preacher who ever wore a pair of shoes,” she said.

Her father was a waterman, and so was her husband, who died 40 years ago.

People often ask Aunt Jane for her secret to a long life, and she’s glad to share it:

“I never drank a drop of beer in my life and never drank a drop of whisky. I never smoked a cigarette and never lit one up.

(Continued on page 22)

Yesteryears

(Continued from page 21)

“My mother-in-law, who smoked a pipe every night, used to ask me to light it up for her. I’d just say, ‘Are you crippled?’”

Aunt Jane has never seen Chincoteague’s annual wild pony roundup. “Too many tourists,” she said. But she used to help out with the carnival that accompanies the roundup.

“Once I rolled up dumplings — used seven sacks of flour,” she boasted.

During the return trip to Chincoteague, Aunt Jane admitted she was “a little tired,” but said it had been a nice day.

“I’ll be glad to get back home,” she said. “I missed my soap operas today.”

— *The Free Lance-Star*

ESCC commencement is set for June 14

Twenty-eight graduates are expected to receive degrees and certificates at the Eastern Shore Community College commencement exercises at 10 a.m. June 14 on the college campus near Melfa.

The fourth graduation ceremony for the community college will be the first to be held outdoors and the first at the new campus.

The ceremony will be preceded by a performance of the college chorus, directed by Edward Busch Jr. A newly formed group, the college chorus will also provide musical selections during the commencement exercises.

Formal activities will begin at 10 a.m., with the processional, a march of graduating students, faculty, board members, and guests, dressed in academic gowns.

Degrees and certificates will be presented by Dr. John C. Fiege, college president; Dr. Edward A. Ianni, dean of instruction; and Richard E. Jenkins, dean of student services.

— *The Daily Times*

Little City has nothing — except everything

“I was looking for nothing and found it right here in Wachapreague,” was the startling way Don Cross opened the conversation earlier this past week.

“It’s a beautiful nothing,” he quickly added. “There are no movies, no nightclubs, and no congestion — the easy way of life I was seeking.”

The young charter boat skipper was born in Pennsylvania and raised on the bayside of the Eastern Shore. This is his second full season as a professional guide in Wachapreague.

Wachapreague is a Native American name and means “Little City by the Sea.” But that’s as close as it comes to being a city, which is just the way Cross likes it.

Cross said it isn’t easy for a newcomer to break into the guide business at Wachapreague. He feels some of the older guides resent the intrusion.

“But it doesn’t last long. As soon as you show you know what it’s all about, you’re accepted.” That certainly must be true in Dan Cross’ case because this year he’s the president of the Wachapreague Charter Boat Captain’s Association.

Last Monday we joined a group for our annual return to Wachapreague. For a number of years it was the clapper rail hunting that brought me back each fall.

In recent years, it has been the flounder fishing Wachapreague has to offer and the fellowship of my friends that have drawn me back for an annual pilgrimage. On this trip, we caught 60 flounder the first day and just 38 the second. However, the second day’s flatties were larger by far.

Hooks baited with minnows alone tended to attract only the smaller flounder, while those spiced with a strip of squid alongside the minnow scored better.

So next time, if you’re like Cap’n Cross and looking for nothing to make you happy, pay Wachapreague a visit — there’s certainly nothing like everything!

— *Daily Press*

25 years ago
June 2000

Police seek Pocomoke City train car thief

Maryland State Police are still searching for whoever stole a piece of train equipment, took it on a joyride, and crashed it into the Pocomoke River last week.

A track repair car worth approximately \$30,000 was stolen between 6 p.m. Thursday and 8 a.m. Friday from the Virginia-Maryland Line of the Eastern Shore Railroad, police said.

Someone drove the track car across the turnstile

bridge spanning the river. The turnstile was open to allow boat passage. Police said the thief placed a weight on the accelerator to keep the track car moving, then jumped out before it fell through the gap in the bridge and into the river.

Workers later recovered the car from the water.

“It’s totaled,” said Larry LeMond, railroad manager. “It’s very odd. I’m very sick about it.”

He said the theft was the first time a large piece of equipment was stolen from the company that operates freight service between Pocomoke City and Cape Charles.

The track car was used to clean and repair railroad tracks. The theft was not discovered until Friday morning, when workers noticed the car missing.

LeMond said he believes whoever crashed the car had a working knowledge of railroads. The driver was able to bypass two switches on the several-mile journey from the state line to Pocomoke City, he said.

“I think it started out as a joyride,” he said.

Police said they have no motive or suspects.

Insurance will cover the loss, LeMond said.

— *The Daily Times*

Hearings slated on proposed changes for telephones

Changes are being considered that could require some Western Tidewater residents to dial 10 digits to make a local phone call.

The State Corporation Commission will conduct local hearings in July to receive comments on bringing a new area code to Virginia regions now served by the 757 area code.

The hearings will be held in the counties of Southampton and Accomack and the cities of Chesapeake and Williamsburg. It is projected that the 757 area code could run out of available numbers as early as the spring of 2002.

The 757 area code covers the southeastern part of Virginia and the Eastern Shore. It includes the cities of Franklin and Suffolk.

The SCC is also currently considering relief plans for the 804 and 540 area codes. An SCC-approved plan for an overlay code (571) for the 703 area in northern Virginia took effect on April 1.

With an overlay code, customers retain their existing phone numbers but must dial 10 digits (area code plus the number) for all local calls.

— *The Tidewater News*

The man kind of rolled his eyes when I mentioned the other fellow's name.

"He's a 'pay nass,'" he said with a wave, and that ended it.

On the Eastern Shore, some of the people I know can take four words and string them together in a dismissive, two-word mumble.

They say it so many times that all the edges on the words are sanded and worn, and the dialect flows smoothly and quickly, like ditch water after a hard rain.

A "pay nass" has nothing to do with paying of any sort.

The nonword "nass" sounds like an acronym for a government agency, and could be.

But read it again, and sound it out. Add in the two missing words, and it becomes "Pain in the," and the last word rhymes with "nass."

The result, among the people to whom I listen a lot, becomes a description of an annoying person, tedious and trifling both.

But it is said with the memorable diction of the true Eastern Shoreman, some of whom speak like they have a mouthful of raw oysters.

This is the enunciation of my people, and I was raised on it, and am sometimes a practitioner of it.

All of us have known, or have worked with, a pay nass. As in: "Old so-and-so has been a pay nass since grade school, and I saw him the other day, and he's still a pay nass."

Or: "Mr. Big Ideas is such a pay nass when he skips around flapping his yap about goals and productivity, and I've never actually seen the sucker lift a pencil."

This is usually used in tandem with another slung-together term, pronounced "d'ell wittum," which is the phrase for cutting ties with a pay nass.

"D'ell wittum" sounds like a Latin legal term, like "ad litem" or "pro bono."

Instead, it is a distinctly Eastern Shore way of banishing someone to purgatory.

"He was fine before he went off to college, but then he got that job in D.C. and came back home last weekend and was a complete pay nass. So d'ell wittum."

The phrases "pay nass" and "d'ell wittum" are sometimes used in conjunction with another local lowbrow term, "cot ta'mighty," usually pronounced exactly like that.

"Cot ta'mighty," is sometimes whispered — like when one's credit card is turned down during a beer run.

It's whispered because one does not holler while buying beer in a convenience store on a Thursday morning.

That's because all the commotion might draw at-



This piece was written by Ted Shockley, pictured here on his Honda three-wheeler. Every month in this spot, he will offer tips for new arrivals and vacationers on how to best assimilate into the culture of the Eastern Shore of Virginia.

SHORE FIRST/
JIMMY SHOCKLEY

tention, and people might think you are drinking too early in the day, and be a complete pay nass about it.

But "cot ta'mighty," is also yelled — like when one doesn't have a metric socket handy and uses a standard instead, and it ends up rounding the edges off the nut.

"Cot ta'mighty" is also the official language of dropping stuff, scraped knuckles, and can't-find-the-matching-sock situations.

It is on the border of taking the Lord's name in vain, and therefore risky business.

The words "God" and "almighty," used with reverence, are the stuff of pew prayers and dinner-table blessings.

But in furious, hasty exclamation, the words frequently come out as "cot ta'mighty," which perhaps is a slice of sin, but not the whole pie.

It has a close cousin in "laud'm ersie," which is usually saved for the most profound situations.

Spelled out, "Lord Have Mercy" is asking for divine grace and peace in a time of worldly trials and troubles.

"Lord Have Mercy" is a three-word prayer. "Laud'm ersie" is a catchphrase used to express disappointment or gratitude.

"Laud'm ersie" is the reaction to flat tires and typos. "Laud'm ersie" is the reaction to intense midnight thunderstorms and almost hitting a deer at dusk.

"Laud'm ersie" can also be used in positive situations, and is the universal reaction to a mouthful of warm peach cobbler topped with vanilla ice cream.

The more I hear about both parties involved in Washington, D.C. politics, the more I speak these Eastern Shore phrasings.

Cot ta'mighty, those politicians may be a pay nass, but you'd think they'd agree on something, laud'm ersie.

D'ell wittum.

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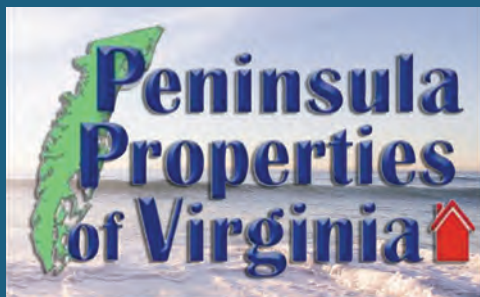
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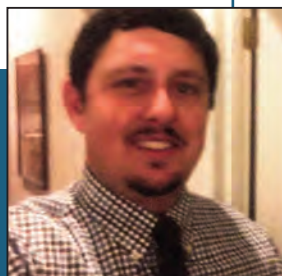


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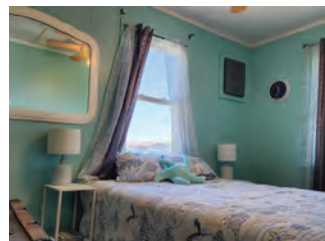
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