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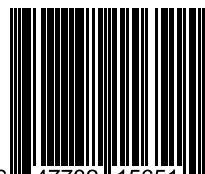
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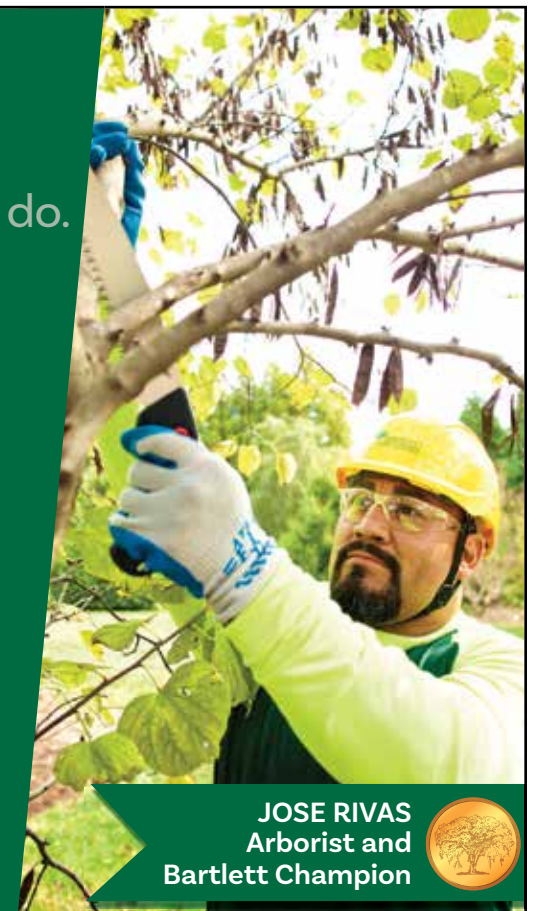
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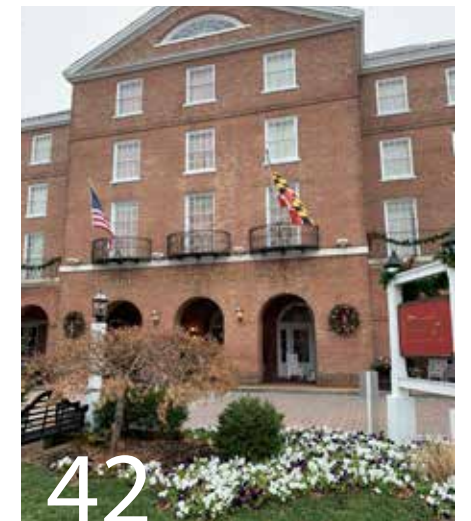
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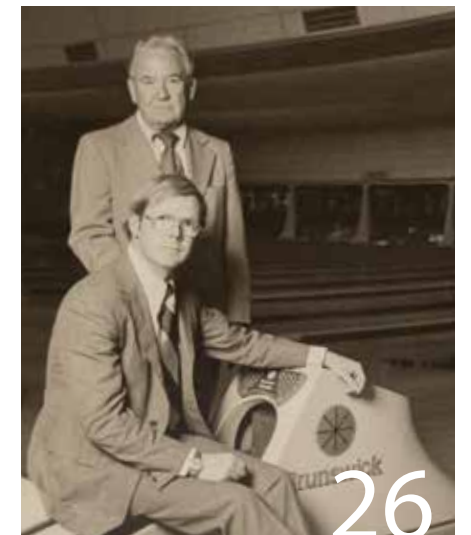
12



42



36



26

## DEPARTMENTS 42

12 **PROFILES**  
ESLC celebrates 30 years saving land

20 **BE WELL**  
Healing from bipolar disorder

26 **ATMOSPHERE**  
The history of Easton's bowling alley

36 **TASTE BUDS**  
Finding the pearls in family recipes

**HEARTHBEAT**  
A decade of architecture Talbot dodged

48 **SCAVENGER HUNT WINNER**  
We announce the winner of the hunt!

51 **THROUGH THE LENS**  
Ranking our top ten submissions

64 **SHOP TALK**  
Items with throwback style

66 **ABOUT THE COVER**  
Eastern Shore Land Conservancy



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## A CHAPTER CLOSES...

**F**ather Time and Baby New Year, two mythical figures, one representing the onward march of time and the other representing new beginnings, are often paired together at the turn of each year.

An infant and an elderly man are book-ends of a life. Perhaps together, they remind us to engage in the world and pay attention to the rhythms and stories of our lives.

When I took over editing Shore Monthly from its founding editor, the brilliant and kind Katie Willis, I was healing from a serious illness. In the months following my illness, with gratitude and renewed energy, I said yes to many new opportunities, Shore Monthly being one of them.

Editing this magazine is a great joy, and working with the talented creative director Greg Mueller and amazing writers and photographers is delightful. I am immensely proud of the work we have done here.

But the time has come for me to engage more with my loved ones and other professional passions. It is also time for fresh perspectives at Shore Monthly.

In addition to Greg, these pages will be in the hands of three creative leaders, editors Amy Steward and Manning Lee and art director Maire McArdle. Their collective knowledge, creativity, and experience will be assets to this publication and its readers.

Thank you for reading.

With deepest appreciation,  
Sarah Ensor



## EASY-LIVING, CASUAL ELEGANCE SHORE MONTHLY

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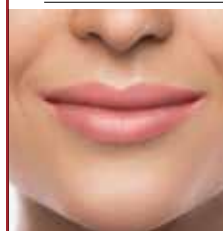
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# Away of Life

*Rob Etgen of Eastern Shore Land Conservancy recounts 30 years of preserving the Shore*

By Michael Valliant | Photos by Caroline J. Phillips

With a crystal ball in October 1990, Rob Etgen couldn't have pictured what the next 30 years would look like at the Eastern Shore Land Conservancy. That was when he became ESLC's executive director and its first staff member. Fast forward to 2020, as Etgen and the land conservancy enter their 30<sup>th</sup> year together, they've created a track record of success anchored by preserved

land, innovative town planning projects, and a growing professional staff who are carrying on ESLC's mission of improving the quality of life on the Eastern Shore through conservation.

"One of the things I am most proud of with ESLC is the sheer volume and innovation in land protection," Etgen said. "We hold 299 conservation easements and we've also bought another 25







properties, using all different kinds of leverage and financing vehicles and other creative approaches. We've been really getting it done for a very long time. A lot of the things that we have pioneered are now thought of as standard operating procedure, including the state of Maryland's award-winning Rural Legacy program, which they patterned after one of our programs."

Etgen grew up on a small creek off the Magothy River in Severna Park. Through the 1970s he saw development change the idyllic place of dip-netting, fishing, and exploring the outdoors, into strip malls,

parking lots, and polluted water. He found solace and inspiration in seeing what Maryland's Department of Natural Resources did with saving Wye Island and turning it into a natural resources management area. Conservation and preservation of wildlife habitat and farmland became a model for Etgen, and he earned a bachelor's degree in forest ecology from West Virginia University and a law degree from the University of Maryland, and he was running the land trust assistance program for Maryland Environmental Trust when he helped get ESLC up and running. When ESLC advertised for a director,

he applied, and it has been a historic match for Etgen and the organization.

It didn't take long to get to work.

"One of our first easements was from a working dairy farm up near Worton," Etgen said. "The farmer, who I am still really close with, he put his land in easement and then he talked to all his friends and we got a lot of land in that area. And it's still one of our most successful areas."


Some properties come quickly and some take longer. Ben-Lee Farm is a 1,200 acre farm outside Church Hill. ESLC worked to protect it since the early 1990s, sending materials

and hoping to connect, but the owners didn't live on the property and weren't accessible. In 2017, the property came up for sale and ESLC bought it, later selling the property to Maryland DNR.

"We've never been able to get close to this property, and it's roughly 60% of the upper watershed for Brown's Branch off the Chester River, it's so big," Etgen said. "It turns out it's a prime spawning area for the Brook Lamprey, a state-endangered species which is a native lamprey of the Chesapeake Bay."

But they weren't the only rare species in the stream: there were also dwarf





wedgemussels, which are a federally-endangered species, only located in a couple streams off the Chester River and in a handful of streams in Massachusetts. And the mussels and lampreys have a symbiotic relationship with each other.

“So this particular property, we didn’t even know it going in, but ends up being a key symbiotic spawning area for a two endangered species,” Etgen said. “And that just tells me a bit of what we don’t know.”

Over the years, ESLC has broadened their portfolio beyond land conservation when it comes to making the Shore a better place to live. In the land conservancy’s 2000 strategic plan, the board was looking at the pace of conservation and the region’s pace of development. And it started to focus on the towns of the region.

“We felt like in addition to preserving land, we must have the best, most livable, exciting towns that will be magnets for growth,” Etgen said. “And we’ve got to use the economic system and market systems and consumer preferences to drive toward our mission. So we started working in towns doing parks and trails—we’ve done a bunch of parks and trails like in Federalsburg, St. Michaels, Maryland Avenue in Cambridge.”


ESLC’s headquarters, the Eastern Shore Conservation Center in Easton, is about to celebrate its five-year anniversary. ESCC is home to multiple environmentally focused organizations and together can share information and function cooperatively.

“We knew we needed to walk the talk of what we’re doing,”

Etgen said. “I really admire the Board’s decision — let’s go into a troubled or transition neighborhood; let’s bring conservation to a whole new audience; let’s take our jobs downtown where we can have a much more limited carbon footprint for our day-to-day work. So that’s the conservation center and similar to what we are trying to do in Cambridge with the Packing House is just really show how we should be developing on the Shore.”

Getting the Packing House project finished is one of ESLC’s current project-level goals, as well as completing a substantial amount of land protection that they have in their pipeline. Long-term, they are looking beyond Maryland’s Eastern Shore and engaging partners in Delaware and Virginia. The Delmarva Oasis is an initiative to preserve 50% of the peninsula by 2030.

What began 30 years ago with a focus on preserving land has expanded to become a regional resource for town planning, coastal and watershed resiliency, and cultural, environmental, and economic sustainability.

“As we’ve grown over the years, we’ve become a lot more than just land preservation,” Etgen said. “Not everyone knows all the things we do and how they all connect — we work across land and towns, and in every case, we work with people. What we are doing is preserving a way of life on the Shore.” 



“As we’ve grown over the years, we’ve become a lot more than just land preservation. Not everyone knows all the things we do and how they all connect — we work across land and towns, and in every case, we work with people. What we are doing is preserving a way of life on the Shore.”







# it is well with my soul

MY BIPOLAR SUMMER, AND HOW  
THE SHORE HELPED ME HEAL

Story by Elise Seyfried  
Photos by Caroline J. Phillips

BE WELL



# An

old hymn resonates deeply with me. It begins “When peace, like a river, attendeth my way...” I do find peace by a river, or ocean or bay, and my favorite place is on Delmarva, in Lewes, Del. I walk along the shoreline, absent-mindedly picking up bits of seashell, or sit and gaze at the sun-diamonds dancing on the surface of the water, and my racing thoughts are calmed.

By the sea, I am attended by the ghosts of my childhood self and my two sisters, happily scooping sand into buckets by the hour and chasing the screeching gulls. At water’s edge, I can see my own five children as they were years ago, jumping and splashing and swimming delightedly. More recently, my two little grandsons have discovered the joys of shore life and are taking their place in the continuum of family beach lovers. Now there are more small sandy hands grasping mine, leading me to their latest find: a tangle of mussels, a piece of driftwood, a bright bit of sea glass.

I don’t like to remember what happened 13 years ago, but some memories are impossible to shake. It was the summer of 2006, and I had just been

diagnosed with bipolar disorder. I was disordered indeed, with everything I understood to be true about myself completely upended. During the previous months in Philadelphia, before our annual return to the beach, I had battled terrifying daily mood swings. Depression like a thick gray blanket, muffled and distorted

everything I looked at, everything I touched. Mania carried me to wild heights of euphoria, where my thoughts and words tumbled out at a frantic pace. The constant back-and-forth exhausted me to the point of complete despair, and my quicksilver temper and bursts of profanity were pushing away the people I loved the most.

**“THE TEMPERATURES  
HAD DROPPED, AND THE  
SAND WAS COOL. I STOOD  
WITH MY FEET IN THE  
GENTLY RIPPLING WATER  
AND WAITED FOR THE  
CLICK IN MY BRAIN THAT  
WOULD MAKE EVERYTHING  
ALL RIGHT AGAIN.”**





I needed to get to the shore, the touchstone, the one place on earth where I could find serenity. I counted the days as I counted out my antipsychotic pills, each one bringing me a step closer to my beloved coastline. The day we arrived and unpacked, I headed down to the beach as soon as I could get away. At home, I had taken to wearing earbuds all day and much of the night, blasting constant music to distract me from the worries and fears that were threatening to engulf me. I was afraid to be without this crutch, so I shoved my iPod in my shorts pocket, just in case.

It was almost sunset, a glorious time to be on the seashore. The temperatures had dropped, and the sand was cool. I stood with my feet in the gently rippling water and waited for the click in my brain that would make everything all right again.

But there was no click, and the wild orange

beauty of the evening sky, the whoosh of the surf and the twinkling lights from the boats out past the buoys, brought me no comfort. All was as flat and sad as it had been all year.

I dug into my pocket for my music, for the soundtrack of my mental illness, and walked for miles, wearing my earbuds, blotting out every natural sound. If this place couldn't make me well, maybe no place could.

Finally, it was too dark to keep walking, and I left the beach, heartsick.


Throughout the summer, I kept returning to the water, even though I remained tormented there, as I was everywhere. At my worst moments, I fantasized about just walking into the sea, and disappearing forever. But as the weeks passed, those thoughts finally stopped forming in my head. In their place were bittersweet memories

of happier times there, of a happier me there.

I walked at sunrise; I walked in the heat of noon. At first, I needed the escape of the rock music pounding in my ears, but there came a day I tried to make it through one hour without that noisy distraction and walked without earbuds. I was struck by the difference. It was like hearing waves approach and recede, and watching kayakers glide along for the very first time. It was wonderful. It was even

peaceful. The next day, I lasted a little longer, then longer still. And so it was that, slowly, the shore began to heal me.

By the end of the summer, I had begun a new medication that seemed promising. I was no longer constantly frantic and irritable, and the mood swings had lessened in duration and intensity. It would be another six months before I really turned the corner, but those August days had given me hope that I could recover from this horrible disease.

Every summer since has been the greatest gift, as I have been well enough to enjoy my children, grandchildren and my life again, in the place we all love the most. My days are still very busy, and I am often over-extended at work. But I know what's waiting for me at the shore, and it's what I need more than anything. Peace. Peace like a river, like an ocean, like a bay. There is blessed peace, and, as the hymn concludes: "It is well with my soul." 



ATMOSPHERE

**A HISTORIC LOOK BACK  
AT AN ICONIC EASTON  
ESTABLISHMENT THAT'S  
UP EVERYONE'S ALLEY**

By John Griep

# ROLLING THE BOWL





# *The year was 1958 and big things were happening.*

Less than a year earlier, the USSR had beaten the United States into space with the first Earth-orbiting artificial satellite, followed by the successful launch of a living creature — a dog named Laika — into orbit.

In January, the U.S. had responded with Explorer 1, the first American satellite in orbit.

In February, Egypt and Syria had unified as the United Arab Republic, with overwhelming majorities in both nations voting in favor of its creation. (The Republic would last 3 1/2 years before Syria declared its independence after a military coup.)

That fall, NASA would officially be created in the U.S. and the Hope Diamond would be donated to the Smithsonian Institution.

In September, the microchip would be invented by engineers at Texas Instruments and Fairchild Semiconductors and later marketed by Intel, sparking the modern technological revolution.

But in Easton, something else was making the news in late August and early September: An eagerly anticipated new recreation facility that

would open for business on Monday, Sept. 1 (Labor Day).

A week before the official grand opening on Friday, Sept. 5, The Easton Star-Democrat (then still a weekly newspaper) had featured a “Special Bowling Section” highlighting the coming attraction on U.S. Route 50 — Chesapeake Bowling Lanes.

Announcing the plans for the bowling alley in late March that year, owners Charles P. Howard and William H. Fletcher said the center would have automatic pinsetters, air conditioning and a modern soda fountain and snack bar.

The facility had 16 lanes —10 for duckpin bowling and six kingpin lanes — advertisements touted, and included a completely equipped nursery, with a television set and a competent attendant.

Maryland Gov. Theodore R. McKeldin came to Easton that Friday night, where he was feted at a reception and dinner at the Tidewater Inn before officially cutting the ribbon for the new business.

“The governor was here. It was very important for my mom and my dad and everybody,” Will Howard, Charles’ son, recalled.

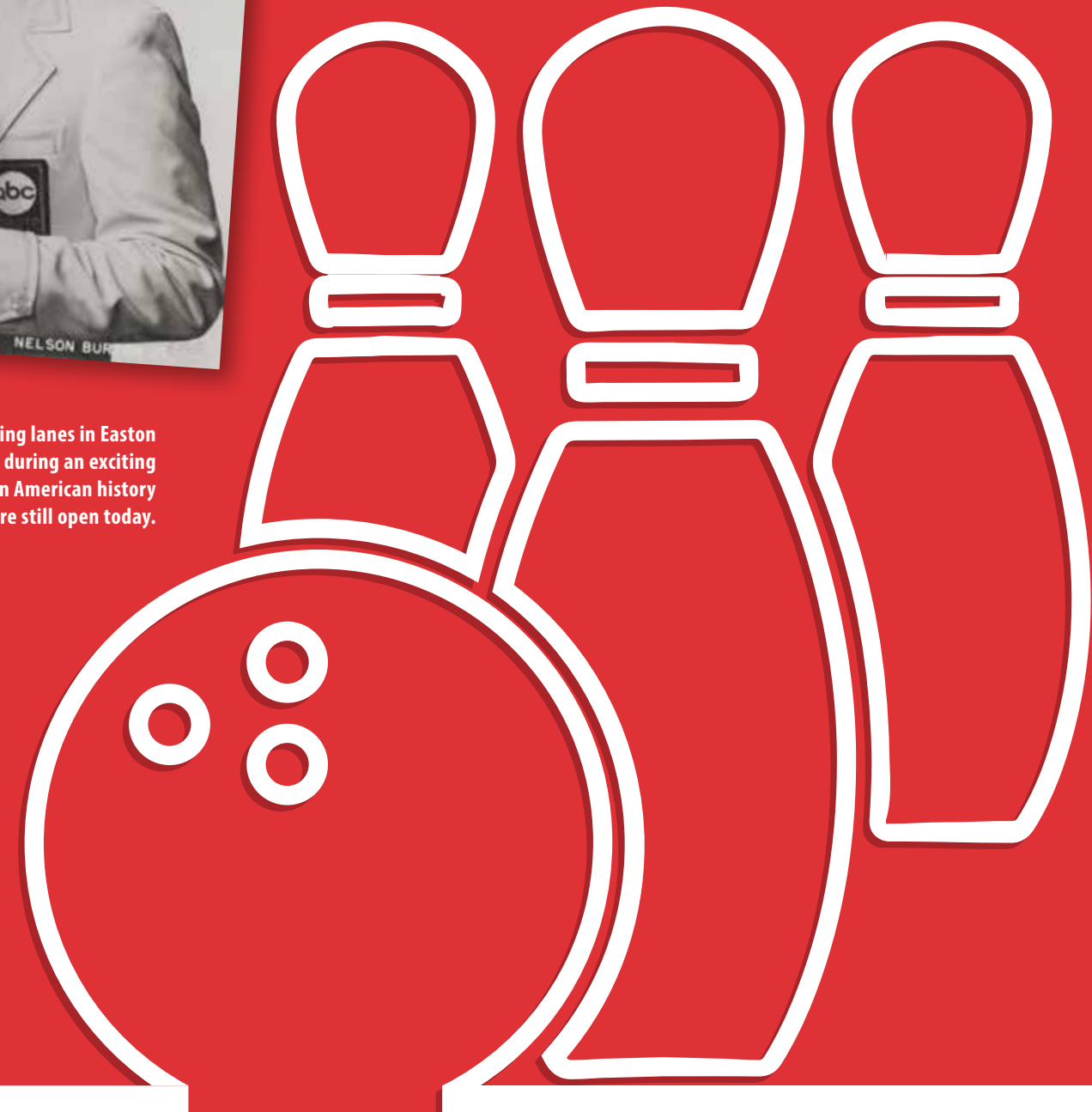
“Let’s Bowl .. and Keep in Trim,” one advertisement for Chesapeake Bowling Lanes urged. “Yes, bowling is the ‘fun way’ to keep a youthful figure or physique.

“Stay Youthful by bowling at Chesapeake Bowling Lanes,” another ad claimed. “Get rid of those kinks! Loosen those muscles and tighten stomach flabbiness with regular bowling where bowling is best ... at Chesapeake Bowling Lanes where electric pinsetting and air conditioning add to fun!”

In a statement of policy, Howard and Fletcher wrote: “Chesapeake Bowling Lanes, Inc. has been organized to offer residents of the upper shore, good, clean family-type entertainment in an atmosphere which is congenial, free of rowdyism and



The bowling lanes in Easton opened during an exciting time in American history and are still open today.







ideal for wholesome entertainment.”

Five years after opening on Route 50, the bowling alley relocated to its current location, what was then a farm with a dirt road on the west side of Easton. The property was being developed as a new shopping center, with the A&P grocery store eventually anchoring one end of the plaza.

The new, and larger, facility had 24 lanes, 16 duck pin and eight ten pin.

But expansion was not the primary reason for the move, Will Howard said.

“My father thought it would be much better to be here than on Route 50,” he said. “They



LEILA WAGNER

1988 The Star-Democrat

thought that kids would ride bikes, they would not want them on the roads. So he moved it here.”

Although he was a bowler himself, Charles Howard had no background in the bowling business before opening Chesapeake Bowling Lanes. An entrepreneur, Howard had managed theaters and owned and operated other businesses, including a furniture store that ultimately expanded to a chain of five stores. The original bowling alley was built next to the furniture store on Route 50, but set farther back from the highway with parking in the front and in the rear along Calvert Street.





There had been a push to establish a bowling alley in Easton for several years before Howard and Fletcher made it a reality.

“I think he wanted to do it, so he was able to do it,” Will Howard said.

“I absolutely loved it,” he said of working in the family business. “I loved working here, doing the snack bar and all that stuff, I enjoyed it.”

After college and working as a journalist, Will returned to Easton to help his father with the family businesses, including the bowling alley.

“The bowling business was very good for my father,” Will Howard said. “They had daytime bowlers, they had lady bowlers, then they had the men’s bowling and they filled the house twice in the evening. They would go home and these are guys that were hard workers. And they’d go home at 11:30, 12 o’clock and get up at 4 o’clock in the morning, 5 o’clock in the morning. But they loved it too.”

In July 1986, the bowling alley had a major renovation and became the fourth center in the U.S. to add Brunswick AS/80 automatic scorers, with new seating and 2000 ball returns. Its name was changed to Chesapeake Bowl 2000 to reflect the new equipment.

About two years later, synthetic bowling lanes (the Brunswick Anvilane system) were installed.

Will’s son James assumed ownership in January 2014, becoming the third generation of Howards to own and operate the business.

James Howard also recalled growing up in the family business, with memories of “eating really delicious cheeseburgers” at the snack bar, as well as enjoying the video games that had been installed.

“We had a really good arcade,” James said, recalling time spent playing such games as “Teenage Ninja Mutant Turtles” and “Terminator 2.”

As the video game craze swept over

America, the Howards and the bowling alley were at the forefront in Easton and Talbot County.

The family bought its own video games -- the arcade replaced the nursery in the bowling alley -- and also rented video games to other businesses in the area.

“We had them all over town, all over the county,” Will Howard said.

“It’s always been like a family environment,” James Howard said of his memories of the center. “... (E)verybody who hangs out there is like one big family.”

James recalled a trip to Dover, Del., to check out “Cosmic Bowling” with “lights and black lights and fog machines and such” and discussing various names for a similar concept at the Easton bowling center.

“I think I came up with Astro Bowl, which was accepted,” James said. “And that ended up being a really cool thing for kids my age and older kids.”

The name was changed to Extreme Bowl during a period when a tenant operated the bowling alley.

While the opportunity to take over the bowling center “came a little sooner” than he expected, James said “it ended up being a really great move ... and it’s been going really well since then.”

“It’s always been like a cool place,” James said. “A place I’ve been proud of.”

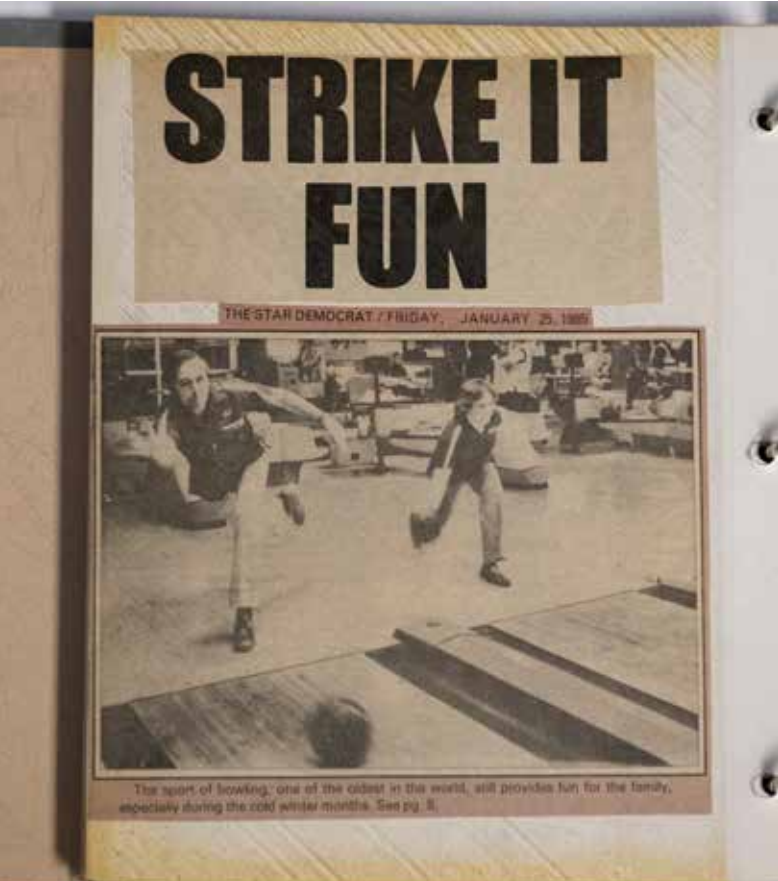
The pinsetters still in use at the center are those installed in 1986, the year James was born. “I’m kind of fond of those old machines,” James said. “They’re not without their quirks, but I know how to use them pretty well at this point and I think it’s pretty cool that they still work.”

But other things have changed. James said he’s been taking a “slow and steady approach” with minor upgrades every year since he took over.

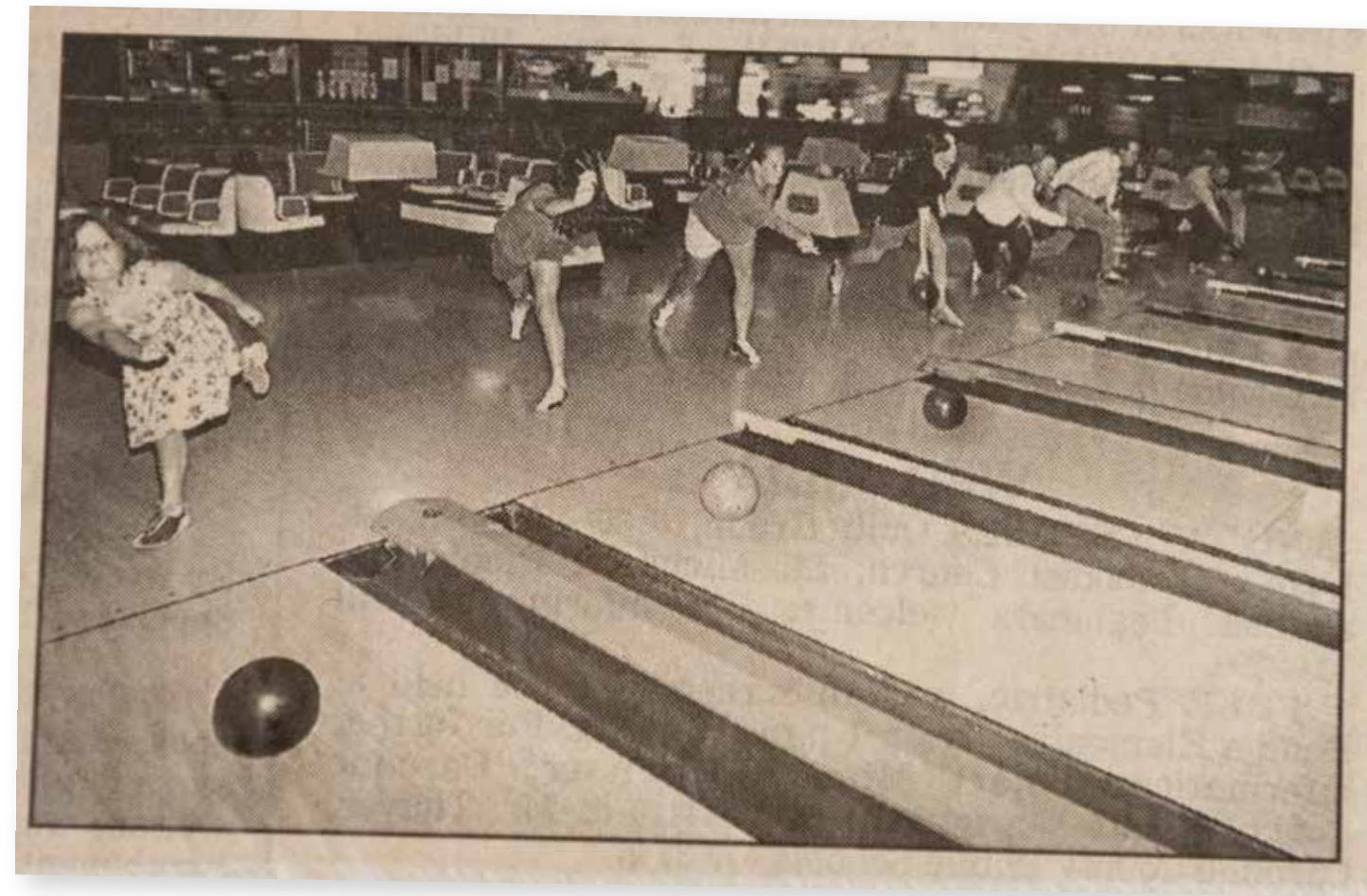
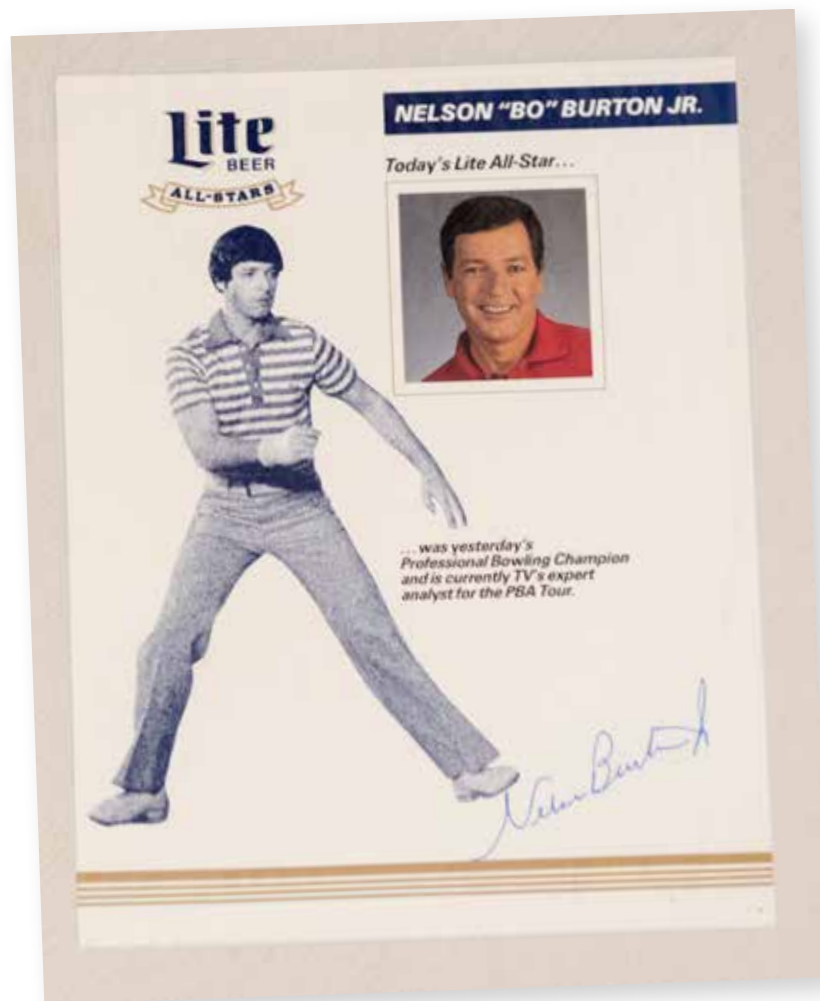
What once was the arcade room is now Lebowski’s, a place for private parties and events. James and his sister pried the bar for Lebowski’s out of the floor of a business



Opening a bowling lane in downtown Easton meant kids could walk or bicycle safely to the lanes.







in Philadelphia. The back wall is plastered with old scoresheets.


The plastic chairs were replaced with red booths and the facility was painted.

"We replaced all the screens to flat screens. They use way less energy for one thing," he said.

It took two men on a ladder to slowly lower the old, and heavy, CRT monitors.

"We've kind of been working on the aesthetics and the comfort angle," James said.

Online booking was added this year to help address the misconception that the lanes are full every night with league bowling.

"Now you can see when there's lanes available," James said. "That's a new technology for this year that I'm really excited about." 

Online booking, hours of operation and prices are available at Easton Bowl's website at [eastonbowl.com](http://eastonbowl.com). Easton Bowl is located at 101 Marlboro Ave. #39 in Easton and may be reached at [eastonbowlingcenter@gmail.com](mailto:eastonbowlingcenter@gmail.com) or 410-822-3426.







TASTE BUDS

# Pearls & oysters

*Recapturing the magic of a  
treasured family recipe*

By Jennie Burke



“He was a bold man that first ate an oyster,” wrote satirist Jonathan Swift. Those of us who love the briny bivalve can agree. I mean, if J. Alfred Prufrock had trouble deciding to bite something as luscious as the downy peach, what maniac was brave enough to coax open and swallow the first oyster? I can’t remember my first a raw oyster, but it must have been after I learned to enjoy them cooked.

My late father roasted oysters casino every Christmas Eve when we gathered with another family, the Willises, before heading out to the late mass. Dad and his friend Dr. Pebble made a royal mess on the kitchen counter-tops as they cracked open the crumbling shells

with rounded knives. (Pebble Willis’ given name was Eugene, but he was a *chip-off-the-old-block* of his father, Stonewall, *hence*, Pebble.) Each oyster was a palm-sized mystery as the fathers cupped them eye-level, looking for telltale bumps, hinges and grooves. Sometimes they slurped one here and there, but mostly they lined up the open shells on cookie sheets covered with a layer of gray rock salt (to catch the drips).

One year, Dr. Pebble missed the oyster and put a knife right through his left hand between his thumb and his forefinger. As the mothers rushed him off to the emergency room, everyone offered prayers of gratitude that it wasn’t the other hand

— he was a right-handed surgeon. The dads wore gloves for shucking in subsequent years.

Once the trays were filled with fresh oysters, Dad topped each one with “The Butters” — a mixture of butter, chopped green pepper, chopped shallots, parsley and lemon. Each buttered oyster was finished with a garnish of “The Bacons” — a piece of half-cooked bacon. Finally the men slid the heavy trays under a hot broiler for a minute or two, watching carefully so that the



gray flesh barely curled at the edges. The rare burned batch was a real bummer.

Everyone loved the oysters. We kids crowded around the oven, waiting for them to come out. We plucked the burning shells straight from the pan, with the knowledge that we would sear our fingertips. We pulled bite after buttery, bacon-y bite from tiny, fancy forks that my mom and Dr. Pebble’s wife, Miss Casey,

had arranged in a high-low pattern the counter next to a stack of bone china plates.

For all the work that Dad and Dr. Pebble put into those oysters, they didn’t last long. We could eat dozens of them in five minutes — or less. The shells never made it to a china plate, we held them long enough to drop the shells into a pile in the sink.

Surely Dad’s recipe served, for me, as an

introduction to adventurous oyster eating. When I married my husband in 1995, he was in Navy flight training in Corpus Christi, Texas. There was a little dive in downtown Corpus called the Water Street Oyster House. For a quarter you could buy a dozen oysters, provided you also bought the side pitcher of beer. Socializing over icy platters of shellfish was a happy way to get to know my new husband. We went on to have four bouncing babies in five years, so maybe the wives’ tale about oysters is true — maybe they are good for your health because they build iron in the blood. (*What? Were you thinking of a different wives’ tale?*)

Our Navy years took us to New Orleans, and I was very thankful during our time there that I was a seasoned oyster-eater. New Orleanians *love* their





oysters and have them Bienville style (with chopped mushrooms, shrimp, aromatics and bread crumbs), Rockefeller (with spinach and parmesan cheese), and my favorite, charbroiled (made famous by Drago's restaurant, where the oysters are slathered in butter, garlic, cheese and parsley then roasted over a roaring fire). Likewise, I enjoyed platters of the raw, real deal with champagne and my gracious, southern friends who welcomed me.

We also lived (for Navy orders) in Maine, where the oysters are served with New England sensibility, unfussed. Up in Damariscotta, the oyster mongers have even created an "oyster trail" where consumers can bop from hatchery to hatchery and bar to bar, noting the nuances of salinity based upon where the oysters were harvested.

Here in Maryland, my favorite oysters are no longer served — my dad and Dr. Pebble, and even Miss Casey

have passed away. Gone, for me, is the anticipation, the crowded kitchen chaos, and yes, the hand slicing. But I have Dad's recipe, and I feel the adults who nurtured my childhood traditions urging me on.

I knew them. If there was anything, they wanted for me, anything for me to learn, it was that I might celebrate the mystery and joy of living. The wonder that something that tastes as vast as seven oceans, has the salt of just one tear, and can force a jewel from a grain of sand — they would want me to find something powerful there. It is a lesson to keep learning, even after the teacher is gone. If I follow Dad's recipe to the letter, the oysters will still never taste the same. My dice isn't as fine. I do the lazy bacon from the cardboard box. But I'm trying my best. I want my kids to do what they think they can't do. To be bold, and not afraid, and just eat the oyster. **S**

---

## Hamish Osborne's *Oysters Casino*

### Combine:

2 sticks of softened (not melted) butter  
1/3 cup chopped green pepper  
1/3 cup chopped shallot  
1/3 cup chopped fresh parsley leaves  
Juice of 1 lemon  
Salt and pepper

Line raw oysters on the half shell on a cookie sheet lined with rock salt  
Top raw oysters with butter and a piece of partially cooked bacon  
Broil carefully and watch to see that the oyster has become slightly firm and the edges curl. Be careful not to burn the bacon.

Consume a few for yourself before you let anyone else know they are ready.



## ARCHITECTURE IN EASTON

# *Surviving the Sixties Styles*

Story by Jennifer Martella | Photos by John Griep

New architectural styles introduced in the 1960s nationwide included New Formalism and Brutalism.

New Formalism buildings include Classical elements, rigid symmetrical elevations and rich materials such as marble. This style was primarily used for civic, cultural or institutional buildings — think of the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., designed by the architect Edward Durell Stone.

Brutalism evolved from early 20th-century Modernist architecture. The Swiss-born architect Le Corbusier, christened this style Brutalism (in French “Breton Brut” is raw concrete) because buildings in this style were characterized by a large-scale use of poured concrete whose rigid geometry resulted in a massive, blocky appearance. Think of New York City’s



original Whitney Museum, which caused an uproar when it was built.

According to “The End of 1960’s Architecture,” a police officer responded to a visitor asking her for directions to Orange

County’s Government Center by saying, “Just look for the ugliest building in town.” To me, that is the last (and certainly the funniest) word on Brutalism.

Mercifully, these styles did not make it to the Eastern Shore



in general, nor did they arrive in Talbot County or Easton in particular. Isolated from the western shore by geography and transportation challenges until the rise and fall of the railroad, steamboats and the Bay Bridge spans, Easton's rich heritage of Victorian, Colonial, Queen Anne, Gothic Revival, Greek Revival, Bungalow Craftsman, Period and many other styles of houses were built over two centuries and lovingly maintained along the residential streets that formed the nucleus of what is now downtown Easton's Historic District.

The commercial areas maintained their rich variety of architectural character as well as the Colonial style of the Third Haven Meeting House and the Courthouse, the Georgian style of the Tidewater Inn, and the Beaux Arts style of the current home of Bank of America.

What was later described in an article published in *The Baltimore American* as "the closest, most spontaneous restoration of a town anywhere outside of the colonial capital of Virginia" was a movement that began in the late 1930s by government officials who chose to remodel the Town buildings on Harrison Street in the Colonial style. Members who were active in both The Talbot County Garden Club and the newly formed Historical Society of Talbot County joined the effort. They approached two downtown merchants who



planned to remodel their establishments and persuaded them to use Colonial design guidelines instead of the prevalent Modern style for their projects. Architectural consultation was even offered to any property owner in the blocks surrounding the courthouse, paired with special interest loans from the Easton National Bank for Colonial inspired designs.

I spent a long but absorbing afternoon researching this article in the Maryland Room of the Talbot Free Library. I am indebted to the guidance of Becky Riti, Maryland Room Librarian, for her patience with my many requests for files. I love history and discovered many intriguing stories from the 1960s about Talbot County.

An article from *The Star Democrat* dated March 3, 1962, intrigued me as an architect with its description of a product named "Insta-Soff." Two Talbot County inventors, Philip Anderson of the Anderson Lumber Company and Russell T. Miles of the Sheet Metal Company, combined their creative talents to invent an aluminum cornice for buildings. This product eliminated the labor-intensive installation of several components, including roof rafter ends, fascia, gutters, etc. to build up the cornice profile. Each section of this product snapped in place with minimum effort and time. The first installation was for a ranch-style home.

A May 24, 1960 issue of *The Star Democrat* included an article



about the historical marker erected in front of the Courthouse to celebrate the “Talbot Resolves.” During a meeting of some of Talbot County patriots, words of the “Talbot Resolves,” written two years before Jefferson’s famous Declaration, voiced their commitment to “acts as friends of liberty and to the general interests of mankind” that was the first stand for liberty in the world.

In the June 10, 1960 issue of *The Star Democrat*, an article appeared about the new Colonial-style one-story offices of the Maryland Credit Financial Corporation. The brick building was sited near the top of a slight hill with two ponds and landscaping as a buffer to Bay Street. Today, the building houses Talbot County offices, mostly hidden behind the newer office buildings closer to Bay Street.

Talbot County celebrated its Tercentenary birthday in 1962, and 33 civic, service and social organizations were testament to the county’s steady growth based upon sound planning principles.

It is gratifying to know if today a visitor inquired where the Talbot County Courthouse was, a police officer could proudly point to the beautiful building that escaped remodeling in either the New Formalism or Brutalism styles of the 1960s. That same visitor would enjoy a stroll along Easton’s streets with their human scale of buildings and delightful streetscapes that showcase a variety of architectural styles. It is no surprise that Easton has consistently been ranked in the top ten of best small communities in the U.S. with nary a Brutalist building in sight. 🍷





# Old Easton

SCAVENGER HUNT

WINNER!!!



Congratulations to Judy Bottorf of Easton, Maryland, for winning a \$100 gift card to the Inn and Spa at Chesapeake Bay Beach Club

# ANSWER KEY

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<input type="checkbox"/> <b>SITE 5 ADDRESS:</b> PRIVATE RESIDENCE 205 GOLDSBOROUGH ST.	<input type="checkbox"/> <b>SITE 6 ADDRESS:</b> PRIVATE RESIDENCE 16 N. AURORA ST.	<input type="checkbox"/> <b>SITE 7 ADDRESS:</b> HUMMINGBIRD INN 14 N. AURORA ST.	<input type="checkbox"/> <b>SITE 8 ADDRESS:</b> PRIVATE RESIDENCE 300 S. HARRISON ST.
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NAME: _____ EMAIL: _____ PHONE NUMBER: _____			



# Old Easton

SCAVENGER HUNT

## RUNNERS UP

These contestants may not have won the drawing, but they did get all of the locations correct. Thanks to all who entered!

Harold Bussell

Geoff Cooke

Wilma Miller

Virginia Allen

Jo Anne Boughner

Donna Wilson

Cathy Cooper

Roberta Maguire

Natalie Slater

THROUGH THE LENS

# TOP 10


## THROUGH THE LENS SUBMISSIONS

*A look back at our best local amateur photography,  
and a little insight into how our selections are made*

By Greg Mueller



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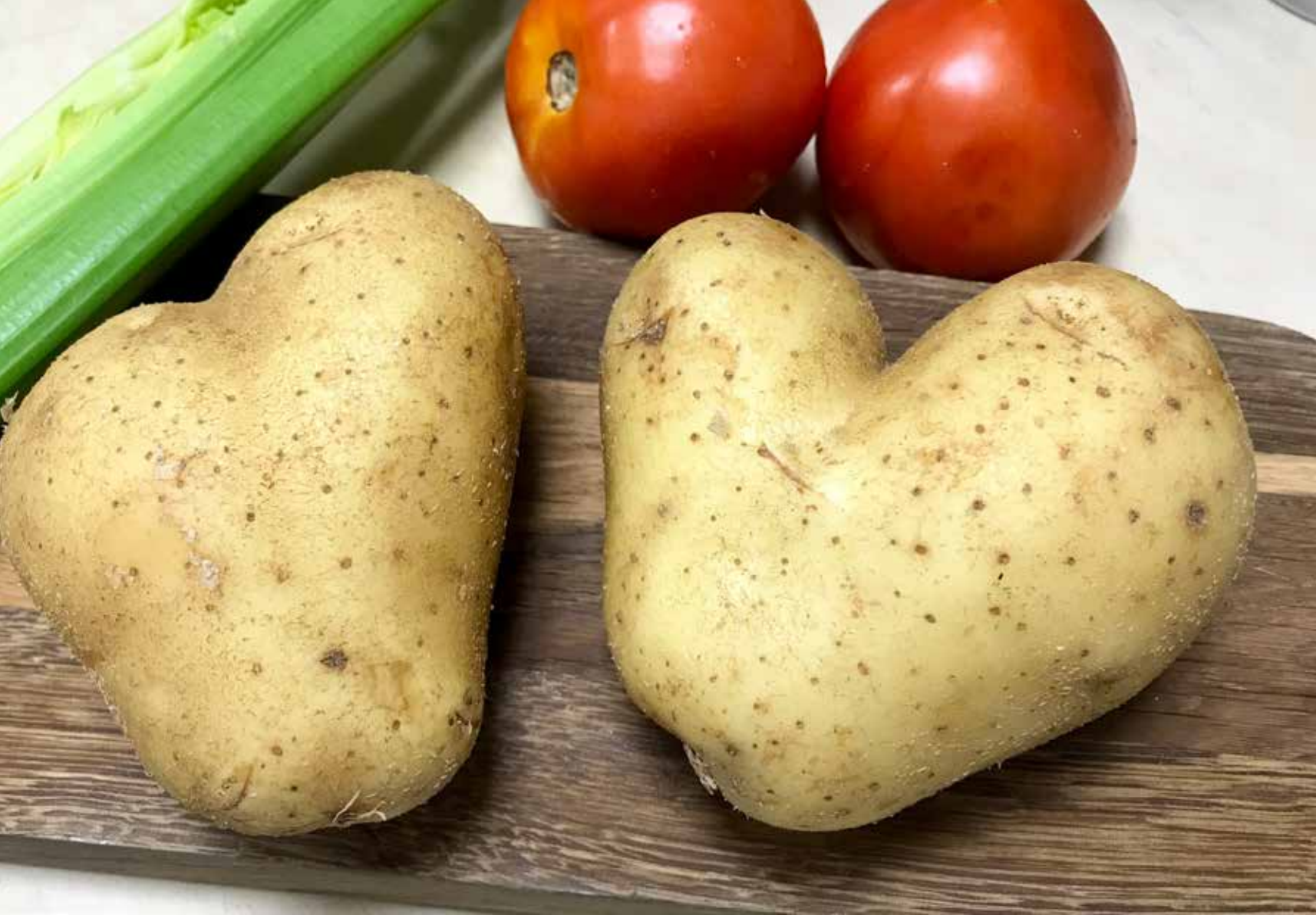
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**10.**

We kick off the list with a familiar shot of the William Preston Lane Jr. Memorial (Bay) Bridge. I say familiar not as a knock to the photo (though I have seen similar shots before), but as a compliment to how it captures this icon of the Eastern Shore. As someone who grew up here, and who either drives across or complains about driving across the bridge at least once a week, I feel qualified to say that this photo captures its essence quite well. I don't experience this every time I cross the bridge, but, once in a while, normally with the windows down, I am able to take a moment while crossing and enjoy a deep breath of the fresh air while viewing the spectacular scenery and just think to myself . . . 'WOW!'

Photo by Brandon Dudrow





9.

Timing, as they say, is *everything*. Had this (well-taken) photo of an oddly shaped potato come in any other month it may have been dismissed or overlooked. But this heart-shaped piece of starch came to us in the month of February and Valentines Day, and look at it now, in our first top-ten listings! The lighting and perspective is lovely, but it is here because it was a heart shaped potato, on Valentines day. I sure hope that whether boiled and mashed, or chopped and fried it brought love to whatever dish it landed in.

Photo by Hugo Ruesgas



8.

I love carnivals. Anyone on the *Shore Monthly* staff will tell you I have pitched carnival-themed issues and stories with the hopes of seeing neon lights against pitch black skies fill up our pages. Unfortunately, cotton candy, moderately dangerous rides and money pilfering 'games' do not sell magazines. That being said, carnivals bring about a certain amount of energy our smaller, humbler towns rarely see. And for that, they hold a special place in my heart. They may not be exclusive to life on the Shore, but they are certainly a major part of growing up in it.

Photo by Patrick Eskridge





7.

Sunset photo submissions are a dime a dozen. They are all beautiful, and many are interesting enough to make it in to our feature, but rarely do they really impress. This photo stands out because of the interesting nature of the sky (In addition to a nice composition and beautiful color). That's the funny thing about photography, you can do everything right; set your aperture, color balance, shutter speed and 'CLICK.' But even after doing everything just so, it may come down to "the clouds happened to be that way."

Photo by Kristen Greenaway

6.

Beautiful.  
Four Chickens lined up in a perfect row. Did the photographer catch them in some sort of poultry procession? Did she spend hours corraling them into these perfect poses? The world will never know. I am going to imagine they were tirelessly corralled though.

Photo by Cindy Steedman





# 5.

Oh, a combine photo! A one-way ticket to my heart. As a child I used to ride in combines (not too different than this one pictured) with my grandfather as he harvested fields. Make no mistake, it is a hot, dusty, dirty and loud endeavor, but seeing it captured in the serenity of a photograph makes the whole operation seem majestic. While nostalgic for me and my memories of my late grandfather, this stunning photo of a late summer harvest taps into the heart of one of the major life-forces of Maryland's Eastern Shore: Agriculture.

**Photo by Brandon Dudrow**

# 4.

Once a year we get to do a Halloween issue, and while this photo did not run in that issue, it very well could have. The stark shadows add a little horror to the front of the house, while the sunlit side against a brilliant blue sky adds a bit of majesty to it. This contrast offers a bit of personality to the house, causing me to wonder about its story. I wonder about how beautiful it must have been once new, what kinds of meals and gatherings must have taken place there. Laughter, tears, triumph and pain. I also wonder: what lurks in those shadows now? What would happen to me if I were to venture into this forgotten place, lost to time? In case you were wondering, I wonder a lot. . .

**Photo by Philip R. Parkinson**





# 3.

While similar to a sunset photo, I appreciate the extra effort the photographer put in here. Getting out in a kayak and getting low to the water offers a great glimpse at this mirror-like river. The sky puts in some work here offering lots of beautiful colors, but I hope photos like this inspire our readers to get out and take great photos of their own while doing something active outdoors.

**Photo by Catherine Bitter**

# 2.

Flower photos are also no stranger to our submission box, but what a marvel this one is. The shallow depth of field and color contrast really make this sunflower pop. If its beautiful and alien surface aren't striking enough for you, perhaps its perfectly posed winged visitor will send this shot over the top. It is a really beautiful and expertly taken image that I keep coming back to.

**Photo by Lori R. Bramble**





# 1.

We end with a beautiful time-lapse shot of St. Michaels. This shot was in our first issue of *Shore Monthly*, and I can still remember seeing it for the first time. I am always impressed by the amount of beauty and talent displayed in these submitted photos, which are all taken in our own backyard. That was one of the primary things we set out to do with the magazine way back when we started, and what better way to see it than candidly by those who live here. It's one of our simpler features, but it captures the Shore in all of its beauty, both behind, and through the lens.

Photo by Pascale Bernasse

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Eastern Shore Land Conservancy's Communications Manager Darius Johnson and Executive Director Rob Etgen taking a stroll at Ben-Lee, a 1,200-acre preserved farm outside Church Hill. ESLC is a nonprofit organization committed to improving the quality of life on Maryland's Eastern Shore through conservation. Their headquarters, the Eastern Shore Conservation Center, is on Washington Street, in Easton. Visit [eslc.org](http://eslc.org)

Cover art by Caroline J. Phillips



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