

Strawberry Festival

June 2nd, 2018 Entertainment Schedule

10:30 - 11:30 Opening Ceremonies and Awards

11:30 - 12:15 "The Delmarvas"

the DelMarVas



12:30 - 1:15 "Dirk and The Truth"

1:30 – 2:15 "Rick and Karen Pumphrey"



2:30 - 3:15 "24 Karat"



3:30 - 4:15 "Mike Hamilton Band"



4:30 - 5:15 "Freezer Burn"



5:45 - 6:30 "School of Rock"

Strawberry Festival

June 2nd, 2018 Schedule of Events

- 10:00 am Parade Cape St. Claire Fire Department
- 10:15 am Silent Auction and Strawberry Kitchen Opens In the Cubhouse
- 10:30 am Jing Ying Demo
- 11:00 am Opening Ceremonies and Awards
 On Stage
- 12:00 Noon Sac Races in the Field
- 1:00 pm Reggie Rice Overlook / Field
- 2:00 pm K9 Demo Field
- 3:00 pm Tug-a-War Field
- 4:00 pm Watermelon Eating Contest Field
- 6:00 pm Silent Auction Closes
- 7:00 pm Festival Closes

The Strawberry Festival Committee sincerely thanks all of the business men and women for their generosity, support and commitment to the community!

Mary Lamb

In 1991 my husband and I were blessed with a beautiful daughter Shelby Lynn Lamb. Like most parents, we wanted our daughter to experience the memorable activities we ourselves had enjoyed as children, the beaches, boating and especially the Strawberry Festival. Unfortunately, in the early 1990's the Strawberry Festival Committee was unable to function due to lack of volunteers. In 1994 I decided to reach out to the community and solicit volunteers to bring back the Strawberry Festival to Cape St. Claire. I remember holding our first meeting in the Cox Meeting Room at the Cape St. Claire Clubhouse. With approximately 10 people in attendance we began to brainstorm and develop a plan to bring the Strawberry Festival back to Cape St. Claire.

Many friendships were formed that night, but most importantly the Strawberry Festival Committee was born. Members came and went the first few years but as time has moved forward our dedicated core volunteers have remained. Our children have become adults and many of us now share this wonderful experience with our grandchildren.

The Strawberry Festival, held the first Saturday in June, is a very special time of the year. For me the festival begins with the hanging of the Banner across Cape St. Claire Road. Marking the beginning of summer, this event displays the true meaning of that "Small Town Feel". I am blessed to have been a part of this historic festival and look forward to many more!

Mary Lamb



Jimmy Lamb

Much like my wife Mary, I wanted our daughter to enjoy the many pleasures of Cape St. Claire. Remembering back I stood by Mary's side as she began her mission to bring the festival back to Cape St. Claire. We met people along the way, gathered much support and made lasting friendships. Most importantly we were successful and continue to be successful 20+ years later.

Looking back I am grateful for the past festivals and the support we have had. Cape St. Claire is a great community and I am thankful to have had a part in the festivities over the years!

Jimmy Lamb





Kimberly Pollock

I will never forget the first day I showed up for a volunteer committee meeting for Cape St. Claire and met the Lamb family—boy I had no idea then what I was getting into! I had all three of my boys, Brandon McDowell, Corey and Billy Pollock, in tow and was ready to jump in. I showed up that day in hopes of starting my children young gaining skills in community volunteering, teamwork, raising their confidence levels in communication and helping them learn responsibilities that they could carry long into adulthood. Most importantly, this was a rewarding community committee that I could join and my children could be a part of, have fun and I could hang out with my neighbors. Over the last 20 years my children and I have truly enjoyed community events and all of my expectations were brought to life. My children continue to experience teamwork at set up & cleanup, responsibilities of running games, working booths selling food, hiding Easter Eggs along with many of the skills I hoped they would. I have been the trail guide for the Halloween Haunted trail, the Fortune Teller and the Cat-In-The-Hat for the Halloween Parties, the Easter Egg Hunts and helping with Breakfast with Santa. Now that my three children are grown I have grandchildren fortunate enough to carry on the tradition of volunteering for our community and reaping the rewards that come with it. All of my hopes were met and lifetime friendships were gained that I will

cherish forever. Thank you Lamb Family for affording my family and I so many wonderful memories, friendships and opportunities. I look forward to what the future brings for Cape St. Claire's Strawberry Festival and other events! Kim Pollock



Christina Nokes

I joined the Strawberry Festival in 2001 after my daughter Stephanie won the Princess Contest. Beginning as ticket seller extraordinaire, my duties quickly grew and so did my commitment to the Strawberry Festival Committee and my friendship with Mary Lamb. As a committee member I have taken on many roles, the Big Bunny, Santa's Helper, Scarecrow Architect, Ticket Counter, Auctioneer, Easter Egg Stuffer and Clean-up Crew to name a few. I now enjoy sharing the seasons with my grown Strawberry Festival Princess's, Stephanie and Ashley and my two grandchildren Colbie and Dawson. Over the past few years my husband RC has joined our team in the Pit Beef Stand. He continues to add items to the menu in an attempt to offer festival attendees a variety of sandwich choices. As a family we truly enjoy our time with our friends and neighbors volunteering at the Strawberry Festival.

Christina Nokes



Shelby Tomaselli

I can not remember a time when we did not attend the Strawberry Festival. As a young child I recall taking my sleeping bag to the clubhouse in preparation for a long night of setup the Friday before the festival. My friend Little Bill Pollock and I would play on the playground until sunset and then crash in the clubhouse while our parents prepared for the next day's events. We were always excited for the Strawberry Festival, we looked forward to riding in the parade and playing on the beach all day. It has been Twenty Three years since my mom started organizing the Strawberry Festival for Cape St. Claire. I am now married and a graduate of Pharmacy School, however I still look forward to that first Saturday in June when the community gathers to enjoy the festivities of the day.

Shelby Tomasellí

Michael Tomaselli

You never know where life is going to take you. Seven years ago, I met my, now, beautiful wife Shelby. Little did I know that I'd be entering into a family of dedicated, caring, and loving volunteers; also known as the Lamb Family. Growing up in Fairfield, New Jersey, I had attended my fair share of "town days" and community events, but always as a patron, never as a volunteer. This year marks my seventh Strawberry Festival and seventh year volunteering. While the live entertainment, Strawberry Princesses, and vendors change from year to year, there is one consistency that ceases to amaze me. That is, to see such a grand event and gesture of kindness made possible solely by volunteers. I am truly blessed to call myself one of those volunteers and I'm looking forward to what the future has in store.

Míchael Tomasellí



Anthony (Tony) Kubik

I was born and raised in Niagara Falls, NY, graduating with a degree in electronics from Niagara Community College. I moved to Maryland in 1981, and took a job with the federal government. I am now retired from the Naval Research Laboratory. I moved to Cape St. Claire in 1990, got married in 1991 to Catherine (Cathy) Kubik. We have one child, Melissa, born in 1994. As we were settling into life in the Cape as a family, we were introduced to Mary Lamb. Mary worked with Cathy's father, Charlie Barnes. Charlie always encouraged his children to give back to the community by helping out when and where we could. He was very proud of the Cape, and loved the Strawberry Festival. He was one of the drivers of the Oueen/Princesses in the parade. At the young age of 3, our daughter began riding with him to "help" him. She was so excited! Cathy and I began helping Mary out at the ticket booths. We then moved to the Beer Garden to help with pouring beer and making strawberry daiquiris. This has become our annual "job." We must do a somewhat good job in the Beer Garden—that led to helping out at the annual Halloween Party, Breakfast with Santa, and stuffing eggs for the Easter Egg Huntthousands every year, and a true labor of love! All of these events have evolved over the years because of Mary Lamb. Every year she comes up with something better. With all of our busy lives, it's a breath of fresh air to get out in the community, meet new people, and see people we haven't seen in a while. Volunteering at these events is the highlight of our living here in the Cape! Tony



Catherine (Cathy) Kubik

I was born and raised in Annapolis, MD, graduating from Severna Park High School in 1974, and attended some classes at Anne Arundel Community College. I have worked most of my working years as an Executive Administrative Assistant and have been with AT&T since 2000. I moved to Cape St. Claire in 1990, got married in 1991 to Anthony (Tony) Kubik. We have one child, Melissa, born in 1994. As we were settling into life in the Cape as a family, we were introduced to Mary Lamb. Mary worked with my father, Charlie Barnes. My father always encouraged us to give back to the community by helping out when and where we could. He was very proud of the Cape, and loved the Strawberry Festival. He was one of the drivers of the Queen/Princesses in the parade. At the young age of 3, our daughter began riding with him to "help" him. She was so excited! Tony and I began helping Mary out at the ticket booths. We then moved to the Beer Garden to help with pouring beer (Tony) and making strawberry daiquiris (me). This has become our annual "job." We then began helping at the Halloween Party, Breakfast with Santa, and stuffing eggs for the Easter Egg Hunt (solely Tony's job now—he has the time and a proven method to do this). We truly enjoy volunteering in our community. None of what we do is difficult it's a matter of time. We love getting out in the community, meeting new people, and seeing people that we hadn't seen in a while. It's such a joy to see so many happy and excited children—the same way that our daughter was at their age! It is the highlight of our living here in the Cape! cathy

A Little Bit of History.....

The Strawberry Festival is a long time tradition for Cape residents. It began as a community gathering in the early 1950's. Around 1965 it took on the name of "The Strawber-

ry Festival". At that time the event was held for 2 days, hosted by many volunteers. In 1985 my husband Jimmy and I moved to Cape St. Claire. After the birth of our daughter Shelby in 1991, we began to attend the Strawberry Festival and experience the family fun and Small-Town feel of Cape St. Claire. As time went on and families realized two incomes were better than one, volunteers began to diminish. A year or two without the festival was very concerning to me and my family. I began inquiring about the roots of the festival and what it would take to bring it back. It was at this time that I was introduced to a wonderful lady, my mentor fondly known around the community as "Hoppy" and my biggest supporter Lee Wade III. With their guidance, support and encouragement I placed an ad in the Caper for volunteers willing to help bring the Strawberry Festival back to the Cape. The one ad in the Caper, resulted in life long friendships and a Strawberry Festival Committee comprised of 10 dedicated volunteers. Planning of the first festival was exciting and a little bit stressful for me. I quickly realized that I had much support for the businessmen and women of the Cape especially a very generous man name Lee Wade III. Lee offered me continuous support and many words of encouragement. Lee's advice and guidance helped me to overcome the small hurdles I encountered and to embrace the opportunities which were presented. In 2007 we dedicated the Strawberry Festival to the memory of Lee Wade III, the most generous man I know. I often wonder what Lee would think about the Strawberry Festival and how it has grown.

For our "small town" not only does the Strawberry Festival bring the community together for a day of good old fashioned fun, it gives all of the community groups and local church groups an opportunity to raise funds for their needs. On this first Saturday in June, each of these groups begin their day at 7am setting up a booth to sell food, play games or distribute information to all who attend. At 10 am we all break to participate in or watch the parade which begins at the Cape St. Claire Volunteer Fire Department and ends at the festival grounds on the main beach. Immediately following, the parade awards are presented on stage for the Berriest Baby, the Best Decorated Bikes, the coloring contest and the Princess(s). After the awards guest will find many free activities (sponsored by the local business men and women) for the children. Entertained by bands on stage all day long, festival attendees will find many food and drink options on the field and Strawberry shortcakes and sundaes in the clubhouse. To our community this event is like no other. We all look forward to the hanging of the banner across Cape St. Claire Road in the middle of May announcing this long time tradition.



Dedicated to the Memory of

Lee Wade III

"The Most Generous Man I Have Ever Known"





THE STRAWBERRY KITCHEN

Since the beginning of my Strawberry Festival days there has been 3 wonderful ladies who have spent their Strawberry Festival Day in the Clubhouse Kitchen preparing berries for the enjoyment of the Community, My Mom Libby Wilkinson and her two sisters my Aunt Betty Woolford and my Aunt Margie Christo. Arriving bright and early to cut the berries, their day consisted of conversation, reminiscing, and laughter. Although they were not Cape residents, my mom's sisters were always excited to be a part of the festivities. When the kitchen closed for the day the ladies would change their hats and become the clean-up crew. My Mom the real trooper of the three would remain behind and support me with my end of day activities. Just two months ago my Mom, Libby Wilkinson passed away at 91 years of age. Although my aunts will be returning to the kitchen to help out with the festivities there will be an empty chair, an empty place at the cutting board where my Mom used to spend her Strawberry Festival Day. Instead this year my Mom will be walking with me on the festival grounds as I carry her close to my heart. Thank You Mom, Aunt Betty and Aunt Margie for your many years of Dedication.













2018 STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL PRINCESS CONTEST



Abigail Wenz
2018 Strawberry Festival
Princess



Ava Stout
2018 Strawberry Festival
Littlest Princess



Brigid Gorman

2018 Strawberry Festival
Junior Princess

2018 STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL PRINCESS CONTEST RUNNER-UP



Justine Kiser Princess Runner-up



Jenna Brazerol Littlest Princess Runner-Up



Rebecca Sawyer Littlest Princess Runner-Up



Brooke Szczytko Littlest Princess Runner-Up



Kaylynn Cascio Jr. Princess Runner-Up



Lauralai Jackson Littlest Princess Runner-Up



Ella Stone Littlest Princess Runner-Up



Mackenzie Moyer Jr. Princess Runner-Up



Rachael Novak Littlest Princess Runner-Up



Ella Chasse Littlest Princess Runner-Up



April Wevodau Littlest Princess Runner-Up





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Sending our best wishes to The Strawberry Festival for 60 years of Cape St. Claire tradition.



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Photos from 1983 as published in the Silver Anniversary Strawberry Festival Edition





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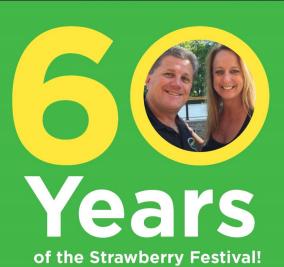




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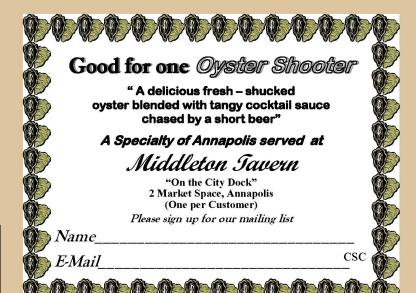
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Bella "Mom" Novosel - Cape St. Claire a Century Ago

By Bob Johnson

From Broadneck Hundred: Life and Times between the Severn and the Magothy
Originally published in the Annapolitan, October 1974
BroadneckHundred.com

Listen, honey, when I first came here there were only five houses: two belonged to the Farnen's down on the Magothy, there was the Stinchcomb plantation where the Howard family lives now, the Brice's place up on the hill near the entrance to the Cape, and Aunt Jenny's farmhouse where the ball field is now. The rest was woods, cornfields, peach orchards, watermelon, cantaloupe, and tomato patches. On the top of the hill where Hampton road is now was all strawberry patches as far as you could see."

Today Cape St. Claire is 26 miles of improved road, 1600 homes with room for 800 more, and more than 7,000 people. Lots are valued at nearly \$10,000; new homes at more than \$40,000. "Back when I moved here, you could've bought the whole place for \$40,000," Mom says.

Three younger generations listened and smiled with her as she "told it like it was." Bella Angela "Mom" Novosel, the center of her family's fascinated attention, born at the turn of the century in Warsaw, Poland, came to America with her parents at age 18 months on a monthlong sea-sickening ocean voyage—"My mother never got back on a ship. Never!"-and settled here with her late husband "Dad" in 1919. Mary Dolores "Bea" Smith, 49, Mom's youngest daughter born and raised in the Cape helped trigger Mom's memories with some of her own, "I remember when Revel Highway was an oyster bed road. I was about six years old when they first poured wet cement-my brother and I put our initials in it."

Denise Smith, 20, one of Mom's 6 living grandchildren, sat quietly as she listened. Charles Smith, 4, one of Mom's 10 great-grandchildren,



Bella "Mom" Novosel came to Broadneck in 1919 with her husband John, living for a time in a farm house on Persimmon Point where Hampton and River Bay now meet. Here she feeds their chickens in about 1920.

wandered about with an eye on the future as he monitored the conversation.

Bea, her sister Wanda Murray, and brother Joe Novosel have strengthened and deepened their roots where Mom first nurtured them. Bea used to operate the Tasty Freeze on the highway. Since 1961, she has owned and operated the Bee Hive Inn [then Bella's, now Riverbay Roadhouse], a stone's throw from where Wanda owns and operates the House of Milo Beauty Shop. Both establishments are a short walk from Mom's simple home and down-to-earth welcome on Cape St. Claire Road.

How did it all begin? In a few words, "Dad came here from Zagreb, Croatia. He landed at St. Michael's across the Bay where the settling process began for immigrants. Dad's first job was with Mr. Farnan who owned about a third of the Cape, land he bought from the Stinchcombs. He

left here to go to work in the Cramps Shipyard in during the First World War. I met Dad near there in a place called Fishtown. After we were married, he brought me here and he became overseer of Mr. Farnan's place. Mr. Farnan was rich. He owned a hardware store in Baltimore and the Maryland Philco franchise.

"Cape St. Claire Road was a buggy road then. I had two of my children in the buggy one day and the mule ran so fast and scared me so bad when I couldn't stop him, that I thought I'd never get back in a buggy again.

"We used to go by buggy into town, and by town I mean Annapolis. We went by St. Margaret's Road and across the Severn by the Naval Academy Bridge. That was the only road here. And there was only one store between here and town: that was our State Senator Frank Duvall's General Merchandise Store.

"I'd buggy into town every week in the spring and summer to buy staples; it took an hour and a quarter to get there. And we didn't have all this mess we have now.

"Can you imagine two dollars for a pound of sugar! I remember the day I paid five cents a pound for it. And a dollar forty-nine for five pounds of flour! It used to be thirty-five cents!"

A warm smile and a subdued Polish chuckle introduced this recollection: "Bologna was fifteen cents a pound and the butcher would give you a hot dog free when you came to run your mother's errands.

"A&P Eight O'clock Coffee used to be three pounds for a dollar, and that was gettin' high. Eggs were twenty or twenty-five cents a dozen, but since we had chickens, I seldom bought eggs. And I did all my canning from the garden, 150-200 jars of vegetables, jellies, jams—Oh forget it, Honey, you'll have a book to write."

Bea doesn't recall those prices or wobbly buggy rides to Annapolis but, "Daddy Brice used to have a one horse open sleigh drawn by a big roan. It pulled us kids all around here. And in those years we had some kind of snow!



Mom at the Mouth of the Magothy in the 1920s

"There was only one store up on the highway I remember, and that was Mr. Campbell's Grocery Store by Log Inn Road. When Mom wanted a loaf of bread, I'd throw on my skates and go get it. Mr. Campbell owns the distributorship for National Beer in Annapolis now.

"You know what a big deal it was for us kids back then? About ten of us would be hanging in and on one of those open touring cars and we'd snitch watermelons from Uncle Gar's patch.

"Up at the Brice's place used to be the Hunt Club. Garfield Brice was the big hunter, though just about everybody hunted. When I was five years old I can remember him riding across our back field blowing his horns fox hunting with his hounds. Folks went 'coon huntin' at night. Mom was a hell of a shot herself."

But Mom's never been the kind to accept applause or acclaim: "Oh, all you had to do was take a gun out in the woods and shoot all you wanted. We had rabbits, squirrels, muskrats, possum, pheasant, partridge, quail . . . and fishing—Dad and his friends would throw a net out just one time in the river, and we'd have all the fish we could eat.

"Dad would go giggin' at nighttime at Lake Claire—we called it the pond back then. He held a lantern off the boat to draw pike and bass to him, then gigged 'em with a two-pronged spear."

A car ride with Mom along the new roads where the old road used to be. Hard to believe and imagine, among the scores of ranchers and split foyers surrounding us. Mom says, "You see that house there? The remodeled one checkered with form stone? That used to be the Stinchcomb slave house. The Rainey family lives there now.



Mom stands in the Garden of Gethsemane during her 1966 trip the the Holy Land. She says, "Honey, I've been around the world and seen some beautiful places, but believe me, there is no place like America. Be thankful you live here."

"Down here on River Bay Road is the Stinchcomb house itself. The Jordan family redbricked it while they lived there.

"There's the Stinchcomb graveyard next to it. Frank and Sarah, a bachelor and an old maid—they're the ones I knew."

On the Bay side, where River Bay and Hampton now meet: "Now those two houses

belonged to the Farnans. We lived in that one for a time while our house was being built. I remember looking out through the French doors off the front porch at one of the most beautiful scenes I'd ever seen at night: skipjacks with lanterns atop their sails, maybe a hundred of them, as close as they could be, sailing hard up the Magothy, sailing so quiet, you never heard them come in or go out.

"I was especially lonely when we first moved here, especially in the wintertime. I was used to having people all around me. Half the Magothy is filled with my tears.

"Now there's where we lived, on the corner. Of course it's been added onto now. The Watkins family lives there.

"We lived for a while with the Brice family, too. In their farmhouse that goes back to pre-Revolutionary War days. You can see the big red barn across the playground of the elementary school. I remember going to Mr. Brice's place in our open touring car with the running boards over that winding snow-covered road with my baby, Wanda, in my arms wrapped in blankets. We hit a bump and my baby flew right out of my arms, out of the car into the snow. In a panic, I screamed, 'The baby, the baby!' And when we got out and got to her, she just lay there smiling, as if that snow suited her just fine."

Dr. and Mrs. Radoff make that historic house their home now.

Back to Mom's house. And to the present. The Cape is different. "It looks like a city to me, but they couldn't give me half of Philadelphia for my home in the Cape," Mom says.

But even if such an outrageous offer should materialize, there are a hundred people here who wouldn't let her go anywhere, anyhow. Janet Hile is one of Mom's many "adopted" children who feels just that way: "Mom walks with you in your need. Many a pot of Polish chicken soup she's taken to the sick, I'll tell you."

The way of Mom's heart inspired the words of the simple etching on the wall of her dinette: "I want to live by the side of the road and be a friend to man." * BroadneckHundred.com

Historic Goshen Farm & Educational Center

According to the Cultural Resources Division of the Anne Arundel County Department of Planning and Zoning, Goshen Farm is one of the most significant historic sites in the county. Ironically, a relatively few people know about this 22-acre historic property and the Goshen Farm House built in 1783. The land was platted and granted to Henry Woolchurch in the 1662. In 1669, the 290 acres that comprised "Leonard's Neck" was assigned to Alexander Gardiner and John Wray from Henry Woolchurch "of Severn River". John Wray's portion was eventually purchased by John Pettibone Gardiner and became Goshen Farm. The house was continuously occupied from the time of its construction until the passing of May Conkling Radoff in 1991. Her husband, Dr. Morris Leon Radoff, served as the archivist of the state of Maryland from 1939 until his retirement in 1975. Leon, as he was called, passed away in 1978. They bought the property in 1941 and Leon eventually had the property placed on the Maryland Inventory of Historic Properties.

The Anne Arundel County Board of Education bought a portion of the property from the Radoffs and used it to build Cape St. Claire Elementary School. When the Board came back to acquire the remaining property for a middle school and junior high school, the Radoffs put up a fight and won in a manner of speaking. Although the Board took ownership of the remaining land, the Radoffs were allowed to live in the house and use the property as their own until both Mae and Leon passed away. By the time of Mae's passing in 1991, the Board had built Magothy River Middle School and Severn Run Junior High School at the other end of the Broadneck Peninsula. Goshen Farm became excess property.

As such, it was allowed to deteriorate to the point that it became a public nuisance and the Board was about to have it torn down. A small group of residents, who eventually became the Goshen Farm Preservation Society, Inc, appealed to the County Council, which halted the proposed demolition. Eventually the Society leased the property from the Board. That was about eight years ago.

Since then, the Society has worked diligently to maintain what was left of the Goshen Farm House and turn the 22-acres into a community resource. The Society created a Sharing Garden for its members, restored the well, put a new roof on the house and painted it, and generally secured the property against further vandalism. And that is just a short list of what has been accomplished. It also erected a hoop house in which year round crops are grown and students from local schools work on agricultural experiments.

It is with great pride that the Society has created an educational center that has served thousands of students over the last several years. It has worked with the Environmental Literacy Program and the Enviro Club at Broadneck H.S., the Performing and Visual Arts Magnet Program at Southern H.S., the Enclave Program, and the STEM program at Cape Elementary, just to mention a few.

For the last five years the Society has participated in the Strawberry Festival, which has allowed it to reach thousands of residents and tell them the story of Historic Goshen Farm & Educational Center. This outreach and face-to-face contact with our neighbors has been an important part of our growth and success. The community's response has been gratifying because of the sense of community created at the festival has allowed the Society has gained new members, accept hundreds of dollars in donations, sell hundreds and hundreds of kayak raffle tickets.

Thank you all for making this one of the best family events in Anne Arundel County!





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IVIen

Haircut	\$19.00
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Women

Haircut and Style	\$38.00
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