

Skipjack Community News

Embracing our Seniors.....

Our community's second Senior Bingo was held on Saturday, January 14. Sometimes those of us with full work and social schedules tend to forget that everyone in our community does not have the same. Senior Bingo is proving to be more than just an opportunity to win a gift card or door prize, it is an opportunity to spend a fun-filled evening with friends, family and neighbors close to home and at a very reasonable price. It is an opportunity to laugh and smile and simply enjoy a Saturday evening. There are tables of serious bingo players who don't utter a word unless it is between games. There are tables of players who aren't so serious and miss many of the numbers called simply because they enjoy talking a little more



than winning. And then there is the table of players who are just simply naughty, the table where O69 elicits hearty chuckles and elbows to each other's sides. No matter which table would suit you best, please know and remember you are welcome to come and join us for any of our Senior Events. We can promise you will have a wonderful evening! Our next event is a Love Dinner, which is a free dinner event for our community's seniors (60+). It will

be held on Saturday, February 18 beginning at 4:00 p.m. (See page 2 for more information.)

As a volunteer, there are moments during your service when you truly feel as though you are truly making a difference, there are moments when you feel frustrated and angry and then there are the moments that are just simply profound and have an impact straight to your heart. A senior, not a player but a volunteer, stopped and simply said, "Thank you for giving me something to do." Think about that. Think about the impact we are having in the lives of our community's seniors. Whether you baked cookies, donated a door prize, or gave your entire evening to the event, your contribution means something and not just a little something, it means a whole lot. Thank you to the Deal Island-Chance Fire Department for allowing us to use your facility. Thank you to the Deal Island-Chance Lions Club for funding the prize pool. And a huge thank you goes to all our volunteers and donors. We can't do this without you.



Photos courtesy of: Tracy Horner, Dawn Whitelock and Wendy Seiler.

We Love Our
SENIORS



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Judy Shockey



Maryland Crab Soup

2-3 pounds of beef (cubed)
1 large onion, chopped
1 bunch celery, chopped
3-4 carrots, sliced
1/2 head cabbage, chopped
1 yellow turnip, chopped
1 large can tomato sauce
1 large can crushed tomatoes
5-6 bouillon cubes, beef
12 peppercorns
1 tsp. Old Bay
1 tsp. oregano
1 tsp. basil
1 tsp. parsley
Salt, to taste
1 bag lima beans, frozen
1 bag corn, frozen
1 bag green beans, frozen
1 large bag mixed vegetables, frozen
1 bag okra, frozen (optional)
1.5 - 2lbs. Crab meat, fresh or

thawed
6-8 steamed crabs (or 12 claws)

Cover beef with water and cook one hour. Add onion, celery, carrots, cabbage, turnip, crushed tomatoes and tomato sauce. Cook 30-45 minutes, then add frozen vegetables, one bag at a time, keeping the soup on a low boil. Cook an additional 30-60 minutes, then add crab meat. Simmer for 45 minutes or longer.

Remember, always season to your preference. The longer the soup cooks, the better.

A 1961 graduate of Deal Island High School, Judy grew up in Chance with her three sisters, Pat, Barbara and Wanda in addition to her brother, Robert. After graduation, she worked for the Manhattan Shirt Company in Salisbury, MD for seven years before meeting Charles Shockey, her future husband, at a friend's home in Baltimore. Marriage meant a move to Baltimore where she and Charles worked and raised their daughter. In 1993, Judy returned to her roots and became a "local" again. Judy enjoys spending time with her daughter, Michelle, son-in-law, Angelo, and her three grandsons, George, Charles and Evan whenever she can. She also enjoys the study of genealogy, specifically local family trees, and helping with a variety of community activities and functions.

Seniors, you are cordially invited to join us for a complimentary dinner
Saturday, February 18.

Doors will open at 4:00 p.m. with seating ending at 6:00 p.m.
Deal Island-Chance Fire Hall



Spaghetti with Meat Sauce
Garden Salad
Garlic Bread
Dessert



Seats are first come, first served.
Please RSVP by February 8 so that we can adequately prepare.
Limited delivery also available.

Brandi Horner 410-251-2785
Carrie Day 443-614-9926
Email: DILions58@gmail.com



Please note the Love Dinner's intended audience is seniors (60+). It is a free meal; however, rsvp is important as it will be helpful in our planning.

- If one spouse is 60+ and the other is not, you are both more than welcome to attend.
- If you are seniors and babysitting your grandkids that evening, you are welcome to bring them.
- Limited Delivery is available. If you are able, we would love to see you in person but if you are ill, without transportation, or simply prefer your own company, please sign up for a delivery.
- If you are in need, no matter your age, please reach out. We can arrange a delivery for you.



Culture Corner

Down the Shore: Following the Water for the Women

by Gloria Horner

Sometimes when you recall the past, there is a clarity which time distills, synthesizes, and immortalizes in memory. For myself and Ginny, one particular day is often recalled and reflected on. In hindsight it seems a far greater challenge, yet on that day, it was just one more thing to deal with.

Wives of watermen often grapple with a unique set of priorities. The role of wife and mother is expanded and an expectation of fulfilling multiple obligations--contributing to the business by carrying out a diverse range of crab shedding tasks along with their husbands, added to caring for the children and house becomes their situation. In the mid-70s, that new lifestyle became the norm for Ginny and myself. The decision was made without any consultation; they would shed the crabs they harvested. No longer would they take the daily catch to market for pay by piece and pound. It would be up the ditch, using Daddy's shanty. But to do this required the wives to take on an eclectic range of duties and acquire a variety of new skills. Those would come through necessity born of repetitive procedure, until each becomes intrinsic in doing.

On a typical day, Ginny arrives with two children, an infant, Brian, a few months old, still in a molded plastic carrier and Lisa just three and a half. She waits for me, and I herd my two, Aaron four, and Jason one, into the car for the short ride 'down the shore.' Parking the car, we all exit the vehicle. Adjacent is a shallow pond, thick, slimy, green scum floating on the top, a lure for any child to explore. However, a glance at the water with a simple and oft repeated admonishment: 'You'll get a disease' is threatened. The oldest, Kevin, already out crabbing, following the water with his father, and the remaining four children still part of our care. Lisa and Aaron, aware of the threat, barely glance at the dangerous waterhole refreshed only by rain and the occasional flooding with a spring tide. Ginny takes Brian in the carrier; the other three children scamper to the shanty. This has become their daily routine down the shore.



The shanty, perched precariously, straddling water and land, a metaphor for our lives. Weathered gray boards, already time worn from the blistering summer sun, standing against the raging storms that bring the howling winds and sea spray, built at the edge of the marsh, daintily poised above the running tide. The wooden floor, slabs worn smooth from the repeated patterns carried out shedding crabs, punctuated with holes where knots on the planks slowly withered away, provided sizable openings between the wide boards. The ever-open door facing south, provides most of the light within the shanty during the day. Looking out towards the south and the mouth of the gut, a mile beyond the harbor of Wenona shimmers and floats in the heated air. A single window on the east side with views of the wending tide through the marsh and a counterpart on the west side looks over the land towards Momma's house.

Entering the shanty via a precipitous step, to the left a waist high counter where trays of freshly 'fished-up' soft crabs are sorted and packed. Below, the ever needing to be collected sea ores or pine shats await the trays, to serve as the bedding for the delicate creatures on their final journey to the restaurants of New York City. Hanging on the walls and dangling from the rafters a jumble of rusted tools; ice hooks, mallets, screwdrivers, hammers, wrenches, and other implements ready for utility for a miscellaneous of predicaments.



Continued on page 6.



Benny Bozman Fire Museum

The Benny Bozman Fire Museum is open on the last Saturday each month from 8:00—10:00 a.m. Additional days and times available by appointment only. Please call 410-603-2217 to schedule.

The museum is located in the back of the Deal Island-Chance Fire Department Parking Lot.

Admission is Free





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Departure: District Court of Maryland Parking Lot, 12198 Elm St, Princess Anne, MD @ 8 am, then Ollie's Parking Lot, 258 Tilghman Rd, Salisbury, MD @ 8:30 am

Day 1: Depart your group's location in a spacious, video and restroom equipped motorcoach as you head for your destination: captivating, awe-inspiring Niagara Falls, USA! This evening, you will check into an en route hotel and relax for the evening.

Day 2: Enjoy a Continental Breakfast before continuing towards your destination. Later, enjoy a relaxing Dinner and check into your Niagara Falls, NY area hotel for a four night stay.

Day 3: Start the day with a Continental Breakfast before you go on a cruise aboard the MAID OF THE MIST and enjoy a closer view of the Falls. Next you will depart for a GUIDED TOUR OF NIAGARA FALLS, NY. You will experience a spectacular view of the gorge from the Observation Tower and your guide will show you some of the best viewpoints in Niagara State Park. On the American side of the Falls you are so close to the river you can practically touch it. This evening, after Dinner at a local restaurant, enjoy a view of the Falls from Goat Island.

Day 4: After a Continental Breakfast, journey to Lockport to experience a CRUISE on the ERIE CANAL. This fun and informative cruise will take you past five of the original 1800's locks. Have lunch on your own in charming Lewiston, NY home of the Freedom Crossing Monument and another lovely view of the mighty Niagara River. This afternoon, take a scenic drive through the Wine Country and stop at a local winery for a tasting. Later tonight, you'll enjoy Dinner with Entertainment.

Day 5: Enjoy a Continental Breakfast before you head to Buffalo, NY. Upon arrival, enjoy a GUIDED TOUR OF BUFFALO, once one of the richest cities in America, as well as, home to the World's Fair in 1901 and two Presidents. You will go to the Canalside area, which is at the heart of downtown Buffalo's waterfront revitalization area and visit the BUFFALO TRANSPORTATION PIERCE ARROW MUSEUM. Get a glimpse of the finest vintage automobiles, see a reproduction of a Frank Lloyd Wright Filling Station, and tour exhibits like "Women and Automobiles" which showcase memorabilia from the golden age of touring. This evening, enjoy Dinner at a local restaurant, before you return to your hotel for a good night's rest.

Day 6: Enjoy a Continental Breakfast before leaving for the Erie Canal Museum in Syracuse, NY. This evening, relax at your en route hotel.

Day 7: Today after enjoying a Continental Breakfast, you depart for home... a time to chat with your friends about all the fun things you've done, the great sights you've seen and where your next group trip will take you!

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The History of the Deal Island-Chance Fire Department

submitted by Tracy Fickett

In 1954 several members of the Deal Island – Chance Lion Club decided that a fire company was needed to serve the community. After several meetings, the Deal Island – Chance Volunteer Fire Company was incorporated on September 29, 1954, with 42 Charter Members. The first challenge members faced was to find a place to house the equipment when purchased. Through a generous donation by the Brown family, a parcel of land, known as Sandberry, was given to the newly formed fire company, which is still owned by the fire company today.



It was decided to lease the Harry Wilson building and renovate it to become the new fire station. Over the years there have been many renovations and additions to the building which is still the present fire station. After the fire company had a place to house the equipment, they set out to purchase a pumper. The first pumper purchased by the company was a used 1942 Ford pumper the members

named "Nellie Belle". It was not long after that the fire company purchased a new GMC Class A pumper in 1956. It was also during 1956 the fire company became a member of MSFA.

With two pumpers, renovations to the fire station were made in 1960-61 and again in 1982 when a major addition of a new engine room was made. In 2003 the fire company added another bay to the station bringing it to a total of five bays, housing five pieces of apparatus.



The volunteer fire department is always in need of volunteers. An application can be filled out online at <https://dealislandchancevfd.com/home/application-for-membership/>. Meetings are held the 1st and 3rd Monday's at 7:30 pm except during the summertime when the meetings are held monthly.

Down the Shore continued....



Scattered along the walls, an assortment of shipping boxes, bushel baskets, rope, crab nets, and other random items, once used for some arcane chore and left behind for a just in case might be needed again, crowd the corners. As we enter, a number of Barn Swallows swoop in and out, calling their displeasure at our trespass. The shanty served as the roost for multiple bonded pairs, generation after generation of the swallows returning and raising new clutches. Attached to each beam a nest constructed of mud collected from the shore, mixed with bits of plants and lined with soft leaves and feathers. The result is a mud-cup nest 'glued' to the beam when the building was erected straddling the marsh and ditch bank.

Brian, strapped in his carrier sits is placed on the counter, the other three are sternly admonished not to leave the shanty. Just a few steps away is the dock, and the water, deep, swift, and deadly. We gather the tools necessary to harvest the soft crabs from the floats, empty trays, buckets, dip nets, and hooks are readied. Two flat-bottomed scows tied to the wharf, bob and pull against the ropes mooring them. We will need to navigate to the crab floats forming a single line along the edge of the marsh. A single board width forms the side of the hull. The scow is designed along simple lines, a squared-off bow and stern for moving through calm water and stability allowing for someone well balanced to stand and push the boat along. A hand-made scoop cut from a bleach bottle for the ever-necessary bailing, floats on the thin skim of water silently seeping through the cracks.

Going to the scows, Ginny climbs into one and I into the other. The rising and falling tide determines the ease of boarding. An exceptionally low tide presents a challenge to easily and safely climb into the scow sitting well below the wharf. A more agile person might nonchalantly jump down, but a drop of two or three feet into a boat which would rock with the landing seemed a greater challenge for us. Equally, a very high tide presented a need to balance that step into the boat carefully. Once aboard, each bails the water out then unties the ropes and begins to maneuver towards the string of floats just beyond the end of the dock. One of us must navigate inside the row between the marsh bank and floats and the other to the open ditch side of the crab floats. Arcane holding tanks, uniquely constructed to both contain water, while allowing it to flow in and out between the narrow slats and ensure flowing oxygenated water for the creatures contained within.

Navigating the ditch is dependent on the tide, flooding the gut as it rises, like water being sucked up a straw, presents a challenge to push against it and advance towards the floats strung in a line beyond the wharf, along the marsh shore. Or as it swiftly empties in a surge ever towards the mouth, the narrow ditch acting like a funnel, siphoning the water in a frenzy to escape the narrow confines, the importance of holding on to something anchored is paramount. The strength to navigate the scow back to the dock via punting is beyond either of our agility and strength. Maneuvering to or from the crab floats requires the person on the outer side to carefully navigate from the dock to the first float by a series of pulling and holding onto something anchored till adjacent to it is laborious, but necessary.

Down the Shore continued....

The most efficient method means never letting go of something securely tied and catching the float with the ice hook. By doing this it's possible to move to each float using a hand over hand action to pull ourselves along, then repeated to return to the dock. This maneuver requires considerable dexterity, yet ensures not being swept away.

Reaching the floats a delicate balancing act must be accomplished by both of us. For ease of fishing up we must lift the float, a wooden twelve feet by four feet half submerged in the water, well saturated, and filled with 240 gallons of water--a weight of well over 3,000



pounds(1), out of the water and slide it onto the lip of the scows. The first ice hook catches under the wing of the crab float, though for someone who gave birth a few months prior, while

stooped over in a rocking scow, all the while needing to maintain balance in a boat with only eight inches of sideboard, required dexterity, grace, and a bit of luck. Much like giving birth, no amount of instruction fully prepares one for the actual act, and no two people experience it the same. The first lift requires less strength as the wing must be slid onto the edge of the scow, but the tilt allows much of the water to funnel out before hoisting it. The second lift requires more strength, for while most of the water has emptied, the wooden float is waterlogged from sitting in the gut for weeks, but the need for balance is equally imperative. Once lifted from the water, balanced along the edge of the hull of the scow, the crabs are now exposed and it's a matter of 'fishing up' the soft crabs from the peelers and busters. The crabs most recently shedded retain wrinkles, thus too fragile to remove from the water.

To protect them from their fellow cannibalistic captives, they must be transferred to the float designated for soft crabs waiting to harden to the perfect state; stiff enough to survive hours out of the water and held in a cool environment till reaching their final destination, but not so hard to have become a buckram. The goal with each swipe of the dip net is to snatch a crab, and within a split second identify and sort based on shedding stage. The concept, 'I can explain it to you, but I can't understand it for you,' rings true, yet once acquired becomes an innate mastery and remains. Working in unison, aware that another and another and another float awaits, we find the soft crabs and place them in the bucket or tray, and the sheds, a natural composite of mineralized chitin-protein fibers that dissolves over time, are recycled, sent floating, returned to nature. The sounds of children playing in the shanty, a grim reminder of the potential danger, for tide and distance are a geometric progression against life when a child falls into the water. A look reveals they have found the tools and like three curious monkeys hunched over, drop each through a crack and watch each vanish into the water below. A shouted 'Stop that!' temporarily halts the disappearing items. Eventually each float is culled and we return to the shanty to sort and pack the crabs. If the tide is down enough, the tools must be retrieved, if not, a reminder to get them later.



"You'll get a disease."

Down the Shore continued....

Yet, one day, the dreaded separation of one of us from the floats happened. She lost her hold on the floats and was caught in the sucking tide rapidly emptying from the gut.

Quickly, taken beyond the floats, and in the main-stream of the ditch. The swiftness required far more



strength for her to navigate the scow to the marsh edge with nothing more than the plastic scoop to use with a maneuvering sculling pole.

To the end of the ditch was a quarter mile, but beyond the narrow neck of the gut, nothing but marsh and open water to drift in at the bidding of the tide. In the 1970s, no recourse of mobile phones, and even then, who to call, as the men with boats were out working in the Sound, a fair distance to cover, perhaps an hour or more from call to DNR to find and relay the situation to one of the men, and even more time to come in from their crab pots. Admittedly, danger was minimal, flat



water, no wind, as long as the scow floated in the Lower Thorofare. However, the day was already hot, and none of the men expected to return for several hours; a decision was made--leave no woman behind. The second scow goes after the first. However, upon reaching the end of

the line of crab floats, extreme care to navigate the flowing water by pulling the scow forward using the ice hook to snag the bank of the marsh, so as not to end up in the same plight. Eventually, natural meandering of the water through the marsh finally pushed the scow towards a point nearer the west bank. Once the second scow was close enough, the rope was flung and the woman caught it. Tying the ropes together, the two scows were tethered, but the ability to return to the shanty remained. Prudently using the ice hooks, one woman lifts and catches a new spot while the other maintains hold to prevent being swept out again, then the other woman catches a stretch of marsh further up. Cautiously pulling the two scows back up the ditch hand over fist, sheer will and determination over any grace or strength. No hysterics, no tears, no panic, just that Herculean strength born of necessity, the scows are hauled along the marsh bank against the tide. Eventually reaching the floats, we maneuver back to the wharf and get out. Lesson learned.



Most of the morning gone, but the next chores still await us. With the fished-up crabs out of the water for some time they must quickly be sorted, iced, and stored in the non-working freezers. Finally, in spite of the misadventure, the down the shore chores are completed and we move on to the next task.

The crabs not destined for New York must now be cleaned, packed, and frozen. We load the boxes onto one of the pick-ups and take them to the house. The two older children mind the younger two, when necessary, capable of preparing snacks. Each woman takes up her role--cleaner or packer. Quickly falling into unison, Ginny cleans each crab. Deftly removing the eyes, mouth, and antenna with a single snip, the carapace on each side is retracted and the gills cut out, a quick flip over and the apron is removed, then the

Down the Shore continued....

body is tossed onto a waiting tray. Watching her is mesmerizing, with a rapidity resembling an assembly line, snip, snip, snip, snip, toss, next crab grabbed, then I must pick up the offered delicacy. My task, taking each cleaned crab, flipping it on its back, abdomen facing up, tucking in the legs, ensuring at least one claw is present, then folding the cellophane



and wrap, sort, and pack each by size--Medes, Hotels, Primes, Jumbos, and Whales. Soon, a natural rhythm is established.

When trays are emptied the cleaner goes for more, when boxes are filled the wrapper takes and places them in the freezer in the garage.

Once finished cleaning the crabs, the kitchen is cleared. Some days another chore is required, going to a local yard and collecting pine shats or on other days, loading the kids into the pick-up and transporting the live crabs to Crisfield. If neither of these are required, then we are done for the day, unless there is a glut, and a second cleaning is necessary. During those runs or on weekends, the husbands join in the cleaning later in the afternoon or early Sundays.

Finally, the day's work is completed. Ginny gathers her kids and heads home. Yet in a few hours, tomorrow arrives and the process begins again. Working down the shore is complex, dangerous, and bonding. In a moment anything could happen, there isn't a rule book, or learner's manual--we experience and respond, each according to our nature. Necessity and instinct serve to teach. And like the tide, the job changes when the switch is made to shedding on land. Much less danger, the children older, all taught to swim, eventually all the boys go out and work with their fathers. Shedding on land lessens some work, but increases other aspects. More crabs are caught,

and the need to clean more at specific times means hours spent at the table. Eventually, one goes up the road to work, leaving all the shanty work and cleaning on Ginny.

Epilogue:

And, eventually the dreaded day happens. Imitation is truly the sincerest form of flattery. And yes, children truly do pay attention to their parents. In a few years the boys often played 'down the shore,' taking over the pond, pretending to catch and shed crabs. A makeshift wharf, unable to bear any weight, but set in place, served to represent the dock, old tow boxes, rusted pots, broken baskets and trays, as well as an assortment of collected implements, used to create a child's idealized version of shedding crabs. At play they are honing a unique set of skills. But eventually one of the kids slips into the pond; never any danger to anyone who can stand; in reality the pond, more scum and mud than water. A scream of horror issues, and the words: "I'VE GOT A DISEASE!" rises above the marsh, shouted over and over and over. Would that as mothers we were more sympathetic, but barely suppressing a laugh: "Go up to the house and hose yourself off."

(1) Length x Width x Depth x 7.5 = Volume in gallons x 8.35 = Typically the weight is as following: One US gallon of water is 8.35 pounds.



Charles & Ginny Horner with their children, Kevin, Lisa & Brian

**St. John's Church
Indoor Yard Sale**

**February 4
7:30 a.m. - 2:00 p.m.**

**Refreshments available for purchase.
Lots of treasures to be found!**

**Donations of gently used and/or new items are accepted
as well.**



Flowers for Mother's Day?

The Deal Island-Chance Volunteer Fire Department Auxiliary will once again be selling live flowers prior to Mother's Day. Orders will be taken at the monthly breakfast through March. Delivery of the flowers will be at the April Breakfast, scheduled for **April 29, 7:00-10:00 a.m.**

**Deal Island-Chance Fire Department
Ladies Auxiliary**

**Breakfast
February 25
7:00 a.m. - 10:00 a.m.**

Deal Island-Chance Fire Hall



Deal Island Elementary School is collecting donations of individually-wrapped snacks to be used during statewide testing in March.

Ideas:

Granola Bars
Fruit Snacks
Fresh Fruit
Crackers
Small Bottles of Water
Cookies



Please, no candy. All donations can be dropped off at the school. Please ring the buzzer and a member of DIS will be happy to assist you.



Deal Island-Chance Fire Department Virtual Quarter Auction

April 1, 2023

Numbers are \$30 each or 4 for \$100.

Donations are currently being accepted!

Contact Tracy Horner at 443-235-0554 for more information.

Deal Island Elementary School
is accepting donations of
NEW & GENTLY USED
tennis shoes for student use

Sizes 13 - 3 Youth preferred
Male & Female Needs

All donations can be dropped off at the school. Please
ring the buzzer and a member of DIS will be happy to
assist you.



It's not too late to sign-up!!

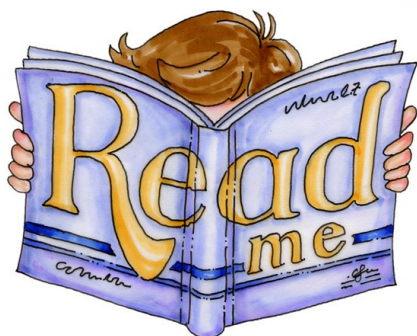
Please contact Amanda Lee at

DIPickleBall784@gmail.com for more information or
to register.

Sessions are held at the Deal Island Tennis Courts.

Learn-to-Play sessions are available and have
started. Mandy also has extra paddles and balls
available to use until you are sure you wish to
commit to the sport.

Hope to see you on the courts!



Deal Island Elementary School is actively looking for Reading Buddies to participate in the Read to Succeed program.

A "Reading Buddy" meets one day a week for 30 minutes with a child who reads a book to you to help them improve their reading skills and reach their appropriate reading level. As you can imagine after Covid, there is a need for help!

Newsletter Contributors Wanted

If you would like to write an article promoting a local event or activity OR relating to our culture or history OR share a picture, flyer, etc., please email skipjackcommunitynews@gmail.com.

Newsletter Distribution

If you would like to be added to the email distribution list for our community newsletter, please email skipjackcommunitynews@gmail.com.

If you are interested in participating, please contact :

Lois Hartstein

loishartstein@gmail.com

or

Cathie Thomas

United Way of the Lower Eastern Shore

cathie@uwles.org



Calendar of Events

02/04	Indoor Yard Sale - St. John's Church Hall
02/18	Love Dinner - Free Spaghetti Dinner - Senior Event
02/25	Ladies Auxiliary Breakfast - Deal Island-Chance Fire Hall
03/04	Indoor Yard Sale - St. John's Church Hall
03/18	Bus Trip to Sight & Sound
03/25	Ladies Auxiliary Breakfast - Deal Island-Chance Fire Hall
04/01	Virtual Quarter Auction - Deal Island-Chance Fire Department
04/01	Indoor Yard Sale - St. John's Church Hall
04/15	Senior Bingo
04/29	Ladies Auxiliary Breakfast - Deal Island-Chance Fire Hall