TOM YOUNG, PAULA RUBY & JERRY GORDON...

The Annual Crab, Shrimp Feast And Picnic, Another Huge Success!

By Bill Wurzell, Editor

I wasn't late arriving for the annual crab & shrimp extravaganza on Saturday July 19, at Patapsco Valley State Park in Elkridge. I would have been way better off if I would have gotten there an hour or two earlier than I did. It looked very much to me like Vice President Tom Young, Treasurer, Paula Ruby and 'CrabMaster', Jerry Gordon had gone completely nuts and were giving the club's funds away; or so it appeared. I'm also thinking...President Gary Wilmer's attending his sons baseball playoff game and is not here to 'crack the whip'; so the above threesome have definitely 'gone off the reservation.'

Pavilion 105 was full of hungry looking members that were already hammering away at the delicious steamed crustaceans in front of them. Jerry and Paula were passing out bundles of crabs and bags of shrimp. Giving money away? Heck no, not these two, not a chance. Paula clutched the ledger and Jerry was running the cash register! They had everything accounted for right down to each grain of kosher salt.

Sustenance!

I should have known when I pulled into the lot and all the spaces reserved for l05 were already taken by members antique cars or daily drivers. I finally did find a place to park, way south of pavilion 104. I gathered up my meager belongings from the DeSoto and began the long trudge north to 105. 'A journey of a thousand miles begins with the first step.' Old dad used to tell me. When I finally arrived at Pavilion 105 weary and seeking sustenance, there wasn't a whole lot of conversation. You couldn't carry on a conversation if you wanted to with the din from the incessant hammering going on!

Fortunately, I found a bare spot at a table and four friendly faces; they even paused from the feeding frenzy long enough to say: hello Bill! I sat down next to Mary Whitcraft with husband Craig on her right. Across the table was my mentor and colleague, Buzz Diehl with his lovely wife Barbara.

It was time for a couple ears of corn, the line wasn't to long and I grabbed two very large ears, painted them with butter, a little salt and back to the table. The corn was being watched over by Chef, John Shenton. I told John I would be back for a hotdog soon. The corn was the best I've had all summer, cooked perfectly and piping hot! I got back in line for the hotdog; assisting Chef Shenton was none other than Chief Judge, Gene Sauter. Gene brought his 1937 Wolseley sedan, he just recently completed restoring. It is gorgeous; Gene will win awards with this car, no doubt. In fact, he already has. Gene won the oldest 'orphan' car on the Harford Rural Ramble Tour in June. After the corn and hotdog, how about desert. Lots of sweet treats to choose from on the desert table including my favorite, cherry pie, and it has my seal of approval, yummo!

I seriously do not remember from last year the reserved signs posted at each parking slot indicating for which pavilion it was reserved. These signs must be new. Before I acquired my old car, I used to ride my bike in this park all the time, my office was right on the corner of Route 1 and South Street, very close to the entrance to the Park.

When I arrived, I was especially looking for a 1953 Buick Skylark belonging to Rick and Karen Berger. Their car was featured in the July edition of *THE CHESAPEAKE BULLETIN*. We've received many positive comments on the story that Rick composed. The Berger's had informed me they would be attending the crab feast and possibly bringing the Skylark. Not seeing the Skylark, I started looking for Rick and Karen in the throngs of crab diners. Over the years, I've had a few very brief conversations with Rick at car shows where their award winning Skylark has appeared. Unfortunately, I really never got to know Rick or his wife. We

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both have a connection to the '53 Skylark, because in our youth we were both crazy about the car. We are also from the Pittsburgh area, Rick is from Homestead and I'm from Jeannette, Pennsylvania; only about 20 miles apart. Our high school football teams played each other in the WPIAL, Class AAA division; serious, smash mouth high school football in those days.

Success! I found Rick and Karen engaged in conversation with other members at a full table. I had some items to give them related to the July article. Rick and I talked and talked until Karen informed Rick, 'everybody is leaving.' We made plans to get together for more exchanges of ideas and of our Western Pennsylvania roots. What a wonderful time. I was one of the last to leave with Gary and Paula, Jerry and Helen.

Vice President, Tom Young was 'sweeping' pavilion 105 with a gigantic leaf blower. There wasn't even a tooth pick remaining on the floor to indicate what a great time everyone just had.

Gene Sauter's 1937 Wolseley 'Saloon'