



Historic Glyndon Baltimore County's First Historic District



Community Newsletter

Historic Glyndon, Inc., Spring 2022 • <http://historicglyndon.org>

President's Letter

Dear Glyndon Neighbors and Friends:

Happy Spring! It's always wonderful when the trees and flowers begin blooming and Glyndonites begin gardening, uncovering patio furniture, and sprucing up our old houses.

Last December, we were delighted to be able to hold our annual Holiday Open House. Jeff and Emmy Hale, our gracious hosts, gave tours of their beautiful Victorian home, which has been in Emmy's family for generations.

In January, with COVID numbers surging again, HGI held its annual meeting online. Thanks to all who attended, approved the 2022 slate of officers and budget, and brainstormed ideas. We are now vetting those ideas and we welcome volunteers to work with us! If you would like to join an HGI committee or learn more, please email hello@historicglyndon.org.

In the meantime, we are very excited to announce these upcoming events:

Wednesday, May 4, 7 p.m., at the Woman's Club of Glyndon: "Digging up the 'Dirt' on Victorian Gardens."

Please join HGI for an evening of gardening tips, the "secret" language of Victorian flowers, poetry, music, refreshments, and even a fun floral craft for youngsters.

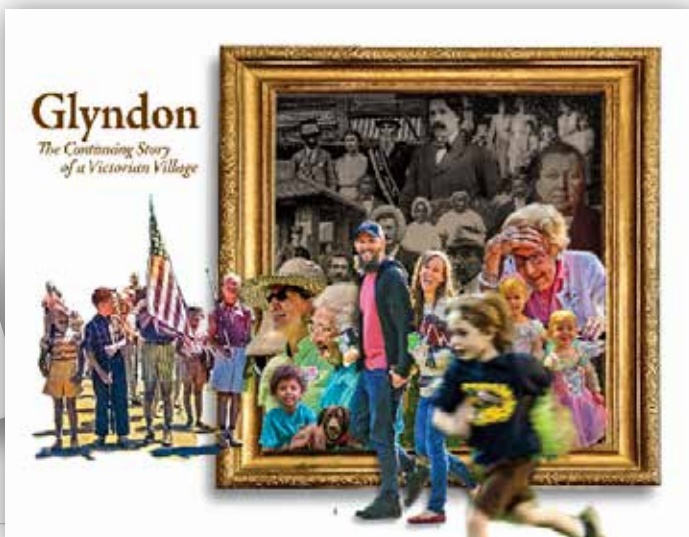
Glyndon Porch Readings. These summertime events sustain a Victorian tradition and provide a great way to catch up with neighbors. Watch your email for dates and locations.

And don't forget about events hosted by Glyndon's other community organizations: the Glyndon Community Association, the Woman's Club, Emory Grove, the Glyndon Volunteer Fire Dept., and the Sheppard Pratt School (formerly Forbush). Check bulletin boards and websites for information.

Finally, this spring/summer, the updated and expanded edition of *Glyndon: The Continuing Story of a Victorian Village* will be available for sale. This beautiful book tells the story of Glyndon, the first designated historic district in Baltimore County. It includes recently discovered archival images as well as photos from Glyndon's recent 150th celebration. Watch your email and the post office bulletin board for information.

Wishing you and your family a happy, healthy, fun spring and summer! ■

Sue Benson
HGI President



Historic Homes of Glyndon 19 Chatsworth Avenue



The town butcher and ice man, Samuel H. Yeatts, built this house in 1892 or 1893.

At the time his wife was Hester Sevensia Myers. After her death in 1913, he married Mary Fannie Richards.

An example of Victorian folk architecture, this structure is typical of a number of Glyndon houses, distinguished by cornice brackets and frieze panels along the top edge of the second-floor exterior walls.

The house was originally a simple one, with two parlors downstairs, a kitchen in the rear, and two bedrooms upstairs. Later, a two-storey side bay was added, along with other additions at the rear.

The house features a central hallway with stairs flanked by the two parlors. Each parlor feature slate fireplaces painted and etched to look like marble. This practice, known as scagliola, was common at the time to make a fireplace look more expensive and “fancier.” A third fireplace is

in the dining room, which was the original kitchen. At that time it was always used as the flue for a chunk-wood-burning stove.

At one time behind the house were located a combination barn and butchery, a smoke house, a vehicle shed, bee hives, hot beds, a fifty-foot walkway covered by a grape arbor, a corn crib, a gasoline and oil storage shed, an ice plant three- to four-stories high with a mechanical elevator and a water tower (the latter ironically burned to the ground when a fire was lighted underneath to keep the water from freezing), and a chicken coop with an outhouse attached. Ruth Wilson, wife of Samuel Yeatts Wilson, a man who lived in the house for almost 60 years and who was raised by the Yeattses, reported that her husband positively hated live chickens since his youth due to the number of times they reached through and pecked him under the seat in the outhouse.

Advertisements in Franklin High School’s yearbook, *The Dial*, promoted the Glyndon Meat Market (1909) and The Glyndon Meat and Crystal Ice Company (1910). ■

Ann O’Neill

Membership Dues Reminder

Historic Glyndon 2022 Membership

YES, I would like to support the cause with my HGI membership!

Membership dues are \$20.00 per person or \$30.00 per business per year. Make checks payable to HGI or use PayPal at <https://historicglyndon.org>. Send check and this form to:

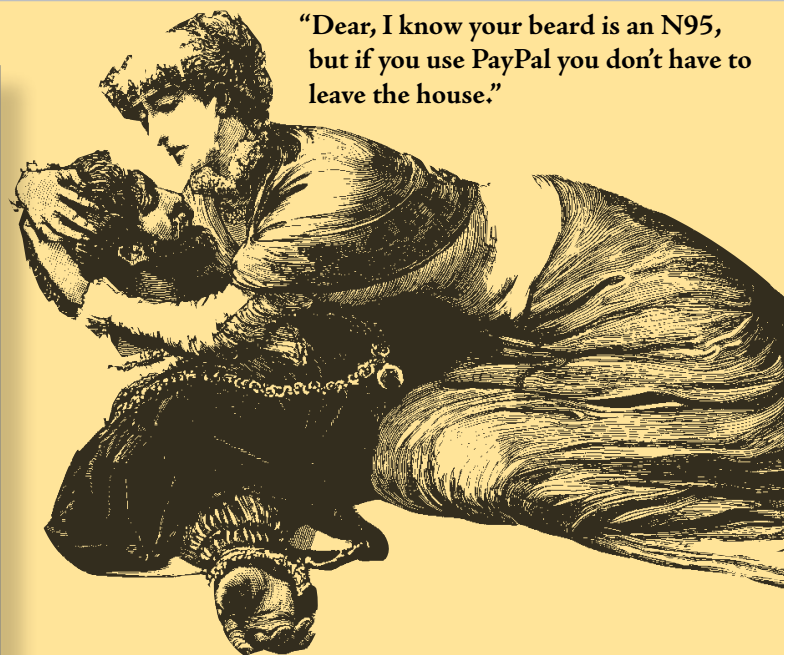
Historic Glyndon Inc.
PO Box 3641
Glyndon, MD 21071

Name(s):

Address:

Telephone:

Primary Email:



“Dear, I know your beard is an N95, but if you use PayPal you don’t have to leave the house.”



May Preservation Meeting Wednesday May 4 Digging up the “Dirt” on Victorian Gardens

Wednesday May 4th
7:00 pm

The Woman’s Club of Glyndon

Join us on Wednesday May 4th, when Historic Glyndon Inc. presents an evening blooming with all things floral. From gardening tips from some of our very own expert Glyndon Gardeners, to a tutorial on the language of vintage Victorian flowers, as well as poetry, music, door prizes, and even a fun floral craft for youngsters.

This festive program will get you ready to spring into spring!



Anna Welsh

Active for many years in community activities in Glyndon, Anna Welsh died on November 9, 2021 after an 8-month battle with pancreatic cancer. A former Board member of Historic Glyndon Inc., Anna was on the planning committee for Historic Glyndon’s “Doorways to the Past” house tour in 2007. She also worked to create HGI displays for many Reisterstown Festivals, participated in a variety of Historic Glyndon spring programs, decorated at HGI Holiday Open Houses, and was on Glyndon’s 125th committee. Anna was the driving force behind the creation of the HGI Christmas ornament project which depicted The Glyndon Station, The Woman’s Club, The Emory Grove Hotel, Glyndon United Methodist Church, and Sacred Heart Church. The ornament project was very successful, and the ornaments are treasured by the families who own them. Anna and her husband, Chuck, raised their two children, Lizzie and Johnny, at their home on Prospect Avenue. Anna will be remembered for her dedication to any project she took on, her great laugh, and beautiful smile.



Mary Lou Beehler

Glyndon lost a wonderful friend on March 2nd with the passing of Mary Louise Beehler (nee Dyer). Mary Lou lived in Glyndon as a young child, and throughout her life kept strong ties to Glyndon, remembering her happy youthful days there. Mary Lou’s

great-grandfather, Patrick Dyer, moved to Glyndon to work on the railroad line when the line was extended to Glyndon. Her grandfather, John Dyer, ran telegraph lines in the original Glyndon station that burned, and her parents, Alexius Fahey Dyer and Mary Louise German (who lived near St. George’s Station) met riding the train from Glyndon to Baltimore in the 1920s.

At one time Mary Lou’s family owned three homes in Glyndon. In c.1873, her great-grandparents, Patrick and Maria Dyer, donated the land for the construction of Sacred Heart Church. Although she never lived in Glyndon as an adult, her enthusiasm for Glyndon remained strong. She and her husband, Albert, enjoyed all of the events when Glyndon celebrated its 125th, and Mary Lou was a regular at the Emory Grove summer teas (always in a beautiful hat), HGI programs, and lectures at Emory Grove.

Last fall, Mary Lou was a platinum sponsor of Glyndon’s 150th celebration. Her generosity helped in many areas, specifically funding large, lovely photos that were an important part of the well-attended walking tours. Although she was unable to attend in person, Mary Lou’s son, Randy Beehler, attended all the weekend events and drove a car in the parade with Mary Lou’s picture prominently displayed. Mary Lou’s generosity to Glyndon is also evident in the Railroad Avenue beautification planting project, which she funded. Those who knew Mary Lou will remember her fun loving spirit, generosity, and the very special place she had in her heart for our village of Glyndon! ■

Mission Statement

The mission of HGI is to preserve and protect Glyndon's cultural, social, economic, and architectural history, as well as to conduct educational and beautification projects which enrich Glyndon's historical heritage.

HGI Board 2022

President	Sue Benson
1st VP	Nicole Crumpler
2nd VP	Richard Stanley
Secretary	Jayne Provencher
Treasurer	Christy Garman
Immediate	
Past President	Pamela Becker

Board Members -

Terms Ending January 2023

Michele Kriebel	Kate Plaut
Missy Fanshaw	Vernene Lenz
Polly Papp	

Board Members -

Terms Ending January 2024

Diane Flayhart	Nan Kaestner
Marian	
McDonald	Kathy Ziese

News from Other Community Organizations

Glyndon Volunteer Fire Department (GVFD)

Food Truck Nights

Don't feel like cooking? Hop over to the GVFD, which sponsors a Food Truck Night the last Tuesday of every month, April through October:

April 26
May 31
June 28
July 26
August 30
September 27
October 25



5th Annual Crab Feast

The 5th Annual Crab Feast is scheduled for Saturday, August 20, 2022, from 1 pm to 4 pm. Tickets sales are coming soon. The GVFD is looking for sponsorships. For questions or information, contact Jake Larkins or Heather Curtis.

The GVFD is always looking for volunteers for administrative, fire suppression, and emergency medical service positions.

The Sheppard Pratt School in Glyndon

Plant Sale

The school's plant sale will begin on May 2, 2022, and we will be open Monday through Friday from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. They will close early on May 11 due to students' schedules. The sale will run until early June, or when all plants are sold.

Every year for the past 10 years, the Sheppard Pratt Schools in Reisterstown and Glyndon have been growing and selling spring and summertime plants. Their greenhouse allows students on both campuses to obtain valuable work experiences and bridge their academic and social skills to the workforce. The responsibilities of the students include planting, watering, designing baskets, interacting with customers, and many more! The plant sale allows the Glyndon community and surrounding areas to buy quality plants for their homes and businesses. It also helps the schools continue to fund their greenhouse and other career and technical education programs, which allow for true hands-on experiences while students are in school.

Emory Grove Association, Glyndon Community Association (GCA), and the Woman's Club of Glyndon

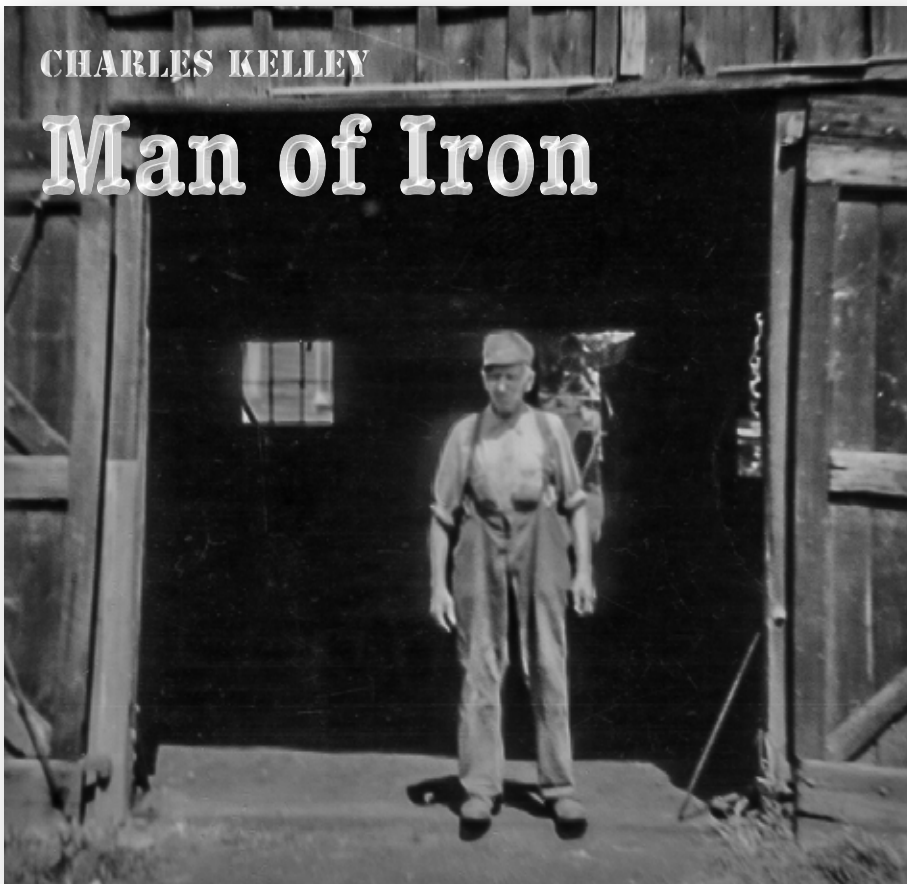
At press time, these organizations had no specific upcoming events scheduled and/or ready for publication. But that doesn't mean they aren't in the works! Please watch your email and the post office bulletin board for fun and interesting events hosted by all of our community organizations throughout the year. ■



"Hon, I think it would look simply awesome over the antimacassar!"

CHARLES KELLEY

Man of Iron



John Woodward: A story shared with Ann O'Neill, summer 2021

John Woodward grew up in Glyndon during the 1950s and 1960s. His family owned Townsend Hall, or Red Men's Hall, as it was called in its later years. The building was located on Railroad Avenue, next to what is today the Boxwood Collection. It was demolished in 1970. John's father ran his appliance and flooring business on the first floor of the building, and the family resided there. One of John's favorite childhood memories is that of watching the town blacksmith, Charlie Kelley, whose shop was next door. "Pap," as John called him, smithed until a few months before his death at age 90, in 1963. John has included this story (adapted for our newsletter) in his memoir about growing up in Glyndon.

A couple buildings down from Pop's General Store stood a red, dust-covered, barn-sided building with a couple of half-built horse carriages sitting across the ash-covered front apron. The apron was made up of the used ash pulled from a fire pit after many hours of exposing iron to molten hot temperatures. The ash was thickly spread across the front leading into the swinging double front entrance doors, and used as the floor covering around the open fire pit area where the blacksmith, Pap Kelley, stood most of his life. The tall double front entrance doors were worn on the bottom from dragging on the ash. The blacksmith shop was two stories high with several yellowish soot-covered, double-hung windows with wavy handmade panes and

a silvery metal roof with spots of rust showing here and there. If you sneaked a peek through the wavy yellowed windowpanes, the only thing you would see was the sparkling red glow of the hot coal pit and a dim light bulb hanging in the middle of a dark room from well-worn roof rafters. If your curiosity got the best of you and you stuck your head through the large double front entrance doors that were usually open, you would see something out of a Dickens novel. Standing in front of the glowing pile of embers would be a powerful-looking gentleman not too tall of stature, wearing bib overalls, with a dingy railroad-style striped hat cocked on his head. He would usually not look up immediately if you stepped into his iron world because concentration was needed while manipulating the white-hot pieces of iron. He went by Pap Kelley, and for several generations,

he bent, shaped, cut, and created metal works of art with fire and hammer. In Pap's heyday, local families and business owners depended on him to maintain the various wagons and equipment for sustaining life in and around our small prosperous farming community. It seemed as though a dim light could always be seen through those dusty windows from early in the morning until well after most home lights were doused for the night. Rain or shine, the smell of hot burning coal lingered around the area as Pap pounded away at the large anvil sitting within reach of the glowing coal pit. When the humidity hung low, the smoke and burning aroma would float down the avenue, notifying everyone that Pap was at the anvil. If it was a weekend and you were close by, quite often a chugging sound could be heard or felt coming from the rear of the building. Pap would start up his early-1800s model gas engine on most Saturdays. It powered a long leather belt leading to his dust-covered sawmill. Observed from one of the small rear windows was a collection of pulleys, gears, and shafts, spinning in unison to power the massive circular saw blade as it plowed through finely chosen oak. Quite often a shiny chauffeur-driven car would be parked in front of Pap's shop and a horse owner would be working out another specially-made shoe or apparatus with Pap for a future race or show.

When he stopped pounding the anvil and took a short break from the summer heat, you could find Pap sitting inside the old fire department pump house across from his shop. The pump house was a leftover watering

hole from days gone by where the horses that pulled the town fire apparatus could cool themselves while the firefighters filled the shining apparatus in preparation for a future call for help. The cool shade was very inviting because most of the businesses and Victorian homes from a hundred plus years ago did not have air conditioning. Pap quietly sat there watching the people and modern-day vehicles go by, and once in a while touched a finger onto the brim of his well-worn railroad hat to bid good-day to one of the locals. I often watched him and wondered if he was looking at the present-day generation walking by thinking of a metal project he created for one of their ancestors. Most days during fair weather everyone knew Pap was taking a break because the smell of cigar rippled across the area like a Cape Cod fog. Between his leather-skinned powerful fingers, he would slowly savor his cigar while enjoying the shade as he had done for so many years. When Pap died and the doors closed forever, the town lost a mighty man, but the smell of his fire pit still lingers in many people's memories. I've often wondered what happened to that mighty hammer he swung, or the solid anvil it slammed down on each day. When I pass by some of the local farms I often wonder if some of the implements he created are still being used. I'm sure many of the braces, brackets, and iron tools are still in our world somewhere, hanging from an old nail or holding up a beam – strong, and ever diligently at work like Pap always was. The story around town was Pap passed away quietly and the fire pit never glowed again, but the sound of the mighty hammer hitting the anvil still lives on in the minds of many. ■



Top: Blacksmith shop is far right in photo beyond Townsend Hall and the WMRR Station c.1960
 Middle: Blacksmith shop and stable replaced by County Roads facility c.1940
 Bottom: Blacksmith shop c.1900

