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Second Section

Kent News.

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Christmas Trees

By Marjory Hayes

NEARLY every one has a Christmas tree nowadays, but if you had been a child in America a hundred years ago the chances are that you might never have seen one. The custom was universal in England many years before it was very common here, except in communities of German or Scandinavian settlers. For it was in Germany that the Christmas tree had its origin. There are several different legends in regard to it. Here is one which dates from the Twelfth century:

An English monk named Winfred who had gone as a missionary into Germany, came upon some priests about to sacrifice the young prince Asulf to the god Thor beneath the "blood oak." He stopped their ceremonies and ordered them to cut down the oak, whereupon a young fir tree appeared in its place which Winfred told them signified the tree of life, or of Christly living. From that time Germans who became Christians made the fir a part of the Christmas festival, decorating it with gilded nuts and apples to shine like stars.

The two trees most commonly used for Christmas trees are the spruce and fir. They look very much alike, but



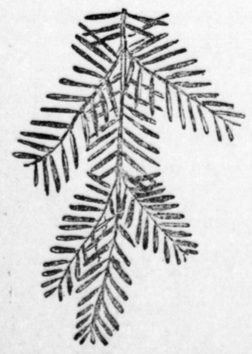
Spruce Twig, Showing the Cones Hanging Downward.

the spruce is likely to shed its needles after two or three days in the house, while the fir remains in good condition much longer. There are several ways in which you may distinguish them, first the cones. Those of the spruce hang downward while the cones of the fir are held erect. This will not be much help to you in selecting a Christmas tree, however, as they are usually not old enough to bear cones. But if you examine a twig of the spruce you will find it covered with little horny projections in which the needles are set.

The spruce tree is pyramidal in shape, the long cones hanging from the branches near the top. The needles are arranged in spiral rows around the stem, those at the top pointing sharply upward. They have three or four distinctly angled sides. Some common varieties are the red, black, white and Norway spruce. Spruce timber has been used a great deal of late years for wood pulp.

Fir trees in various sections of the country are the balsam firs which grow abundantly in the mountains and which we find displayed in our markets at Christmas time. The fir is shaped much like the spruce, but the needles are flat and blunt, and usually spread feather-wise from two sides of the stem only. They are dark green above and silvery beneath. The dark purple cones stand erect glistening with balsam near the top. Balsam also exudes from the trunk, and is used for medicine. The fresh needles are used as a stuffing for sweet-smelling balsam pillows.

Another evergreen sometimes used as a Christmas tree is the hemlock. It is more slender than the spruce, with feathery waving branches which grow very close to the ground. The needles are arranged in two flat rows on the twigs, and have tiny stems. They are



The Balsam Fir Is Shaped Much Like the Spruce.

soft, and silvery underneath. The cones are tiny, growing at the ends of the twigs. The bark is used in tanning leather. Wreaths made of branches with little cones on them are very lovely.

Skiing an Ancient Sport

An exhibition of skis in Berlin has shown that skiing is one of the most ancient sports in the world. Drawings on stones found in Sweden, thought to be of about 3,000 years ago, show skiers in pursuit of reindeer (though chasing reindeer was necessity rather than sport to these early skiers). Some years ago there were found in a peat bog wooden skis from the Stone Age. In the Middle Ages ski matches were a favorite form of entertainment in Scandinavia. Then skiing dropped out of fashion until nearly the end of the last century. Today its devotees are numbered by the hundred thousand.

Club Announces Officers For The Annual Reggata

YACHTING PART OF THE CHESTER RIVER YACHT AND COUNTRY CLUB REORGANIZED PHIL WILMER, COMMODORE

After the very successful regatta last year, the officials of the Chester River Yacht and Country Club are reorganizing the yachting end of the club. Yachting will now be governed in the same plan as the Golf.

Phil Wilmer has been appointed Commodore and has named the following committees:

Commodore—Philip G. Wilmer.
Vice Commodore—E. W. Emory.
Rear Commodore—R. H. Rogers.
Fleet Capt.—I. Price Ewing.
Fleet Srg.—Major F. B. Hines.

Regatta Committee—P. G. Wilmer, Chairman; Neal Truslow, H. N. Harrison, Dr. Harry Wilmer.

Entries Committee—Stephen R. Collins, Chairman; Robert Harrison, William Collins, Sidney Turner.

Finance Committee—Ernest Strong, Chairman.

Trophy Committee—Sidney Turner, Chairman; H. T. Hartman, Simon Westcott.

Program Committee—Neal Truslow, Chairman; Richard Collins.

Publicity and Press—Harry Russell, Chairman; William Collins, William B. Usilton, Raymond Moody.

Patrol Committee—Dorsey Hines, Chairman; Claude Truslow, H. N. Harrison.

Course Committee—R. H. Rogers, Chairman; P. M. Brooks, Simon Westcott.

Race Cmmittee—J. Thomas Kibler, Chairman; Marion deK. Smith, H. T. Hartman, T. H. Moyer.

Wharf Committee—I. Price Ewing, Chairman; Eben F. Perkins.

Reception Committee—Chairman of Entertainment Committee to be appointed by incoming president of club.

No Mistakes

"CHRISTMAS," reasoned Mary, "is a very foolish time to quarrel with one's sweetheart."

She was knitting half-heartedly on the tie she had started for Bob a week ago. Well, now it could be for her father. The color might be a bit too bright—if Bob only weren't so stubborn! The needles clicked viciously.

Her mother was busy wrapping presents. "Mary," she called, "don't you want to invite Bob for Christmas dinner?"

"No, thanks," she answered rather stiffly. "That affair's all over."

"You haven't broken up!" Her mother came to the door. "Why, Bob is quite the nicest boy you've ever gone with. I'll bet he's blue."

"There!" Mary interrupted. "The tie's finished. Put it in with my other present for Dad, will you, Mother, and I'll go up in the attic and find the Christmas tree decorations."

It was such a queer Christmas morning! Mary kept having a little lump in her throat, and every time anyone said: "Merry Christmas," she wanted to snap: "Oh, yeah?"

But just when it was time to put the potatoes around the turkey, and start



the pudding steaming, the doorbell rang. "You go, Mary," said her mother. "I'm too busy."

It was Bob, with the biggest bouquet of flowers, and his dear smile, and a package all green and gold.

"Gee, Mary," he grinned. "Merry Christmas!"

"It is—it is!" she answered.

"Can't I come in?"

"Of course. Oh, for me? Both of them? Bob, you shouldn't!" A panicky thought: "Can I get that tie back out of Dad's package—or shall I just not give him anything—or—?"

He took her hand. "Mary, darling, don't you think it was awfully foolish for us to quarrel? I've been miserable."

"So have I. It was all my fault."

"No, it was mine."

"Bob, don't argue. It was mine."

"Anyway, forgive me." He kissed her and held her close and whispered in her ear.

After a while she pulled away. "Bob, where did you ever get that tie?"

"Why, you sent it to me."

"I? Oh, of course. Excuse me a moment." In the kitchen she confronted her mother. "Did you send Bob that tie?" she demanded.

"Why, yes, dear," the older woman admitted. "Did I make a mistake?"

"Mistake nothing!" She caught her in a bear hug. "Bob and I are going to be married, darling. Isn't this a wonderful Christmas?"

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Photo by Frank Fournier

Which Is Magnificent!

by William Saroyan

A reprint from THE NATIONAL STUDENT MIRROR by the author of the best-seller, "The Man On The Flying Trapeze."

Myself, I have never been to college. I once walked through the slippery marble halls of The University of California and had a tough time not falling and busting my head. I went across the bay from Frisco to the University in Berkley to see if I couldn't get into the place as a special student, and I couldn't. I wanted to study contemporary world literature and kill time because I was out of work and my relatives were making life miserable telling me all I needed was a little sense because basically I was all right.

Clerks at the University asked me a lot of technical questions and finally I got burned up and left the joint swearing. To hell with marble halls and sterile minds. I said. All I wanted was to sit around and improve my prose style and wait for the American revolution, but the clerks said I couldn't get in because I hadn't been through high school and it was against the rules.

Everything is against the rules. unless you make your own rules. If the American people could kick over a lot of absolete rules today, our country would be the most magnificent in the world tomorrow because our potential greatness is unlimited and if we ever get going, there will be no stopping us. Still, I don't want any one to imagine I'm talking Communism because I am not. I am not a Communist any more than I am a Capitalist. I believe in cutting loose and making necessary changes whenever and wherever they need to be made, and I believe in man's right to live and be himself and not a member of a mob. I believe in people, not ideas, and when ideas begin to destroy people, I believe it is time to get rid of them.

I wanted to go to college, but the clerks said I couldn't, so I said nuts and returned to Frisco. When I got to my room on Carl Street I was so sore I wrote a short story and the next day I wrote another. I wrote all kinds of short stories after the University refused to let me hang around the marble halls. I'll show those monkeys, I said. They think they can stop me, but I'll show them.

I've been saying something like this all my life.

Anybody who knows me will tell you if any young man in America needs an education, it's me, because my ignorance is colossal, gigantic, stupendous, and deliberate. In short, I refuse to wise-up. I refuse to accept. I know how things are, but I refuse to accept vicious conditions as final and inevitable conditions. In life weaknesses are never final. They may seem to be, but they aren't. I believe only in that which is pertinent. Consequently, I seem to know nothing, not even what I read in newspapers. My argument has always been that more than half of everything is fake, especially college education, especially the organized technique of mobilizing growing minds and carefully nullifying them. I believe in that which lives. My quarrel is with the mob and one of the lousiest mobs in this country is the mob composed of smart college boys with money in their pants and a lot of hooey in their heads about distinctions based on family possessions and society-page fame. I am oldfashioned enough to believe in the ultimate triumph of the poor boy, and if this sounds naive, I can't be bothered.

The college mob, however, is only another aspect of the other and larger one: political, social, and religious. The adult mob. The prelude to it. And this I regard as the major crime of the age. That is, the violation of the privacy of life, the grabbing hold of individual identity and the mangling of it into a standardized and patriotic pattern.

If I sound flippant, it is because I can't help it and because I don't mind at all if I shock those adults who persist in monkeying around with the lives of young Americans, imagining they know what's best for the boys. Remember this: every university in this country is primarily a well-organized business house, functioning as any other competitive organization functions. The oratory is only part of the swindle. Who cares about the boys? When they get out of college, they'll find out what's what soon enough. America swarms with highly educated college graduates, marvelously unemployed, doubly unemployed in that they do not know even how to occupy themselves, how to kill time intelligently. I have met a dozen or so of them and I know what I'm talking about. They're pathetic.

Don't get me wrong, though: this is no argument against education. It is simply a defence of the individual and his right to be himself no matter what he may be. If a man is a fool by birth and choice, I admire him. If he is a fool by birth, and a college graduate by choice, I've got to laugh.

I believe in the rebel, and the rebel is the true ancestor of the American. If we have any strength at all, it is the amazing strength of our half-crazy rebels. You know who they are: I don't need to put their names down.

Actually, though, I have no advice for any one. Ultimately living is pretty much a private affair. Cold and hunger and fear and misery occur in the individual, and having a college degree doesn't necessarily decrease the intensity of his suffering. On the whole, college is a temporary escape from living, but it need not be. I believe in knowing, and I don't care how a man achieves this state. If college gives you a pain in the neck, if you can see through the deceit and fraudulence, the frame-up and falsity, jump out of it; get a job as an usher in a movie theatre and study people. You won't get a degree for it, but what of it? College degrees in competitive society have a value of about a dime a dozen. Besides, after you get through college, what do you get? Out here in California you get a job wiping windshields for Standard Oil. Which is magnificent.

THE NEW YEAR

By GEORGE COOPER in Indianapolis News

A SONG for the Old
While its knell is tolled,
And its parting moments fly!
But a song and a cheer
For the glad New Year,
While we watch the Old Year die!
Oh! its grief and pain
Ne'er can come again,
And its care lies buried deep;
But what joy untold
Doth the New Year hold,
And what hopes within it sleep!

A song for the Old,
While its knell is tolled,
And the friends it gave us true!
But, with hearts of glee,
Let us merrily
Welcome in the bright, bright New!
For the heights we gained,
For the good attained,
We will not the Old despise;
But a joy more sweet,
Making life complete,
In the golden New Year lies.

A song for the Old,
While its knell is tolled,
With a grander, broader zeal,
And a forward view,
Let us greet the New.
Heart and purpose ever leal!
Let the ills we met,
And the sad regret,
With the Old be buried deep;
For what joy untold
Doth the New Year hold,
And what hopes within it sleep!

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P.T.A. Advances Arguments For A New School

THAT KENT COUNTY NEEDS A MODEL HIGH SCHOOL WHICH AFFORDS ADEQUATE FACILITIES IN AN AUDITORIUM FOR COMMUNITY MEETINGS, AMATEUR DRAMATICS, FARM BUREAU MEETINGS, ALONG WITH A CAFETERIA WHICH CAN BE A COMMUNITY CENTER.

In colonial days we were primarily an agricultural people and lived in the open country and in small towns. For protection, subsistence, education, recreation, and other conveniences and benefits the people found it necessary to cooperate. In those times the people did not—in fact, could not—live to themselves. A well developed spirit was one of the chief results of the necessity for cooperation. As an organized expression of this neighborhood spirit, community centers grew up, and people early selected the school house as the most practicable meeting place. The school house was—still is—the most practicable meeting place because it was public property; moreover, the influence of the school upon community life was potent and widespread almost every home had at least one representative in school, either as a pupil or as an employee; still more, the school was non-partisan, non-sectarian,and non-exclusive.

Thus it happened in the early days that the school became the natural center of community life. In the school house the people of the community met to deliberate upon and to decide matters of government, to worship, and to attend and participate in socials, "spelling bees," debates, musicales, and literary exercises. In those days it could be truly said that the school was the "community capitol" and the center of a "little democracy."

The early conditions above described, do not, however, exist today, nor have they existed for several years. During the last century we have been rapidly becoming an industrial nation and the centralization of population in the cities has grown apace. Coincident with our industrialization and the growth of the cities have come more conveniences and comforts of life.

On the other hand, our industrialization and the growth of the cities have tended to make us forget the values of community life and in consequence to permit our neighborhood centers, which early flourished, in the schools, to decay. Eleanor T. Gueck writes as follows regarding the problems which the communities of today are facing: "Industrial specialization though bringing greater comfort and ease of life, is severing the close bonds of friendship and mutual understanding, and is resulting in the disintergrating of the neighborhood spirit."

Within the last two decades, however, there has been a well defined movement toward making the school the center of community life as it was in colonial days. Although the number of school buildings which are now used by the community may not be proportionately as large as in colonial days, the number of community activities are better organized than formerly. Everywhere today the school buildings are being opened for the use of the general public. A casual survey of the community use of school buildings will show that a myriad number of associations, clubs, societies, and other organizations are using the buildings. In many of the buildings, especially those of the cities, it is common to find a large number of different organizations holding regular or occasional meetings. Some of the organizations which make frequent use of school buildings are Parent-Teacher Associations, Mothers' Clubs, Red Cross, Community Clubs, Peoples' Forums, Social Service Federations, Welfare Associations, Health Organizations, Farm Bureaus, Farmers Institutes, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Granges, Chambers of Commerce, Y. M. C. A.'s, Y. W. C. A.'s, etc.,

Surely Kent county is not going to sit by and not be included among these progressive communities. A model high school for the county would take care of all questions regarding a meeting place, because first consideration would be given to an auditorium which could boast of adequate seating facilities that would take care of large groups as well as small. In the past Chestertown High School has been forced to look to Washington College for an auditorium for her various plays and commencement exercises, while these activities should have been held in an auditorium of our own. Under the present conditions we have had to give up our school assemblies for the reason that adequate seating space is not available for the entire student body: instead we have class literaries and assemblies. With this system the student body is deprived of meeting together and therefore does not know each other as they should. Would not it be much nicer were their an auditorium where the students of C. H. S. could meet, at least, once a week as a student body for some profitable entertainment?

As Kent county is an agricultural county which boasts of such clubs as the Farm Bureau, 4-H Clubs and various other agricul

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Flying Holidays

By Frances Grinstead

ON A snowy open field red and green lights flash upward—"Happy Holidays!"—or "Have a Plane Christmas With All the Trimmings!" Against a cloud bank is reflected in fiery letters—"Fly Your Christmas Packages Now!"

In one of the airplanes children away from home are having a Christmas tree, with Santa Claus, who could never have gotten there by coming down a chimney!

What is this, Fairyland or Mars? No, only the United States in a few more years.

Airport beacons then will bear rose and emerald wreaths of smaller lights,



Will Show Things to Catch the Eyes of the Passengers.

like the holly we attach to our doors. On airport roofs the name of city or field will be outlined in greenery.

Merchants may advertise toys and gifts in electrical letters placed horizontally on their flat roofs, and some will even have rooftop showcases, with extra large dollies lying in cribs, bicycles flat on their sides, or complete football suits spread out to catch the eyes of youthful passengers. "Hey, Dad! Down there on Scott's roof—that's what I want Santa to bring!"

In the country the beauty of winter scenery will be decided by looking down upon it, instead of viewing it sideways. Looked at that way, a red barn and a pond set in the midst of evergreens becomes one of the loveliest sights from the air.

When all of us take to flying about at Christmas time—at other times, too, of course—a family in Iowa or Michigan may order Christmas dinner from a Chicago grocer, or maybe they'll just hop in the plane and have that dinner in a Chicago restaurant. Another "maybe"—perhaps they'll have "curb service" right in the plane! Already transport planes for long journeys have served hundreds of flying Christmas dinners.

You need not be surprised at any of these things. Nor need you be afraid they will make Santa Claus old-fashioned, though he may have to turn his reindeer out on the moss-fields and use his airplane entirely, to keep up with us.

A Christmas Reunion

CHRISTMAS DAY! But not the happy chimes of former years rang through the little town. A week ago, the tolling bells had meant another death, but now the fever was so devastating that not even that slight notice was paid the victims.

To the tired doctors and nurses, rushed in from surrounding cities, Christmas meant only another day dawning after another sleepless night.

Dr. Dickinson, passing through an improvised ward, spoke to the nurse.

"You'd better get a cup of coffee, Miss Wilson, and I'll try to find a relief. When did you sleep last?"



"I came down two days ago," she answered, "but it does not matter. There is too much to be done for me to stop now. I do believe your treatments are getting results, and please, doctor—I want to see it through."

"You're a plucky girl, but I must warn you not to break down your own health. I suppose I need you too much to insist as I should." He finished one examination and passed to the next patient.

"Do you realize today is Christmas?" he asked. "All over the world people are going to church, and eating fine dinners, and exchanging calls and presents—"

"And we are keeping Christmas in the best way of all," she answered. "In service."

"You're right. Christmas doesn't mean much to me, anyway."

"It does to me. This is my birthday, besides."

"Your birthday?"

"Yes, I was a Christmas baby. Why, doctor, what's the matter?"

He seemed to shake himself back to normal. "Excuse me. It's just—well, you startled me for a moment. You see, I had a daughter once, born on Christmas."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Did she die?"

"No, I lost her another way. Her mother and I were very young when we married—not even of age. Her people were opposed to the match, and took her away from me. I have always felt that if we could have been together she would have made the effort to live, but she died when the child was born, and her people blamed me. But, here, I'm bothing you with my personal affairs."

"No—go on. What became of the baby?"

"She was sent to an aunt, out west—who married a man named Wilson, who adopted the baby. "Why," she exclaimed, "it looks like my birthday and Christmas present this year is a regl, live daddy!"