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1. Purchased from local farmers whose herds and stables are kept in first class sanitary condition.

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The Head of the Chesapeake Bay and Eastern Shore

BY WILLIAM SMITH

Just a short time ago an article was published in one of the local newspapers in which it was stated that the author believed the Eastern Shore was the site of the original Garden of Eden. After reading this piece, anyone, who was at all acquainted with the Eastern Shore, would readily agree to every one of the claims.

With the verdant fields of the Eastern Shore producing everything needed to enable one to live very comfortably—I might say even luxuriously—food, clothing, and shelter, in abundance, what more could be wanted in even the Garden of Eden?

The hospitality of the Eastern Shore, its simplicity and sincerity, possess world renown, but it is a far too difficult undertaking to try to describe it all in the short space which I am allotted here. Instead I am going to divert your attention to the head of the Chesapeake Bay which is, in reality, the beginning of the Eastern Shore. If there wasn't any head to it, there wouldn't be any Bay, and, consequently, there wouldn't be any Eastern Shore to write about.

The Chesapeake Bay is the largest inlet from the ocean on the Atlantic Coast and, at the same time, it is one of the most beautiful bodies of water to be found anywhere on the face of the globe. Its crystal-clear water, its wooded banks, and the azure sky, flecked with clouds on the horizon make a picture excelled only by one of the exquisite sunsets, and those well, you'll have to see one for yourself. The power has not yet been invented by man that would do justice in describing one of these.

Branching out from the head of the Bay are several feeders. The Susquehanna, the Elk, the Bohemia, the North East, and the Sassafras. The Susquehanna is the dividing line between the Eastern Shore and the Western. At its mouth are the Flats, known the world over as one of the greatest of feeding grounds for ducks. It has been estimated that, at some times, there are, not thousands, but actually millions of ducks feeding here. This fact makes these Flats the Mecca for thousands of gunners every year.

Just above the Susquehanna and to the westward of Turkey Point, a noted land mark, by the way, in this section of the Bay, is the North East River, a small, but nevertheless, popular little bit of water. On its banks can be found many summer colonies and camps. One of the biggest of the latter is Camp Rodney, the Wilmington Council Boy Scout Camp, which is rated as "Excellent" in the camp rating books of the United States.

East of Turkey Point is the Elk River. It forms the connecting link between the Bay and Chespeake City, the western terminal of the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal, thereby joining the Delaware and Chesapeake Bays.

The Bohemia, in reality, has its mouth on the east bank of the Elk, but it is considered as a separate tributary to the Bay. Its shores are lined with sedate country estates, being, as it is, not too far from the city and, at the same time, giving ready access to the Bay. One of the better known of the country places is that of former Senator Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware. It is a beautiful place, situated on the north bank of the Bohemia, just west of the Bohemia River Bridge.

Below the Bohemia, we run into the Sassafras, a long, winding body of water, extending inland for about fifteen miles, but being navigable for only about nine miles of its length. Georgetown, on the Sassafras, one of the oldest and prettiest of the early-settled spots in Maryland, is now the home basin for many yachts, which are owned by sportsmen from Wilmington, Philadelphia, and even a few from New York City. Why is it so popular? You'd have to see it yourself to answer that one. Year after year the number of boatmen coming here is increasing almost unbelievably. Big yacht, little yacht, cat boat or row boat, no matter what type you are fortunate enough to possess, it, combined with the Chesapeake, has an attraction that is all powerful in bringing you under its spell.

In spite of the fact that this section of the country is so popular, it is still one of the unspoiled spots that seems to have been reserved by Mother Nature for the especial enjoyment of all who wish to visit here. Man has joined with nature in **beautifying, if possible,** the Eastern Shore, especially in the northern part. True, he has built homes, and cultivated farms, but, rather than making all these improvements take a conspicuous spot on the landscape, he has succeeded, for the most part, in making them blend with the surrounding country.

The advantages in being able to boast (I said boast and that's what I mean) of owning a place on the Chesapeake, "be it ever so humble," are many-fold. First, you are one of the favored few who can do so. Second, there is no healthier place in the world for you to be. Third, it has an attractiveness that will never wear out. Fourth, you have access to what has been truly termed, I believe, the garden spot of the world.

The bathing and swimming are wonderful. Who, other than rough-water fanatics, enjoys fighting huge breakers, when, perhaps, you want only to take a leisurely swim?

Of course there are times when you are in the mood for a big tussel with the waves, but, on the other hand, there are also times when you want only to paddle around. On the crest of a monstrous wave this is no easy task, even for a duck. And an occassional battle with the elements can be supplied on the Chesapeake. The Bay on a breezy day is nothing "to be sneezed at." Breakers, plenty big enough to give you all the argument you may want, are there in abundance.

And the boating. There is a sport! If you like plenty of speed, there's enough space for you to cut all the capers you want in a speed-boat, cutting into this cove, out around that point, straight down the Bay. Or maybe you would prefer just a leisurely jaunt in a canvas-rigged ship. A good wind a-beam, a good ship beneath, a clear sky overhead, and plenty of time. What more could a man who loves to commune with Mother Nature ask than that There you go, close-hauled, lee rail a-wash, scooting across the white-caps, soon to tack and go off in another direction. Maybe you will come ashore soaking wet and a bit tired, but you feel great, and you're hungry enough to eat a bear (maybe an elephant or two if some were handy.)

Talking about being hungry calls for cooking. Eastern Shore. 'Nuf sed! Fried chicken, beaten biscuits, strawberry shortcake. Oh! why did I have to say anything about that. I've eaten that fried chicken, those beaten biscuits, and strawberry shortcake until I swore I would never be able to eat another thing as long as I lived. Even lowly corn bread ceases to be just corn bread and becomes a soulful, plate-tempting delicacy. But here I am, ready and waiting for another helping and one which I hope will be one of many more to come. Eastern Shore cooks are like the Eastern Shore sunsets, words don't do them justice, so, admitting my weakness in the powers of description, I offer a tribute to the Eastern Shore—the most beautiful country, the most generous hospitality, and the best cooks in the land.

SNOODLES — By CY HUNGERFORD



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