THE SQUADRON'S LOG

BY THE STOWAWAY



There must be a lot of brainy hunters around Kent County, judging by the bags reported. Mr. Walter Strong has little to say after his classical prediction that it "takes brains to bait ducks."

Not only ducks, but geese, rabbits and a few squirrels were added to the family pot.

Speaking of geese, Morris Clothier, of Philadelphia, is not the owner of the Carpenter farm, as reported last week in this column, but has his hang out in Turners Creek Neck.

Interesting reports from all over the country show that hunters are taking their sport seriously. Shells in small quantities, four or five at a time are being bought instead of by the box and carton of boxes. Every one of those few shells is apt to mean the difference between a groaning board or a bare dinner table.

Thanksgiving in 1933 is not far removed in spirit and in menu from the first Thanksgiving of the Pilgrims, wild fowl and corn bread.

Kent County has issued over 1000 hunting licenses and game is plentiful. Those who stayed home have been generously supplied by the hunters who hivered out to the bilnds at 3 p. m.

A spirit of joy and thanksgiving surely pervades Kent County with successful hunting and $90,000 pouring into the farmers' pockets from the wheat allotment and processing tax payments, with promise of more to come.

Jack Kibler has a rabbit gun set up in Queen Anne's. He is still hoping.

Buck Jessup and Sheriff Vickers went after rabbits on Monday, "just to practice shooting." The rest of the bunch went after ducks, and got the limit even without this famous shot.

Twelve gunners went after geese, and among them brought down seven. Buck Jessup, it is grudgingly admitted, shot two of the seven geese bagged.

A cut chin and a bruised shoulder from a kicking gun spoiled the shooting for Bill Smith. Every time the gun went off it kicked and Bill flinched. Result, no ducks.

That is Bill's story. Anyway, he had the stock and breach loaded, so here is hoping for better luck in time for Thanksgiving.

A little scratching at the kitchen door brought Mrs. Ewing to investigate. A possum was clinging upside down to the screen door. When the Colonel picked it off the door, the possum popped into the kitchen. After a meal of persimmons, he was invited to go, but has been hanging around ever since, having made himself at home on the kitchen roof.

The President's yacht "Sequoia" docking at Godlington Manor wharf will be shown at the Lyceum next week when the pictures of Kents Big Day are exhibited.

Boats are still heading for winter quarters at the Yacht Club basin. Captain Massey's "Sue Bert" is reported due to dock in the near future.

A tide so low that the tops of the boats were on a level with the dock a few days ago presented a curious illusion that the boats had mysteriously disappeared.

NO. 13798

TREASURY DEPARTMENT
OFFICE OF COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY

Washington, D. C., October 7, 1933.

WHEREAS, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that

"THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF CHESTERTOWN

in the Town of Chestertown in the County of Kent and State of Maryland has complied with all the provisions of the Statutes of the United States, required to be compiled with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of Banking;

NOW THEREFORE I, J. F. T. O'Connor, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that

"THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF CHESTERTOWN

in the Town of Chestertown in the County of Kent and State of Maryland is authorized to commence the business of Banking as provided in Section Fifty one hundred and sixty nine of the Revised Statues of the United States.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, witness my hand and Seal of office this SEVENTH day of OCTOBER, 1933.

(SEAL) J. F. H. O'CONNOR.

o14-10t. Comptroller of the Currency

The Bird of the Hour



Because of Thy Great Bounty

by GRACE NOLL CROWELL
in Federal Council Bulletin

BECAUSE I have been given much,
I, too, shall give;
Because of Thy great bounty, Lord,
Each day I live
I shall divide my gifts from Thee
With every brother that I see
Who has the need of help from me.

Because I have been sheltered, fed,
By Thy good care,
I can not see another's lack
And I not share
My glowing fire, my loaf of bread,
My roof's shelter overhead,
That, he, too, may be comforted.

Because love has been lavished so
Upon me, Lord,
A wealth I know that was not meant
For me to hoard,
I shall give love to those in need,
The cold and hungry clothe and feed,
Thus shall I show my thanks indeed.

Turkey with Trimmings

by Katherine Edelman

THINGS had been going rather badly with the Hamptons the past few months. It was true no great calamity or sorrow had befallen them, but just a series of petty annoyances and worries had cropped up almost daily—the kind of things that gnaw and eat away the roots of the tree of happiness and content.

This morning they had almost quarreled before Arthur left because Janet had decided that they would not have a turkey for Thanksgiving. Arthur believed, and rightly so, that a turkey with all the trimmings was a part of



He Paused Long Enough at the Door to Call Back.

Thanksgiving itself if one could afford it, but Janet insisted that a chicken would do them just as well: "What's the use of spending ten dollars or more for a dinner when we can get one that will do just as well for less than five?" she had argued, and finally Arthur let her have her way, but he paused long enough at the door when leaving to call back: "Looks as if we could live like real folks on Thanksgiving day at least."

After he had gone Janet sat in deep thought—his parting remark had stung her deeply. How could he talk like that after all she had done—all the sacrifices that she had made so that things would be easier for him in the future! Then it suddenly dawned upon her that a great many of the worries that had annoyed and upset them of late were mostly of her making. Looking back over their five years of married life she saw that it was this penurious trait of hers that had been accountable for most of the trials that had beset their path. Coming from a home where every penny counted, she had found it hard to spend two dollars where one would do if one only skimped enough. John had tried to reason it out with her many times, explaining to her that he would be the last man in the world to urge her to live beyond their means, but, since they were in a position to do so without endangering their future, he would like to live better than they did. There was a generous nest-egg in the bank and a goodly sum in life insurance should he be taken, so, why, he had often reasoned, couldn't they enjoy a good show or dinner when they felt like it?

Now, in the light of the awakening that had come to her, Janet saw that she had been unjust to Arthur. It was



On Thanksgiving There Was a Large Turkey on the Table.

true, she told herself, that she had been doing all the saving and skimping for his sake, but she realized now that she had been robbing him of many joys that were his right, and, perhaps, keeping him back in his profession—keeping him from rising beyond a certain level. She knew, too, that in cheating him she had also cheated herself and made the way hard, but it was of Arthur she was especially thinking. But joy came to her at the thought that it was not too late to make amends.

And on Thanksgiving there was a large turkey on the table, with all the trimmings that anyone could crave, and Janet had invited a few of the people that she knew Arthur liked best to share the feast with them.

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We Should Be Thankful

by Right Reverend James E. Freeman, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Washington

Text: "Offer unto God thanksgiving."—Psalms, 1:14.

GRATITUDE for favors and blessings received is the warrant for blessings and favors yet to come. In our individual and corporate life nothing is more disheartening or disappointing than ingratitude. It was this that made King Lear cry out:

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth
It is to have a thankless child!"

Failure to acknowledge gifts and blessings conferred not only chills the heart of the benefactor, but works to the hurt of the beneficiary. To be thankful for favors big or little is a mark of refinement and an evidence of good breeding. We have often noted that those who are the quickest to respond to a favor conferred are those who have the finest feelings. An expression of cordial and deep appreciation is like oil that lubricates the machinery of life. Like the gift of mercy, "it blesses him who gives and him who takes." To remember daily the gifts that God bestows upon us serves to make us more conscious of the real values of life. The mere expression in prayer of gratitude deepens in us not only our sense of dependence upon God, but gives us a finer sense of our own place of usefulness in the scheme of life.

When a nation is called, as we are, to recognize a day of thanksgiving, it serves to emphasize our solidarity and the richness of our common heritage, and at the same time brings vividly before us our common dependence upon him who is the giver of every good and perfect gift. It was the Roman Emperor Constantine who said to the sculptor who was carving his figure, "I wish you to carve the figure kneeling, in the attitude of prayer, for it was from that posture I rose to greatness." As individuals or as a people



The Figure Kneeling, in the Attitude of Prayer.

we never have a truer consciousness of our corporate life and our intimate interrelationships than when we kneel to acknowledge the gifts and blessings that we commonly receive. Thus, Thanksgiving day, rightly interpreted, places fresh emphasis not only upon the source of all our blessings, but compels us to recognize the closeness of the tie that binds us together in a great fellowship. It is the family day of the nation. It reminds us that we are bound together "for better or worse, for richer or poorer," and that what affects one section for good or ill affects all.

It is a demonstrable fact that nothing brings us closer together in a great fellowship than a spirit of thankfulness. When we are over-self-confident and self-assured; when, in the language of the ancient Word, we declare, "My power and the might of mine hand hath gotten me this wealth," we lose our sense of interdependence one with another and the deeper consciousness of our common dependence upon God. How frequently in households where the patrimony is dispensed to the children do we find that it creates cleavages and the loss of mutual respect and affection. Again, how frequently in households where adversity and misfortune have come do we discover the knitting of the ties of kinship and the evidence of deepened affection. America on this Thanksgiving day must acknowledge with gratitude another year of unprecedented blessings. Widely scattered as our peoples are, diverse as are their interests, they are the sharers of a common bounty. Surely at such a time and under such conditions it is fitting that we should unite to "offer unto God thanksgiving." The very act of corporate thankfulness tends to break down that which all too frequently divides us into groups and classes; it effaces distinctions and makes of the nation itself one great family. Thus the spirit of thankfulness becomes indispensable to our security, our peace and prosperity. We may worship at different altars, we may express our devotions in ways familiar to us, we may have fellowships that have grown dear and helpful to us, but on our national Thanksgiving day we bow as one people before the "Giver of every good and perfect gift" and with humility recognize his bounty and our common dependence upon his goodness.

We Thank Thee



Thanksgiving is a Primitive Rite



THANKSGIVING is celebrated in memory of the day when the friendly Narraganset Indians saw the newcoming farmers of old England in need, because their European cereals failed to grow on the sands of Cape Cod. These red men gave the Pilgrims corn, beans, squashes, wild turkeys, and wild grapes; all considered sacred gifts of the Great Spirit to the soil of America, says Dr. Erl Bates, advisor in Indian extension at the New York state college of agriculture.

However, he says, this was not the first Thanksgiving. The rite was born as early man sought out his relationship to his creator and wondered at the mystery of the seasons. This became associated with mystery and an element of fear; and to explain this, priests soon developed a ceremonial. History tells of Thanksgiving ten thousand years ago in the Tigris-Euphrates valley when the harvest was gathered; in the valley of the Nile; in Crete; in the beginnings of some of the priestly rituals in Greece and Rome; among the Hebrews; the



Red Men Gave the Pilgrims Corn, Beans, Squashes, Turkeys.

Norsemen; in the Congo; and in Tasmania as the seasonal waves threw quantities of fish on their shores.

To a simple people like the North American Indians, Thanksgiving was personal and sincere. They felt the Spirit at each sunrise and each sunset, and each month the tribe, in common council, celebrated one of their twelve Thanksgivings. In midwinter they thanked the Great Spirit for sending the snow to protect the seeds and animals; later they gave thanks for the sweet waters of the woodland, or maple sap; in spring they held their great Thanksgiving, for they were able to plant their food staple—Indian maize; soon followed the ceremony for the strawberries and, in order, those for the beans and squashes, the corn harvest, for the wild apples and grapes, and for the time when the hide and flesh of the deer and bear was in season. Doctor Bates says the power of the Six Nations came through the common bond of their religious ceremonials.

As the red man looks at the white American today, he says, the Great Spirit has given the white American fifty times more than he ever gave the red man, but the white American has but one Thanksgiving a year. If the red man with his limitations was able to produce his great civilization with but nature's book and the sky as his guide, what can the white man not do with his inheritance and the wisdom of ages through the printed pages of his ideals and experiences?

"Faith will move mountains in America today as in days gone by, if we place our feet on the sacred soil



The White American Has But One Thanksgiving a Year.

of the red man and, unafraid, celebrate the true American spirit of Thanksgiving. To be a tolerant, neighborly American, live the Thanksgiving spirit of the red American in daily thinking and living," Doctor Bates says.



Thanksgiving Chrysanthemum

Since it is the chrysanthemum season—this hardy flower defying the frost—the chrysanthemum is the Thanksgiving flower. That is quite as it should be. Thanksgiving is a hardy holiday as well as a hearty one. It spans the whole distance between the American of the Seventeenth century who held (in New England) all sport an ungodly pastime, and the American of the Twentieth century who makes a god of sport. That shows how truly and abidingly American a holiday is this one, which is so rarely privileged that the President of the Republic has to pay it the tribute of an annual official proclamation.

Thanksgiving Pie



Thanksgiving

By Katherine Edelman

FATHER of all,
Thy name we bless,
For all good things
That we possess.
For dreams and hopes
That fill the soul,
For struggling toward
Some shining goal;
For every little
Joy that clings
Around life's simple
Homey things.

Father of all,
Our praise we send,
To Thee, our best
And truest Friend.
We bless Thee for
The kindly yield
Of stretching plain,
Of wood and field.
And be our portion
Great or small,
We love and thank you
For it all.

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The Thanksgiving Season



EXCEPT the Fourth of July Thanksgiving is the most distinctively American of all our national holidays. It has not always been held so late in the year, nor has it always been held everywhere at the same time. Originating in New England, it was not observed throughout the country until after the Civil war, when the Presidents, as well as the governors of states, began to issue Thanksgiving proclamations. Thus it has become a symbol of national unity.

The custom of celebrating a Thanksgiving day did not originate with the Pilgrims, though they introduced it into this country. For seven days when the harvest was over the Hebrews of the Old Testament held their Feast of Tabernacles, a sort of camping-out time in memory of their period of wandering in the wilderness. In October the Greeks celebrated at Athens their "Thesmophoria," in honor of Demeter, the goddess of agriculture. It was a festival that began with religious rites performed by married women only, and that ended with a general banquet and dancing. On October 4 the Romans kept a similar festival that they called "Cerealia" in honor of Ceres, their goddess of the harvest. Indeed there is in almost every European nation a tradition of a feast to mark the end of the garnering of the crops. In Old England it was called "Harvest Home" and came down from the Saxon period; in Scotland it was "Kern"—a word that means the last sheaf. The Dutch of Leyden, where the Pilgrims spent ten years before they came to New England, celebrated on October 3 every year a festival to give thanks for their delivery from the Spaniards in 1574—a day that corresponds to our Armistice day. In the Scandinavian churches a special Sunday is designated every fall as Thanksgiving day.—Youth's Companion.

DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING AT HOME

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