The Social Wanderer

DEAR ROAMER

So Spring is here and what an attractive (?) entrance via a snow storm! But that's over and forgotten, we hope, until next winter. Let that be the last, say we all of us.

To-day, we have an announcement of an engagement and approaching wedding of much interest.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brown Metcalfe announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Fredrica Nan Metcalfe, to Mr. Robert Donald McDorman, Ensign USNR, the son of Mrs. Frederick S. Groves of Baltimore, Md., and the late Alfred T. McDorman. Miss Metcalfe is a graduate of St. Mary's Seminary and Hollins College, Virginia. Mr. McDorman is a graduate of St. Paul's School and Hopkins University. Before his induction into the Navy, he was the organist and choir director at the Pro-Cathedral in Baltimore and a professor at St. Paul's School. The wedding will take place in early April. Several parties are being arranged for Miss Metcalfe in the near future.

Miss Marian Poultney Handy, daughter of Mrs. William Winder Handy, of Ruxton, Md., and the late Mr. Hand has selected Wednesday, April 14 as the date of her marriage to Mr. Eliot Provoost Hurd, son of Coptain and Mrs. Edward A. Hurd of Chestertown. The wedding will take place at 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon at St. Paul's P. E. Church, Baltimore, and will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride's aunt on Park Ave.

Trinity P. E. Church, Elkton, Md., was the scene of a pretty wedding on Saturday afternoon, March 20th, when Miss Anne Lindsay Evans, daughter of Mrs. Frank B. Evans of Elkton, and the late Mr. Evans, became the bride of Private Walter Orville Wright, Jr., U. S. Marine Corps Reserve son of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Wright of Chestertown.

The bride who was given in marriage by her brother, Mr. Frank B. Evans, wore a navy blue silk Gabardine suit, with a blue hat of straw to match. Her corsage was of white gardenias.

Miss Phyllis Faribault, the bride's only attendant was attired in a biege gabardine suit, with a small red 18th century hat and navy blue veil. Her corsage was of American beauty roses.

The groom, who wore the Marine full dress blues, had as his best man his brother, Mr. John N. Wright.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. J. Warren Albinson, after which, the bride and groom left for a wedding trip to New York.

Among those from here who attended included Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wright, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wright Mrs. R. Lee Robinson and Thos. H. Robinson; Mr. and Mrs. Jas. C. Mulligan of Baltimore, the latter a sister of the groom.

Mrs. Thomas Foley received a surprise last Saturday when her son, Lieut. Thos. J. Foley, stationed with 504th Parachute Infantry, at Fort Bragg, N. C. returned home accompanied by his bride of two weeks, who was formerly Miss Grace Drummond, of Chicago. The bride is a 2nd Lieutenant in the WAACS. The wedding took place in the Episcopal Church at Florence, N. C. After spending the week-end here during which time, they were much entertained, Lieut. and Mrs. Foley returned to Fort Bragg.

Congratulations are being received by Mr. and Mrs. Porter Matthews on the birth of a son, born on Monday evening, March 22nd at the Kent and Queen Anne's Hospital. Mrs. Matthews was formerly Miss Ann Kreeger.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Richards are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, born on Tuesday at the Kent and Queen Anne's Hospital. Mrs. Richards was formerly Miss Virginia Foley.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Hynson Rogers spent last week-end in Baltimore, where they were guests of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Skipp. Mrs. Rogers has remained throughout the week in Baltimore, while Mr. Rogers returned here Sunday evening.

Misses Anna and Helen Welch have returned to their home on Maple Ave. after visiting with their neice, Dr. Berta Whaland in Bridgetown, N. J. for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Jurden of New York who have bought the Stanley Hope Farm, spent last week-end in the county.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Tull of Cynwyd, Pa., will spend this week-end as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Rudulph Tull. Their young son "Chip" has been a guest of his grandmother for the past two weeks.

Spring vacation is at hand and although many of the schools and colleges are re-arranging their schedules of such, this year, some, however are closing as usual, at this time for the Spring holiday. Miss Marian Grieb, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarke Grieb, came on Wednesday to visit her parents at Deep Point.. Young Albert Lieber also came on Wednesday from McDonough for a holiday. He was accompanied home by his mother whom he met in Baltimore on her return from Columbia S. C., where she has been visiting Colonel Lieber, stationed near there.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stokes of New York and Quaker Neck who have been vacationing for two weeks in Florida, will come to their home here this week-end.

The Watson family are having practically a reunion at their home, Comegys Bight, in Quaker Neck. Mrs. C. B. Watson who lives in Winnetka, Ill., during the winter months, came this week for a few days; Mr. and Mrs. George Watson of Philadelphia, are spending the week-end here, and Mr. Cornelius Watson, who is in the Navy, will also join his mother and brothers over the week-end. Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Watson are living at Comegys Bight now permanently.

Mrs. Rolph Townshend and her infant son, returned from the Women's Hospital on Wednesday. She was accompanied by Mrs. Ringgold Strong who nursed Mrs. Townshend while in Baltimore.

Miss Maude Sutton, now living in Philadelphia, spent last week-end here as a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Sutton.

So, we come to the end of another chapter of the social chatter during a week of the war. One of the main problems of a hostess these days is not WHO to have, nor WHEN to have, but WHAT to have, if we dare have guests. To conquer such a perplexity, some concentrated thought must be exerted. Yours in bewilderment,

The Wanderer

College Corner

"Doc" Slade

The output of bandages from the college Red Cross Room in William Smith Hall has trebled during the last two weeks.

It was announced last week that Michael Green and his orchestra will play for the annual Inter-Fraternity Dance to be held in Cain Hall on Friday, April 2.

A notice from David G. Ryan, Regional Director of the Army and Navy College Training Program, to Dean Livingood announced that the Army will follow a course similar to the Navy V-12 program described in last week's column. The purpose of the program will be to provide information useful to the Armed Forces in selecting students for future college training in the Army Specialized Training program; and to provide other information which will aid in classifying all others in respect to their relative trainability. "The new plan calls for the examination of all male students wh ohave obtained their seventeenth birthday and will not reach their twenty-second birthday by July 1, 1943, and who have graduated or are expected to graduate, prior to that date," the announcement read.

President Mead, announced Wednesday that Mrs. Frank Madison Dick, of Cambridge, Md., has presented the $100 to be used for additional equipment books and magazines for the Elisha Cullen Dick Memorial Reading Room in Reid Hall.

Washington College lost its seventh faculty member in nine months, with the resignation of Dr. Kline, instructor in biology and chemistry, last Saturday. Dr. Kline has accepted a position as head of the department of bio-chemistry at the Kirksville College of Osteopathy and Surgery at Kirksville, Missouri, where he will also continue his research work in addition to teaching. He is a graduate of Western Maryland College and the Johns Hopkins University.

Three local boys were initiated into two fraternities last week. Jimmy Jones and Joe Sutton became members of Kappa Alpha and John Russell became an active in Theta Chi Fraternity.

Well, the final basket ball games of the year were played Saturday afternoon in the form of a tournament in Cain Gym. The first game at 2 p.m. was to decide the Fraternity leadership and also the winner advanced to the final round. In as rough a game as has ever been witnessed, the Theta Chi boys defeated Lambda Chi Alpha by the very low and close score of 11—9. This clinched the trophy for Theta Chi. Kappa Alpha won its game and thus earned the right to play the winners over Lambda Chi. This was the final game and determined the winner of the Intra-mural league. In the last game which was a very fast and good contest Kappa Alpha was defeated 34—32 by the Thetas. At half time the K. A's. were losing by ten points, but put on a great come back in the first few minutes of the second half. From here on in until the last few minutes the game was always close. Even though the season this year did not have a full complement of teams, due to many boys leaving school, there were plenty of games and upsets were plentiful.

Washington Digest

Wickard Is Made Target Of Farm Policy Critics

Attack on Agriculture Chief Seen as a Continuation of Farm Bureau Assault on Farm Security Administration.

By BAUKHAGE
News Analyst and Commentator.

WNU Service, Union Trust Building, Washington, D. C.

You will read in your favorite newspaper that congress is out to "get" Secretary of Agriculture Wickard. The reason being offered is: "There's going to be a food shortage and he's responsible." That isn't the half of it.

In the first place, the folks who have been leaning back with their feet on the Washington cracker-barrel and watching adminstrations, wars and panics come and go, aren't taking these fiery debates, these charges and counter-charges too seriously.

The fight in congress today on the surface is the farm bureau, the big farmer (who isn't so big in many cases) versus Wickard. One layer below the surface, you'll hear it called the fight of the extension services against the Farm Security administration. Back in the cracker-barrel corner it's just the fight against the administration and what's left of the New Deal.

Criticism 'Political'

One of these old timers shifted his stogie, took down his feet and said to me: "This is just politics. The idea is that 1944 is coming up and if you are an honest 'out' you've got to do all you can to discredit the 'ins.' I think Wickard will weather the storm. The Farm bureau people have nothing against him except as a symbol of the administration. He's an old farm bureau man himself."

"But," I interjected, "what about the war effort, what about hiking up the farm prices and smashing the price ceilings? You can't give the farmers higher prices without having to boost wages."

My friend caressed his stogie and "nobody is going to do anything in the long run that will interfere with war plans. But in a political fight, everybody leans as far out of the tree as he can without falling. Everybody says the other fellow is playing politics—but everybody plays the game just the same."

What is this "extension service" versus Farm Security fight? Well, it goes back a long way.

In the old days, the extension service, the idea of the "county agents" was started by commercial organizations which wanted to improve farm prosperity so they could sell more city goods. Later, the system was financed by the states with the help of federal grants. But the states dominated. Then the American Farm Bureau federation was formed, officially in 1920.

The organization pushed certain ideas for attacking surpluses not very different from what the AAA developed later. As the farm problem grew worse, a farm conference was called in Washington in 1932. This group prepared a bill containing many features similar to those finally incorporated into the Agricultural Adjustment act.

Then came the first friction between the farm bureau and the administration. There was a good deal of politics in that too. It was a struggle between the AAA representatives in the field and the state set-ups.

Farmers' Union Formed

Later, the Farmers Union came into the picture. It was started among the low income farmers in Texas. It was the left wing of Agriculture and to the other farm groups, it was "pink", It had the strong backing of Mrs. Roosevelt; its policies were reflected by the Farm Security administration, a rival of the more conservative Farm Credit administration which ministered to the financial ills of the bigger farmers. The friction has never ceased.

A blow-up came when Wickard started his food administration. As an old farm bureau man, he always leaned over backward in an effort not to be prejudiced against Farm Security. Also, as a cabinet member, he couldn't stray too far from White House preachments. So he named Parisius, a Farm Security man, to head up his food conservation machinery and immediately a nest of hornets was loose. There was no choice. It was a question of making a left turn against traffic. Parisius had to go.

Wickard was accused of turning right by one group but that didn't save him from the wrath of those opposed to the administration. Nor did his incentive payment policy which would not help the Democrat cotton raisers in the South nor the Republican wheat raisers in the north since what we don't need to feed America today is more wheat or more cotton.

So the storm rages. Farm Security will probably be the burnt offering as anything with even a faintly pink complexion is a red flag to congress.

Gardens Nothing New; They Were Old Treat

You've heard the expression: "he ain't what he usta be and what's more, he never wuz."

In a number of ways, these United States of ours ain't what they used to be—but they WUZ!

Take these victory gardens.

My goodness! It was long after we moved into town (population 20,000) that I had my real private gardening experience. Back on Spruce street, of course, there was a whole orchard and the garden was so big, it was ploughed. But big or little, the backyard could produce plenty for mother to "put up" (we never called it "canning"), everything from tomatoes and corn and those cucumbers—'what memories the name conjures up'—to those wonderful watermelon pickles.

I was talking with another oldtimer, and he isn't so old either, about his little Kansas town. He said he couldn't remember anybody who didn't have a garden; or had milk delivered to the doorstep either.

When the onions and the radishes stuck their sprouts up, I used to watch them with an eagle eye hoping I would be able to deliver a lucious bunch of them before the corner grocer had his somewhat wilted product to display. Of course, I never could beat him by much and by the time the fat tomatoes were asking for a piece of lath to keep their chins out of the dirt, all the neighbors had them too. But that didn't matter. Came the day when the kitchen was redolent with entrancing odors and the womenfolk's aprons were stained red as a victorious banner, and when evening fell, the mason jars were cooling in the pantry before they were stored in the cool cellar.

In those days, about the only time a can opener was used was when somebody broached a Sunday evening can of sardines as a special treat to go along with the fudge (made in a chafing dish if you were a little doggy) and flavored with songs around the piano to mandolin obligato.

And what about the dry throats? No ice cubes. No cocktail shakers. Perhaps a bottle of raspberry shrub from the top shelf from the preserves closet—a rich purple liquid which had been squeezed through a cheese cloth bag with strong and loving hands, the fat berries inside plucked from those sprawling bushes along the back fence.

What good things came out of the backyard garden by way of the fruit jars and the jelly glasses! Can you forget the quinces, smooth and shiny and hard that hung on the gnarled tree, harsh fruit that mysteriously turned into a delightful pink delicacy, which spread over a crisp cracker like a benediction.

Drill Congressmen

On Tuesday, March 2, 1943 there appeared for the first time in the history of America, the following item in the Congressional Record, the journal of day to day happenings in congress:

RECESS

THE SPEAKER. Pursuant to the inherent power lodged in the Presiding Officer in case of emergency, the Chair declares this House in recess subject to the call of the Chair for the purpose of participating in a practice air-raid drill. The alarm has sounded. Members will leave the Chamber as rapidly as possible and the galleries will be cleared.

Accordingly (at 2 o'clock and 10 minutes p. m.) the House stood in recess, subject to the call of the Speaker.

BRIEFS . . . by Baukhage

AFTER RECESS

At 3 o'clock and 4 minutes p. m., the House was called to order by the Speaker.

Japanese officials have decided to establish six more training centers to meet present demands for 80,000 brides for Jap colonists in occupied Manchuria. As recorded by the foreign broadcast intelligence service of the United States, the Tokyo radio said current plans call for 250,000 "colonists" and that "about 80,000 brides to go to the continent are desired."

The treasury's cache of gold now amounts to $22,743,000,000.

* * *

The German people, who are getting about an ounce of fats a day on their present ration cards, began to get less butter and more margarine during the present ration period which began March 8, according to a D. N. B. dispatch transmitted from Berlin.

Wild Animals So Tame They Get in Way of Loggers

Falling Crash of Big Pine Trees Seems Not to Disturb Them.

ST. VINCENT'S ISLE, FLA.—Timber cutters have been brought by war into this 15,000-acre game paradise where deer are so tame they follow the loggers and sleep under their trucks at night.

The wild animals seem undisturbed by the falling crash of giant pine trees in a virgin forest where the ring of a woodsman's ax is a strange sound.

The timber is off to war, but the deer, some of them the size of mules, don't realize it. They are so bold that casual walkers will see half a dozen in an afternoon.

Wild pigs roam the woods and wallow in the cool sands of the Gulf of Mexico. Bald eagles perch unruffled on high trees left standing. Bobcats continue their pursuit of racoons and other small game. Now and then timbermen come across the carcass of a big deer evidently killed by a panther.

The island, near the mouth of the Apalachicola river, is about 12 miles long and four miles wide. Its 40,000,000 feet of coastal slash pine is one of the largest virgin stands left in Florida.

To Meet War Demands.

There are a few old stumps of huge pines that were felled in the past century to furnish masts for sailing ships, but until recently the problem of transportation to the mainland and the desire of owners to keep the island in its natural state have blocked full-fledged timber cutting.

Wartime demands and rising prices for lumber opened it up.

Trees grow to 30 or more inches in diameter and from 75 to 80 feet high, which is big for coastal slash pine. All the timbering is being done with an eye to conservation.

About five years ago, St. Vincent's was bought by Dr. P. V. Pierce, patent medicine magnate and ardent hunter, who stocked it with game.

Dr. Pierce brought huge Sambur deer from India and antelopes from other Asiatic countries. He imported Virginia white-tail deer and restocked the island with Florida's small native deer. Wild pigs, wild turkeys and pheasants also were turned loose in the woods to supplement the native game and such migratory birds as ducks, geese and mourning doves that flock to this area in the winter.

Five Lakes Full of Fish.

Nearly everything he put on St. Vincent's stayed and multiplied, except the turkeys and pheasants. The turkeys flew away and the pheasants didn't take to the climate and died off.

Since the elder Pierce died several years ago, there has been little hunting on the island because his heirs don't have his enthusiasm for game.

J. C. Wall, manager of St. Vincent's for the Pierce estate, estimates there are between 1,500 and 2,000 deer on the island now, and in its five lakes—four of them fresh water, one brackish — there are enough fish to make any angler's eyes pop.

No one ever tries to catch the plentiful bream and shell-crackers, because these fish like earthworm bait—"and there isn't a worm on the island," Wall declared.

—V—

Take Care of Rubber

Milking machine parts made of rubber should receive the best of care. Keep the rubber parts clean, and do not bend, hammer, or pull the rubber. Keep them out of the sunlight and do not sterilize with steam or boiling water.

William E. Miller Aviation Cadet

William E. Miller, 20, son of Mrs. Elizabeth C. Miller of 621 Cannon St., Chestertown, was recently appointed a Naval Aviation Cadet and was transferred to the Naval Air Training Center, Pensacola, Fla., for intermediate flight training, according to the public relations office of that station.

Early in November, he was sent to the Naval Reserve Aviation Base, Anacostia, D. C., where he successfully completed the elimination training course March 2.

Upon competion of the intensive course at the "Annapolis of the Air" Cadet Miller will receive his Navy "Wings of Gold" with the designation of Naval Aviator, and will be commissioned an Ensign in the Naval Reserve or a Second Lieutenant in the Marine Corps Reserve.

BUDWEISER on TAP

8 A. M. until Midnight

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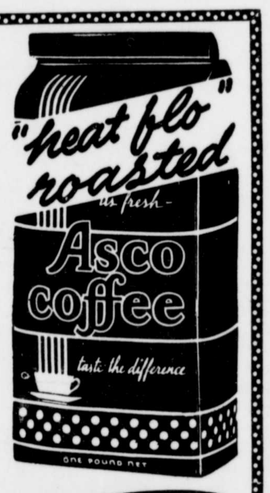

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