Rotary Dedicates Kent's Honor Roll

MARVIN WILLIAMS IN CHARGE OF DEDICATION

We gather at this time to dedicate the Roll of Honor to the Kent County service men and women.

The Kent County Honor Roll will display the names of all men and women of Kent County who are serving, or who have served, during the present world war in the armed forces of the United States or it's allies. Already approximately 1100 names will be displayed on the Honor Roll and additional names will be added as they are reported to the Rotary Club. Club officials are aware of the fact that the list of names they have so far obtained is far from being complete and we request the cooperation of the public in seeing that eventually the Honor Roll will display the name of each and every man or woman who has been in the service during the present world conflict. If you know of a service man or woman, native of Kent County, who's name does not appear on the Honor Roll, you are urgently requested to notify one of the newspapers or the Rotary Club and the name will be placed on the Honor Roll just as soon as possible.

This Honor Roll is provided by the Chestertown Rotary Club — whose membership is composed of business and professional men of Chestertown —men who are interested in the well being of this community. The Rotary Club received permission from the town to erect this Honor Roll in the park where it will serve as a Memorial to remind us of our boys and girls in the service.

I could not go further without mentioning the Committee of the Rotary Club who is responsible for this Honor Roll. They are Wm. Belt Townshend, Chairman.

Architectural Plans, Earl Hollinger,
Lumber Donations, E. S. Adkins & Co., Coleman Bros. of Rock Hall, Chestertown Lumber and Mill Works.
Overall Cost of Name Plates, Chestertown Rotary Club.
Honor Roll Building and Erecting, Vita Food Inc., of Chestertown.
Lighting Effects, Kent Defense Corp.
Installation, Herbert F. Ward.
Rotary Wheel and Lettering Sign, Arnold Demain.
All of these mentioned donated work, material, and finances.

V

HENRY DEMAIN MAKES PLEA FOR WAR FUND DRIVE

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Recently I was appointed chairman of the Kent County National War Fund. All the money derived from this drive goes toward the maintenance of all U.S.O. clubs in the United States and foreign countries, also to aid our men being held prisoners by our enemies. All the great actors and actresses that perform throughout our camps in the United States and abroad have their traveling expenses paid by the U.S.O., but let us remember that they give their time and effort free of all charge. For this drive our committee can draw expense money from the State Headquarters, but I am happy to say that we will not draw any expense money whatsoever. Our committee will function and operate this drive for Kent County at our own expense.

We all may say that we are working hard and thereby we are contributing plenty. So what! We can never equal the amount of work our men and women in the services are performing.

We all may say that we are buying plenty of War Bonds. So what! We are only lending our money to our government so that our men can be supplied with the proper instruments and ammunition to bring this war to a victorious end. Not alone are we to receive the return of the principal, but we are going to receive a good return in interest on our money we loaned.

There are only two drives that coincide with the war effort and to which we are asked to contribute. One is the Red Cross and the other is the National War Fund. Last year Kent County did not contribute their quota to the National War Fund, but I feel sure that the citizens of Kent County will go over the top this year.

We have set an indicator alongside our Honor Roll, which de are today dedicating, and as contributions are received we will raise the indicator. There are 1044 names on the Honor Roll and approximately 150 new names to be added. Our quota this year is $5750.00 and we are asking you to contribute $5 toward each man and woman in the armed forces.

I am reminded of the Arkansas Mountaineer. After passing his physical examination, he was taken before an officer for induction. The officer said, "Son, what would you like to be?" The mountaineer looked kind of dumbfounded and remarked, "What are you?" The officer replied, "I am a Captain." "Well," said he, "that's what I want to be." The officer, surprised, said, "No, son, I made a mistake. I mean, Where do you want to go?" He replied, "I want to go home." The Captain, surprised, said, "Son, if you went home, who would do the fighting for you?" The mountaineer replied, "The same guys that are fighting for you." Now, ladies and gentlemen, let us all work together and let everyone contribute his or her share. Let us not say, Let the next person do the job. I appeal personally to all the citizens of Kent County to contribute generously to the National War Fund. I thank you.

V

R. H. ROGERS SPEAKS FOR MAYOR, COUNCIL

Speaking for the Mayor and Council of Chestertown, I wish to express our appreciation of the work done by the Rotary Club in the conception and erection of this fitting memorial to the men and women of Kent County, now in the service and those yet to enter the service of our country.

The names enrolled thereon represent a cross section of Kent Counties men who have been accepted in the armed forces of the United States of America. They are working and fighting in all parts of the world and are giving up every thing they hold dear, even their lives, that we at home may continue to live in safety.

Let us ever be mindful that our presence here to honor those men and women means nothing unless we do our part to uphold the home front by giving moral support to the men at the front and extending our every effort to see that they lack none of those materials necessary for a rapid and successful prosecution of the war.

We can all be thankful that this County's Record is one to be proud of. There have been no war-time strikes to cause us shame. Our farmers have produced their crops in spite of labor shortage, and our business men and others have continued to carry on under trying conditions.

From now on let us determine to perform our daily tasks cheerfully buy war bonds, and contribute to the Red Cross and War Fund, according to our means, and do everything in our power to make our home front strong and back up our men overseas.

V

AXIS MUST BE DISARMED SAYS COLLEGE HEAD

Address of Dr. Gilbert W. Meade, president of Washington College, given at the dedication of the Kent County Roll of Honor:

"It is our pleasure and honor to dedicate here today this Roll of Honor, this roster of Kent County soldiers, sailors, and other combatants in this war. Provided through the devoted generosity of the Chestertown Rotary Club, it will, in time, bear the name of every Kent County man and woman who has participated in the great struggle. The more than a thousand names already recorded here will be increased by the addition of others—for no one is to be overlooked.

It is time that such testimonial be placed in a public location to these boys. For nearly three years we have been officially at war, and there are names here of boys who have been in foreign climes for almost that long.

It is not necessary to call the roll of the countries of the globe where these boys are. We know Kent Counyt has been in Iceland, in the farthest islands of the Pacific, on the heights at Cassino, on the beaches of Normandy, in the push to and through Paris, and today on the soil of a besieged Germany, as well as in the near island outposts of the land of the now setting sun.

If there is any branch of the services not here represented, I do not know of it, nor any rank from enlisted seaman or buck private up to general officers. They are in the air, on the land, on and under the sea.

Wherever in the world America is today, there is Kent County, in the person of these our service men.

They are not unusual Americans. Nearly 17,000,000 of them, from all corners of this wide land, are the force which the nation is opposing against its enemies.

They are the defenders of our liberties—of the things they heard of in their earliest school days—the guarantees America makes to its citizens to give them the rights of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness". The guarantees, too, of freedom of worship, of freedom of speech, of a free press, and the right of free assembly to discuss their views.

I do not imply that every soldier stops and thinks of these things before he shoulders his pack, and obeys the order "Forward!", any more than he stops to analyze the symbolism of the Stars and Stripes each time he is called upon to follow it, or to stand at salute while it flows to the breeze. No, without pausing for analysis, he reacts instinctively and automatically to any situation in which he has learned to call "America", and to fight for the ways of life to which he has been accustomed, under the protection of American institutions, as well as under the actual folds of the flag.

He knows, without pausing for definition, what America is, and throught that knowledge he knows, without stopping to puzzle out a formal answer, what it is he is fighting for.

If there is one outstanding thing which the typical American resents, it is aggression into his rights or his property. Aggression accompanied by ruthless brutality, whether directly against him or against another tends to 'rile' him. In 1914 and again in 1939-40, America not only saw the horrifying results of armed and brutal aggression by strong nations against less powerful ones, accompanied by brutalities almost inconceivable to the human mind, but saw also the rising threat on an aggression directed against ourselves, growing larger daily because the trespasser held us "soft", "too proud to fight", "decadent", and easily to be brushed aside when the time came.

This attitude was increased by the inability of the Germans, and later the Japs, to understand the fundamental nature of America. Differences of opinion among us—which is one of the inevitable accompaniments of the right of free speech—were loudly hailed by Propagandist Minister Goebbels and his followers as signs of an incurable internal decay which made us ripe for their interference and even invasion.

There is an old saying "Beware the wrath of a patient man". The Germans of 1917-18 learned the truth of this to their sorrow. Their successors in rule in Germany neglected to recall the experience of their fathers. What was merely the usual difference of opinion between political parties in America was interpreted as disunion. I have never been in agreement with the propagandists of pacifism, the "America First" movement, hiding what seemed to me base insolationism under a patriotic title. I never held with the opinion of the isolationist, in our public life—yet I have always defended their right to express their opinions. Because we permitted open differences of mind on such critically important matter, we were called weak and unable or unwilling to defend ourselves. The aggressive mind of the conquest-maddened Germans and Japanese seemed bent on going along their bloody way, safe in the opinion that Amercia would neither defend herself nor risk her blood and treasure to halt the brutality then being exercised over the subject nations already under the iron heel of the conqueror.

In this they were mistaken. The "patient man" stirred himself. Even those who had doubts in the past regarding the maintenance of large armaments joined in heart and voice to call for the quick and complete overthrow of the enemies of humanity. It was clearly not only our own soil and our own ideals at home which we were defending. It was also the spilled blood of helpless noncombatants which called to us—the ravaged and burned towns of Belgium, the shattered cities of Holland, the starved and mutilated children of Greece, Italy, France. It was the burned and blasted towers and spires of brave England's historic cities. The concentration camps of Poland, Germany, and ravished and subjugated France helped mightily to stir the American giant to take his place in the conflict. It was a matter of international justice and honor—not merely a thought of the possibility of having our own material life overridden and interfered with.

To this titanic battle we immediately devoted all our resources. At once we resolved that the treachery of Japan, who struck us a vital blow at the very moment their representatives were in Washington talking peace, and the blind unreasoning savagery of Germany, must be wiped from the record of humane nations. Our mills and factories converted in record time to the production of the armaments and machinery of war. Our shipbuilding program began immediately to surpass anything similar ever known in human history. We in civilian life learned cheerfully to limit our food supplies, to accept the rationing of automobiles (that cherished possession of nearly every American family) and the accompanying rationing of gasoline and tires.

We soon learned that for every soldier actually in the field there must be behind him a large number of others, handling the supplies of life and the munitions of war; and behind them still a greater army ununiformed, through whose daily and strenuous labor come the tanks, the airplanes, the munitions, — those things with which the war is waged; and no less, the food, medical supplies, clothing,—the thousand and one items of supply to sustain the soldier's life twenty-four hours in every day.

In other words, we took the war to ourselves as a total effort, from which no man, woman, or child in America was omitted. It became a matter of every conscience, and for every pocketbook. Victory comes only with military effort, and military effort is fruitless unless backed by materials all of which are paid for from the taxdollar of the citizen.

But our greatest gift, of course, was our sons and daughters. In a democratic nation such as ours, with no great peace-time standing army, the preservation of the liberties of the nation must depend upon a speedily raised and quickly trained citizen army—a great outpouring of men who have to be taken from their peacetime pursuits, trained quickly in the horrid business of war, carried to meet the enemy face to face—and with the promise as soon as their work of warfare is over, they will be speedily returned to their families and to their normal lives. And so, from every city and town in all our nation—from every crossroads village and from every farm, the young men of America came trooping to their country's summons, just as the embattled farmers of New England turned from the plow in the spring of 1775, took down their muskets in the cause of Liberty, and, ununiformed and with little professional leadership, stood against tyranny at Concord and at Lexington, and returned quickly to their farm pursuits to wait again the call to further arms.

From the mountains of Vermont to the forest plains of Georgia others followed their lead, and in the name of Liberty braved the terrors of war, facing starvation, disease, and the frozen horror of Valley Forge until Liberty was established. Then in the security of their hard-won freedom, they returned to their own shops and firesides, and hung up the powder horn and musket of their campaigns —but always within reach, to be taken down again if ever the occasion called for it.

So it has been for the 170 years since that time. Freed by a civilian army of patriots, rather than by paid mercenaries, America has been defended more than once by the civilian army of which it is always proud —that unparalled collection of peaceful men who, under the quick and able leadership of its trained officers, and actuated at all times by the inborn and powerful sense of the justice of their cause, have stood through the years as the great bulwark of our Freedom, the defender of our liberties, the avenging hand of justice against those who would blacken the name of humanity by the foul deeds of planned brutality by which they have sought to enslave the world.

These are our defense — these peaceful minded young men, called into the temporary role of soldiers. They did not seek the fight, but being faced with it they have never flinched or turned their backs. Carrying destruction to the tyrant in one hand, they have carried also comfort, medication, and food in the other for the enslaved peoples who greet them with joyous shouts as liberators. From many thousands in France and Italy the fear of death and torture, of separation and starvation, of famine and of fire has now departed because our men have arrived to throw from their backs the awful yoke of the aggressor. And so it will be until total victory has come to our banners.

In giving our boys to this service, we have given ourselves far beyond our gifts of money and materials. It is for us, as well as for the oppressed of the earth, that they have gone away for a time. And while we say that they fight for humanity, or fight for the Stars and Stripes, let us never forget that more intimately they are fighting for Kent County, Maryland, for the liberty which they knew in the streets and sidewalks of Chestertown and Rock Hall—for the farmhouses of their fathers, for the country schoolhouses at the crossing of the roads—for every mile of lane and acre of field which here they knew; for the very trees under which as boys they rested from the heat of the day. They are fighting to go fishing, to hunt in the fields and marshes as once they did.

They are fighting for their fathers in the shop or in the field; for their mothers in the kitchens of their homes; for their younger brothers and sisters; for their churches and their pastors; for their friends, individually and by name.

Ina great city there may not be in any mass of people the personal nearness of this war to the hearts of everyone as it is in a place like this. Personal tragedies which may be hidden in the massed population of a city block are real to neighbors and friends in communities such as ours. There is surely no one of the thousand names on this Roll of Honor here today which is not immediately recognizable to a great many of you present.

So, we know that the war is not an abstract thing, not just a risking of lives in defense of a symbol, or for the perpetuation of one political philosophy over another. We knew when we entered it that it was a war for personal survival, and as such we knew that we were risking our dearest treasures—our sons—when we entered into hostilities.

We thank God now we see great signs that the conflict will not last as far into the future as it has lengthened itself in the past. Surely it cannot be many weeks before Germany admits defeat, not many months before Japan too crumbles. Then, one by one the homes which saw these boys go forth will welcome them again. But there will be reason to remember again as we recall today, that for them, as for us, it will not be the same as before War descended upon us.

There will be those returning scarred, even maimed for life, by the wounds they have received in defense of these great things which they valued. And, alas, here as in every community in the country, there are those who will never return. We know that medals and distinctions awarded a hero after he has made the supreme sacrifice cannot mean as much to his family as his safe return would have meant. Gold stars have multiplied on all the Honor Rolls and Service Flags of the nation, and there will be more before the conflict is concluded. Who can say the word of magic which will mean to a bereaved parent the same as would the sound, once more, of the vanished voice?

They are our supreme heroes. Honoring all who have turned aside from their ways of peaceful life to follow temporarily the profession of war, we honor most those who have answered the call to supreme sacrifice. These are the ones who made of their bodies a causeway to victory, and of their lives a cheerful and heroic gift in the cause of the preservation of the integral fabric of American life. Theirs is a very special honor, and to them we dedicate a very special remembrance today and every day.

Some day the glorious day will come; and from the jungles of the South Pacific, the hills of Italy and the liberated plains of central Europe they will start the happy march homeward. Family circles will be reunited, our farms and shops will again be filled with eager and industrious young men. Our college halls will once more be crowded by those seeking the benefits of a higher education. The work of the soldier will have been completed, and the statesman's job of rebuilding a broken world will commence. In that day, there is nothing the returned veteran will insist upon more than that the rebuilding shall be along such lines as to guarantee us forever against the recurrence of the flood of blood, the million nameless graves of the slain innocents, the mad passion of any man or nation to hold the world in an unholy grasp.

The history of the whole world for a hundred centuries has shown nothing to compare with the overweening ambition to dominate which has marked Germany in the last century Backed by the philosophers who long since had invented the myth of a "super-race", several generations of German military and political leaders have warped that unhappy nation into the state where she now lies, beaten by the enemies she made for herself, betrayed by her leaders within, and impotent now to save herself.

The making of the peace must insure that neither she nor Japan shall have in their hands the means of waging another aggressive war. This will mean strict control of their resources, their manufacture, even their permissable purchases from without their borders. They must be completely disarmed and kept so, that the peaceful nations of the earth shall no longer fear their possible aggression.

To their complete subjugation must be added an insurance that they will not again become unitedly powerful within themselves. We too often forget that the Germany of the war of 1914-18, and the Germany of today was a modern thing—a powerful union of long-separated and individual kingdoms and duchies, each concerned with the perpetuation of its own best local interest. German nationalism, the basic fact of all the development in aggression in the last hundred years, was not invented until after the federation of these independent small countries was made the basis upon which to build the stupid but flattering theory of the Germans as a super-people. Actually they are not all alike, either in complexion or habits or temperament any more than the man from Maine and the man from Texas.

The dismemberment of the German states is, it seems to me, an inevitable basis for the restoration and guaranteeing of permanent peace. This destruction of an artificially hatched nationalistic ideal is as necessary as the destruction of the brutal and intolerant tyranny of the whip and the torch by which Himmler's Gestapo have become so infamous, and the name of Hitler so to be execrated.

This, however, and the many things which stem from it, will not be the first concern of the boys whose names we honor here today. They will be keen to return to their country—but America in general will not be enough. They will be keen to return to Maryland—but Baltimore will not suffice; to the Eastern Shore—but not to Worcester or Somerset. Their eyes will be turned in but one direction, and only one place will answer completely to the eager beating of their hearts—That will be Kent County—that will be HOME!

And as we welcome them, either in the community, or one by one in their separate homes, we will recall that on this bright September afternoon, we dedicated here to their honor, this roster of their names, with a prayer for the peaceful resting of the honored dead who will not return, and for a safe and speedy homecoming of those whom we shall see again when the last shot has been heard and the world is again at peace.

V

SOCIAL ITEMS OF VISITORS TO KENNEDYVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Othson are spending this week at Rehoboth.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Redmile spent the week-end at Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Redmile spent the week-end with relatives in Wilmington.

Mrs. Wattie McKnuee returned to her home in Philadelphia on Saturday.

Mrs. Catherine Hurlock, Mrs. Rodger Kennedy and Margaret Hurlock spent Sunday at Rehoboth.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pinder and boby spent Sunday with his brother Mr. Earl Pinder and family near Baltimore.

Mrs. Earl Nickerson spent Sunday with her son and family near Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Anthony attended her sister's wedding at Marshallton, on Saturday.

Mrs. William Willis and daughter are spending sometime with her aunt Mrs. Weer and Marie.

Mr. and Mrs. William Anthony entertained at dinner on Sunday on honor of their sons sixteenth birthday.

The regular monthly meeting of the teachers and officers of the Sunday school was held in the church on Friday evening.

Mrs. Henry Rutter returned to the local hospital on Saturday.

Miss Doris Oliffe and friends spent Sunday at Rehoboth.

Harold Miller, Edmond Lusby and Harry Willis visited in Atlantic City last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Yoeman and son of Denton visited her mother, Mrs. Crow on Sunday.

Mrs. Lula Hill won the blanket this week.

V

Nurses Recognized

In 1847 military surgeons were given commissioned officer rank, and were allowed to appoint nurses required in army hospitals and to fix the compensation given these nurses. In 1861, legislation was enacted which gave definite recognition to women nurses in the army, and their pay was fixed at 40 cents a day, with rations.

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