NOW AND THEN

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

O say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight last gleaming
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the clouds of the fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming!
And the rockets red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O say does the star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering sleep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morinng's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the Star-Spangled banner: O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

This is a part of our National Anthem. I hard it last Sunday riding in the car. My first impulse was to stand, then I remembered that I could not on account of the ceiling. The quartette who were singing it had fine melodious voices, and they sang a few verses but not all. How few of us know it all. "How valiant they shout when they're first starting out, 'Tis the Star-Spangled banner they are trying to sing, but they don't know the words they are trying to sing."

The tune is very martial and inspiring, but how hard to sing. One thinks of the easy tune of the British National hymn with envy on account of the catching melody of it.

The Star Spangled banner was written by a poet soul who was pacing the deck of the enemy's ship, a prisoner. As he saw the flag stlil waving over Fort McHenry, he found an old envelope in his pocket, and while the dawn showed forth the coming day, he wrote the words as they rushed into his hind. On his landing, he went to the house of his friend, Capt. Nicholson, an ancestor of the Nicholson's in Kent County, and wrote down the words. As soon as possible they were printed and long before the day was old, the song was heard everywhere in the city. Francis Scott Key has written many other poems but it was by this that he won his immortal name.

The British then our foes are now fighting the battle of freedom, so one says, and this country is using her resources to help them win.

THE OPEN MEETING

The Women's Literary Club gave a most interesting open meeting to their friends on last Friday afternoon. The speaker was Mrs. Solandt who always has so many worth while things to tell, and always tells them so well. Her subject last Friday was Kent County. She, with a number of others, are endeavoring to make the people of the county concious of their rich heritage on the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of Kent County. After the address, the club served refreshments and a delightful social time ensued.

NOBILITY

Human beings are the noblest flowers
Nature can bring forth—God's highest donors
Sent on earth to live! Nature's God.
Teaches us to turn away from the

WHAT PEOPLE ARE DOING AT MASSEY

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Poore and daughter Frances, spent Sunday with Mr. Poore's sister and family in Wilmington. They also visited their brother-in-law, Mr. Clarence Docker who is a patient at the Presbyterian Hospital in Philadelphia.

Mrs. A. H. Molesberger spent the Thanksgiving holidays with her neice, Mrs. Harvey Bolton in Newark, Del.

Visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Freeman on Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Nicholson and daughter Margaret Ann of Baltimore, Mrs. Sallie Bostie and Mrs. Sam Raisner of Chester, Pa., and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Freeman and son of Millington.

Miss Josephine Dunn spent Sunday with her mother Mrs. Sara Ann Dunn in Wilmington.

Mrs. Mattie Starkey returned from Philadelphia on Saturday where she has been the guest of relatives for the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cooper spent Sunday with friends and relatives at Still Pond.

Relatives of Middletown, Galena and Massey gave Mrs. Agnes Redgrave a surprise party Wednesday evening of last week, that being her seventy-sixth birthday. Refreshments were served and a enjoyable evening was spent by all.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry P. Kelley and Miss Lelia Ware were Wilmington visitors on Sunday, calling on Mrs. Kelley's niece, Mrs. Milton Keen.

Misses Mary and Gertrude Nickerson left Sautrday to spend a week in Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Maslin and daughter Miss Elizabeth Maslin of Wilmington, spent last Thursday with the former's mother and sister.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Starr of Galena were guests on Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Woodall.

Mrs. Wolford Palmatory spent a few days this week with Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Palmatory of near Sudlersville.

Tiny pimento cups filled with horse radish cream make a colorful garnish for stuffed steaks. Or garnish the steaks with tomato quarters and parsley.

sod.

C. R. Meredith.

HIS GOOD DEED

At a Boy Scout dinner in Australia, Lord Baden-Powell, founder of the Boy Scout movement, was asked by an artist, who had sketched him, to sign the portrait,

"No," said Baden-Powell. "If I took my pencil out of my pocket I would be unable to put it back for five years."

Unruffled, the artist eyed him and said, "Lord Baden-Powell, have you done today's good deed yet?"

"As a matter of fact," Baden-Powell admitted, "I haven't." And he signed.

UNSUSPECTED POWERS

Maurice Barrymore, father of the now-famous Ethel, John and Lionel, was strolling down Fifth Avenue one day, when Sidney Rosenfeld, the playwright, rushed up to him and exclaimed, "Oh, Maurice, have you heard of my misfortune?"

"No," replied Barrymore sympathetically, "what's the matter?"

"My little boy, who is only five years old, got hold of my new play and tore it to tatters."

"Remarkable, remarkable, exclaimed the great actor. "Imagine a child only five years old being able to read."—Wall Street Journal.

BOOK REVIEW

By ERIC KNIGHT

(From The Darien Review)

This reviewer takes this opportunity to report on that current best seller "This Above All" by Eric Knight (Captain in the Connecticut National Guard and Editor of The Darien Review, Darien, Conn., and later Philadelphia newswriter, 1923-1924.)

Having the highest regard for the author, we find ourselves very much in the position of the dentist who is called upon to tinker on the teeth and susceptibilities of a friend—he feels it necessary to do his duty and that with understanding and the best of good will—but he hopes it won't hurt too much!

Friend Knight has gone many parasangs in his literary development since he was Editor of The Darien Review—although even in those days when "we knew him when," he always showed his innate talent and versatility. With equal facility, it seemed, he could write a humorous column, editorials, news stories, or skip about taking excellent snapshots of local sporting and other news events on his ever-ready Graflex Camera.

Always courageous and lacking nothing in ideals, he fearlessly piloted the destinies of his modest newspaper along with those of another hard-hitting and independent weekly newspaper then published under the same publishers. Off duty too, and being musically endowed so that he could play almost any musical instrument and sing all of the songs from the drawing room to the men's camp variety, he was a welcome addition to any company, male or female. But in his development of his characters in "This Above All," his literary expressions and his evident fund of knowledge show that he has indeed gone a long way since 1923—which brings us down to ::This Above All"!

This book truly gives one a vivid picture of war as it is—the grime and the slime and the dog-tired men struggling along to do their job—and when that is done to protect themselves so that they can fight and thus do their job again—the dead horses in the streets and the men with their entrails shot out—WAR. Mr. Knight gives, too, what seems at this distance to be an authentic picture of war as it has affected and is affecting the civilian population of England. Also, through the mental struggles and contortions of his leading character, Mr. Knight tells us what the "common man" in England is fighting for—his faith and idealism which makes it all worthwhile and keeps him going.

However, this reviewer is of the opinion that Mr. Knight has it in him to do a better job than he has done in this book and will in due course do it—and soon we hope! We cannot escape the conclusion that Mr. Knight, in his endeavor to portray the ideals back of Britain's struggle, has endeavored to shoot the moon, but has hardly hit Brooklyn—or London-Bridge. Also this reviewer heard someone who had read Mr. Knight's book say that he thought Mr. Knight had used some 400 pages in an endeavor to convince himself! This writer is somewhat of the opinion that maybe Mr. Knight's efforts were more directed conciously or unconsciously toward endeavoring to convince the Creator that in reality it is (or should be) all right to violate many of the more commonly accepted moral codes, than to convince anybody alse of anything.

If we had not known Mr. Knight we might have thought from reading his book that, here and there, various parts of the dialogue were deliberately inserted and word-pictures painted to bring cash into the till through the sale of the book to those who might otherwise be chewing gum and reading some of the "plup" magazines which might be entitled "Hidden Pasts," etc.

Without being over prudish, it would seem to this reviewer that, even granted that in various alleged he-men lumber, military or other camps, and among certain types of people, etc., the use of certain language commonly held to be unacceptable is indeed made, nonetheless vulgarity is vulgarity—and all the worse if it is in print. As General Grant is reported to have said, "The use of the word damn is not profanity, but vulgarity"! Hence, the writer believes that Mr. Knight's book would have suffered none and gained much had he left out of it some of the conversation between the lovers whose story appears in his pages. It is said that on visiting France in the last war, a well known humorist remarked, "The wealth and position of a French peasant seems to be determined by the pile of offal in his front yard"!

This writer feels that this yardstick apparently is unfortunately to be increasingly applied to many of our current novels—and he, for one, doesn't like it! Therefore this reviewer emphatically wishes Mr. Knight's book say that he thought Mr. Knight had left this sort of thing out of his book.

Again, in endeavoring to portray the reactions of the so-called "ruling caste" in England as it was before and up to the present war, the writer feels that Mr. Knight does not give members of this social group due credit, either from the standpoint of their ideals or of their humanity.

Finally, in hewing and adzing out the main column of his book— the reason why England, the England of England's "common man," should continue the fight against Nazism, the writer feels that Mr. Knight hasn't been anywhere nearly articulate enough, that he has somewhat fumbled the ball. We so much wished him to go into high, here—whereas he seemed to bump along in first speed! He gives his Englishman and us something to cling to, it is true, but it doesn't seem as if he has given either of us nearly enough.

All in all, this reviewer trusts that Mr. Knight will soon try again —either to give us another portrayal of those of English traditions or those of American traditions. This writer greatly hopes that when Mr. Knight does this, he will indeed write the great book, which he feels he is capable of writing.

HOT OFF THE GRIDDLE ....

Chopped crisp bacon and lemon or onion juice added to spinach enhances its flavor. The spinach is cooked as usual and seasoned just before serving.

Finely crushed peppermint stick candy on chocolate pie makes it really deluxe. Chocolate and mint are two flavors that always combine pleasantly.

Much money is saved by utilizing portions wisely. The surplus food may be worth considerable or only a little, but the overall saving amount to several dollars each month.

Hot minced ham sandwiches make a pleasant variation. Place minced ham between two slices of bread, fasten with toothpicks and fry in deep hot fat.

Pea Soup Really Not Hard To Make

Most people think that pea soup is somethnig difficult to make and therefore it is not listed among their accompaniments. However, with the following receipe, everyone can have pea soup "what am pea soup":

Merely soak 1 cup of dried green peas over night. Drain, put in 1 quart of boiling water add 1 small onion, sliced and cook until tender —about four hours. Rub through a strainer; return the pulp and liquid to the fire. Add salt, pepper and 1 tablespoon of butter mixed with flour until smooth. When soup boils add 1 cup of cream, stir and serve.

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