Queen Anne's County's Greatest Advertising Medium

Queen Anne's Record-Observer

THIRD SECTION

VOLUME 1—NO. 4 CENTREVILLE, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1936 PAGES 17 TO 24

Queen Anne's Record-Observer

Published Every Thursday at Centreville, Md., by the Queen Anne's Record and Observer Publishing Co.

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To tell the news accurately, interestingly and promptly. To espouse the best interests of the Nation, Queen Anne's County and the Eastern Shore fearlessly, whole-heartedly.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.00
Until January 1, 1937

Advertising rates furnished upon application.

QUOTATIONS OF THE WEEK

In the long run it is the written word which matters most. If we were ever to depend wholly upon the spoken word, whether we got it from public platforms or from the radio, our words would be radically altered and not, I think, for the better. The eye is a safer conduit-pipe to the brain than the ear.—Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada.

BUS TRANSPORTATION NEEDED

On December 10th the Red Star Bus Line began a schedule of operation which will connect Chestertown to Elkton along the 213 route. The bus will leave in the morning and afternoon, meeting certain trains and will have corresponding return trips.

The Red Star Bus Line also has connected Salisbury and intervening towns including Easton with the ferries to Annapolis. Centreville is the one principal town on the Eastern Shore without any bus service.

It would be to the interest of the community if we could induce the Red Star Bus Line to extend its service from Chestertown through Centreville to Queenstown where it would intersect the bus line to the Matapeake ferry. Every effort should be made by the business interests of the town to do this. The proper officers of the Bus Line should be contacted at once and, this proposal, or a similar one made..

DOBBIN BOBBIN' UP

From Iowa, commonwealth of the tall corn; from Kansas, state of sunflowers and shoulder-high wheat; from Missouri, habitat of his most serious competitor, the strong- muscled and profusely-eared mule, as well as from elsewhere in that fertile Midwest region where man makes his living by caressing the good earth, comes pleasant news: The horse has joined the back-to-the-farm movement.

Many were the arguments advanced by salesmen, most of them apparently economically sound, for the shelving of Dobbin. It was pointed out that industry had produced a fabricated draft-animal which ate only when it worked, a point which. in view of the high price of forage, seemed to be well taken at the time. It was also urged upon the potential purchaser that here was a creature upon which long hours of labor made little impression, whose ability to pull several plows, disks or harrows made it equal to a dozen horses. Dobbin was led away, to be sold on a declining market.

And then came gray economic days. Days when the tiller of the land learned that his meadows, while they returned a good harvest of hay, were entirely inadequate when it came to producing a crop of gasoline, and when the cylindered steed stood idle in its stall for want of this essential fuel. The farmer discovered that while Dobbin could perform his duties on a limited ration or turn out a creditable day's work on a diet of fodder, or scant, hillside vegetation, his powerful successor was powerless unless provided regularly with a somewhat expensive liquid diet.

Some of those who had purchased the shiny steeds began to doubt the wisdom of exchanging the horse for horsepower. Slowly at first, and then in increasing numbers, horses made their appearance on farms, until today it may be said that Dobbin is back in the harness once more.

THE AVERAGE MAN

Away back in the days of the Coolidge boom, a national magazine descended on Roy L. Gray, storekeeper of Fort Madison, Ia., and announced that he was America's "average man."

In the nine years that followed, Mr. Gray has been the target of innumerable wisecracks. He is beginning to get a little tired of it, which is no wonder at all, and he announces that if it keeps up he will presently do "something that is a long way from average."

It may be some comfort to him to be assured that his selection was based on the wrong premise in the first place. For the plain fact is that there is no such thing as an "average man" in the United States any more. There hasn't been, since Colonial days.

One of the most noteworthy facts about America, indeed, is that it is a [illegible] of infinite variety. We have had a good deal of talk about the standardization of habits and custom in this country, but you do not need to travel about in it very much to discover that the nation contains about as widely differing a collection of human beings as was ever brought under one roof.

Pick out a dry farmer from Montana, a steel puddler from Birmingham, Ala., an Eastern Shore waterman, a two-acres-and-a-mule cotton farmer from Arkansas, an Indianapolis insurance salesman, a Slav production line hand from New York —and just try to average them.

You may be able to pick out one or two traits that all have in common. Beyond that, your attempt to strike an average will have you goggle-eyed in no time.

Even if you divide the land into classes, you can't pick average men. Who, for instance, is your average farmer? The state of Maine potato raiser, the Italian truck gardener from Massachusetts, the Kansas wheat grower, the corn-and-hog man from Iowa, or the truck farmer such as we have on the Eastern Shore. All these are American farmers but the mutual resemblance goes little further than that.

Then there are the women. Where is your average among a New Jersey airplane hostess, a short-order waitress in a Minnesota railroad junction town, a New York hosiery model, an Ohio housewife, a student nurse in Seattle, Wash., a shirt factory worker in Salisbury, and high school girl in a Tennessee small town? The odds are that all of them are thoroughly capable persons in their respective positions if not always trim and pretty—but what average is there, beyond that?

The truth is, of course, that we simply kid ourselves when we talk about any sort of "average" American. There is no average—and it is precisely in that fact that there lies the richness and the strength of our nation.

CAROLS OR HYMNS

Who knows the difference between Christmas hymns and Christmas carols? There is a difference, but few people realize just how to separate the two. We are at a loss to explain, except that Xmas carols emanate from folk-lore immediately following the birth of Christ and hinge mostly upon the events of the Holy Night. For instance, "Holy Night Silent Night," "O Little Town of Bethlehem," etc., are carols, universally sung. Christmas hymns, like "Christus Hodie Natus Est," or "Christ is born Today," have been written mostly during centuries following the birth of our Saviour by leading musical composers. Would you classify "Adeste Fideles" as a carol or a hymn? How about "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear?" It appears that carols embrace the major portions of our Yuletide songs. Sometimes they include what may be termed as hymns. Hymns are defined as "sacred odes to the praise of something or someone."

BASEMENT TO FLAGPOLE

The elections throughout the nation are over. Candidates for office on every ticket have promised to work for tax reduction.

It is becoming pretty generally recognized today that taxes are such a burden on industry that they restrict its normal development—that means they restrict prospective jobs.

The most pressing relief needs of the depression period have passed. But in their wake will be a hangover of persons on the public payroll that will drain the treasuries of government and industry unless a drastic program is inaugurated to cut off useless expense and live up to campaign promises to hold down and reduce taxes.

The mopping-up process will have to begin in the basement of the smallest city hall and go right through to the gold ball atop the flagpole on the capital at Washington.

Nothing would do more to encourage industry to develop and employ more and more labor than a feeling that an honest and determined effort was being made throughout the nation to balance budgets and reduce taxation.

The answer rests with the people. Their is the power to demand efficency and economy in government, or theirs is the power to break their own public treausuries and the taxpayers (workers and industries).

The first course leads to steady jobs and good wages. The second course leads to unemployment, mortgage foreclosures on homes and businesses, and the eventual break-down of sound government.

We can't pass the buck—the answer rests with us — the taxpayer, the workers and our public servants.

THE Rambling Recorder

There is no question about woods being wet now after the rain of last week. But Sunday's skies were as clear as one could wish for. All in all, December has been running true to its usual form on the Eastern Shore, fairly mild temperatures, no snow, and landscape more like October a little farther north.

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The Eastern Shore is full of landing fields for airplanes, which is quite a boon for skyriders. On Sunday Ben Miller of Grasonville had a couple of visitors from Baltimore who merely hopped across the Bay, landed in a field within walking distance of Ben's, spent a couple of hours, and hopped back as casually as a couple of motorists might have done. That's twentieth century transportation.

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One Centreville young man with a yen for an air trip tried to hitch hike a ride to Easton in the plane that brought Santa Claus up to the Race Track. The pilot, a young man resembling a quiet business man more than an aviator, said the take-off on the track was too risky for him to take a passenger—which was one way of saying "No."

—o—

Kent Island is certainly close to sea level and the last little hump goes a long way. One man avers as a fact that in two pipes laid side by side under a road at Stevensville, surface water flowed in opposite directions at the same time. Charles I. Boyle says that water on one part of his farm flows into the Choptank River while water from another portion curls around until it empties into the Chester River.

—o—

Among the decorations for the new Queen Theatre which opened at Queenstown Wednesday evening are two tapestries hanging one on each side of the stage. They are said to be famous old hand-made specimens and, consequently, valuable enough. Reputed to be 300 or more years old, and made abroad, of course, they were brought to America by Samuel Harman, Baltimore lawyer, about forty years ago. This touch of art on the part of the Queen Theatre brings it in line with the modern slant at movie houses—making them motion picture palaces, artistic as well as comfortable.

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There is something admirable in the confidence of the officers of the Love Point ferry Pittsburgh in their ability to navigate the run to Baltimore almost with their eyes shut. Grounding on a sound bar on a night when the fog was actually a blindfold bears this out, for only men utterly sure of their familiarity with the crooks of the Chester River and the Bay would have left the dock. The passengers, some of whom had embarked on a trip for a single day's shopping put up with the inconvenience with great good humor. Perhaps the lady who had the most cause for disappointment was one who was starting on a three-day vacation, spent nearly two of them on the sand bar, and with only one day left merely turned back home without her trip.

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Evidently the two lads who sold subscriptions to church magazines in Chestertown and who were reported to have used a minister's name without his knowledge were really free from blame. Mrs. Harry Skipper of Queen Anne says that she subscribed to the Christian Herald through the boys, was told to wait about a month for her copy to arrive before making inquiries at the magazine office, and received her first copy on Monday. Seems as if there were two ministers named, the Rev. Mr. Roberts involved.

RADIANT LIVING

"TODAY I MET THE CHRIST"

By Rev. C. M. Griffeth
Pastor Calvary M. E. Church
Sudlersville, Md.

The site upon which is erected the Lincoln Memorial was chosen after a great deal of deliberation for the specific purpose to give to that magnificent edifice such a background that the impression it would make upon the observer would be one of grandeur.

There is but one impression that the Christian seeks to make upon his fellow man as he goes through the day and that is to leave the impression of the personality of the Christ.

As with the Apostle Paul, so with the Christian, his supreme idea is, "For me to live is Christ.

That he may so impress others with the personality of Jesus Christ, the Christian seeks to hide his own personality away into that of the Christ by smothering every inward prompting to hasty rash speech. He deliberately refuses to seek revenge. He over-looks slights and slur. He constantly seeks to rise above these things that destroy the joy of the heart and that spoil the day.

In just such circumstannces that would otherwise call forth his own baser traits, the true Christian seeks to express those higher traits of the Christ character.

To deny expression to one's native selfish instincts, is, of course, quite unpopular to the person who is determined to give another "a piece of his mind." But such denial is absolutely necessary for any person who would have the Christ revealed through his own life.

When one's personality is dominated by that of the Christ, there shall be seen in his eyes the compassion of Jesus, there shall be heard in his voice the echo of the Christ's, there shall be seen in his deeds something that shall recall to mind the blessedness of Christ's ministery in Galilee.

Then shall men say, "Today I met the Christ!"

THE POET'S CORNER

NECKLACE

When days have grown colder.
Wintergreen, bittersweet,
Partridge and alder,
Red are these berries

Barberry, rose-hip,
Beads in a chain
Linking a summer
To summer again.

—Eleanor Vinton

6
SIX MORE SHOPPING DAYS

BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Coming Events

December 17—Banquet of Company K., at Centreville Armory.

December 18—Christmas party given by the Parent-Teachers Association for all the children of the Centreville Grammar School.

December 19—Annual Rotary party for the children, given under the Community Tree in the Court House Square at 3 o'clock.

December 21—Second Community Sing when carols will be a feature. To be held in front of the Centreville Court House.

December 23—Drawing of prizes also held in front of the Centreville Court House.

December 25—Annual Christmas Dance of the Centreville High School Alumni Association.

December 28—Annual Dance of Sudlersville High School Alumni Association.

December 31—New Year's Eve Patron's Dance at Little Theatre.

December 31—New Year's Dance at Centreville Armory.

MILLINGTON

Miss Jean Phillips spent the week-end as the guest of her girl-friend, Miss Betty Jones of Smyrna, Del.

Mr. Harry Eaton and Miss Hattie Harris, of Felton, Del., were Sunday visitors of his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Hopkins.

Mr and Mrs. Clyde and daughter, Helen May, of Sassafras, Md., were visitors on Sunday of her grandmother, Mrs. Kate Garton.

Mrs. R. C. Bowman and Miss Sue Jones spent last Tuesday in Baltimore as the guest of Mrs. Eva Layman.

Mr. and Mrs. George Smith, Mr. Frank Smith, and Miss Sue Jones spent last Thursday at Valley Forge.

Mr. S. T. Pippin, of Wilmington, Del., visited his sons, Billy and James, on Sunday.

Dorothy Hilyard, of Chestertown High School, was the week-end guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Hilyard.

The Queen Esther Circle of the M. E. Church met on Tuesday night at the home of Miss Pauline Jones.

Mr. Jim Pennington, of Baltimore, was the week-end guest of his mother, Mrs. Annie Pennington.

Mr. and Mrs. William Burris have moved to their farm and their former home is now being occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Tull, the Prudential insurance agent.

Mr. Lawrence Massey, of Goldey College, Wilmington, Del., was the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lucian Massey, over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baker and son, Charles Everett, of Warwick, was a Saturday guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nat Baker.

Mr. John H. Tobin and son, Jackie, of Middletown, Del., visited friends in town on Saturday.

Miss Margaret Lee, a student at the Milford Beauty Shop, Wilmington, Del., and Miss Charlotte Jones, of Homeopathic Hospital, Wilmington, Del., was the week-end guest of their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Walls, of Crumpton, was a visitor on Saturday of her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Sanner.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Taylor, of Chester, Pa., and Miss Emma Price, of Lynwood, Pa., was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. R. C. Bowman on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Van Sant, of Elkton, was the guest on Sunday of his mother, Mrs. George B. Jones.

Miss Pauline Moore, of Wilmington, was the week-end guest of her parents. Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Moore.

The Homemakers Club held their annual Christmas party in the community on Monday evening.

Mrs. George Smith spent a few days as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Morgan King, in Middletown, Del.

The Good Old Days

Rabbit fever, or tularemia, which was first called to the attention of Marylanders in 1928, was an old story even in Biblical days, as the following item taken from the Centreville Observer of Dec. 8, 1928, shows.

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Historians and bible students join game officials in calling attention to the fact that "anti-bunny warnings" were in vogue even as far back as 5,000 years ago. They point to the 11th chapter, verses 4 to 8, Leviticus, which states:

"The flesh of the hare shall ye not eat, and its carcass shall ye not touch, they are unclean to you."

Dr. George C. Smith, of Centreville, veteran hunter, has found several cases which would indicate the existence of "rabbit fever" in the county. Several hunters have told him of finding dead rabbits which appeared to be victims of the malady and other rabbits have been killed before the dogs which, when opened were found to have diseased livers.

THE MAIL BAG

To the Editor:

I am going to try and boost our village equally and as carefully as Mike Aker did his town in last week's paper. week's paper.

—o—

Who knows that some day Ruthsburg will not be the business center of the county?

We have four roads that lead out from the village; we have two churches that will soon unite into one; we have two up-to-date stores that keep open late at night for fear one will get a penny ahead; we have two mails a day morning and afternoon; we have four milk trucks that haul milk to and from our village.

We also have a County Home that will soon be a thing of the past, but the house and surroundings would make a good Ford building. We have a community hall that is equipped for any occasion, we have a hunting exposition at all times—night and day you can hear fox hounds trailing game.

The ladies here have the name of being the best cooks in the state. The next thing we need is some good common sense used in giving us a hard road to carry us to our destination and a snow plow.

This completes the boost for the time being.

MRS. MARY WHITE.

To the Editor:

I am wondering if you are willing to insert a personal letter in your paper, advising the people that I am desirous of securing all the second hand Xmas cards that people don't want after Xmas to send to a Shut In Society and also an invalid Lady in Baltimore who sends them to crippled children hospitals and the like or not?

I think this a mighty worthy cause, and if you are willing to cooperate with me along these lines, I will be glad and at the same time you will be helping this much more to bring sunshine into somebody's lives. All that is necessary is for those who will to send me their Xmas Cards after they have served their purpose after Xmas.

I received a great many last year from this as well as sister Counties.

MILTON B. SLEMMER.

MARYLAND A HORSEY STATE

By Nelson Dunston

I have made five or six end-to-end trips through Maryland since 1931, and daresay that at one time or another, I have visited every breeding establishment in the State. It is often said that first impressions are the most lasting, and in the random cupboards of my mind is a clear recollection of floating lazily at forty miles an hour through a kaleidoscopic panorama of wild, mountainous country, then through rolling piedmont acreage, and then, for variety, a swift spin through the flat, fertile and enticing land, best known as the Eastern Shore.

But of my many Maryland tours, the one made last Winter will ever stay green in memory, despite the fact that the Maryland green was blanketed with a thick layer of white. I accompanied a raging snowstorm into the City of Baltimore, but as time was an element, it was necessary I continue to the farms. And I was more than compensated, for though I saw Maryland at her worst, I also saw her breeders at their best, with men rising to the occasion in caring for and protecting the horse population from a frowning Dame Nature.

It is not within the province of a sketch such as this to dwell at length on the history and tradition of breeding in the Old Line State. Nor again to write on any particular phase of Maryland activities, beyond those essentials of the past, which, by comparison, are necessary for a clearer focus of the progress, or rather progressiveness, which is the outstanding characteristic of the present day breeding contingent.

Any story of Maryland, as a breeding center, should start, of course, with Belair Stud, the first in America, and still a vital producing force. So should it include Fairview, which, built in 1790, was the home of Oden Bowie, and also the home of the fleet gelding, Crickmore, twice conqueror of the immortal Hindoo. It was Governor Bowie, who formulated plans for the Dinner Party Stakes, the races won by Preakness, in whose honor Maryland's great three-year-old classic is named.

From 1885 to shortly after the birth of the present century, both racing and breeding lost ground in Maryland. And to jump another quarter century, the breeding map of 1924, besides the two historic studs, Belair and Bowling Brook, would contain only the farms of J. K. L. Ross, Samuel Riddle, Richard F. Carman, H. Guy Bedwell, J. Edwin Griffith, William Jennings, B. M. Dever, Major G. L. Stryker, W. J. Demoss, and W. O. Forest.

Now skip another dozen years to 1936, and it becomes plainly evident why I emphasize progressiveness as the keynote of modern Maryland breeding. In the past twelve years, the number of breeders has grown steadily. So has the horse population, to the degree that I think the estimated $6,000,000 valuation on her thoroughbred stock is low. But low or high, the figure is insignificant when compared to the present valuation of Maryland farms of which there are approximately thirty-five.

To continue the theme of progressiveness, consider just three—the Country Life Farm of the veteran Adolphe Pons; the Sagamore Farm, taken over by the youthful Gwynne Vanderbilt and the Holly Beach Farm, which founded by the late Sylvester Labrot, is still enlarging as a result of the interest taken by the Labrot family.

The very name of Country Life Farm suggests a restful haven. Since Adolphe Pons purchased the property from Raymond Miller, it has been a beehive of thoroughbred activity. Stationed there are the stallions—Ladkin, Crack Brigade, and High Strung. Maryland was the richer when this veteran breeder selected the Old Line State as the base for his activities.

So was Maryland the winner when Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt acknowledged his interest in the Old Line State by continuing Sagamore Farm and later endorsing his choice by purchasing a block of the Pimlico Stock. when miles away, a visitor can see that cerise and white Sagamore buildings in the distance, and with Discovery, Identify and Balko standing there, it can only be a matter of conjecture as to what this particular farm will mean to Maryland production in the immediate years to come.

The same can be said for Holly Beach Farm. When Sir Greysteel passed on, the Labrot family gave their telling answer to rumors they would withdraw by importing the French stallion, Kantar, and more recently, as a member of the syndicate which brought Teddy's son, Aethelstan, to these shores and to Maryland.

The word "progressiveness" as applied to Maryland, can only be used in the correct sense when it refers to the solid body, rather than the units which comprise the body. Janon Fisher, Jr., J. W. Y. Martin, Dr. J. Fred Adams, Major G. L. Stryker, William Elder, Brann and Castle, R. J. Walden and ever so many others have written brilliant chapters individually, but attained their greatest strength when they welded into one organization—the Maryland Horse Breeders' Association.

There are many reasons to be found why Maryland has held her place as one of America's thoroughbred producing centers. Any visitor roaming through Harford, Anne Arundel, and more particularly, Baltimore County, will see ample proof of the three great necessities—water, grass and rolling land. And these resources become of greater significance when it is realized the majority of Maryland farms are within thirty miles of the City of Baltimore, and but an overnight run to principal sales marts at Saratoga and Lexington.

Queen Anne's County Social Register

CHURCH HILL

The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clash, the Rev. Joseph C. Wood and Mrs. John Conley, of Wilmington, Del., were luncheon guests of the Rev. and Mrs. Walter C. Eastburn, on Wednesday at the Rectory.

Miss Gertrude Merrick entertained at dinner Tuesday evening three of her students, Misses Clara Elizabeth Dudley, Eleanor Shortall and Virginia Walls.

Rev. and Mrs. Lester A. Smallwood and daughter, Miss Dorothy, were Wilmington shoppers last Wednesday.

Miss Mabel Hall has secured a position in the office of the County Agent in Centreville.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Roe and Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Everett were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Schmidt at Elkton on Sunday.

John Wilbur Walls, Jr., entertained Lester and Gerald Smallwood for supper last Wednesday.

Mrs. James Tatman returned to her home on Saturday from Emergency Hospital, Easton.

Miss Winifred Anderson has returned to her home after spending several weeks with relatives and friends in New York City and Wilmington.

Mr. and Mrs. John Coppage spent the week-end with Mrs. E. G. Coppage.

The story telling group of children under the leadership of Mrs. Arthur Rhodes chanced off a cake last week. From this cake they made four dollars. Mr. Junior Porter was the winner of the cake.

Mrs. Walter Eastburn and Mrs. Frank W. Brower, of Price, spent Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week in Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilbur Walls spent Wednesday in Wilmington.

Mrs. Claude Smith and daughter, Shirley Virginia, returned to their home from Kent and Queen Anne Hospital last Saturday.

Mrs. Elmer Sterling entertained her mother, Mrs. John Bennett, of Chestertown, Tuesday and Wednesday of last week.

The Rt. Rev. George W. Davenport, D. D., of Easton, spent Sunday at the Rectory.

Mr. Earle Smith, of Denton, entertained his family at an annual dinner on Sunday. The invited guests from here were: Mr. and Mrs. J. B. T. Merrick and daughter, Miss Gertrude, Mrs. E. G. Coppage and Mr. and Mrs. W C. Smith.

Little Misses Phyllis and Janet Sterling, daughters of Dr. and Mrs. Elmer Sterling were unable to attend school last week due to illness.

Miss Eleanor Dudley was an overnight guest of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Seney in Centreville Friday night.

At this writing, Mr. Robert Whaley, one of the town's oldest citizens is ill.

Mr. Bowen Tatman, of Lancaster, Pa., spent the week-end with his mother, Mrs. James Tatman.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry D. Massey and Mr. Chester Massey were visitors in Philadelphia and Wilmington on Wednesday.

Tonight, Thursday is the meeting time for the Community Club.

The M. E. Church is undergoing extensive repairs. The outside of the church is being shingled.

Services at the Southern Methodist Church for Sunday will be Sunday School at 10 a. m. and precahing at 7:30 p. m. Rev. Smallwood has closed his special meetings at Sudersville.

Mr. Gilbert Everett of Baltimore, spent the weke-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Marion Everett.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Roe, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Everett and Miss Bertie Walls were Wilmington visitors on Monday.

R-U TELLING ME

By KING ANNE

This paper reaches you today in 24 pages. A big edition indeed. Its pages crammed ful of Yuletide news events and better still messages from all leading Queen Anne's county merchants. It is doubtful if any other weekly paper in America is so large. So, in scanning the pages of your Record-Observer for this week, it will pay you well to read closely each and every advertisement. There are several shopping days yet before Christmas. More people are giving gifts this year than ever before. Be sure that your shopping list is complete, then patronize the merchants whose gift selections are offered in attractive adds appearing today in this paper.

—o—

And now while the spirit of the Yuletide season prevails, let us at least give some thought to those less forunate than ourselves. When we shop to bring cheer and gladness to the hearts of our friends, let us remember that perhaps in this county are many families who through unfortunate circumstances might not have a happy Christmas, might not even have any Christmas, if we don't help. Look about you, if you happen to know any of these families, wouldn't it be wise this year to see that the needy are helped, that they are brought a measure, small as it might be, of happiness and joy which yourself will enjoy. Surely you can have a happy heart and soul made more happy this Christmas if you will help those that won't have any Christmas, unless you do help. To many children right here in Queen Anne's county, Santa Claus is an unknown factor. He hasn't visited them in years, has passed them up. So let's unravel the mystery for these tots, by going out of our way to scout them out and when we have found them, let's follow through to see that Santa gets the proper address and does make some deliveries to them on Christmas morn.

—o—

In all history of this modern civilization, with it's wars and trying conditions, we believe that King Edward and Wally will go down in history, the King who gave up a throne for the woman he loved. This would make a suitable setting for a change in the books that children in the future will read. Because in this recent happening there was nothing mythical about it. It became a real happening. When we were young and had stories told to us, they were stories about kings and queens, stories that never were real, fairy stories if you like. But written on the pages of history last week was a real story, of the king who had to either give up his crown or the woman he loved, and he selected the woman he loved.

—o—

Just a reminder . . . check your mailing list close for those to whom you intend to send Christmas cards. It's rather embarrasing to receive a card from a dear friend just the day before Christmas and then suddenly realize that you failed to send that friend one. Here's a good suggestion also. Be sure to save the cards you receive this Christmas and then next year your mailing list will be complete.

—o—

A stray cat is said to have been responsible for an automobile accident last week that resulted in the death of a well known Massey woman. Such happenings are not rare. How many times have you almost lost control of your car when a pesky bee took it upon himself to fly into the car? And in some cases bees have caused the car driver to actually loose control. The only remedy seems to be driving at a moderate speed so that when the emergency occurs, if you have the wreck, perhaps it won't be so very bad.

—o—

The opening of the liquor dispensary in Centreville sort of brings back memories of the times when the only way to secure the fire water in the county, that is legally, was to order same from Baltimore. Thus each Saturday night the trains runing into the county seemed to always have considerable amount of express, square brown boxes that held pints and quarts or what have you of beverages. Around Christmas time there was a decided pick up in express business. And that was one form of express shipment that generally was called for immediately.

—o—

Considerable interest seems to be centered this year on the Christmas dance of the Centreville High School Alumni to be held this year at the Centreville Armory. It is offered at a time when graduates from far and near will be home for the holidays. A merry occasion when former school chums get together, talk about events in the good old days. Perhaps some day someone will think up the idea of staging a real homecoming event in Centreville, a time when all former county men and women will be invited to again come "home". Or this might be made county-wide, with each town having it's individual celebration climaxed with a gala homecoming ball at the Centreville armory for all the county.

White Eclipse

I woke
to a white world—
lane, fence, field and woodland
invisible in full morning
sunlight!

—Irene Stanley

Abner *says*-

The sad man at a game of poker is the man to watch.