Queen Anne's Record-Observer

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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.

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QUOTATION OF THE WEEK

There are two classes of workers: those who on the return of their employer from a trip are found to have done more work than they were expected to do; second; those who under the same conditions are always found to have done less. The first have permanent positons. The second flit from job to job and are usually convinced that they are ill-treated.—Shining Lines.

LOWER THE RATES

The problem as to who is to operate the ferry between Kent Island and Annapolis is settled until another session of the General Assembly, at least; indefinitely, from present appearances. All the fury and oratory of the last session of the Assembly died away, leaving the Claiborne-Annapolis company sitting pretty.

The rival Maryland Bay organization got nowhere. The action of the Senate in voting to abolish the Chesapeake Bay Bridge Authority, while not backed up by the House, serves to preclude purchase of the present ferry operation. The Claiborne-Annapolis company rules the waves from Kent Island west, with no rival, no threat of purchase.

This is the assurance that the Claiborne-Annapolis Ferry Company said it wanted as a basis for bettering service.

The ferry company has been taken care of. Now should be the turn of the customers.

The present ferry rates should be reduced.

This can be done by the ferry company on its own initiative, or by order of the Public Service Company. If the rates are properly cut by the ferry company, the matter is settled.

If this is not done, it is time now for the Public Service Commission to step in, before the present agitation jells into its final inert mass.

Unless we are mistaken, the Public Service Commission has never ordered lower rates on the Matapeake ferry, except as asked for by the company itself. Kent Islanders recall vividly that when they sought lower rates through the Public Service Commission two years ago, their efforts resulted in what was termed a big hunk of nothing.

The chief dissatisfaction with the Matapeake ferry today, and the chief basis of opposition to the company at the recent legislative session, are both due to a definite public belief that rates for the short Matapeake crossing are excessive.

And that dissatisfaction is likely to remain until the public is convinced that their interests in the ferry situation, represented in part by rates, is cared for by lower costs of transportation.

WELFARE CAUTION

The policy of the Queen Anne's County Welfare Board in proceeding conservatively with general public assistance, or relief, as it is usually called, has proved its soundness in the light of recent handling of the relief problem by the Maryland General Assembly.

The new relief tax bill passed by the legislature suspends for a while the distribution of funds to counties for general public assistance, and provides for them only when sufficient revenue is obtained to meet prior requirements for old age pensions, aid to the blind, and aid to dependent children.

The proper priority of these three items over relief is widely assumed, especially because the tidal wave of relief payments has passed.

Bceause of the action of the legislature in cutting off funds, many counties find themselves embarrassed for lack of revenue for relief.

Queen Anne's county, on the other hand, is in the position of having a balance on hand not only sufficient to meet the needs of the next quarter, but possibly ample enough to be strung out until state funds again become available.

This satisfactory position is due not so much to denial of relief payments as to a conservative policy of sifting out claims so as to reveal unemployables who are really in need of aid, and maintaining a bar against those who could work, if they choose. The board has always gone ahead only as far as it could see clearly, always with the idea in mind that relief might eventually become a county proposition, as it was in the past.

Their judgment appears to have been sound. Certainly the county has its Welfare Board to thank that the emergency which seems to have arisen elsewhere is not to become an emergency here.

THE NATIONAL GAME

Warming skies and lengthening days, and the reappearance of familiar box-scores in newspaper columns herald the advent of America's national sport fever, the baseball season.

For many millions the crack of the bat against the horsehide is sweeter music than ever trills through a radio, and far more important are the records and achievements of the greats of the diamond than are the vastly more important doings of our state and national legislatures, our researchers in the field of pure science, our pioneers in economic and industrial fields.

For baseball is down to the level of interest of men and boys. Most of them understand the game from playing it, on sand lots, behind the barn or the school playgrounds. They know the joys of socking out a solid hit, or the difficulty in fielding a hot grounder or shagging a tantalizing fly just beyond their outstretched fingers.

For some time the moan has gone up that baseball is losing its grip. City boys, denied space for the carry of the solid ball, have turned to handball, soft ball, golf and tennis, games which do not endanger windows or pedestrians.

But the rural districts are digging in as the ultimate reservoir of future diamond greats. Country boys still have the freedom of the barn lot or the fallow field.

Organized baseball has come to realize this, and is actively sponsoring the national game in the smaller communities where reside men who have known the fun of the game and where the fever is still rampant.

The Eastern Shore League is just such a gesture on the part of big league baseball, and the club to be placed in Centreville is one of its offshoots. By clubs like the Centreville one, baseball's big top hopes to bridge the gap of opportunity for the lads who have learned the game in Sunday scrub games in the farm pasture, and with rural semi-professional teams.

The big leagues are reaching a hand down to their future reservoir in the country districts. The country districts, in proportion to their alertness, are reaching up. For by the increasing number of these contacts will the future of America's national sport be assured.

SAFETY PARALLELS

Authorities on safety are finding important parallels between present day efforts to stop traffic casualties and the accident problem which faced industry a quarter century ago.

It is history that in the beginning, management was reluctant to support the industrial safety movement on any but humantarian grounds. Executives feared that the acceptance of safety standards and procedures, the use of machine guards and other such devices would slow up production. For industry, this reasoning has long since gone into discard.

Oddly enough, however, a large part of society seems to hold the same fatalistic attitude toward the traffic accident problem. Speaking on the subject recently, Albert W. Whitney, who is in charge of safety activities for the National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters, struck sharply at the validity of such beliefs in a modern world.

"This reasoning and this pschology are utterly wrong," Mr. Whitney said. "Accidents are certainly not a price we must pay either for industrial progress or for the use of the automobile. Far from slowing up production, safety actually quickens it by increasing efficiency. It is common knowledge today that the causes which produce industrial accidents are also the causes of inefficiency in production. Industry knows that high accident frequency is a sympom of waste.

"What happened in the industrial field will happen with the automobile. Not only can we solve the traffic accident problem, but in so doing we shall very largely solve the traffic efficiency problem. Communities that are cutting down their accidents successfully are just those communities that are moving their traffic more quickly and more easily."

If America can come to realize that by controlling traffic deaths and injuries it can like wise control traffic economy, the incentive to do both should not be lacking. More and more we realize that the causes which produce traffic accidents also cause us to spend more than is necessary for gasoline, oil, tires, upkeep and insurance, delay us in reaching our business and social destinations and generally slow up the progress of a motorized world. Such reasoning appeals both to the heart and the pocketbook, an irresistable combination.

A typical New York slum tenement will be reproduced "in every detail" in the nave of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine as an exhibit for the coming conference on slum clearance. Presumably, the dirt and the odors will be left to the imagination.—Springfield Republican.

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A man can fail many times but he isn't a failure until he begins to blame somebody else.—Buffalo News.

THE Rambling Recorder

The long days of April are beginning to show a mastery over the cool weather that lingered over from March. Last week brought typical April weather, cool and wet, but the warm days of this week are sharpening the forward glance toward summer.

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The rainy weather threw seed dealers' business into a tailspin while it lasted. Many farmers, apparently, do not buy their seed until they are ready to go into the field to sow it.

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John Moffett made an able toastmaster at the pitchplayers' banquet. He was a good natured target for foolery of various sorts until the speaking commenced, when he had last say, and mixed up humorous barbs and praise to square things all around. The banquet was a typical he-man's affair, where order prevailed, yet which was pervaded by a lusty, boisterous tone which kept things moving at a lively pace.

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The burglar alarm on the Queenstown Bank popped off with a false alarm Thursday evening while many of the leading citizens of the town were sitting in on the Lions banquet at Salisbury. One resident ascribed the false alarm to vibration caused by efforts of Queenstowners trying to get the moon over the mountain with a vocal schorus down by the Wicomico.

—o—

A fleet of eighteen planes fyling in perfect order in three groups of six, passd over Sudlersville Tuesday morning headed southeast by east, as one compass expert judged it.

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There is more than one Texas in the world, as friends of George L. Hart of Templeville found out. When Mr. Hart left Templeville to work for an oil concern, his pals passed the word around that he had gone to the Lone Star State, only to learn to their embarrassment that he traipsed only to Texas in Baltimore county.

—o—

Pat O'Rourke and Philip E. Lucey, representatives of the Phillies, slipped quietly into Centreville Tuesday to have a look-see at the baseball grounds and the preparations for the coming season. Mr. O'Rourke, known everywhere among baseball leaders, is a short, stocky, ruddy-faced man with keen blue eyes and a ready tongue. A scout for the Phillies, he was not particularly anxious to have his picture in the paper, since he can do a better job of scouting if his identity is unknown.

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His companion, Phil Lucey, who will be a resident of Centreville during the playing season, is chief of a fire department down in Florida. About the same height as O'Rourke, he is younger, dark and slender, and still talks more in the fashion of his native Binghampton, N. Y., than with the drawl of the Alligator State.

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Both men were burdened with overcoats when they reached Centreville. The day was comforable enough with the thermometer just over sixty degrees yet both were averse to shedding the overcoats. A week back from Florida, they still felt chilly.

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A. Temple Blackwood is proving himself a crack advertising man in the way he is lining up copy for the forthcoming program for the Guernsey Breeders' show. He is also as well versed as a printer in matters of paper stock and layout, which seemed surprising to us until we learned that Mr. Blackwood once joined in publishing a trade magazine.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

The Rambler in the Cambridge Record has seen taxes slapped on so many unexpected things in his extended view of life's scenes that he pessimistically points out a hitherto untapped source of revenue.

Says he,

"You needn't be surprised if a few years hence there isn't a special tax on privately owned burial lots in all graveyards."

—o—

Always alert to the little touches which prove the changing scene, the Worcester Democrat pens a vigorous and detailed account of a present day rarity, a runaway horse.

"A little excitement occurred on Clarke Avenue last Monday mroning, which would not have attracted the same attention back in the horse-and-buggy days as it did these times of motor driven vehicles.

"It was no less than a run-away-horse attached to a cart. A colored man was attempting to bring the frightened animal to a halt, but it had apparently seized the bit in its teeth and plunged madly on.

"The horse and cart were the property of Mr. Ford Hitchens. Something disturbed the serenity of the beast, and he started wildly out the Avenue toward Market street, with the driver trying his best to guide him. A truck was parked at the curb opposite the store of B. F. Sturgis. The run-away prfeerred the pavement to the street and dashed in between the building and truck without doing serious injury to anything. He plunged diagonally across Vine Street, ran up on the pavement, narrowly missing an electric light pole, and finally stopped when he became entangled in the wire netting forming the temporary fencing around the new Municipal Building.

A crowd soon gathered which took possession of his horse-ship, released him from the cart, and he walked away as quietly as if nothing unusual had happened."

THE POET'S CORNER

It is not mine—this field of red clover—
No more than the meadow larks singing over,
No more than the dew and the fragrance drifting
Into my heart that semes to be lifting
With clover and wings—It is mine to keep
Only so much as dreams can reap
And store away. And over and over
I shall return to this field of red clover
When bees are gone and hay's in the mow.
Perhaps the one who owns it now
May lose the best of it, here in the sun,
And not know all of his richness won
Unless he looks and breathes and listens
Over each gem of dew that glistens.

—Glenn Ward Dresbach.

NEEDLES OF SPRING

The needles of spring are sewing
Stitches of Color,
Patterns of song.

—Myrtle E. Gage.

OLD TIMERS

On the Gillespie Farm, near Sudlersville, in the First District on April 16th, 1876, just sixty-one years ago tomorrow, was born a little boy who was destined to become one of Queen Anne's county's finest men, beloved by all with whom he came in contact.

That little boy was George Edward Gillespie, now one of Queen Anne's county's best known and most infuential business men. He is the Record-Observer's "Old imer," for the week, and we proudly pay him tribute on this the occasion of his sixty-first birthday.

Mr. Gillespie is the son of the late William J. Gillespie, who was elected Sheriff for Queen Anne's county in the fall of 1879, and was commissioned on November 18th, of the same year. His mother was the late Esther Power Gillespie.

At the age of three years when his father was made Sheriff "Old Timer" Gillespie came to Centreville, with his parents, and it was here that he began his early education attending the local elementary school, and the Old Male Academy, where the foundation of the education of many of the county's outstanding men was laid. After the expiration of his father's tenure in office they returned to the farm, and he continued school at the little Duhamel School, long since abandoned, with the development of consolidation of rural schools.

In 1901 "Old Timer" Gillsepie, took over the management of his father's farm, and kept Bachelor's Hall for two years. However, within that time he met the charming Miss Martha Smythe, a native of Philadelphia and won her heart and hand. They were married January 28th, 1903, and returned to the old home to reside. Not only Mr. Gillespie, but four of his five children were born at the old homestead, around which many fond and happy memories are woven.

Several years later "Old Timer" Gillespie purchased the "Ben Dudley" farm, located on the highway from Church Hill to Sudlersville, and the family moved there. He continued his farming activities until 1926, when they built an attractive home in Sudlersville. in 1928 they sold the farm to "Jimmie" Foxx, of the Philadelphia Athletics, now a member of the Boston Red Sox.

In connection with his farming activities "Old Timer" Gillespie in 1923 began the operation of a Concrete Products Manufacturing Concern, combined with a Marble Monument business. The business has developed rapidly and is one of the most important of its kind on the Shore. The plant is located near his farm on the Sudlersville Road. He also is superintendent of the Sudlersville Cemetery.

"Old Timer" Gillespie has throughout his life time been a communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and for many years has served as a member of the Vestry of St. Luke's Parish, Parish, which includes St. Andrew's Chapel, at Sudlersville, and St. Luke's Church, at Church Hill.

Although "Old Timer" Gillespie will pass his three score and one years, he has always possessed the happy faculty of remaining young. He has been constantly interested in the affairs of youth, and the happiest moments of his life are when he and Mrs. Gillespie are surrounded by their five children and their friends in their pretty home. There they enter wholeheartedly into the spirit of youth, and are welcome companions and friends of the many friends who assemble there.

"The Major" as he has been affectionately nicknamed was actvie in the organization of the Skeet Club of Sudlersville, one of the finest in the state, and takes a keen interest in hunting and boating. His boat trips are an annual affair with a life long friend, Dr. W. B. Hazel of Baltimore.

One of his diversions is the weekly meeting of the "Ann Duffy Saturday Night Card Club," when his close friends in the town of Sudlersville assemble at the home of one of the members for the weekly session.

Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie have three daughters and two sons. They are Mrs. John Palmer Smith, of Centreville; Mrs. James B. Roe, wife of Rev. James B. Roe, of Denver, Colorado; and Mrs. Guy Bowdle, of Dover. The sons are Capt. Victor P. Gillespie, commanding officer of Company K., Queen Anne's County's Military outfit, and W. Thomas Gillespie, also of Sudlersville. Both of the sons are also connected with him in the Cement Products Company. There are also seven grandchildren.

Tomorrow hosts of friends will join with his family in extending to "The Major" hearty greeting on the occasion of his birthday. The Record-Observer wishes to join with them in extending our best wishes for many, many more happy occasions for both Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie.

Ballad of the Marines Is Sung Around the World

All around the world the U. S. Marines have sung their famous hymn, "From the Halls of Montezuma," harks back to their invasion of Mexico City in September, 1847, near the close of the Mexican War. Elated with the victory of American arms over the Mexicans, an officer sat down in the Aztec Club and scribbled the first verse of the popular sea-soldier ballad.

Thus the Marines account for the beginning of the sprightly hymn which has become a bulwark of their esprit de corps. Later the song grew by leaps and bounds, adding verse after verse until a half-score of stanzas and versions were known to the Leathernecks.

It was only in recent years that the sea soldiers began to take stock of their hymn and to search for its origin. They found the music in an old French opera, "Genevieve de Brabant," but the verses appeared to be the work of several unknown authors.

hen a deliberate pruning was made of the verses and many of them were discarded as inappropriate to the spirit and traditions of the Corps. The boiled-down version is now composed of just three stanzas which begin appropriately enough at the place of its origin, and end with the assurance that marines will be found guarding the streets of heaven.

The unknown author of the first verse little thought that his words would be an inspiration to marines of succeeding generations who were to fight in the Civil, Spanish-American and other wars, or that some day it would echo on the battlefields of France.

While the Fourth Brigade of Marines was serving overseas, the Stars and Stripes, official publication of the A. E. F., related the story of a wounded cavalry officer, who was carried to a Yankee field hospital. He could not identify the troops which had fought at his regiment's left.

"A loe of them are mounted troops by this time," he explained, "for when our men would be shot from their horses, these youngsters would give one running leap and gallop ahead as cavalry. I believe they are your soldiers from Montezuma. At least when they advanced this morning they were singing 'From the Halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli.'"

BRIDGE

Cards were first played by the Chinese centuries before Marco Polo and other white adventurers visited the Orient. Late in the 14th century cards appeared in France after having been brought to Italy a century earlier.

Card playing is a universal game but Bridge is the American version of the English game of whist as played at the Crown Coffee House in London. Here occasioned disputes brought the establishment about 1723 by Hoyle, of rules for playing the game hence, "According to Hoyle".

I don't know much about the game but as I understand it, it is played with small pieces of decorated pasteboard which are equally divided among the four players. There are a lot of bids, tricks, trumps and tallies tangled up in it but the intrepid players always get across the bridge to the next table.

At the Great Lakes Exposition in Cleveland, Ohio, a few weeks ago, I saw a multiple hinged card that would answer many a bridge player's dream for a king to make a spades in slam ground. It is the table game of games where brilliancy and boredom often face each other, exchanging bum plays for "over the glasses wisdom". The real romance of Bridge comes from the enjoyment of personalities when cards are used to take tricks if played at all.

I know one lady who attended about seventy-five bridge parties during 1935 and as a hobby made a collection of her tallies which show that she won nineteen prizes—her husband claims he nearly starved but he doesn't look it. While she still has the tallies, the prizes dwindled with the passing of the Xmas season.

The tallies run the gaunt of style, size, color, design and scores in both auction and contract. Your present dealer plays one as well as the other.

Once upon a time not so many years removed even the subject of card playing was taboo. Today few places frown on Bridge. Is this another indication of American trends.?

Bridge is one of the leading indoor escape hobbies and while it no doubt eased many a depression evening, it certainly is not playing to the crowds it occupied two or three years ago. People are on the move again, looking for a new game. This winter will tell a new story about Bridge.

Books: Common Sense—Contract Bridge, Work; Contract Bridge Blue Book, Culbertson.

RADIANT LIVING

THE PROOF OF TASTE

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

St. Paul had every reason to be ashamed of his Gospel of Salvation by the atoning blood of Christ. Centered in a little known rustic Jew, crucified with thieves, this new religion was despised by the world.

But St. Paul was not ashamed. He stood in an invincible position. He knew from experience the merits and the power of the Gospel he preached. He knew that the truthfulness of the Gospel could be demonstrated in and confirmed by personal experience. He was therefore able to issue to all unbelievers the same challenge that was issued by Jesus who said: "If any man willeth to do His will, he shall know of the teaching, whether it is of God or whether I speak of myself."

If any one really wants to know what the power of the old Gospel can do, let him boldly seek the deliverance and the cleansing which the Gospel is able to work in his heart.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating.

Do you claim to be a fair-minded, a broad-minded, and an open-minded person? Why not then accept this challenge by taking a taste?

You may revel in the intellectualism of the day if you wish, but the old Gospel proves its genuineness and its power by reaching down into the filth and scum of cesspools of sin and souls reeking with sin and transforming them into the Jewels of God.

"O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in him."

SUDLERSVILLE

Miss Blanche Starkey, of Baltimore is spending some time with her cousin, Mrs. W. W. Morgan.

Mrs. Annie Yarnall and daughter, Miss Margaret Yarnall, of Philadelphia, were guests over the week-end of Mrs. Yarnall's sister, Miss Emma Gillespie.

Mr. Ralph Clough has accepted a position in Wilmington, Del. He is working for the Pure Oil Company at one of their service stations.

Mrs. Clarence Minner spent Sunday with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Rose Green.

Miss Mary Chance is spending some time with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Redden.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Chance, of Philadelphia, spent the week-end with Mr. Chance's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Walls. Mr. Charles B. Chance and Mr. Charles Burton motored to Philadelphia, Sunday afternoon and were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Chance. They were overnight guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chance.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Truitt, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Walraven, Miss Margaret Green and Mr. Ralph Clough motored to Washington, D. C., on Sunday and saw the cherry blosoms. They also visited Mount Vernon.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Peters, Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins Everett and daughter, Miss Hazel Everett motored to Wilmington, Sunday and spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. Chalres Paulman.

On Monday last Miss Caroline Redden and friend, of Denton, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Redden.

Miss Frances Rambo, while playing at school last Thusrday fell and sprained her ankle. Dr. Metcalfe bandaged it and now Frances is able to hobble around and attend school.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rambo and daughter Frances, and Mrs. George Hart, spent Sunday in Baltimore. Mr. and Mrs. Rambo were also in Baltimore on Tuesday where they attended the funeral of Mr. Rambo's aunt, Mrs. David Rambo. Rev. and Mrs. C. M. Griffeth made the trip to Baltimore on Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Rambo.

Mrs. Amos Everett who has spent the winter at her home in town left on Monday morning for Ocean City, N. J., where she owns an apartment house and Dining Room. Mrs. Everett went down at this time in order to get her apartment ready to rent for the coming season. She will open her dining room some time in June.

Mr. and Mrs. George Dill, of Philadelphia, were recent guests of Mrs. Dill's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hasselberg.

The prayer meeting of Calvary M. E. Church will be held on Thursday evening of this week instead of Friday evening so as all persons will be able to attend the girl scout minstrel, given in Cox Hall, Friday evening.

Mr. Alan S. Walls, Mr. Harry Peters, and Mr. Aubrey Hogans, went to Rock Hall, last Thursday evening where they attended a meeting of the Kent and Queen Anne's County Firemen's Associations.

PONDTOWN

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolphus Coleman entertained the following guests last Tuesday evening at their home: Mr. and Mrs. Wright Coleman and Miss Downes, of Richardson Park; Mrs. Neal and daughters, Miss Mildred Neal and Mrs. Ethel Powell, of Millington; Mrs. Mary Montieth and Miss Edna Coleman, of Wilmington; Misses Betty and Helen Coleman and Ronald Coleman, of Chestertown, Messrs. Billy Emerson and Brownie Brown, of Crumpton.

Mrs. William Fowler is improved after a serious illness.

The community was sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Allen, who passed away last Friday night. She had been sick for quite a while.

Mr. Glenn Coleman and family, Robert, Billy, Jimmy and Glenn, Jr., visited his wife, Mrs. Glenn Coleman, who is ill at the sanatorium, last Sunday.

Mrs. Florabelle Rhodes visited her son, Homer Rhodes last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Coleman, of Smyrna, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolphus Coleman last Sunday.

Mr. Savilla Teat, of near Crumpton, is quite sick at this writing.

Mr. Joseph Walls is also quite sick.

Mr. and Mrs. Medford Porter attended the funeral of her sister at Oxford, one day last week.

HE NEEDS A "NEUTRALITY ACT" TOO!

THE MAIL BAG

To the Editor:

Now that the Woman's Club of Centreville and a few others, have done so much towards making attractive the entrances to our town, would it not be possible to go a little further?

The men were responsible for the planting of box wood around the "Courthouse Green" and also for the laying out of those grounds, so well done by Mr. Slemmer some years ago, where I am told, the oldsters of the village used to play marbles on the dirt paths. So we can see in our generation what great strides in appearances have been made.

I am wondering with all that beautiful yellowbloom on the "Old Academy" hill if the business interests of our town could not get together—as I believe was done in Chestertown recently when the point of land this side the new bridge was bought and is being improved, with some help from our county I think—and buy the point at the end of the hill containing both the forsythia and the four large sign boards and donate it to the town to be improved in keeping with the rest of the Academy Hill—thus getting rid of the signs.

With all the effort put forth there, not to speak of expense, by the Woman's Club; with the planting not only of the hill but around the stream on the right and of the row of poplars and the japonica bushes in front of poplars, on the left as one leaves town, those sign boards are the only disfiguring blot left.

There is one small and decent house back of the boards, but with a new whitewashed shed it would not be objectionable, and could soon be screened with more trees.

Also the matter has several times been broached of buying the "Old Academy" which is one of our oldest and most interesting buildings, and one where many prominent men in the professions and on the bench of our state went to school, and turning it into an historical center for Queen Anne's county. If the town or if some individual who could afford it, could buy this old building and preserve it before too late, remove the recent addition of the front porch, it is quite possible that much historical data could be gathered and that furnishings might be got and possibly bequeathed to the county. I wish this matter might be seriously taken up. There are quite a number of persons in our county interested in its history but they will all sooner or later be gone, and there will have been nothing preserved.

The "Old Academy" has grounds that would make a most attractive small park and part of which have already been improved.

M. Y. B.

Centreville, Md.

RICH NECK

Sunday School at Union M. E. Church, 10 a. m.; preaching at 11 a. m., by our pastor, Rev. David Wood.

The Ladies' Aid luncheon held last Wednesday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Leverage was quite successful.

Mr. Eugene Thompson has returned to his home at Kent Island after visiting his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Clayton, Jr., of Chester, Pa., spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Thomas Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Earle Smith had as visitors on Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. J. Thomas Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Clayton, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Roland Thompson and daughter, Mary Catherine, Norman and Julian Carter, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Crew and Thomas Hutchinson.

Mr. Norman Carter is able to be out after being confined to his home from being kicked by a horse on the ankle.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Earle Smith and family visited Mr. and Mrs. William McGinnis on Friday night.

Mrs. Emma Meredith of Church Hill, visited her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Meredith.

DOMINION

We are glad to have our minister back with us again and hope this year will be even more successful than last.

The Ladies' Aid Society met at the home of Mrs. Frank Lee, Wednesday, April 7th, with a large atendance. The business meeting was conducted by the Vice President in the absence of the President. The social hour was a fine success and everyone enjoyed themselves.

Mrs. Estella Thompson and son, Adrian, spent Sunday with Mrs. Daisy Thompson.

Miss Naomi Thomas is visting her mother, Mrs. Cora Thomas.

Mr. Henry Reese and Mrs. Katherine Thompson spent the week-end in Baltimore visiting his sister.

Mrs. William Sewell spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. T. Henry Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Rash, of Ridgely, spent Sunday with her daughter, Mrs. Gilmore Thomas.

Mrs. Carlee Thomas has returned home from Baltimore after visiting her daughter.

Abner *says*—

Looks like prayin' and fastin' go t'gither cuz most folks don't pray less'n they's hungry.