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

The basis of an ordered democracy is toleration. it allows people to govern or misgovern themselves in their own way in the conviction that only by experiment will the best way appear. It believes that one part of mankind has a right to hold different opinions to those of another; it respects the natural diversity of things and does not fall into the hoary error of trying to enforce uniformity.—The (London) Observer.

DISCREDITED BUSINESS

Bootleggers, beware. The handwriting on the wall has appeared the second time. Another series of raids, six arrests, swift prosecution warn that county authorities mean business in cracking down on alleged vendors of liquor illegally in Queen Anne's.

Furthermore, fines after conviction have been hiked. The trial magistrate took the sound position that the first raids were ample notice to those in illegall business to get out of it. The extra assessment is another way of saying that getting caught violating the county liquor laws is going to be expensive.

There is no point nowadays in working up sympathy for bootleggers. Bootlegging and its attendant evils came in on a broad basis with prohibition. During that era the practice of illegal liquor selling was condoned by one school of public opinion. Condoning this violation helped to create a widespread notion that it was smart to hoot at law of all sorts.

One of the tasks of our present national period is to work on bootleggers, to stamp out their practice as far as possible, certainly to shove their business into the sink of opprobrium. We must root out the national conscience the idea that it is a hall mark of sophistication to sneer at liquor laws, or at any laws. We must recreate a healthy public opinion which shall insist upon sane handling of the difficult social problem of selling alcoholic liquor.

Prohibition showed that a certain portion of Americans are going to drink liquor. It also showed that the safest idea was to permit sale of liquor under proper legal safeguards. Now that legal liquor may be bought by those who feel they must have it, the bootlegger reappears in his true position—simply a law violator.

OUGHT TO MAKE MONEY

The heavy increase in traffic of all sorts over the Matapeake-Annapolis ferry bears out all that has been said about the advantageousness of that route and its importance as a link in the Maryland highway system.

According to figures submitted at a hearing in Washington more than 400,000 passenger cars, nearly 9,000 trucks and about 150,000 other passengers used the ferry service during 1936. Traffic has picked up to the point where the president of the company is looking forward to twenty-four hour service.

The growth of the Matapeake ferry is due to a large extent to its being accorded monopoly privileges across the best route over Chesapeake Bay. The State of Maryland has also lent a paternalistic hand, giving subsidies in the early days and always building new roads where they were sought. The ferry company is now invoking the aid of the Federal government in its quest for better harbor facilities.

The ferry is glowingly successful and no one grudges it the prosperity resulting from business skill and tact in pulling the right wires at the right time.

The only complaint is that the ferry is using its monopolistic advantages as a means of charging monopolistic fares. The ferry is showing signs of being maintained as a gold mine at the expense of the traveling public.

Carrying charges for all lengths of automobiles for the six or seven mile crossing of the Bay should be clipped fifty cents each all along the tariff list. Only the smaller cars can now cross for $1.50, which figures about 25 cents per mile, a stiff carrying rate. Longer cars pay a heavier mileage rate.

The prosperity of the company, its half-million dollars or so of improvements, its ability to get roads and harbors for the asking, would all draw a semblance of respect for the management of the ferry company if the monopolistic rates did not flaunt a wagging thumb and fingers at the public that is being milked.

At least as far as the rates are concerned, the Matapeake ferry should come off its high horse.

STRAIGHTENING UP

Centreville came back to its customary peaceful and orderly Saturday night with no trace or hangover of the rumpus of the preceding week. That is the way it should be and means one awkward situation cleaned up.

The traffic jam at the Liberty and Water Street stop light was again in evidence Sunday afternoon. A single constable, bailiff or other persons clothed with sufficient authority could have routed motor traffic through without the tedious starting, stopping wait that occured. That is a minor courtesy that could be provided for baseball fans.

MID-SUMMER HABITS

Midway in July is rightly regarded as the height of the Summer season Evidence of this fact is seen in the relatively deserted city streets, the crowded resorts and country towns, the scarcity of business mail, the usual seasonal restlessness of most of the country's population.

A sadist might contend over a cooling drink and in the breeze of an electric fan that the slackening of effort and industry in mid-July is a serious sign. But need we be so pessimistic as to think the world has grown incurably lazy and life is no longer real and worthwhile, merely because the weather is hot and it is pleasanter and wiser at this time of the year, to play than work?

In defense of idleness, short working days and long week-ends, let us remember that this is temporarily a tropical climate. It is normally no warmer or stickier in a Malayan jungle than it has been lately on our streets. Persons live safely in the tropics only by avoiding work when weather is excessively humid and hot. In the phraseology of the popular song, only "mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun." It is likely that those who work only as much as is necessary in this kind of weather are wisest. Ambition will keep until it's cooler.—Middletown Transcript.

THE PRINTED WORD

"Oh, that my words were now written, Oh, that they were printed in a book". The above line of poetry was written some 2200 years ago, and appears in the book of Job in the Bible. Back even in those remote times, the editor of that famous poem realized that words fo infinitely farther when they are printed. Your own words go only to the few people who can hear you, the printed word reaches all who can read.

The realization of that truth known so many years ago, has been the secret of the business success of countless people. Instead of trying to sell goods to the few people whom they could meet in their stores, they told their story to the whole community through the printed word.

The printed word in a newspaper speaks simultaneously to the folks who read that sheet, while the spoken word reaches only one person at a time.—Milford Chronicle.

DUNBAR—NEGRO POET

More than forty years ago the exquisite tender rhymes of an unspoiled but truly great poet began to emerge from Dayton in Ohio. Now the Ohio State Archeological and Historical Society has acquired his old home, has transformed it into a shrine, and will soon open it to the public. Paul Laurence Dunbar, son of ex-slaves who had taught themselves to read and write, knew Theodore Roosevelt and William McKinley, Brand Whitlock, John Hay. They recognized his ability, appreciated him for his humility.

The boy scribbled dialect poems rooted in the soil as he went to high school, as he operated an elevator, and when he worked as a mechanic. Poverty prevented him from forming any contact with college halls. Nevertheless he sang blithely, and managed to publish his first book entitled "Oak and Ivy Poems." Friends aided the young poet with his second book, "Majors and Minors," which appeared in 1896.

Dunbar's career was cut short in 1906; but in his comparatively few years of rhyming he had made himself not only the acknowledged leader among the poets of his own race but had also achieved eminence amidst the foremost lyricists of the nineteenth century. Preservation of the old Dunbar home is a proper tribute from Americans to an American poet.

—Christian Science Monitor.

Dandelions seem as bright and numerous this year and if anything more determined.—Detroit News.

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The National Inventors' Congress, we see, has on display a tearless onion-sliced. Now won't the tree people accommodate us with a weeping-less willows.—Baltimore Evening Sun.

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Ending of the barber strike in New York will give patrons a chance to catch up in their old magazine reading.—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

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After all, uncle Sam did not fare so badly on the fifteenth of June. He got nice installment payments fom little Finland and the little taxpayers. —New Yorker.

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A visiting golfer says that British greens are the best in the world. There wasn't a trace of grit in the spinach he had for lunch at the clubhouse.—Humorist.

THE Rambling Recorder

For those that like hot weather this week has been about perfect . . . The nights are too warm for those who go to bed early, but the sunrises have been gorgeous . . . and the Shore is in full cry as a vacation land . . .

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Proving that icemen have everything coming their way in summer . . . Raymond Risley, Grasonville ice-toter, cooled the kitty at the Queen Theatre Monday evening when he was present to collect a $40 stake in the drawing . . . The punch line in Harry Russell's "Credo" published in the July number of "The Shoreman" is that all Queen Anne's county people have red stomachs . . . Wonder if Harry has heard the line running around about Kent countians . . . that they are all bow-legged . . . the weight of the head puts a permanent wave in the shanks, 'tis said . . . Look the limbs over, Harry, and see if it is so . . . One Centreville woman has an eye for poultry . . . At the Baby Chick convention in Baltimore there were a number of odd contests . . . One was guessing the weight of a rooster . . . the winner got $25 . . . the next in line got the rooster . . . Mrs. Charles Davis brought back the rooster . . .

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A couple of State policemen in Centreville Tuesday to examine candidates for drivers' licenses, whiled away an hour while waiting for customers . . . One of them painted pennant-pole lines to mark a parking space near the jail . . . where future candidates must park a car without running over a curb, missing the lines or leaving a wheel too far out . . . We looked the patrolman over carefully . . . his name was Ichelberger . . .to see how many spots of paint he had on his natty uniform . . . found none . . . The other patrolman rode a bike borrowed from one of two lads that sat down to watch the doings . . . Children and policemen are on better terms than tradition sayeth . . .

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Will Stevens, leading sport fisherman of Queen Anne-Hillsboro area, waves both hands in disgust at the fishing outlook this year . . . says there aren't any fish . . . Until this summer every party Will invited for a cruise would bring back 100 of 200 assorted fish for an afternoon's fun . . . Will goes out this summer in his new yacht, the "Bajama" . . . possibly the Spanish for Bahama . . . and comes back with fifteen or twenty fish . . . And what is fifteen or twenty specimens, says Will, when you like to keep your neighbors supplied . . . The Queen Anne angler has a bone to pick with chummers, also . . . Rock, he says, are being caught off Love Point and Tilghman's when live shrimp is used as chum, but that spoils sport for those who like to use bloodworms, spinners and such . . . Can't expect rockfish, says Will, to eat corn bread when they can get pie . . . On Sunday he and a pal trolled through a school of rock that leaped in the water and played around the cruiser but nary a nibble at plain bait . . . And Will avers it was the finny method of thumbing the nose at simple fare . . .

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We got a 1938 calendar this week . . . Hope they'll be as plentiful about New Year's . . . There's a fine, fresh earthy smell following a shower . . . The post-office dog has just about the right build to use automobile running boards for back scratchers . . . Dubnow celebrated Feinberg's home-run by scattering a basketful of bags of peanuts among grandstand fans . . . Jennings Porter, driver of the town's clean-up wagon, came across a little treasure trove the other day . . . He noticed a tinkling in a basket of trash . . . A little later he spied a big 1848 penny in almost perfect condition lying on top of some debris in the cart . . . then he salvaged another penny too worn to be identified . . . an 1880 sesquicentennial medal commemorating the 150th anniversary of the founding of Baltimore . . . a copper political coin of the 1880 presidential campaign . . . with a picture of General W. S. Hancock and the name of his running mate, Edwards . . . a team that ran second to Garfield . . . There was a hole in the coin so as to make it usable for a watch charm . . . that was the era when men sported big watch chains . . . And a brass lapel button containing twin profiles of McKinley and Hobart, the winning ticket in the 1896 campaign . . . The fine appearance of the baseball park is due to Elmer Anthony . . . who brought helpers and cut grass on the field, overhauled the dressing rooms and lavatories, and hung neat signs . . . Elmer has given as much time and effort as any one to get the ball park here and keep it in shape . . . Monday's storm was just a heavy rainfall in Centreville but we had first hand notice that lightning was buzzing at Church Hill . . . we were talking with W. H. Good over the phone when the lightning flared above his house and cracked in our receiver . . . and at the next crack Mr. Good signed off . . . he was getting too close to electricity for comfort.

A FRIEND

When trouble comes your soul to try,
You love the friend who just stands by.
Perhaps there's nothing he can do—
The thing is strictly up to you.

For there are troubles all your own
And paths the soul must tread alone;
Times when love can't smooth the road,
nor friendship lift the heavy load.

But just to feel you have a friend,
Who will stand by until the end;
Whose sympathy through all endures,
Whose warm handclasps is always yours.

It helps somehow to pull you thru,
Although there's nothing he can do.
And so with fervent heart we cry—
God bless the friend who just stands by.

—CHESTER HOLLAND, JR.
Chester, Pa.

"Warns Gradauting Class to Start Low and Climb"—Headline. Let's put an end to this practice of beginning at the top and working down.—New Yorker.

The Mail Bag

July 27, 1937.

To the Editor:

Permit me to express through your mail bag my feelings as a Democrat and an ardent adherer to the President and the New Deal.

Those Senators who were elected by the people on a promise of enacting New Deal legislation betrayed their voters by killing the President's court reform bill, while according to my humble opinion is the very foundation of all New Deal legislaiton.

Especially I like to call the American public's attention to the hypocritical act of Senator Wheeler of Montana, when over the dead body of the great Senator Robinson he cried out that God killed him because he was leading the struggle against the traitors.

To prove that hypocrisy I am quoting a passage from the old testament the Bible:

"The heaven is heaven to God, and the earth he gave to the children of Adam." Now how could God kill Robinson for doing exactly what the Bbile told him to do?

I hope that the American people will remember this at the next elections.

In conclusion I want to assure our great President that the American public are a hundred percent with him and his New Deal.

Yours for progress,
M. DUBNOW.

Stevensville, Md.

Editor's Easy Chair

With all the good growing weather we have had for a couple of months the Old Reporter in the Upper Dorchester News is slightly perturbed about the bumper crop of weeds luxuriating by the roadsides.

Says he:

"The weeds by the side of the road leading from Hurlock to Williamsburg are so high that if a pedestrian was struck by automobile and knocked in them the body would probably never be found until frost."

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For forthright aggressiveness and speed in scooping the nation editorially we rcommend the following editorial from last Thursday's issue of the Wicomico News. Don't say they didn't tell you.

"Independence Day is not far off, and the problem of a safe and sane Fourth is once more up for consideration. But nowadays it is the adult, rather than the child, who needs protection and restraint . . .

"The newspapers of July 5 will most certainly publish a long list of Fourth of July casualties. . . .

"The roads will be crowded on July 4th. If you are going out in your car, take a little extra precaution—and keep your name out of the next day's newspapers."

RICH NECK

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

Miss Joanna McGinnis has been visiting Mrs. T. E. Newcomb, of Chestertown, the past three weeks.

Miss Betty Storey has returned home after spending some time with her brother-in-law and nephew, Mr. Benjamin Hart, and Leon, of Magnolia, Del.

Mrs. Nettie Carter, of Chestertown, spent the week with Mr. and Mrs. J. Earle Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Norman Carter.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Rollinson and Mrs. Nettie Carter, of Chestertown, visited Mr. and Mrs. J. Earle Smith last Friday evening.

Miss Tillie Storey spent Monday afternoon with Miss Mary Helen Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Thompson have had as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Willard Smith and son, Donald, of Baltimore, also Mr. Thompson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Thompson, of Kent Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Crew spent Sunday evening with Mr. and Mrs. George Simpler, of near Worton.

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

Misses Virginia Doris and Mary Helen Smith visited Misses Mary Agnes and Jane Price.

Mrs. Benjamin Hart and infant son, spent a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Storey.

Mr. William Price is enjoying a two weeks vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Price.

Miss Hannah Weirchel, of Media, Pa., was a recent visitor of Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Price.

DOMINION

Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Johnson have been visiting in Washington with Mr. and Mrs. A. Morris.

Mr. and Mrs. Chaney Clough and Mrs. H. Horney spent the week-end in Baltimore with Mr. G. Stevens.

Miss Leacy Booker and Mr. Norman Gardner spent Wednesday in Annapolis.

Miss Anna Baum and sister, Anna Eugene, have returned home after spending some time with Mr. and Mrs. Elsa Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Thomas and son Arnold spent the week-end in Baltimore, visiting relatives.

Miss Catherine Thompson and Mr. Henry Reese spent the week-end in Baltimore, with Mr. and Mrs. George Buhl.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Stevens and family are home for a few days.

Mrs. Estella Thompson and son Adrian spent Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. Kirby Thmpson.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin, of Queenstown spent Sunday evening with her sister, Mrs. Wedge Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Smith and son Donald, of Baltimore, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson Clark.

Miss Dorothy Clevenger, of Grasonville, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ringgold.

RADIANT LIVING

GOD IMBUED MAN

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

The ancient Greeks believed that the gods some times assumed human bodies and mingled among men. Their idea is a nillustration of the nature of a God-imbued man, for in such a man we do see God walking again among mankind.

Take for instance such heroic characters as Livingstone who left all the opportunities of life that he might walk among the blacks in interior Africa, bringing to them the Gospel message. Was it really Livingstone walking there among those blacks, or was it God?

There was John G. Paton who sacrificed all the comforts of home and sailed to the distant South Sea Cannibals to take to them the Gospel message, where he daily ran the risk of his life. Was it after all only John G. Eaton, toiling among the islanders, or was it God?

Think again of Sir Wilfred Grenfell, who, converted under a sermon by Moody, went to the coasts of Labrador where he has spent forty-four years of sacrificing service, bringing a complete transformation in the lives of those long neglected people. Was it merely Sir Wilfred Greenfell, making his way over the ice and through the snows of that faraway northland, or was it God?

Such men, indeed, are like veins of pure gold amid the surrounding dross of self-centered lives.

Such men have opened their inmost souls to the Spirit of God. God came to dwell within them. God, through their lives, lived among men.

Oh that I might be such a God-imbued man!

THE POET'S CORNER

DESERTED
By Casper L. Newcomb

In my house, the lamps were bright,
As the moon a summer night
That quivered like a lustrous star,
While my door was left ajar.

As I sat and looked around,
Never any sight or sound
Came my loneliness to share,
While my door was left ajar.

Out against the summer sky,
Only you stood out and I,
While lonely, within did stare,
While my door was left ajar.

INGLESIDE

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Bostic, of Chester, Pa., are spending some time with Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bostic.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Eley and Rev. and Mrs. S. M. Iglehart motored to Harrisbury, Pa., Saturday.

Mrs. Harry Wilson spent the week-end with Senator and Mrs. W. R. Wilson.

Mrs. Firoa Cronshaw spent Friday and Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Emile Moore, of Church Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thawley and daughter, and Mr. Theodore Berry, spent the week-end with relatives in Chester, Pa., and Wilmington.

Miss Anne Clements spent a few days in Baltimore last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Harbidge and family spent Sunday in Ocean City, Md.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fitzjarrell and Dr. and Mrs. Tacken, of New York, visited Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Merrick over the week-end. On Saturday they motored to Tilghman's Island on a fishing trip. Three they caught about seventy-five fish.

Mrs. Eldridge Downes and Miss Hortense Downes are taking a motor trip through Virginia and North Carolina.

Mr. Edward Luff is on the sick list this week.

The young people of M. E. Church, South, went on a "weenie roast" Monday afternoon at Booker's Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Jhn Seyfried, of Media, Pa., are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bostic.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McClain and daughter Delores, of Bristol, Pa., and Mr. Charles McClain, of Media, Pa., spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Burchard and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bostic and son, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Bostic, Mr. and Mrs. Emory and daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. John Seyfried, spent the week-end in Rehoboth.

Mrs. Sam Raisner and daughter Doris, is spending a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Bostic.

WYE ISLAND

Mr. and Mrs. James Jones, of Easton, were the guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Whitby.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Greaves spent Sunday evening as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bishop Lister, of near Queenstown.

Miss Bessie Whitby, of Easton, is spending some time with her mother, Mrs. Lizzie Whitby.

Mrs. Dewey Kemp spent Sunday in Denton.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Jump, of Bloomingdale, spent Friday as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Whitby.

Mrs. Oliver Greaves was the guest Thursday of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bishop Lister and family.

Mrs. Armen Kunze and Miss Hilda Whitby, of Easton, spent Monday as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Whitby and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Bishop Lister and family, of near Queenstown, were Island visitors Sunday.

Miss Louise Greaves spent a few days last week as the guest of Miss Katharine Whitby.

Mr. Chester Tannyhill and Mr. Len Sultenfuss, spent Sunday in Washington, D. C.

Mr. William Dodd was the guest on Wednesday of Mr. Henry Dodd and family.

Messrs. Willard Lister of near Queenstown, spent the week-end as the guest of Messrs. Elmer and Paul Whitby.

Little Jane Greaves spent Monday with little Eva Whitby.

OLD TIMERS

To a man who has been a representative citizen of Queen Anne's County for more than three score years, a farmer, financier, churchman and former newspaper man, who was an outstanding honor to the Fourth Estate, we are privileged this week to pay tribute. He is Charles Augustus Busteed, who this fall will celebrate his eighty-third birthday, and in spite of his advancing years is hale and hearty, and enjoying life.

Mr. Busteed was born at Old Brick Mill, near Denton, in Caroline county on October 31st, 1854. He is a son of Warner R. Busteed,2d, and Catherine M. Barwick Busteed. His grandfather, Warner R. Busteed, 1st, was the second son of an Irish Lord, probably a Cusack, a peerage for many years now extinct. He ran away from home, and came to America as a stowaway, while a boy, and settled in Baltimore, where he was reared by the Leverings, a prominent Baltimore family.

The Busteed family seems to have been the only one of the name in Great Britain, and to have been closely allied with the Cusacks, a famous Irish family, which dates from the battle of Clontarf, in the thirteenth century, and has held a number of titles in Ireland.

"Old Timer" Busteed remained on the farm with his parents until he was nine years old, when they moved to Philadelphia, where they remained until the subject of our sketch reached the age of fifteen. In Philadlphia he attended the public schools until 14 years old, when he entered a wholesale drug store. He returned to the farm for two years, attending school in the meantime.

At the age of seventeen he became an apprentice in the Centreville Observer office, in Centreville, then owned by his brother, the late W. W. Busteed, a former Town Commissioner and outstanding business man of Centreville. Finishing his trade as a printer, the spirit of adventure inspired "Old Timer" Busteed like it had his grandfather, who had left far off Ireland to come to the States, and he went West, settling in Minnesota. He remained, however, only a short time, and returned to his native heath The Eastern Shore, and accepted a partnership with his brother in the Observer. The firm was known as W. W. Busteed and Brother. In 1885 his brother sold his interests and "Old Timer" Busteed became the senior member of the firm with Roberts and Brothers. The other members of the firm were the late Sudler C. Roberts and G. Clinton Roberts, brothers of Mrs. J. Fletcher Rolph, of Centreville.

Mr. Busteed was editor in chief until 1889 when he sold his interests to the late William J. Price, Jr. In "Men of Mark In Maryland" Mr. Busteed is spoken of as "Making some money and building up much character" during this period, which is a just tribute, for by thrift and industry he ammassed his worldly goods.

When he retired from the newspaper field he entered the brokerage business with a firm composed of his brother, W. W. Busteed, and William J. Price, Sr., which connection continued until 1894, when the elder Busteed left the firm and it became known as Busteed, Price and Carter. The late Richard Carter becoming a member.

Mr. Carter sold his interests in 1897, and Robert Catlin became a member under the firm name of Busteed, Price and Catlin. They then entered extensively into the hardware business, besides the brokerage business.

In the meantime "Old Timer' Busteed had met Miss Mollie G. Wilkinson, daughter of the late Captain John Wilkinson, and they were married on November 3, 1881. His father-in-law was a director of the old Queen Anne's National Bank, then in its infancy, and following his death during the early eighties "Old Timer" Busteed was elected as his successor. He continued as a director of the Bank and for many years was Vice President until 1910, when he resigned. Mrs. Busteed died on February 8, 1933, and he has since continued to live in his attractive home, one of the beauty spots of Centreville.

Years ago he became interested in farming and invested a great part of his savings in farm lands, and as is well known he did not make a mistake. He accumulated several hundred acres of the county's finest and most valuable land, and successfully conducted his farming business as he had all his other activities.

He was always a devout member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and quietly and unostentatiously has been a liberal contributor to his parish. He is steward and trustee of the Centreville Church, which post he has held for many years.

When the Centreville Opera House was built following the fire in 1902 which destroyed a greater part of the business section of the town, Mr. Busteed was elected President of the Board of Managers of the Centreville Opera Company, and remained a member so long as the organization existed and until the Opera House building was purchased by private ownership.

Throughout the life of "Old Timer" Busteed he has been a keen supporter of healthy recreation. He is an ardent baseball fan, and in his younger days was seen at every game. He was also an expert in tennis and bowling. He has been keenly interested in Fraternal Orders, and held membership in the Centreville Lodge of Odd Fellows, the Knights of Pythias, and the Royal Arcanum. He served for a number of years as representative of the Maryland Lodge of Odd Fellows, and was also District Grand Master. He also held the same honors with the Royal Arcanum, and was Chancellor of the Knights of Pythias. All indicating that whatever organization with which he cast his lot, he was continuously sought for leadership because of his splendid ability. He was a charter member of the first Centreville Debating and Literary Club, organized in Centreville in 1889 and composed of the leading professional and business men of Centreville.

"Old Timer" Busteed although never seeking office, has been a lifelong Democrat and actively interested in the welfare of his party.

His early education while limited to public schools, did not suffer. He grasped every opportunity to improve his mind and became a wide reader. His greatest interest has been history, biography and finance. He is even now considered one of the best informed men in matters of importance in the county.

One son, John Wilkinson Busteed, named for his maternal grandmother, was born to the Busteed's. Finishing his education he became associated with the Pennsylvania Railroad in Philadelphia, where he has climbed the ladder of success until now he holds the enviable position of District Passenger Agent. The Wilkinson Busteeds have three charming daughters, and their greatest delight is to come to Centreville, where they may enjoy the companionship of their grandfather.

It is a profound pleasure for us today to extend to this public spirited man, who has devoted the greater part of his four score and nearly three years to industry and his community, a wish that many, many years may be allotted to him in which to reap the enjoyment and satisfaction that must necessarily come to one who has spent a worthy life, and is now privileged to peacefully enjoy the happiness and security that he so well deserves.

CHESTER

Mr. William Hall, of Williamsport, Md., and Miss Louise Nicholson, of Mt. Washington, Baltimore, were guests of Miss Catherine Kirwan ast Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Webster and sons, Donald and Wayne, of Baltimore, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Kirwan.

Mr. and Mrs. George Heim and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gardner and daughter Dorothy, of Baltimore, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Elda Gardner.

Mrs. John Taylor has returned home the hospital and her many friends wish her a speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Madison Brown, of Kent Point, spent Sunday with their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Brown.

Miss Elvira Foebus, of Baltimore, spent Sunday with her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Kennard Harris.

Mr. Joseph Thomas, of Baltimore, was the week-end guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Thomas.

Mrs. Frank Timms, Mr. Calvin Timms and sons, Lewis and Bobby, Miss Minnie Timms and friend, Mr. Vernon Clark, and Mrs. Olin Wyatt, were visitors in Wye Mills last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Bell, of Petersburg, Pa., and Mrs. A. L. Reynolds, of Washington, D. C., spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Kirwan.

The Ladies' Aid Society of Kingsley M. E. Church will meet at the home of Mrs. Augustine Palmer Wednesday afternoon, August 4th at 2 p .m.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Toms and daughter Beryl, of New York, were guests of her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. James Chance last Tuesday.

Miss Eva Chance has returned home after two weeks vacation with Miss Catherine Ackeson, of Pennsylvania.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Pike, of Easton, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Jones, Tuedsay.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Carter, Mr. and Mrs. John Brown, of Baltimore, were guests of Mrs. Brown over the week-end for the funeral of their cousin, Mrs. Marion Brown.

Mrs. Walter Kelley and daughter, Lorraine, spent Wednesday with Miss Julia Legg.

Mrs. Lemuel Kirwan, Mrs. Shirley Webster and sons Miss Catherine Kirwan, Miss Gladys Riggin, were Easton visitors last Wednesday afternoon.

Rev. James F. Langrall and Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Gardner motored to Rehoboth Beach last week.

Mrs. Susie James spent the week-end with her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Jones, Jr.

Mr. William Livingstone and friend, of Baltimore, spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Livingstone.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Bell and Mrs. Mollie Bell, were visitors at Rehoboth Beach, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Gardner were gueses of Mr. and Mrs. James Thomas Saturday evening.

Mr. Calvin Timms, of Philadelphia, is spending some time with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Timms.

Mr. James Chance and Mr. Louis H. Jones, motored to Cambridge Thursday evening and attended the baseball game.

Miss Catherine Kirwan and Miss Gladys Riggin left Saturday morning for Mt. Washington, Baltimore, where they will be the guests of Miss Louise Nicholson for the week and they will leave Monday for Miss Riggin's home in Bridgetown, N. J., where Miss Kirwan will be her guest for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard McKaig, of Baltimore, and Mrs. Ella Kersey, of Chestertown, were visitors on the Island last Thursday with friends.

The community extend to Mr. Marion Brown and family their deepest heartfelt sympathy in this the loss of his wife.

Abner *says*—

It's downright resky for sharks to git too close to Queenstown cuz Queenstowners make sharks back water right peart. . . .