Queen Anne's Record-Observer

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

LUTHER L. GADD ..... President
S. E. W. FRIEL, JR., .. Vice-President
WM. R. HORNEY ..... Secretary
WM. H. CARTER ..... Treasurer

STERLING G. HARRIS ..... Editor
ROY H. WILSON .. Advertising Mgr.

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 $1.50 Anywhere in Maryland; $2.00 Out of State.

Advertising rates furnished upon application.

QUOTATION OF THE WEEK

Courtesy is love in trifles, and where love is not, though its counterfeits may abound, courtesy itself is not. Let us, then, think no more of courtesy as a trifle; rather, let us believe that its true place is with the great forces of character that ennoble the world.—George Jackson.

ROAD CONSCIOUS

The last quarter of a century was a period in which the United States became road conscious. State after state joined the procession of areas where modern straight, wide, surfaced highways have been built.

Maryland was in the early group of road conscious states. Up to a dozen or so years ago Maryland could boast honestly about its good roads, especially in contrast to the bumpy, unsurfaced highways of its neighbors to the south and west.

But that day is gone. Maryland has been coasting on a reputation. It has not kept pace with the demand for modern boulevards to route through traffic expeditiously. It has dawdled while states far behind in road construction have breezed far ahead.

Now the stage is reached where Maryland roads and their managerial body, the State Roads Commission, are bewildered on every side. Within the past ten days Attorney General Herbert C. O'Conor, a Democrat, jumped with both feet upon the Maryland highway system which he described as once the best in the nation, now the worst.

State Senator O. Straughn Lloyd, a Republican, excoriated the state highways in biting jobes. Among other things he asserted that a blindfolded man could tell when he entered Maryland by the bumps in the roads.

The state is now reaping the unpleasant reward for its slovenly disregard of highway obligations.

Motorists have been burdened and are now being burdened with a thick blanket of taxes. The original theory of taxing motorists was that they should pay for the better roads that are required. The motorists have paid. They could not avoid doing so.

But the revenue they poured into the state coffers has been milked-diverted into uses wholly extraneous from road building. To use the parlance of the street, motorists have been taken for suckers. The latest dig was the one-dollar tax for new operator's cards, proper if it had been applied to highway needs, indefensible as actually levied.

The State Roads Commission as the responsible body for the highway system, has come in for a share of abuse. Like a beaten fighter they cover up and take it. To a degree they have been excusable because their hands have been tied by diversion. But they have tied a few knots in their own bonds by apparent lack of policy and scatter shot efforts.

Their greatest error is in a failure to provide road leadership, to make and keep Maryland road conscious. They should have formed the spear point in the attack on continued diversion. The political risks which kept them muffled would have been gains had they been in there battling.

What Maryland needs today is a road champion, a torch-bearer who can arouse the Free State ot meeting the needs of modern highway traffic, wider, straighter boulevards for trucks and cars and the convenience of America on wheels. There was never a safer cause for aspiring statesmen to champion.

SWEET CORN SEASON

Sweet corn pulling for cannery purposees is in full swing in Queen Anne's now, a reminder of another way in which the grain pours cash into the farmer's pocket. Corn has been a money crop for generations.

As maize it was one of America's gifts to the world. The corn of the Bible and the Old World was wheat. Europeans first became acquainted with the grain from Indians who ate it from the cob or pounded the dried grain into meal.

Americans still eat the pounded grain, corn meal, as mush or the more richly garnished Indian pudding in the North, corn pone and grits in the Souht. The bulk of the field corn goes into feeding animals, however.

But sweet corn is in better favor with the American palate. Corn on the cob is almost a synonym for summer. It is also a picture of American food enjoyment. When the strait lace of etiquette is laid aside there is an aura of contentment about a dinner with both elbows on the table, a juicy ear of corn rotating in his hands, and a glowing face suffused with the warmth of eating and the steam from the cob as he gnaws his way around the toothsome kernels.

Corn on the cob is as seasonal as summer. But the place of sweet corn on the American menu has no calendar limit. Thanks to canneries the succulent kernels can be prepared the year round. But even this goes back to farmers like those of Queen Anne's who are pulling sweet corn in August, not for their own tables, but for the diners of America the year around.

FARMERS & 12C TOMATOES

The farmers who have made money on their tomato crops in this county this season are few. The prices for the green fruit were fair, but did not compare well with prices received in many previous years, and red fruit at the canning houses has brought low prices all season.

Just how much money there can be in raising tomatoes to sell at the cannery for twelve or fifteen cents a basket can best be answered by those who grow them. Generally, farmers say that they can hardly break even at fifteen cents a basket and lose money at twelve cents a basket.

Of course overproduction has played a big part in causing low prices for tomatoes. Last year this was a money crop, and most growers realized a good profit from it. This year more tomatoes than ever were planted, we have a big overproduction, and prices have hit bottom.

It would seem that farmers and truckers would have learned by this time that they can't expect no really dependable farm income, year after year, until they perfect a cooperative organization for marketing their crop.

There is too much spread between the price of twenty cents a basket received for tomatoes for city markets, and the prices paid by the consumer for the product in the cities. The handling of farm commodities in the slip shod way the handling is done now, means that somewhere along the line a speculative interest enters that reduces the price to the farmer and boosts the price to the consumer. Reliable and actual cost of handling does not and cannot account for the difference in prices from the farm to the table.

As an instance of what happens right here in our own community, tomatoes selling at twelve cents a basket at the cannery cost the housewife five cents per pound in the grocery store. What a difference.

Cooperative marketing is not new and it is not a cure-all. Nothing ever has been invented by man that will take complete care of fools and jackasses. But cooperative marketing has been successful in many states and is successful in many places today.
—Crisfield Times.

LIVING LONGER

Since time immemorial, we have been reading of formulas for living to a ripe old age. The fly in the ointment has always been that no two of them agree. If one man says he lived to be a hundred by eating, drinking and smoking as he pleased, another jumps up and swears he got that way by abstaining from all the human vices.

And so it goees. But we are interested, nevertheless, in the claim of Dr. Henry C. Sherman, of New York, that selective eating will add years to our life and life to our years.

Dr. Sherman's theory sounds the more convincing because he has tried it out on untold generations of rats. He says that when he feeds rats with foods cotaining plenty of mineral salts and vitamins they are happier, healthier, and longer-lived.

We suppose that Dr. Sherman's theory would work out with human beings too if you could keep them in a laboratory like the rats. But humans, fortunately or unfortunately, find the hardest thing on earth is trying to live on a specified diet. Telling people that they will live longer if they eat the right things will probably be no more fruitful than telling them they will live longer if they keep out of the way of motor cars.

Still, we can't help detecting a certain note of sadness in Dr. Sherman's announcement of his findings. He knows as well as the humblest layman, that you can lecture the proper diet to men and women, but you can't make them hold to it. We could all live longer, but modern civilization (particularly America) being something short of a laboratory, most of us probably won't.—Middletown Transcript.

A mother is a person who sees there are only four pieces of pie for five people and says she doesn't care for pie.—Montreal Star.

—o—

A test of your histronic ability: Laughing for the seventeenth time at a joke that wasn't funny the first time you heard it.—St. Louis Star-Times.

—o—

Automatic hands for opening doors are now being used in America. We are now waiting for a door-to-door salesman to perfect an automatic foot for thrusting inside them.—Humorist.

—o—

The Scotch Townsend Plan provides $65 pension at 200.—Office Economist.

THE Rambling Recorder

This was supposed to be our week for vacation . . . but we had a hunch it would be rainy . . . and gave up the idea . . . our idea of what not to do on vacations is to watch raindrops fall . . . The rain gave the heat wave a bum's rush . . . Monday was twenty-five degrees cooler than Sunday . . . That would be a terrific drop in temperature in winter . . . There have been a number of storms this month . . . but we notice the corn in the county stays upright . . . Down the Shore there are many fields where the stalks have been beaten half down . . .

—o—

Just to give you an idea how the corn crop in the county shapes up . . . Nine men, eight of ten rated fairly reliable prognosticators, were discussing the outlook . . . They represented every district except the Fifth and Seventh . . . and they could not quite agree as to the chances of a normal crop . . . To reach some conclusion each man wrote his estimate on a slip of paper and laid it down . . . When these were examined the guesses lined up this way 60 per cent, 70, 75, 78, 80, 85, 95, 95, 95 . . . The estimator who guessed the low figure of 60 per cent and one of those rating the crop at 95 per cent were both from the First District . . . Apparently they are not agreed as to how bad the crop will be but they do agree that it won't be up to the usual.

—o—

Will Stevens, delegating at a convention down in New Orleans, sends us a postcard . . . and for a happy thought it's a picture of a graveyard . . . the kind where folks are stowed away above ground in neat piles of vaults like show boxes on the shelves of a shoe store . . . with bouquets of flowers on the narrow trays in front of each vault . . . Some of the colored people at a carnival last week had a little excitement not on the program . . . They were riding the flying chairs . . . and somehow the device got short circuited . . . They squealed when they touched metal . . . and the operator could not turn the thing off because he got shocked when he touched the control . . . Then the short vanished o its own accord . . .

—o—

We'ae always thought selling books must be a difficult job . . . Too many people have built up sales resistance . . . and the approach must often be subtle . . . We were interested in the line of one of the experts this week . . . a suave mixture of playing upon vanity and cupidity . . . love of a bargain . . . You're told that the house sells only by mail . . . but to be allowed to use your name . . . you will be permitted to buy direct at a discount . . . We call that a swell approach . . . and it must be so regarded by the trade . . . because it's the second time it has been tried on us . . . for books of the same category . . . but we don't rate our name as having testimonial value . . .

—o—

Then there was the vacuum cleaner salesman who was as artless as the other was polished . . . The vacuum seller was an inexperienced youth who had one superb method of approach if he had had the wit to make use of it . . . He was one of a crew working Centreville under a manager . . . the kind of crew that skims rapidly through a town wasting no time except when a clearly evident prospect looms up . . . The particular salesman was an expert with the yo-yo . . . you remember the rubber ball hitched with a rubber string to a wooden racquet . . . Merely for his own pleasure and a break in routine he borrowed a yo-yo and made the ball do amazing tricks . . .with just a few children for spectators . . . At the appearance of the housewife he dropped the yo-yo, slightly embarrassed . . . and hurried off to catch up with the crew . . . therby tossing away an approach less gifted salesmen would have envied . . .

—o—

One sort of conversation we can always listen to is that recounting incidents of one's early life, especially if it has a little color . . . Carroll C. Sturgis, Love Point business man, had a free hour on his hands last week . . . and somehow got talking about the time the Nypen N railroad was built . . . The Nypen N, as old timers still call it, is now the Pennsylvania main line from Delmar to Cape Charles . . . The New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk . . . Seems as if Mr. Sturgis' father, a Pocomokian, helped build the road . . . and to keep up with construction took his family with him . . . and followed the new laid track down to Cape Charles in a couple of freight cars . . . as many other construction men have done . . . one car for sleeping, one for cook shack and living room . . .

—o—

But what we were getting at was Mr. Sturgis' story about the Cape Charles couple who were buried upright, half above ground, half below . . . He was well-to-do, but eccentric . . . and he and his wife got through life famously . . . enjoying a quarrel a day . . . all day . . . such as when the old fellow hitched up his buggy one morning . . . and the wife demanded, Mr. C——, where do you think you are going? . . . Straight to hell, madam, he answered courteously . . . Then I'll go with you . . . and she hopped into the buggy . . . and he drove straight to the beach . . . and into the water . . . and was halted and turned back by watermen when the buggy was afloat . . . But in his will he ordered that he be buried standing, with his head and upper body out of the ground . . . what suited him suited his wife . . . adn we're going down some day to see if he is still there . . .

A South African says that he makes a living by catching and selling five elephants a year. It sounds as if he were in big business in a small way.
—Punch.

—o—

—o—

Secret of success: Making hay with the grass that grows under other people's feet.—Answers.

—o—

You cannot build a reputation on things that you are going to do.—Whitsitt Impress.

OLD TIMERS

A grand little old lady, a native of Centreville, but for more than sixty years a resident of Baltimore, who delights in coming to the Eastern Shore, the land of her birth, to spend her summers is our "Old Timer" of the week.

She is Miss Hennie Lambe, who since early summer has been a guest at the home of her cousin, Mrs. John Macfarland, Chesterfield Avenue, extended, and shortly after Labor Day, will return to Baltimore for the winter. She is now nearing her eighty-sixth birthday.

Miss Lambe was born in Centreville, December 17th, 1851, in a small dwelling that was located on Liberty street, where the residence of G. Davis Neavitt, now stands. She is a daughter of the late John T. Lambe, a cabinet maker, and Rebecca Ann Lambe. Her grandfather Lambe came from Ireland, and is believed to have settled some where in the vicinity of Greensboro, Caroline county, later coming to Queen Anne's, where her father learned his trade under a man named Parrott.

It is a real delight to hear Miss Lambe, reminisce of the days of her childhood in Centreville. She distinctly remembers when there was not a single brick or hard surfaced pavement or sidewalk in the town. When the bricks and sand were hauled to Centreville to build the first sidewalk, she with her playmates made mud pies of the sand.

She can also remember when the old town hall had the market house beneath it, and there was a section set aside for a whipping post, where prisoners were brought from the jail for lashings.

About the same time the Court House square was enclosed and could be entered only by a turnstile. It was at this turnstile that slaves were brought to be bought and sold.

As a little girl she attended school in the building that many years ago, became known as the Male Academy. She is probably the only living person who can recall when a class of two grades of little girls were students in the building, taught under the late George Palmer. She also can remember when the Methodist Episcopal Church, the predecessor of the present building, was a small frame one room building, and that when the new church was being built, the furnishings of the old building were removed to her mother's yard and covered over for protection, while the work of building went on.

Outstanding in her mind is one certain election held in Centreville, she cannot, however, remember which side was victorious,, but does recall that in a celebration a float was built of a boat, and taken through the streets announcing the returns.

Her only recollection of the Civil War is that ten soldiers assembled at the home of her parents, where they remained overnight, before leaving for headquarters to enlist in the cause of the confederacy. One of the soldiers was the late Samuel Roe, a cousin of Miss Lambe's mother, who made his mark in the war between the States.

Miss Lambe's mother died in 1861, when the subject of our sketch was a little girl ten years old. Her father died five years later and our "Old Timer" went to Ruthsburg to live in the home of her uncle the late Emory T. Roe. In 1873 with her sister and brother she went to Baltimore, to live with her grandmother. Her brother died in 1876 and the sister in 1879. Her grandmother had gone on before, and Miss Lambe was left alone in so far as immediate family was concerned. However, she went to the home of friends to live, where she took the part of family seamstress, companion, and helper. She remained with them until they passed away, and now in her advancing age, through their generosity she is provided with a comfortable home, and everything to make her old age happy.

On going to Baltimore Miss Lambe affiliated with the West Baltimore Methodist Protestant Church, and for sixty-four years has been a devout member of the congregation. She is the oldest member in years of service, and although the location of the edifice has been moved three times, she has continued her membership there.

In spite of the fact that she is well over four score years this charming old lady is very active, and takes great delight in events of the day. She is a baseball enthusiast, and in her younger days says she seldom missed a game of the Orioles played at home. Last week she attended the game between the Centreville Club and Cambridge on booster day.

Each Sunday morning she walks the more than a mile to attend service at Grace Methodist Protestant Church Centreville, and is as active and alert as many persons much younger. ,

Besides her many other activities our "Old Timer" never wastes time, and every leisure hour is spent in fine needlework. She has within the past three years helped to crochet seven handsome bedspreads and has done quantities of knitting.

Our hope for this charming "Old Timer" is that she may live for many years to scatter the sunshine of her presence among those whom she loves and those who love her. It is a delight to know her, and be able to call her your friend.

RADIANT LIVING

BLIND TO SCENERY

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

Some people who live in the mountains never see any scenery. They have become so accustomed to the beauty that is about them that they are no longer conscious of it.

There are other people who are very similar to them. These are those who have become so accustomed to enjoying every day the good things that surround them that they have lost the sense of appreciation of the good that is enriching their lives.

Stop a moment right where you are sitting and open your eyes to the multitude of good things in your life, to the beauties of nature that surround you, to the blessings that are in your home, to the precious values of your family, and to the golden opportunities that await you in life!

Some of these people who can not see the good that surrounds them are always in a dissatisfied state of mind. They are dissatisfied with the position they hold. They are dissatisfied with the town in which they reside. They are dissatisfied with the home in which they live.

It is this very dissatisfied attitude of mind that is blinding them, preventing them from seeing how much better off they are than countless others. It is blinding their eyes from seeing how to enter upon a still larger measure of good.

If you feel dissatisfied, stop and count your blessings. Take an inventory of the good with which you are blessed and you will find that it will bring to you a changed attitude of mind, from dissatisfcation to appreciation.

And with appreciation there will come an increase of good things into your life.

Open your eyes to see the surrounding scenery of the good.

RUTHSBURG

The Ladies' Aid of Ruthsburg Methodist Proestant Church met at the church house Thursday. After the business meeting ice cream and pie were served. Mrs. Colvin Randall and Mrs. M. O. Ford, of Centreville were hostesses.

Mrs. Eugene Brown and children, were guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Quimby, Thursday.

Miss Peggy Shawn, of near Centreville, is the guest of Miss Henrietta Quimby.

Miss Doris Turner, has returned home after a week's visit with friends in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Edward Brumsley and children, of Philadelphia, were week-end guests of Mrs. William Turner.

Miss Jean Mason has returned home after a week's visit with friends in Washington.

Mrs. Van Willis and children, of Church Hill, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Binebrink.

Mrs. William Lynch and children, and Miss Jean Callahan were guests of Mrs. Mary White, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Finley and son, Warren, have returned home after a three week's stay in Beverley, N. J.

Miss Mary Lee Holden, of Ridgely, is the guest of Miss Doris Turner.

THE POET'S CORNER

REST

Trudging the long white road that leads to town
I always stop to lean across the bridge
And watch where drifting bubbles follow down
Their pallid shadows on the pebbly ledge
And sandy bottom, and the lean brown trout
Flip off like shadows when the sun's about.

—Gerald Raftery.

BLACK BUTTERFLY ON A WHITE ROSE

How did you choose so unerringly
This flower to which you winged
Your lovely way? Or could you see
The picture you would make
Of ebony on ivory?

—Gertrude S. Dauriag.

GREEN SYMPHONY

There is unfathomed peace
In the shadow
Of this great pint tree
As the murmuring wind
Stirs the branches
To green music.

—Joseph A. Silvia.

MARYDEL

Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Moore, of Baltimore, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Amos Wyatt.

Dr. and Mrs. Floyd Moore, of Dover, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Moore on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Long and daughter Helen, of Marcus Hook, Pa., spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Seney.

Miss Nettie Ware spent the week-end with Misses Ruth and Helen Conner.

Miss Helen Heather is spending the week at Atlantic City, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Smith, of Marcus Hook, Pa., are vacationing at their home in town.

Mrs. Hildred Heather visited her mother, Mrs. Thomas Harrison, of Cheswold, on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Drummond and daugther, of Secan, Pa., were week-end guests of her father, Dr. J. R. Smith.

L. A. Covell has returned from a business trip to Toronto, Canada.

Mrs. Edward Wright, of Clayton, Del., visited her daughter, Mrs. Harry Heather on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Smith attended Delmarva Camp on Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Cohee, of Wilmington, spent the week-end in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Allie Seward and daughter Catherine, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Teat, visited the Bar-C Ranch at Elverson, Pa., the past week-end.

Mrs. Mamie Griffith has been visiting relatives at Greensboro.

Mr. Wesley Walls spent the week-end in Salisbury and Crisfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Tyson Heather and son Robert, visited at Rehoboth Beach over the week-end.

Mrs. Maud Switzer and daughter, of Hartley, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Stafford on Sunday.

Miss Grace Brinkman has returned to Jersey City, N. J., after spending the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Saatman.

Mrs. Mary Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Butts had as their Sunday guests, Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, of New Castle, Del.; Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wink, of Bear, Del.; Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Smith, Mrs. Laura Glass and daughter, Sarah, of Dover; Mr. and Mrs. Norman Smith and daughter Pearl, of Cheswold, Del.; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Smith and son, of Marcus Hook, Pa.; Mrs. Eva Butts, of Templeville; Mr. George Smith and daughter, Miss Margaret; Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Smith and son Ray, and Paul Smith, of town, and Mrs. Annie Cahall.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Patterson and sons, from Wilmington, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Heather on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant, of Philadelphia, spent last week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Davis. Mrs. Edith Moore and daughter, Doris accompanied the Grants home for a visit.

Price Kaler, of Washington, spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Kaler.

Mrs. Emma Jauderland and children, of New York, are visiting her father, Mr. Julius Myers.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Pelly, Mr. and Mrs. Parshall, of Philadelphia, were recent visitors of Mr. and Mrs. James Scotton.

Mrs. Annie Cahall has returned to Marydel, after spending three weeks in Harrington.

On Friday evening there was an aluminum demonstration supper served at the home of Mrs. James Scotton by Mr. Terrell, of Dover. The guests were: Mrs. Horney, Mrs. Laura Daily, Miss Margaret Smith, Mrs. Virginia Butts, Mrs. Thelma Heather, Miss Janet Heather, Miss Helen Heather, Mrs. Sarah Jacobs and Mrs. Lydia Heather.

Mrs. Erva Butts, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Butts, Mrs. Mary Smith, Mrs. Annie Cahall, Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Smith, Mr. Gorge Smith and Miss Margaret spent Sunday with Mrs. Anne Moore, of Clayton, Del., to help celebrate her seventy-seventh birthday.

Rev. and Mrs. R. G. Conner, Miss Nettie Ware visited friends at Georgetown, Del., Saturday and spent the evening at Rehoboth. On Sunday they visited Rev. John Anderson and family and assisted Rev. Anderson with a family reunion services at Willard's Camp, in the evening at Delmarva Camp where Rev. Conner and Rev. Anderson assisted with the services.

TEMPLEVILLE

There will be no preaching service at Antioch M. E. Church Sunday, August 29th, owing to the pastor, Rev. R. G. Connor, being on his vacation. Sunday school will be at the usual hour, 10 a. m.

Messrs Temple Stafford and Barton Wooleyham, spent Sunday at White Crystal Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Medford Starkey and children, Elinor and Jimmie, visited Mr. and Mrs. William Cahall, near Cecilton, Sunday.

Prof. Howard Griffith, of Wilkinsburg, Pa., is spending part of his vacation with his mother, Mrs. Susan Griffiith.

Miss Dorothy Knotts left Monday to spend a week with a party of friends at Rehoboth.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Bosely and children Louise, Jack and Margaret Ann, and Mrs. M. J. Bosely, spent Sunday in Cambridge.

Mrs. Erva Butts was a week-end guest of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Butts. On Sunday they attended a birthday dinner in honor of Mrs. Annie Poore, in Clayton, Del.

Mr. Howard West spent the week-end with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. Irons Pippin entertained relatives at dinner Sunday. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pippin, and Mrs. Emma Pippin, of Dover; Mr. and Mrs. Enos Pippin, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. George Pippin, of Wilmington, Del.; Prof. and Mrs. Howard Griffith, of Wilkinsburg, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. Earl Meredith and son, and Miss Violet Gears, of Baltimore; Mr. and Mrs. ack Cleaved and son, Jack, Jr., of Baltimore; and Mr. Richard Able, of children, Billie and Ruth Ann, visited Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Kinnamon and in Berlin and Ocean City, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Price and children, of Easton; Mrs. Harper Starkey, of Sudlersville; Mrs. Fred Emory and daughter, of Riverside, N. J.; Mrs. Thomas Chambers, of Viola, Del.; called on Mrs. Charles Goslin, Sunday. Mr. Goslin who for several months has been a patient at the State Hospital is very much improved and will soon be able to return to his home.

Mr. and Mrs. Gurney Knotts and daughters, Mrs. A. H. Wyatt, and Miss Dorothy Knotts and grand-daughter, Doris Ann Wyatt, attended a birthday celebration at Tolchester Saturday given in honor of Mrs. Knotts' sister, Mrs. Annie Jones, of Sudlersville.

Refusal To Retreat When Told Now Termed Hazy War Legend

Washington, D. C.—No legend of the World War recurs more frequently or is so shrouded with mystery as the alleged retort of an officer of the Second Division in France, when it was suggested that his troops should retreat.

"Retreat Hell!" is said to have been the reply given to a commander of a French regiment, who thought that the newly-arrived troops should fall back as the brave, but badly battered, French troops were doing before the rush of German hosts at Belleau Wood early in June, 1918. Since then the expression and its accompanying remarks have been ascribed to Generals Omar Bundy and Manus McCloskey, of the Army, and to Colonel Frederic M. Wise, Captains C. O. and Lloyd W. Williams, of the U. S. Marines.

Persistent inquiries as to its origin led the Army War College to make an investigation several months ago and later to announce: "Our inquiry inclines us to view that it was a simple verbal reply to a French officer by Captain Williams, of the United States Marine Corps, now deceased, to the effect that his orders were to remain where he was."

The opinion of the War College was also held by the late Major Generals Wendell C. Neville and Logan Feland, prominent leaders of Marines in France, although at various times Colonel Wise and others have been quoted as using virtually the same words.

It is known officially that the French approached Captains Corbin and Williams, 51st Co., 2nd Bat., Fifth Marines, with a written order for their troops to fall back. Captain Williams' reply as reported by one of his junior officers was: "Retreat hell! we have orders to stay and hold at all costs, and that's what we'll do."

Captain Williams relayed a formal report of the incident to his battalion commander, Colonel Wise, who had also received the French retreat order and rfeused to do so in equally strong language. Elsewhere on the fighting front French officers had approached General Bundy and General (then Colonel) McCloskey, commanding the 12th Artillery. The latter is said to have replied: "Retreat? Hell, no! We just got here."

Regardless of the reply or its exact phraseology, the Second Division did not retreat then—or ever! The brave Captain Williams was killed a few days later as he lay wounded in a field dressing station, unaware that the oft-quoted prophecy would be so completely fulfilled.

STEVENSVILLE

A Union Service for the Methodist Episcopal Churches on Kent Island will be held in Dominion Church Sunday evening, August 29, at 8 p. m. The pastor, Rev. James F. Langrall, will give a sermon lecture on "Spiritual Lessons To Be Learned from the White Mountains." Our young people from the three churches will have charge of the singing.

Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Roberts and daughter, Mary Elizabeth, of Pittsburgh, Pa., were Saturday guests of their cousins, Miss C. Lynda Bryan and Mrs. Harry Breeding.

Miss Sarah Roe, of Sudlersville, has been spending some time with her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. T. Walter Denny.

Miss Julia Norman is spending her vacation at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Norman.

Mrs. Russum Legg and children, Nancy Jean and Judy and Mrs. Fannie Legg, spent several days in Ocean City last week.

Misses Lois Cockey and Frances Starkey were the week-end guests of Dr. and Mrs. W. T. Henry.

Mr. Stevens Carter and Mr. James Ross, of Baltimore, spent the week-end with friends in town.

Miss Madge Thomas, of Ridgely, and Mrs. Sue McMenomy, of Philadelphia, were the guests last Wednesday of Mr. and Mrs. Belbin Thomas.

Miss Nellie D. Carter, of Washington, D. C., has returned home after spending some time with her sister, Mrs. W. E. Herbert.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Clark spent several days in Baltimore, last week.

Misses Mary and Lucille Legg, Mrs. Archie Legg and Mrs. Barnes Legg, spent Wednesday in Baltimore.

Mrs. George Dasihell and little daughter Norma Jean, spent several days last week with her parents in Grasonville.

Mrs. W. T. Henry and Mrs. Charles Bright, spent Sunday with their sister, Mrs. William Barwick, of near Sudlersville.

Mr. and Mrs. Ollie Calloway, of New Jersey, are spending some time with his sister, Miss Nettie Calloway.

Miss Mary Snyder, of Baltimore, spent the week-end with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Snyder.

Miss Lillian Cook, of Baltimore, spent Sunday with relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. James J. Marvel and little son, are spending some time with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James P. Marvel.

Mr. Daniel B. Langrall, of Baltimore, spent the week-end with his brother, Rev. James Langrall.

Mr. and Mrs. James Kelley, of Baltimore, have returned home after spending some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tolson.

Mrs. Howard airbank has returned home after visitng her daughter, Mrs. Alfred Mylander, of Manassa, Va.

Miss Mary Anne Carville spent several days last week in Ocean City with her cousin, Mrs. Luther Thomas.

Mr. Samuel Friel, Jr., of Queenstown, was the guest Tuesday evening of Mr. and Mrs. Belbin Thomas.

Mrs. Rose Maza and sons, Messrs. Fred, Norman, and Joseph, of Nanticoke, Pa., were the guests last week of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kolata.

Miss Ruth Kolata, Messrs. Fred and Norman Maza visited the grounds and bulidings of the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis on Friday.

Rev. James F. Langrall and Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Gardner motored through Virginia, West Virginia, and Maryland, to different points of interest.

Mr. Norman L. Mekeins was a week-end visitor with his family near Matapeake.

Miss Betty Frances Kees, of Baltimore, has returned home after spending the past five weeks with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund B. Palmer, near Matapeake.

Abner says—

I give gals credit fur bein' able t' do things that would stump a man. I've yit to see the feller proud t' wear a hat with a hole in the crown.