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

If anyone were to suggest that the economic unity of the United States should be broken and that each State should pursue a policy directed toward making itself as self-contained as possible, he would be written down as a fool. What if he went further and intimated that this course would lead to greater wealth and happiness for the inhabitants of the North American continent? Yet this very policy passes for statesmanship in Europe. —Rt. Hon. C. R. Atlee, M. P.

THE COLTS

It seems like yesterday since Centreville made its debut in organized baseball with the opening day game. Then the wheat field visible from the grandstand beyond the right field fence was green with growing wheat. The grain ripened into gold, stood a while in ordered shocks. It was threshed and the field lay brown under summer skies. The grass renewed itself, mottled the stubble with green and thickened into an emerald stand as August waned and the final games of September played themselves out.

During that time the Centreville Colts, frisky, unsettled yearlings as likely to reach for the depths as for the heights of the game developed slowly into a well-rounded, well-trained team that moved up powerfully into the contention of the closing month. Despite the studied indifference of certain experts who held them lightly the Colts wrested a place in the playoffs and barged into them garlanded with the full respect of their rivals, the sure test of strength.

The Colts held to the spirit of the Eastern Shore League, the spirit of sportsmanship and clean baseball throughout the season. The young players who rang down the curtain on the greensward Monday afternoon were with two exceptions the lads who marched to centerfield to unfurl the American flag before the opening game. There was no excited scramble for new material as the race grew hot, no frantic rush for players to load up for the stretch run. The Colts played the string out like men, sportsmen.

The spirit that infused the Colts was the spirit that motivated the leaders who revived the Eastern Shore League. That is to the glory and honor of the Colts, be it said without trace of innuendo or reflection upon any other team. It explains the pride of the Centreville baseball fans in the club that has represented it. Regardless of where the team finishes in the playoffs, Centreville will cherish its satisfaction in its determined, straightforward club.

Off the playing field the Colts have come to be familiar figures, popular figures in Centreville life. Dropped into an environment new to many of them they adapted themselves speedily to Centreville's quiet atmosphere. Modest, unassuming, free from the prima donna touch, their conduct has been above reproach, far above it. They have filled a treasure house of material for the endless discussions of the winter stove league, all of it pleasant. And they can be sure that Centreville will follow the fortunes of each of them, wishing them upward and onward.

A PEACEFUL MONTH

Once more the eternal cycle of the years ,always changing, always the same, brings the crystal clear mornngs and bright skies of September, the salad month of the year, with its mixture of the waning warmth of summer and the first invigorating energy of autumn.

September may have been the seventh month for the Romans, maybe the ninth month for the Christian world, but it is the advent of the active period in the business and industrial life of the nation. Strangely enough, it is the busiest buying period for the mail order houses, loading up for the Christmas rush. For the farmers it is the time which definitely marks the beginning of the laying away of the year's work. A salad month, filled with complexities.

Yet despite is warning finger pointing to the long cool period ahead, September is a pleasant month. Something of an ordered calm pervades the face of nature, the peace of its landscapes, the clearness of its dawns, the serenity of its heavens. Man responds to its mood and gradually gears himself to the stretch of activity which mounts to the year's close and again gathers itself for a push through winter to another Spring ahead.

For many households the opening of schools creates a day long hush in homes that have stirred to the voices and activities of children through the happy summer months. There is no pang of regret, since the youngsters are unconsciously working out their careers in schools. But tired mothers understand the peace, and perhaps find it not unwelcome.

That at least is September in America, a pleasant month, a soothing month. It will slip from our hands before we are aware. But it is with us now, the last touch of summer, the beckoning of Fall.

"LEND A HAND"

This year Fire Prevention Week will be observed from October 3 to 9. The slogan for the week, featured in posters and news releases issued by the National Board of Fire Underwriters, is "Lend a Hand."

This slogan is particularly apt. For if fire is to be prevented and controlled—and the hundreds of millions of dollars and thousands of lives fire destroys each year, are to be saved—all of us must lend a hand. Fire is largely an individual problem—each one of us, with the exercise of a little effort and care, can easily eliminate the common hazards on our property.

Fire Prevention Week is about a month away—but no one need wait for it. It is a simple matter to put on an individualized fire prevention period of your own, starting today. How long has it been since you cleaned out basement and attic — old newspapers, furniture, clothing and other odds and ends that are prolific sources of fire? In a few months maximum demands will be made upon your heating plant—before then, have it inspected by an expert, and if necessary, repair and replace parts. Remember that amateur electrical repairs may be the cause of turning your home into a heap of ash and wreckage, unless properly installed and inspected.

Yes, it's always time to "Lend a Hand" when fire is involved.

OPENS—TOO EARLY

The oyster season officially opened in Maryland Wednesday, the first day of September, with about the hottest weather we have experienced the whole summer.

Every fall most people who know anything about oysters realize that the first of September is too early to start to catch and shuck and market oysters. First, the weather is too hot; second, the oysters won't keep for any length of time, and are liable to go into the market in poor shape and thus cause the buyer in the city or elsewhere to get an indifferent opinion of Maryland oysters; third, very few people are really ready for the business because other things are occupying their time and attention; fourth, it is seldom that a packer makes anything but a monetary loss on oysters handled in September, and frequently bushel after bushel of oysters have to be rolled out on the shell pile.

Some day the oyster business in Maryland will be conducted on the basis of conserving the supply and furnishing to the trade only fine grades of oysters, and when that time comes with it will come a later opening of the season.—Crisfield Times.

PATIENCE

It would be a great and valuable experience if every man, once during lifetime, could sit over there on Mars for half an hour and get perspective on this world's workaday affairs. But probably that will be impossible—for a few years at least. The next best thing is to sit at the feet of Sir James Jeans, the English scientist.

He suggests in "The Universe Around Us", as you may recall, that to see ourselves and our generation in proper relation to the past and the future, we should lick a postage stamp and stick it on a penny. Then climb either of Cleopatra's Needles (one stands on the Thames Embankment in London, the other in Central Park, New York City, and each is about 70 feet high) and place thereon the penny, stamp side up. If the height of the whole structure be taken as a scale to represent the time elapsed since the earth became the earth, the thickness of the penny and the stamp represents the time that man has lived on the earth, and the thickness of the stamp the time that man has been civilized.

Now suggests Sir James, stick on another stamp; it corresponds to 5,000 years. Then another stamp, another, and another, until you have a stamp column as high as Mont Blanc, France, which is 15,782 feet high.

"Even now", Sir James will tell you, "the pile forms an inadequate representation of the length of the future which, so far as astronomy can see, probably stretches before civilized humanity unless an accident cuts us short. The first postage stamp was the past of civilization. The column higher than Mont Blanc is the future. The first stamp represents what man has already achieved—the pile which outtops Mont Blanc represents what he may achieve if his future achievement is proportional to his time on earth."—Rotarian Magazine.

One of the briefer musical criticisms appeared in the paper back home: "An amateur string quartet played Brahms here last evening. Brahms lost."—Detroit News.

OUR READERS SAY:

Sept. 7, 1937

To the Editor:

Please publish the following letter which was sent to the Baltimore Sun originally and which they chose not to print:

—o—

In the Evening Sun of Wednesday, August 24, the sports writer for the Baltimore Sun seemed to take particular delight in announcing that the Centreville baseball games of the Eastern Shore League had not been as well attended as some of the other towns, for instance Salisbury. In fact went so far as to say that Centreville had had the smallest attendance in the league.

Doesn't this man know his Maryland geography? and the size of the Maryland towns. Does he realize Salisbury has a population of 13,000 people besides the county to draw from, and that Centreville has 1,292 persons and one of the smaller counties from which it can hope to draw its attendance? And that Cambridge has 10,000 inhabitants, and Easton's population of approximately 6,000? Salisbury therefore has more than ten times as many people to draw from; Cambridge about five, and son on.

Besides the reason of population, all the clubs in the circuit with the exception of Centreville and Crisfield have night games. These night games have been their largest drawing card, not because people prefer night baseball, but because those persons who have employment throughout the day have an opportunity to see them without losing time from work.

Still another reason is the fact, that breaks have been against Centreville in the matter of weather. More Sunday and holiday games have been rained out here probably than in any other town. For instance the Fifth of July, when rain fell in torrents until late afternoon. This was a day that the rain coming at that time cut the attendance an easy 1,000 to 1,500.

However, no matter what the Baltimore Sun cares to say or not to say about Centreville and its baseball club, they must be assured that no team in the league has been given the wholehearted supprt from the very beginning as has been accorded the Centreville team.

The team sent to Centreville by the Phillies has been an outfit that any town could be proud to call its own. Through the cooperation of the Queen Anne's County Sports Activities Association of which John W. Perry, is President, every man, woman and child has been whole heartedly back of the project, and right now we are glad to say that we are proud of every one of them. The Phillies are well satisfied and it has been authentically stated that a large percentage of the group will go to higher class baseball another season. If the Phillies are satisfied and Centreville is satisfied, we cannot see that it is anybody else's business whether we have a million attend our games, or the clubs play for their own pleasure.

Another matter of importance is the fact that Centreville has not violated a single ruling as laid dwn by the Eastern Shore League, neither has there ever been a rumor that the Centreville Club has been guilty of violation, while current rumor is rampant of violations in the Salisbury club, even going so far as to say that the lowest men on their team are paid more than the amount set down by the league.

Whether rumrs are true or not true, Centreville and the Queen Anne's County Sports Activities Association prefer to be in the class that can obey rules and compete in any contest to the end of the season with a clean bill of true sportsmanship.

We would like also to make one more suggestion to the Sun. That is, if they were not biased in their opinion and favortism they would look up a few facs about their towns, before they boasted quite so much about the result of attendance in their big towns while trying to belittle a town that has the best and truest sportsmen of any section of the state. Centreville and Queen Anne's county support has been sincere a dnwholeheartedly and we have been glad to show our apprpeciation for the class of men that the Phillies have sent to us. The attendance has not been so bad, and the sponsors of the club have nothing to worry about.

More than that they have turned out players that have made records that any club could be proud of, and we firmly expect that the fourteen lads in the local team, all under twenty-three years old, will be stepping in much faster baseball circles, long before the whirlwinds of the Salisbury clcub have reached an enviable place in the baseball world.

J. ELMER ANTHONY.

RADIANT LIVING

WHY NOT READ THE BEST?

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

In a canvas made by the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, it was learned that the American people spend twice as much time on magazines as on books, and more than five times as much time on newspapers as on books. It was found that most of the men canvassed read newspapers for an avreage of forty-five minutes a day, and an average of twenty-five minutes a day on magazines. One half of the group canvassed read less than a book a month.

How much time do you put into reading each day? And how much of that time do you spend in reading the best?

Much of that which is being read today is unworthy of the time it takes to read it. It has been learned by investigation that nearly all of the best sellers of ten years ago are little known today, and their authors are forgotten. If this is the fate of the best sellers, of what value was all the less popular writing?

A New York journalist recently declared that nine-tenths of the books published today are not worth the reading. A recent critic of modern magazine literature says that the novels of today are written under pressure from editors and are written for profits and not to portray American life as it really is.

Why then spend so much time in reading that whch is trash, untrue, perishable? Why read trash when God has put into our hands a Book that will enrich our lives, bring glory into our souls and open for us the gates of heaven?

Why not read the best?

THE POET'S CORNER

RAIN ON A SUMMER NIGHT

Softer than the voices of doves
In dark eaves at nightfall
Is the whispering of the rain
Outside my window.

—Elizabeth Ellen Long.

THE FISH HAWK

Beating the air with his wings he stands
Against the sun, in the blue void of day,
And gazes on the etched sweep of the land's
Curved arm beneath him stretching round the bay,—
Then shifts, and gazes sharply at the sea,
Then like a plummet falls. Through the blue length
Of chasmed air he passes arrowy,
Cleaving the water cleanly and with strength.

Whence he emerges circling the wide stair
Sunwards, and is lost across the land,
Lost in the forest, and again the air
Is claimed by crying gulls that search the sand,—
Until he, slow returning, grows yet bolder,
And takes his place upon the sun's broad shoulder.

—Millicent Laubenheimer.

A "canoe special" is now scheduled regularly out of Grand Central Station in New York. The public is expressly warned not to rock the train. —Detroit News.

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

Either the bravado of some one stealing a rooster and a hen from a Judge's backyard or the wrath of the Judge as expressed by the size of the reward stirred the risibilities of the Crisfield Times as noted in the following item headed "$12.50 Reward Per Chicken."

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"Tuesday evening, or maybe we had better say, between sundown Tuesday and daybreak Wednesday somebody stole, pilfered, plundered, filched, or in some other manner gained possession of two chcikens belonging to Judge Edward P. Wyatt.

"The chickens were ensconced in very comfortable quarters in back of the Wyatt home on Somerset avenue, and whether it was because of their beauty and charm, or because they had been with the Judge for a long time and a certain sentimental attachment had developed, or for some other reason, the Judge has authorized us to announce that he will pay $25.00 for the name and address of the person or persons who stole his chickens.

"Usually in a case of this kind the fellow who offers the reward says "and no questions asked," but the Judge says there will be quite a number of questions put to the party or parties who are responsible for the disappearance of the—we almost had forgotten to tell you—rooster and hen, that had dwelt so contendedly, crowing and clucking, in the Judge's back yard.

."The malefactor can take heart from the fact that if caught he or she or them can't be tried before Judge Wyatt.

"In case the law gets hard on their trail and it looks like the loss of the chickens will be traced to him or them who are responsible, if him or them will come to the editor of the "Times" and report and confess, we shall be glad to collect the $25.00 reward from the Judge and divide the amount with him or them. There will be no extra charge on account of color. Everybody treated alike is our motto."

Treasury officials are embarrassed to discover that the deficit is running much largre than they estimated. Their faces are as red as ink.—New Yorker.

PERSONALS

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Merricck, of Ingleside, have been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. James Hall, and Mr. Ernest Reams, of Culpepper, Va.

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Mr. and Mrs. John H. Ozmon, of New York, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Roger Ozmon, of Baltimore, spent the weekend and Labor Day with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Ozmon.

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Mrs. John M. Dulany, of New York, is spending some time with her sisters, Mrs. J. F. Rolph and Mrs. Lena Turner.

THE Rambling Recorder

It is partly because of the poor tomato crop, partly because canneries in Sandy Bottom are not running this year . . , that trucks loaded with the red fruit have been rare sights on Centreville streets this season . . . and we have yet to see one crammed to the poopdeck . . . bulging with filled baskets, as was heretofore of fairly frequent occurrence . . . So the Colts had trained their sights on Federalsburg as long as two weeks ago . . . They counted up for games to play with the Feds . . . figured on taking three of the four . . . and did exactly that . . . Norman Wurst got the watch for being voted the most valuable player . . . but jeweler G. Myron Latshaw had to put new straps on the timepiece before wrapping it up for presentation . . . Wurst's wrist was too big for the original straps . . . A number of Dover sure-thing players got burned at the final game in their town . . . They offered from even money to 12-5 that Centreville would win . . . betting against their own team . . . and Centreville did not get a man on base . . .

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M. Dubnow offers to write a political column for us . . . A Little Week In Politics . . . Sudlersville skeet shooters have almost a barn full of trophies . . . from which a choice lot may be selected for display in some Centreville store window . . . The border of trees on the lane from the main road to the Matapeake ferry slip is a good beginning . . . and would add to the attractiveness of route 404 if continued to Wye Mills . . . Mrs. James Bryan of Grasonville landed the $70 kitty that has been piling up all summer at the Stevensville Opera House . . . and Harry Reynolds had another chance to remark that Centreville was asleep at the switch . . . when another Centreville name was drawn at . . . If Kenneth Baker were a good salesman he might not have won the Odd Fellow car . . . Kenneth had a book of ten tickets to distribute . . . told himself he was no salesman . . . although a friend took the first one without being urged . . . and decided to keep the other nine and donate $9 rather than bother asking people to buy . . . so he swallowed the batch running from 352 to 360 . . . and 353 won . . . Which moved Charlie Tucker to tell Kenneth that if he were in swimming and met a chip floating he would come ashore with a ship . . . Mrs. Baker won a chest of sterling silver raffled by the Rotary a couple of years back . . . The county agent is the fair-haired boy for luck . . .

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A group of us were talking about showmanship . . . and Cliff Green's name, among others, came up . . . Cliff wears a pair of glasses with funny eyes painted on them . . . and an old derby hat . . . when blasting at skeet targets . . . and he has already had his picture run in Spur, Popular Science, Skeet Shooting News, and a half dozen other magazines . . . Despite rainsoaked grounds and threatening weather the Horse Show drew its banner crowd . . . and the Show is growing so large it may yet need two days . . . A colored woman operating a filling station in Grasonville had the right idea Sunday evening . . . Driving was bad with the darkness, light rain and wisps of fog . . . so when she had to stand in the road to fill a tank with the gas cap on the far side she hoisted her dark skirt waist high . . . and for warning to drivers displayed her white petticoat, slip or underskirt . . . Make your choice . . .

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A couple of outfits at the Love Point carnival were old time gambling rackets with new clothes . . . One operated with a couple of dice in a bird cage . . . another was the familiar wheel with the three rows of numbers . . . both playing only real cash . . . with the odds never less than two to one against the customer . . . even if they were on the level . . . Several of the managers of doll faced beauty girls were decidedly put out when rain squelched the bathing beauty contest . . . and their tongues had edges . . . the professionl touch . . . Before the carnival Landry L. Hubble said he was always lucky with his weather . . . He must have forgotten to cross his fingers . . .

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Among our contributors . . . Attorney John Palmer Smith, in the course of chasing a deed, came across an account of the establishment of the true meridian line for Centreville . . . by the United States Geodetic Survey on the Courthouse Green on May 27, 1897 . . . For those who want the full story about the lines drawn from the Centreville M. E. Church window and other points and who shot the sun . . . details can be found in the Clerk of Court's office, liber W. H. C. 6 . . . but the latitude is 39 degrees, 4 minutes North, the longitude 76 degrees, 4 minutes West of Greenwich . . . and no degrees, 56 minutes east of the Capitol at Washington . . . The W. H. C. indicates Clerk William H. Cecil . . . not the present clerk, William H. Carter ,who is W. H. C., a . . . John A. Trundle left a note telling of one of his life-long wonderments . . . During the Civil War General Robert E. Lee, crossing the Potomac on his way to Frederick in 1862 spent a night at Mr. Trundle's father's home . . . while his army camped in the Trundle wheat field . . . and Mr. Trundle who was three years old at the time still wonders if perhaps General Lee might have patted him on the head . . . or something . . . but it's too late now to find out.

Miss Martha Rolph, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Rolph, has returned to New York.

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Mr. and Mrs. Frank Elzey are entertaining Mr. Elzey's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Elzey, of Camden, N. J.

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Dr. and Mrs. Hampton E. Brown spent Monday at Ocean City.

THIS WEEK'S OLD TIMER

To Joseph R. Sparks, oldest resident of the Fifth District who recently celebrated his ninety-first birthday, a former miller, constable and staunch Democrat we dedicate the "Old Timers' Column" this week.

Mr. Sparks was born July 17th, 1846, in Spaniard's Neck, and was a son of Joseph R. Sparks, also a native of this county, and Maria Jane Coldman, of Kent county.

Throughout his long span of life, of more than four score and ten years "Old Timer" Sparks, has been a resident of Queen Anne's county, where by his honesty and industry he has built up a proud heritage for his children.

He was educated in the schools of the county, benig a student of Mr. Dunbracco, father of the late Lemuel Dunbracco, at one time a clerk of the Circuit Court for Queen Anne's cunty. In those days when a person was particularly gifted with an education, frequently a small private school was set up and the residents of the nearby neighborhoods would send their children to them for instruction. It was in one of these establishments conducted for the education of boys that "Old Timer" Sparks received his education.

In May, 1861, Mr. Sparks entered the employe of the late Lemuel McFadden owner of the old McFadden Mills, near Crumpton, where he learned the trade of milling and where he was employed unil 1866. He became one of the leading millers of the county and was prominently connected with McFadden's Mills, Chestertown Mills, the Millington Mill, Sally Harris Mill near Queenstown and the Church Hill Mill, near Burrisvile, where he conducted the business for many years. In 1890, he purchased what was known as the "Old Barcus Mill" property located about six miles from Burrisville, and conducted a business under the name of the Sparks Milling Company.

Although "Old Timer" Sparks was of sufficient age to enter the War between the States, he was exempt on account of his trade in milling, and supplying food for men and horses.

In 1909 "Old Timer" Sparks moved to Queenstown, where in a short time he was appointed a constable, under the regime of the Democratic party which he loves. He was reappointed each consecutive time until 1931, when he resigned on account of failing health.

In 1875 Mr. Sparks married Miss Frances R. Howell, of Kent county. By this marriage he had seven children—Joseph R. Sparks, of Harrington, Del.; James H. Sparks and John F. Sparks, of Philadelphia; Mrs. Paul Davis, of Wilmington; Mrs. Florence Cronshaw, of Ingleside, and Miss Mary Elva Sparks, member of the faculty of Centreville Grammar School. The Rev. Evans M. Sparks, another son, died several years ago. Mr. Sparks also has twelve grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Mrs. Sparks died in 1908, and four years later in 1912 married Miss Nellie Keating Dudley. There are no children by this union.

"Old Timer" Sparks has a splendid quality, to which he attributes his long life. He never worries and frequently remarks, "It is a pretty good old world, notwithstanding the things that are not just as we would have them."

Our wish is that this grand "Old Timer" may live to pass the century mark, and stick to his motto, of "Never Worrying."

Real Battles Fought By Marines Surpass Those Of Hollywood

Stories depicting the lives of the leathernecks have become a stock product of the movie studios, whose directors are well aware of the appeal of the uniform in attracting box office patrons. Hardly a month goes by without the advent of some military or naval movie in which the star is cast in the role of a soldier, sailor or marine.

Apart from their romantic interludes these movies often portray the adventures of the U. S. Marines in such realistic fashion that they win the approval of the leathernecks themselves, who are inclined to overlook a few technical errors if the director has not strayed too far from realism in unfolding the details of the plot.

Some of the screen's most talented actors have been cast as heroes of the Corps and have acquitted themselves with honors. Among them are Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe, William Cagney, Richard Dix, Jack Holt, Lawrence Tibbett, Dick Powell and many others, including the great Lon Chaney, whose passing was mourned by the sea soldiers as one of the best portrayers of Marine Corps roles.

Fights with Chinese bandits, long hikes through the jungle and incidents in the tropics or at sea have often approximated the real life of the marines, yet some of their most exciting adventures have occurred far from the movie lots and the grinding cameras of Hollywood.

While in Nicaragua a small group of Marines was completly surrounded by a vastly superior bandit force, and fought off every attack for more than fifteen hours. Once, under a flag of truce, the bandit leader demanded a surrender, pointing out that their water supply was nearly exhausted. The Marine leader, Captain Hatfield replied "Marines do not know how to surrender, and that water or no water we will stick until killed or captured."

Fortunately two marine aviators on patrol duty discovered their plight and flew back to an air base 120 miles to muster a squadron of bombing planes in time to rout the foe and scatter them in directions. Fifty of the attackers were killed, while the marine losses were light, one man being killed and several wounded.

Here was real drama in which the hazards of guerilla warfare, the threat of impending disaster, hope deferred, and a surprise rescue all proved worthy of the best movie thrillers. It was one of the real life episodes of the Marine Corps which often rival the fanciful fiction of the screen.

GRASONVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Miller, Miss Hazel Thomas and Mr. Albert Denny, spent last week-end at Natural Bridge, visited the Endless Caverns, and drove over the Sky Line Drive, Va.

Miss Nancy Porter, of Wormleysburg, Pa., spent a few days last week with her father, Mr. Kenneth L. Porter.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Collier and son Junior, of Baltimore, spent the holiday with Mr. and Mrs. James A. Collier and Mrs. Daisy Burns.

Miss Violet White, the Adventist school teacher, has returned after spending the summer in New York with her parents.

Mr. George Leary, of Washington, D. C., spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Leary.

Miss Esther Mitchison, of Baltimore, spent the holiday with Mr. and Mrs. Harry O'Donnell and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Hillen Kohler and daughter Barbara Ann, of Baltimore, were holiday guests of Mrs. Kohler's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Jewell.

Mr. and Mrs. Noah Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Burns and daughter, Nancy, of Baltimore, and Mr. and Mrs. William J. Rohner, of Philadelphia, were holiday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ireland.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradford Cornelius and family of Balimore, were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Curtis King.

Mr. Calvin Thomas, of the U. S. Army, Fort Howard, spent the holiday with his father, Mr. Andrew Thomas and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fritz, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Ruth, and Mr. Garrett Ruth of Baltimore, were holiday guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Ruth and family.

Mrs. Ralph Baker, spent a few days last week with relatives and friends in Baltimore.

Mr. Joseph Bryan, 3rd, of Washington, D. C., spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. oseph Bryan, Jr.,

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Smtih and son Herbert, and Miss Pat Scharff, of Glenside, Pa., and Miss May Cooper, of Baltimore, were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Salloway and children Phyllis and Charles, were holiday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Ireland and Mr. Jacob B. Baker, Sr.

Mr. and Mrs. William Smith and children Jean and Ruth, of Baltimore, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Anderson, and Miss Wood, of Tacoma Park, D. C., were holiday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sadler.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Hobbs, of Linwood, Pa., spent the week-end with Mrs. Hobb's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Horney.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Keim and children Nadine and Charles, of Balimore, were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Jones and family.

Mrs. Grace Ruth was the lucky winner of $70 given away Saturday evening at the Stevensville Opera House.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Pierson and family, of Baltimore, visited relatives and friends here over the week-end.

Mrs. Rose Hulrey spent the week-end in Easton, with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Frampton.

Mr. and Mrs. James Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Grant, of Washington, D. C., and Miss Leona King, of Baltimore, were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver King.

Mr. Charles H. Jones, of Baltimore, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Omer O'Donnell over the week-end.

WYE ISLAND

Miss Catherine Lister, of New York, spent the week-end with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Greaves.

Miss Hilda Whibty, of Easton, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Whitby.

Mrs. Oliver Greaves spent Saturday in Wilmington.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Whitby were Easton visitors Thursday evening.

Mrs. Dewey Kemp was an Easton visitor Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Jump spent Tuesday as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Whtiby.

Little Jane Greaves was the guest Sunday of Eva Whitby.

Mr. and Mrs. James Greaves, of Baltimore, were the guests Sunday of Mr. Richard Greaves and family.

Abner *says*-

Folks in love is like pessimists. They ain't happy onless they is miserable.