Queen Anne's Record-Observer

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

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QUOTATION OF THE WEEK

Christmas is not the mile-mark of another year, moving us to thoughts of self-examination, it is a season, from all its associations, whether domestic or religious, suggesting thoughts of joy. A man dissatisfied with his endeavors is a man tempted to sadness. .And in the midst of winter, when his life runs lowest and he is reminded of the empty chairs of his beloved, it is well that he should be condemned to this fashion of the smiling face.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

CAROLS

Christmas is the only season when carols reach the spirit. The radio will be full of them next week, yet not full enough for those who seek the heart-lightening atmosphere of the familiar tunes.

Missed more and more each year is the singing of carols on Christmas Eve when little knots of choristers move silently to the homes of friends, pause, and suddenly sweeten the air with "Silent Night", "We Three Kings of Orient Are" and other strains whose appeal touches the half-remembered memories of childhood Christmases.

Carol singing on Chirstmas Eve is slowly passing on the Eastern Shore. In a few towns church groups will serenade homes of their fellows. Small social groups will carol under the windows of favorites.

Yet Queen Anne's may have carol singing in the modern manner, if the weather be propitious. The modern manner means that all the work will be done wtih as little effort as possible. So Queen Anne's may have modern carol singing.

A sound truck is tentatively scheduled to visit each Queen Anne's town somewhere about midnight Christmas Eve to pause a while and offer the carols. If you are awake you may wish to hum along with the recorded voices. But whether you hum or not you will be listening to an age-old custom in its modern dress.

TOYLAND

Toyland, dear little girl and boyland, the make-believe world of children almost becomes real at Christmas time.

To the eyes of the adult a toy is merely a harmless diversion. To the child it is a reality in his world.

The little folks know they are small and that they can not manage the things of the grown-up world. They see larger people riding in automobiles, driving trucks, operating fire apparatus, flying airships, guiding railroad trains.

A child can not manage these real instruments. But he gets happiness directing tiny models of the real articles. They are nearer the size and capabilities of his age.

Don't think the child with his toys has not an advantage over the adult with his longings. How many grown-ups think they would like to have a real railroad of their own to direct, or cars, busses, trucks, airships or motor boats to be at their own beck and call? The child comes nearer to realizing his little hopes than many who are larger and wiser.

The big toylands of city department stores are seldom visited by Queen Anne's children. Nor are they confused by a multiplicity of Santa Clauses at almost every street corner and in many stores. The very lack of these sights makes their Christmas toys more nearly sufficient to the life about them. Their desires are limited, their hopes are better realized.

When Christmas morning comes and dreamed-of toys materialize their little world is becoming real for them,

BIRDS MUST EAT

Man has the faculty for planning ahead, a trait of mind which has helped lift him above the beast and the bird and the things that crawl or swim. And man, joining hindsight an dforesight, prepares for a winter ahead by storing up food and fuel and other necessities to keep alive and fairly comfortable during the months that are called the death of the year.

But birds can not plan ahead in this fashion. They can not store up food for the starving season. They can go where food should be, and most of them do.

Yet a fair number of birds trust to the customary moderatation of Maryland winters and to the seeds and grains which linger in the brown and quiet woods.

When we have an open winter without too great cold the feathered creatures can survive here. But let heavy snows mantle the earth with a blanket of white and the birds are cut off from their sustenance, faced with starvation in the cold.

Then is when man may repay the birds for their help and inspiration when skies are blue and fields lush with verdure. Man should remember that he needs his feathered assistants in keeping down swarms of insects, devouring weed seeds. He needs them for their songs and color and lively flitting through fields and orchards.

He should remember this when winter comes and should feed the birds. Handfuls of grain scattered in more open spots, pieces of suet placed above the snow line will help tide the birds over the cold months. It will keep the landscape free from that pitiable sight, a winter-killed bird lying on the snow.

The birds can not ask man for food. So man should be great in mind as well as size and give without being asked.

SPANISH GOLD

A Dutchman is to make yet another effort to salvage the gold of the Spanish galleon that is supposed to lie in Tobermory Bay, on the coast of the isle of Mull in the Hebrides. He is in the great tradition. No matter that he goes with modern machinery, as an engineer engaged in a business undertaking, he is once more of that mixed but gallant and picturesque brotherhood who have set sail so often for the isles of Romance, to the sound of that rolling chant

The moon is up: the stars are bright:
The wind is fresh and free!
We're out to seek for gold tonight
Across the silver sea!

It is not, of course, the mere quest for riches that lends romance to this expedition — that is an experience common to most of us and which quite lacks the glamour of the trail of '98; but even the thrills of Klondike pale before the fascination of Tobermory Bay. To dredge for your gold on that misty coast of legend, to hew it from the bones of a sunken galleon riddled perhaps by the cannon of Drake, and to pile the deck with no ordinary lucre, but with the moidores and doubloons of Old Spain, that is to traffic in the imagination.

Yet, too, that is a business that may be conducted away from Tobermory; and we need not emulate Long John Silver before we cry:

The world was growing grey and old:
Break out the sails again!
We're out to seek a Realm of Gold
Beyond the Spanish Main.

PUTS ON NO AIRS

The county weekly is the most popular week-end visitor of the rural community, welcomed fifty-two times a year. In some families it has been a fixture for generations.

The above two sentences open a chapter dealing with the country weekly and publicity in a book by Raymond C. Mayer, "How to Do Publicity."

"It is in most instances a tried and true friend," Mr. Mayer goes on, "arriving some time on Thursday or Friday. It puts on no airs, is as comfortable as an old shoe, talks the language of the people it visits, knows them well and understandingly, tells its news of the neighborhood simply and quickly in a spirit of goodwill, does not overstay its welcome and drops out of sight until another week rolls around.

"The country weekly has been for generations and still remains the sensitive news center of towns, villages, and the widespread countryside. It is woven out of the fabrics of the lives of the people who read it. It maintains close association and intimate contact with them. No other vehicle for carrying information is more personal in its relationships with its readers."—Shining Lines.

While on the American visit, Windsor and his lady "would like as little publicity as possible." And in preferred position with no other ads.—Milwaukee Journal.

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"The game of love," says a novelist, "is the same as it was thousands of years ago." Except that diamonds have taken the place of clubs.—Edinburgh Dispatch.

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A number of New York hotels are increasing their room rates. The ugly story was going around that several of our visitors had left town with unspent money.—New Yorker.

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A late flash from an unusually reliable correspondent, watching the Non-Intervention Committee, says he thinks he saw it move.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

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The thrill of discovery is gone but you get the general idea when at last you hit the knack of making an electric razor work.—St. Louis Star-Times.

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It may be that those Russian fliers lost in the Arctic are lying low until they have definite news that their names are not on any liquidation list. —Toronto Star.

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"It is every woman's desire to possess a model husband," says a writer. A working model, for preference.—Humorist.

THE Rambling Recorder

Not being a goose-bone prophet or long range huncher about the sort of winter to expect we invariably keep an eye cocked on fall weather to mark later on what relation it had to shaping the winter. And we have never yet seen a relation to put a finger on. The nearest we ever came was the two zero winters of recent memory. The first was preceded by a hurricane in August and the second by a flood in the early days of September. But other sections froze as hard as we did without those phenomenons. We have seen summer weather at Thanksgiving and picked flowers every month of the succeeding winter. And we recall two mild winters when the coldest jab came about Thanksgiving. So Thanksgivng is no jonah. We are looking forward to the coming cold season curiously to observe what twist it takes. Our three fall months were below normal in temperature. And December thus far has not helped the average. A huncher can make something from that, but what?

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If Henry Green gets any stouter he will probably hold us as accessory before the fact. We ran a box in last week's issue revealing that he had devoursed a five-pond coconut cake for nightcap and breakfast. Before the issue had time to get cold two women, so we're told, assured Henry that if he was that cake thirsty they would each bake him a cake. Incidentally, Henry says that in its one year of operation his Queen Theatre has given away more than a thousand dollars in cash. Theatre fans can recall some who got hunks of it. The Queen opened its doors a year ago tonight, and is celebrating. Henry thinks it would be nice if the theater got a big birthday cake, with coconut icing. Bob Newell is in Chicago and seems to be maintaining better form than do most of our wandering boys. At least his postcards come through without envelopes. But wait.

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Electric meat choppers in stores have removed one of the worst bits of drudgery about hog butchering, the grinding of meat for sausage. Those who have turned the crank on a hand-operated machine until their wrists and arms were sore know something about the job. During this present hog-killing season the meat chopper in Carroll Barcus' store has ground well above a thousand pounds of sausage. And every pound of it was a relief to some housewife or her helper. The cardinals are still around, whistling in the bare trees near Grace Church. Their notes seem unusually loud, partly because of the crisp air, partly because bird songs are so startling at this season.

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The letters to Santa Claus which are pouring into the office here have sparkles of interest for the editorial force. Some one reads every letter before it is sent up to the linotype machine, just in case. So far only one has been the smart aleck type where an adolescent fakes a foolish epistle as a joke on some high school mate. That is, only one that we know of, and that was carefully filed in W. B., waste basket. The department is for children. As a rule we don't edit or change the letters. And we follow other notions. One is first come, first printed. We like the cheery hopefulness of children's missives. And the fond mother love breathing through letters prepared for the tiny tots. But one letter, honest enough was apparently written by a mother to shame a child, old enough to read, out of mischievous ways, Probably the mother would have regrets on Christmas morning, had we printed the letter. So we reserved it, trusting that Santa would be in a forgiving mood.

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There were other interesting slants. One boy toiled painstakingly with cramped hand trying to print his letter and then forgot his name. But we published it with his box number. A couple of other lads enclosed colored pictures of Santa. Still another, right up to the minute, asked for an airport with revolving beacon. A girl wanted her four grandmothers remembered. And another girl asked seriously for overalls. But the best of the letters is that guns and other trappings of war were happily missing from Queen Anne's children's lists.

THE POET'S CORNER

HEAVEN

A picture of heaven we can't understand
Is it built in the seas, in the air or on land
Are its walls made of wood or of brick or of stone
Or still are there walls to surround its great dome.
But is there a dome? or is it quite flat?
Do angels preach sermons or sing or just chat?
As God rules the universe, is he alone
Or does someone help Him up there on his throne?
But if so who does? and is it up there?
And what do we mean by "up there"? in the air—
Is heaven all gold or all blue or all red?
Or just like the rainbow that shines overhead?
Is it dark as a shadow or bright as the sun?
Do all saints pray or play games and have run?
These things I would so like to know without doubt
But first I must die and perhaps I'll find out.

—James E. Porter.

409 G Street, S. E.,
Washington, D. C..

Going Haywire In Kent

(An Open Letter To Columnist Bill Usilton)

Mr. Bill Usilton,
Kent News.

Dear Bill:

Some one posing as a reliable authority gave you a bum steer last week. And you fell for it, but hard.

You grabbed your typewriter, or did YOU, and ticked out a number of things about Queen Anne's that were not true. Just a little of your usual digging for facts would have told you that. .

Maybe you had to type so fast to fill your "Looking 'Em Over" column that you did not bother about facts. Maybe you figured that no one pays much attention to what a columnist says.

But you were so thoroughly off-key that I want to straighten you out. Just about Queen Anne's, Bill. Not what you said about Kent. I wouldn't know about Kent, and whatever you say there is all right by me.

But you wrote:

"It has been reliably brought to our attention that though Queen Anne's county has a much lower tax rate than Kent (84c as compared with our $1.52), the assessments over there are much higher than here and, consequently, its residents pay just as much as we do, only they don't realize it, for the support of the county government."

Queen Anne's tax rate is 80c, Bill, not 84. That's a minor error, but I mention it to show how your "reliable authority" was off from the start.

Regarding assessments: Are Queen Anne's assessments much higher ,or even higher? The two counties are about equal in population. Queen Anne's is larger in area.

If Queen Anne's assessments were higher, the total assessments should be higher. Yet Queen Anne's total assessments on real and personal property in 1936, the last fiscal year completed, were $14,058,361. For the same period Kent's total assessments on real and personal property were $15,409,-345. Queen Anne's assessment were actually lower by nearly a million and a half dollars. And that is plenty of coconuts.

Do Queen Anne's residents pay just as much for the support of county government as Kent? In 1936 Queen Anne's levied taxes upon its residents to the amount of $165,135.66. For the same year Kent levied $204,523.38. So, Queen Anne's residents paid almost $40,000 LESS for the support of their county government than Kent residents did.

You say, "The ratio is probably not exactly equal . . ." You are almost right there. It is definitely not exactly equal. Kent's ratio is 124% of Queen Anne's tax levy. And Queen Anne's does not "collect funds nearly proportionate with Kent's return," not by nearly $40,000. .

But, Bill, That's not all. This year when your tax rate is $1.52 and ours in 80c, there will be a greater difference in Queen Anne's favor.

You say:

"The lower tax rate and higher assessment also gives Queen Anne's editors an opportunity to boast about the cheapness of living within those boundaries, and it keeps the citizens satisfied, though the satisfaction is entirely false."

Now, Bill, one thing the Queen Anne's editors have been thoughtful about was not to boast about their low tax rate or anything connected with it.

Considering that our 80c tax rate is the lowest on the Eastern Shore, possibly the lowest in the State, and considering that it was reduced when taxes were generally rising, the attitude of the editors here has been very conservative. The low tax rate calls for banner heads and big type. But—

The Record-Observer printed only two stories mentioning Queen Anne's low tax rate. In these less than six inches of type were devoted specifically to our low tax rate. The headlines were but two columns wide, the type only 24-point. And, at no time has there been any editorial comment upon it. That is restraint.

Yet we know Queen Anne's tax rate is an honest one. We know that all bills are paid and no notes are out, so there is no hiding there. The county debt has be en cut. We could go through the county fiscal statement from end to end and show that the tax rate was right. And sweet.

Furthermore, the satisfaction here is true, not false. So true, you seem to envy it.

We have made no invidious comparisons about other counties' tax rates. Undoubtedly every county Board pegged its rate at the lowest sound figure they could reach. We have felt sympathetic toward the Kent County Commissioners. They had a problem to face, and they explained it when the tax rate was announced. Other county Boards may have had their problems.

So we did not boast, and we did not gloat. We let the tax rate, not the newspaper, "keep the citizens satisfied."

One further thing Bill. Mark that "reliable authority" well, and put him on your suspect list. And if he is bald, give him Kreml.

TED SHEA.

THIS WEEK'S OLD TIMER

A lovable Queen Anne's county couple, whose watchword for the past half century has been "charity and kindness to all," and a doctrine of industry as a means of obtaining happiness for themselves last Wednesday celebrated the golden anniversary of their wedding day. They are Mr. and Mrs. Richard Joseph Smith, of Roberts.

"Old Timer" and Mrs. Smith passed their anniversary by being entertained at dinner by their son, John R. Smith, and his wife, at their home in Church Hill. During the course of the dinner, they were surprised when they were presented with a handsome gift that had been left by the Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, where they have been worshippers throughout their married life.

The gift was a pair of handsome candlesticks and silver centerpiece, quietly expressing by its beauty and simplicity the high esteem in which Mr. and Mrs.. Smith are held in the church, and community.

Mr. Smith was born near Church Hill on June 18th, 1859, on the Brick Smith farm and is a son of the late William H. Smith and Georgeanna Smith. The farm took its name from the fact that the elder Mr. Smith established a brick manufacturing plant there. When a boy "Old Timer" Smith worked on the farm, and in the manufacturing of bricks for his father's plant until he was twenty-one years old. He then came to Centreville where he engaged in carpentering with the late Thomas H. Davis. After a few years he took up oystering, but only remained in this occupaion a short time, when he entered the brick manufacturing business with his brother, the late Thomas Smith, in Chestertown.

In 1884 he purchased a farm at Roberts and developed a brick and tile business, which later became quite well known throughout Queen Anne's and adjojining counties. At the same time he carried on his farming interests and also conducted a mercantile business at Roberts. As a side line he also was a grain buyer. Buying at different times for the late David P. Smith, of Centreville; Hobson Brothers, of Baltimore, and later the firm of W. D. Roe and Sons, Sudlersville.

of the Church Hill Bank, back in 1910,

A few months after the organization he was elected a director and has remained a member of the Board since that time. He has probably not missed half a dozen meetings of the Board since he became an official.

On December 8th, 1887, "Old Timer" Smith married Miss Sarah Jane Crossland, of Middletown, Del., a daughter of the late Richard and Isabel Butler Crossland. The marriage took place at the home of the bride's parents, near Middletown, and was performed by the Rev. R. H. Adams.

Mr. Smith is a member of several fraternal organizations. For many years he was active in the Odd Fellows Lodge, of Church Hill, and now holds membership in the Junior Order United American Mechanics of Barclay; and of the Patriotic Order Sons of America, of Church Hill. Both Mr. and Ms. Smith are devout members of St. John's Church, and are members of the Home Missionary Society.

They have one son, John R. Smith, of Church Hill, who married Miss Lillian Carter, daughter, of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Carter, of Queenstown. Mr. Smith, Jr., is prominently associated with the business life of Church Hill, and is connected with the firm of E. S. Valliant & Son. A daughter, Gertrude Isabel, died in infancy. "Old Timer" and Mrs. Smith have two grandchidlren, Sarah Elizabeth and John R. (Jack) Smith, Jr., of Church Hill.

"Old Timer" and Mrs. Smith have completed their fiftieth anniversary of wedded happiness, and by their many fine traits of character have added many, many friends. They have richly earned all the blesings that have come to them, and it is with pleasure that the Record-Observer congratulates them, and extends wishes for many happy returns of the day.

BOOKS You May Enjoy

By GRAHAM WATSON

NO TWO ALIKE

A new kind of detective story is Crimefile Number 3, File on Fenton and Farr, by Q. Patrick, published by Morrow.

You can be your own detective and solve this exciting mystery. This is not the regular type of book, it is rather a dossier just like those in actual files in the police department of any large city. Actual telegrams, hand writing reports, official police documents are all here exactly as made up by the detectives who were detailed to solve the murder. Even the real Matchabelli lip stick, a piece of real stained gauze and real stubs from theatre tickets. The murder of a New Jersey boys' school prnicipal and his secretary caused a double death scandal. You can solve it too if you are a good detective as all the clues are actually in the book. Match your wits with those of the officer who solved the crime and see if you are as good as he is.

Another Warwick Deeping story, The Woman at the Door. No author of the past ten years has moved and delighted more readers than Mr. Deeping. Sorrell and Son, one of his most popular novels won the affection of a multitude of readers—an affection that has increased with the publication of his other books. "Is there a supreme morality of love that stands above the law?" Such is the dramatic theme of this novel, a brave and tender tale of two against the world, wherein a man stakes his honor on the innocence of a woman whom the courts hold guilty of murder. "It is a fine tale of love, courage and compassion".

"Good Night, Hon." This to me, is one of the most emotionally dramatic episodes in Last Flight, by Amelia Earhart was the last telephone conversation between her and her husband Mr. Putnam. It came over 12,000 miles from India.

G. P. P.—"Is everything about the ship O. K. now?"

A. E.—"Yes, Good Night, Hon."

G. P. P.—"Good Night . . . I'll be sitting in Oakland waiting for you."

Last Flight by Amelia Earhart, was published November 26th. This is the story of a dramatic flight and at the same time the portrait of a great flyer. Much of it is in the vernacular of the air, the manner of its writing being so close to speech that it appears as something heard rather than something read.

Her last story is one of the World's greatest narratives of the air.

It is informal, gay, filled with the spirit of high adventure. This is Amelia Eashart's own story of her great flight, which ended in tragic disappearance somewhere in the mid-Pacific.

Almost by presentment as she completed each stage of her journey she sent back not only her dispatches and personal letters but her diaries—three penciled books of them—her charts and the running log which she kept in her cockpit. The text has been arranged by her husband, George Palmer Putnam and is illustrated with a map and many photographs.

BEST SELLERS OF THE WEEK

Northwest Passage, Kenneth Roberts, Doubleday.

The Citadel, A. J. Cronin, Little.

The Rains Came, Louis Bromfield, Harper.

The Turning Wheels, Clothe; Houghton.

To Have and to Have Not, Hemingway, Scribers.

Women's dresses are to be shorter this winter, and five women out of six don't like it. But if you think that five women out of six is a working majority in the world of fashion, you don't know much about women. —Houghton Line (Philadelphia).

—o—

A golf player is a person who can drive 70 miles an hour in any traffic with perfect ease, but blows up on a two-foot putt if somebody coughs. —Cleveland News.

RADIANT LIVING

THE CUP OR THE WATER?

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

A certain philanthropist had a fountain placed by a wayside for the benefit of his tired thirsty fellow men who passed that way on the hot days of the summer time. To this fountain he had chained a drinking cup which was very beautifully designed.

Some time later there came along that way an art critic. He stood by the fountain studying its design and began to find fault with the art work which was upon the cup.

The remarks of the art critic were carried to the giver of the fountain. Upon receiving these critical remarks the philanthropist asked if there were any who found that the fountain brought relief to them on a hot summer day. When he was told that many travelers stopped there and found refreshment, he smiled and seemed satisfied and expressed the wish that the art critic himself might find that the cup he criticised could carry refreshment to himself.

After all, the most important thing about the fountain was not the design on the cup, but whether or not it brought relief and refreshment to the hot thirsty travelers along the dusty road.

There are a number of people who will stand off and criticise Jesus Christ. They will deny His virgin birth, His sinless life, His atoning blood, His resurrection, His ascension, His coming again. They will deny almost everything concerning Him, but while they are standing there denying this or that, there are thousands of others, who, drnking the water of life which He so freely gives to the whosoever will, find a deep satisfying refreshment to their weary souls.

It is very eevident that the critic has never deeply drank from the cup that he criticises.

One drink from the Fountain of Life, the Christ, will open your eyes to the beauty of the Cup.

MILLINGTON

Miss Janis Eaton, of Wilmington, is spending a few days as the guest of her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. John Hopkins, Jr.

Miss Mary Horsey, of Marion Station, was a week-end guest of Mr. and Mrs. Warner Porter.

Mrs. John Phillips, daughter Jean, spent Monday in Wilmington.

Mr. John Edwards, of Wilmington, and Miss Christina Maree, spent Sunday as the guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Edwards.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Wood, of Wilmington, were the guests of her mother, Mrs. Clara Ahern on Sunday.

Mr. Lewis Sanner, of New York City, spent the week-end here with his family.

Mrs. Eva Porter is spending some time as the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Charles Clough, of Prices Station.

Mrs. Esther Simms spent Saturday in Rock Hall, as the guest of friends.

Mrs. George B. Jones spent several days last week as the guest of her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. James Spence, of Smyrna, Del.

Mrs. Howard Anthony is on the sick list. Her friends wish her a speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry R. Rasin and children Jane and Charlotte Anne, spent Saturday as the guest of his parents at Kennedyville.

Mrs. Kate Garton has returned home after spending some time with her grand-daughter and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Atwell, of Sassafras.

Jack Phillips and Laurence Massey, of Goldey College were week-end guests of their respective parents.

Mrs. Sue Comegys was the guest of her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Clark, of Massey, on Wednesday last week.

Mr. Julian C. Numbers is the guest of his father, Mr. Fred Numbers, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bell and daughter Jane, spent the week-end at Denton, as the guest of his mother, Mrs. Florence Bell.

Miss Margaret Bowers, of Elkton, spent the week-end here with her father, Mr. Lambert Bowers.

Mr. George Duling, of Wilmington, was the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Duling on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry McGuire, of Wilmington, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Jones on Friday.

Miss Margaret N. Jones, of Chestertown, was a week-end guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston Jones, near town.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Ford, Jr., of Wilmington, was a week-end guest of his grandmother, Mrs. Clara Ahern.

Miss Leona Phillips, of Wilmington, was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Phillips.

Mr. Charles B. Chance and Mr. John Hopkins, Jr., spent Saturday in Wilmington.

Mrs. R. C. Bowman spent Tuesday in Wilmington, and visited her sister, Mrs. Helen Phillips.

Abner *says*-

Nice to hev the deer shootin' season over in time so's Santa kin drive down for Christmas.