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

In all the pages of history, on the leaves of all fiction, there is no more inspiring vision to the weary soul than that encompassed by the story of Christ's resurrection on Easter Morning. In the mind the crucified Christ rising from the tomb is an assurance that robs the world's greatest dread of its sting.—Anon.

EVIDENCE

Two letters which appeared in the Reader's column of the Record-Observer in recent weeks stressed the unwisdom of seeking hosiery and other garment factories for Centreville.

One of the chief objections offered was that such concerns can move out over night, thereby leaving unemployed workers who must get assistance somewhere and who may become a problem for the community.

A striking piece of evidence came from an Eastern Shore town last week supporting the theme of objection. It is summed up in the following extract from an Associated Press report:

"Two weeks ago the town's only other industry closed for an indefinite period. Hundreds of women employed in the two plants manufacturing men's garments were thrown out of work.

"It was reported about 200 women employees of the closed factories have applied for unemployment compensation this week."

Such an emergency cramps the life of any community and we trust that the businessmen of the town involved may be able to iron out the situation.

But we mention it to show what Centreville businessmen should be prepared to face if factories of the type should be sought.

DIAMOND LIGHTS

Every day we turn a corner ahead and view some unexpected pleasure drawing closer to us. This week brought us around the corner where we could glimpse the actuality of the coming baseball season.

Light poles are arriving at the park and being set up in preparation for the opening game on May 6. The O'Rourkes, Pat and Joe, dropped in like harbingers of the season to report a squad of twenty players signed and due to arrive on Friday of next week for the initial practice. The baseball pot is simering faster and ready to break into a boil. Before we realize it, it will be time to hear the stirring cry of "Play Ball."

One word should be said for the local leaders whose courage and aggressiveness brought organized baseball to Queen Anne's county and who have pushed on sturdily this winter to insure lights for the park. For them was the difficult tasking of seeking contributions and promises of funds to defray costs.

Now they are busy with the second round, collecting promised funds to get their way clearer. It is hoped that fans will take a trip down to the park, catch the germ of enthusiasm to make the lights shine brighter.

After all, the leaders are working only to provided stimulating enterment for the entire county and their reward is measured only by the growth of support of the army of baseball fans.

SLOW ROADS

The definite statement is made by the State Roads Commission that the widening of the Matapeake highway to Wye Mills is listed among the projects for 1938. That is a goal long sought by Queen Anne's county and eagerly anticipated. The promise is heartening but actually seeing the dirt fly will be even better.

The Spring months ahead would be a perfect time to have the project initiated so that the heavy traffic sure to come with the torrid days of summer might take advantage of it.

Unfortunately this is an election year and road projects may be held back so as to be at their peak when the high winds of campaigning blow in the Fall.

Right now the County Commissioners arehaving difficulty in getting the preliminary right-of-way sheets for the Ruthsburg road in their hands. With their acquaintance with rural conditions they are eager to have the road finished to be of service at the earliest opportunity. But the State body is not ready to gear up yet.

The Roads Commission can not be blamed too severely if, as has been asserted, they are going to have road building booming when it will do a campaign the most good. Other commissions have done the same thing.

Yet we shall approach perfection in mundane matters only when the poisons of politics are isolated from the plain, practical purposes of public works. And we should be approaching perfection if the Ruthsburg and Matapeake roads were ready for use by the time summer puts the public on wheels again.

RADIANT LIVING

The transfer of the Rev. C. M. Griffeths from Calvary Church will be Sudlersville's loss and Deal's Island's gain. It will also mean the transfer of the home address of the "Radiant Living" feature from Queen Anne's county to Somerset.

The "Radiant Living" column, long a feature of the Record-Observer and of its predecessor, the Record, is Mr. Griffeth's contribution of a religious touch to a large part of the Delmarva Press, and has without question the widest readership of any Shore-initiated feature.

It represents a tremendous amount of painstaking and voluntary work by Mr. Griffeths and his wife in preparing, sending and checking the articles. To them it is a labor of devotion.

Now Mr. Griffeths is to cut a new groove through his pastorate on Deal's Island, still close to nature, as he likes to be. It is to be hoped that he will find Radiant Living there, both for himself and his family, and his column.

NOW APRIL'S HERE

Today there is a deep song in the treetops telling to the purpling buds that spring is stirring. In the gnarled apple tree, a pair of bluebirds are invesigating a hole. Depth as well as width is to be considered for the growing brood. A quiet survey is theirs. Not like the flicker whose drumming on a dead limb of the tall elm can be heard afar.

Robins prodigiously work with mud and dry grasses, plastering their stout nest in the honeysuckle vine. Song sparrows let their bubbling notes blend with the breeze; atwinkling song of certaintly that their nesting spot near the old stone wall is located securely against wind and weather.

Under the barberry bushes, a pair of white throats vigorously scratching. Planning to move immediately northward but willing to stay for a morning's song or two. From the swampy meadow the flute-like whistle of the meadow lark challenging the April day to keep on shining. A great hawk with majestic wing-spread circling the blue with rhythmic beat. A flock of purple grackles after a hilltop survey, settling for a moment in the great oak and asking themselves in metallic notes, "Whither?"

Swift light chasing the shadows on awakening hills. Buds of the swamp maple mahogany red. Clumps of forsythia stirring their golden bells in the garden. A dewdrop glistening on a dandelion leaf. Blue scylla quivering frail stems Stubby double daffodils holding sunshine. Peonies piercing through the ground with wine red sproutings. A patch of Johnny-jump-ups snuggling purple faces next to clean earth. The fresh upturned soil of vegetable garden catching sheen from the mounting sun.

Bird song. Flower song. The song of the hills and the scudding clouds now that April's here—Christian Science Monitor.

SCRAPPING WRECKS

Now comes the proposal from an automobile manufacturer for the government to spend $100,000,000 buying up and scrapping 1,000,00 old automofiles on the theory that the motor industry employs one out of every seven persons, directly or indirectly.

The idea is not much different from paying farmers for not raising crops, plowing under cotton, destroying young pigs, buying surplus farm crops.

There is little chance of the proposal getting much beyond the light conversation stage. One thing it would do, however, is to remove a prodigious number of dangerous wrecks that are now running on the Nation's highways to the threat of their passengers as well as those of oncoming cars.

On the other hand it might boost the price of second hand cars to the point that many riding in decrepit vehicles would be forced to walk, or fall back on old Dobbin. The idea could make pleasant discussion, especially if we forget the hundred million dolars, which does not mean anything any more.

Abner *says*—

Doc Price is the oney farmer I knows whut raises Injun arrowheads in his garden.

THE Rambling Recorder

Changeable April. A deluge the latter part of the week, freezing temperatures Sunday night, ice fairly plentiful on Kent Island Monday morning, heavenly blue skies on Tuesday and the thermometer kiting above seventy. Coal merchants had a late rush of small orders Saturday. Farmers said it was harmful and would wash all the strength or fertilizer out of the soil. A Centreville farmer disagrees, declares it is beneficial, sends fertilizer deeper into the soil and makes the roots grow down out of reach of hot suns. It takes a long time, he says, for lime or fertilizer to move down an inch. All we know is that the rain washed away the brown stain of dead leaves and grass and turned the landscape greener.

Ted Shea

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What with one thing or another Centreville's famed Maestro had a tough week-end. On Saturday night he got careless with a lighted cigar and burned a hole in his new suit. On Sunday night he lost his brand new topper. His philosophic comment was, "Guess I'll have to stay out of the Easter parade Sunday." Bob Newell's shining tonsure made him the unwitting goat of an experiment the other day. Bob got in his car and had just started humming with the engine when a hidden torpedo went whirr, whizz, boom and filled the car with a light gas After Bob got out of the car, shook himself and found everything all right he began to thumb over in his mind which of his polite pals pulled the trick. What Bob didn't figure was that they were trying a hair-raising stunt on him. And that part of it failed.

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Centreville high school pupils are dropping their amusement problem into the laps of the new Town Commissioners. Pat O'Rourke was so engrossed thinking about problems of the baseball park lights Monday that he forgot he had come down to Centreville in his car. As he went by the Courthouse Green after leaving the park he noted an automobile license ,said to himself, "That's funny, some one's got the same license as I have," started over to the car and slowly realized that it was familiar and was his car. Henry Lewis' venerable bird dog Prince died this week. He was a valuable animal in his younger days. Towser, the big Chesapeake Bay dog, passed on to animal heaven last week. He had been suffering from a fast growing goiter that was choking him. We could write columns about Towser's sagacity and loyalty. Oddly enough, we took a thirty-mile ride around country dirt roads Sunday afternoon and did not see a dog until we got back to Centreville. Farmers must be keeping them in.

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Add signs of Spring: The Kaymen are drilling on the streets again. Dot Connolly is collecting fancy shaped liquor bottles. And got a pair shaped like violins from Washington. Those yellow signs are no pleasure to hitch-hikers. They have a picture of a thumb and say No! Wonder if that Queenstown blade has yet found the horse named Daily Double at Bowie. Seems as if he went over with a couple of expert handicappers, heard them talking about laying a bet on the Daily Double, looked his program over from end to end and finally asked "What race is that horse Daily Double in?" Ask the experts who he was; we haven't the heart to tell. The Starr road is in the best condition now that we have ever seen it and we have been bowling over it off and on for fifteen years.

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Hall Barton is a Minute Man and can prove it. Had a date for 10 a. m. and walked in as the town clock started striking that hour. Now he has a reputation to live up to. All Centreville churches had large congregations Palm Sunday. Wonder who the fellow is that is picking dandelions and who says he'll have dandelion wine by the Fourth of July. Scrapping of the old organ at the Centreville Methodist Episcopal Church brought some sentimental pangs to many of the congregation, especially those whose wedding marches pealed from it. Mrs. Ralph Baynard, the organist, who loved it as well as any one, played "Auld Lang Syne" just before she left the console for the last time and then walked away fast to keep from thinking.

PONDTOWN

Mr. Paul Ringgold, of Dover, visited his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Wiggins last Sunday.

Mrs. Perre Lynch visited in Wilmington recently.

Master Homer Rhoads visited his brothers, George Arthur and Billy Rhoads, last Sunday.

Folks are busy in our neighborhood preparing their ground preparatory for their spring planting.

Miss L. May Ringgold spent two days in Chestertown last week.

Mr. Thomas Goodwin, of Dudley's Cor-ner has been quite sick.

QUEEN ANNE

An Arbor Day program was given in Tri-County high school on Friday afternoon. It had been planned to follow the exercises with an extensive planting of bulbs and shrubs donated by the pupils, but owing to the inclement weather this was postponed until Monday. A number of additions were made to the plants which beautify the school grounds, including forsythia, tulips, lilacs, and so on.

Rev. A. W. Strickland, newly appointed pastor of the Hillsboro M. E. Church, preached in the church on Sunday at both morning and evening services. His subject for the morning was: "The Kingship of Jesus," and his text was, "I Am King—to this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world." At the evening service the subject was, "Why Jesus Died", a pre-Easter theme. Rev. Mr. Strickland and his family will move into the Hillsboro parsonage this week. Rev. Charles W. Spry and family will remove to their new charge on Thursday. Rev. Mr. Spry preached at his new place, Pittsville, on Sunday. The congregation of Hillsboro M. E. Church welcomes Rev. Strickland and family to their midst, and wishes their former pastor and family "God speed" in their new work. The Spry family has madee a large place for themselves in the affections of their parishioners and other friends here, and we part with them reluctantly.

Mrs. Alvan Neavitt has been quite sick since her return from Miami, Fla. Several others of our townspeople are reported on the sick list.

Mrs. Harris Legg was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Monroe Crouse, of Denton, one day last week.

Mrs. Bernard Sparks visited her mother, Mrs. Selby Smith, of Ridgely, on Wednesday. Mrs. Smith is reported convalescing from a serious illness. Also at their mother's bedside last week were Mr. and Mrs. Pablo Alegre, Mrs. M. F. Garriges, of Baltimore; Mrs. Walter Lepson, of Philadelphia; Mrs. John Moore and Mrs. C. S. Holsinger, of Ridely.

Miss Emily Knotts, of Washington, D. C., spent the week-end with her mother, Mrs. David Knotts.

Miss Virginia Whitby, who is receiving treatment at the State Sanatorium, Sabillasville, is reported to be gaining steadily in her fight for health. Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Whitby, parents of Miss Whitby, visited her on her birthday recently.

Relatives here have word from Mr. Harry Knotts, jr., who is at present in Montana, that he is liking the life out there very much.

Many citizens of the twin towns along the Tuckahoe have expressed themselves as being well pleased with the defeat of the reorganization bill last week-end. More interest is being manifested in politics here at present than at any time in recent months.

Easter

An Editorial

By Rev. Matthew S. Higgins

When I was requested to write the customary Easter editorial for this yearI was informed that politics should be omitted. A curious request.

In all of the centuries since that first Easter morning, ruin has followed every nation that has separated politics from the Christian religion and it is still doing so more emphatically than ever. The way of life that sprang into profound and vivid realism under the inspired guidance of the twelve faithful men who but knew the purpose, and the meaning, and the necessity of the crucifixion and resurrection, is in itself a counterpart of the resurrection.

For a thousand centuries our poor humanity had been groping in the tragedies of a spiritual darkness that got them nowhere beyond the building of great earthly empires that gratified their greed for power and fame, that completely filled the hearts of men who while they possessed marked leadership ability possessed also a selfishness so complete and so cruel that they without compassion sent their subjects by the thousands to the slaughter of battlefields in order that they who wore the crowns might boast of their victorious conquests and enlarge the boundaries of what to them was looked upon almost as personal property.

And then came the Resurrection and the Resurrection spirit sweeping far and wide, getting deep into the consciousness of the humble men whose only power lay in numbers and a dominating sense of a rising tide of right.

That tide swept the Roman Empire to its fall. It moved west into Britain. It was that which inspired the archbishop of Canterbury to collate and amplify those famous paragraphs that constitute their (and our) Bill of Rights, the Magna Charta, and to take the steps necessary to compel the king to sign it.

That day the resurrection spirit entered into the minds and the wills of men as it had nevere done in the past. They saw it at work in human acairs precisely as Jesus had promised, working through the powers of representative government. They saw that organized government could be erected as the executive of divine law, recognizing the equality of all men before God, and step by step they procedeed to put that spiritual vision of theirs into practical form, into a wider and wider reality in the only way possible for great national groups.

Most certainly there was a close connection between religion and politics when our early colonies were established, when our constitution was written, and when our basal laws were put upon the statute books. These religious and politically-minded men of our early years dared not separate the two and so they built into our organized political life a spiritual fibre, they gave to government a form, and a character, and an impulse that came straight from that tremendous emphasis in the risen life of One who first gave these ideas to the world.

LIFE SKETCHES

of Well-Known Residents of Queen Anne's County

By BERTHA G. DURNEY

Having served Uncle Sam as a mail driver for a period of forty-five years, even though he has not yet reached three score years of age is the record of Frank Carroll Thomas, of Stevensville. Mr. Thomas made his last trip as a mail carrier from Stevensville Station to the Post Office on March 29th, when the Baltimore and Eastern Railroad ran their last passenger train over the line from Love Point to Ocean City.

Mr. Thomas was born September 25, 1878, and is the son of the late Frank C. and Bliscena Lewis Thomas, of Kent Island. His mother died when he was only a small boy, and at the age of fifteen he left school and began to seek his own living. In May, 1893, a short time before reaching his fifteenth birthday he accepted the job of mail carrier between Stevensville and the Old Chester River Wharf where the famous steamers "B. S. Ford" and "Emma A. Ford" made daily trips from Chestertown to Baltimore, stopping at Love Point and the various other wharves along the Chester to pick up the mail.

At the beginning of his career as mail carrier, being under age, for a federal appointment to the post was made possible by the late J. W. W. Woodford to fill the unexpired term of William Bullen, now deceased, who resigned. The mail routes were given out at that time in yearly appointments. At the expiration of Mr. Bullen's term Mr. Thomas put in a bid for the route and was legally appointed with a salary of $75.00 a year. In 1895 a mail route was established between Stevensville Post Office and Matapex, a small village seven miles south of Stevensville, where the postoffice was housed in the store of Mrs. Mary E. Porter. Again the young mail driver bid for this route and was appointed. The duties included three trips per week. This was in addition to the former post and also paid $75.00 a year, a total salary for the two routes of $150.00.

Mr. Thomas relates many interesting stories of his career as a mail carrier, driving through heavy storms and snow drifts. Many times his faithful horse was unable to make its way through the banks that piled fence high along the Kent Island roads, and he would abandon his team, fling his mail pouch over his shoulder and trudge on to see that the mail was delivered. Many times roads and lanes were difficult to find, and he might be late, but he always managed to make it.

In 1902 Mr. John Fred Carter, a prosperous farmer of near Matapex was influential in securing from the post office department a daily mail service between Stevensville and Matapex. This service continued until the Rural Routes was established in 1906. The only route Mr. Thomas served then was between Stevensville Post Office and the Railroad Station, which continued until the Pennsylvania sounded the death knell of the passenger service last month.

Besides being a mail carrier, Mr. Thomas since 1898 has been engaged in the undertaking business, having purchased the stock and good will of John F. Ruth, and since that time has conducted a very successful business.

By a strange coincidence three generations of the Thomas family of Kent Island have been undertakers, even though they have not succeded each other. Frank C. Thomas, father of our sketch, was a Kent Island undertaker back in the early eighties. Not however, until 1898 did his son decide to enter the business. Now, F. Alton Thomas, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas also has entered the profession and is a licensed mortician, connected with a well known Baltimore firm.

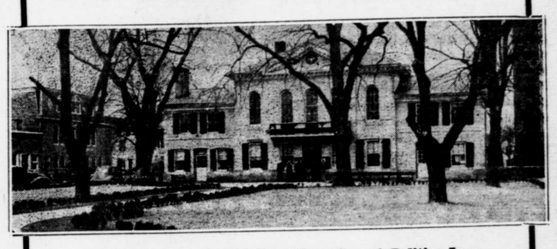
On May 28, 1902, Mr. Thomas married Miss Elizabeth Jones, of near Georgetown, Delaware, who has been a splendid help in his line of work, always working to his interest.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas are both typical of the Eastern Shore undertaker. . No night is too cold or stormy, no road too rough or hard to travel for them to go to those in sorrow, and with their profession they lend a quiet dignity, and comfort to those with whom they come in contact. Even though Mr. Thomas will reach his sixtieth birthday this fall, he is still listed with those who look upon the sunny side of life, and always greets his friends with a smile.

Their one son, F. Alton Thomas is married and makes his home in Baltimore, but with his family is a frequent visitor at the parental home.

The Record-Observer congratulates Mr. Thomas on his many years of faithful service to Uncle Sam and also his success in business.

The Court House Green



A Forum Open To All For Discussion of Politics In Queen Anne's County.

With the sun becoming warmer and May Court drawing near, we hear an incessant hum in the old political bee hive. Methinks the bees will soon be swarming.

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We heard at the Fishermen's Inn at the Narrows last Tuesday that Earl Coursey is to enter the crowded race for sheriff. The same party remarked that Earl is pretty strong down that way.

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Which caused us to ask where Joe Evans and Percy Thomas stand. We were told that definitely Joe and Percy would be back on the New Deal ticket because the ticket could not afford to drop them. Joe and Percy both have followings we were given to understand.

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Well, the Fourth District is important in any county election. Next to the Third it casts the largest vote. Since the active days of former Senator Kirwan, no one has known which way the wind blew on any election day until the votes were counted.

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Among those missing this year will be Fountain Jackson from Stevensville. Fountain was quiet but usually knew what was under the crust of the Kent Island political pie.

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Oscar Tarr says the record of the New Deal administration will win. Many in the county maintain the same views.

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It is reported however that desertions from the ranks of the New Dealers are causing the leaders grave concern. What will become of the deserters is open to conjecture. Rumors have it, they are flocking to the standards of Dudley Roe.

From good authority, in Caroline, we have heard again that T. Alan Goldsborough will enter the Senatorial race against Tydings. According to this source, Mr. Goldsborough has the blessing of President Roosevelt. Our congressman has voted "yes" on all Roosevelt legislation. The Roosevelt reward will be a judicial appointment to Mr. Goldsborough should Tydings defeat him, so the rumor has it. But what concerns most of us is; with whom will Alan run in Maryland; O'Conor, Sasscer, Gordy or Curley Byrd?

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With the leaders keeping their own council, it is extremely difficult for your reporter to learn as much as he should to answer your questions. We have been asked about Bill Keith and Joe George. There have been many rumors, and we hear frequently that Bill will run for anything the New Deal drafts him for on the strength of his record of tax collections and management. Joe George is said to be interested in the County Clerk's job if the way opens. This position was held for several terms by his father, the lateJohnny George, one of the great leaders of Democracy in his day. Many say, however, that Joe is needed in the present job of County Commissioner.

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A Kent county business man was said to have grunted in astonishment when he heard there would be a Primary fight in Queen Anne's and to have asked on what grounds a fight was to be made.

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Down Kent Island way all is calm after the storm. The pow-wow was held two weeks ago and both factions are said to be backing Paul Morris erstwhile Centreville garageman for sheriff.

OUR READERS SAY:

April 9, 1938.

WONDERFUL

To the Editor:

I see as how the Town Commissioners wrote a wonderful letter to the Record-Observer saying about there wonderful colored vote and there wonderful tax rate that was close to two cents as much as the state, county and school tax all together and there wonderful two misleading kinds of debts and their wonderful assessments and there wonderful electric service and a slew of things that is wonderful to them and I see how the Town Commissioners wrote as how the people outside the town limits don't want no part of these things and they don't wan't to be in the town limits; don't want to incur this additional tax burden and as how they like the outside of the wonderful town so much they mean to stay out and not get get the good out of the wonderful things and as how they are satisfied to be where they are—out of Centreville, where everything in the letter is so wonderful.

Is wonderful ain't it?

PIDDLIN JOHN.

Centreville, Md.

HAILS DEFEAT

To the Editor:

The evening of April 8, 1938, after a day of tense fear and doubt throughout this great country, brought a notable victory for the people of the United States, in the death of President Roosevelt's Reorganization Measure—second only in importance to the Fourth of July, 1776.

For months and even longer this subject probably had been uppermost in the mind and prayers (if he prayed at all) of the chief executive of the nation as he pictured the power and greatness such a law would have bestowed upon him. In the mirror of the future he could see himself reflected as dictator of these United States and her possessions—clothed with authority to say to his countrymen go, and he goeth; come and he cometh. To the business men big and little pay thus and so as taxes of your hard-earned profits and he payeth. . To the laborer—you work so many hours per day, and at pay as I dictate, and he worketh. To the household, you eat of the schedule that me and mine have declared you shall eat, and he eateth.

To the farmer—you toil and spin all the long hours, and of the fruit of your labor, you shall have what I do not want for government expenses if any there be left. To the unemployed, the poverty-stricken and the forgotten man—you go fishing and thus it would be, not a theory—but a pure, simple fact under the rule of a dictator, and that is just what the reorganization bill was intended to accomplish.

When the real import of this most obnoxious bill was laid bare and the people understood the meaning, fear and doubt gave way to battle, bravery and victory for this country, and when the news spread throughout the land that the people won over the nefarious machination, great pressure, great bribes and greater promises the country was jubilant. Once again right and not might has prevailed and at least for a time, the people are in command.

It is indeed regrettable that our congressman went down with his leader—its nothing to his credit, that he did not have that courage to shake off the shackles by which he has been bound since the Roosevelt administration came into power, his constitutents had hoped in the last great battle, between lust for power, greed and all else dear to American Citizenship, he would support the cause of the common people. But not so, for unmindful of the safety, right and interests of those who had entrusted to him, these duties he proves himself (to say the least of his vote) unworthy, a failure and unfit for a return of responsibilities and trusts by a consituency.

April 12, 1938.

DEMOCRAT.

Centreville, Md.

RADIANT LIVING

ILLUMINED BY VISION

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

Thank God for those revelations which God flashes upon us!

The imprisonment of John the Beloved on the Isle of Patmos was a bitter one to him, yet by a spiritual vision that island was transformed into a place grander than a cathedral, a place where he caught glimpses of the heavenly.

Have you ever lain upon your back out in a meadow on a summer's day and watched the fleecy white clouds as they came rolling up from the horizon, ever so slowly yet constantly changing their gigantic forms as they mounted up into dizzy heights overhead with their stupenduous white massiveness and lofty grandeur? Have you ever seen those clouds suddenly illumined by a vivid flash of lightning? Did it not seem to you as though beyond the clouds there was a realm of glory which the sudden vivid flash revealed?

There have been times when men, overwhelmed with the disasters of life, have caught a sudden glimpse of the glory of God, and by the promise which their monentary vision implied, they have endured.

However drear your Patmos Isle may be, there is on it a height of spiritual experience from which you can catch a vision of God. And in the strength of that vision, you will be able to go on.