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

Self-renovation should be enough to make periods of solitude a cherished part of our daily life. But every time we emerge from self-collectedness we find that people are aware of a change in us; they are sure there is more in us than the last time we met. The increased quantity is our personality. He is indeed a miserable slave who cannot spare a quarter of an hour every day for a quiet time with himself.—Abbe Ernest Dimnet, French author and philosopher.

BLAKEFORD DAY

Evidence of the rapid strides Queen Anne's is making toward leadership in the world of breeding fine livestock was shown in the magnificent Field Day at Blakeford on Saturday.

Residents of Queen Anne's who have lived here during the past decade or two have noted casually for the most part the introduction of a fine herd here, a fine herd there. The development has sprung up around them. So gradual has been the process that its implications have been lost upon many of them.

But not so with leaders in the livestock field from afar. They get an oriented view of Queen Anne's county spotted against the map of the whole nation. They realize what is being achieved here.

At the Guernsey Field Day at Pioneer Point in May of last year outstanding men working with that breed nodded sagely as they forecast the glowing future of Guernseys in Queen Anne's, even suggesting the possibility of a new strain being developed here some day.

At Blakeford Guernseys were not alone in the spotlight. Superlative specimens of Belgian horses, Southdown sheep, Aberdeen-Angus fat cattle were also displayed, specimens well able to stand the scrutiny of a knowing audience.

The development of the livestock program at Blakeford is of recent origin, yet it is almost perfectly rounded, on the highest plane and certain to exert compelling influences in the fine breeding world.

The outstanding herds and flocks and droves gradually being assembled in Queen Anne's on large estates and small ones are of inestimable value to the county. Breeders of fine stock in the nation are learning more and more often of Queen Anne's. An appreciation of better breedig stock is being diffused from end to end of the county.

And the Blakeford Field Day is the 1938 exhibit of where Queen Anne's is headed.

GOOD WORK

The Good Will Fire Company did highly commendable work in checking and snuffing out the blaze which destroyed a small garage and wrecked a larger one in Centreville last week.

In the cold light of the morning after the potentialities of the fire could be realized even more than when the flames were shooting to a height visible for miles around. Had the conflagration gotten away into the rows of wooden buildings on North Liberty street or Broadway considerably more damage might have been wrought.

The efficiency of the firemen was all the more noteworthy in that this blaze was the first serious one they had been called upon to step in and master in Centreville for many years. Their skill has been developed fighting outside fires the town limits.

It is comforting to residents of Centreville to know that their defense against conflagrations as represented both by the fire company and the water system proved ample in the first emergency. In addition is the presence of reinforcements such as Queenstown, Church Hill and Chestertown poured in in short order and with admirable morale.

There was a time when rural communities were at the mercy of sudden large fires. Something of the menace still exists. Yet with motorized equipment available in each town, trained volunteer companies ready for action, modern water systems and reinforcements speedily obtainable from neighboring communities, the old time threat of town-razing conflagrations has lost its sting.

And, in passing, it might be remarked that those who contributed to the membership drives of the Good Will and other companies had a chance to see how well their money has been spent.

YOU CAN'T PAY

If you are wise, you protect your property with fire insurance. But don't let this lull you into a feeling of false security. For nothing can completely pay for fire.

It is impossible to adequately compensate for loss of time, of business, of opportunity, of employment. Nor can we pay for human lives with dollars.

In brief, fire insurance, invaluable as it is, can only cover the tangible losses of fire. It cannot cover all the intangibles or the indirect loss and these constitute by far fire's greatest toll. Replacing burned furniture will not make up for the destruction of a home. Nor will replacing machines make up for a burned factory.

That is why fire prevention work should be done by everyone. There are scores of instances on record where men have been ruined by fires in spite of having sufficient insurance to cover all direct loss. If your place of business burns, your trade will go elsewhere, and you may find it impossible to get it back. If the place where you work is ravaged by fire, your job will go up in smoke with it, and no insurance can cover that.

During recent years the annual fire loss has stayed at about the same level—in excess of two hundred million dollars a year. Most of that waste could be prevented. It constitutes an inexcusable and unnecessary drain on the nation's resources. Knowledge and vigilance will turn the trick.

MEN WHO PLAN NOW

In so-called hard times, when many businessmen forlornly complain that "there is no business," other businessmen contrive to find business; and, what is perhaps still more astonishing, new enterprises put down roots, get a healthy start, make sturdy beginnings of vigorous growth.

Is it that these business "downs" have special purposes which many of us, blinded by easy success in more prosperous periods, fail to see and use?

The late Edward A. Filene, a merchant of Boston, Massachusetts, whose thinking was never bounded by national borders, once said: "I have noticed that business success tends to breed business failure. Success often makes men contented; lessens incentive. It is when people are not doing very well with what they already have that they are most willing to listen to and try out new ideas that may save them."

A certain chewing-gum manufacturer, a great believer in advertising, undertook one of his most impressive advertising campaigns during a time of severe business stringency. His competitors were cutting down, or cutting out, their advertising. He doubled his appropriation. He reasoned that with fewer advertisements seeking reader attention, his own aggressive copy would attract all the more notice; and it worked out exactly that way.

Great industrial improvements have been made, or initiated, in periods far from prosperous. Charles E. Duryea, first to build a successful gasoline automobile in the United States, began his first car in 1891, was building his fifth in 1894; and between those two years the county was passing through one of the worst panics ever known. The basic work on the first successful telephone was done by Alexander Graham Bell in the early '70's, when the United States was rocked by the post-Civil War panic. Instances of this kind, great or small, could be multiplied almost endlessly, but more to the point would be the personal parallel many a reader may draw as he recalls times when he was so hard put to it that, to survive, he had to do strenuous new thinking and make drastic revisions of unprofitable habits—which revealed hitherto untapped potentialities that proved his salvation—and more.

Men who plan constructively now, may find that these so-caled troubled times, viewed in the light of what they can do for us instead of what they appear to be doing to us, will yield magic returns.—Rotarian Magazine.

A singer says he keeps the wolf away from his door by crooning. This seems to be a case for the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.—St. Louis Star-Times.

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Members of new grandmothers' clubs say "Grandma's place is not in the chimney corner." In fact, you see a lot of 'em sitting behind a radiator with their eyes on the road.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Abner *says*-

Fellers like me with skimpy bankrolls don't scare much when folks say we gotta help pay those billions of dollars.

THE Rambling Recorder

June is our favorite month and it is satisfying to find the weather winging around to normal. The trees are heavy with foliage and wayside shrubbery is still unspoiled by heat and dust. There is no fragrance to compare with the honeysuckle hanging in the still air and greeting one unexpectedly in an evening ramble. Schools are closing, the official sign that summer is here. The warm weather is bringing out the annoyance of flies. Whenever one of the pests starts a nonstop flight around our head we long for an electrocuter such as is used in the dairy barns at Blakeford. The fly touches it; snap; and he's done for. And there's no swinging a fly swatter or messing with sticky fly paper.

Ted Shea

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Calvert Jones, jr., who often keeps us posted on the interesting things down on Kent Island was really looking for crabs to come in Tuesday. He said they arrived on June 7 last year and he wanted history to repeat itself. Otherwise he feared there would be no crabs until mid-summer. Orders are good for packers but the supply is missing. Prices have moved up a half cent each of the past two weeks and are now at four cents a pound. Traffic picked up sharply with the advent of hot weather this week. People have been waiting to gt out on the open road and with summer in the air motorists are making the wheels turn.

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We'll have to stop horsing around with Harry Reynolds now that he has been elected mayor of Queenstown. Harry is one of the finest hands at horseplay that ever cut a caper but it's possible that dignity may overtake him. For students of political strategy we recommend Harry's type of campaign. Harry did not want to run, told every one that he did not care to be elected. So every one and his brother voted to shove Harry into the job. Now Harry says he's afraid the town commissionership is the first step to the White House. Harry has an excellent associate in Ed Rowens who can pull a leg as smoothly as the late Will Rogers. But don't underestimate these men. They have plenty of sense and the chap who thinks he's fooling them will wind up behind the seven-and-a-half ball. The third member, Aubrey Romine, completes a fine board and Queenstown will be in good hands. County politics are as quiet as a mouse nibbling soft cheese. Maybe they'll start up when the crabs come in, in July.

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There are reports that the Centreville Garage, gutted by fire last week, is to be modernized into a 1938 model outfit. Which is the way Time tramps relentlessly but necessarily upon the work of bygone generations. If the transformation is to be complete and if we were interested in woodworking we might speak for a museum piece from the timbers, say a four-foot clip from one of the beams. These were fashioned with a broad axe and the joints are held by wooden pegs. Might be a good idea to saw off four feet including a joint and put it in the school woodworking shops to show the present generation how their forefathers did things in the absence of precision machines and nicely assorted hardware.

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It seems to us that garages should keep a pit of water where a man could jump if his clothing caught fire. Down at Salisbury a month ago a mechanic's clothing became ignited. He leaped into the river and drowned trying to put out the blaze. Frank Walls says he often spoke out loud to water which collected in his pit. But when Frank's garments fired the first thing he thought of was that same obstinate pit water. One fire spectator sat at a table moved into the street and read a paper by the light of an automobile. Real news was blazing in front of him but he could not be bothered. One young lady returning home when the fire was about extinguished noted the street lights out, the crowd collected near the jail and leaped to the conclusion that a riot had burst at the jail. Incidentally the story appearing in last week's issue of the Record-Observer was tapped out by the light of a candle borrowed from Sheriff Everett's living room. He had two candles and he shared.

CHURCH HILL

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Elliott were guests on Sunday of Mrs. Elliott's mother, Mrs. Laura Robinson, and Mr. and Mrs. Norman Cahall, of near Centreville.

Mrs. E. G. Walls spent Monday in Centreville with her daughter, Mrs. T. Rigby Valliant.

Mr. Charles Smith, of New Castle, Del., spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Smith.

Mrs. Alva McGinnis, Miss Virginia Brannon, Mr. Howard McGinnis, Mr. Harry Greenstreet and Mr. Kenneth Anderson, of Baltimore, were guests of Mrs. Lemeula McGinnis on Sunday.

Mrs. E. G. Coppage has been visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. William Bittle, of Swarthmore, Pa.

Mrs. Donald Thorne, of Baltimore, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Clay Stevens, of Barclay.

Mrs. Clara Spry, of Kennedyville, has been visiting Mrs. Bessie Dewberry and Mrs. Mattie Richards.

Human Pump Revisits Home

The Human Pump.

That was the label Sam Johnson displayed on the back of his swallow tailed coat when he swaggered down the sidewalks of Centreville, Kalamazoo or New York a quarter of a century ago, resplendent in the glory of being a sideshow performer in the great Barnum's circus. Those were the days when he could swallow a bucket of water and gush like a fountain.

Today Sam is become a tradition, a maker of legends. Vanishing for a stretch of twenty years, thought to be dead, he reappears in the streets of Centreville, hale and hearty for all his eighty-seven years, to be almost a colored edition of the Wandering Jew.

Like the Wandering Jew who lives forever and always turns up when some startling event is to occur Sam returned to his native heath last week in time to be present when Centreville's first large fire in two decades broke loose.

Again Sam made legend. The fire blazed alarmingly. In a comparatively short time it was out. The colored people in Sandy Bottom knew. Sam Johnson, the Human Pump, had spit on it and quenched it. The legend maker.

Sam was born a slave on the farm of William Watson, old Billy Watson, near Centreville in 1851. As Sam puts it, he was born in a cowshed. His mind is still clear about the ante-bellum days on the farm. He remembers Mr. Billy Watson and his wife Miss Susannah. He remembers the gingham dresses he wore.

He recalls Civil War days and spoke readily about the visit of the gunboat Hero to bring ammunition to Centreville and which he says the Federal soldiers sunk.

The freeing of the slaves was a dramatic thing on some farms but not on Billy Watson's. Sam, then a good sized lad of fourteen said that no one told the slaves they were free. They just knew it. All of them just walked off the farm in their new freedom. For his part he walked to Kitty Comegys at Three Bridge Branch, then down to Harriet Ford's in Spaniard's Neck, where he remained until he was grown.

Ordinarily freedom would have indicated no startling future for Sam Johnson. He was big and husky but he could not read or write. With all his knocking around the world since he has never yet learned how.

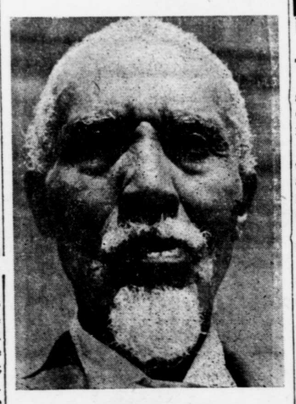
But Sam had two particular talents that carried him along. He could throw his voice and he could drink enormous quantities of water. Both talents were natural. Sam can explain neither and says none of the many doctors who have examined him could explain their source. Both talents gave him local fame and eventually brought him to the notice of Barnum's circus.

He could drink a water bucket full of water at a time, not a cupfull or a gallon, but a water bucket full, and presently would gush it forth like a fountain. He was known in the circus as the Human Pump or the Human Fountain and still prefers the latter name.

So Sam went into the sideshows as a performer. In the course of a show day he drank about twenty-five buckets and made fountains. It took him about eight minutes to get the bucketful of water inside him, long enough to give the customers their money's worth.

Sam did other tricks at the circus. He could bend a five-eighths bar of steel by slapping it across his forearm. He tap danced a little. He played in the band. He sang and he threw his voice. He was a glass eater until his upper gum shed its teeth. As Sam expressed it, he would take a lamp chimney, bite a piece out of it, chew it into small pieces and swallow it. The stunt never hurt him, he says, and he is now eighty-seven.

Those were the palmy days for Sam when he strolled down the street in a high silk hat tipped to the back of his head, a piccadilly collar and startling red tie, a cutaway coat or Prince Albert with a pump painted on its back, baggy trousers and patent leather shoes, and a brass headed cane swinging in his hand.



SAM JOHNSON

Sam never made much money from his circus days or his talents. He says the white folks made the money. All he got from the circus was an invererate habit of roaming.

But his legend-making went on. Colored folks say he sold himself to the devil.

His voice-throwing made legend. It is told of the time he paused to look in a window which a girl was busily trimming, too absorbed to notice him. He went up to the window, tapped it with his cane and said in a loud voice, "Hello, Liza. Is you in dat box?" The girl looked at the box from which an answer seemed to come, jumped up and ran into the store with her hands on her head, almost in hysterics.

He was at a negro funeral near Denton when some one put him up to devilment. As the colored pall bearers were lowering the coffin into the ground and the colored parson was sprinkling a little earth on it a low moan came from the coffin and said, "Lower me down easy, boys. Lower me down easy." The bearers dropped the coffin, the mourners and all fled, and the funeral was a panic.

For that stunt Sam, the strange negro, was arrested for disturbing a funeral. He was taken to jail. There he asked the sheriff for water. The Sheriff brought a cupfull and Sam scorned it. "Bring me a pitcher full," he insisted. The sheriff brought it. Sam downed it without breathing and called for another. Again and again the sheriff brought a pitcherful and his marvel grew as Sam drank it. Finally, half in anger the sheriff unlocked the cell and bounced Sam out of jail free. As Sam tells it, he merely disgorged each supply of water while the Sheriff was filling the pitcher.

For all his talents Sam is reduced to a wandering mind reader and conjurer. Since his previous visit to Centreville twenty years ago he has been around the world. He claims to know all languages. As quickly as he was asked he spouted French, Spanish, Chinese. He asserts he has visited every country, but China he only passed. His world journey was taken as cook on a sailing vessel, so he avers.

Sam drifted in to Centreville after a jaunt clear from California, the state he prefers. How he gets from place to place is his secret. He pops up unexpectedly. Miss Katie Everett met him in Philadelphia, Wilson Harris met him in Georgia.

While he was here the white people to whom he was a marked figure when they were young looked him up. But he spit on the fire and put it out and now he's gone, until the next time.

Among The Watermen

By Edward Earl Coursey

Fishing was extra good over the week-end at the Narrows and in Eastern Bay.

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Captain Oscar Smith had a double header over the week-end. On Saturday the White Flash Fishing Club of Philadelphia came down for a two-day fishing trip but they caught so many the first day that they came ashore and quit. They landed two hundred hardheads and several rockfish, the largest rock weighing five and a half pounds apiece. The hardheads ran large for this time of the season. In the party were R. A. McAllister, Yeadon, Pa.; W. Little, J. W. Barber, jr., Drexel Hill, Pa.; G. Trepete, W. Wilson, M. Mowbray, T. Milner, R. Mills, of Philadelphia; C. M. Cleaver Merion and W. Hogan, of Upper Darby.

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Captain Smith's Snday party had a good time fishing but did not count up their catch. The party came from Philadelphia and was made up of William McKnight, Walter E. Jones, Carl Heines, Edward P. Morris, John N. Hackman, jr., Dr. William Matthews, and George W. Peacock, jr.

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There were several yachts from Chestertown and the upper Chester River fishing at the Narrows Sunday and seemed to have pretty fair luck. They were catching rockfish for which the Narrows is noted.

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There were lots of boats in Eastern Bay Sunday cacthing hardheads with hand lines and made good catches. The fish were really biting.

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Captain Frank Higdon, an old time fisherman, had several fishing parties in Wye River the past week. They had very good luck with hardheads and spot. Captain Frank knows fishing grounds well and is located at Wye Ferry.

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I wish you fellows that handle parties in various parts of the county would let me know what you catch and who goes out with you.

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The crab business fell off considerably owing to the bad weather. Prices are moving up and the packers are unable to get sufficient supply to meet their demand. Calvert Jones and Walter Crouch at Chester handle a great deal of crabs when they can get them.

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Crabs ought to be moving in with the hot weather this week. If they don't come in this week or the next crabs will be scarce this summer until the run comes up the Bay in July and August. The crabs they have been catching are large and seem to be crabs which were here last season.

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There are very few soft crabs this season. It is unusual for a crabber to catch a dozen or a dozen and a half soft crabs a day. In 1932 crabs at this time of year were wholesaling from ten cents to twenty-five cents a dozen and it was no trouble for a crabber to catch ten or fifteen dozen or more in a day. The June run of soft crabs should be coming by the fifteenth of the month certainly.

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Wye River has plenty of diamond back terrapin this year. Years ago fishermen used to catch diamond back terrapin in the summer and hold them over until the open season for selling them. On various occasion in election years the game warden would come in and raid one or two terrapin fishermen and use the evidence for a terrapin supper during the campaign. There are plenty of terrapin in all the inland creeks and waters. There is no demand for terrapin the way there used to be.

Schools in Queen Anne closed for the year on Monday, with the pupils returning for their final reports on Wednesday morning. Thee youngsters were wild with joy at their release from studies, but we predict that the long vacation will be welcomed again then. In the meantime, happy days are here again for the boys and girls and the air is buzzing with vacation plans.

Mr. John Russom, of Baltimore, Mrs. Albert Cahall and daughter Mae, were dinner guests of Mrs. Mae Dean on Monday.

OUR READERS SAY:

June 6, 1938.

To the Editor:

No doubt this letter will be considered as written by an insane person, so out of date will be the ideals and sentiments herein expressed.

It is of course, entirely unsophisticated and out of date ever to register shock; no one must ever be shocked any more; just swallow what is given out and look pleasant, try to keep up with the push, especially if the push be rich.

Well, in spite of all that goes on these days on Sunday, I, and some others—was shocked the other day to read on the poster displayed in Centreville, that the Talbot Horse Show is to run on Sunday. Everything else runs on Sunday: Dances, cards, tennis tournaments, and especially cocktail parties at church time, and ball games. Each thing pulls us down a little more until there has come to be no line.

Surely horse showing is " a clean and healthy sport"; so much better than sitting around gossiping, etc. The old story, the silly argument that what everything one wants to do is good, clean sport and not as bad as doing something else. Whether or not a thing is harmless in itself becomes of no account when one stops only a moment to realize why Sunday was set apart.

Is not sport as "clean" week-days as it is on Sundays?

When one visits Jamestown, Va., and sees that awe-inspiring shrine set up by the first settlers, in simple faith and in thanksgiving for deliverance from the dangers of the deep and for a safe and fair haven, where the first Holy Communion service held in the new country was celebrated, one feels overcome with emotion and that one must also kneel and give thanks for our wonderful heritage. Yes, we in the south, have a wonderful heritage of faith; what are we doing with it? What are we doing with that inherited faith of our forbearers? We have the beautiful old churches they built all over this peninsula; churches now mostly more than half empty. People are drinking cocktails or following the beagles on God's Day of rest now. And the really pathetic and almost comical thing about it all is the way the little people follow and chase the big shots who start so much of this in our formerly religious community. Why do we give up our heritage"? Why do we allow ourselves to be led astray? Have we no principles of our own? Why is not our way as good or far better, than theirs, especially if a godly way? What a loss is ours!

Where are the families that turned out Christian citizens? There was a time when we sat around the family lamp and read Dickens, Thackeray, Shakespear and our Sunday School lessons, yes and liked it. We knew those familiar names of literature and when we heard of and read them we were informed. A colored woman who cooked for me a few years ago told me that almost every evening when she went home, she met a small, white child who would say, "Can't I go home with you? Nobody is home at my house." The men have to chase the county after the ball team; the women are not far behind, what becomes of the children? This incident may answer:

But if we have not all the blessings of a Christian civilization we resent it and curse our President instead of repenting and turning to the Lord our God as did the Children of Israel. We used to know who Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were; we knew who Moses and Aaron were and what they did in history. Sundays we heard the story of the Bible; we knew how long the children of Israel—now-a-days college men and women never heard of them—"Wandered away in the wilderness and found no city to dwell in; hungry and thirsty they turned to the Lord their God and he had compassion upon them." He brought them, when they forsook their sin, to the promised land and he punished them when they forsook Him.

Now we worship pleasure, surely no one can deny that. It is pleasure to which we give up our time and energies. Just now we have Coney Island brought into the peaceful country-side; we have the blaring lights of the ball park, a nuisance I am told for sixteen miles, blotting out the moon and the stars, beside the tumult and the shouting to listen to. Let us hope this will be the one and only summer that we will be subjected to this.

Suppose if one can, that all the effort to raise the fund for this ball busines had been asked for a crime-prevention drive as Chief G-Man Hoover is always urging, or for any religious purpose, do you think for a moment any one would have given the time to it?

Why not be honest and if we have definitely given up our heritage of Christian living, as a nation, why then let's have the slogan: "In God We Trust' 'taken off our national coins and put thereon instead, "We no longer trust in God we trust in other trusts."

What person, especially what man, ever spends ten minutes in a year reading up on the work of his Church and its needs? Personally I have often asked questions of our vestry about Church matters, at times I acknowledge to see if they knew about it or were interested, and the invariably reply has been "I'm afraid I can't tell you that." Perfect indifference! Suppose those who sat in cold, rain and wind for weeks at ball games had it to do for a Church purpose! Whom do we worship?

M. Y. BROWN.

Centreville, Md.

BOOKS You May Enjoy

By Graham Watson

Based upon the sales of Baker and Taylor Company throughout the country during May we find the following to be the Best Sellers for that period.

FICTION

Free Land, by Rose Wilder Lane. Published May 4th. Lisa Vale, by Olive H. Prouty, May 3rd. Sleep In Peace, by Phyllis Bentley, April 19th. The Yearling, Marjorie K. Rawlings, April 1st. The Handsomest Road, Gwen Bristow, May 2nd. The Mortal Storm, Phyllis Bottome, April 4th. Promenade, G. B. Lancaster, May 5th. The Citadel, A. J. Cronin, September 10th. Raiders of Spanish Peaks, Zane Grey, May 11th. Chan Osborne's Wife, Louise P. Hauck, April 29th. The Cairo Garter Murders, Van Wyck Mason, May 6th. The Late George Appley, John P. Marquard, January 4th. Dawn in Lyonnese, Mary E. Chase, March 1st. Secret Information, Robert Hitchens, April 22nd.

GENERAL

The Fight for Life, Paul de Kruif, April 28th. How To Win Friends and Influence People, Dale Carnegie, November 30. The Importance of Living, Lin Yutang, November 23. The Evolution of Physics, Albert Einstein, March 25th. Madame Curie, Eva Curie, November 26th. The Story of Ferdinand, Munro Leaf, September, 1936. Fashions Munro Leaf, September, 1936. Heide Grows Up, Johanna Spyri, May 15th. Fashion Is Spinach, Elizabeth Hawes, March 22nd. The Giant Quiz Book, Rose Jeanne Slifer, March 21st. Our Town, Thornton Wilder, April 2nd. Listen, Little Girl, Munro Leaf, May 2nd. America's Sixty Families, Ferdinand Lundberg, October 29th. The Summing Up, Somerset Maughn, March 25th, 1938. Dry Guillotine, Rene Belbenoit, February 8th. Fifty Years A Country Doctor, William MacCartney, March 15th.

"Hope of Heaven" by John O'Hara, and "Action At Aquilla" by Hervey Allen, have dropped from the list completely: they are not rivals of the five additional best sellers. This does not mean they are not selling but that stores have not begun to re-order, which shows that some times high pressure selling reacts unfavorably upon the publisher.

RADIANT LIVING

SAILORS OBSERVE GLORY

By Rev. C. M. Griffeth
Methodist Pastor
of Deal's Island

The Psalmist was not known to be a nautical man, yet he must have had some knowledge of the sea when he declared: "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep."

Blue watermen have an endless opportunity to see the "works of the Lord". They observe many things which the landsman has never seen. From that little circumscribed world, the vessel's deck, the blue water seaman looks out upon that vast surrounding expanse of heaving restless water that constantly speaks to him, both day and night, concerning God.

There is something about the unbroken glistening expanse of such wide encircling water, there is something about the colorful splendor of the golden sunset as the great red disk slowly sinks beneath the sea, there is something about the majestic glory of a silent starlit night, sparkling with the diamonds that God had thrown into the dark sky that proclaims to the deepwater man the "works of the Lord."

There is something about the awful stillness of the glassy sea when it lies becalmed day after day, there is something about those rumbling threatening black clouds as they come rolling up from the horizon, there is something about the shrieking of the wind, the roar of the waters, the terrifying might of a sea aroused to anger that speaks to the sailor-heart and says: "Behold the glorious majestic power of God!"

How true indeed are the words of Herbert, the English poet of the sixteenth century when he declared: "He that will learn to pray, let him go to sea!"

BARCLAY

The sympathy of the entire community is extended to the family of the late Charles H. Devenish.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Booker, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Godwin and Master John L. Dunn attended anniversary services at Dwyer's, near Odessa, Del., Sunday.

Miss Mary C. Wallace and Hubert Skinner have returned from the University of Maryland for the summer vacation.

Miss Thelma Ware, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Ware, of near town, was among the graduates at Washington College, Monday morning. Mr. and Mrs. Ware and daughter Mary C. Wallace visited Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Butler, near Bel Air, Tuesday with the latter two remaining for the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Wallace and family spent Sunday with relatives in Wilmington.