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

Men do well to observe anniversaries. For anniversaries are the half-glad, half-sad days of every human life. Glad because they mark the celebration of memorable events of the past—sad because they bring the realization that many days of happy association have gone by, never to return. And with the mingled feelings of gladness and sadness which attend such occasions there comes a resolve which holds the true spirit and meaning of every anniversary: A firm determination to make ourselves increasingly worthy of the event we celebrate,, a firm determination to make the future ever better than the past.—Chevrolier.

TO OUR VISITORS

Centreville and Queen Anne's county cordially welcome the delegates and members of the Eastern Shore Federation of Women's Club as they gather in Centreville today for their first convention within the borders of old Queen Anne's.

We realize that our visitors represent clubs spanning the nine counties from Cecil to Worcester, and that they include many of the feminine personalities who are active in their own community life, in movements pertaining to their counties or of general interest to the Shore, the State o rthe Nation.

To perhaps some few from the extremes of the Eastern Shore Centreville has hitherto been just a spot on the map, a name in the city newspapers, or as folks on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad have referred to it, a town on a branch road. To others Centreville is better known, according to their nearness to it or their acquaintances here.

Every village, town and city has its own personality as well as its physical appearance. It takes an understanding of both to understand a community fully.

Like so many Shore towns, Centreville is a forward looking community which none the less is cognizant of its heritage of old families, old traditons, and its several landmarks whose foundations were laid in the long past. It has its culture and its deep sense of hospitality.

We hope that our guests may be able to snatch some moments from the demands of a full day's business to make some acquaintances with Centreville and its people, perhaps to visit its venerable Courthouse, its churches from Old St. Paul's to the new Mother of Sorrows, or it may be to step within some home to glimpse an attractive old staircase or treasured antique, to whet the taste for a later visit to the many beautiful old homes which dot the county in every section. We trust that they will come into contact with enough Centreville people to learn the nature of this kindly old town.

We wish that their visit here may be pleasant and that they will carry back happy memories of the day spent here.

And we invite them to come back again—often.

A CAP FEATHER

When any particularly noteworthy achievement is recorded, it is often called a feather in the cap for the doer.

Every community and perhaps every county has noteworthy achievements, each of which it hugs with pride or flaunts in its cap for the world to see if it chooses. Pardonable pride and proper elation is this.

Such a feather in the cap of Queen Anne's county is the annual Poultry and Game Show, the ninth edition of which will be unfurled at the Centreville Armory beginning next Wednesday.

Queen Anne's county residents are accustomed to the perfection which these shows have attained in their relatively short span of years.

But it may come as a surprise to them to learn that experts in the industry who visit poultry exhibits throughout the nation aver that the last two Queen Anne's Poultry and Game Shows were second to none in the United States in the settings, staging and general decorative arrangement, and the attention to the comfort and convenience offered to visitors. The printed program is hailed as best of poultry shows in Maryland and the equal of any in the United States.

Even the large North Eastern Poultry Producers Show held in New York recently fell far short in these respects of what the Queen Anne's exhibits offers as a matter of course. The quality of birds at New York with a vastly greater field to draw from was naturally superior to the selection available from Queen Anne's alone. County birds, however, which lifted blue ribbons in New York will be on view here.

But the New York show, in first floors or basements, damp or poorly heated, less carefully lighted and with little thought given to decorative effect was strictly a matter for the industry of matching excellence of birds and perhaps luring customers.

The Quene Anne's shows have not stopped a these points of excellence. Few shows can show an equally able list of judges through the years for the work ahead. For four shows, including the coming year, the arbiter's list is starred by one or more men of the finest national rating.

This feather in the cap of Queen Anne's, the superlatively presented Poultry and Game Show is the fruit of thought, planning and work of making plans come true on the part of a great many people with able leaders. They are pushing Queen Anne's ahead in the Show factor in the poultry world and will be the nucleus of many more who may yet raise poultry raising to a major industry in this county.

CO-OPS

Queen Anne's county milk producers are to be commended upon their initiative in establishing the recently opened cooperative milk cooling plant in Centreville, the first important cooperative receiving station to be opened in the Philadelphia milkshed.

It was the anwser of the producers to the problem of best marketing their milk, and marketing of their products is one of the most difficult problems facing farmers.

It may be that this cooperative shall be the forerunner of other cooperatives for marketing agricultural products. Few of these exist in Queen Anne's. The Wool Pool and the Hillsboro-Queen Anne canned goods company offer two types of cooperatives which thus far have brought better prices to farmers.

There is sentiment for organizing a cooperative to handle eggs and perhaps poultry. The present difficulty is the small number of persons ready and willing to go into it, chiefly from lack of information as to its possibilities. From recent trends in poultry activities here it is likely that such a cooperative will yet be introduced and once started will flourish.

In theory cooperatives are the finest means for most farmers to market their various products to the best advantage. Cooperatives do not always work, often because members dot not stand by them and make them work through good years and bad. They overlook the fact that they must expect good years and bad, which despite the best of management come to all farmers as business conditions in the nation fluctuate.

Somehow good times seem always to be offset by bad ones, and it seems reasonable that farmers are well off trying to market products when united in a well-managed cooperative as they are standing alone.

VANISHED WINTERS

The locust husking-pin ripped sure as a cat's paw through husks that rasped fingers already chapped. Gales pulled at the oak leaves and rustled brittle topgallants lying across the huskers' knees.. Pumpkins had been drawn, were safe on the barn floor; cooking-pears lay mellowing on newspapers in the attic; the last green tomatoes got the sun on the kitchen window shelf and butternuts and black walnuts shrank their brown overcoats the toolhouse roof. Parsnips had to be dug yet, and cabbages stored in the sunken hogshead at the head of the garden, but forty barrels of apples stood neat in the earth cellar and quinces and the last grapes were safe in the dark preserve closet. Raked, musky leaves waited to bank cellar windows or to make bedding for the best box-stall. Almost ready, but still much to do! For with October ended winter may shut down any time.

They are not long past—years when, in counties right around New York, winter did shut down before Thanksgiving, and brought those now legendary evenings passed cozily in the soft light of one lamp; brought "the winter work," nothing like summer work, and months of what here and today would be dreaded as loneliness but which then was just the natural hush of winter—less menacing than spring freshets, summer hail or August drought. If there were no winter, when would a landholder cut and draw his wood—when get harness and carpets mended, wagons fixed, corn sorted? When would mother make her mincemeat, crullers, rag rugs and quilts?

Inured as we are to words and scenes of outrage oppression, persecution; accepted calmly true tales that would have sickened Indian fighters, many of us now would none the less be genially frightened at the prospect of a winter that "shut down," after fall plowing, as winters even hereabouts use to do. Assured that he must spend long evenings ending at half past 9 with nothing more unnerving than jackstraws, a four-page weekly paper, "Friendship's," the almanac and doctor book, tobacco and a dish of hickory nuts, many a stalwart citizen would beg for some lesser ordeal. We can endure any news, these days, but not the lack of news; strain but not stillness. It would be easier to find volunteers to fly the Pacific upside down—but with radio working—than metropolitan heroes armed in spirit for months remote from crowds, without any electrical means of keeping one's self disturbed—close to a half-year of snow-blocked roads, bright, silent air and a neighbor's cheerfully-shouted wireless that the ice was fourteen inches thick out to the creamery pond this morning and that the winter was getting away from us before it started. Why, a man couldn't fill his woodhouse but what he had to stop and fill the icehouse—kept you hopping—hardly time to eat—days seemed short and the nights, too.—N. Y. Herald-Tribune.

THE Rambling Recorder

Variety is the spice of life and of the seasons. Strange it is how different succeeding years can be. Last fall the cool weather started in before September was past, hung on through October and November, and gave us possibly our coldest weather in November, certainly before Christmas. Then with the coming of the New Year arrived a moderate, almost balmy winter that failed to live up to its name until a belated snowfall in April. This year we are favored with a mild fall still persisting into November despite occasional forcast of cool weather to rove in from the West. What the winter will show is any goosebone prophet's guess, but few of us want to have a complete reversal of last year's form, which would mean that this mild fall would be followed by a frigid season anything but mild.

Ted Shea

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Somehow there is human interest in the thoughts of a man when disaster is overtaking him. On Monday morning an elderly Brownsville negro, Ellsworth Wilson, had the misfortune to lose his home, his worldly goods and the accumulations of a lifetime in a fire that razed his dwelling in the absence of the family. F. Asbury Bartlett, for many years the efficient chief of the Good Will Fire Company, took a kindly interest in the distracted negro's situation and was told in the course of a long conversation how the old man learned the news.

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Wilson had gone to his boats with his nets for seine fishing and had just put his gear aboard when he heard the fire siren. Some fear prompted him to climb a riverbank and listen. He heard the fire engine on its way, thought it stopped as the sound faded, heard it coming on again to fade once more, and still again it came on, always nearer. When it finally halted Wilson stood there wondering where the fire was. He finally got a basket and sat on it for an hour or so until the engine left, somehow wondering about the fire.

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When the engine left on its return Wilson went back to his boat and pulled out into the river. A short time later he heard a car coming along the road to the river. Again misgivings smote him, but not about his home. He felt that the car was coming to bring news to him and he worried lest one of his grandchildren should have ben shot, or struck by a car. When the car came in sight the occupants got out and hailed Wilson, telling him to come ashore. He asked what was wrong and again was told to come ashore. Once more he asked as he rowed into shoal water but the messengers declined to break the sad news until he had landed and was among them, a fine sense of the possibilities in tragic news. Mr. Bartlett who has been a help to many in need, has started a movement to collect old clothing, furniture and money to help put the old man and his wife on their feet again.

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Certainly a fine old-fashioned serenade given Frank Boyle and his wife, according to our Starr correspondent, who says that drums and guns could be heard all over the neighborhood. Queen Anne's residents seem to have been immune to the hysteria which swept much of the nation during the ill-advised broadcast of the Columbia system Sunday night. The Columbia Broadcasting Company was honest in its attempt to provide a thrill to jaded radio listeners yet unfortunately overstepped the mark. What puzzled us is why those fear stricken failed to twist the dial a few points and pick up either of the other chains for verification of the "news". Certainly any major emergency such as was fictioned by one system would have crowded all air lanes had it been true. And as certainly the absence of excitement on the other chain should have been reassuring.

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Despite a few bits of mischief such as tearing off one or two lawyer's shingles, soaping an occasional car or home window, Hallowe'en was observed with more thought of pure fun and less devilry than for many years. Many parties, and especially the P-T A Bazaar, somehow gave opportunity for letting off steam in the right way. Hard on the jittery: a man walking the narrow cornice on the Record-Observer building with no scaffolding or rope and calmly sweeping debris down into the street. Captain Reeves says that people learn to do these things, even as sailors on square riggers walk out on a swaying foot rope, leaning at the waist against the yard arm while they handle canvas way up in a ship. So we are to have a twilight eclipse Monday afternoon. The sun will be shining, we are told, while the moon rises in eclipse and climbs the heavens for an hour with the earth's shadow smeared across its face. The eclipse will be Monday night.

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Election Day is Tuesday.

OUR READERS SAY:

October 27, 1938.

To the Editor:

In the issue of October 27th appears a note signed Lacy Windsor, and, as I know yours is a free press, kindly publish my reply.

The gist of his letter is unwarranted in that Lacy Windsor, although a native here has spent the best part of his time elsewhere. Recently he returned, evidently being informed that the job as tender of the Kent Narrows bridge was vacant, and applied for same. The powers that be, knowing Mr. Windsor's attitude towards Senaotr Roe and at the same time fully confident of the outcome of the primary failed to name him.

Mr. Windsor's opinion of Senator Roe's past record meant very little to the electorate of Queen Anne's County as evidenced by the result of September 12th.

To my mind if Mr. Windsor is such a fine judge of a public servant, as outstanding as Senator Roe, then he should aspire to something better than a job as bridge tender, then when he fails to land it, to blame a man, whom he admits in his letter, has not been in power for four years. Lacy old boy its sad but true, whether you prefer to be an American or a Polock, Dudley Roe will be our senator for the next four years.

In closing Lacy as a result of the recent primary probably made you delirious and as you state you want to be an American here's a tip a large drug store in Easton has a one cent sale why not go down and stock up on smelling salts and aspirin—every American believes in preparedness—November 8th is yet to come.

It would be a great thing if we could change our nationalities like we do our affiliations.

Sincerely,
JAKE PASWATER.
Grasonville, Md.

Old Dudley's Church

(The following history of Old Dudley's Church was submitted by Mrs. D. V. Cecil of Price in answer to a request for it by a reader last week. It was prepared by one o fthe Homemaker's committees on the history of old Queen Anne's churches.)

The first Methodist service held on the American continent was in 1766. Embury that year began to preach in New York City and the same year or the following year Strawbridge began to preach in Maryland.

In 1773 was the commencement of the Methodist revival from which sprang the society which built Dudley's Chapel.

Evidence indicates that the Society which built Dudley's was in existence in 1774 and its first members listened to Watters in 1773. Surely a building of the proportions of this structure had back of it from the first a society and classes of considerable strength.

The second conference which was held in Philadelphia and which met May 25, 1774, appointed Abraham Whitworth to Kent Circuit, which not only included the work in Queen Anne's but also was the only appointment on the Peninsula.

As the Revolutionary War drew to a close and peace and freedom of worship was assured, the society in upper Queen Anne's county started subscriptions to purchase ground and to build a meeting house for the people called Methodist.

They appeared to have selected their site on Red Lyon Branch which was part of a tract belonging to Joshua Dudley, who traveled West Jersey Circuit in 1782 with a preacher who had been in Queen Anne's the year before.

Mr. Dudley generously offered to donate the piece of ground, about an acre and a half, and the society began to build their meeting house, raising the walls in 1783, and roofing the building and putting the glass in the windows the following year.

Bishop Asbury was in Queen Anne's in 1784, and following the practical completion of Dudley's in 1786, our first American Bishop preached the annual sermon at Dudley's for several years.

In 1786 two of the great men of Methodism were sent as pastors to this circuit. They were Richard Whatcoat and Jesse Lee, and during their pastorate the first floor and benches were put in Dudley's Chapel. Fourteen years after their appointment to Dudley's and this circuit, Whatcoat and Lee ran against each other for Bishop, Whatcoat defeating Lee by four votes, although Lee now ranks as the greater man.

So to the people of Dudley's within the first three years of the history of the present building, there ministered the first three Bishops of Methodism and Jesse Lee, the first Methodist historian and missionary to New England.

The house was raised in 1783, covered with cypress shingles in 1784, glassed in August, 1784, floored and seated in 1786.

The building ths completed more than twenty-five years after the first bricks were laid, appeared quite a little different from what one sees today. There stood those four walls, a plain red building with wide, low windows; to the rear was a vestry about 16x20 feet, a low building with open fireplace chimney and benches without backs, used most of the time from 1809 to 1865 as "the little red brick schoolhouse" of this community.

In this structure worshipped a people swayed by mighty waves of religious emotion. Sometimes the walls shook with shouts. Again the floor was wet with tears while men, many of them untrained in any schools preached heaven and hell, sin and salvation, pardon and mercy as they were moved by the Holy Spirit.

In the gallery sat another audience of black-faced slaves and some free negroes who uttered moans and amens, as their feelings prompted.

This is a picture of Dudley's a hundred years ago, and so she remained during the first half century or more of her history.

Now, let us note a few of the changes. In 1840 and 1841, the first extensive alterations were made. It was at that time that the brick aisles and brick floor in the vestibule, much worn by time, were removed. About this time the present pews supplanted the original benches.

In 1856 a new roof was put on and $300 expended. In 1869 when there remained only seven male members the trustees made the most extensive repairs of the church's history. They tore down the old vestry. They built brick flues in the church. The old low windows with 6x10 inch panes were torn out and the present modern windows substituted.

The pulpit was lowered, chandeliers supplanted lamp posts and all at an expenditure of $650.

When the church was a hundred years old, in 1883, $350 more was expended. The pulpit was again lowered, general repairs made and the red brick walls, stained with a century of wear, were covered with the coat of cement which now protects the exterior of the building. The congregation opened a new century of history by a great day of celebration for which the first organ ever seen in the church was borrowed from the Sudlersville Church.

The congregation evidently liked the innovation for, during the next pastorate, that of the Rev. John D. Riggs, Dudley's purchased their first organ. In 1900 the old arched ceiling was lowered perhaps eight feet or more in the center and six feet on the sides, the old gallery closed, the interior painted, and the window to the speaker's right replaced the door which originally had led to the old vestry, and Dudley's saw her floor completely carpeted for the first time. The total cost of the changes at this time was $450 which was subscribed on the day of the re-opening.

On June 5, 1868, the "Battle of Antietam" was fought in Dudley's Chapel. That day the trustees met and many others were there through interest. A hot debate ensued. The entire history of that strife is preserved on the official record. Suffice it to say that the result was the formation of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, of Sudlersville.

BOOKS You May Enjoy

By Graham Watson

Probably the big book for November, in fiction, is "Wisdom's Gate", by Margaret Ayer Barnes. It is a follow-up to "Years of Grace"—more about Cicily and her marital trobles. Of course Mrs. Barnes' books are enormously popular with women. It is expected to be pretty close to the top.

"The Valiant Woman", by Sheila Kaye-Smith has more vitality and snap than most of her later novels. It is quite modern dealing with the troubles of the two leading families of an English village with each other, neighbors, and the outside world.

You'll remember "American Dream", by Michael Foster. It was a best seller and had excellent reviews. The author's new book is "To Remember at Midnight". The action of this new book seems much more unified than that of "American Dream". It covers only thirty years or so, from one girl's childhood until she is forty. The story concerns this woman. It is more direct and more modern than the previous book but perhaps lacks a little of its predecessor's fire and color. Any way it is a book you will want to read.

"Wolf Among Wolves", by Hans Falada is his best book since "Little Man What Now". It is a long book but does not drag. The main story concerns Petra, the waif and Pagel, charming but irresponsible gambler. The story takes place in 1923. It shows a Germany starved into recklessness and dissipation. The picture is startling and it may explain to many people just why Hitler is supreme in Germany and may give them a better understanding of his aims.

"The Wrong World", by Louis Paul should be one of the favorites of the month. It concerns a musical prodigy who suddenly gets fed up with practicing on the piano and starts out to find out what life is really like. His method is to hitch-hike and bum his way across to San Franciso and then get a job. It is a story of wayside adventures and is beautifully written and should do very well indeed.

"The Derelicts" by William McFee is a novel about Mr. Spenlove. It seems to have a little more action than some of McFee's other stories.

"Another doctor novel comes along in "The Journey Up", by Robert Hitchens. Hitchens has not had a big best seller in some years but he usually comes very close to it.

Two of the old favorite writers are due—"High of Heart", by Emile Loring and "Serpent in the Garden", by Ethel M. Dell.

There are three mystery best sellers on the November list: "The Spymaster" by E. Phillips Oppenheim; "The Glass Slipper", by Mignon Eberhart, and "The D. A. Holds A Candle" by Earle Stanley Gardner. Of these "The Glass Slipper" seems to stand out.

The Oyster

True Symbol Of Good Eating

Water Farming Or Aquiculture

Dr. Lewis Radcliffe, Sc. D., Dir., The Oyster Institute of North America

"Indeed it (oyster eating) is almost a certain mark of taste. For I have never met a man of intelligence whose eyes did not grow and whose face did not take on a sprightly smile when a plate of oysters was placed before him."

Previous articles have touched upon the early stages of development of oyster farming. Leaving the discussion of modern methods of oyster cultivation for a later article, I should like like to acquaint my readers with a brief view of the scope of water farming. In its development we are considerably behind other countries. In the Orient the growing of fish for market is an ancient industry. In the Philippine Islands, the growing of pondfishes fills an important need, especially during the typhoon season when no shellfish are available. Some years ago during the typhoon season I saw the fish stalls in the market of the City of Manila piled high day after day with a bright silvery fish—the milkfish—which had been reared in ponds close by. These ponds were then valued at more than $10,000,000 and the annual catch at $3,000,000.

In the Hawaiian Islands are to be found the celebrated mullet ponds, some of which were built more than 300 years ago and were yielding an annual harvest of about 680,000 pounds of fish. According to tradition, the natives engaged in the construction of one of these ponds formed a line from the shore to the mountain and passed the lava rock from hand to hand until it reached the site of the pond without once touching the ground.

In southwestern China there are innumerable thousands of fish ponds chiefly devoted to the growing of carp. In this region carp culture is the complement of silkworm culture, the land being used alternately for fish ponds and mulberry plantations. After serving as a fish pond for some years, the pond is filled and planted with mulberry trees and a new pond built.

Aquiculture has reached an unusually high state of perfection in Japan. Over 200,000 acres of water are under cultivation yielding an annual harvest valued at $12,000,000. This includes over 5,000,000 pounds of carp, 8,700,000 pounds of oysters and other shellfish and 500,000 pounds of goldfish. In Java people owning fish ponds are the wealthiest and most progressive of their neighborhood and their ponds bring the highest real estate prices of their region.

Just how productive are water areas in comparison with uplands? An acre of land should produce about 140 pounds beef and 300 pounds of pork. At a midwest fisheries station, the production of blue-gill sunfish was equivalent to 272 pounds per acre and that of goldfish of 450 pounds. The production of carp in cultivated ponds is about 150 ponds and according to Dr. G. C. Embody of Cornell University, our richest trout streams should produce 300 pounds of trout per acre and our poorest streams about 75 pounds. Over a period of 15 years clam canners of Washington took an average of 534 pounds of clam meats per acre per year. The oyster in particular lends itself to cultivation. Unlike most edible marine animals, it is unable to move of its own voliton from the beds where it has been planted. It can withstand rough handling, lends itself readily for transplanting from one area to another, even for export to foreign countries. For example, market shell oysters are shipped to Great Britain for planting in English waters, where they are taken up and marketed during the summer and fall when the native oysters cannot be marketedd. Not only that, but as in illustration of American efficiency, this stock as landed sells for only about 1c apiece or 1-10 the price of their native oysters. The next time you hear some one complaining about the prices of our native stock, you might remind them of this. In fact, at current prices in this country oysters are a very economical food as well as a very healthful one.

Oysters occur on about 1,000,000 acres of underwater bottoms along our coasts. Of these only about 200,000 acres are under private cultivation. When one considers that the 20% of oyster grounds under cultivation produce about 60% of our annual crop, it should be evident as the demand for oysters increases, the bringing of more acres under cultivation will make possible a much larger crop. Furthermore, there are more than 10,000,000 acres available for trial as to their suitability for the growing of oysters. Therefore, oyster lovers need not worry about our oyster famers supplying the markets of this country for a long time to come. (This is the fourth in a series of articles on oysters, history of the industry, oyster farming and unique food properties.)

RADIANT LIVING

"LORD, I AM THINE!"

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

The highest experience attained by the soul is this—to know that you are fully yielded to God and to His will. Only in this way can we reach the height attained by Jesus who played: "Not my will but Thine be done."

What more can a man give to his God than to give his complete self which includes his will? In giving to God his will, does not a man give to God all that his will controls?

Men whose only yielding to God is the tossing of a nickel or a quarter into the offering at church knows nothing of the wonderful sense of restful satisfaction that sweeps over the heart when, inclosing his eyes for sleep, one can say unto the Deity with fullest confidence: "Lord, I am thine!"

To be God's own through the full unqualified surrender of one's whole being, including money, reputation, and future success—can a man make a greater gift to his God?

Whether you are working in the shop or in the office, in the kitchen or in the store, to pause long enough to express confidently from the heart such a fullness of surrender and consecration is to lift your whole being, mind and heart, temper and atmosphere into a high realm—into the realm of the Divine.

Thank God for the privilege of being fully the Lord's!

QUEEN ANNE

Mr. and Mrs. John Gibson, of Stevensville, Mr. and Mrs. Freeland Clopper, of Tucakhoe Neck, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sewell, of Denton, were guests on Sunday of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Sewell. Mrs. Elizabeth Lightner was also a guest at the Sewell home on that day.

Miss Roberta Barton is quite sick at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Barton, with intestinal flu. We hope soon to hear of her complete recovery.

Mrs. Will Swann, of Denton, spent Tuesday of last week with Mrs. May Dean.

Mrs. Bernard Sparks spent Wednesday with her mother, Mrs. Selby Smith, of Ridgely.

Misses Madge and Dorothy Jump spent the week-end with their mother, Mrs. E. G. Jump. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jump, of Centreville, were guests of his mother on Saturday.

Rev. A. W. Strickland preached in Hillsboro M. E. Church Sunday morning the sixth in his series on the parables, The Good Samaritan; stressing Loving Kindness. In the evening the subject of the sermon was 'Aaron". Bernard Sparks, jr., was the leader of the Epworth League at the Sunday evening service.

A meeting of the Official Board of Hillsboro M. E. Church was announced for Tuesday evening and a meeting of the Sunday School Board, Wednesday evening. Hillsboro Ladies' Aid Society will meet on this Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Fred B. Sylvester near town.

The sophomore class of Tri-County high school held their election of officers last week. The following were elected: President, Elma Whitby, vice-president; Robert Knotts, secretary; Vaughn Pepper; treasurer, Betty Lee Morse; Reporters, Pauline Baker and Billy Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Houston Rusom, of Baltimore, spent several days with relatives here, last week.

Miss Pallie Callaway is again on the sick list, we are sorry to report.

Mrs. E. G. Jump has returned home after spending several weeks with relatives in Wyoming, Del.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Cahall, daughter Mae and Mrs. Charles Dean were recent dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Crouse, of Denton. Mr. and Mrs. Crouse and Mrs. Dean were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cahall on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rutter spent the week-end with relatives in Oakland.

Mrs. John Shively and a friend spent a day last week with Mrs. M. M. Diggans and Mrs. James Mullikin.

Billy Moore who was hurt in a game fecently, was back at school this week.

The supper held by the Hillsboro Ladies' Aid Society last week was a financial success. Approximately $80 being realized.

Rally Day exercises will be held next Sunday evening in Hilsboro M. E. Church. It had been hoped that the church would be ready for use by the date of the Rally service, but the exercises will have to be held in the church house adjoining the church. The public is invited to atend.

The Recreation Group on Friday evening last held a Hallowe'en social in the high school building. The young people report a fine time.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Metz and Mrs. Emma Glass, of Philadelphia, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Stevens.

Abner *says*-

Ef y' hanker t' git sunthin did in yore town an' y' ain't got a big stick, try a woman's club.