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

You get your start wherever you can find it. But always remember that it is well to seek your start in the place where you hope later to find a career. Start among the people who will know you and help you when you move up. It's economy. And most young people will find it's done most easily in the small town.—Walter B. Pitkin.

NO NEWS

No news, runs the old adage, is good news. And that was never truer in Queen Anne's than in 1938. For what many people consider to be news is made up of the misfortune of others.

Sudden, tragic death is unfortunately an item of large news value. We find it in various forms, motor vehicle fatalities, loss of life in fires, murders, drownings, suicides, home accidents, and almost endless varieties of unexpected shapes.

Queen Anne's however,—and the superstitious may "knock wood,"—had the least such news of these types in 1938 that it has had in man years. Only two deaths occurred on Queen Anne's highways, and one of these was a resident of an adjoining county. As far as we can learn, only one Queen Anne's resident was a traffic fatality anywhere during the past year.

Queen Anne's had no murders, no homicides. For two successive terms of court the docket has been free of such cases, not even hangover cases from previous years.

There were three drownings, a larger total than usual, as if the Dread Angel took this form to make up for the carefulness of county residents in other fields.

That short list, less than a half dozen, indicates how well no news has been good news in Queen Anne's. And it is good news.

As Judge Keating pointed out in two successive charges to Grand Juries, Queen Anne's has been relatively free of crime in general. That has been true both of cases in the jurisdiction of the Police Court and the Circuit Court.

Readers of the Queen Anne's Record-Observer who look for the Police Court items each week had a shorter amount of such provender in 1938 than ever before. There were weeks when the Police Court heading only gathered dust on the shelf in the composing room. Time and again one, two or three cases made the sheaf.

Queen Anne's was a well-governed, well-behaved, careful and considerate county in 1938. Several successive years of effective law enforcement through close cooperation by the sheriff and the State's Attorney's office and swift, sure justice with proper penalties in the courts have gone far toward weeding out th law breakers.

Other news items that dress up a front page with large headlines were also missing. Aside from the burning of the Centreville Garage, and that would be small potatoes for many newspapers, Queen Anne's had a colorless fire record, a good thing to remember at this time when fire companies are asking for contributions from honorary members. Actually the freak electrical storm which peppered Sudlersville was a greater news story than all the fires put together.

The Record-Observer is thankful that it was short of such news in 1938. As a newspaper it has steadfastly urged carefulness on the highway, caution against fires, the wisdom of learning to swim, the danger of taking needless chances.

This advice had little to do with the fine record of 1938. Rather it was the good sense of the people, the effectiveness of the law-enforcing agencies, the alertness of fire companies.

Queen Anne's should realize that 1939 will be another year. Take satisfaction from 1938, but every resident should understand that he must do his individual part, if 1939 is to be as good, or better.

NOT ALL WRONG

Blame for the grade crossing accident which snuffed out the life of Newton Smith at Goldsboro in Caroline county will probably be placed upon the driver of the car. Dead men have little standing against the voices of the living.

The grade crossing may not be a hazardous one, as is asserted. But this is true: Any grade crossing which costs eight lives in two years as the well-named Old Bloody has must contain some inherent danger and should be guarded properly.

Dead men tell no tales, it is said. But all eight victims could not have been wrong.

REAL WAGES

The high cost of living is the chronic bugbear of American housewives and heads of families who take the family dollars to stores, lay it on the counter, and worry because it does not bring back the same amount of bacon that it did in the good old days their fathers talked about.

It is true that the dollar, especially the present 59-cent variety, curls up like a leaf when exposed to the cash register. But the dollar is still good especially when viewed as the token of real wages.

After all the dollar is just a symbol. Real wages, real earning power, whether it be on the farms of Queen Anne's or the factories in the cities, is represented by what may be bought in exchange.

And real wages in the United States are still the highest in the world. How true this is was emphasized by the report of a study of real wages made by the National Association of Manufacturers.

"A factory worker in the United States," the reports says, "can buy four times as much food and clothwith an hour's wages as a German worker can, nine times as much as an Italian worker, nearly twelve times as much as a Russian worker."

A series of charts prepared with the report bear this out as chart after chart shows the workers of the chief totalitarian states, Russia, Germany and Italy, at or near the bottom of the list in purchasing power.

Charts and reports may mean little to the ordinary citizen yet he has the visual evidence of their truth before him every day. In America alone do we find the workingman and the small farmer owning an automobile and a radio, luxuries abroad but dropped to the level of necessities here. In these same homes the feminine members will wear silk hose and an occasional silk dress, at least. There will be meat on the table at least once each day and their will be a variety of food such as the totalitarian worker finds out of his reach.

The cost of living may be high and the dollar may have a bad habit of shriveling when put to the shopping test, but these things are more apparent than real. What is obtained for crops and wages is the true answer and it can be read in the higher standards of living that prevail in this land of the free.

DEAR DIARY

Are you starting out to write a history of your life in 1939, in that nice little blank diary book which some friend gave you? If this were 1889 instead of the present date 50 years later, ou quite likely would now be inscribing your inmost thoughts and most secluded doings on these nice white pages.

In those days the people lacked sufficient outlet for their emotions. There were no automobiles to take them like the wind where they wished. Shows and entertainments in the majority of places were more or less scarce. Work was long and hard, and it frequently left people too tired to go places. The little black bound diary was a safety valve that gave the inner steam a chance to escape.

If they fought with their relatives, if they quarreled with their neighbors, if secret love affairs were eating out their hearts, if their children were rampageous and could not be controlled, the little old diary was the place where they could relieve their pent up sensations. They gained a certain calmness from getting these things out of their systems.

How many people keep a diary today? They like the nice little books that can be used for that purpose, but probably the great majority are used as memorandum books to set down dates and facts for future reference, or to figure out their financial transactions.

The modern world is so busy anticipating the future, that it has little time to review its past. The years that have rolled away are a good deal of a closed book. They have dropped into the oblivion of history, and the old scenes that gave us comfort and joy soon fade out of memory.

The old timers had a fine asset when they looked at those old diary books, and dreamed about those days of yore, as they gazed into the dancing flames at the fireside.—Milford Chronicle.

The modern girl is honest. When a young man calls to take her somewhere, she seldom gives short wait.
—Toronto Star.

Abner *says*—

The cussedest thing about cold weather is when I sneeze I always blow a collar button off.

THE Rambling Recorder

Ted Shea

Fine weather we are having and a beautiful open January, but a poor season for almanac guessers. The calendar on our wall gave these forecasts for January: "1-3, continued storms. 4-7 unsettled on 4th, fair and much colder on 5th and 6th. 8-11, snow flurries. 12-15, local storms." A robin was chirruping in our yard the other morning. The Starr correspondent reports strawberry plants not only in blossom but with small green berries. Old sunny Starr is right. So the fast Somerset farmers are plowing in January. Perhaps you remember our telling you a year ago that County Treasurer Bill Keith was doing some January plowing. Bill had been wanting to do just that for twenty years, as an experiment. Last year he did it. But never again. Bill says the time to plow is just before you are ready to put in seed. George Morris is against it, too, but he says it can't be worse than plowing in dry times. He plowed half a field in last spring's dry spell, finished after a little moisture fell, seeded the field and got absolutely nothing from the dry-plowed portion.

—o—

The Dominion Ladies' Aid reversed things on their pastor, the Rev. Mr. Langrall. We've heard the familiar joke of ministers wishing alarm clocks on members of their congregations so the faithful would stay awake during preaching. The ladies gave their preacher the clock so he'd be on time this year. Must want long sermons. We'll have to match that young Centreville matron against the Salisbury grease monkey in an eating contest. She weighs about a hundred pounds yet at a wild duck supper this week-end she stowed away the usual victuals plus a duck and a half. How's the feed business, Grant? Rev. Bish Randall and Doctor Layton stayed up after 12 o'clock the other night working the Randall boys' electric railroad. Easy to guess what Santa will bring Doc's infant son next Christmas.

—o—

That was a generous thing Mike Aker did, cutting his faithful employee Stiney in a half ownership of the Queenstown News. If that custom were widespread in America we should have a far greater number of faithful workers. The Centreville Pitch League almost got going Monday night. One or two players could not beg off from home on short notice so the rest of the league cluttered up Commerce Street all set for action but no where to go. So it was Bill King's jinx that cost the Queenstown pitchers the trimming at the hands of Doc Dudley's Church Hill quartet. Bill bid five on the ace, king, jack, two little diamonds and the ace of spades, meaning that he would take every trick. And Vernon Robinson held the queen twice guarded against him. Every resident of Queen Anne's from Wye Mills north feels kindly disposed toward the Baltimore police because of the presence of the three Emerson boys on the city force.

—o—

W. T. Emory, publicity agent for the Maryland Bay ferry company, was in town Saturday looking up old acquaintances and incidentally doing a little good work for his company. W. T. was born in Bloomfield yet he confessed that he had never been to Sudlersville. He paints a gaudy picture of the advantages that would ensue if his ferry gets a franchise from Stevensville to Sandy Point. One thing his company must be given credit for, and that is battling persistently against the Hindenburg line which the Matapeake ferry has thrown up in the higher levels of State officialdom. Don't let any one tell you that they have not pierced the line in several spots.

—o—

Muskrats, says Game Warden John Perry, are plentiful in the same way rabbits were, a great many in some marshes, scarce in others. But prospects are good for a fair season. The oyster business is reported quiet in the Narrows area, but not flat as often happens after Christmas. Small orders are still coming in as if people buy oysters in season regardless of the mild weather. A beer salesman named MacWilliams who was in town during the past couple of weeks, is almost a dead ringer for Alfred G. Vanderbilt, in appearance, walk and general cut of clothing. Has been mistaken for the guiding genius of Pimlico so often that he wonders if he could go up to Vanderbilt's track and walk through the gate without being challenged. Our youngster felt the urge of Spring in January Monday. Bought herself a dime garden outfit and wanted to get at digging. Police Court drew one of its largest crowds Monday night. Every available inch of standing room taken, sixty-four people milling around the entrance when we counted them and others trailing in. One observer pointed a flaw in the location of the Police Court. He says it does not add to Centreville's appearance to have officers leading prisoners through the main streets on their way to and from court.

—o—

Might try a bus.

THE POET'S CORNER

ROADSIDE

I had not seen the enchanted wood
Beside the road, of grasses made,
So silver-thin and tall it stood,
But every separate, unseen blade
Bore seven jewels wrought of dew;
And when through mist and morning air
The January sun shone through,
I saw a crystal country there.
—Leila Jones.

OUR READERS SAY:

January 6, 1939.

DISTRIBUTION FAULTY

To the Editor:

You read in our newspapers day after day about the oyster conditions in the State of Maryland being in terrible shape. I have not read one statement that would help the condition.

In the first place we have plenty of quality oysters. You would think from what every newspaper says the Chesapeake Bay does not produce quality olsters any more. But it does. We have plenty of them this year.

What the Maryland packer wants is the small standard oyster. Quality is almost unsalable here in Maryland because we have lost our quality market to packers in New England. We are not doing anything about getting our quality market back because the packers are interested only in the small standard oyster. The way distribution has changed knocks them out of the quality market.

Last month I stored 4,000 bushels of quality oysters in my plant thinking I was doing a good job. I not only got cut 5c per gallon but had to force the selects at a cut price to sell them.

The trouble is not the fault of the Maryland quality oyster. The trouble is in the distribution of oysters.

Here is how distribution has changed and has put the Maryland packer out of the quality market. Afew years ago all oysters were shipped by rail. All retailers bought their supplies individually from packers and packers had their customers scattered in the West and everywhere.

But not now. Instead of the packer having from 20 to 100 or 200 small outlets in a Mid-Western city, one or two large buyers handle all the oysters for the city and act as middlemen and distributors in the city. The retailers buy from the distributor and the packer has lost most of that direct small business.

The large buyers buy by the car or truck load, thousands of gallons in a delivery, and supply their city. What the buyer wants is the lowest price because he can make all the oysters in his city the same quality. So the packer that takes the lowest price gets the order and all packers are in the same boat. Each one has to meet cut-throat competition. The packers have to shuck the cheapest oysters they can get and if they buy quality oysters from the watermen or buy boats they have to mix the selects with the standards to get a market for them.

If one packer would say, "I can not take that price. I have quality oysters"—that would mean selects—that packer would be out of business. The big buyer just shops around for the lowest price and he drives the price down without considering the quality.

It used to be that retailers in the West would keep some oysters on hand clear up through April. That buying from all over the West kept the packers in business up to April. Now a retailer will run out of oysters in the spring and the middleman does not have any in stock because business is light. So the retailer says, Well, none of my competitors have oysters either so I don't have to keep any for the trade, and that is why the market falls flat so early in the year.

The question today with the packers is not getting quality oysters but meeting a low price with any oysters. The Conservation Department has nothing to do in this case only with cooperating with the packers. The only way we can establish the Chesapeake Bay oysters in the quality market again is to have the packers in Marylyand get some sort of organization among themselves so they won't be at the mercy of the buyers who send their trucks here from Missouri and the West and play one packer's price against another until they have smashed the market price in Maryland down to a point where the packer can't make money and he can't pay the watermen the price they should be getting for quality oysters.

The packers will have to agree among themselves about ways of meeting the new form of distribution. If the Maryland oyster is getting a poor name, that is because packers are interested only in small oysters. They can put the Maryland quality oyster back in the market only after they have got out from under the thumb of the large buyers that are forcing competition on them.

JOSEPH W. A. EVANS.
Grasonville, Md.

January 6, 1939.

TONGER'S 18c DOLLAR

To the Editor:

In between sessions of the State Legislature there is much criticism of the Conservation Commission and its works.

No one will contend that the Conservation Commission is perfect but like the State Roads Commission has always been a political football. It appears to function about as well as many other state commissions.

The lack of trained men in the performance of public service is more apparents because so few men have any training along the lines of conservtion.

The writer does not pretend to know much about the seafood but lack of knowledge and facts about the growth and protection of seafood does not seem to deter others from writing on the subject.

If anyone who wants to know the truth will spend the money and time to inquire of the seafood dealers in large cities, he will be surprised to find that these dealers do not depend on Maryland for high grade oysters. A Philadelphia dealer recently told me that only a small percentage of the oysters they handle came from Maryland.

When the numerous oyster bars of Chesapeake Bay and the numerous bays and rivers connecting with it are considered, it is simply unbelieveable that any state with such a priceless possession would sit idly by and see itself pushed out of the seafood business, particularly the oyster business. In the past there has been money to spend to celebrate the opening of a road or a bridge where small bore politicians gathered to throw with unerring aim, bouquets at themselves and others but conservation, financed by licenses of watermen and sportsmen received little consideration.

The fact that other states with courage and progressive methods have been able to usurp Maryland's markets makes this neglect inexcusable.

Many hardy, able-bodied watermen have been on relief. Their troubles do not date from 1930. The conditions have been getting worse for 15 years.

But for much of this they are to blame. One does not have to go back very far to recall the time that 1,000 Watermen, more or less, descended on Annapolis and scared the members of the Legislature white. The watermen have until lately been united against any control by the state.

In 1919 more than 3,000,000 bushels of oysters were taken from the Chesapeake and its tributaries. If that has been equaled since then it has escaped my notice.

If all oyster bars that could be reached by tongers were reserved for tongers only it might put many more men to work but it certainly would not receive the unanimous approval of all parties interested in the business.

A bushel of good oysters in the shell is supposed to produce a gallon of shucked oysters. For that bushel the waterman gets 25c or 30c. The shuckers add another 30c, but right here on the shore those oysters retail for 45 to 50 cents a quart and you have to provide a container and call for the oysters. That gives the waterman an 18 to 20 cent dollar. This makes our 50c dollar look big.

Where the oysters have to be placed in tin cans, boxed, iced, etc., there are many additional charges including express, upkeep of the packing house, and other items that one not familiar with the business knows nothing about.

The waterman is the one who never names his price although his work is the hardest of all.

The writer well remembers when he sold white perch for 2½ cents per pound while in the city the price varied a little from 15c.

One of the highest hurdles Maryland will have to take to resume her place in the oyster business is that of quality.

The writer has sold Virginia and Maryland oysters at retail. It was impossible to get Maryland oysters that had the quality of the Virginia product, unless they were bought in the shell. Oysters from either state cost about the same; the express was higher on the Virginia oysters, yet they outsold the Maryland oysters at a price 20% higher.

People will eat more of anything that has good quality and flavor. They will gladly pay more and not only that they will demand the better goods.

The State Board of Health seems to have power similar to that wielded by Henry Almighty Wallace over farming. They have decreed that oysters need not taste like oysters. What is necessary is that oysters be soaked, sprinkled and scrubbed with fresh water until they resemble an oyster in flavor about as much as a piece of raw fish does. Whether you like it or not your only consolation is that you are eating something sanitary.

This all dates back to the time Dr. Bundeson, head of the Chicago Board of Health was looking for a goat on which to place the blame for some typhoid cases. He issued an embargo against Maryland oysters. By the time the powers could drop politics long enough to attempt a remedy the oyster season was over, the Maryland market ruined.

It is easy to believe that oysters, fish or crabs, caught at the mouth of a sewer may not be as palatable as those caught at some other point but why put it all on the oyster. If it becomes necessary to give the oyster a shot in the arm here is one who votes to give the crab a shot in both arms if it will make him less enthusiastic and hearty when he shakes hands.

H. H. HARTMAN.
Chestertown, Md.

PRICE

Services at Bethany Church next Sunday will be Sabbath School at 1:30 P. M., followed by worship service and sermon by the pastor at 2:30.

Those who made perfect attendance at Bethany Church Sunday School for the past year were, the Superintendent, E. J. Everett, and four of his children, Alice, Virginia, Margaret and Samuel Everett; O. H. Moore and son Kennard. Mrs. Casper Seney was a close second with fifty-one Sundays to her credit, and there were eighteen in all who won attendance pins. The new plan for this year allows one to miss one Sunday in each quarter and still compete for the record.

Mr. and Mrs. Alton B. Scott and family, of Church Hill, visited Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Sarah P. Scott.

The Ladies' Aid of Bethany Church meets this afternoon (Thursday) at the home of Mrs. Sarah P. Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Price, of Chestertown, and Mrs. Bessie Dewberry, of Church Hill, were guests Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Price. Mrs. Price is much better and able to be about her home each day.

Rev. L. S. Matthews and daughter, Misss Ada, and Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Mason, of Ridgely, spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Jones and daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Coverdale, of Wilmington, spent Sunday with her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Cahall. Their mother, Mrs. Mabel Sullivan returned home with them after spending the past week with Mrs. Cahall.

Mrs. Helen Baxter, of Centreville is spending some time with her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Hunter.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Walls, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Richardson and daughters, Sarah Jane and Margaret Chambers, were guest sat a family dinner Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Richardson near Centreville.

Mrs. R. S. Cahall is spending several weeks with her cousin, Mrs. . C. Owens, of Wilmington.

BOOKS You May Enjoy

By Graham Watson

The first big novel of the year is Royal Regiment by Gilbert Frankau. Published by Dutton. As Douglas West so aptly expressed it "To thousands of people in every part of the English-speaking word a new book by Gilbert Frankau is an exhilarating event. No novelist is so incapable of boring his readers. He is a born story teller". Frankau's first book "Three Englishmen" was a National Best-Seller—over 40,000 copies being sold. Dangerous Years, Best-Seller of last Spring sold 60,000 copies. Now Royal Regiment—more dramatic, more provocative, more entertaining than ever and is more appealing because of its American Heroine. Glamour and romance versus tradition and duty; two comrades-in-arms, a woman, the honor of the Royal Regiment, and the over-powering force of love made it an outstanding Best-Seller in England. The London Times, acclaims it "as nearly as perfect as a novel can be".

Probably an even bigger book than this will be commercially, "Disputed Passage" by Lloyd Douglas. The story seems distinctively better than his "White Banners" but less dramatic than "Green Light". The thesis is that of a doctor owes his patients more than, that he must often heal the spirit in order to heal the body. Jack Beaven enters medical school to study under Tubby Forester, the most expert neurological surgeon of his day. From the start, the two admire each others brains but hate each other. Tubby prods at Jack unceasingly, asking him the hardest questions, yielding grudging appreciation of work well done. But he makes Jack his assistant professor—clearly his own heir to honor. Then Jack falls in love, and meets Dr. Cunningham, who practices a sort of psycho-therapy along with his medicine. Tubby and Jack quarrel bitterly, but danger to Jack and the brave loyalty of Jack's financee open Tubby's eyes at last and all is well.

"Danger Signal", by Phyllis Bottome is said to be several cuts below "The Mortal Storm" both in literary quality and readability. But her followers will wish to read this book. The novel tells about a lower class English girl who impersonates a famous psychiatrist in order to obtain from a laboratory deadly bacilli for her intended murder of a lounge-lizard ex-lover. Whereupon the psychiatrist fixes everything nicely.

Bess Streeter Aldrich won fame and sales with "A Lantern In Her Hand", a novel which was one of the year's ten best sellers without having appeared on the monthly lists as such. It takes popularity to achieve a feat like this. And she has gone right on with her sound clean, serene novels of early American life. They are just what thousands of people like best. This new one "The Song Of Years" is about a young man who settled down in Iowa and just lives till he falls in love, and does things any farmer would do. This is one thing that makes her novels so readable, the painstaking fidelity to details of life, the homey details. And, with all the hardships and dangers the light-hearted romping and numerous daughters of Jeremiah Martin; they have much the charm of the daughters in "Little Women".

RADIANT LIVING

THOUGHT CONTROL

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

When one becomes aware of the tremendous effect that his thought has upon his whole life, upon his health, upon his personal relationships, upon his achievements of success, he begins to realize the value of the ability to control one's thinking.

The attainment of such control of one's thoughts seems to be however, quite impossible. It is indeed one of the most difficult things for a person to accomplish, yet I believe it can be achieved.

All worthwhile things are difficult to attain. Even though complete mastery of one's thought life may not be possible for one, yet any effort along this line will pay big dividends.

There are certain lines along which we can be working each day, which will lead us toward the attainment of a control of the thought life.

One of these methods is to develop a habit of dismissing every unworthy thought from one's mind the instant he discovers himself entertaining it. When the Master was tempted by Satan, He spoke to him a word of command: "Get thee hence!"

Another method approaching control of thought is to watch carefully not to take offense. All thoughts of self-pity should also be barred from our minds.

Driving from the mind an undesirable thought or thought habit is not easy, but it can some times be accomplished by the bold seizure of some positive thought and giving emphatic expression to the thought. Instead of saying: "I am afraid—", say emphatically, "I am trusting—!"

The cultivating of Christian thought habits of trust and faith will greatly help us in driving out those thoughts that distress us, and will bring us closer to the mastery of the inner thought life.

DOMINION

Our Saturday night Bible Study is very interesting now. Everyone should try and be present at these meetings. Mr. William E. Colter will lead the opening services this Saturday.

Messrs. Elmer and Roy Golt entertained on Thursday evening the ladies of this community. Every Christmas time the ladies look forward to it. An enjoyable evening was spent by playing games after which refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore Thomas and daughter, spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carlie Thomas.

Mr. Ernest Smith was a Baltimore visitor last week.

Miss Alger Tull, of Baltimore was the guest over the week-end with her mother, Mrs. George Tull.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ringgold, of Bennett's Point Parms spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. Wedge Jones and daughter Joanne, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Walters on Friday at Bryantown.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Reese spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Reese of Bryantown.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Lawrence, of Baltimore, passed a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Thompson. They also visited Mrs. Lawrence's sister, Mrs. Frank Lee.

Mrs. George Hall is spending some time in Baltimore where she is being treated at a hospital.

We are indeed sorry Mr. Henry Thomas is confined to his bed. His many friends hope he will soon be out again.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Thompson had as their dinner guests Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Slaughter and daughters of Easton.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Lee and family spent Sunday faternoon with her brother, Mr. Mervin Schall and family near Easton.

CRUMPTON

The Ladies' Aid held their annual New Year's meeting at the parsonage; with business over refreshments were served and a social evening was enjoyed by the many present.

Mr. Bernard Merrick spent the week-end in Baltimore. He was accompanied by his mother, Mrs. Spencer Merrick who has taken an apartment in Baltimore for the rest of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Karl Rubsamen spent several days of New Year's week with friends in Pennsylvania.

A number of changes were made at New Year's. Mr. Gilbert Brown and family moved upon a farm near town, while Mr. and Mrs. Cooper Tarbutton moved to his former residence. Mrs. Mary Tarbutton took an apartment at her home on Second street.

Mr. and Mrs. Parkinson, of Philadelphia and Mrs. William Hudson, of Wilmington, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. William Shields.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Richardson and daughters, and mother, of Claymont, Del., and Mrs. Madge Gramer, of Wilmington, visited with Mrs. Davis Ryland on Sunday. Mrs. Richardson, sr., remained for a visit of several weeks.

Miss Tuckerman has returned to her home in Philadelphia after a two weeks' visit with her nephew, Mr. A. D. Emerson.

Mr. and Mrs. Poe Hartley and daughter, Miss Lucille, spent the New Year's week-end at Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Merrick, jr., of Baltimore, visited his home here on New Year's.

Mr. Wiz Bayne has secured a position in Baltimore.

Mr. Andrew Gray has been spending several weeks at his home here.

Mr. Alday Emerson visited Wilmington on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dawson Walls entertained relatives at New Year's.

We are glad to see Mr. Paul Harrison able to be out again at his work after being housed for the past three weeks.

Miss Anna Harrison has resumed her duties after being absent on account of illness. We are glad to report her able to be out.

Mr. James Bowers visited Mr. Frank Bowers on Wednesday.

Mrs. Garrett Fennimore entertained her nephew over the New Year's holiday.

CHESTER

Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Kirwan had as their dinner guests Tuesday, the Rev. James F. Langrall. Other visitors were: Mrs. Clementine Jones, Miss Henrietta Schelberg, Mrs. Fred Roser and two children, of Queenstown, and Miss Mary Cockey and Mrs. Charles Bright of Stevensville.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Collier of Salisbury spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. S. G. Jones and Mr. Collier's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William Kersey.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Edenfield and daughter Jeanne, of Baltimore, spent the week-end with her mother, Mrs. Annie Thomas.

Mr. Earl Kelley and Mr. Henry Secrist, are spending some time in New York.

Miss Nina Baxter and sister, Miss Isabel Baxter spent last week in Baltimore with their aunt.

Mrs. Lee Bell and Mrs. Lemuel Kirwan were guests of their nephew and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Medford Golt, of Stevensville.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Brown had as their dinner guest Friday evening her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Jones and Lofton Brown, and on Sunday her dinner guests were Mr. Brown's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Madison Brown, and Miss Evelyn Tyson, of Romancoke.

Miss Myrtle Coleman and sister, Miss Lydia Coleman were week-end guests of their mother, Mrs. Joseph Coleman and on Sunday, Miss Coleman and brother, Mr. Purnell Coleman visited their aunt, Mrs. Ella Kersey, of Chestertown, who has been very sick.