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, wholeheartedly.

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QUOTATION OF THE WEEK

Young people today often ask, "How did our grandparents ever get along without movies, automobiles, and the radio?" The answer, of course, is: "What you haven't had you'll never miss." Before the movies there was a flourishing theater, and much of the talent now in radio used to be in vaudeville. As for transportation, the horse and buggy, electric car, and train did very well until the automobile came to make it possible to live many miles from one's business interests.—Edgar Wilson.

ASPIRING YOUTHS

Half a hundred eager young baseball players striving for places with the 1939 edition of the Red Sox will arrive in Centreville today for the pre-season workout and shakeout.

To every one of these lads this visit to Centreville will be memorable, whether they find here the first step on the ladder to major league success or whether they linger but a day or so, unable to meet the stiff competition.

They are young, impressionable, strangers in a strange land. What they see and experience here in Centreville will undoubtedly be related to friends and acquaintances in fifty different spots of the nation, conveying a picture of the Eastern Shore that will be flattering or otherwise, according to the viewpoint of the narrator.

It will be the first visit of these young men to Centreville and Queen Anne's county, but it will not be Queen Anne's county's first reception of aspiring baseball players. Queen Anne's will welcome these lads wit her accustomed cordiality and hospitality, will strive to make each one feel welcome and at home, will wish for each one impartially such good fortune that he may make the roster of the club, be a success here, and ultimately reach heights attained by Jimmy Foxx, a son of old Queen Anne's and the reigning slugger of the American League.

Queen Anne's want these young men to enjoy their stay here. Their waking thoughts will be centered first and finally upon their baseball careers yet in between it is to be hoped that they absorb a feeling of the friendly, quiet, cordial atmosphere that makes the Eastern Shore a delightful place to visitors.

In the analysis each young man will carve his own success. Centreville and Queen Anne's, however, will be prompt to applaud every one and rejoice with them in their success.

MAILING PARCELS

In view of the reduction in the number of hours when the lobby of the Centreville postoffice will be open to the public it might be a good idea to place somewhere a drop box in which patrons may deposit packages and parcels larger than the ordinary envelope.

Heretofore the office lobby has been open until 10 p. m. Now it will close an hour earlier. After that hour mail can be deposited only in the letter slot beneath the window.

On a recent evening some patron endeavored to mail a wrapped newspaper. The open end went down all right but the folded end jammed the aperture and no more letters could be mailed that night.

An ordinary wrapped newspaper will not go into the box. Neither will a 9x12 envelope without folding, and matter enclosed in such envelopes is often the sort not intended to be folded. Mailing packages, of course, is out of the question, unless one wants to tie the parcel to the office doorknob and trust to luck.

And luck can hardly be trusted, what with the record for pilfering already established at the postoffice. The department at Washington seems to be trying to solve the problem of pilfering merely by reducing the hours when the office is open and so cutting down service, the easy way out. The least that should be done in compensation is to place a combination letter and parcel box close by the postoffice, or cut a slot in the other window large enough for parcels and wide envelopes. A little service, please.

COMMISSIONER RUDY

The sudden passing of Commissioner of Motor Vehicles Walter R. Rudy came as a surprise and a shock.

Mr. Rudy was thoroughly conscientious about his post as Motor Vehicle Commissioner. Not the easiest place in which to satisfy the public, he assumed his office with the purpose of humanizing its work as far as possible, treating the public as if it were composed of people instead of numbers on operator's cards or license tags.

One of his first innovations was sending a deputy around to the counties to give hearings to those whose licenses were revoked, instead of causing the operator in question to go to Baltimore if he had anything to say for himself. It is not always convenient for motorists to go to Baltimore, especially when their drivers' cards have been lifted. In addition, practice with the system he inaugurated gave an extremely personal touch to the procedure and many a motorist who received has his card back after a hearing and a quiet piece of advice was a more careful driver thereafter because of his experience.

Perhaps the greatest jewel in Mr. Rudy's crown was the earnest manner in which he tackled the problem of highway fatalities. Apparently their growing number appalled him, as it did all sober-minded individuals. He tried various methods, turned the annual inspection into Save-A-Life campaigns, introduced a system of monthly releases to the newspapers giving them the most complete amount of statistical data on fatalities in all counties and in Baltimore City.

When even these seemed not to help, Mr. Rudy took a leading part in Fusing the American Legion, schools, clubs, individuals in a careful driving campaign early in 1938 and for the first time the toll of traffic deaths dropped in a year.

His thoughtful touch went to minor matters, such as endeavoring to satisfy individual taste in the matter of tag numbers, and agreeably surprising the members of the Legislature with distinctive tags.

Mr. Rudy filled his office like a man conscious of his duties in the fullest sense. He did his work well and charted a wise course for his successor.

THE NATIVE TIE

Citizenship is one of the dearest privileges any one may have yet because it is so easily acquired and occasionally tagged with responsibilities, there are individuals who toss it away lightly.

Perhaps the current situation in which the Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow, the former Barbara Hutton, finds herself, is as sound a lesson in the value of American citizenship as can be culled for brief warning.

The lady married a Danish nobleman, renounced her natural tie to the United States and became an alien by choice. She was thereby free from the responsibilities of an American citizen. But when difficulties arose in her married life and she would have things done in the American way, there was no America to appeal to. The lady was unrecognized by the land of her birth.

Quite at the other extremes are the thousands of newcomers to the shores of America who seize the first opportunity to embrace the flag of America, the democratic citizenship which makes all men equal before the law. Those people are likewise renouncing citizenship in their own native lands, but they do so seriously, not blithely, with full recognition of what they gain and what they yield.

There are obligations to citizenship in the United States. Few of these are irritating, the chief displeasure being the necessity of paying an income tax that becomes a whopper when one's income has ballooned into a whopper. It may grate on the individual to be forced to shell out the larger part of an outsize income to the national treasury, but it is worth the price by any guage. In time of trial the pleasure of economizing on an income tax is hardly worth the alien relation.

Citizenship in the United States today will come as close to enabling the individual to enjoy the blessings of liberty as will citizenship anywhere on God's troubled footstool and it would not be a bad idea for one counting his wealth to list American citizenship as the Number One item. It is a treasure.

Dorothy McKenzie says that her family are still waiting for their friends, dressed in formal attire, to gather around the new electric refrigerator they presented to mother last Christmas, as the advertisements led them to believe would happen.—Chicago Tribune.

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It is said that within the next few years television will be applied to automatic telephones, Then you'll have to take care that you don't dial the wrong dial.—Humorist.

Abner *says*—

Reckon th' President putt them dictaters in Yurrop on the spot with his letter. 'Twon't do nary good till they is six feet under the spot.

THE Rambling Recorder

Theme song for April: Cardinals, robins singing in the rain. White April is having its fling in Queen Anne's now, the white blossoms of pear and cherry flaunting their lovliness above the fresh green of the landscape. Their day is short and soon winds up in a snowstorm of petals. The Eastern Shore has had all the rain it wants for a while. March figures showed the Shore nearly twice as wet as the remainder of the State, and April is following the same trail. Monday nights' deluge pecked away at the dirt roads and kept the highway force busy filling washouts ,the Hope, Starr and Bloomingdale roads being cut up considerably. Cool weather is not always true of April. Former Sheriff Sanford Spry comes up with a Sun Almanac for 1897 which tells the tale of a hot April in the year before. It was a hummer.

Ted Shea

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The description reads, "April, 1896, was remarkable for high temperature. The hot weather began in the Missouri Valley April 9, with temperatures 20 degrees and more over the normal. It gradually overspread the Central Valleys by Saturday the 11th, and the Middle Atlantic States by Monday the 13th, in which region the temperature for some days was 15 to 20 degrees above the mean. Unusually high temperatures also prevailed in New England on the 15th, 16th and 17th. The record at Baltimore was: Monday, April 13, maximum, 76 degrees; Tuesday, April 14, 85 degrees; Wednesday ,April 15, 80 degrees; Thursday, April 16, 86 degrees; Friday, April 17, 89 degrees; Saturday, April 18, 94 degrees, and Sunday, April 19, 93 degrees." Reads like August dog days. Sheriff Spry says he recalls the torrid April well. Just for comparison, the temperature at 1 o'clock Thursday morning of last week, April 13, was 32 degrees and apparently dropping. We heard of ice skims.

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The Chinese deliberately put mistakes in their newspapers so that the finder will think he is a smart guy. American newspapers print only the errors the proofreader does not catch or that occur after he has noted his correction. In either case errors still crop up. Which moves the linotype operator here to pass along this alibi from the Akron Typesetting Company's trade magazine.

"The Kingston Standard says: 'There are 10,000 pieces of type used in a single newspaper column; there are seven possible wrong positions for each letter; there are 70,000 chances to make errors and millions of possible transpositions. In the sentence, "To be or not to be," 2,759,022 errors can be made by transpositions alone.

"We don't know where the Kingston Standard got its information. The editor must have had a quiet day to figure it all out and we are not going to check him up. The fact remains that every piece of printing of any size is made up of thousands or millions of chances of making a mistake, the natural cussedness of the compositor, and the fact that the human eye has a strong tendency to see what the mind expects it to see rather than what is actually in front of it, and you have the explanation of the fact that there is rarely a piece of printing of any size in which at least one error cannot be found."

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Constant dropping wears away a a stone and constant cutting dulls the sharpest knife. That was what we were thinking Sunday night as we watched the moving blade of a bread-slicing machine in action in a bakery. Each sharpening of the knives is supposed to last for slicing 200,000 loaves of bread. But it does not. We don't know what becomes of the sharp edge, whether it is worn off in tiny particles and eaten with the bread or is just flattened back. We've been intrigued by the story of the jail inmate who sawed through iron bars with wool thread from a sock. It's been vouched for. Flags seem the most suitable decoration for the Armory. At the "America First" meeting Friday the drill-shed was effectively set off with thirty American flags, three Maryland ones and the new Queen Anne's county flag, the first time the last has been displayed in the Armory. Frank Delahay liked the speechmaking. He said, "That fellow gave a good talk down at the Armory. I went asleep a couple of times, but it was a good talk. Joe Bishop had to wake me up when it was time to go home. But it was a good talk, what I heard of it."

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We know a motorist who lumps all other drivers into two classes, the gentlemen and the so-and-so's. A motorist who drops his lights when meeting a car is a gentleman. If he barges through with glaring lights he is a so-and-so. If he cuts corners, takes his half out of the middle of the road or otherwise acts as if he owns the highway he is not a gentleman. On that basis, at least in the matter of dropping lights we'd say there were more gentlemen in Delaware, whether they want to be or are afraid of the road cops. The Sheriff is supposed to receive forty cents each time he locks a prisoner in or turns the key to set him free. But it's been a long time since any Sheriff has been able to collect that fee in Queen Anne's. There is some fancy publicity out for the movie "Dodge City". Says the poster, Dodge City is the place "where the term stinker originated to describe an unattractive individual. It was first applied to buffalo hunters who dealt in weeks-old carcasses." We have heard the term used for years, usually as a two-cent-stinker, and meaning a fellow who smoked that price cigar.

America Wants, Needs Peace

By Norman E. Peterson, Adjutant, Frank M. Jarman Post 36, American Legion Chestertown, Maryland

As we hear much these days, concerning our foreign policy and Congress is in the middle of a fuss right now about keeping the dealings with our European friends a secret from our own people and like-wise concerning our selling war supplies to our foreign friends such as airplanes and all that goes to make wars. We have but to look back a few short years to find this country doing the same thing with certain nations in Europe before the World War and the outcome of those dealings in war materials before the World War is history today. I might say that our dealing with European nations in the past has been a grave and costly experience with us. If the so-called nations of Europe would pay their war debt to us they would have less to spend preparing for another war. If we will pay less attention to foreign entanglements and pay more attention to our own shores as we have many problems here far more important than the mess our European friends finds themselves in. Have our people forgot the last war our so-called European wonders got us in and if you want a reminder take a look at the government figures being paid to our disabled and sick, the hospitals and insane asylums, blind and maimed. That's our reward for saving Europe not Democracy.

Did not the World War mean anything to this nation. I am more than sure that it meant all to the mothers of this country who lost 123,634 young sons. The war is over for these boys but to these mothers it is a lasting war. I see that Congress is about to debate what should be done concerning our foreign policy and they will call upon many great men to give their views, but in this mad rush for the biggest army or the biggest navy or the largest airplane and as many of these mighty men give their views to the different committees in Congress and use their silver-tongued oratory as to just how to win a war or as to how a million young men can be slaughtered, little are they thinking of the mothers of these boys ,as no one seems to ask the advice of the mothers of America, for she is truly the backbone of all wars. Let us build our big navy and army here but only for our own use and let us see to it that our own forces are only used for defense of our own shorees, if we build our own army and navy large enough we will never have any trouble from the so-called dictators of Europe but we must never think of sending our boys to a foreign land to fight the wars of some power-mad nation as we see now there is a war in the making in Europe and as times pass we can only watch and wait and hope for the best and trust that Providence will at least spare this nation the misery, poverty, heartaches, and all that goes with war, Surely the threat of war cannot be dismissed lightly by the mothers of America as surely they do not want to spend a lifetime of devotion and love to raising the sons of America only to have all they love and cherished tossed away over night, to satisfy some power-mad nation or some silver-tongued statesman. The World War mothers who lost sons have the imprint of that tragedy stamped in their souls that all eternity will never erase, we can see them now hunting the postoffices for letters that never came or scanning the newspapers for the lists of the dead and wounded. We are preparing to but let us hope that our armament will never need to be used even in defense. It should not, must not. Let's be able to lick the world here at home thus guaranteeing our freedom from attack to the war-mad dictators in Europe. Our land looks like a Garden of Eden to them, so lets keep it our Eden—and stay in it.

Our people are thinking on the subject of war, they are thinking that they love their country and that they would pour out the last drop of their blood if necessary to defend it from attack or invasion by a foreign foe, but they are bitterly denouncing and resenting the idea that if a World War comes, their sons shall be conscripted and sent away to die in foreign slaughter pens in the settlement of quarrels of other nations.

The common people are tired of being eternally the buffer in the game of war and since they have to do the suffering and the dying and to furnish war's cannon fodder—they are asking why they should not have something to say as to whether we shall have war or not. This question of war, involves the welfare and happiness of the millions of our people and should not be passed off lightly.

The young men and boys of this country can find more genuine peace, love, and devotion in the face of one American mother than in all the silver-tongued statesmen in Europe with Anthony Eden and Neville Chamberlain thrown in. Let's keep America for Americans and while we are doing that we will be keeping our boys for the mothers of America and not for the War Lords of Europe. I am thinking of how there will be millions of graves needed if once again the war flame runs across the world, so thinking, I say, We Must Have Peace.

Queen Anne's County Social Register

BRYANTOWN

Mrs. Willard Wrightson who was a patient in Emergency Hospital, Easton, for the past month following an operation, returned home last Saturday, very much improved.

Miss Alva Collier also a patient in Emergency Hospital, Easton, is expected to return home the latter part of the week following an appendicitis operation. Miss Collier had her tonsils and adenoids removed before returning home.

Mr. William Blunt, a farmer for quite a number of years, passed away on Monday night. Mr. Blunt was in charge of the Governor Grason Farm" owned by Mr. Henry Deusenbury, of New Jersey.

Mr. Joseph Collier and family entertained his daughter, Mrs. Mabel Timms, of Mt. Rainier, over the week-end. Mr. Collier and his daughter, and Percy Collier, visited his two daughters, Miss Alva Collier and Mrs. Howard Lucas, patients in Emergency Hospital, Easton, on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Goodman and baby daughter, week-ended with friends and relatives around Chestertown.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Shaffer and family spent the day Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Hunter, of near Perry's Corner.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Walters and little Miss Virginia, are spending some time with her father, Mr. Joseph Collier and family.

BARCLAY

Mr. and Mrs. Noah Skinner and daughter Shirley, visited with relatives in Philadelphia during the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Ervin, of Wilmington, spent Saturday with the latter's mother, Mrs. Annie Phillips.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Dunning and daughter, Mary Linda, of Washington, D. C., spent the week-end with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Wallace.

Mr. and Mr. Leon White, and Mrs. Della V. McClure, of Wilmington, Mr. and Mrs. Randall Harvey, of Philadelphia, were Sunday guests of Mrs. Rella E. Booker and family.

Miss Annie Taylor has returned to her home in Church Hill, after an extended visit at the home of her sister, Mrs. Emma B. Beatty.

Rev. W. O. Hackett, of Henderson; Rev. Jervis Cooke ,of Cordova, and Mr. Frank Baynard, of Fairlee, all students at Washington College, were dinner guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. R .L. Booker.

INGLESIDE

Those who attended the District Conference this week were: Rev. and Mrs. Newman, Mr. C. P. Merrick, Miss Emily Straughn, Mr. Charles Brown and Mr. Clarence Eley. The conference met at Gaithersburg.

Mrs. Charles Brown has returned after spending the past three weeks in Baltimore.

Mrs. John Newman spent a few days in Baltimore this week with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Dukes and daughters Nancy and Charlotte, and Mr. and Mrs. Earl R. Bishop, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Ober Baker, of Chester, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. C .P .Merrick and Miss Margaret Merrick spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Percival Merrick, jr., of Greensboro.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wilson, of Easton visited Mr. and Mrs. William R. Wilson on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bostic and Mr. and Mrs. Sam Raisner, of Chester, Pa., spent Sunday with their parents.

Miss Mary R. Downes and Mrs. John Newman spent one day this week in Wilmington.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Thompson left Monday for a trip to Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Walls and son Elwood, jr., visited Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Walls on Sunday.

Mr. Walter Cannon is on our sick list this week. On Sunday his children visited him from Baltimore.

Mrs. Mattie Wilson, of Baltimore, has closed her home here after having it opened for the Easter holidays where she entertained her family and many friends.

RICH NECK

Sunday School at Union M. E. Church at 10 a. m.; preaching at 11 a. m., by the pastor, Rev. Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. W .W .Clayton, jr., of Chester, Pa., spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Thomas Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Hunter and children Margaret and Sarah Kirby, spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Bernice Coleman, of Chestertown.

Mrs. W. W. Clayton, jr.., of Chester, Pa., Mr. and Mrs. Roland Thompson and daughter Mary Catherine, of Price, spent Friday evening with Mr. and Mrs. J. Earle Smith.

Miss Martha Kimbles, of Church Hill, spent the week-end with Miss Sleanor Leager.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Thomas Smith had as visitors the past week, Mrs. Al Hollingsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Coleman ,of Galena, Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Whitney, of Ridgely.

The Ladies' Aid of Union M .E. Church will meet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Turner, Wednesday evening, May 3.

BOOKS You May Enjoy

By Graham Watson

The Editor's Choice for April is John Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath". Mr. Francis Ludlow has this to say about it: "The Grapes of Wrath" may offend you, for it uses the abrupt, uncensored, coarse talk of working men. It will horrify you and depress you. But it will give you a deep admiration for the dogged courage of men and women. It will, I believe, give you a new understanding of people who fight existence in a world totally unlike your own, and I think you will never forget it.

It has more power than "Of Mice and Men". It is grimmer and harder, yet with just as much compassion and tenderness. It is the book of a man so angry that he is quiet; with a terrible simplicity and sincerity he writes of the bitter wrong to mankind.

California may not like this book, because it tells how industrial fruit growers and fruit canners have turned that beautiful state into a false paradise. Critics call Steinbeck a red, a communist, an agitator, but he is none of these—just a man enraged at the greed and brutality of corporations, which hide behind their anonymity.

"The Grapes of Wrath" tells of one family of "Okies", tenant farmers of Oklahoma, who try to earn food and shelter in California. It tells of 350,000 men, women and children, without homes, almost penniless, harried by police and frightened townsfolk, exploited by greedy employers, occasionally driven into fierce retaliation. The people are real. They laugh and joke—when they can. They have their little vanities. They have their sturdy faults. They are ready to work, if only they are given a chance. But, warns Steinbeck, their wrath is steadily growing; sooner or later, unless some measures of redress are taken; sooner or later they will rise. This book I recommend to you for April. No matter what else you read, read it." The above is the opinion of Mr. Francis Ludlow, Editor.

"The Heroes", by Millen Grand, is a less intense book than the author's "The Outward Room". It tells of George Burley, one-armed veteran, and his life in a soldier's home. The events are unsensational, the little things that mean so much in men's lives—discouragement, weariness, flashes of hope. George Burley knows them all, but at last leaves the home with the girl he loves. It is a very fine book in its quiet way.

But the opposite of "The Heroes" is "Christ in Concrete", by pietro di Donato. There is nothing quiet about this book; there is nothing finished about it It deals with death in blood-curdling detail. Its style is uneven. Words occasionally are used to mean things they do not mean. But the book has a tremendous vitality. Briefly it is the story of Paul, a boy of twelve, who becomes a bricklayer to support his mother, and her numerous children afte their father has died horribly. It tells with passionate interest and sincerity of the work of Italian workmen, their work, their play, their feasts and their fights. "Christ in Concrete" is not a book for people with queasy stomachs, but it has enough strength to make its own way.

RADIANT LIVING

AS HE WAS PRAYING

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

Has it ever occurred to you that there is a marvelous enrichment that comes to us while we are in the act of prayer?

This was the experience of Jesus on the Mount fo Transfiguration. The Gospels tell us that "as He was praying, the fashion of His countenance was altered, and His raiment became white and dazzling."

Did you ever notice the significance of the word, "as", in the above Scripture?

While we will not be transformed as was He, nevertheless, there is a transformation wrought in us while we are praying, that is, if we are praying aright.

We can not look at even a flickering candle but that its light illuminates our faces. How then could we look earnestly into the face of God in prayer and not have His light to illuminate our soul?

It is by the rays of that light which shines into our souls while we are in prayer that we see some things in our lives which we ought to change and thus as we promise God while praying that we will make those changes, the wrok of transformation begins.

The transformation of Jesus, however, was different. His transformation was that of saintliness suddenly illuminated by heavenly glory, a glorious transformation attesting the perfect union and harmony of one's will with the will of the Divine.

As a certain one has beautifully expressed it: "The more intimately a soul is united to God the more it views as God sees them."

As we pray, God speaks to us. And as we say "yes" to Him, our souls become illuminated and transformed. Bless God for those moments when He speaks directly to the soul!

MILLINGTON

Miss Margaret Moore and Mr. George Duling, spent Monday in Oxford.

Mr. Alpheus Price spent the week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bell.

Mr. William Moffett, of Marshallton, Del., is spending this week with Mr. and Mrs. Edgar King.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian King, of Granogee, Del., and Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Tibbet, of near Wilmington, spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Noland Robinson.

Mrs. Burton Greene and children, of Crumpton, spent Saturday at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lee.

Miss Pearl Clark, of Swarthmore, Pa., spent the week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kline, of New York, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Phillips.

Miss Pauline Moore who is in training at the Delaware Hospital, spent Friday at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Moore, near town.

Mr. John Hilyard is confined to his home with the mumps. Mrs. Marian Horsey is also on the sick list.

Mrs. Pearl Free is spending some time with her sister, Mrs. Roland Jorter.

Mr. Lewis Sanner who is employed in New York City, is spending some time with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bowman will soon occupy the apartment in the Hazell property rceently vacated by Mr. and Mrs. John Connor.

Rev. and Mrs. McFarland were given a reception by the members of Asbury Church and Delaney's Church last Thursday night. It also was their 25th wedding anniversary.

Miss Mary Stevens and brother Franklin, spent last Thursday in Philadelphia.

THE POET'S CORNER

ECHO OF SUN

The sun has found an echo everywhere—
Here is a jonquil fallen to the stair,
Pale, yellow, secret, sweet, a flower
Made for the slumber of a summer hour.
The golden sands of the pool shiver and shake
With every ripple of the waves that break,
And in the deeper waters bright fish gleam
With colors stolen from a sunrise dream.
The dandelions on the fragrant grass
Are miniature suns that watch the true sun pass.

Feathered with amber pale as winter light,
The young acacia waits the coming night.
Amber, yellow, and the pale gleam of gold
Will fade like music as the sun grows old.
And leave the garden to the moon's delight—
To silver—and the jewels of night.

—Sara Van Alstyne Allen.

SUDLERSVILLE

The Ladies' Aid Society of Asbury Methodist Church was entertained by Mrs. Druscilla Weedman at her home last Friday evening.

Sudlersville was very proud of the boys and girls of the local high school who went to Wilmington last Saturday and took part in the Goldey College Spelling Match. Five out of six won honorable mention. In the neighborhood of three hundred took part in the match.

The Community Betterment Club met for its monthly business meeting last Wednesday night. After the business session of the club, the annual meet- of The Sudlersville Foundation Fund was held. In the absence of Mr. Joseph M. George, Mrs. Alan Walls had charge of the meeting. The president of the Betterment Club presented the following three names for members of the Board for the ensuing year: Mrs. Austin Roberts, of St. Andrew's Church; Mrs. Druscilla Weedman, of Asbury Church; and Mrs| T .J .Walbert, of Calvary Church. They were elected, and will serve along with the president of the club, who is Mrs. Millard Bull, and Mr. George who are always members of the Board.

Mr. Lemuel Benton of Baltimore, spent the week-end at home with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Benton.

This community was quite saddened on Monday morning to learn of the death of Mr. Harry Starkey, in Wilmington, Del., on Sunday. He had many friends and relatives here and in Barclay, and it was in these communities where he was born and raised.

Mr. Felix Hardesty, of Richmond, Va., has been the guest of his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Noble Hardesty.

Mrs. Walter Rambo is in Easton Emergency Hospital, where she is recovering from a major operation.

Mr. and Mrs. Barwick entertained on Saturday, Mrs. Barwick's brother-in-law and sister, Dr. and Mrs. Henry, of Stevensville, and Mrs. Barwick's cousins from Pennsylvania.

Mr. C. B. Chance and Mr. George Blair, of Millington, were the guests over the week-end of Mr. Chance's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Chance in Philadelphia.

Mr. Charles Walls and Mr. George L. Hart, who are doing some long distance hauling from South Carolina, spent the week-end at home.

The Homemakers' Club met in the Community Room last Wednesday afternoon. They are making plans for their annual Flower Show in Centreville.