Queen Anne's Record-Observer

Published Every Thursday at Centreville, Md., by the Queen Anne's Record and Observer Publishing Co.

LUTHER L. GADD ..... President
S. E. W. FRIEL, JR. .. Vice-President
WM. R. HORNEY ..... Secretary
J. HALL BARTON .... Treasurer

STERLING G. HARRIS ..... Editor
ROY H. WILSON .. Advertising Mgr.
T. E. SHEA ..... Associate Editor

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.

Subscription Price $1.50 Anywhere in Maryland; $2.00 Out of State.

Advertising rates furnished upon application.

QUOTATION OF THE WEEK

We have been forced into a conflict, for we are called with our allies to meet the challenge of a principle which if it were to prevail would be fatal to any civilized order in the world. It is principle which permits a state in the selfish pursuit of power to disregard its treaties and its solemn pledges, which sanctions the use of force or threat of force against the sovereignty and independence of other states. Such a principle stripped of all disguise is surely the mere primitive doctrine that might is right.—King George VI.

SEE THE SHORE FAIR

Queen Anne's county residents as hosts to the first Eastern Shore Fair to be instituted at Centreville from Monday through Thurdsay of the coming week should do all in their power to help make the event the success it should and will be.

Certainly every county resident should endeavor to attend the Fair at least once. If time permits, he should visit the Fair each day since different attractions, each of high interest to a farming community, wil be displayed.

Undoubtedly the Fair promises to be an annual event of high importance in Eastern Shore life. In recent years this section has advanced rapidly into a prominent place in many branches of livestock and within its bounds are found cattle, horses and sheep well able to vie with the choice animals of the nation.

Just how superior Eastern Shore animals are can best be tested through competition. The keenest competition will come from registered stock entered by proud owners from without the confines of the Shore. Against these will be pitted the flower of Eastern Shore droves, herds and flocks.

Within the nine counties are many herds which have built up an enviable reputation in their own sectors. Competition is the life of many things, among them progress. It will be a valuable factor for the improvement of Eastern Shore livestock to have the best from the several counties appearing in the same ring and vieing with each other for the blue ribbon and the cash premium that goes along. The rivalry will be sporting, but none the less keen.

For the farmer who does not aspire to ownership of fancy blooded stock there will be advantages. Grade horses and mules, the sort in use on most farms, will have their classes. More important is the interest every farmer and his family have in seeing fine stock and in learning at first hand the features that make owners proud of splendid specimens.

Fundamentally the Fair is intended to advance the best interests of agricultural life. It is a farmer's occasion and will be a farmer's holiday. All winter long rural residents who view the Fair will be primed for friendly conversation with neighbors about what has been observed at the displays and the man who fails to see the Fair will be out of the heart of the chatting.

It's a farmer's Fair and Queen Anne's farmers and their families should turn out in numbers to help it along with their presence and enthusiasm.

THE WYE OAK

Fruition of the plan for the purchase of the famous Old Wye Oak and creation of a State park enclosing it is gratifying news for residents of the Eastern Shore and tree lovers everywhere.

Trees have a deep appeal for man and a venerable, well-preserved specimen such as the Wye Oak easily spreads strong roots of sentiment in human hearts.

The largest white oak east of the Mississippi, Wye Oak is worth protection for that feature alone. In addition it is a splendidly shaped specimen of its kind, conspicuous for its huge spreading branches which have always been the symbol of the shelter which trees have afford mankind since the dawn of life.

How old the huge tree is can only be estimated. It was already reaching up into the soft air of the Eastern Shore when Columbus discovered America. It burgeoned when this region was still the happy hunting grounds of the Indians. When the first white man ventured to the headwaters of the Wye the tree was well past the century mark in years, building up vitality for a long and vigorous life.

Today it stands, the patriarch of a small grove of white oaks, lifting its branches over a highway whose motor traffic is a far cry for the long gone era when an acorn burst its shell and reached for the light, tiny seedling that has become the arboreal monarch of the present.

Creation of a State park around the venerable tree is in keeping with the trend of thought in states and cities today. Buildings and natural specimens which have scenic or historical value are being preserved and made available for view by the public. Those States which have cultivated historical landmarks and scenic features get a return in an influx of visitors, an advertising value worth far more than a temporary show place at a world's fair. It is a display of goodwill toward the traveling public which finds an echoing good will from them.

For four centuries the Wye Oak has taken care of itself, managed to survive all the perils which threaten plant and forest life. Now in its old age the State of Maryland will protect it, a proper token of respect to a monarch of the forest.

ONE MAN'S WILL

The fitful peace of Europe which struggled through two decades of tenuous existence has been shattered ruthlessly by the will of one man, the German leader Adolf Hitler, whose conception of order in this world is that might makes right, whose aspiration is ever to rule or ruin.

That the bitter struggle now developing in Europe was willed by Hitler is apparent to every reasonable observer. No one questions that Hitler lighted the fuse of war when he invaded Poland to impose his will upon that weaker country. No one doubts that France and England did all in their power to prevent hostilities, offered every opportunity of time and reason for Hitler to withdraw his armies and quench the torch with which he was igniting a world conflict.

At the bar of public opinion today Hitler stands convicted. That means less than nothing to a man of his mental makeup. The Germans said a quarter of a century ago that they would rewrite history once they had won the war. That purpose still pervades the leaders in the German Reich.

Significant it is of the unchanging character of German war leadership that their first overt act against the British and French should be the wanton torpedoing and sinking of the defenseless liner Athenia. The attack on the Athenia was contrary to the doctrines of maritime war, contrary to the simplest dictates of humanity. Not even the usual excuse that the vessel was carrying food or munitions could be inveigned against theAthenia, bound away from England rather than toward it.

Germany has always displayed a peculiar callousness to public opinion in other countries. With them the sinking of a vessel aparently has more value than the consequent loss of esteem in neutral lands. More than any other event of the past weeks the presence of American citizens on the ill-fated ship brought home to America the reality of the conflict.

Queen Anne's was stirred mightily for two days as it awaited word of the safety of two of its residents, a mother and her child, passengers on the Athenia. Similar waves of tense feeling swept over two hundred other American communities, likewise awaiting word of the safety of their citizens and neighbors. Germany can never profit by such loss of friendly regard or respect.

The loss of the Athenia discloses how fully the world is back where it was twenty-five years ago, back in a ruthless war which may strain civilization to the uttermost. And all because one man willed it.

IN THE PLAYOFFS

Battling away in the last ditch to save a place in the post-season playoffs the Centreville Red Sox came through with a brand of courageous baseball epitomizing the flaming never-say-die spirit which endears a team or an athlete in the hearts of fans. Sports enthusiasts honor the boys who can come through in the "clutch", who hold to the slogan that the team which won't be beaten, can't be beaten.

The Red Sox have had their ups and downs this season. For a while they cantered along in first place. Then bad breaks cracked up the team and they struggled along, rebuilding the spirit which had led them to success.

Two weeks ago their chances of making the playoffs were uncertain. But when the final test came they made the place, made it the hard way. Their bitter rival for the spot was Salisbury. With the latter team in fourth place the Red Sox went down to the Wicomico city, tackled their rivals in the Salisbury park and administered a stunning twin defeat to recapture the final playoff spot. Once headed for home the Sox struck a winning streak and rolled up a half dozen victories to nail down the desired place.

That sort of stretch running has

That sort of stretch running has been characteristic of Centrevile teams. The 1939 team has been no exception. When the crucial test came they met it. Regardless of how they fare in the desperate post-season series they have fulfilled the hopes of their supporters in Queen Anne's county by finishing in the first division and at least having their shot at the final glory. Congratulations to the 1939 Centreville Red Sox and may their baseball stature never grow less.

From every 1,000 rural families 53 sons and daughters go to college while only 49 come from each 1,000 city families.

One and one-eighth million fish were counted swimming up and over the Bonneville Dam in 1938.

THE Rambling Recorder

Dawn is breaking over the quiet landscape which flows in ever lessening magnitude from the lofty crags of the Alps to the gently rolling fields two hundred miles north where Luxembourg lies, a tiny wedge beween France and Germany. Dawn breaks peacefully, silently, as it has for these twenty years past over this same serene landscape. Awaiting that dawn on either side of an arbitrary line drawn on Europe's map are two mighty armies pledged to come to grips. With their backs to the dawn are the Germans, sheltered in their heralded Seigfried line, the impregnable wall against which they believe an enemy will dash itself in vain, waiting to learn if France will support her words of ultimatum with deeds of action. Facing the dawn is the flower of France's youth in full panoply of war, natty in uniforms and equipment still unstained by the violence of conflict, waiting the signal to hurl themselves in a ghastly test of the foe's impregnable ramparts. There is no hatred on either side, no hot blood to avenge a wrong, no emotion except the cold realization that the die of war has been cast and the jaws of death are opening. There is time to begin this struggle coolly and in good order. The hidden armies face each other as the soft glow of dawn strengthens to a silvery horizon and the shadows of night retreat higher in the sky. From far back in the hush of the west comes a shattering roar as a piece hurls its message of destruction toward the dawn and secreted foe. The war is on. The concatenation swells to an earth-shaking diapason. Beneath it the two armies crouch waiting, the one to rush forward, the other to resist, while above the pounding hearts of each man is the wonder whether for him there will be another day. . . . Another dawn lifts over Kent Island. Beneath the waters of Eastern Bay are succulent oysters, waiting to be lifted from their beds and shipped to market that food may be had for the buyer and food and comforts for the seller. From coves and creeks gray boats, white boats move out. The storm of the night is passed but the wind still swirls as cooler airs seek a place in September Maryland. The waves lift high and snarl against the boats. The waterman reaches his goal at the oytser rock, picks up his tongs, thrusts them below the swelling waves. But the boat tosses in the sea. It is tedious work bringing the rakes of the tongs together. The waterman shrugs his shoulders, ships his tongs. Might as well go ashore. There will be another day.

Ted Shea

—o—

High over the edge of the Baltic three tiny spots, three high flying planes, break the blue of the zenith. The foremost nose over, points downward in a power dive . Beneath him the pilot sees land and sea rise up to meet the ship. Beneath he marks the oval spread of a battleship enlarging rapidly in his set vision. Down the plane plunges, the wings shivering slightly against the growing resistance, the propeller strumming into a scream. The pilot stares fixedly. Not suicide, because there is always a chance. Not folly, because he does what he does for king and country. Guns spit at him. Directly below is the waist of the huge warship. Now to release the bomb cradled below the fuselage, drop with it for a moment and pull out and upward through the splitting fire, if for him there is to be another day. . . .The sun is shining on the streets of Centreville. Most of the stores are closed in deference to the Labor Day holiday, not fully observed on the Eastern Shore. A clerk is re-arranging stock on a shelf. From outside comes an animated chatter from a small group standing coatless in the warmth. The clerk leaves his task incomplete, joins the group, listens to a hunter tell how he bagged a few doves. Work can wait another day.

—o—

A siren quavers in the Paris night. A mother stirs, sits bolt upright, springs from her bed. In quick succession she arouses her three children. No time for dressing, just time to snatch the precious gas masks. Down three flights of stairs herding the still sleepy children along, through a narrow alley and into a bombproof to clutch the children beside her and stare unseeingly as two girls help an old woman down the steep steps. No thought about them, just whether there will be another day for her brood. . . . The lights in homes are winking out . A car stops at a traffic light. A youthful couple step lightly from the rear seat. The girl pauses a moment to whisper a laughing word to another couple on the front seat, waves a hand as she skips toward the sidewalk while behind her trails, "We'll be seeing you." Peaceful, fortunate America, where there is always another day.

BOOKS You May Enjoy

By Graham Watson

For all the books announced for September publication ,there are few best sellers, that is sure ones, in fiction at least—just two, "The City of Gold" by France Brett Young, looks like the month's leader. It follows in time "They That Seek A Country", which was a novel about the Boers. Unfortunately for the book, it came out just a short time after "The Turning Wheels" and suffered by comparison with it. Many people found it more readable, however, because it fitted into the pattern. "The City of Gold" will be definitely more popular than "They That Seek A Country".

The other sure best seller is "A Great Day", by Elizabeth Seifert. You remember how well "Young Doctor Galahad" went, especially how well it rented. Any book by Elizabeth Seifert would be sure of a popular welcome after this one. And this one is a competent book attacking the evils of the commercial drug companies as the other attacked some of the medical evils.

Perhaps to these we should add "Escape" by Ethel Vance, the October Book-of-the-Month selection. It seems pretty certain on account of the publicity by the Book Club "Escape" will be a best seller, in spite of the fact that it was serialized in the Saturday Evening Post. The story tells of a famous actress condemned to death in Germany, of the way she suffered and the way she affected the destinies of people she had never seen, and of the steps made to rescue her. This is no such tale as "Mr. Emmanuel"; it attempts rather to analyze character, sift their motives, and stress their conversation and thoughts rather than actions.

"Don't Push It Please"

It is not often that a publisher tries to discourage orders for one of his books, yet when William R. Scott published "Cottontails" last Fall he discovered that sales meant a great deal of work: "Cottontails" was issued as an experiment in providing a book for tiny children, one and two years old. Being a "tactile" book it is made up entirely by hand by Mr. and Mrs. Scott on their private press, and is entirely of pictures printed on fairly good cloth. Various objects for the little child to feel are sewn on to the picures; a lamb has a real little bell on its neck; rabbits have tails of real cotton; a train has button wheels; and so on. They had to print the pictures on the cloth, sew on the binding and sew on the objects by hand, and was originally intended for their own children and they did not expect large sales. The sales grew in spite of the raise in price from $1.50 to $2.00 (it is a very thin book) because young parents found it the very thing for their young children. So far they have made 500 copies. This will be followed by another "tactile" book, "The Noisy Book" which does not have to be made so laboriously by hand.

RADIANT LIVING

BLAZING WINDOWS

By Rev. C. M. Griffeth
Pastor Ridgely M .E. Church
Ridgely, Md.

It was in the late afternoon, the setting sun was behind us as we were brisking along the mountain highway that paralleled the slow flowing Susquehanna when I saw it.

It was across the river, halfway up on the mountain side, possibly a mile or a mile and a half in the distance. Yet even so far away it caught my eye and impressed itself indellibly upon my memory.

Shining with the intense earnestness of an airmail beacon was a gleam of brilliant white light.

As we breezed along, I kept my eye upon it for I was mystified. That was no place for an airmail beacon and besides, it was not revolving. It was stationary.

Presently, as we came closer, it divided itself into two parallel lights; and imagine my surprise a little later, to discover that it was a farm house whose two upper windows were joyfully and intently reflecting the rays of the setting sun.

When we were abreast of it, I glanced across the river and noticed that the house was small, weather-beaten, and deserted. It was in a wretched condition. The paint had long before faded into dullness, the door was gone and some of the window sash were broken.

Yet that old house, deserted and delapidated as it was, stood there ablaze with glory!

As we shot on past, the old house seemed to take on a voice, which, jumping across the river, caught up to our speeding car and above the hum of the motor, spoke to me.

"My life is gone," it seemed to say in mournful tones. And then, suddenly assuming a briskness that had in it the vigor of an immortal purpose, it spoke again.

"Yet in my last days, useless as they may be," it continued, "I shall reflect a glory that is greater than any which I ever possessed!"

"Should I ever become like an old house by the side of a road," I responded, "may I too be radiant with a glory that is higher than I!"

INGLESIDE

Rev. and Mrs. Jordan are visiting friends here this week.

Miss Margaret Merrick has returned home after an interesting trip to Canada. She was accompanied home by Miss Margaret Downes of New York, who also was with Miss Merrick while visiting Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Monroe of Baltimore and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Barton and daughter Kitty, of Centreville, visited Mrs. Mattie Wilson.

Mr. Ciem Wilson returned home after visiting Mr. and Mrs. Mailley Davis of Odessa, Del.

Mrs. Mailley Davis and twin daughters, visited Mr. and Mrs. William R. Wilson on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bostic entertained the Ladies' Aid on Friday evening.

The Missionary Society met at the home of Miss Mary Downes on Thursday.

Mr. Elwood Walls, jr., left Tuesday for Wilmington where he entered Goldey Business College.

Mr. Billy Wilson left on Sunday for Baltimore where he will attend McDonogh School.

Mrs. Howard Dukes and children Nancy and Charlotte visited Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Brown of Woodstown, N. J., on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Betchel and Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Shippey and son Robert of Baltimore visited Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dukes and Mr. and Mrs. William Thawley over Labor Day.

Mrs. Paul Clough and son Norman returned home from Wilmington after visiting Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Sweetmore last week.

Miss Francis Clough spent last week with Miss Eva Burchard.

THE POET'S CORNER

MUSS-EN-HIT

By E. O. Willis

Two men now rule in Europe,
Nations near don't trust a bit,
They have a way of taking things,
This pair called Muss-en-Hit.

Their neighbors small all wonder,
And they none can understand,
Why Muss-en-Hit were ever allowed,
To take their home and land.

They take from the defenseless
With no intent to quit,
If someone starts to strike them,
They holler Muss-en-Hit.

Now Muss-en-Hit are very shrewd,
Can give you many reasons,
Why they should take from others,
And not be tried for treason.

They send their loyal subjects,
Other countries there to dwell,
Then send a mighty army,
To see they treat them well.

These two windbags in Europe,
Thats causing so much trouble,
Had better stop their blowing,
Before they burst their bubble.

DOG DAYS

The dog days dry the earth, the grass withers.
The wind goes rustling through the yellow blades,
The seed heads shake. Down by their roots
The crickets sing at noon like softly tolling bells.
Cows in the pasture find the shade of elms.
Horses put heads to tails to drive off flies,
And all day long the locust drones in the dooryard.

—Fred Lape.

GRASONVILLE

Mr. Benjamin Jewell has returned home after spending the summer at Paukeepsie, N. Y.

Mrs. Julia Fritz and son, Larry, of Baltimore, spent last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Ruth and family. Her husband, John Fritz, joined her for the week-end and holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Dean and daughter, Mary, of Wilmington, Del., spent a few days last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Shanks. Mr. and Mrs. William H. Tolson, Jr., and family, of Baltimore, spent the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Steiner, of Baltimore, were week-end and holiday guests of his sister and family, Mr. and Mrs. Alfonzy Thomas and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowen Gromm, Mrs. Viola Summers, Misses Evelyn King and Margaret Seward spent the week-end at the World's Fair in New York.

Mr. George Curlett, of Baltimore, spent the week-end here with relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Pierson had as their guests on Sunday, Private and Mrs. Lee B. Hessey, Corporal Kenneth Baker, Private Harvey Tempome, of Fort Hoyle, Md., and Mrs. Nina Cummings, of Baltimore. Mrs. Nina Cummings remained with them for this week.

Miss Virginia King has returned to her duties as school teacher at Adamstown, Md., after spending the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Howard King. Her mother, Mrs. Helen King, and sister, Beulah King, and Mr. William E. King, accompanied her there on Saturday.

Mrs. Rose Hurley, of Baltimore, is spending this week with friends here.

Mrs. Inez Myers, of Baltimore, spent the week-end and holiday wtih her mother, Mrs. Hilda Geiger.

Mrs. Sadie Chaplin and Miss Lula Wilson, of Baltimore, were Saturday visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ireland and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Moore and family, of New Jersey, spent the week-end and holiday with Miss Esther O'Donnell.

The Queen Anne's County Social Register

PRICE

The Second and Third Quarterly Conference for the Church Hill Charge will be held in Bethany Methodist Church Saturday afternoon, September 9th, at 3 o'clock, District Supt. Rev. W. A. Hearn, of Dover, will be in charge. Officers and friends of the church are invited. The services for Behany on Sunday will be Church School at 1:30 P. M., followed with preaching at 2:30 o'clock by the pastor, Rev. R. W. Hastings.

A number of removals have taken place in this community the past week: Lloyd Atkinson and family moved from here to the William Dunn house in Church Hill; H. H. Stayer and wife moved from the Lane bungalow to a home near Ridgeley; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Plummer, Sr., of Chestertown, have moved in the bungalow; Mr. and Mrs. Roland Walls moved from the South wing of the Thawley apartments to the Skinner house in upper Church Hill, while Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bottomley come from Church Hill to the Thawley apartments.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Coppage spent the week-end in New York where they visited the World's Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Weldon Brown and Mrs. Earl Chance, of Centreville, were dinner guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Chance.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson B. Cecil and children, Donald and Anna Virginia, were guests Sunday of his mother, Mrs. D. V. Cecil.

Mrs. Annie Jarrell, of Roe, has purchased the Albert Seney house and will probably move from her farm to town another year.

Mrs. Elmer Cole, of Ingleside, has been the guest all last week of Mr. and Mrs. Willard Jones.

Miss Betty Atkinson, of Church Hill, spent the week-end with Miss Ann Seney.

Those on the sick list are: Mrs. Earle Everett, Mrs. Steve Kimbles, Miss Viola Jones who is in Fifer Hospital and her mother Mrs. W. S. Jones is still confined to her bed and wheel chair as the result of a broken hip she sustained in a fall at her home in May.

Mr. and Mrs. Earle Cronshaw, of Sudlersville, were supper guests Monday evening with his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Cosden.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Price, of Gwynne Oak, Baltimore, and Mrs. Ernest Smith, of Clayton, Del., were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Price.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Chambers and guest, Miss Elizabeth Webb, of Milford, Del., Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Walls spent Sunday at Rehoboth Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Brown and children, Hall and Barbara, and Mrs. Catharine Stewart and son, Jack, of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest McKenney, of New York, Mr. J. H. Michaels, of Brockport, Miss Catharine McKenney, of Rochester, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. W. Ellis Preston and son, of Wilmington, Del., spent the Labor Day holidays with relatives in town.

Rev. and Mrs. John Newnam, of Ingleside, were supper guests Sunday at the home of Mr. Joe Mullikin.

Mr. and Mrs. George Clough, of Millington, were holiday guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Clough, Miss Audrey Clough left on Monday for her school at Ocean City High, where she has been appointed on the teaching staff.

Mr. Lyle Appleford, of New York, spent the Labor Day week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Appleford.

Miss Betty Story spent last week with Miss Maywood Dulin, of Clayton, Del.

Mr. and Mrs. John Murphy, of Goldsboro, and Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Porter, Jr., of Centreville, were visitors during the week-end of Mr. and Mrs. Graham Porter.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Coffin and son, Donald, of Berwin, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Joel Fallowfield returned home with them after spending the summer months with the Coleman's. Edna Coleman also returned home Saturday after spending several weeks with her aunt, Mrs. Coffin in Western Maryland.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Newnam and their week-end guest Mr. Bradford Eaton, of Wye Point, were dinner guests Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Emmitt Leager.

Mrs. Sarah Taylor has been visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. Earle Everett for the past two weeks.

Mrs. W. J. Massey spent several days last week with her neice, Mrs. Dan Comac, of Dover.

Mrs. Hester Walls is visiting relatives in Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Coursey, of Greensboro, Md. and Mrs. George Coleman, of Dover, Del., Mr. William Golt, and children Betty and Palmer, of Church Hill, were Sunday guests of the Coleman's.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Moore and Bobby, were supper guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Moore, Church Hill.

Miss Margaret Wiggins, of Salisbury, spent the week-end holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wiggins.

Mr. and Mrs. John Walter Walls, of Church Hill, spent Thursday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Walls.

School days are here again. Scholars and teachers are happy to get back to their school duties after a pleasant vacation.

Swings Cannery began canning tomatoes last Tuesday. A very short season is anticipated.

The recent rain and wind storm has again leveled the corn fields which means that much extra hardship for the poor farmer, cutting corn by hand.

STEVENSVILLE

Mr. Denny Downes with his cousin, Miss Mary Cockey and sisters, Misses Grace and Louise Downes of Baltimore are sight-seeing at the World's Fair in New York.

Mr. John Palmer of Baltimore spent the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Palmer, near Love Point.

Miss Mildred Lane of Wilmington, visited her father, Mr. Charles Lane, over the week-end.

Mrs.. Fannie Legg had as her week-end visitors, Mrs. Evelyn Legg, Miss Dorothy Estridge, Mr. Harry Legg, and Mr. and Mrs. W. Dare Moberly.

Mrs. Ollie Fischer of Norfolk, Va., and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Morrison of Baltimore are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry P. Breeding.

Miss Lucille Legg left Monday to take up her duties as teacher in the Elkridge high school.

Mrs. Marion Gillis of St. Michaels and New York, was the house guest last week of Miss Mary Anna Carvel.

Mrs. J. Fred Stevens was the guest of her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Stevens in Baltimore for several days last week.

Mrs. Mary Walker of Norristown, Pa., is visiting Dr. and Mrs. William T. Henry, near Kent Point.

Little Miss Faye Sattelmaier was the guest last week of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Gillis in Baltimore.

Mrs. J. H. Gernert of Baltimore spent Labor Day with her mother, Mrs. Mollie Carroll.

Mr. Gordon Benton has returned home after spending several weeks in Rochester, N. Y., with friends.

Mrs. Harry Tolson was the week-end guest of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. James Kelly in Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. James P. Marvel and children of Lewes, Del., and Miss Marie Marvel of Washington, D. C., were holiday guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Marvel.

Mrs. J. W. Eckstorm, Mrs. Cook Lowery, Mrs. Belbin Thomas, and Misses Doris and Beatrice Palmer were among those from Stevensville who were shoppers in Baltimore on Friday.

Mrs. Annie Fisher of Cordova, and Mr. Jackie Gibson of Queen Anne, visited Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Gibson over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kean of Baltimore have been recent guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Palmer.

Master Bobby Hardesty returned to the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Hardesty in Wilmington Sunday after having spent the summer months with his uncle, Mr. Leonard Harper.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Denny, jr., are entertaining her brother, Mr. Mordy Gibson and friend, Miss Dorothy Ellis of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Frank C. Thomas spent several days in Baltimore last week as the guest of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. F. Alton Thomas. She was accompanied home by her grand-daughter Peggy, who will visit with her for some time.

Mrs. C. M. Busch of Baltimore was a holiday guest of Mrs. Ella Hoxter.

Mrs. Nanine White of Baltimore spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James White.

CHESTER

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Edenfield and daughter, Jean, of Baltimore, and Mr. Carville Thomas, of Pennsylvania, spent the week-end with their mother, Mrs. Annie Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Robinson and family, of Baltimore, spent the holidays at their summer home.

Mr. and Mrs. William Livingston had as their Sunday guests Mr. and Mrs. William Livingston, Jr., of Baltimore, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Barton, of Queenstown.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther V. Jones and daughter, Betty, and Mr. William Neal, of Baltimore, spent the week-end with his mother, Mrs. Louis E. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gardner and daughter, Dorothy, of Baltimore, were holiday guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elda Gardner.

Mrs. Eugene Thompson and Mrs. Chester Holland were visitors at Easton Hospital Monday afternoon to see Mrs. Anderson Clark who is a patient there.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Bell, of Pennsylvania, are spending the week with his mother, Mrs. Lee Bell.

Mrs. Earl Lewis, of Baltimore, was guest of her parents Sunday. Her daughter Frances accompanied her back home after a two-week's visit with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Kirwan.

Miss Myrtle Coleman and sister, Lydia, have returned to their home in Baltimore, after spending the summer with their mother, Mrs. Joseph Coleman.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Martin and mother, Mrs. Emma Foebus, of Baltimore, were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Price, of Stevensville.

Mr. William Drear is spending some time in Baltimore with his children.

Abner *says*—

A bird in th' hand is better'n two from th' grandstand.