

Whatever you may have in mind for bettering your home conditions during the year 1939—whether it be building a new home, painting and improving the one you now have, new roofing, insulation, heating plant—whatever may be even in the back of your mind to do, it will certainly pay you to take a look now at the offerings here in the Armory before finally making up your mind what to do. And, while looking over the variety of suggestions in every line, if financing the improvements you have in mind enters into the picture, you can get all the necessary facts and figures at one or the other of the Federal Housing Administration's booths here.

Such Home Shows as these, typical of our great Country, probably help to explain why we are so relatively free of many of the troubles of one kind or another that beset most of the other countries of the world. And I say to you, that the more we are able to improve living conditions throughout America, the more we contribute to the improvement of living standards of our people, so much the less will we have to fear the "isms" and other troubles that affect the remainder of the world.

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## THE EASTERN SHORE SOCIETY

Lord Baltimore Hotel, March 28, 1939

**W**HAT a world of contrasts we live in today! Here we are, gathered congenially around the banquet board, our only thought enjoyment of the moment, and pleasure in the company of our friends; our chief worry, possibly, the fear that the gastronomic achievements of our very competent chef may have tempted us to absorb more of the delightful food placed before us than will be good for our respective digestions; while throughout the length and breadth of this great Land of ours, reigns a sense of comparative well-being, a feeling of safety and security from the ills of various kinds that have beset the world these many years.

Even while we are gathered here, however, in the enjoyment of this very gracious annual dinner and meeting, an entirely different picture presents itself as regards much of the rest of the universe—a picture so shockingly different from what we see before and around us, that it really seems difficult to believe that it actually exists. Where here all is quiet and peace, in the countries of Central Europe, where possibly some or even many of us may have friends or relatives, all is turmoil and strife, and thousands upon thousands of inhabitants, with interests identical with ours, with inclinations no more warlike than ours, are caught in the whirlpool of conflicting emotions and activities, and have not the slightest idea of what tomorrow, or next month, or next year, may have in store for them.

We are as remote from these widespread disturbances, at the moment, as if they were taking place upon Mars, and we were gazing at them through a marvelously efficient telescope—and, strange as it may seem, where the sudden spectacle of just one dying man or woman here before us would shock us to a point where further enjoyment of this evening's program would be impossible, yet we are able to contemplate from our distant and safe vantage point, the thought of hundreds of men dying in the snow in defense of their fatherland,