Queen Anne's Record

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To tell the news accurately, interestingly and promptly. To espouse the best interests of the Nation, Queen Anne's County and the Eastern Shore fearlessly, whole-heartedly.

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QUOTATION OF THE WEEK

Looking over the whole country I have come to the conclusion that the g eatest factor in our progress has been the newspaper press. To let the world know through type who and what and where you are, and what you have that this great world wants, is the secret of success, and the printing press is its mightiest machine to that end.—Thomas Alva Edison.

"BURNY FINGERS"

Officials of the Maryland Farm Bureau Federation, who have developed into rather strenuous propagandists, announce that the Federation will urge a state income tax as the first means of raising any additional revenue required for old age pensions, relief or other needs.

The Federation further sets forth that this will be the plan endorsed by organized farmers of Maryland.

We believe the Federation is taking too much in territory when it says that all affiliated farm members will favor an income tax.

Certainly here in Queen Anne's, and possibly Cecil, Kent, Talbot and Dorchester counties, there should be sharp opposition to this form of taxation. These are the counties that have profited most from the influx of new and wealthy residents to waterfront farms.

In developing these farms the new residents have spent liberally for labor and materials practically all of which has served to quicken trade throughout the area. On top of that, and the largest sustained factor, is the huge increase in the amount of county, school and state taxes paid by newcomers as these properties are being developed. These taxes lighten the burden of everyone within the county's borders.

Aside from the beauty and charm of the Eastern Shore, the fact that there is no income tax has been an inducement in bringing newcomers here.

It seems to us that the Federation would be slapping the door in its own face to become unduly aggressive in favoring such a tax. There is plenty Federation officials can do to improve the quality of service rendered its members without meddling with an income tax.

CURBSTONE VIEW

In the opinion of William S. Collins, who conducts "The Curbstone Diplomat" column in the Chestertown Transcript, Congressman T. Alan Goldsborough is in for rough sailing in the forthcoming primary if a candidate with ability can be found in one of the lower Shore counties. Mr. Collins views the campaign in this fashion:

"Our Congressman the Hon. T. Alan Goldsborough has been unopposed for the democratic nomination for many years.

"This coming year he is up again for nomination and election. The outlook is that he will have opposition for the nomination.

"Since Governor Roosevelt's election he has had several federal positions to hand out. In the handing out of these he has made many enemies. This situation has not confronted him since President Wilson was in office.

"Another thing he has always had with him was the support of the 'Dry' forces. Goldsborough has always voted Dry. Now the prohibitionists blame their downfall on congressmen like Goldsborough who were publicly with them but privately against them. They say they would rather have an out and out enemy than a traitor within their ranks.

"Opposition to Goldsborough is reported to be very strong in Cecil and Queen Anne's Counties as well as in Kent County. General belief is that if a candiate with ability can be found in one of the lower counties, Goldsborough will be upset in the primary."

BONUS WOLVES

High officials of the American Legion and other veteran organizations having won the fight for bonus payment are now looking forward to an equally stern battle, a contest to keep bonus chiselers from reaping a harvest from the two billion dollars going to the veterans.

There is a vast army of crooks, racketeers and chiselers who are already laying plans for easing the $50 bonds from the veterans' pockets to their own.

Many of the vete ans are unused to handling sums the size of their bonus checks. Many are free-handed and easily persuaded.

These types of veterans will be lined up as "soft touches" by the chiseler who lives by swindling and near swindling.

Two types of rackets are likely to be employed ,the merchandising racket and the investment racket. The merchandising game may consist of delivering unordered goods, selling on the installment plan with nothing down but the bonus coming up, using high pressure salesmanship to buy what they cannot afford and can not use.

The investment racket is more serious. Veterans will be deluged with offers to buy stocks, bonds, real estate offering most attractive earnings. The high returns are the bait and the man who snatches the bait is the sucker. Veterans with fat checks may be given positions as salesmen for worthless stock, until they have put their nest egg into the worthless securities and are well on their way for a ride.

Larger Legion posts may set up information bureaus to advise veterans about spending their hard won checks.

For men who have no post to go to, take this advice prepared by men whose job it is to hunt swindlers: Beware of any one who offers a tremendous yield from a small investment, or phenomenally quick profits.

When in doubt, don't try to act by yourself, because only experts can detect some of the bunco games. Don't do anything in a hurry, and don't hesitate to seek advice from those you can trust.

EGGS AND THE UNION

The shipment of 14,000 turkey eggs from Los Angeles to Queen Anne's county has many interesting slants, not the least of which is the evidence of commercial initiative on the part of certain of California's Native Sons in thus expanding the area of their trading zone from the Pacific coast to the Atlantic.

Transactions between citizens of the seaboards have the familiarity of commonplace to the ordinary American citizen yet each one is a testimonial to the wisdom of the framers of the Constitution who wrote in that document the provision that there should be no tariff barriers among the states of the Union.

This provision established at a time when the newly independent states were engaged in tariff wars among themselves has made of the United States the greatest economic area in the world, in size and importance, without import and export walls among its residents.

So business and commerce cross state lines without hindrance, and transactions spanning 3,000 miles have no state tariffs to fear.

The spreading of California enterprise to the Eastern Shore in such a domestic matter as eggs for hatching purposes mirrors the increasing interlocking of the lines of American business. The complexity of this interlocking today is astonishing, yet it was built up thread by thread by just such new deals as this in turkey eggs.

On the surface the influx of California stock in Maryland turkey flocks is but a casual matter. Fundamentally it typifies the amazing cohesiveness of the nation that has grown from thirteen independent states into the present powerful Union.

LEST WE FORGET

Critics of President Roosevelt with short memories of the dark days of 1932 and early 1933 need just such a reminder as that given recently by Representative Usher L. Burdick, of North Dakota, who comes from a state where farmers staged riots four years ago to prevent foreclosures.

Says Congressman Burdick, ironically:

"If President Roosevelt deserves severe criticism, it is criticism for not doing enough to stop the mad desire of the money class for more interest. more foreclosures, more money, more dollars with a high premium attached, more homeless people."

A very brief glance around the country is sufficient to show how effectually the President stopped that desire.

SONGBIRD EXPERTS

Representatives of the National Association of Audubon Societies are agitated because an air survey of wild ducks rafted in open water in Long Island Sound recently indicated that more than a half million birds were present. Strenuous efforts have been made to tear down the figures of the initial survey made by Connecticut sportsmen in co-operation with the United States Biological Survey. The Audubon Society men first began counting ducks from shore and then took to airplane to make a final report that not more than sixty-five thousand ducks were present.

A surprise feature is that any representative of the Audubon Society would admit that even a paltry sixty-five thousand ducks existed. It seems to be the mission of this society to prove that game birds of all species are "going, going, gone" toward the objective of depriving any one or all of some ten million American sportsmen of the comparatively few days of shooting left to them by national game laws.

Many sportsmen devoted to the cause of conservation of wild life object to the drive by conservationists such as the Audubon Society "experts" to prove that only sportsmen are responsible for a scarcity of game. As a matter of fact, nature's own predators, such as crows, hawks, eagles, owls and turtles, destroy more wild life than shotguns. Moreover, the greatest part of the supply of wild waterfowl which spreads over the United States each year is summer bred in the great marshes of Canada and, owing to the rainy period of 1935, it has become more numerous than in many years.

Sportsmen will salute the energy and ability of the Audubon Society in its concern for song birds, but sportsmen know as much or more about the habits of wild life. The campaign to eliminate the idea that wild game exists in varying degrees of abundance, to which the Audubon Society subscribes, is not convincing, and especially where it concerns the veritable army of wild ducks found visiting New York City over the last week-end. If five hundred thousand ducks —mostly of a single species, the greater scaup—are to be seen in one spot, how many are there to be found in the United States?

Perhaps songbird experts can figure out that one.—New York Herald Tribune.

If the entries to the Olympic games aren't closed, we nominate Al Smith for two events: the hammer throw and the 1,000-meter walk—F. P. A. in the N. Y. Herald-Tribune.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

DEMOLISHED WITH AN "A"

The estimable Kent News laid a boulder in the path of Lewis M. Milbourne's Congressional ambitions last week. Discussing developments in that field the Kent paper said:

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According to a survey made by the Baltimore Evening Sun's political observer, Senator Veasey is likely to contest the Democratic nomination for Congress with that old wa horse, T. Alan Goldsborbough. Incidentally, this conclusion is backed by a large number of persistent reports that are heard in all sections of the lower Shore. A Mr. Milbourne, of Somerset, is also being mentioned.

To speak of a former State Senator, a fo mer Representative in the House of Delegates, a former Acting Internal Revenue Collector, and a charter member of the Eastern Shore Society as "A Mr. Milbourne" is to our mind the last word in naievete.

We hope Mr. Milbourne recovers.

TRA-LA-LA

For sheer newspaper absurdity try the following paragraph from the Baltimore Sun, which has reached the silly stage in its comment on the Eastern Shore.

"Finally, the Eastern Shoremen converted a sailboat into an iceboat and, manning it, skimmed befo e a light breeze over the miles of frozen ice to the light. The keeper was then taken from the light."

Only a city man who understands neither a sailboat nor an iceboat could paint such a pulsing picture of a romantic rescue or could have gone into lyrics about the three Kent Islanders who walked two miles from Love Point to the lighthouse d agging a small boat.

"Frozen ice" is good. If the ice had been unfrozen the Bentztown Bard might have been called upon for hearts and flowers while Frank Kent could have supplied hot air to warm the merry mariners in their gay skim over the rough icepack.

A few more flights of fancy such as this and the Baltimore Sun can set itself up as a serious rival of the all-fiction magazines.

This Week IN HISTORY

Feb. 6—Aaron Burr, vice-president under Jefferson, born at Newa k, N. J., 1756. Fort Henry captured by Grant, the first important success by Union force in the Civil War, 1862. King Edward VIII, then Prince of Wales, and Prince George fly over Panama Canal, 1931. Paris riots broke out against Premier Deladier's Parliament and Socialists resulting in 18 killed and 1,500 wounded, 1931.

Feb. 7—Charles Dickens, one of the world's greatest novelists, born at Landport, England, 1812. Famous Caxton printing office dest oyed by fire, Liverpool, 1821. Bishop James Cannon, Jr., cleared of charges against clerical and private life made by church elders, 1931. John D Rockefeller, Jr., allows self to be fingerprinted as example to citizens, 1931.

Feb. 8—William Tecumseh Sherman, noted Civil War leader and strategist, born, 1820. Russo-Japanese War began, 1904. President Roosevelt withdrew all remaining public land from use ending a century-old policy, 1935.

Feb. 9—William Henry Harrison, Hero of Tippecanoe and 9th President, born at Berkeley, Va., 1773. United States Weather Bureau founded, 1891. Earl of Bessborough appointed Governor-General of Canada, 1931. Rain broke the great drought in Arkansas and Middle West, 1931. Coldest day on record in New York City, officially 14 below, 1934. All airmail contracts cancelled by President Roosevelt, 1934.

Feb. 10—William Allen White, Kansas journalist, born 1868. Canada ceded to England, 1763. Upper and Lower Canada united, 1841. Japan celebrates birth of Crown Prince Akihito, 1934.

Feb. 11—Thomas Alva Edison born at Milan, Ohio, 1847. Daniel Boone, frontiersman, born, 1735. Rockefeller Center authorities erase Rivera's mural showing picture of Lenin, 1934. Pepper speculation pool burst in England causing brokerage failures of $15,000,000, 1935.

Feb. 12—Abraham Lincoln born in Hardin county in what is now Larue county, Kentucky, 1809. Savannah, first settlement in Georgia, started, 1733. Pius XI invested as Pope, 1922. U. S. S. Macon, $4,000,000 navy dirigible broke apart and sunk off Point Sur, California, costing two lives, 1935.

THE Rambling Recorder

The rescue trip of the Kent Islanders who aided Keeper Sturgis in coming ashore from the Love Point lighthouse is the sort of exploit that goes down in local tradition. Hot summer days will provide the setting for narrators on the beach or the ferry at Love Point to start off with, "Three men walked out to that light back in 1936." Incidentally, it is understood that each of the three received $5 from the government for their trouble.

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Ed Shortall almost lost $5 Monday morning. His son tucked a $5 bill down the draft of an air-tight heater and before it could be recovered a big slice was burned out of the middle. There was just enough left for Ed to exchange the fragments for another copy of Uncle Sam's fivers.

—o—

Ray Tabler will be one of the busiest men in Queen Anne's county from now until March 15. Besides being cashier of the Centreville National Bank Ray is an income tax expert with years of experience in preparing reports before he came to Centreville. The largest tax report sent from this county is the joint one fu nished by the bank and the Trustees of the Trusteed Assets. In addition to this one Ray will be asked to aid numerous firms and individuals. He has already sat in on a dozen income tax reports to be filed for 1935.

—o—

G. F. Jackson at Love Point is the fastest one-fingered typist we have ever seen. Mr. Jackson grabs the shift key in his left hand, reclines to the left and then stabs his typewriter with the right forefinger like a xylophone artist going to town.

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In spite of the chilly breezes Saturday afternoon the thermometer on the outside of Theodore Messersmith's restaurant showed a reading of 50 deg ees. It caught the sun rather than the wind.

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Verge Stinson, the cartoonist for the Beech Grove Echo of the Goldsboro CCC camp, featured J. R. E. "Jack" Turpin in the latest issue. Jack or Mr. "New Moses" Turpin, as the cartoonist "labels" him, is shown standing in the bow of the mudscow built for the camp with one foot on the prow and a hand shading his eyes as he docks the new craft. He is saying, "Easy, Mac. I see land. Cut her down a few knots! Mer ick, (C. P. Merick of Ingleside) I see the CCC boys. Gosh! Whata welcome we're gonna get!"

—o—

Miss Lilly B. Rochester suggests to us that the glory of the recent telephone cutover should have been passed on to the linemen instead of crediting only the officials. During the cold weather of December and January the lineman clambered up poles and worked under hoods, laboring enthusiastically to get all wires st ung so that the cutover could be made on scheduled time. The rigors of bad weather are all in a day's run for these employees. When the write-up of the cutover celebration was printed the linemen crowded to read it but as it happened no mention was made of the battles they had fought to get the project through on time.

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Queen Anne's Reco d felt right much flattered last week when an editorial which appeared in this newspaper December 26 was read into the Congressional Record by Representative Thomas L. Blanton of Texas. The piece, entitled "Pauper Pennies", opposed the formation of Townsend Plan clubs in this county and Mr. Blanton used it in a House debate with Verner W. Main, who last November was elected to Congress f om Michigan on an out-and-out advocacy of the $200-a-month scheme.

—o—

Jimmie Foxx crashed Ripley's "Believe It Or Not" column Monday when the famed cartoonist said Jimmie had made but one sacrifice hit in 4 years—600 games. It's hard to believe that our Jimmie, always rated a team player and batting either No. 3 or in the clean-up spot, wouldn't have kicked in with more sacrifices than that, but then Ripley's a hard man to get the goods on.

The Mail Bag

WHIPPING POST ADVOCATED

To the Editor:

On the Eastern Shore where prominent citizens of the cities are seeking peace and quiet also refuge from the crime wave which is sweeping the cities, they not only find the Shore the land of plenty but also the land of plenty of crime.

Yes, this disease so to speak is a foe to mankind, a destroyer of life and property, a nuisance and disgrace to American Society.

Crime is somewhat like a bitter disease—it takes a bitter remedy for its cure. But here in Queen Anne's crime is trying to be checked with soothing syrup. It seems that criminals of other states realize that Queen Anne's Criminal laws are mild and the worst is a stretch in the House of Correction where they claim (So I heard a prisoner remark when an officer put him under arrest for stealing traps). "Well I'll g et some more of your good grub", and to show how scared he was to go to jail, he stole the sheriff's daughter's wrist watch and sold it to a fellow prisoner for fifty cents.

This is just one true example of how much good a jail sentence does in reforming c ooks that go to jail time and time again for the same offense.

Now folks there is something wrong. Character like criminals and crooks have shall never be reformed by jail sentences—or in other words in the brick hotel where a crook gets plenty of rest, something to eat and a warm house, what more comfort would he want?

We not only want to copy from Delaware's good roads, but from her rigid criminal laws as well. The rod was used to correct a man in his childhood days and it will do equally as well in his manhood when he gets into mischief.

Any man can look back on his boyhood days and still realize that the rod or the cat-o-nine tails is not mild on the raw.

So, as I have said before, as long as crime is a bitter disease among mankind and is trying to be checked by soothing syrup, the Crime Wave will continue on the rampage in Queen Anne's.

V. CLARK.

Church Hill, Md.

"The economic storm is over", we are told, but the poltical winds seem to be increasing in violence.

—Drawn especially for Queen Anne's Record by Hal Stephen.

"It's Nice To Own Stock In A Newspaper, Eh Alan!"

T. Alan Writes A Letter And We Reply

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Denton, Maryland
January 25, 1936

The Queen Anne's Record
Centreville, Maryland.
Gentlemen:

In your issue of December 19, 1935, The Queen Anne's Record criticizes a speech I made before the American Farm Bureau Fede ation on December 10.

In your issue of January 16, 1936, you criticize me for putting in the Congressional Record the address delivered by Governor Eccles, of the Federal Reserve Board, before the American Bankers Association. At the beginning of the article, you state: "Proceedings in the House of Representatives in which Congressman T. Alan Goldsborough soaks the taxpayers of this District for $158". At the conclusion of the article, you state: "Note to the bookkeeper: Debit the people of the Eastern Shore with $158". This bill will be paid by the Federal Income Tax payers of the entire United States. That portion coming from the Income Tax payers of the Eastern Shore will be something less than twenty-five cents.

In order that your subscribers may be able to decide as to the justice of your criticism, I am suggesting that you print in your columns the speech I delivered in Chicago on December 10, before the American Farm Bureau Federation, and the speech delivered by Governor Eccles, before the American Bankers Association. If you will notify me of any extra cost incurred by you because of the printing of these speeches, I will forward my check by return mail.

I am,

Very respectfully,
T. ALAN GOLDSBOROUGH.

G:T

—o—

January 27, 1936

The Hon. T. Alan Goldsborough,
Denton, Maryland.
Sir:

Thank you very much for your letter of Jan. 25.

It is estimated that your speech before the Annual Convention of the American Farm Bureau Fede ation would fill four columns. This at our political rate of 50c per inch would total approximately $49.50.

The address of the Honorable Marriner S. Eccles, Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Fede al Reserve System, before the American Bankers' Association Convention in New Orleans, when placed in type would occupy about 83 inches, the price for which at the political rate would be $41.50.

You understand, of course that these figures may vary slightly one way or the other as it is difficult to guage material accurately in advance of publication. However, we will be glad to undertake publication on receipt of check for $91 00. If we find our estimates are wrong and you have been overcharged, refund of any excess amount will be made by return mail.

Both documents are in our files and it would not be necessary for you to go to the trouble of sending fresh copies.

Thanking you in anticipation of this business, we a e

Truly yours,
WM. E. GROSE.
Editor.

WmEGrose:MMP

—o—

Editor's Note: Congressman Goldsborough apparently was not serious in his request that his speech before the Farm Convention as well as that of Governor Eccles be published. In any event no reply has been received from his response to the Record's advice of the cost for so doing.

Pertaining to the cost of publishing Governor Eccles' address in the Congressional Record, it seems odd that Mr. Goldsborough, when he had the opportunity, did not read into the Congressional Record his contention that the cost of printing Governor Eccles' speech would be only 25c to the taxpayers of the Eastern Shore.

If Mr. Goldsborough can get such a correction read into the Congressional Record, this newspaper will be only too glad to make similar correction.

"After This Manner—"

THE other evening a fine-looking six-foot baritone closed his program with a setting of the Lord's Prayer and a packed Metropolitan rang to the echo of applause. As his voice flowed out over the audience he closed his eyes and with him I closed mine. Out of a dimly visualized succession of overlapping reminiscences, something dated twenty years before was rekindled in my memory . . . . A harum-scarum kid looking for thrills in the Canadian army was reciting the Lord's Prayer in unison with 150 more in a yellow, rainy dawn before the first "jump off" in Belgium. The chaplain's voice droned out above spitting shrapnel and the intermittent roar of "Jerry's 55's . . . and then . . . an American "shave tail" shoving off with a fleet of Yankee tanks to smash an impregnable German position, and a hard-boiled sergeant beside him reciting in cadence "Hallowed be Thy name." . . . The night the armistice was signed . . . lying in a little, smashed-up French town on a cot, tired and worn, mumbling in gratitude, "Thy Kingdom come," . . . "Our Father which art in heaven," intoned across the rail of a transport coming into the Narrows from France and sighting the good old Statue. . . . Eighty thousand, standing at the Maloney-Sharkey prize fight in the Yankee Stadium, heads uncovered, faces bowed, as the announcer from the center of the ring asked for that prayer to speed Charles Lindbergh on his solo flight across the Atlantic. . . . A Sunday in Sing Sing listening to the voices of fifty convicts—doing all the way from five years to life—saying the Lord's Prayer at chapel services. . . . Leading the Lord's Prayer for a room full of the world's most hardened felons, with a publicized murder-gangster right under the desk, and listening to him following and repeating every sentence, in the Tombs Prison in New York. . . . And John Charles Thomas with a ninety-piece orchestra under him soaring to the climax of that great prayer red-bloded men have been repeating in many tongues for more than nineteen centuries. . . . The prayer that Jesus gave to his followers. . . . The prayer that with all its devout repetition needs but persistent realization to unite humanity in the understanding that leads to universal brotherhood and peace on earth.—Christian Science Monitor.

RADIANT LIVING

HIS LARGER PURPOSE

By Rev. C. M. Griffeth
Pastor Calvary M. E. Church
Sudlersville, Md.

God has a wonderful plan—divinely inspired, for your life. Did not God have such a plan for the life of Joseph?

What if his jealous brothers did cast Joseph into the pit and later sold him to the Ishmalites? It was hard indeed on Joseph, but God used that very evil to work out His purpose to set Joseph upon the Egyptian throne.

And in those sunset days of his life, Joseph looked back across the years to that long ago morning when, chained as a slave, being hurried along away from homeland toward distant Egypt, he had watched the sun as it rose slowly behind a drapery of portentious clouds, aflame in threatening scarlet and had thought what could be the outcome of the evil that had befallen his life. At that time he could see no good in it. But now he saw in it all the working out of God's larger purposes of his life—a purpose which brought him into a far larger life than could ever have been his had he remained unmolested in fair Canaan.

But, you say, "that was for Joseph." We can not all be Josephs.

But God is not unmindful of you just because you may occupy a very small corner in life. Would God who notices even the fall of a sparrow, have no interest, no purpose, no beautiful plan for lives that are limited? Is not a tiny violet growing in an out-of-the-way place along the edge of a field as perfect and as beautiful a flower and as much the handiwork of God as some highly prized lily or cultivated rose?

In that very calling in which you are engaged, God has a plan for your life which if faithfully followed by a continuous yielding to His Control, there will be worked out for you, in life, "His larger purpose."

Dame Rumor Says

If that Centrevillian who lives in mortal fear of d afts would move out to the open spaces for a while instead of nestling in the lap of luxury in town he wouldn't think of such things as stuffing newspapers under the front door. He'd be satisfied to throw his shirt on the floor and find it there the next morning.

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That Sudlersville Lothario who burns up the roads to the Blue Hen state and charges the gasoline to his Dad should be ashamed of himself. Further, the old man's getting wise.

—o—

A Church Hill madam who tried out her new ice skates at a low place in the meadow is temporarily eating off the mantle.

—o—

Is it really basketball that's taking a certain county seater to Chestertown so often or is there a co-ed lurking under the eaves?

—o—

A Church Hill dame who loves to hang on the Chestertown wire is considering a plea to the phone company that the two towns be placed in the same exchange.

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A beauteous Wye Mills damsel brings back marvelous tales of her recent visit.

—o—

Snooping Susie at Grasonville informs us that a certain yearning for Baltimore has ceased and that the gal has found interest up the road.

—o—

A certain Centreville Irishman gets fightin' mad when you call him Tim. When you call him "Tim the Maestro", better duck.

—o—

If a portly, rosy-cheeked laird and a flaxen haired lassie can keep the wedding bells silent until June this column will be mightily surprised. In fact they look like red-hot prospects right now to sub-lease a certain apartment.

—o—

No less than four gents in Centreville have been in the habit of sleeping late and then reporting to their associates that they had been in early and gone out, based on the kickbacks from one item last week about one person.

—o—

We thought we were going to have a good story this week headed "Constable Robbed", but his chickens came back home.

The boys around a store at Wye Mills have made up another purse to send a certain gent to Kent Island. It seems the last time they sent him to Kent Island he came back with four dollars more than he had to start.

—o—

The back of an envelope floating down Lawyers' Row reveals that somebody lost a pitch game Saturday night. The score stood two for "We", three for "They". "We" were in the hole one point when "They" went out in the first game, and "We" had only two points when "They" won the rubber.

—o—

A certain Chestertown plumber is being accused of not leaving his house for anything less than a $100 job during the cold snap. He wouldn't pick up his wrench for only one bursted pipe—it was a dozen or no count.

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That big shot Templevillian has so many girls since he started working out of town that he has to draw straws to figure out which one to woo.

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Apparently a Baltimore bozo is considerably wrought up over his new Kent Island playmate. Anyway her phone rang at 4:30 a. m. a few days back.

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A particular county seat matron hit the ceiling when a grocer sent her a loaf of stale bread. Take it easy, madam—make dry toast out of it.

—o—

Your Old Lady would like to know why a certain Seventh District lady lost her taste for coffee at a recent party. Was it because an obnoxious fluid had been mixed therewith?