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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OWEN B. WINTERS ..... President
WM. E. GROSE ..... Editor
T. E. SHEA ..... Associate Editor
ROY H. WILSON Advertising Manager

QUOTATION OF THE WEEK

Most injustice is not inflicted deliberately, but because people do not take the trouble to think things out. Thinking gives them headaches and if persisted in may cause them to change their minds. So it simply isn't done.—Rudyard Kipling.

ALBERT C. RITCHIE

The sudden passing of Albert Cabell Ritchie was a loss that Maryland may not estimate in a day.

Certainly no one in recent years has brought as much prestige to Maryland as its handsome, distinguished statesman who for four terms served as Governor and was thrice a candidate for the Presidential nomination.

Polished and courteous, dignified yet genial, Mr. Ritchie epitomized the ideal, of state executive. His personal charm, courageous utterances and broad statesmanship created in the minds of millions of Americans, especially in the North and West, a definite picture of the hitherto mythical tradition known as the Maryland gentleman.

Mr. Ritchie's four consecutive terms totalling fifteen years in the Gubernatorial chair set a record for Maryland executives. But this long service was neither an accident nor the result of political trickery. No man could have held an exposed post like the governorship so continuously except by producing results acceptable to the people.

His keen mind probed into all features of Maryland governmental activities and shaped improvements which were in a large part responsible for the transformation of the state since the World War ended. Public health, roads, ferries, schools, the University of Maryland, state finances, were but part of the many features to profit by his attention.

It was significant that as a state builder Mr. Ritchie rode no hobby. It might be conservation problems one day and improvement in Negro education the next. The Governor lifted the whole level of Maryland life one factor at a time so gradually as to hide the great change which actually occurred during his tenure.

But Mr. Ritchie's widest reputation came from his fearless attitude on national questions. He was a liberal in thought, a Jeffersonian liberal. He believed in the sovereignty of the several states which antedated the Constitution itself, and he believed i nthe Bill of Rights, which were nailed firmly to the Constitution by the first ten amendments.

He was perhaps the first important official to battle for personal liberty as opposed to Prohibition. He was among the earliest Democratic governors to rise against the supposedly invincible wave of Coolidge Republicans and lay the foundation for the popular turnover which swept the present national administration into power by a landslide.

Actually at the 1932 convention he was nearer to the Presidential nomination and certain election than any Marylander has ever been. It was an open story in the days following that convention that Mr. Ritchie might have been the nominee for vice-president if he would surrender his bid for the chief office. But he saw the battle through on the original campaign, even though his hopes were blasted by the result.

Time alone will tell the final status of Albert Cabell Ritchie in Maryland history yet it requires no seer to forecast that he will be among the first few of Maryland's illustrious figures as the years roll on.

SCHOOL FOR SOLONS

Some Members of Congress did not take kindly to Secretary of Commerce Daniel C. Roper's recent radio address, entitled "Efficiency in Public Service." He said in the course of his remarks:

"In these times of complicated legislative and administrative procedures, the Congress could assist its Members and contribute to the public welfare by planning lecture courses on the operation of the Government and the needs of legislative enactments and adjustments."

Mr. Roper, former member of the legislature of South Carolina, and clerk to one of the important committees of the National House of Representatives many years ago, recalls the difficulty with which a new Member masters the mere routine of legislature, to say nothing of properly evaluating the "needs of legislative enactments," during one term. At that time, when the salary of a Congressman—Senator or Representative—was $5,000 per annum, it was generally conceded that it cost the Government $10,000 to prepare him for efficient services. In light of the complexities that the new Member faces today, both in procedure and legislative matters, his I. Q. has to be pretty high if he can "make the grade" in two years at the present salary of $10,000 per annum. Of course, $20,000 is a small item compared with those intangible losses due to the lack of thorough knowledge of the operation of the Government and of legislative technique on the part of the average new Member of Congress, whether he be a Se nator or a Representative.

The public will probably agree with Mr. Roper in his suggestion that Congressmen could greatly increase their own abilities and thus advance the country's welfare by planning a course of lectures on legislative technique and operations of the Government.

It may be that Mr. Roper is presuming too much disinterestedness on the part of some of the veterans "on the Hill" to hope that they would readily disclose their legislative knowledge and skill to new Members.

FADED FEBRUARY

Something ought to be done about February. In the north temperate zone it is a faded, colorless month. Even when the sun shines, its brave rays are brief, quite inadequate to brightening up the month; and when the sun retreats behind clouds February is as gray as a battleship in the mist.

January is bright with beginnings. April showers are premonitory of flowers. June blooms with brides and roses. Most months yield their essences to the poet's pen, but scant inspiration flows from February. Even the poets who essay to sing feebly of February disagree as to its flavor.

Snugly beneath its snows nature still deeply sleeps. But if February comes, can March be far behind? Then sap will begin to rise in tree trunks to bare boughs and spring will soon be on the wing. Perhaps the month's role is to contrast its drabness with the brightness to follow and to heighten appreciation of the procession of the seasons. Certainly February is not its own excuse for being.—Christian Science Monitor.

CAW! CAW!

The crow—that gregarious but predatory bird—considered by farmers Public Enemy No. 1, and by gourmets to be absolute zero in the gastronomic scale, may now be advanced several numbers in popular esteem. For many years the emblem of frustration and political defeat, depicted in innumerable cartoons with toes turned up on a platter, as a nauseous dose set before a losing candidate, he now has a certificate of healthfulness and agreeable flavor. An Oklahoma physician has given a series of dinners at which crow has figured prominently. It has also appeared on menus of several restaurants and clubs in the same state, where evidently the adventurous spirit of the pioneer survives.

If the Oklahoma physician is right, and the crow is a wholesome and tasty addition to the list of game birds, he may become as scarce as the mallard and the canvasback. And it will be no hardship for a defeated candidate to eat him—New York Herald Tribune.

The boys who fear leap year proposals can probably avoid them by hanging onto their money a little tighter.

Among those who disapprove of the alphabetical agencies might be included Junior, who is not fully convinced of the value of the A. B. C.

Someone wants to know how the custom of handshaking originated. Well, probably Adam discovered that the votes of Eve, Cain and Abel weren't enough to land him in office, so he would have to get out and shake the horny paws of Tom, Dick and Harry.

There are said to be 3,000,000 rundown homes in this country, but the breakdown condition of an equal number of automobiles seems to cause more distress.

The Good Old Days

Wherein a souvenir is brought back from Pennsylvania—and meathouse thieves are asked to return for a supply of hog jowls overlooked in the rush, as reproduced from the Centreville Record of May 6, 1890.

—o—

Mr. Israel Woodring, a farmer residing near Price's Station, was called to Easton, Pa., his native place last week and while there being well acquainted with Sheriff Fulmer he procured a piece of the rope with which W. H. Bartholemay, the murderer, was hung. It consists of an eighth of a strand.

—o—

The thief or thieves that broke into and robbed the meathouse of A. B. Glanden near Templeville last Friday night a week ago are notified that they left two large jowls which they can have by calling any time that Mr. Glanden is at home as his family is not fond of that class of meat and he would rather for the party or parties to have all.

The Wind Bag Club

BY JOHN EMBERT

Benny Cook, firechief, sausage worker, and owner and manager of an I. G. A. Store in this village, has a couple of suggestions to make for the benefit of our community. First of all it is how to prevent fires in the wee hours of the morning. The head of every household should purchase a 100-lb. bag of salt, place it at the edge of the chimney at a forty-five degree angle attached with a rope to be tied on the husband's foot at bed time and at the first smell of smoke, just kick your wife in the ribs, turn over and go to slumberland.

—o—

John Embert thought he had landed a job at last with the Parrot and Monkey Yeastpowder people. They offered him twenty-five per week but he held out for thirty. He received a letter from Mr. Parrot saying an additional five was o. k. with him and for John to see Mr. Monkey at the Druid Hill Park Zoo. So he made the trip with the instructions to go to each twelve cages there and state his case. Not being able to talk monkey talk he couldn't make any headway. Finally, the keeper approached him and said, "What in the world are you trying to do?" He produced his letter from Mr. Parrot saying there were twelve cages at the zoo and each contained a monkey. The keeper replied, "You poor fool, we only have eleven. Number twelve is you."

—o—

It is seldom a person can find so much news by just overhearing a conversation. It happened at a restaurant here in this village operated by Mrs. Genevieve Bailey.

Otis Pinder, one of our club members was seated comfortably by the fireside eating peanuts and reading bedtime stories when the door opened and in walked a stranger. Otis being possessed of plenty of personality and a winning smile, soon was talking at a rapid pace with the stranger. The conversation drifted from politics, stocks and bonds to the means of gainful occupation. The stranger asked Otis his line of work. He replied he was out of work at present. His last position four years ago was with Barnum and Bailey's circus employed as fire-eater and sword swallower, but this job proved detrimental to his health. The stranger then asked Otis how he would like to have a job as soup taster. Otis replied that it would suit him fine for he loves to eat.

Then the real test as soup taster began. A blanket was wrapped around his anatomy and a funnel placed in his mouth. I f I remember correctly there were thirty-seven cans opened in all. The first poured down the funnel he answered quickly and correctly, it being tomato. Of course that was easy for Otis to answer for the past summer he was employed by Mr. Friel as ketchup maker and tomato taster. When the stranger poured the thirty-sixth can through the funnel he answered: "It's Being rather thick and slow to run throughthe funnel he answered: "It's hungarian goulash or jiblet stew." This was the only one he didn't answer correctly, it being muskrat stew.

Otis made the high average of ninety-nine percent and got the job and a farewell party was arranged by the Wind Bag Club.

Harry Roberts volunteered the use of his home his family being out of town. The party was slow to get underway due to our master of ceremonies Otto Pluto Caple arriving an hour late. He was full of apologies said he had been coon hunting and the dogs treed him instead of the coon.

—o—

George Aldridge interrupted for a minute telling Pluto to stop buying skunk hides and he wouldn't be late again. Pluto started the party in full sway by singing the Fox and the Hounds in B-flat accompanied by the harmonica played very sweetly by John Wimpy Jones. He also sang Blowing Off Steam in special arranged music by John Aker and his neuritis orchestra.

This was followed by the strong bass voice of Frank Morgan. His songs were Bullfrog on th Bank and its Turkey Time. Herman Moore sang four beautiful numbers. His first was When Your Milk Runs Low, Buy a Cow; Love and Bloom, "When You and I Were Young Maggie" and "Will You Love Me In July As You Do In February".

Jake Passwater was next. There was some mixup about his songs, for he was booked to sing that Gold Cup that Moffett gave to me but substituted instead The Old Caterpillar Buried in the Marsh. Our next singer was the golden voice of Doc Reese, whose songs were How Dry We Are and When Do Wet Our Whistle.

Will Schellberg sang a number composed by himself entitled "Over the Waves", and "The Volga Boatman". George Prouse was next with "Somebody Stole My Gal", and the Perry's Corner Shuffle. This was followed by Frank Delahay whose selections were "While I Am Eating Evelyn, Dear, I Will Be Thinking of You", and The Bowling Alley Blues.

Then Harry Onley was called on for a song but he said he was better at whistlin'.

Jake Passwater and George Aldridge said it would be bad for their nerves but Harry won out. His first number was "Listen to the Mocking Bird" and "Springtime in the Rockies".

This was followed by George Steinfelt's selections—In the Valley of the Moon, and Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight. Luce Crouch sang Lovely to Look At and Beautiful Katie, and Take Me Back Again Kathleen. The last of the songs were near completion when the Potter boys sang Tiptoeing Through the Tulips, When the Organ Played at Twilight, and Oh How Those Pool Balls Go Round and Round.

There were several other songs such as Charlie Delegatos' Italian ballad entitled He Took Out Her Eyes and Ate Them for Grapes.

Bill Bedford contributed Bye-Bye Blackbird and St. Louis Blues. Russell Poet with the Groundhog Blues and the saltwater song written by oyster.

Drowsy Morris warbled I Will Be Yours Annie 'Till the Cows Come Home.

Bob Weaver sang A Shanty in Old Shanty Town.

Our party ended with a funeral march played by John Aker and his neuritis orchestra.

THE Rambling Recorder

It is time for radio orchestras to tune in once more on the song, "Spring is in my Heart Again" written by the late William Woodin, Secretary of the Treasury in President Roosevelt's first few months in office. On Tuesday in spite of melting snow a southerly wind boosted the thermometer to sixty and the zero temperatures that made the early part of the month a backbender were pardoned.

—o—

The cardinal who was streaking a flash of red near Grace Church just before the frigid wave hit Maryland must have had advance word of the coming mild weather. He disappeared for the duration of the cold but on Sunday morning when it was still chilly with no sign of a break he was back again at sun up singing on the top twig of a tree as if it were May.

—o—

Some one hereabouts must be breaking up a collection of pennies or spent the wrong one by mistake. Among the change received from a store this week was a Lincoln cent with the shine of newness still visible. But the date on the coin was 1914. What's puzzling us is where the penny could have been for 22 years to pop out suddenly and fool us when we are looking for the first 1936 specimen.

—o—

Farmers in Queen Anne's who are in the dairy business are not faring so badly judging by the remarks of the singing milkman from Missouri on Major Bowes' amateur hour. The milkman and his brother have a 100-acre dairy farm, got 90c a hundred until recently and are now "doing fine" since the price has gone up to $1.50 a hundred. But he has made enough to study voice in New York.

—o—

A young lady out-argued us this week when she insisted that drivers are not stripping gears on cars any more. Now we are ready to resume the argument. Lee Price and his cousin took a spin around the race track Saturday and crashed through the ice on the lake that has grown up near the judges stand. And Lee did a fine job of stripping the reverse gear in the process.

—o—

Every once in a while some resident of Centreville gets a piece of mail with the postoffice notation "Missent to Centerville, Mo." or "Centerville, Ind." It is easy enough for careless penmanship to make a rapid "d" that looks like an "o" or to give an extra flourish to the first loop of the "M" so that it resembles an "I". Recently a typewritten address routed a letter to Missouri indicating that even machines can send mail on a detour. Centreville mail has chance enough to get on the wrong track. Not only is there a Centerville (not a P. O.) in Prince George's county in Maryland but there are 28 Centrevilles scattered among the forty-eight states of the Union.

—o—

Lawyers' Row welcomed a former acquaintance on Monday when Richard M. "Dick" Earle took his office equipment out of storage, hung up his shingle on the old Queen Anne's Bank building and resumed the practice of law. Formerly an active member of the Queen Anne's Bar Mr. Earle closed his office about four years ago and moved out of Maryland. Now he has come back to the county his ancestors helped to shape.

—o—

A pleasant reminder of the Christmas snowstorm came this week for Mrs. Homer Gilchrest of Wye Mills. Among the numerous persons snowbound at that time at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Price, was Alice Sligh Turnbull of Maple Shade, N. J., whose book "The Rolling Years" has just been published.

—o—

Mrs. Gilchrest has received an inscribed copy. The author is a niece of the Rev. Samuel McConnell, retired minister at Easton. The book has gained favorable reviews and is a story of family life in Western Pennsylvania.

—o—

The ladies of Bethany Church at Price deserve a large turnout at their coming supper. They are not putting any one in charge of the affair because they are all good enough cooks to be trusted to do the right thing without being told, a rare trick these days when committees seem to be necessary to keep the mixed pickle dishes filled and the coffee cups sliding into position on schedule with the oysters.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

DOWN ON THE FARM

Poetry as made up by one of the constituents of the Honorable Louis Ludlow, Congressman from Indiana, and read into Congressional Record in the course of a House debate:

—o—

Down on the farm, 'bout half past 4,
I slip on my pants and sneak out of the door;
Out of the yard I run like the dickens
To milk 10 cows and feed the chickens,
Clean out the barn, curry Nancy and Jiggs,
Separate the cream, and slop all the pigs,
Work 2 hours, then eat like a Turk,
And, by heck, I'm ready for a full day's work.

Then I grease the wagon and put on the rack,
Throw a jug of water in an old grain sack,
Hitch up the horses, hustle down the lane,
Must get the hay in, for it looks like rain.
Look over yonder! Sure as I'm born,
Cattle on the rampage and cows in the corn!
Start across the medder, run a mile or two,
Heaving like I'm wind-broke, get wet clear through.
Get back to the horses, then for recompense
Nancy gets a-straddle the barbed-wire fence.
Joints all a-aching and muscles in a jerk,
I'm fit as a fiddle for a full day's work.

Work all summer till winter is nigh,
Then figure up the books and heave a big sigh.
Worked all year, didn't make a thing;
Got less cash now than I had last spring.
Now, some people tell us that there ain't no hell,
But they never farmed, so they can't tell.
When spring rolls 'round I take another chance.
While the fringe grows longer on my old gray pants.
Give my s'penders a hitch, my belt another jerk,
And, by heck, I'm ready for a full year's work.

SPLITTING THE SWAG

Settlement as arrived at in the highly vexing problem of naming a postmaster at Street, Harford County, according to the Midland Journal:

—o—

After a deadlock of 18 months in the Democratic State Central Committee of Harford county in the selection of a candidate for postmaster at Street, a compromise was agreed on over the week-end between the two candidates, Mrs. Evelyn B. McBride and Frank Amoss.

Mrs. McBride is to be made postmaster with Mr. Amoss assistant, the office to be left in Amoss' store, the rent and incidental expenses of the office to be deducted from the moneys due, the salary of the postmaster and assistant to be pooled, and Mrs. McBride and Mr. Amoss to divide it evenly.

COME ONE, COME ALL!

A new way to rally the faithful in overcoming a C. O. D. tag is exhibited in the Newtown (Conn.) Bee:

—o—

A new record for the Electrical Orchestra (fondly called "our coffee grinder" by some of the boys) has actually arrived. At the time of this writing, it reposes at the Sandy Hook Postoffice with a C. O. D., waiting patiently to be "bailed out."

Come One, Come All, and hear these new pieces played with the feeling that only our "coffee grinder" can put into the playing. Cost 25c. Place, Hawley Manor. Time, anytime Friday evening.

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

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

THE MAIL BAG

To the Editor:

I am a reader of your paper and all newspapers I can get. Here is how I see the political situation. Some of my statements may be wrong and not true for we all know not even Franklin D. Roosevelt tells the truth all the time only part of the time. What is a broken promise, a good Democrat, and the Constitution?

A broken promise is a political lie, a good Democrat is a man or woman voting the way they think best regardless of party and not putting party above their country, the Constitution is the supreme law of the land which all good American citizens should abide by —including the President and Congressmen too.

It is divided into three Powers, the President's Power, Congress and Supreme Court.

The President is a public servant to serve the people in the rights of the Constitution. Congress makes the laws and represents the different states. The Supreme Court is the nine men who voice the people and tells Congress and the President when they are wrong. But our misfortune now is that we have a President and a Congress who does not believe in the Constitution or the Supreme Court. Franklin D. Roosevelt says to Congress you should protect your laws meaning curb the power of the Supreme Court, in other words to hell with the people lets think of ourselves. We the few should rule. Can you call that kind of man a Democrat? Governor Talmadge of Georgia, a Democrat is picked out to be a choice of the Jeffersonian Democrats. What does it mean? A man who believes in an American Constitutional Government with democracy—freedom for all. The Thomas Jefferson known as the great Jeffersonian Democrat and as the first Republican President of the country. Senator Norris goes under the name of Republican. He says curb the power of the Supreme Court. Well, Mr. Norris you might be a Republican to some people but I can not call you or any one who believes your way a good American citizen. And Senator Borah, another supposed to be Republican, you ought to take up farming, raising potatoes.

Here are some men that are Democrats: Edward W. Curley, who speaks for liberty, the free press, our freedom; Bainbridge Colby, Secretary of State under Woodrow Wilson who believes in American Democratic Government; Carter Glass, the Democrat of Virginia, who says Franklin D. Roosevelt's administration will be known as the Administration of insanity.

In 1936, November 3, vote for your country and yourself. Do not put party above country or yourself

LACY WINDSOR.

Grasonville, Md.

—o—

Editor's Note: Should anyone see the "political situation" from a different angle, the Record would be pleased to receive letters for the Mail Bag.

To the Editor:

Enclosed herewith you will find an outline of a talk on community life that I recently heard. I hope you will publish it in the Record.

CITIZEN.

—o—

The inhabitants of most of our small towns can usually be grouped into six general classes:

1—Leaders.
2—The Active Workers.
3—The Supporters.
4—The Neutrals.
5—The Kickers and Knockers.
6—The Obstructionists.

1. The Leaders are those with sufficient foresight, courage and energy to plan and organize projects for civic improvement. Successful things don't "just happen", but are the result of well laid plans.

2. The Active Workers are equally important, for without them the leaders could accomplish nothing worthwhile. They are more numerous and consist of those public spirited citizens who are willing to work and cooperate with the leaders.

3. The Supporters are also particularly valuable. Although less active than the second group, these are they who encourage and enable the first two groups to carry on by giving words of praise and occasional help. It also covers those who will defend the workers whenever they are being criticised.

4. The Neutrals are those who are satisfied with things as they are, but are also willing to see improvements tried. They do not help very much, but on the other hand, they do little to hinder.

5. The Kickers and Knockers are those who seem to delight in criticising those in the upper groups, and in making unfair statements regarding the amount of money they are supposed to be receiving from any project which they propose. At that, these frequently serve a useful purpose by spurring the leaders into carrying forward their plans regardless of such unfair comment.

6. The Obstructionists! Fortunate is the town which has none of these, as they are the people who refuse to give the consent which is sometimes necessary for the carrying out of an improvement; also those who block progress from reasons of personal benefit or petty spite.

We must encourage our citizens, as far as possible, to align themselves with the upper groups in this classification. We must remember, also, that while it is highly important to have outstanding and major accomplishments to which we can point with pride, it is also vital not to overlook the many little improvements which our doing, will, by example, encourage others to do, and which are equally necessary in order to make a complete and wonderful whole.

THE POET'S CORNER

HYACINTHS

I remember that grandmother used to say,
"Plant hyacinths on a windy day,
And all your troubles will vanish away."
Like a folded bulb, she was small and brown,
Yet she walked, a queen, in her soft black gown,
With lace on the hair that was snowy white—
I can see her now, as she said that night,
Talking to me of hyacinths. . . .

"They are not afraid of the dark," she said
"You may tuck each bulb in its earthly bed
And know it will rise when the spring is here,
For the blessing of God is on all, my dear
Who dream in a narrow bed."

They bloomed for her on the day she went,
A tired old lady and well content
To rest for a time in her narrow bed—
I remember now that she smiled and said,
"They are not afraid of the dark."

—Mary Stanley.

Washington should be referred to as The City Bureauful. — Manchester Union.

—o—

Nowadays a woman looks in the mirror to be sure her hat isn't on straight. —Boston Herald.

Dame Rumor Says

Now that the spring thaw has come (or has it), it's about time that a certain Centrevillian took down his Christmas decorations.

—o—

Your Old Lady has been advised that one of the two fancy horns in the Second District that refused to blow has started blowing. Will the owner of the second please speak up!

—o—

That gentleman up at Crumpton who has been contemplating some elaborate tree dentistry for many moons, finally strapped on the climbing irons early this week and extracted a twig. An admiring crowd gazed on in awe and gave vent to a great burst of enthusiasm when the mighty deed had been committed.

—o—

A learned Centrevillian who has been using the back door all winter to avoid shoveling the snow off the front porch is now using the front door. Thanks, Old Sol, for your beaming rays.

—o—

If a high-stepping Chester husband would take his wife to the movies on Saturday night he wouldn't have that terrible dark brown taste in his mouth Sunday morning.

—o—

The Wye Mills crowd that has been chipping in to send a buddy to Kent Island has run out of change. Must have had a rubber string on him the way he bounced back.

—o—

That county seat speed demon wouldn't crack up so often if he stayed below seventy.

—o—

A Kent Island lassie thinks life is worth while again—now that traffic between Love Point and Light Street has been resumed.

—o—

A pair of goggles has been ordered for Tim the Maestro.

—o—

"Two more drinks and I would have been pie-eyed" was the way one of the county seat slickers was overheard describing his adventures of the night before. And his comments were spilled in a public place in a loud tone.

—o—

A fidgety Centreville matron is in the habit of rousing her husband in the dead of night when anyone in the neighborhood steps on a starter. "They're stealing the car out of the back yard", she shouts. Hubbie is getting weary of these false alarms.

—o—

If several of the Sudlersville card sharks weren't so noisy at their favorite game, the out-of-towners would enjoy themselves more.

—o—

Up Pondtown way a gent got to feeling so good the other night that he said "yes, sir" to everything. Better watch his step. This is Leap year.

—o—

A certain county preacher bedecked himself in his cut-away, wing-tipped collar and boutonniere a short time back and collected a $5 fee. Another came forth in everyday attire and tucked away a twenty.

—o—

And while on the subject of raiment, the latest Romeo of a Sudlersville lassie lost his best hat while returning from the movies the other night. He lost his balance on the ice and the wind did the rest.

—o—

It has just leaked out that a Centreville clerk put on a swooning act in Church Hill on a recent Sabbath with no other thought in mind than that he would get a shot of wine as a restorative.

—o—

Word of caution to a somewhat sassy widow who thinks she has her job sewed up for life: Take nothing for granted. Keep pulling wires.

—o—

A Sudlersville gent is making a nuisance out of himself by borrowing his neighbor's newspaper. How about loosening up a bit?

—o—

'Tis said that one of the leading citizens of Pondtown gave himself away when he had his typist address a valentine to a neighbor.