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

If there is nothing to conceal then why conceal it? Everybody knows that corruption thrives in secret places, and avoids public places, and we believe it a fair presumption that secrecy means impropriety. So, our honest politicians and our honorable corporation heads owe it to their reputations to bring their activities out into the open.—Woodrow Wilson.

OUT OF THE BOG

Announcement elsewhere in this issue that Queen Anne's County will have only $14,000 for new road construction in the fiscal year ending September 30, 1936, will doubtless come as a keen disappointment to many residents.

Coming at a time when many sections of the dirt roads are axle deep in mud to a farm wagon and are impassable to school busses and automobiles, the announcement is anything but cheerful.

But apparently that is all the money that will be available and it is up to State and County officials to make the most of it.

Making the most of it, in our opinion, would be to forget all ideas of new or elaborate road construction and systematically set about improving the dirt roads to make them passable the year around.

Anybody knows that $14,000 is only a drop in the bucket when applied on the 380 miles of dirt roads within the county's borders.

But that amount of money sprinkled wisely with the $40,000 set aside for road maintenance could work wonders. For instance, graveling of a dozen bad spots in the Spaniard's Neck section would open up that entire territory the year around.

Doubtless in numerous other areas similar conditions exist where the application of gravel or oyster shells would go far toward linking other stretches that have largely withstood the unprecedented freeze and thaw

Certainly with such a small amount of money available no hard surfacing aside from Ruthsburg and Templeville already programmed should be undertaken. Hard surfacing on the basis of the Ruthsburg and Templeville estimates runs around $12,000 a mile.

In years past it is known that the County has contracted for gravel at the rate of 50c a ton delivered. Present estimates indicate that the price will run around 70c delivered on a county-wide average. A ton of gravel will fix about six feet of road, and $14,000's worth plus $40,000 for maintenance will straighten out many a boggy stretch and tie it up with portions that remain passable. Gravel or shells will do the job.

In our opinion those in charge should immediately survey every school bus route in the county and see what can be done about making the roads passable. Next should come the rural mail routes to make them something besides a quagmire.

Political considerations should be forgotten. The only yardstick to apply is the greatest need to the greatest number of people.

No boulevard should be built up to anybody's gate because that person happens to have a fist full of votes.

If the county tosses the small roads allowance into two or three fairly elaborate projects to the detriment of the great rank and file of taxpayers there should and will be a number of rather blunt questions asked.

Let's get out of the bog before we build any boulevards.

TREASURING HISTORY

Queen Anne's county has always been so rich in historical lore that its people have made an individual matter of treasuring the records which tie the present to the past.

Until recently the same statement might have been made about Maryland itself. Yet the State during Governor Ritchie's administration awoke to the need of preserving historical data by erecting a permanent Archives building.

In Queen Anne's, despite several abortive efforts to form an historical society, no united effort has been developed to cherish such data.

As a consequence valuable material has been wasted or lost.

Official records in the Courthouse have been kept at the barest minimum because of lack of storage space. As the new crowds out the old various volumes and documents have been destroyed.

It is possible that none of these would be of value fifty years from now. It is also possible that some few would be. A group from an historical society examining from their angle rather than the legal one might sift out the worthwhile from the unimportant.

When the DeCourcy estate at Queenstown was sold a few years ago it was reported that several trunks filled with documents were emptied and their contents destroyed because the buyers were interested only in the containers.

The attempt by its new owner to restore Wye Hall, the site of colonial activity in the days of Governor Paca, is dependent chiefly upon the memory of people now living. What information was available before the fire of forty years ago perished in the blaze.

Scattered through a hundred homes in the county are letters, relics, deeds, documents, pictures, clippings, volumes and other material which, if collected, would be a treasure house for future delvers into the vanished years.

The need of an historical association in Queen Anne's for collecting, sorting and preserving such items as will record the past increases year by year. Time takes its toll of the older gen eration whose memory has been a reliance for information.

Sooner or later an historical association will be formed in Queen Anne's county. All that is required is for a few zealous souls to start the ball rolling.

SPRING'S AHEAD

When the first two leaves peel off the calendar and March gets the spotlight post, residents of Queen Anne's get on tiptoe mentally to catch the first glimmer of Spring.

It does not matter that the thick blanket of snow has but lately vanished and that winter is entitled to two more weeks.

All that counts is that the days are longer and the sun's strength grows. Brighter skies and touches of green lawns and fields tell that Spring is on its way and will be with us before we are aware.

Right now seeds and bulbs are finishing their winter's nap. A little more warmth will start them stirring under the mat of dried leaves.

Folks are looking over garden plots or garden magazines planning variations in their spots of beauty. More practical residents have feasted their eyes and hopes on seed catalogs.

Reports will soon filter in of robins and bluebirds being seen, of buds ready to burst on swamp bushes, of pussy willows thrusting their furry ears out. Watchers will mention the first dandelion in the grass, or the spears of jonquil or tulip nosing upwards from the ground.

Spring is headed this way to start the annual display of flowers, foliage and fruit. And like hosts peeping through windows for the first signs of expected guests , Queen Anne's citizens are keeping an observant eye cocked for the first harbingers of the vernal season.

ALAMO DAY

"Remember the Alamo" was the cry that inspired American pioneers to drive Mexicans out of Texas and start the United States on a course to the Pacific that ended in adding to the nation the huge southwest empire from Texas to California.

The Alamo will be remembered tomorrow, Friday, in the Lone Star State and throughout the country. For tomorrow is the hundredth anniversary of the capture of the old spanish mission at San Antonio where 183 frontiersmen were overwhelmed and killed to the last man by an army of Mexicans outnumbering them 100 to 1.

Texas holds its centennial of independence this year. Maryland, as one of the original thirteen states, will cordially salute Texas, the only state except the original thirteen which was free and sovereign before it entered the Union. Such commonwealths alone know the true heritage of State's Rights.

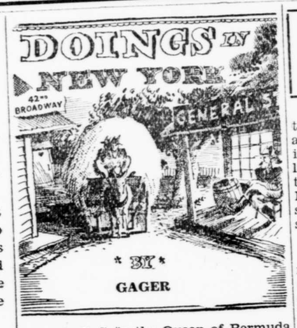
"RAISING HOBGOBLINS"

It is all right to criticise the Administration," remarks the orthodox Republican Hartford Courant, "but when Col. Knox or any other speaker says, as the Colonel did in Cleveland, that 'The choice of the American people is whether they will become vassals to a dictator in the guise of a Democratic President or remain free citizens of a free Republic' the exaggeration is so great as to carry no conviction whatever. Let us by all means face the realities of the campaign and raise up fewer hobgoblins to fight so furiously."

Col. Knox' main claim to fame, or at least the line he uses most figuratively in writing captions for his pictures, is that "He Rode With Teddy's Rough Riders".

Never, throughout our history, has a man who lived a life of ease left a name worth remembering.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Mrs. Huey P. Long has accepted her husband's vacant seat in the U. S. Senate. Noted far and wide as an excellent cook maybe her platform will be "Share The Cake".—Federalsburg Times.



An S. O. S. to the Queen of Bermuda from the S. S. Victoria delayed the Queen 24 hours reaching New York last week. Consequently Dick James, Fred Lockwood and George Wasey and the ship's crew were all late getting back home. It later developed that the effects were still with Lockwood because he missed four trains before finally catching one back to the Windy city.

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While some of the boys were eating peanuts on Mr. Jensen the other evening Art Anderson came along and decided to bide his time awhile and miss another train. He failed however, to produce any new stories for the first time in his life though mention was made by him that his publication was fast overhauling its big rival. Come to think of it apologies are due Mr. Anderson. He did tell a new story.

—o—

A sampling job of Boutonnieres (flowers to you folks) has recently been making its rounds among large New York offices. The idea is that a fresh flower will be delivered to you each morning by Western Union and moreover a different flower each day. It is an appealing idea except that it is impossible for W. U. to know how the person is feeling on a certain day so the flower will match his mood. Best bet for them would be to send a lily every other day and they are sure to be right fifty percent of the time.

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Early this month horseman Harry Casswell, of Springfield, Mass., will follow turf enthusiasts who are already over in England; including J. H. (Jock) Whitney and Pete Bostwick. All are expected to view the Grand National, the famous English race classic. No reports indicate that Mr. Casswell expects to do anything more than watch the big race.

—o—

Everybody seems to be on their way to the sunny south or are already there. Just a case in point, Steve Birch is furiously sending postcards to everyone he knows postmarked from all over the state of Florida. Ralph Semler left last week for Jacksonville, and aboard Charles Walgreen's yacht in Bahama waters is a host of his friends including Dr. Weiss and his son.

Even President Roosevelt is scheduled for his annual fishing trip in the British West Indies.

—o—

When the semi-annual 6-day bike race at the Madison Square Garden ended last Saturday night over 50,000 people had figuratively been taken for a ride just to watch a conglameration of international peddlers go round and around and then end up just where they started.

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Perry Shepard reports that the University dinner of the Sigma Phi Fraternity held last night at the Commodore Hotel was a great success and everyone was there.

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For the first time in the history of the New Yorker this publication brought out their issue on the twenty-ninth of February and it will be another twenty-eight years before it happens again. That's an awfully long time to wait.

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And speaking of the New Yorker have you noticed the pictures of two popular night club entertainers, Chick Endor and Charlie Farrell, in that magazine ad. The names don't fit the pictures. Their names are underneath each other's picture.

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A racoon coat has been walking around the Graybar Building all winter long. Someone had the happy thought the other day to take a look underneath it and low and behold if it wasn't Tom Patterson inside.

—o—

John H. Winters not only is on a diet but also is busy distributing pills all over the place to mutual friends to act as live guinea pigs. That's friendship for you.

—o—

Many jolly little parties made up the large gathering that viewed a recent presentation of the stirring drama of Murder in the Red Barn shown nightly at the theatre near 56th Street and Lexington Ave. Among those present was an especially lively group of three including Albert Miller of Scarsdale and New York and Jim Hooley of Boston. The third member of this party was a young chap who is seen constantly in most night spots of the town and is quite a favorite in society. His name is withheld for obvious reasons, across the street from the 21 club.

—o—

Last Saturday afternoon quite a bit of comment was made about the modern fixtures of the new men's cocktail bar at the Roosevelt Hotel. Disapproval, however, was directed toward the electrical cocktail shaker fastened to the bar which eliminated any exertion on the part of the barman as an electric switch immediately sent the shaker into motion. Everyone seemed in favor of the old fashion way. In fact the only old fashion feature of the whole place was the use of a metal crank in raising the awnings. Even this feature will probably be done away with as soon as the boys get around to it.

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On of the most popular places to congregate Saturday afternoons is the Grand Central Station. The reason being that there is now playing on the upper level a W. P. A. orchestra which renders a varied selection of semi-classical pieces to suit the most exacting of tastes.

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Who was the individual who called station W. O. R. the other morning by telephone and demanded an immediate audition? And when refused burst into a chorus of On the Road to Mandalay.

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So far the only thing the the month of March has brought in has been the elevator strike. It is too early to as certain just how severe it may be in tying up business generally, but from the health standpoint it is said there is no better exercise than walking up stairs. But who wants to get that healthy.

THE Rambling Recorder

Spring is in the air this week and the weather wise who believe in signs are pondering. To some March came in like a lamb and must grow into a lion. To others the first three days of the month presage the weather for March, April and May with the prospects of this week beckoning toward a satisfactory season.

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Still others tell us that a fog in February betokens a frost in May. The fog of last Thursday evening was such a complete blanket that Senator William R. Wilson could not drive from Ingleside to the merchants' open meeting in the Courthouse. If a frost comes in May there will always be last Thursday to blame it on.

—o—

Signs of spring are multiplying. Bright skies overhead and mud underfoot. Red dresses on the streets now that coats are shed. Lawns and gardens with a muddy fuzz of dead leaves. Archie Dewing peeling down the awning on the Sunset to see what it will take for the summer. The ding-dong bell for the first sheriff's sale at the Courthouse door Saturday afternoon with a fair crowd on hand. New cars on the road and more smiles on the sidewalks.

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School children are no longer privileged to lock their teachers out on Pancake Day, or Shrove Tuesday, as they did when Graham Watson taught the upper grades in the old Yellowbrick, as the Academy was called. Graham was blocked out annually when the doors and windows were nailed or bottles of fumigant tossed in the stove. When Graham finally got a session started one year a daring lad lugged a canoe to the roof at the noon hour and draped it over the chimney. Even the teacher had to cough his way out of the smoky room.

—o—

Ray Tabler got part of the advantage of a trip to Florida without actually taking the long ride A word in time spoken to Charles West, Jr., before the latter left for the land of winter sunburn brought unexpected returns when the expressman delivered a crate of oranges and grapefruit, half and half, to Mr. Tabler's door.

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Centreville's grand old lady, Mrs. A. R. Weedon, who passed on last week gave only one Christmas gift at the last Yuletide season but it breathed an atmosphere of the kindly qualities and wise understanding which made Mrs. Weedon so well-beloved by her friends. The gift was an unbreakable doll which Mrs. Weedon selected herself and sent to eleven-months old Erald Whittington Shea with the request that it be called "Martha Johanna" after herself. There was a further suggestion that the doll be played with rather than tucked away to keep its dainty clothes clean. Such tokens keep memory green for another lifetime.

—o—

Dr. Sam Price in speaking of the hilarious Windbag column tells us that it can't come too hot for robust Queenstown There is one community where they can take it—but they can also dish it out.

The Wind Bag Club

BY JOHN EMBERT

Dick Greaves, of Wye Island, a most prosperous farmer and the largest wheat grower in that section, was a visitor at the Wind Bag Club room. After clearing his mouth of snuff juice, he reports the following.

A lot of the old heads still persist in talking of the blizzard of '88 and being a youngster going to school at the time, he admits the snow was pretty deep. His mother had to serve the family meals in the attic for three days. Nevertheless he claims this to be the most severe winter of all. The other morning there was no drinking water available at all and as far as he could see Eastern Bay was nothing but ice. Dick says that when the ice begins to break, Bennett's Point will be at the bottom of Wye River and he will be in Talbot

—o—

Doc Reese says while visiting the beer taverns he doesn't mind the boys striking matches on his baldhead, but when he falls asleep they take his boots off and pour the waste beer in them, causing alcoholic feet.

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S. J. Dolby, operator of a general store, had a most profitable day's receipts from the sale of his valentines but some of the people took advantage of the comic ones and he was forced to cancel his carload order from Sears-Roebuck.

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Joseph Ginsberg, for many years a prosperous merchant, reports a larger sale of boots and hightop shoes this winter than ever before and wishes to thank his many patrons for brightening the corner.

—o—

Joe Anthony a graduate of Centreville High School in the class of thirty-three is employed as lumber clerk in the daytime. He can be seen every evening after sundown on his way to night school crossing Little Creek on the ice with his flashlight and bag of gingercakes. He's taking a postgraduate course in agriculture under the tutoring of Miss Peggy Gibson.

—o—

Dewey Price thought he would step out on his wife Edna, so he bought a new suit with the intentions of keeping it at the garage where he is employed. It was purchased on the installment plan paying a dollar down and the rest when you catch me. He was dubious as to whether it would be a good fit because one of his legs is shorter than the other, but he was assured by the agent this could easily be remedied. When the suit arrived by parcel post he could hardly wait until he tried it on and much to his surprise the tailor had shortened the wrong leg this causing him to wear it hind part before until our blacksmith Jim Thompson gets a chance to weld an extension leg on it.

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

QUICK JAMES, THE MULES !

THE MAIL BAG

To the Editor:

A good newspaper man should always be sure of his facts before making statements in cold type.

In your last issue of the Record you stated that the Marylander and Herald was owned by Senator Harry T. Phoebus. This is a miss-statement of facts and we expect you to correct this false impression in the same manner in which you made the charge.

The Marylander and Herald is owned by Mr. James E. Byrd of Princess Anne, and for one hundred and eight years has been a democratic newspaper and we resent your inference that our paper might be painted with Republicanism.

Yours very truly,
JAMES E. BYRD, JR.
Business Manager.

Editor's Note: Statement of ownership which appeared in the Marylander and Herald under date of October 4, 1935, said in part—"That the owners . . . owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock . . . are: Eastern Shore Publishing Co., James E. Byrd, Princess Anne, Md.

"That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities . . . are: Harry T. Phoebus, Princess Anne, Md. (The names of Messrs. Byrd and Phoebus are the only ones appearing in the statement of ownership.)

If Mr. Byrd read an inference out of our remarks last week that his "paper might be painted with Republicanism", he gained an inference that was not intentionally placed there.

The above statement of ownership speaks for itself.

We salute a newspaper 108 years old. May she long wave for Democracy's cause.

To the Editor:

Senator Radcliffe is a native of the Eastern Shore and has had every opportunity to ascertain the sentiment of people of his section regarding the proposed Chesapeake Bay bridge. He, no doubt, knows that a large majority of people of the Eastern Shore live south of Easton and that his constituents in that section are not in favor of a bridge at its proposed location, but would be better served by a more frequent and cheaper ferry service between Kent Island and Annapolis, or some point on the Western Shore near Sandy Point.

If this ferry service is undertaken by the State, the Claiborne-Annapolis Ferry Company should receive proper compensation for its equipment and facilities—with a fair amount added for good will. Should the Claiborne-Annapolis Ferry Company continue to operate, it should provide for frequent trips, at less cost, and depend upon the increased traffic for proper compensation for doing so. Or, if the State takes over the company at a fair compensation, it should provide frequent ferry trips at less cost.

It appears to me that the Association of Commerce and many business men of Baltimore have failed to appreciate what is wanted by the majority of people living on the Eastern Shore, and it is these people they should seek to please, and not give undue weight to persons living on the Eastern Shore north of Kent Island and others having a financial interest in the proposed bay bridge.

The Reconstruction Finance Corporation adopted a reasonable attitude toward the project, if it is correctly reported that it was willing to lend from $2,500,000 to $3,000,000 if Mr. Ickes was prepared to make an outright grant of $4,500,000, and expected that the balance necessary—say, twenty-five per cent. of the cost—would be raised from sources other than the National Government or any of its agencies.

I should say that the people of the Eastern Shore and the State as a whole have adopted the attitude that if all of the funds are to come from the National Government, well and good, but that the project does not justify any substantial appropriation by the State of Maryland, and private investors would hardly purchase a security junior to a lien of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation as a sound investment without the direct guarantee of the State.

E. H. WORTHINGTON.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

MENCKEN FLAYED

Wherein The Rambler, veteran commentator on the world scene in the Democrat and News, Cambridge, puts Henry L. "Bilious Hank" Mencken in his place without coining a single new word:

—o—

H. L. Mencken, the nationally known infidel, who denies and defies God, and ridicules the story of the virgin birth of Christ; who proclaims all ministers to be hypocrites and all believers in the Christian religion to be blind, ignorant followers of a fake doctrine, and who would rejoice to see all our churches destroyed, last week published what he hoped would prove a crushing assault against President Roosevelt.

I believe what this disgusting and shameless writer had to say will strengthen the cause of the President, in that the Christian people of all religious denominations will register their rebuke to this unbelieving and conscienceless character, by voting for the re-election of President Roosevelt.

BLUE HEN DETRACTOR

Aspersion on the great State of Delaware as cast by Senator Connally of Texas in the course of a debate with Senator Hastings of Delaware on the floor of the U. S. Senate:

—o—

Mr. Connally: A man who comes from Delaware does not understand machine politics; of course, he knows nothing about bossism; he knows nothing about rival political organizations. A State with three counties when the tide is out and a county and a half when the tide is in (laughter), and over which the Senator can make a campaign in the afternoon before teatime does not know anything about machine politics.

RADIANT LIVING

THE DAWN OF INFINITE PLAY

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

You could never possibly be as discouraged as were the disciples when they returned from the place of crucifixion and shut themselves up with their despair in that little upper room in Jerusalem.

In losing their Christ, the disciples felt that they had lost their all. The ordeal of His crucifixion had eclipsed their faith.

But the Good Shepherd was not unmindful of His panic-stricken sheep. In the midst of their despair He suddenly appeared—that they might behold Him alive, hear His voice, grip His hand, and, if need be, to convince them of the resurrection fact, to thrust their hands into the wound in His side.

Nor is the Risen Christ unmindful of you. In those midnight hours of yours, when darkness is the most intense, the Good Shepherd is whispering into your ears of faith, "Lo, I am with you always!"

Oh, why do we not recognize that with us also is the presence of the Living Christ? To him to whom has come the consciousness of His living presence, no night can be quite so dark again, no despair can be quite so gripping as before, no doubting can be quite so undoing as in the past.

Your present ordeal which seems to be as a night of horrors may in reality be the ushering in unto you the dawn of an infinite day—a day which is infinite because it brings with it an undeniable and unfading realization of the presence of the Living Christ—a day in which you will enter into a closer and more vital fellowship with the God of Infinite Love!

Chalk Anthony, First Lieutenant of the Queenstown Volunteer Fire Company says when he isn't fighting fires it's fleas on his fourteen dogs. Also he reports there will be no soft crabs this summer for it will be late in October before the water warms up. Then winter will be just around the corner again.

—o—

Frank Higdon reports since Charlie Clifton his brother-in-law has become a star boarder at his home they are never lost for chin music, he being a human radio and the music goes round and round.

George Aker says he's ever so sorry that John Embert landed the job as reporter for the Wind Bag Club for he has to part with one of his best loved trinkets—a medal he won and has held in his possession for forty odd years. It was given him while working in the coal mines of West Virginia for being the biggest liar that ever landed in those parts.

It is a fact which all people can verify if you hear an unusual word or name for the first time, you meet with it again in the course of 24 hours.—Edgar Wallace.

Dame Rumor Says

Hot shot bearing a Church Hill postmark:

Dear Dame Rumor:

Several citizens in the upper county are wondering if the Poet's Corner is responsible for the increase in the price of your paper! While the poems are over their heads they still ponder if the efforts of the so-called "registered poets" are responsible for the advance in price.

A SUBSCRIBER.

—o—

No, the poetry is tossed in for good measure. How many would pay more for the paper if we left it out?—D. R.

—o—

Signs of leap year are in evidence around I. B., and a lot of folks are willing to bet that she'll land her man.

—o—

Queenstown is believed to have the champion runner. A certain gent who missed a ride to a big city county seat function arrived in Centreville before those who rode in style.

—o—

A young Chester matron has no respect for her elders. She calls them by their first name right out in public.

—o—

Sensible advice handed to a notorious Church Hill eavesdropper by one of the town's business men: "Please hang up until I get my long distance call through, then you can listen to every word."

—o—

Aside to the Overlooking Gent in Kent: "If you won't pick up a story that will help a guy, don't pick up one calculated to give him a kick in the pants."

—o—

A certain Sudlersvillian feels so big that he parks in the middle of the street every time he comes to the county seat.

—o—

Up at Templeville a gal used "muddy roads" as an excuse for moving closer to her Romeo. She said she couldn't get to her duties from where she was, but the fact of the matter was the boy friend was blocked off from his usual calls.

—o—

A Kent Island gal who likes to hob with the solons was disappointed no end when the rudder broke on the boat. It's dollars to concrete beer mugs she'll take the first one after it's fixed.

—o—

The Chester fem who was told that she would have to wait for her Christmas gift until the half-price sales arrived got her present last week. She can't make up her mind whether her playmate is a tightwad or thrifty.

—o—

A Centreville Hotspur who has been in the habit of driving down a certain driveway and parking his Sugar Plum in the back yard got mired the other night and had to call for help. He told his Plum to step around the corner of the house and wait until he ordered the mules.

—o—

If a certain county seat matron doesn't stop telling a gent how rosy his cheeks are and how fine he looks since he took on weight, he'll be misled into developing a waist line.

The Good Old Days

Stevensville did not always appreciate the Queenstown brand of dramatics judging from the biting item sent by a Queenstown correspondent "Felix" to the Centreville Record of May 3, 1890. Says Felix:

—o—

The Dramatic Troupe of our town gave an entertainment in Beitzel's Hall, Stevensville, on Monday of last week, but as they were so sparsely patronized by the citizens there we do not intend to let them show there again, as they don't know how to appreciate a good thing when they see it.

Of course there are exceptions and we gladly make them here. However, we determined to show a magnanimous spirit so when the Island Troupe gave their entertainment here last Tuesday our town was well represented and our entire troupe with one exception attended. In fact, our citizens made up one-half of the audience. The play was excellent but we failed to procure the names of the best and most prominent actors.