Queen Anne's Record

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

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.

Subscription Price $1.50 a year in advance anywhere in Maryland. Out of State Subscriptions $2 a year in advance.

Adverising rates furnished upon application.

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

QUOTATION OF THE WEEK

Among the earliest sounds of spring is the cheerful, simple homely song of the song sparrow; and in March we also hear the piercing cadence of the meadow lark—to us one of the most attractive of all bird calls. Of late years now and then we hear the rollicking, bubbling melody of the bobolink in the pastures back of the barn, and when the full chorus of these and many other of the singers of spring is dying down there are some true hot weather songsters such as the brightly hued indigo buntings and the thistle finches.—Theodore Roosevelt.

CLEAR UP THE MUDDLE

The muddle that has existed in the financial affairs of Queen Anne's County apparently is to drag on and on.

Another week has rolled by and the controversy between the former Treasurer and the Board of County Commissioners obviously is no nearer settlement.

Apparently, as predicted in last week's Record, the mandamus action by which publication of the County Auditing Committee's report was to be forced has collapsed for lack of a joined issue.

The controversy thus goes into a pigeonhole to lie there gathering dust—but smoldering.

Meanwhile John Q. Taxpayer, who has a right to the fullest information on his affairs, has no way of knowing who's right, who's wrong, or whether, perhaps, both sides are wrong.

Both sides were wrong, in our opinion, when the controversy got into court.

It could have been settled, as Judge Keating pointed out, by the fullest cooperation of all parties concerned.

It still could be settled if the fires of political passion and bias could be stilled, the good of the county placed first and foremost, and personalities thrust into the background where they belong.

Is it not time that past and present officials, counsel for both sides, members of the auditing committee, and representatives of bondsmen sit down at the table in a spirit of friendliness and cooperation.

If the books were lugged out in that light, certainly heads or tails could be made of the many confusing claims and counter claims.

It is time to get together and find out what's what.

TOO FAR FROM BASE

Announcement of Maryland's proposed Two-Year road building program as set forth by map last week is not one that will bring joy and cheer to the upper Eastern Shore.

Highways charted included a long stretch from Preston to Salisbury, another from Easton to Trappe, and a short section in the vicinity of Pocomoke City.

The entire area north of Easton lies, cartographically speaking, in a wilderness. No pen falls in the region to extend even so much as a hope.

In the announcement there was no mention of the dual highway, proposed last summer, that would drop like a plumb bob from the Sassafras to the Choptank at Cambridge and head for Sinepuxent Bay and the blue Atlantic.

Salisbury, in the most recent example of road-map making is the chief Shore beneficiary. Already located only a hop, skip and a jump from the duPont Highway, Salisbury would more than ever be placed in a dominating business position.

A glance at the map immediately reminds one of Robinson Crusoe's lack of foresight in carving his boat. Robinson, it will be remembered, picked out a magnificent log and set to work. The chips flew and eventually the day dawned that he was to launch his craft.

Lo and behold he had chosen a log too far from the water. The finished boat was never floated—too heavy to be moved.

Obviously the purpose of any boulevard building on the Eastern Shore is to open up the Shore—to open it up with the outside world.

Opening it up does not mean to start far down on the Shore and carve out a boulevard for an island region that has no adequate link with a main line North and South route such as the Baltimore-Philadelphia Road.

Why not start, as originally proposed, at Sassafras River and head south. Build and open up at the same time—and systematically.

Everybody knows that the lower Shore makes use of the magnificent duPont Highway in heading North. The upper Shore has no such outlet.

Supplying first needs first would be the better way.

Robinson Crusoe carved out his canoe too far from water.

Why make the same mistake in carving out the first section of a Shore boulevard system too far from what it is designed to accomplish.

AS WINTER PASSES

The last issue of Queen Anne's Record chronicled eight deaths, an unusual number for a single week. More striking was the fact that all those passing on were elderly, and all but one above the familiar span of three-score years and ten. The ages listed were 93, 86, 83, 81, 78, 75, 73 and 69.

There is a popular belief somewhat supported by figures that while people die at any time of day the mortality is heaviest in the hours that precede the dawn. Physicians say that resistance becomes low as night drags on.

There is a similar belief that the fag end of winter is also a period of death. It is summed up in the remark attributed generations ago to a backwoodsman, "I always notice that if I live through March I live through the rest of the year."

A bitter winter such as that of 1936 takes its toll of elderly folks. In spite of careful attention their resistance is lowered by the severe weather, inability to get enough sunshine, exposure to sudden drafts.

Getting through the last hours of night or the last weeks of winter is like pulling over a hill. So often people lack the last push of vitality to send them coasting on for another period.

The hard season cut its aftermath in Queen Anne's last week. But there is a ray of thankfulness and a tribute to the longevity on the Eastern Shore that those who passed on enjoyed to the full the span of years allotted to man on earth.

P-T A LEADERS

The Centreville Parent-Teachers' Association changed pilots Friday evening when Mrs. Oliver C. Jones completed the customary two terms in the president's post and Mrs. A. Sydney Gadd, Jr., was elected her successor.

Mrs. Jones proved herself an energetic, persistent, far-sighted leader. She guided the activities of the organization tactfully and left her successor a well-knit, harmonious association.

Perhaps more than any one else she was responsible for the addition to the Elementary School now being erected. During her terms of office she clung tenaciously to the problem of enlarging school facilities, trying one avenue after another until the WPA project was secured.

Her other important goal was maintaining and increasing the supply of free lunches for undernourished school children. The total of 2598 such lunches during the first half of the present school year is a measure of her success.

Mrs. Gadd comes to her new office with much experience in organization work. Her election is a deserved reward for previous services and with her the future of the P-T A is in good hands.

FAIR TRIAL

A dog matures faster than a baby, a turtle faster than a dog. In tests of relative intelligence, at the age of six hours the turtle would win; at six weeks the dog; at six years the child. The higher the type of organism or organization, the more nearly mature it must be for its worth to be correctly appraised.

Modern government and business are so complex that a social program must have considerable time to develop before its value can be appraised. Yet a short-sighted public demands immediate results. To meet this difficulty the public may be indoctrinated and criticism suppressed; or effort may be made to produce spectacular results not necessarily implicit in the program.

Both of these methods are dangerous, and breed demagogues. Long-range social programs can have fair trial only as people appreciate the problems, and learn to use competent men for advice and appraisal. Correct measurement of results requires fair play, patience, and trained intelligence.—Dr. Arthur E. Morgan in Antioch Notes.

Any girl can handle the beast in a man if she's cagey enough.

—o—

It is the spirit behind beauty, rather than mere physical perfection itself, which singles a woman out from amongst others of her kind.—Wilder Anthony.

—o—

Happiness, I have discovered, is nearly always a rebound from hard work.—David Grayson.

—o—

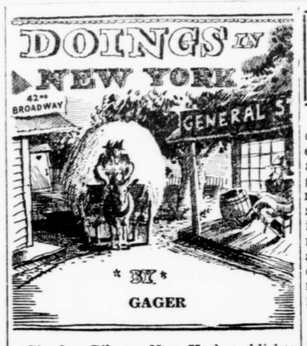
Some men mellow with age, like wine, but others get still more astringent, like vinegar.—Henry C. Rowland.

—o—

Nursing is the most personal and impersonal profession in the world.—Peter B. Kyne.

—o—

Contemporary literature can be classified under three headings—the neurotic, the erotic, and the tommy-rotic.—Prof. W. Giese.



Stanley Gibson, New York publisher and former Queen Anne's resident, is looking for a London correspondent.

—o—

New-businessman Howard Williams and Attorney Margaret Cowley are on Dr. Ralli's famous reducing diet. Howard is looking for a tailor and was caught eating forbidden gravy on his turkey at the Biltmore.

—o—

Freddy Lockwood, Borg-Warner advertising manager, was in town from Chicago to present their new $10,000 Gorham silver trophy for winners of the Indianapolis Speed Classic.

—o—

Crack insurance broker, Chas. A. Cox, hopped the rattler for Toledo recently to attend nephew Jim Rudy's wedding. Young Jim is going places with Owens-Illinois Glass Company, and uncle Charley reports that the new in-laws live in big houses on the hill.

—o—

Countess Anita Ludwiegstorff is planning to visit friends in New York.

—o—

If Westbrook Pegler, eminent columnist for publisher Roy Howard doesn't call on Mde. Breyscha during his stay in Vienna, he will miss knowing one of the most charming women of the Old World. The famous and beautiful song, "Wien, Wien, City of My Dreams" was written for her by a love-sick young Berlinite twenty-five years ago.

—o—

Absorbine Jr.'s Harry Caswell has okayed his way through Athlete's Foot advertising and is all set to take the boat for Europe next week. Al Miller follows several wekes later.

—o—

E. J. Smith, English medicine man, is sailing on the Queen Mary's maiden voyage, leaving Southampton docks, May 27th.

—o—

Ham Fisher, Joe Palooka cartoonist, signed a three-contract with Paramount Pictures to do a series of Palooka shorts styled after the famous old "Leather Pushers."

—o—

Jerry Pagewood, practical artist, showed up from Chicago last week.

—o—

The World-Telegram had it in a story that Margaret McKeon was married . . . "Mrs. Margaret McKeon, of Brooklyn . . . " so the story ran.

—o—

In another newspaper story, a misstatement spoke of the "late" Peter B. Kyne, famous novelist. Pete is one of the healthiest Irishmen that ever spoke highly of San Francisco's foggy climate.

—o—

Macelland Barclay, illustrator of early Fisher body fame, got married again.

—o—

Nancy Carroll's former husband, Bolton Mallory, is basking in the Gulf of Mexico's wonderful sun and writing lyrical letters about his new 16-year-old Mexican bride.

RADIANT LIVING

FOR THEIR SAKES

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

In His immortal prayer Jesus declared the great motive which underlay His unique mission in life and His sacrificial death when He exclaimed, "For their sakes, I sanctify Myself!"

This was the cry of a heart burdened by the consciousness of the need of the vast multitudes who were as sheep without a shepherd. For their sakes Jesus would sanctify Himself even unto death.

His determination is a challenge that should awaken us to our own responsibilities.

Look out upon the world that today surrounds you. It is a word absorbed in the pursuit of its own passions and lusts. It is a world lost in the quagmire of negations and unbelief. Does not the realization of the condition of the world today challenge every one of us to live the God-life of immaculate white—for their sakes?

In fact, no man has a right to live less than his best.

To live less than one's best is to weaken the efforts of another who is not quite so strong as you. When you let go, he will fail. There is too much at stake. We leave a touch of influence upon all with whom we converse which will, after we leave them, continue to work for good or evil.

Perhaps there is some one in your own home whose happiness and whose purity hangs upon your own fidelity to all that is noble. They are worthy of the best life which you can live. When temptation lures you to lower living, remember that for you to yield is for them to lose that moral support which has held them to the higher levels.

Who can measure the power of an immaculate life?

My prayer is the prayer of the Christ, "For their sakes, I sanctify myself!"

THE Rambling Recorder

Signs of spring multiply on warm days such as floated in with a southeast wind this week. Spears of jonquils and hyacinths are well above the ground. Maple buds are swelling and reddening. Sparrows are flying off with straw for new nests. Bird sounds are increasing as cardinals and song sparrows loosen up. A woodpecker pounds away on trees that are regular ports of call. And Jocko, the black thatched monkey at the jail, gets outdoors for a few hours of real sunshine.

—o—

Dan Rose, well known in Centreville through years as a news vendor, pulled down a windfall last week in the shape of a check for $40. One of the Shore movie palaces awards a $10 lucky prize weekly to some customer on condition that the customer is in the house when his name is called. If he is absent the cash is added to the kitty for the next drawing. Dan was fortunate enough to have his name pulled out of the hat after three previous winners had failed to collect and Dan's kitty was a full grown cat.

—o—

Another prize winner of the week was Mrs. J. William Keith who landed a box of canned goods when a jingle she submitted in a radio contest was selected as the best of the day.

—o—

An interesting letter for the Mail Bag came this week from "A Citizen of the Sixth District". Much as we would have liked to publish it, we could not do so. All communications must be signed. It is not necessary that the names of letter writers be published, but for our files we must know who is writing.

—o—

Sidewalk groups and the folks who collect around the Courthouse looked up in surprise when the burglar alarm on the Centreville National Bank started to ring about 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. Every eye focused on the building but as things looked peaceful and the alarm kicked off a few more times the crowd lost interest. The alarm was sounded by one of the doors on the bank which had gotten out of line and would not close properly.

—o—

Spring fever usually makes people lazy but it worked in reverse fashion for Florence Ann Moore and Beatrice Anderson of Queen Anne. The fine weather of Saturday inspired the girls to get out their bicycles and pedal all the way to Easton.

—o—

A number of Queen Anne's countians are of the impression that County Roads Engineer Blackwell has no office. Actually he has. It is in the roads garage on North Liberty Street, off the beaten track of hard surface but in the midst of his line of work.

—o—

Further than that, it looks like a roads office. Maps are on the wall indicating every inch of dirt, gravel, shell, slag or stone road in the county. Mr. Blackwell can reel off facts and figures on our roads that are surprising considering the short time that he has been here.

—o—

He came after the phone books were printed last year hence his name is not in the directory. The number is Centreville 97.

—o—

Perhaps a lot of people are confused because his office is not in the courthouse where Mr. Jack Turpin held forth so long and so effectively. Most of us are inclined to jump at conclusions when something moves from where we have been used to it.

THE POET'S CORNER

OF ALL CURSED THINGS
Mary Fennimore Sheppard

Of all the cursed things in life
The worst is sordid Greed
That's practiced on one's fellow man
Who does not heed
The passing of the time.

God-given creatures living in
A world of mind,
Producing things
With out the lust for greed
Happy in the production of their skill
While others, who procure with sordid cash
May gloat their ignorant fill.

Because of worldly gain,
Of lust for greed,
Are lost in dust of man,
As things without a brain.

So few produce true beauties of this life,
To feed our souls
As God intended they should be,
With art of sight and art of sound.

They come but once,
But live through all eternity
Unheeding of this earthly rot,
But basking in a revelry of mind
Superior—the products of a God!

INTERIOR DECORATION—1936

This room reflects a woman's charm:
Curved shadows and smooth light,
Her movement breathes through silver leaves
Shadowed on walls of white.
And far away the world is drowned
In the darkness of the night.

Within is warmth that glows
Like golden tapers, and repose
Folds quiet hands, and the shifting sands
Of time stand still; while those
Unspoken thoughts arise and bloom
Like pale fire flowers in this peaceful room.

—Helen R. Quitzow.

Kublai Khan Invented The New Deal

Florida Press Association Prize Editorial By John Kilgore In The Daily Democrat

There is nothing new under the sun, not even a new deal.

It has been pointed out that Joseph inaugurated policies in Egypt similar to those of the present national administration, in the control of farm commodities , for instance. Other policies now regarded as novelties may be much older than that. And it is certain that there is little in the new deal, from managed currency to direct relief that was not observed by Marco Polo in the great Tartar empire of Kublai Khan in the thirteenth century.

Do we hear of managed currency, the purchase of gold and silver by the government with paper money ,the metallic base? Kublai thought of that. Says Marco: "He makes them take of the bark of the mulberry tree . . . and this they make into something resembling sheets of paper . . . the chief officer smears the seal entrusted to him with vermillion, and impresses it upon the paper, so that the form of the seal remains printed upon it in red; the money is then authentic . . . and indeed everybody takes them readily . . . as if they were coins of pure gold . . . Anyone who may have gold or silver or gems or pearls, by taking them to the mint shall get a handsome price for them . . . paying in this paper money." Thus did the khan store precious metals and gems as a base for his currency, which he controlled by regulating the amount issued and the prices offered for valuables.

Do we look upon social welfare investigations in order to select those worthy of relief as a new thing? Kublai had that done. For Marco tells us, "You see he causes selection to be made of a number of families in the city which are in a state of indigence, and of such

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4)

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

The Wind Bag Club

BY JOHN EMBERT

George Prouse gained recognition and popularity a couple years ago as a black faced comedian in local plays and his talent as an actor will soon be seen in a drama called "Where's Grandma." He has lost none of his old technique according to eye witnesses of a popular night club as he cleared the table of half filled glasses of prune juice and Father John's tonic builder. Yes, I must say his one-act play of Midsummer's Night Dream was quite funny but a rather large lady in the audience was trying to take advantage of Leap Year and nearly cut off George's wind with her lassoing. But cousin Claude Embert persuaded her not to be so rough for you can catch more flies with sugar than vinegar.

—o—

Late news flash from Nome, Alaska: Pluto Capel stranded on iceberg his mental static clogged with musk, the fur market having taken a sudden drop leaving him financially embarrassed. He wires he would rather have musk on the brain than cobwebs. I can't quite agree with him for he could web along with the tide, yet I will give him the benefit of the doubt he musk be right.

—o—

Dr. Samuel Jackson Price says the people of Queenstown can stand the Wind Bag Column for they can take it as well as dish it out and I know of no man in our community who knows this any better than he. For twenty years to my knowledge he has been taking it on the chin with his help and charitable deeds to the sick, and I'm wondering how many of them appreciate it. Will they sing "Will There Be Any Stars In My Crown" when he passes to the other Shore.

—o—

George Greenleaf Aldridge, pool shark swallows two supposed to be sharks very easily. Will Schellberg and John Embert turned out to be just two little poor helpless goldfish trying to swim in a bowl of glue which they mistook for gravy. After Embert had made his third shot, Schellberg remarked you must think you're running a sewing machine the way you leave me sewed up. As the game ended it was found Schellberg was suffering from pool cholic and Embert with stagnation of the liver.

—o—

At our regular weekly club supper, a new member was added to the list in the person of Roy Horseman. As it is our duty to make every newcomer feel at home, sometimes it saves embarrassment for when Horseman spilled the Guinea broth in his lap a pair of extra trousers was quickly loaned him by Honk Thompson. It has been his custom to wear two pairs of trousers ever since he first started to hunt Polar bears in the arctic region. Yes, he never sheds the extra pair until the locusts begin to sing. I asked our brother member, Frank Morgan, Horseman's occupation. He said he din't know but judging from the way he eats with his knife he must be a sword swallower.

—o—

Stedman Cross, when not playing pinochle, is discussing politics. He evidently thinks Howard Jackson will be our next Governor, and he promises the people if they will elect him he will not only have free beer for the working man, but free heat, electricity and a good three cent cigar. For the ladies he offers free washing machines, free wheeling and stream-lined protection from their mother-in-laws. Hurray. We want Pop Pop for Mayor.

—o—

Several of the so called big shot Democrats have been threatening to take a walk this coming November and if these predictions come true I am wondering who will win the goat in this walkathon contest. Perhaps some of the American livery loafers could answer this. I mean the American Liberty League.

—o—

Frank Morgan and Sam Comegys were stationed very comfortable on a trussel bench with a red lantern and flag in their hands guarding a dangerous hole made by the sudden thaw they were directing traffic very nicely until all of a suddden a large truck was coming full speed ahead and with no intentions of stopping quick thinking probably saved their lives. They both dashed into Dolby's store and grabbed four pieces of flypaper, throwing them under the truck wheels just in time. The driver said the reason he had no intentions of stopping was the thought they were speaking for the good of communism, so full speed ahead would send the speech to Russia.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

BABY KISSER DELUXE

Perils of running for office as encountered by a Sheriff back in Io-way.

—o—

There may be some doubt as to whether this column is the proper place for such a report as Harry Roach sends in. However, since he requested it, it may be of use to some future candidate in showing him just what he will have to go through in order to gain office. It is barely possible though, that peculiar circumstances may attend elections in Vigo County, Indiana, and especially when the office of Sheriff is at stake.

Here is Harry's experience as he relates it: I lost 1349 hours of sleep thinking about the election, and lost 165 front teeth and 180 lbs. of hair in personal encounters with opponents. I donated four beef, 100 shoats and six fine sheep to a county barbecue, gave away 38 pairs of suspenders, four calico dresses, $5 in cash and 15 baby rattles, put up 14 stoves, kindled 37 fires, kissed 1126 babies, walked 4076 miles, shook hands with 9409 people, told 10,132 lies, and talked enough to fill 1,000 finely printed volumes.

More than that I attended 16 revivals where on 10 different occasions I was "saved" and subsequently baptized four times by immersion and eight in other ways—gave $50 to foreign missions and made love to 19 widows (seven grass and 12 sod). Morever, there were 49 old maids whom I honored (and thrilled) with hugs, 139 dogs which bit me and 69 cigarette machines which I slugged.

In conclusion, I drank 116 barrels of booze, wrecked three cars, short-changed 11 paper boys and still I was elected by a majority of 553.

A DURN NICE BARN

A farm boy from the prairies of Kansas arrived in New York recently to visit relatives. They showed him all the sights guaranteed to take the breath away, among them the magnificent Music Hall in Rockefeller Center.

The boy never batted an eyelash as the big symphony orchestra arose from nowhere and began to play. The gorgeous sunburst ceiling left him cold. He wasn't interested when a regiment of female legs danced in dazzling precision across an acre or so of stage. But he raised his eyes and looked over the vast auditorium and shook his head in wonder.

His hosts waited breathless.

"My!" he said. "This dump would certainly hold a lot of hay."

MAGNETIC PRESENCE

Sample of laudatory material on President Roosevelt as appearing in the Old Reporter's column in the Upper Dorchester News, Hurlock:

—o—

Riding on the Legislator to New York City, the murmer went through the train that the President was in his private car, attached to the rear of the train. At once the passengers of the entire train became conscious that they were doing something in common with Mr. Roosevelt; that they were all riding on the same train: riding together. He gradually became greatly popular with every passenger, although they could not even see him. Republicans decided that he was all right and those who had been arguing against the new deal gradually changed their minds. What a magnetic personality!

CONSIDERABLE AUTHORITY

Comment on the liquor situation in Dorchester County from the Rambler's pen in the Democrat and News, Cambridge:

—o—

The expert who declared that repeal was an unmixed blessing should come to Dorchester and try some of our blends of moonshine liquor. I am told that some of it has as much power and authority as the Supreme Court.

Dame Rumor Says

One of Centreville's elderly but gay gents says he would rather be in the hospital than go to Palm Beach for the winter. It seems all the nurses made his room headquarters and caught up on the latest stories.

—o—

Up Sudlersville way the strains of "O Promise Me" are being practiced and all is being readied for the lock-step.

—o—

Rehearsals up at Chestertown are fanning a hitherto mild romance into one of those tempestuous affairs.

—o—

The fellow near Bloody Point who cracked down on a departing duck may find himself in the toils of the law.

—o—

An old settler in the Sixth District already has his mind made up to break into the 1938 primary although he hasn't picked out his faction as yet.

—o—

Call it punch if you want to but your Old Lady has a hunch that an Easton madam dipped into the "knock-out" bowl the other night. And the silly things she said

—o—

A certain Church Hill matron had better watch her step. Hubby is getting wise to her bridge parties.

—o—

Some young bucks around Price Station had themselves a big time over in Caroline. One of them fibbed about the time on his return but the wife had been watching the clock for hours and knew to the split second what time it was.

—o—

An alleged Templeville sportsman could reveal a lot about the whereabouts of a fine fox hound if he would only tell the truth.

—o—

A farmer near Centreville leaves his false teeth on the mantle when he goes to the barn. He says the hay and barnyard aroma makes him sneeze and he's afraid of losing his store molars.

—o—

A Stevensville pair who thought they had reached the parting of the ways have decided to kiss and make up. Any day now they may embark on a second honeymoon.

—o—

A chicken thief in the Seventh District picked four out of an ankle the other night and is thanking his lucky stars he didn't get a handful in the thigh.

—o—

The slick haired Centreville lad who has his eyes on a young matron was given the run around even though he may not realize it. He drove around the block wishfully but she turned in a door.

—o—

The pair of love birds who sit in back seats at the Church Hill movies, don't pay a bit of attention to the fine features. They might learn a trick or two if they'd watch the screen.

—o—

Two Queenstown Hotspurs are hoping someday that a Centreville mother will ease up a bit and at least let them come inside the front door.

—o—

Those Kent Point dames had better learn to ungear the mules if they expect to go to any more card parties. Their mom is complaining something awful about getting up at 12:30 to help with the harness.

—o—

A Price damsel who bobbed her hair thinks she's pretty enough now to dash about in the streamlined job. Have a care for the witchery of springtime.

—o—

It is seriously suggested that the stretch of road up near Pondtown, known as Battle Ax Boulevard, be extended on into Crumpton.

—o—

Is the ex-boy friend at Sudlersville ashamed to be seen going back with the widow or is it the other way?

—o—

An elderly gent in Centreville demonstrated how young his ideas are by reading "Butterfield 8" at one sitting.

—o—

Must have been high pressure mail that a gay county seat matron got. She sat down in the postoffice until she read it.