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

It too often happens that a great man diminishes the nearer you get to him and regains his majestic perspective and greatness the farther you are away. Very few great artists have the same value as their works. If one absolutely insists on liking the men one admires, it is prudent not to mix oneself up too intimately with their private lives. Genius in a human being often appears unbalanced.—Emille Vuillermoz.

PROGRESSIVE STEP

The proposal of the Town Commissioners to purchase the Queen Anne's National Bank building as a town office is drawing criticism in some quarters—largely because of fears of an increased tax rate—but the proposition looks sound when examined from several angles.

Aside from furnishing the town adequate facilities for municipal business, the biggest gain from the proposal as a whole comes from the improvement it should work for the local fire department.

The present fire house on Water Street is hopelesly outmoded for the type of service the firemen hope to render.

Because of cramped space and the necessity to park the two trucks single file, one truck is constantly in a pocket and rendered virtually useless. The narrow passageway in which the firemen are forced to hang their slickers, store their boots and keep other needed equipment available results in a mix-up and loss of time in responding to an alarm.

It is not an extravagant statement to say that the present fire house is one of the worst on the Eastern Shore.

Removal of the town office to the old bank building will permit widening of the fire house to accommodate both trucks up front, and make room for handling all paraphernalia in keeping not only with the times but from the standpoint of much better service.

The vault in the bank building will provide adequate space in which to store the town records and give them complete protection.

In the bank building the town office can be housed in keeping with requirements and needs of long-standing.

At $7,500, the price at which the building can be bought, the town will pay less than one third of the assessed valuation of the property five years ago. At that figure it is an excellent investment. Partitioning and rental of space not needed by the town could very well provide much toward the retirement of the debt.

In the sale of the property it will mean the distribution of funds here at home—toward the liquidation of the frozen assets of the bank.

The town clock, owned by the town in theory since its installation, will at last become the property of the town and responsibility placed for its upkeep.

Because of all the angles incident to the purchase of the old bank building, it would be a progressive step to buy the structure and set about making long needed changes and improvements.

The town officials, the firemen, and residents of the town would all benefit.

RETRIEVER TRIALS

The second annual Maryland Retriever Trials for Chesapeake Bay dogs to be held at Benton in Cecil county is a tribute to the usefulness of the thick-coated, wirey-haired, web-footed animals that were originated as a breed on the Eastern Shore.

For well over a half-century Shoremen have been familiar with Chesapeakes. Being a home product the dog was valued according to his individual merit. He was not rated as a thoroughbred, although the breed has been recognized since 1885, but rather as a cross between a Newfoundland and a setter.

The difference in Chesapeakes in appearance, some following the ancestral lines of the larger New foundlands and some the smaller features of the setter, has tended to emphasize the history of the dog.

The Chesapeake has always been valuable as a retriever, especially in salt water and rough water from which other breeds shy. In years past when Shore gunners blazed away at wildfowl from the land the Chesapeake was valuable in recovering birds for the hunter's bag.

But the development of offshore blinds has lessened much of the need for Chesapeakes by Shore gunners. Hunters do their own retrieving in boats as dogs can not get back to the blinds without runways.

In other sections of the United States where hunters still shoot from land the Chesapeake as a retriever is highly valued. He is popular from Long Island to the Middle West and is bred in those localities.

But Chesapeakes are still bred in Queen Anne's county and elsewhere on the Estern Shore.

Trials such as that to be held in Cecil county should be of value to Shore breeders. The home of the Chesapeake dog is on the Shore. As greater attention is paid the breed in its land of origin purchasers of Chesapeakes will tend in greater degree to seek them here, just as buyers think of getting Irish hunters from Ireland, Paris fashions from Paris and Scotch whiskey from Scotland. There is a touch of genuineness to the name of the home product.

Apart from that angle the Retriever Trials are of value in making the Shore feel a sense of pride in the notice paid by other sections of the country to a Shore creation.

RUINING AN ACT

The surest way to ruin an act is to try to please everyone.

This is true not only of radio and movie acts, but also of books, newspapers, essays, editorials and advertisements. A recent radio program attracted a tremendous following by staging a fake quarrel between the leading comedian and the bandmaster. A few nitwits took the persiflage seriously. They wrote letters to the sponsor complaining that the comedian was unfair to the bandman and demanding his discharge. The sponsor was frightened and told the boys to call off the comedy.

Thus a small minority deprived an overwhelming majority from the enjoyment of a battle of wits in which the participants were two highly paid professionals.

At least forty percent of the credit for a successful act in radio or a successful column in a newspaper belongs to the sponsor or the publisher. If the man who pays the bill has the courage to ignore the small minority, who through the lack of a sense of proportion or humor fail to approve, then there is a chance that something original may be done. But if a single letter from a crank is allowed to count for more than the quiet approval of thousands, then nothing new or different may be accomplished.

The desire to please everybody is fatal to outstanding achievement. In the lower stratum of humanity are some people who can't enjoy a joke until it has been repeated a dozen times, and others who are the victims of such gross prejudices or obsessions that they can't be tolerant. To allow either of these groups to restrict the entertainment of others is folly and leads to boredom for everybody.

DEATH ON THE HIGHWAY

One of the great insurance companies has issued a book entitled "Live and Let Live". It deals, through statistics and graphic illustrations, with the traffic record in 1935, when 36,100 lives were destroyed by automobiles. It would be a great thing for the cause of safety if every citizen could read the booklet, meditate upon it, and act upon the lessons it gives and implies.

What caused serious accidents last year? As in the past, excessive speed was the undertaker's best friend, accounting for 31 per cent of all accidents in which persons were killed and injured. A heavy foot on the accelerator smooths the path to the morgue.

Next came driving on the wrong side of the road, the cause of 17 per cent of the accidents. "Keep to the right" seems to be a laugh to many drivers.

Cars not having the right of way caused 15 per cent of the accidents. Their drivers saved a second or two —at the expense of life and health.

Fourteen per cent of the accidents occurred when cars drove off the roadway. Many causes may enter into this type of accident—and drunken driving, which seems to be on the increase, is among them. A substantial portion of motorists must be taught, no matter how roughly, that alcohol and gasoline make a poor mixture.

Reckless driving caused 13 per cent of the accidents, with the remaining 10 per cent laid to miscellaneous causes.

Think over this list. How often have you been guilty of one or more of the violations listed? Sure, you got away with it last time—but remember that next time you may not be so lucky.

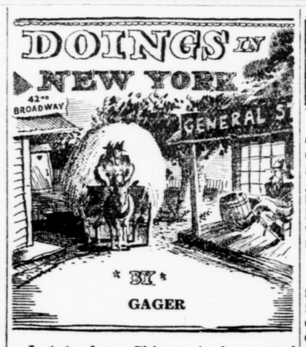
Everyone wants as much navy as anybody else, so they always turn out to be conferences for naval imitation. —New Yorker.

—o—

Young thing: "Not only has he broken my heart and wrecked my life, but he's messed up my entire evening." —Onward.

—o—

The optimist says his glass is half full; the pessimist says his is half empty.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



Just in from Chicago to be around the big town for a few days is Lou Manning (Pan-American Air Lines, etc.) and his wife. They were dinner guests the other night of Primrose House's Miss Martin.

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Illustrator Mac Barclay returns home to deny that he married while out on the West Coast. Naturally profound apologies are due Mr. Barclay for statements recently made in this column to the contrary, but we still think it would be a good idea, Mr. Barclay.

—o—

Architect K. B. C. (Smike) Smith from Englewood, N. J., has returned to dyeing his grey hair black again after an absence of several months. This should lead anyone to believe Mr. Smith is not a good architect, because, as a matter of fact, he is an excellent one.

—o—

At ye old Stork Club the other Sunday evening could be found a number of well known artists in their own right. At one table sat explorer Frank Buck, his frau and mystery writer Dashiell Hammett, author of the novel the "Thin Man". Master of Ceremonies was none other than radio's star comedian, Frank Fay, assisted by Ted Husing CBS ace sports announcer.

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The law soon caught up with Chet (research) Vail who just lately returned from two years in dear old England. He is now doing jury duty for that state that nourishes him. Understand brother J. Winters is sitting on the same jury with Vail.

—o—

Dartmouth's Pete Hurd (he's one of Mr. Hearst's reps) invited Squire Albert Miller and George (C-T-C) Wasey to the Pharmaceutical dinner held last week at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Varied reports indicate that the Messrs. Miller and Wasey at at the press table and at no time did they catch up with Peter. Where was Mr. Hurd?

—o—

Witness Edward Hennen against the very social Mrs. E. H. Wright, 3rd. of New York City, got in dutch the first day of the trial. Thinking he was back in Minnesota, Ed put his hat on in the court room and was immediately reprimanded by the judge in no uncertain terms. Also testifying, but for the prosecution, was photographer Edward Hurbert, who did extremely well for the defense. And by the way, Mrs. Wright's husband, who was also in court, is named Edward. Wonder what the judge's first name was.

—o—

Ad man Dick James is now getting Postal telegrams at his apartment from his boss instructing him to report at the office at a certain time the next day for one of those important meetings. Dick is expecting bad news any day from his family in Indiana, so consequently each message scares him half to death.

—o—

Outdoor Bill Gibson and his daughter Elmira gave a cocktail party last Sunday at their home in Bronxville for their mutual friends. 'Twas a jolly party especially after the arrival of a Mrs. Biddle from Philadelphia. All reports indicate that she caused many of the boys' hearts to start that old indefinable palpitation.

—o—

Though he has just recently returned from a long stay in England, movie actor and now producer Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was one of the many notables leaving the other day for the sunny shores of Bermuda aboard the S. S. Monarch. Among the friends seeing him off were Mr. and Mrs. Jack Pearl whom you will remember on the radio as "Baron Munchausen".

RADIANT LIVING

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

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

Worldly men pay a heavy price for their so-called success. In writing to Timothy, Paul declares: "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition . . . and have pierced themselves through with many sorrows.

Many a man in his attempt to gain the eminence of a success has had to pay a tremendous cost. He has had to part with the joy of living while he is living. He has had to part with the happy enjoyment of his home, with a fellowship with his children and a comradeship with his wife. He has had to part with the consciousness of God's smile, and to turn away sorrowfully from the gates of Heaven.

Has such achieved "success" been worth that which has been irretrievably lost during the passing of the days of life?

Success is not to be measured by the accumulations that you leave your dissatisfied heirs, but by the good that you have done as you have past along through life.

To men who are weary of the world and of life, it is not the Priest or the Levite, but it is such men as the Good Samaritan who like rifts of blue appearing in the gray overcast sky betokening the coming of fairer weather—rifts of blue through which a storm tossed man may catch a glimpse of God.

That to me is success—not the accumulation of wealth, but to so yield my little life to His larger purpose that through me as through a rift of blue there may stream down the golden rays of Divine love, which, falling upon some tearstained face, may leave the impress of a smile.

King Victor Emanuel when asked what he thought of the African campaign: "If Italy wins, I shall be King of Ethiopia; if the Ethiopians win, why then I shall be King of Italy again".—New Masses.

—o—

Bulls and bears aren't responsible for as many stock losses as bum steers.—Olin Miller.

—o—

Every man is an omnibus in which his ancestors ride.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE Rambling Recorder

The countryside is looking fresh and cheerful again as Spring stole in. Garden flowers and shrubs are blooming and John M. Robinson reports that jonquils, daffodils and crocus have been blossoming in Crumpton and in Sudlersville for a week. A lighter soil which drains faster gives that section the drop on Centreville, he says.

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Flat land like the Eastern Shore is almost certain to be plagued with mud in the Spring when roads will not drain. But mud is a minor calamity compared to the floods which swept the hill country of the East recently.

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Visitors to Matapeake on Sunday got some idea of the flood destruction that visited the upper Bay shores and the Susquehanna region. Flotsam of all sorts was seen in the Bay, cordwood, lumber from shanties, pieces of broken chairs and other furniture. The better articles were salvaged by beach combers who walked the shoreline looking for anything of value.

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Creighton's store and lunch room on Liberty and Water Streets has an interesting collection of stuffed creatures well worth a visit by any one interested in Shore wild life. The animal collection includes a white racoon, a muskrat, a three-pointed deer head with the hooves of the forefeet tucked up below, a ground puppy which resembles a week-old Boston Bull pup, a rabbit's head and even the snarling head of a plain black cat.

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Among the fowl are redhead and black head ducks and drakes, so-called fresh water pheasants, really a duck, dippers, golden pheasants and a chicken hawk. Marine life is represented by a pair of diamondback terrapins and a huge sea turtle which weighed about 150 pounds when caught.

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The collection was mounted by a 24-year old taxidermy enthusiast of Hooper's Island named Hall who recently sold quite a museum load to Cambridge High School. Hall gets most of his specimens himself and chiefly from Hooper's Island.

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After a quiet winter when the chief activity was keeping the home fires burning, Church Hill pitch experts are steamed up with an itch to get their hands on a little stiff competition. The Big Four of the Church Hill community, Dr. Norman S. Dudley, Hot Long, Vernon Robinson and Henry C. Bowen threw out a county-wide defi this week to meet any pitch players who think they are good.

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They are believed to be leveling their sights in the general direction of Queenstown, which is another community holding to the idea that men play pitch and sissies play contract. The Queenstown hot shots are Harry C. Reynolds, Jim Smith, Mike Aker and Will King.

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Another sector where the pitch fever is reported seething is Price's Station. The gents in this place won't take a licking in any sport, as they showed recently when they made the Sudlersville skeet shooters hole in after the first match.

—o—

Measles made the "Vacant Chair" the theme song of Centreville high School this week. On Friday 22 out of the enrollment of 165 were out with the malady and the number rose to 30 on Monday. Rehearsals for the Senior play were held up as four of the cast took sick leave with the rash. The epidemic was described as the three-day German variety.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

SHARE THE WEALTH

Bill asked Jake if he was in favor of the divide-the-wealth plan. Sure, said Jake. If you had a thousand dollars in the bank would you give me half, asked Bill? Certainly. If you had a dozen cows would you be willing to give me six? Sure. If you had forty acres of land would you give me twenty? Of course. And if you had two pigs would you divide? No, you dern fool; I have two pigs.—Buffalo (S. D.) Times Herald.

ESSAY ON PEEPHOLES

Wherein the Easton Star-Democrat in its No. 1 story of the week sounds a warning that the new postoffice is full of peepholes and the clerks and carriers had better watch their step:

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When the clerks and carriers of the Easton post office move into the new building now in course of erection they will have to mind their P's and Q's. No matter where they are the inspector can see what they are doing. He has a lobby over the work room and one in the basement. Peepholes are provided which enable him to see all the employees of the post office with the exception of the postmaster, who has a private room at the northeast corner of the building.

In the drawing can be seen the ladder to be used by the inspector to reach his corridor. This corridor has no lights, the walls are painted black, and the only direction or guidance the inspector has is guard rails with which he feels his way along as he watches all the workmen in the work room.

In the basement the carriers have a rest room and toilets, but even here the inspector can watch an employee and see what he is doing. If he has an inclination to rob a letter he can't very well do it in the building without the inspector seeing him. The only man he can't watch is the postmaster while he is in his private office. Here the inspector has no vision or peephole.

BOOZE vs. WHISKY

Study in contradiction as composed by Uncle Zeke, Buzzardtown correspondent of the Braxton (W. Va.) Democrat:

—o—

I'd like some whisky to drink with my
booze,
And a good pair of laces to tie up my
shoes;
I'd like a nice tie to wear with my
cravat,
And a good warm cap to wear with
my hat.

I'd like warm clothes to wear with my
duds,
And some good "taters" to eat with
my spuds;
If I had some biscuits to eat with my
bread,
I would surely think I was pretty well
fed.

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

The Wind Bag Club

BY JOHN EMBERT

Charlie Melvin says our next President should be possessed with the brains and courage of a Roosevelt, the stamina of a Stalin, the noodle of a Mussolini, the backbone of a Hitler, the bologney of Al Smith, and the Blarney voice of Father Coughlin. If these requirements aren't fulfilled a dark horse will surely win, meaning Haile Selassie.

—o—

Jake Passwater, of Grasonville has returned from a six weeks' stay in the Canary Islands where he was having his tenor voice cultivated. As I dialed in on my short wave set his voice sounded as if he might have been to the Catalina Islands.

—o—

Mr. William Harrison, a native of the Keystone State but for some time making his residence here, while not engaged as a contractor and builder he finds time for witty sayings and is full of locals. If he were judge any husband giving his wife a washing machine for a Christmas present would be grounds for a divorce. He says that fish is brain food but watch your step on eating herring. You're liable to pull a boner. Also if the wife served more sauerkraut instead of spinach hubby wouldn't get pickled so often. He further opines that an apple a day will keep the doctor away and the rolling pin saves the housewife many an argument.

—o—

Harvey Bailey was the victim of a false alarm the other morning. He awoke very suddenly thinking he was being annoyed with one of those bed pests which are some times so hard to keep down and discovered it was his false teeth. He now keeps them under lock and key upon retiring.

—o—

Thomas Thompson caught a Primo Carnera oyster. Yes, the poor thing was muscle bound.

—o—

How to avoid having a baldhead: Never enter a butting contest. Don't sleep in a boodwah cap, and the front of your bed should never be over four inches high. Never shampoo with lye for you're bound to lose your hair as well as get hot-headed.

—o—

My how things do change! Some of my friends around sixty years of age a couple of years ago could show me a buck and wing dance in a jiffy, could step with me in a fifty yard dash and were highly insulted to be called a back number. But since the Old Age Pension peeped through the clouds the ones that don't have hardening of the arteries, its water on the knee or kidneys in their feet. Don't get the idea I am knocking anyone for some times I wish I had reached the age of sixty especially if the Townsend Bill becomes a law. Boy oh boy, two hundred a month! Upon the receipt of my first check I would probably shoot myself and die rich.

—o—

They say when it rains it pours and it sure did the other day. While waiting for the arrival of the Toonerville trolley with the morning mail from the looks of the heavy delivery for the R. F. D., the bad country roads is a boom for the mail order houses. I have often heard the remark that catalogues such as Sears Roebuck, Montgomery Ward and others are known as the family Bible. If this prediction is true they must think Clyde Embert is Sampson the strong man. For there were washing tubs, garden implements, a young bureau, and I was straining my eyes thinking a piano might be next.

—o—

Herman Moore who recently sold his home east of the railroad has purchased the Bill Thompson bungalow. This location will suit him much better and should prove to be an asset for his business. For some years he's been a dealer in antiques and a collector of old relics: His posted sign reads: Top Prices Paid for Grandma Rocking Chairs and Weatherbeaten Carpet Sweepers.

The Mail Bag

To the Editor:

Will you please allow me a space in your valuable paper. I noticed an item in last week's paper where it said the county spent $1,039.49 for clearing the roads of snow. I have lived in the Sixth District for thirty-five years, and never to my knowledge has there ever been a cent paid for clearing the dirt roads of snow or fixing the places that are impassable after a hard freeze and then a thaw out like they are at the present time until the Citizens have cleared the roads of snow and filled up some of the holes, then here comes the State Roads trucks with two or three men on them driving over the roads to see if they are all right. Then they get the pay and credit.

We Citizens of the Sixth District cannot see why after we pay our taxes also gasoline tax that we cannot have a little benefit of our money. Also this road is a school bus road and there are children on this route that have been home from school a month now on account of the roads being impassable.

Yours very truly,
A Citizen of the Sixth District.
Centreville, Md.

THE POET'S CORNER

MY GOVERNOR

A Tribute to Albert C. Ritchie

My Governor lies there dead,
And I am truly sad,
As slowly past his bier tread
Those he once made glad.

His fame spread to nearby lands,
And to men beyond the sea.
His name in Time's famous sands
Honors the State of the Free.

Fair Maryland received his love,
To her his life was dedicated.
Maryland is fairer now because
His efforts continued unabated.

Gone not only is my friend,
I have lost even more.
To my grief there is no end,
For I've lost my governor.
—C. Tilghman Bishop.

Fresh Breeze

A frail wind
Frets our sail.

Flap! Flap!
Like a duck
Stirred from a reed-bed.

I lean on the tiller
And watch the white sail

Billow above us,
While the blue water,
Cut by our prow,
Bosoms and breaks
Into music and motion.
—R. E. Key.

LOW TIDE

BY MARY FENNIMORE SHEPPARD

Low tide
And at the water's edge the muck,
Crags like
Grotesque figures stand destitute
Of the glamour of the morn
When the tide was high
And the muck
Was not at the
Water's edge.

So life
Striped of glamour shows its muck
Like reeds
No longer stand erect but shackled,
In the squalor of the earth
When the tide is low
And the muck
Is at the water's edge.

Victims
Like tides, that ebb and flow
Sometimes high and sometimes low
Riding the crest of the crowd
Swaddled in the grimness of a shroud
Gaily and sorddidly
Trodding their way
To another day
When the tide will be high
And the muck
Not at the
Water's edge.

HIGH TIDE

Cool among the roots
Of the marsh-grass,
The dark tide wanders alone;
Quietly the slow waters
Are drawn back into the sea,
And the voice of the wanderer
Grows still along the night.
Elizabeth-Ellen Long.

Dame Rumor Says

The folks around Willoughby say things are pretty bad when a pack of cigarettes can't be left in a mail box for a poor cclored man without somebody swiping them.

—o—

A certain gent near Wye Mills who moves around right well when playing the outfield in a ball game can't handle himself when he puts on roller skates. They say he fell so hard he rattled the window panes.

—o—

Wonder of wonders, one Centreville matron has been found who shuts up like a clam when relegated to the back seat. There's a catch in it, though. It makes her mad to be forced out of the front seat and she pouts.

—o—

That pitch team at Church Hill is not as clever playing the cards as they're cracked up to be but it's conceded that they have figured out the slickest set of signals in the county.

—o—

Your Old Lady is told that a certain farmer near Wye Mills who has been complaining here of late would snap out of it immediately if somebody would take him a nice bottle of rye.

—o—

Filler in the estimable Overlooking Gent's column in Kent: "Some men can't keep their hair and others can't keep their money." What happens when they lose both?—D. R.

—o—

That Centreville pair who visited in the city and were shown every consideration certainly displayed their gratitude in an odd way. They packed up a brand new tube of tooth paste belonging to their hosts and brought it home.

—o—

Considerin' the way that Silver Haired Romeo has been acting since he got back from the hospital, his playmates are wondering if he had a gland operation. They say they'd like to play a little pitch or poker with him they could get him down off the chandelier

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If those folks out on Kidwell dont quiet down the neighbors are going to telephone all the constables.

—o—

An eminent barrister has not been able to explain why he spent so much time in a Kent Island pantry.

—o—

A former home run clouter in the big leagues who had the range of all fences around the circuit hasn't been able to get his eye on the birds at the skeet club.

—o—

A certain Centrevillian who kept bumping a car to nudge it out of the way so he could park will look twice before he nudges again. After bumping said vehicle a dozen times out stepped a brass hat from the Motor Vehicle department.

—o—

A Spaniard's Neck beauty has been mighty restless since the spring thaw. Traffic is so uncertain betwixt there and Church Hill.

—o—

One of Kent Island's slickest numbers, rigged out in one of the new pancake hats, enjoyed herself tremendously crossing on the boat the other night.

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It's a shame those Crumpton dames who used to be so thick had to stop speaking to each other. They enjoy the same brand of dirt.

—o—

If the chubby brunette and the slender blonde, who are developing into such bosom pals, would keep their minds on literature, art and advanced homemaking perhaps they wouldn't become so fidgety when there are no cigarettes in the house.

—o—

Since this is not the time o' year to lay a scratched face onto picking blackberries wonder how that Church Hill bachelor is going to explain his clawed countenance to his Centreville gal?

—o—

A county seat Hotspur who was offered his ring back some time ago and refused it, has now caused considerable embarrassment by asking for it.