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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EASTER

I'm only a violet purple,
But as my mistress broke my stem
Shesaid she wondered my purpose
What message I bring to men.

That I seemed to her a promise
Of perfume and bloom from decay,
A promise of resurrection,
A promise fulfilled today.

—M. Y. B.

OUGHTA BE A LAW

The forthcoming primary in Queen Anne's County promises to be a sad, sorry affair where the taxpayers' money is poured down a rat hole with no good purpose being served.

There oughta be a law.

The entrance of Col. Henry Breckenridge promises a farce Presidential race. Congressman T. Alan Goldsborough is unopposed for the Democratic nomination for another term in Congress. H. B. Messenger is unopposed for the Republican nomination for Congress, to buck Mr. Goldsborough next November in what promises to be a farce Congressional race.

It costs just as much though to prepare the track for selling platers as it does to ready the course for a Dan Patch or Man 'O War.

Col. Breckenridge, in due course, will send the county something like $10. That's all it costs him for the pleasure of seeing his name on a ballot. The last time Col Breckenridge ran for office was 1934. In that race he had his eye on the U. S. Senate from New York State. Even Norman Thomas, Socialist, who ran a poor third to Senator Copeland, being defeated at a 11-to-1 ratio, trimmed Breckenridge 194,952 to 24,241. Communist Bedacht poured it on to the current Presidential aspirant almost 2-to-1.

Chicken feed has already been received from Messrs. Goldsborough and Messenger.

The taxpayers of Queen Anne's must foot a bill which totaled $2643.89 in the 1932 primary.

There oughta be a law.

LOBBY MEASURES

A measure known as the Smith bill requiring the registration of certain individuals and organizations engaged in attempting to influence legislation has been passed by the House.

Thisb bill, sponsored by Howard W. Smith (Dem.,Va.) containing simple and innocuous requirements applying only to a carefully segregated few of the lobbyists, was intended to counteract and possibly replace the lobby bill introduced by Senator Black. Friends of the Black bill point out that his measure attempts to control every kind of lobbying and all persons and institutions engaged in lobbying. On the other hand, the Smith measure requires registration of such individuals and institutions as are only principally engaged in lobbying. Thus, powerful lobbies representing the laborer, farmer, soldier, and all similar interests are excluded from its terms. Those not thus excluded must register, report by whom employed, the amount received as salaries, and the amount disbursed.

The most active and dangerously effective lobbyist is the high-salaried corporation attorneys, sent to Washington ostensibly to discuss the legal phases of legislation, but in reality to impress the Members of Congress with the power and political background of his clients. This type of lobbyist is also excluded in the Smith measure, for it is asserted his work in Washington is not that in which he is principally engaged.

Some interpreters of the Smith measure insist that since it applies only to those attempting to influence legislation, it does not touch that great body of lobbyists most numerous in Washington—those who attempt to influence the administrative activities of that army of officials connected with the executive branch of the Government. These lobbyists include a large number of ex-Congressmen, ex-Cabinet Members, ex-officials generally, and especially ex-national committeemen who ostensibly practice law, but in fact perform lobbying functions.

Many observers of the recent revealations of all manner of reprehensible lobbying practices throughout the entire Government in Washington believe that measures to control such practices will be scrutinized most carefully by the public, especially those provisions which apply to professional politicians, ex-office holders, and high-salaried lawyers.

BOVINE INSPIRATION

If the Washington administration really wants to do something for the country ,to promote saner thinking and check the spread of crackpot-ism, it might finance the purchase for every American citizen of one dreamy-eyed or less contented cow.

Having done this, it should arrange things so that each citizen would be compelled to go out and milk his cow, morning and night.

This little idea is derived from the reading of a recent interview with Grant Wood, that Iowa-born artist who has shown his fellow citizens that art can arise in the corn belt as well as among the cafes of Paris.

Mr. Wood explains that he went to Paris as a lad, grew a big beard, sat around the cafe tables and waited for inspiration to smite him. After a while he found that, while he was having a very pleasant time, he was not getting much painting done; and when he began studying the young aesthetes about him, he discovered why that was.

"They," he says, "believed an artist had to wait for inspiration very quietly, and they did most of their waiting at the Dome or the Rotonde, with brandy. It was then that I realized that all the really good ideas I'd ever had came to me while I was milking a cow. So I went back to Iowa."

Now this discovery is one all of us might well take to heart. The wisdom that comes to a man while he is snuggled up under the lee of a cow is of the earthly, contemplative sort. The alarms and excursions of modern political and economic theories have no part in it.

You don't dream of fantastic cure-alls and you don't get panicky about some ism or other while you have bossy by the business end. Your thoughts are realistic and direct. The moment you get a bit flighty, her tail is sure to fetch you a swipe across the left ear and bring you down to earth again.

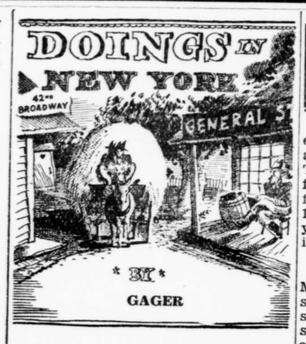
So this back-to-the-cow idea has possibilities. But if it would be a good thing for us ordinary citizens, how much better would it be for our leaders—civic, industrial, and political?

The cloudy abstraction of a brain-truster might grow lucid and business-like; the high-powered financier might stop seeing Communists under the White House bed and think a little more about doing the job to which Providence has appointed him; the politican of any party might begin to reflect more on his responsibilities and less on his chances.

Altogether, we ought to get a new era out of it; an era in which we would stop falling for slogans and start thinking our own way through our problems in the good old American way. The cow, humble beast though she is, might prove our salvation.

PIKE'S PEAK ADVERTISED

If you sometimes doubt that advertising pays, remember that there are 26 mountains in Colorado higher than Pike's Peak. Can you name them? Neither can we. Pike's Peak has been given publicity and plenty of it, so it gets all the business and other mountains just sit—or whatever mountains do—and complain that business is punk. Don't let your business suffer from lack of advertising. Make it a Pike's Peak.—Chariton (Iowa) Herald Patriot.



Roy Howard came home with a monocle.

—o—

Oilman Steve Birch is another one of those boys who are really farmers at heart. Steve has felt the call of the chickens and plans definitely to find a little place in the wilds of Weschester or Connecticut to live quietly with the Missus. And speaking of landowners, Squire Miller leaves tomorrow for the old country.

—o—

present time is Ralph (Kreml) Semler.

Also on his way to Europe at the Gone for about six weeks, Mr. Semler expects to combine business with pleasure both in England and Germany. Whether business or pleasure will take up most of Ralph's time, is hard to say.

—o—

Thanks to the application of seven sixty cent bottles of Zemo the life of Rotarian Ernie Rose, out of Cleveland, Ohio was saved. A terrific case of sunburn picked up on a recent West Indies Cruise almost put our friend Mr. Rose down for the count; or at least that is Ernie's story. The moral of this little story being that you should never be without a bottle of good old Zemo.

—o—

A small and select group last week received invitations from Marion Miller to attend next month a housewarming in her home in Scarsdale, N. Y. This column wishes to take the opportunity to express to Mrs. Miller the acceptance of all who were asked.

—o—

Regardless of the pouring rain, celebrated artist Howard Chandler Christy, famous for his Gibson Girl paintings, spoke before the mike for the first time in his life last Thurdsay morning at the Columbia Broadcasting Station. Mr. Christy who was the guest of your friend and advisor, the Voice of Experience, acted like an old hand before the mike and certainly seemed to enjoy himself. As a reserve in case Mr. Christy didn't show up, the Voice had the whole University of Washington basketball team present in his studio. The latter are here in town as the West Coast entrants in the final Olympic basketball tryouts.

—o—

Stopping at the Belvedere Hotel this week is your old friend Harry Frankel. In case you don't know him by that name you surely would recognize him over the radio as "Singin' Sam", the Barbasol Man. Sam is in town for the purpose of making a couple of movie shorts for his sponsor and if he is as good an actor as he is a singer Mr. Frankel should go over big.

—o—

One dark night last week up at Harlem's famous nite spot, the Ubangi Club, sat movie actress Claudette Colbert with mother. We imagine the inference being that Miss Colbert was there seeking a little color for her next picture.

—o—

New man Sheldon Fisher who is now Harry (Absorbine Jr.) Caswell's right hand man up in Springfield, Mass., has been around town lately acquainting himself with his new duties. Mr. Fisher was formerly connected with that Boston mag., the Christian Herald.

—o—

In the dining room of a large hotel the other evening sat none other than the Voice of Experience with friends among whom were Tobacco heiress Duke Cromwell and her husband James. We wonder if it could be possible she was asking advice on how to spend a couple of million without benefit of tax.

—o—

Anyone desiring part or all information on how to work in a garden please apply to artist Paul Newman of Perry's Corner, Md. Agrarian Newman is now an authority on raising flowers since he bought the book.

Dudley Squalls for Light

Wherein The Hon Dudley G. Roe High-Pressures The Taxpayers Out Of Something Like $2,400 And Now Squawks Because Joe George Collects A Bit Of Chicken Feed

The Honorable Dudley G. Roe, who recently stuck his name at the masthead of the Observer and became a full-fledged scribbler after all these years of owning a newspaper, dipped the old quill in a vinegar pot last week and writ a scorching piece about Joe George.

Dudley, it seems, spent a little time reading the county statement of disbursements which appeared in Queen Anne's Record. About half-way through the list of checks drawn to various and sundry his eye lit on an item that looked dark and devious.

Had he read on through the list he might have found another entry or two that looked a lot blacker, but that's another story.

The ex-Senator reached for his quill and wrote a letter to the New Amsterdam Casualty Company inquiring who on earth represents them in Queen Anne's County.

If he'd been on speaking terms with his neighbor, Joe, Dudley wouldn't have had to spend 3c for the stamp to say nothing of the time it took to write the letter. Joe could have told him right then and there who represents the bonding company. (It happens Joe does and has for three years).

We have a sneaking suspicion that Hizzoner, the ex-Senator, knew all the time who had bonded Treasurer Bill Keith and other courthouse employees and just wanted to play dumb for breast-beating purposes. Either that or her figured his letter to New Amsterdam and their reply to him would pretty well fill a couple of columns on the first page of the Observer if set in big enough type, and leave very little for Dudley to write except a headline squalling for light and three or four nasty paragraphs.

Some other things the Observer's No. 1 scribe, of all people, ought to know is that such things as insurance and run-of-mine commissions on this or that bought by the county, have always gone to the folks who play ball at the polls.

We looked over the courthouse records back as far as 1928 and find McKenney and Price, John F. Stokes and people like that who have gone along with the cause have been bonding the Treasurer.

Of course, though, from Dudley's viewpoint it's a heinous crime for Mr. George, since he got in the courthouse, to continue in business. It smacks of "grab and graft" and is foreign to the principles of the dear departed Grover Cleveland that Joe should sell a bond at New Amsterdam's standard rate and get a commission.

Doubtless Mr. George should also get out of the grain business. Why? Because Roe's in it.

* * * *

Some paragraphs back we pointed out that Dudley read half-way through the county statement, happened across a dark item and squalled "Let There Be Light".

How come he didn't read all the statement?

How come he didn't see these items under "Elcetion Expenses":

Centreville Observer	$1,672.02
Centreville Times	675.51
Centreville Observer	1,054.45

How come he didn't strike a total on these figures and see that they amount to $3,401.98. The whole shooting match could have been done for something like $1,000 if Dudley hadn't insisted that the printing be done in his paper and at his price.

Wonder if he rememberd that the county levied $4,000 for all election expenses and that his printing plant alone pocketed 85% of all that had been budgeted, without considering the cost of judges, election clerks, rent of polling places or the endless items of expenses that go into an election.

Wonder if he remembers the ugly rumors that ran up and down the streets about a taxpayer's committee going before the old Board of County Commissioners to protest the big shakedown?

Wonder if he remembers how he commanded an okeh on his bills and ordered a check drawn before outraged taxpayers could halt the payment?

Seems to us that the Honorable Dudley G. Roe is the last person on earth that should squall for light. Sounds to us like sour grapes.

THE Rambling Recorder

Easter is a movable feast coming, as every one knows, on the first Sunday after the first full moon after equinox. The present century has used April 12 for Easter with consistent regularity so far, the festival falling on that date in 1903, 1914, 1925 and 1936, or every eleven years. But the next Easter, April 12, is in 1998.

—o—

Human nature is hard to explain. On Monday evening Mrs. Anita Faatz spoke spoke in the Courthouse on the social security act which covers old age pensions, aid to dependent children and other matters of vital importance in national life. At the same time Magistrate J.West Thompson was holding Police Court in the County Commissioners' room below. He was dealing with human weakness as shown by thievery, disorderly conduct and other infractions of the law.

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Mrs. Faatz drew an audience of about twenty, chiefly members of the Welfare Board and relief workers. Magistrate Thompson who was not interested in the size of his audience had an overflow crowd of a hundred.

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One of the remarkable items we bumped into this week was a suite of Chinese furniture being overhauled at Barton Brothers' workshop. It consists of four ceremonial chairs of solid teakwood, hand carved and without either nails or glue to hold the parts together.

—o—

Skilled Chinese workmen who probably did not earn a dollar a month morticed every joint with painstaking exactness or used wedges, tongues, grooves and sliding grooves to fit the parts together. An arm chair has, for instance twenty pieces neatly fitted together. So intricate and concealed was the method of joining that Ed Barton cracked one tongue before he discovered the secret of the heathen Chinese.

—o—

In their years of repairing antiques the Bartons have worked over the handicraft of skilled artisans of various countries and ages but this was their first venture on the trail of the Orental.

—o—

The Church Hill correspondence was sweetened this week by the inclusion of early violets neatly wrapped and sent in by Matilda Groome Eareckson. Miss Eareckson doesn't exactly claim the honor of having picked the first ones in the county this year but she may be ready to compare notes.

—o—

A lady called our attention to the three j's in early spring flowers, jonquils, jasmine and japonica. Since then we have been tempted to hunt up the list of j flowers, for comparison.

—o—

The first person to vote at the town election was Beverly Goldsborough. Marie Shortall was second and Lloyd Ford, judge of the election who believes in part of the slogan, "Vote early and often" was third. The last ballott was cast by Mrs. Dorothy Porter Reamer.

—o—

County Agent Kenneth W. Baker's office is getting a coat of paint. Which is news of a sort, as the men who are doing the job say that this is the first time the original plaster has made the acquaintance of paint.

—o—

The report of the recent banquet of the Supdlersville Local of the Farm Bureau had an interesting slant. More than 230 guests were served. The banquet was primarily an invitation affair and all but fifty of the guests came in free. The others paid the nominal price of 50 cents. Yet the financial report of the even showed a profit of $3.33 as most of the food, service and other requirements were donated. Apparently the Sudlersville Local has found the secret of cooperation in banqueting.

—o—

One of the general complaints about fish peddelrs in Centreville is that they don't stop after blowing their horns. Unless a housewife grasps a pan and hurries out at first sound of the tooter she is likely to get a glimpse of the fishman disappearing around the corner. And no fish.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

SEZ THE SUN

Wherein The Sun, obviously displeased because the General Assembly did not do right by Baltimore City, rebukes the solons and at the same time, between-the-lines, questions the leadership of Governor Nice:

—o—

. . . The special session of the Legislature . . . failed after such a demonstration of lightheadedness and want of dignity as seldom has been known.

For fifteen years the people of Maryland depended upon Albert Ritchie to manage affairs at Annapolis. They expected him to manage the Legislature as well as his own administration and he generally did so. The people ought to be able to realize that the time has come when they must elect members of the General Assembly who have the intelligence and the dignity to manage their own legislative affairs.

THE RAMBLER SPEAKS

Comment on things political from Rambler's biting pen in the Democrat and News, Cambridge:

—o—

The Republican members of the Legislature got together and endorsed Governor Nice for the party's Presidential nomination. 'Twas both a foolish and hopeless thing to do. But the Governor wants to put himself in line for a good job in event of party success next fall. He realizes that his political career will end in Maryland with the expiration of his term as Governor.

—o—

Don't worry about former U. S. Senator Bruce's declaration that he intends to vote for the Republican Candidate for President. He was elected to the Senate as a Democrat, but voted with the Republicans on numerous occasions. And then his son is married to the daughter of former Secretary of the U. S. Treasury, Andrew Mellon, one of the country's richest men and most conspicuous Republicans. The Democrats are better off without Bruce than with him.

Collegiate viewpoint: It isn't the girl that counts, it's what she stands for.

—o—

Hollywood motto: Marry in haste and repeat at leisure.

—o—

This year's income taxpayers feel they are being fined for reckless thriving.

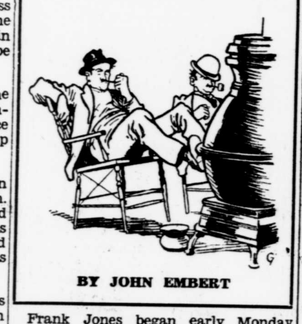
—o—

Sign in a Buffalo tearoom: "What Foods These Morsels Be!"

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

How'ja Like The New Bonnet?

The Wind Bag Club



BY JOHN EMBERT

Frank Jones began early Monday morning celebrating his forty-first birthday, and the apple being his favorite fruit, especially when it's squeezed into apple jack, he enjoyed himself immensely. Toward evening his taste changed and Frank Delahay was forced to lock his gas pumps.

—o—

Doc Reese informs me the three-day German measles didn't originate in the Fatherland. They are caused from eating Red Cloud Liver Berries. Black measles are from continuous associating with Republicans and eating black catfish.

—o—

Gues I'll always be a hayseeder. I walked into an A & P Store. As the clerk approached me I said, young man I would like to have my palm read. He quickly informed me he wasn't a fortune teller. I said there must be some mistake unless my radio is the biggest liar in the world, for I've often heard Kate Smith speak of her A & P Gypsies.

—o—

A friend of mine, who takes care of business before pleasure, was called to New York. He registered at an apartment Hotel and it cost him ten dollars to learn why he should have slept on the floor. The next morning he pushed the button for a bellhop and much to his surprise a Murphy bed fell at his feet.

—o—

Mr. Lumbago has returned to his summer home in the North Pole. Brother Mansfield is hoping he will stay there for he gets along buch better with Mr. Spring Fever.

—o—

The Ocean City Saltwater Taffy Co., can use two kissable young ladies with a good pull to assist in making taffy. Bring your own molasses.

—o—

Things yet to happen. The completion of the Chesapeake Bay Bridge. A Maryland Eastern Shoreman as President.

—o—

Russell Poet believes in preparing months ahead and is pretty adept in his timing for baby bunty will be able to see the egg hunt from the kitty car.

—o—

Some people say our hair still grows after death. Milton Faulkner has a trunk that came over on the Mayflower and he has to bring it to the barber three times a year for a haircut.

—o—

I've often heard elephants had a remarkable memory and am now convinced after hearing Harry Garrison's story. He was in Pittsburgh several years ago and a circus came to town. Old Jumbo, the giant of all the elephants, was leading the parade. People were lined up on both sides of the street and when Jumbo got directly opposite him he stuck out his hand in which was a plug of tobacco and down the snozzle it did go, causing the elephant to stagger the rest of the way. The following year the circus returned with old Jumbo still leading the parade and when he spied Garrison his snozzle went down in the ditch bringing up water, sticks and stones. A rap across Garrison's face sent him through a plate glass window across the street.

—o—

From what I can learn of the Lion's organization they will do much good for any community. If their movement of engineering a badly needed pier at Queenstown goes through, it will benefit the farmer for at one time there were several boat loads of grain and tomatoes shipped this way. Also the many yacht guests that visit us in the summer have to anchor outside and row all the way in as the old pier is just a shell and not safe to walk on. We used to have two buoys at the mouth of the creek that were lighted at dusk but the ice has carried both away, leaving Queenstown in darkness.

The Mail Bag

To the Editor:

Let me express my most sincere appreciation of the very kind words which appeared in your paper last week.

It has been an exceeding joy to be in Centreville these four years. The circle of friends is by no means limited to the Church which it has been my pleasure to serve in a small way. I am most happy to have formed friendships with members of all the Churches in the community, as well as many who are not in any Church.

It would be possible to fill an entire page of your paper, were I to try to express my appreciation to all inidividuals and organizations for the many kindnesses and favors shown me.

It is with the greatest reluctance that I leave Centreville and the many, many good people here.

The Record has been most kind to me in the past. You will grant me the pleasure of speaking this time through your paper, I am sure.

For my family and myself please assure the good people of the Church and Community that we have been most happy to have been associated with them.

You will find my successor, Rev. H. V. Branford a very fine gentleman and Minister. Please accept him with the kindness you have always extended me.

Respectfully yours,
ROY T. THAWLEY.

To the Editor:

May I ask that you give some space in your progressive newspaper for a discussion of tax valuation as applied to our County? As there is a possibility of a new tax assessment in 1937, I am taking the liberty of making a few suggestions.

To impress on the County Commissioners and their agents (assessors) this principle: That in valuing property for tax purposes, reasonable weight be given to the income productivity or use value of the property.

In a recent decision of the U. S. Supreme Court (Great Northern Railway vs. Weeks) the Court said in part: "The value of petitioners property varies with the profitableness of its use, present and prospective". I also believe that appeals for adjustment of tax assessments may be well based on this principle. Any editorial comment you may care to make regarding this will be greatly appreciated as it merits the consideration of every taxpayer.

I am of the opinion that a fair and equitable assessment of property in Queen Anne's County will go far in preventing many persons from losing their homes.

Hoping that you will give this tax question your enthusiastic support, and with every wish for the continued success of your paper, I am

Very truly yours,
HARRY W. JARVIS.

Church Hill, Maryland.

THE POET'S CORNER

SALUTATION TO SPRING

By Casper L. Newcomb

The winter is over,
All's happy as can be
In the nooks where the brooks
Are ringing joyfully.

There, birds are a-roaming
On swifted wings and go
In squadrons, while moving
From yonder to and fro.

To where a valley
A great and joyful sound
Is heard as they sally,
And peep at all's around.

There flowers are swinging
Upon a slender stalk.
And all of a gay crew,
Is laughing as they walk.

FORSYTHIA

A day came when the winter span
Was past; sun took possession.
Leaf, flower, fruit—the trees began
Their orderly progression,
Phrasing a welcome for the day
With spring's sweet rhetoric.
But there's an ecstasy cannot stay
For rules: impetuous, quick,
Without green preparations
For preface, everywhere
Sharp little exclamations
Broke golden on the air.

—Anita Laurie Cushing.

Dame Rumor Says

Specimen of poetry emanating from Crumpton's poetess lauretess:

The bedbugs love our pillows
As the gravy loves the pan
But there isn't any vermin
On me or my old man.

—o—

That Church Hill madam who keeps such a close check on her poker-playing husband stayed around so long the other night keeping a check on him that she had to ride home in a truck.

—o—

Burrisville now has a Snoopnagle and the various Buds had better have a care as to what they say or do.

—o—

Tim the Maestro read an ad last weke which said "Croquettes Free". He thought it was the game and was all set to enter.

—o—

A Templeville youth rises to remark that petticoats are coming back. Obviously that is the tip-off on the company he keeps because so far as your Old Lady knows the more strait-laced madams have never abandoned them. He said he saw a peeping petticoat the other day. It was all brought on by the fact that "Petticoat Fever" comes to town next week.

—o—

True love still blooms on Chesterfield Avenue after all these years. A matron lively beyond years lugged her husband's picture all over the county seat remarking on what an excellent likeness and how handsome he is.

—o—

One of Centreville's sweet young things is forcing the season a bit. She was rigged out in her summertime frills the other day when the mercury dropped to 40.

—o—

Is that Dominion widow trying to sell her car by demonstrating to a certain gent how well it rides or has this series of demonstrations developed into a rampant romance?

—o—

A Millington maid who has been on the outs with her b. f. is glad Easter is rolling around. She figures the arrival or non-arrival of a corsage will show which way the wind is blowing, and she'd really like to know what's what.

—o—

Why can't that Barclay Romeo who loves to cruise round and round a certain gal's house in Sudlersville walk up to the door like a man and ask if she's in?

—o—

One of these days a comely lass at Stevensville who has been kept so close home here of late is going to take some time off and catch up with her fun.

—o—

One of Centreville's supposedly staid business men waited in a flutter of expectancy for two solid hours last Saturday for a beauteous young matron to come and sell him a tag, but she never arrived.

—o—

That rosy-cheeked lad of the county seat who is still puzzling over who sent him a post card from Aberdeen thought he had solved the mystery while driving through that hamlet last Thursday. His lady passengers said: "Stop a minute, we want to send a post card". It develops, though, he took them too literally.

The Good Old Days

Remember who took the census back in 1890? The Centreville Record on May 3 of that year had this item:

—o—

The following gentlemen have been selected as census supervisors for this county: First district, Samuel L. Pratt and Joseph E. Smith; second district, Charles Weatherby and Robert J. Ford; third district, W. E. Thompson and Robert E. Erdman; fourth district, Albert Cowman; fifth district Charles S. Day; sixth district, Walter B. Simpson; seventh district, E. A. Himmelwright.