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

When the heat like a mist veil floats,
And poppies flame in the rye,
And the silver note in the streamlet's throat
Has softened almost to a sigh,
It is July.
—Susan Hartley Swett.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

The United States celebrates the 160th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence on Saturday, the Fourth of July.

It is difficult for citizens of the present powerful nation to visualize condition in old Philadelphia on that early day when delegates to the Continental Congress pledged and really risked their lives, fortunes and sacred honor to declare the United States free and independent. To the delegates, passing the resolution of independence was no idle gesture. They understood the portent of Frankin's advice that they must all hang together or hang separately.

But the danger hovering over the birth of the nation is for the most part lost today. We are in the habit of skimming the highlights of history and letting it go at that.

Consequently the Fourth of July is a holiday. Banks and business places close, city people head for a brief period of relaxation in the open spaces and the chief interest of most pepole in the Signers of the Declaration is that they gave us a day off.

This year the Fourth of July teams up with Sunday to make a double holiday. The opportunities of enjoyment of the occasion are more than doubled, but so are the risks. It used to be that a nation-wide summary of the day led off with a drab list of the number of deaths from fireworks. Regulations and preachments of a sane Fourth cut down that item until folks no longer count their fingers on the Fifth to be certain all are there.

But the list of tragedies that mar the Nation's birthday still mounts into the hundreds. Automobile casualties and drownings take a heavy toll. When a death is written into the books there is nothing that will erase it.

The Fourth of July is worth celebrating yet there can be just as much fun if every one would take a little extra time to make it safe as well as glorious.

JEALOUSY, NOT ISSUES

In an intensely interesting article in the New York Times magazine, Mr. James Kieran reviews the political careers of Alfred E. Smith and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Without saying so in as many words there is an inescapable conclusion that Al broke with Mr. Roosevelt because of personal jealousy, and not on issues.

The fact that from paralleling political careers in New York Mr. Roosevelt was able to go on to the White House while Mr. Smith came a cropper in his attempted leap is the core of the Brown Derby's fester.

Oddly enough exactly a quarter of a century covers the years in which the two careers touched, diverged, ran parallel again, and then broke off once more in bitter strife.

In 1911 Alfred E. Smith was a rising power in the New York Assembly. Franklin D. Roosevelt was State Senator from Dutchess County. On opposite sides in those days, the young Senator had a hand in defeating two Tammany candidates for the U. S. Senate, one of them Daniel F. Cohalan, who furnished the fifth signature for the recent broadside to the National Convention.

Seven years later when this breach had healed, Tammany Hall asked Mr. Roosevelt to run for Governor of New York. Mr. Roosevelt declined, urged Mr. Smith as the candidate.

From that day until 1932 the Brown Derby continued a lap ahead over a well defined course to the White House. In 1928, Mr. Roosevelt, only partially restored to health, came out of Warm Springs at the insistence of Mr. Smith to run for Governor of New York—this to swing the State to Al for the Presidency.

Beginning with 1920 it was Roosevelt who placed Smith in nomination for the Presidency, a procedure he was to continue with increasing vigor at the convention in '24 and '28. It was Roosevelt who was the scrapper for Al, continually thrusting him forward meanwhile content to remain in the background.

The final parting of the ways started in 1928. After Mr. Smith had been overwhelmingly defeated in the Presidential election he retained a suite in an Albany hotel, wanted to stay on to show Governor Roosevelt how to run the State. The new Executive had ideas of his own. Ex-Governor Smith and his advisers departed. Slowly, as the battle for party leadership in New York and the nation was joined, the breach widened.

Roosevelt was reelected Governor in 1930 by 725,000 votes, almost twice the plurality amassed by Mr. Smith, and that fanned the flame of jealousy.

The 1932 convention, Al's walkout there before Roosevelt arrived for his acceptance speech, are details too modern for repetition.

There are many Democrats ,and good ones, who differ with the President on his policies since 1933, but few of these will believe that Al Smith's defection is one on issues.

The Brown Derby's bitterness is traceable solely to the fact that President Roosevelt surged past him on the way to the White House. It is jealousy, not issues.

INTERESTING EXPERIMENT

Kent County is on the way toward an experiment which will be watched with much interest on the Eastern Shore if the plan is adopted.

The idea is to support fire companies in that county by means of direct taxation, county and municipality. Of course that is the way cities and local government in many sections of the country go about maintaining their fire departments, but in Maryland rural regions and small towns largely depend on carnivals, honorary memberships, entertainments sponsored by the individual units, and other methods which sometimes put the firemen in the position of door-to-door canvassers to keep their worthy work going.

The catch-as-catch-can methods to which firemen must resort, in addition to mounting the truck when the siren sounds, imposes too much on public spirit already demonstrated by the firemen in their willingness to answer an alarm, come rain, snow, sleet or unseemly hours—all without renumeration.

In the final wind-up, here in Queen Anne's, firemen dig in their own pockets at times to keep the equipment in shape. They get some aid, it is true, from the County and Town Commissioners but in no sense commensurate with services rendered over a wide front.

In our opinion it would be well to watch the experiment in Kent, when and if the necessary legislation is enacted, and follow suit.

There is no reason on earth why our four fire companies should scratch as best they can for a catch-penny existence. The firemen serve one and all without question in time of need. Why shouldn't their support come in the same manner?

LURE OF FISHING

With hardheads biting freely in Queen Anne's waters, county fishermen are responding to the urge to wet a line and go after the finny tribe.

For those who do not follow the sport the lure of fishing is hard to explain. Women especially fail to understand why a man will top off a day's work with an evening at one end of a hand line, or why he will spend several dollars for a mess of fish that could be bought at a market for a fraction of the cost.

But fishing has its own delight. Primarily it is a competition between man and his game. What bait to use, how to put it on the hook and where to cast it to entice the hidden denizens of the deep are problems to be met.

Then there is another anticipation. The first jerky messages come over the line to betray a fish nibbling. A stronger message, and the time to strike. Too fast, the fish escapes; too slow, he is off with the bait.

When the creature is hooked, anticipation reaches a keen edge. The angler wonders hopefully what he is bringing up from the depths, whether it is a hardhead or a weakfish, a runt or a giant. At any rate it is a trophy to be borne home in triumph.

Again and again the baited hook is dropped. The biggest fish is still uncaught. Any strike may be the one that fetches it. And the fisherman passes his time in that most agreeable frame of mind, anticiptaion.

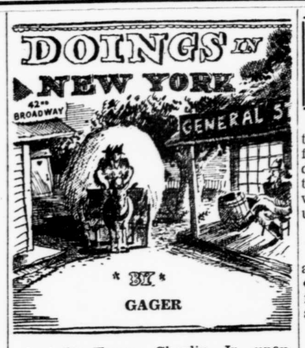
And the man who succumbs once to the lure of the sport is likely to become a confirmed addict of the sport.

One nice thing about a zeppelin is that no signal is required for a left turn.—Indianapolis News.

Our idea of perfect co-operation is when all the freckles on a girl's face come together and make a beautiful tan.—Balance Sheet.

I hold that a man is only fit to teach so long as he is himself learning daily. If the mind once becomes stagnant, it can give no fresh draught to another mind.—Thomas Arnold.

The only punishment meted out to the five Dionnes is being stood in a corner—which is a very good trick in a four-cornered room. — Richmond News-Leader.



Socialite Tommy Shevlin, Jr., unexpectedly took himself a bride the other day by marrying the ex-Mrs. Lorraine MacAdoo. They are now honeymooning at his cottage at Cat Cay in the British West Indies where Mr. Shevlin spends most of his time deep sea fishing. No one seems to know if the bride likes to fish or not, but she had better.

—o—

Shades of the Louis-Schmeling brawl till persist with the latest being the one where radio Lew Amis bet his father-in-law $1 to 100 that Schmeling would win by a knockout. That, I guess, makes Lew a dollar a year man.

—o—

Delegate at large G. Edward Wasey raveled most of last week south of Philadelphia in the interest of Loft candies. George spent very little time in the city of Benjamin Franklin because of the terrible uproar that issued from the Democratic delegates who made a lot of noise but accomplished very little.

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Newspaper man Jimmy Corcoran after taking the count immediately after the recent fight at the Yankee Stadium reclined for the past week on his back in bed at the Commodore Hotel. Seems as James tried to get an exclusive story from Mr. Louis in his dressing room and was hurled out on his ear by one of those New York finest who thinks he must be big and strong because he wears a shining metal star. Net result is a week in bed for Mr. Corcoran and a hospital bill for the insurance company.

—o—

Old man Miller or Squire Al, as he is known among his intimate acquaintances, has been called most everything there is in his life-time but this week is the first occasion for him to be called an uncle. But strictly on the up and up his sister's baby this week made Mr. Miller a full time Uncle Al and it is hoped he will be able to live up to the honor.

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Pecks bad boy Dick (acid) James gave a cocktail party Sunday afternoon for the younger crowd in Greenwich, Conn. It was a delightful affair except that nobody came. Undaunted Mr. James carried on by himself; aided only by a couple of faithful cohorts. Monday was a very bad day but the weather man predicts sun and favorable winds by the end of the week.

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Willie (Woolworth) Donahue who just recently returned from darkest Africa and shooting elephants, is still big game hunting at Montauk Point, only this time it is in attempt to land one of those big broad-bills that swim around in the Atlantic Ocean. With him was Babe White who tips the scales at a mere 325 pounds and on a dark night might very easily substitute for a broadbill.

—o—

Advertising man Marvin Knight almost came down with pneumonia Sunday after being caught in the rain while playing golf, but thanks to a good application of that famous old remedy, Musterole, Mr. Knight was able to resume his business duties as usual on Monday morning. If there is any doubt on this testimonial, Mr. Knight will be glad to verify the truth of the statement. Of course maybe he wasn't catching pneumonia, but he was feeling pretty bad.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

LANDON'S MANAGER

Wherein the Democratic Messenger, faithful party organ at Snow Hill throws a pint or two of cold water in the general direction of Mr. Landon's campaign manager:

—o—

Mr. John Hamilton is chairman of the Republican Campaign Committee. If he were selling fish you would not expect him to be calling out: "Spoiled fish!" If he did he would not sell any.

As chairman of the Republican campaign he is now claiming everything for Mr. Landon. It seems to us we heard these same kind of claims four years ago when Hoover ran. He was going to sweep the platter, according to the claims of the Republican party. Well, he came near, very near, to getting nothing.

The Landon people want it known they want nothing to do with Al Smith, Pierre duPont and other promoters of the so-called Liberty League, but they have no objections to gathering in a few of their loose dollars for campaign purposes.

So Mr. Republican Chairman has an undesirable job before him and he is not to be blamed for claiming everything and whistling to keep up his courage. He is new in National politics and the old stagers are not envious of his job.

EXPLAINING IT ALL

From his vantage point in Pleasant Hill, Mo., Tilghman Cloud in his **Times** "interprets" the Liberty League-G.O.P. explanation:

—o—

It was like this: The depression which (a) began in this country with the stockmarket collapse of 1929, was (b) worldwide in cause and effect, but (c) President Hoover had it licked and the country was on the way upward in 1932 when (d) Roosevelt was elected, effecting such a shock to the people that they lost confidence in the financial structure, causing the (e) banking collapse of 1933,, recovery from which (f) came about because of worldwide influences (see b), but the progress of this recovery movement (g) has been severely retarded by the policies of the Roosevelt administration.

You are now a graduate of the Hoover School of Verisimilitude.

Why America lags in the construction of gas bags of the Zeppelin type continues to mystify, as we have vast technical resources and the orators.

THE Rambling Recorder

How dry the ground became during the early weeks of June is apparent from the succession of brief showers during the past week. They have served to keep grass green and very little more where ordinarily vegetation would leap up after so many sprinklings.

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A few farmers have started threshing although activity is expected to start in earnest next Monday. Prices are looking up with the reported figure at 80c, at least ten cents more than last year.

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The traffic light at Liberty and Water streets was pegged on the orange bulb almost all day Tuesday causing no little confusion to motorists who waited for the green glow to signal them on. Mr. and Mrs. Will Stevens of Queen Anne lingered long enough to become exasperated at the steady orange glow before they realized that it was not going to wink.

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One of the vagaries of the June weather was that after three warm weeks folks had to turn on their automatic oil burners last week and the Good Will firemen were called out on a chimney blaze at mid forenoon, June 30. Such items suggest November tricks.

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The Baltimore City Council paid a deserved tribute to the late Dr. William Burdick, for twenty-five years director of the Playground Athletic League and the man who built up the present highly rated athletic system of the Maryland schools. Glenmore Park is to be renamed Burdick Park.

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Percy E. Thomas' address is given on the Kent Island celebration programs as Grasonville instead of Chester, his actual home.

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Chairman Edwin H. Brown, Jr., reported a very satisfactory attendance at the Roosevelt rally Saturday evening even though a number of Democrats yielded to the temptation of glueing their ears to their own radios.

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July 2 is usually the "middle" day of the year. In 1936 it shares the honor with July 1, the 183d day out of the 366.

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Arch Dewing, Centreville druggist, received nation-wide publicity on his statement at the Maryland Pharmaceutical Association that cosmetics are as essential as clothes to the American housewife and the working girl in their struggles for social and economic security. The New York Herald-Tribune thought enough of the item to post it at the top of a page-1 column. Following the lead of the two Baltimore papers other city newspapers conferred the title of "Dr." upon Mr. Dewing. All of this was credit for shooing away publicly the false atmosphere created by "reformers".

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Another statement at the same meeting which startled at first was that of Dr. Russell, head of the State Dental Association that teeth could be kept clean with one brushing a day.

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Players and radio performers are not the only ones who get the benefit of dress rehearsals. Men under arrest at the jail awaiting trial before the Police Magistrate get one, unofficially. The lads serving sentences while away a little time with their own court where they "try" newcomers, going through all the motions of the real court, cross-examining the defendant and giving out "sentences". Frequently the sentences meted out match fairly closely what actually happens. A darkey recently was tried by the kangaroo court and given fifteen months. The same evening the magistrate sentenced him to twelve real months.

—o—

Described as a "Merry-Get-Together", invitations have been issued by L. Wilson Kennedy to a beer guzzle, gab-fest or what-not under the elms at Kenlock between Kennedyville and Chestertown on route 213 on Sunday, July 12, from 9 to 4 p. m. Mr. Kennedy insists he's serious in offering the friends he sends cards to an opportunity to come and partake of his hospitality. Of course Gunther Beer, for which he is representative, will be the beverages dispensed in this free handed and open manner.

—o—

Dogs apparently have reached a high state of erudition and are able to read in Queen Anne's County. Elsewhere in this issue Mr. J. E. Connolly issues a warning to dogs that they will be shot if they trespass on his premises. Not long back a sign on a porch in Centreville read: "Dogs, Keep Off! Wet Paint".

RADIANT LIVING

OTHERS BUT NOT HIMSELF

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

Before me comes a vision of three tall crosses rising above the heads of a noisy milling mob. Upon each cross is impaled the nude body of a man.

Streaked with blood that still oozes from a gaping wound in His side, His flesh quivers with pain, the body of Jesus sags heavily from the spikes by which it is cruelly nailed to the cross.

Close to the cross there struts triumphantly back and forth a group of haughty, shaggy-bearded Pharisees. One of them, addressing the limp form upon the cross shouted with a voice of utmost contempt: "If thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross!"

But there is no response. Turning to the crowd the jeering Pharisee scorned aloud: "He saved others: Himself He cannot save!"

No truer words were ever spoken than the words of this bitter taunt.

Jesus could have saved Himself. But had He done so, He would never have saved us!

Unless the sacrificial Lamb died, no atonement would have been made. Upon three different occasions Jesus predicted His coming sacrifice. When the time drew near, He steadfastly set His face to go up to Jerusalem.

To save others, Christ must give Himself. It is only through the sacrifice of self that one can render a real service to others. This is why Jesus did not come down from the cross. This is why He could not. It was His love for you that kept Him there!

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

The Glorious Fourth

Is College Essential For Writing?

BY MARY FENNIMORE SHEPPARD

To the often-voiced queries "Is a college education necessary to become a Writer" and "At what age should a person begin to write?" there seem to be two short answers that fit, and they are "yes" and "no".

A recently prepared list of 92 writers, by (Ellsworth) elicits some interesting facts; among them, that about half of that number had attended College, while the remaining number had not; that those who did attend College had not there taken up an literary course.

Mark Twain, Walt Whitman and James Whitcomb Riley—at times laughingly remarked that they, at no time, could have passed an examination for the freshman class in any college. Washington Irving owed nothing to any College, and did not like study. Harriet Beecher Stowe could not have found a College to go to, yet just one of her books verily upset a Nation. Edith Wharton, Ellen Glasgow, Vina Delmar, Ann Douglas Sedgwick, Edna Ferber, Kathleen Norris, Mary Johnson never attended any College. Irving S. Cobb has been heard to voice his regret that he never attended College, but it is doubtful if his many readers particularly care.

George Bernard Shaw was classed a poor scholar, he left school at the age of 15. Jack London had less than a year at College. Meredith Nicholson did not get beyond his first year in High School. Arnold Bennett never went to College. James Fennimore Cooper was dismissed from Yale for his pranks before he was 16. Edgar Allan Poe was expelled from the University of Virginia during his first year's attendance there.

Leading Universities, for instance Columbia University, New York City, include a writer's course in their curriculum where style, technique, etc., of the art of writing is taught. But, said Ella Wheeler Wilcox, "We are not as peas in a pod", and a writer's inspiration, imagination, intuition and other natural endowments that make for and are conducive to writing that lives cannot be readily had out of textbooks or by listening to lectures.

As for writing, it seems to matter not what acquired education you may possess. If you have not the creative urge within you, if you lack insipiration, imagination and that certain knack for writing you have nothing. You may produce a 'school taught' stilted and prettily written piece of writing, but it will never be "writing that lives".

Much is written about a writer's "proper environment" that is held to be essential to good writing. Just as many good and convincing arguments are brought forth to sustain the opposite contention, that environment has little or nothing to do with it.

It is related of Morgan Robertson, writer of a number of stirring sea tales, that he wrote his first story on the backs of circulars he was to have distributed at a dollar a day. He used as his desk the upturned washtub, placed on a chair, in the kitchen. John Howard Payne—immortal for just one piece of writing, wrote his "Home Sweet Home" abroad, a wanderer, a man who had never known those "Fond recollections of childhood". For as a child, he had no home.

Shakespeare had never traveled more than the distance between Boston and New York.

Ben Hur was published long before its author's visit to the Holy Land, so great was his knowledge and imagination.

Age, or at what age to begin, seems to have no more to do with the creation of writing that lives than so many other things deemed essential. Many authors were well past middle age when they produced their best known works. Many writers, comparatively unknown in their earlier years, rose to fame—and some few to fortune—when much older. As to light on this latter query, concerned with at what age one should begin to write, one may do well to peruse Walter B. Pitkin's "Life Begins At Forty".

New York Night Life Still Gay But Grows More Sensible

The brilliant, sparkling saga of New York at night is entering this year upon a new chapter.

The city still blazes, after dark, with millions of red, white, blue and yellow lights.

Music, torrid and tantalizing, still flows forth upon hundreds of dance floors.

The world's most beautiful women still step from a thousand motor cars each moment of the evening.

Crowds are still dotted with the symbolic silk hat.

But—

Under that high hat (and under a plain felt, too, because formality in dress is slightly on the wane) Mr. New York Stepper-Out has suddenly gone very sane, sensible and thrifty. More than ever before in Manhattan's history he is demanding his money's worth—even in night life.

The cover charge, whereby you pay a tidy sum for the privilege of sitting down, with food and drink extra, is going out of style. The night club sandwich, which no one was ever expected to eat and which was served over and over again so many times that it actually got bored with its plate, is passed.

"The trend nowadays is back to the time of Diamond Jim Brady", says Jack Dempsey, who has become one of Manhattan's most successful restauranteurs. "Except the modern fellow watches his bill a lot closer than Diamond Jim did. Sucker days are gone. The stepper-out insists on moderate prices. You can't get by with serving him a sloppy stew under a fancy French name. He wants god American food. He wants fresh-cooked vegetables. If he drinks he wants to drink good liquor. Even wines have come in for a revival of popularity."

What's more, according to the ex-fighter, a "big evening" in New York is no longer first cousin to a sightseeing tour. People have got wise. They've discovered it costs real money to dash in and out of a dozen different bars, cafes, cocktail rooms and night clubs. What they're looking for these days is one spot where they can progress from cocktails to dinner and then stay around, if they feel like it, for dancing and late supper.

One popular New York institution that was unknown in Diamond Jim's day is the cocktail lounge. This is a feminine sort of bar, where mothers, daughters, wives and sisters meet for a martini, old-fashioned or a glass of sherry. Lights in the cocktail lounge are always dim and flattering. The bar is a masterpiece of modern art. (Dempsey's cocktail lounge, for instance, has a coral and gray interior with a bar of silver metal and sculptural glass.) Low-slung divans and chromium and leather chairs make the lounge a comfortable place for the ladies to wait for an escort who may be delayed by business.

But no flossy trimmings for the gentleman's bar. The keynote there is speed and the dceorations are most liquid!

THE POET'S CORNER

Pastoral

The maple trees along the meadow fence
Are stirring gently in the morning sun;
In windrows lies the scented clover hay;
And in the blue-stem pasture land, the one
Lone brood-mare stands beside the creaking gate.
Raising her head she gazes far afield,
Beyond the valley where her teammates walk
In mellow furrows, plowing virgin loam.
Last spring she walked with them, and four abreast
They turned the dark soil upward to the sun;
They walk without her now; impatiently
She shudders her sleek coat; her whinnies shrill
Bring answering echoes from the distant hill.

—B. B. Cooper.

Dame Rumor Says

A certain grass-widow-to-be who showed up at a dance the other night without her husband stopped all inquiries as to why she hadn't brought her husband with this wisecrack: "You wouldn't bring a ham sandwich to a banquet, would you?" After much scratching of the noodle your Old Lady comes up with this explanation as to what the grass widow meant: "It's silly to take a lightweight husband to a dance where substantial prospects for a new hubby fill the hall". This column will welcome other suggestions as to what the wisecracking madam had on her mind.

—o—

One of Wye Mills' practical jokers pulled a new one the other day when he put an egg in a certain gent's ice cream cone. However, much of the merriment was lost when said gent, unable to get a tooth-hold on the ice cream when he worked down to the egg, calmly threw the egg and cone away without cussin' a single oath.

—o—

From Chester comes reports that some folks who have recently applied a coat of paint to their porches have become rather proud and haughty and are a little particular who they speak to. One coat of paint really shouldn't make that much difference among old time friends.

—o—

The frequent trips a Ruthsburg woman has been making to a beauty parlor show signs of bearing fruit. Anyway the madam now has a widower on the string.

—o—

Two well known Kent Islanders were seen walking the streets of Centreville well past midnight a few nights back. Wonder has been expressed as to what they were up to.

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And while on the subject of beauty, the traffic between Centreville and Cambridge has been right heavy. When a certain Romeo was asked what the attraction was down that way, he replied: "There's a cuticle cutting cutie down there."

—o—

A Cambridge Lothario who has been coming to Chester in a truck for his courting expeditions, has switched over to a car more in keeping with his purposes.

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A car with out-of-State plates is making a tremendous number of trips to Sudlersville. The fact that it is usually parked in one spot indicates concentration.

—o—

If that Church Hill gent would't sit at the table so long maybe he wouldn't complain so much of not being able to think clearly. After all four big helpings of cherry cobbler to top of a whopping meal has no tendency to aid the mental processes.

The Good Old Days

Freaks of lightning and a near dangerous tilt with a pepper box were noted in the following items from the Centreville Record of July 14, 1917.

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Two valuable horses belonging to Mr. Claude Anthony, a young farmer in Corsica Neck, and a mule, the property of Mrs. Ann T. Harper were killed by being struck by lightning Tuesday.

—o—

Margaret, the attractive and interesting little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Townsend Anthony, was nearly blinded when she had the misfortune to get cayenne pepper in her eyes on the Fourth of July.

Mrs. Anthony was engaged in her household duties when the child climbed up in the cupboard and pulled down the box containing the pepper. Mrs. Anthony and Miss Estelle Anthony, the child's aunt, bathed her eyes and applied soothing ointment and the child is now all right again.