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

QUOTATION OF THE WEEK

The man or woman who does work worth doing is the man or woman who lives, breathes, and sleeps that work; with whom it is ever present in his or her soul; whose ambition is to do it well and feel rewarded by the thought of having done it well. That man, that woman, puts the whole country under an obligation.—John Ruskin.

USE THE MONEY

Figures released by the State Roads Commission last week indicate this county is in a strategic position for a dirt road improvement program.

With a cash balance of around $24,000 forecast for September 30, the thought immediately occurs that many miles of roads heretofore impassable in the late winter or spring can be greatly improved.

The whole spirit of the mass meeting last spring when the bottom fell out of the roads was that the county should immediately embark on a program of systematic improvement, modest yet adequate to serve the main purpose—year around travel for the greatest number possible.

It is a comfortable feeling to know the county has money in reserve for roads, yet the rank and file of the taxpayers who tried and failed to struggle through the bog caused by an unprecedented thaw, would prefer to see Queen Anne's skating on comparatively thin ice financially than to face a recurrence of last year's problem.

A cash balance in the hands of the State Roads Commission is very gratifying, but gravel and sand and drainage on heretofore impassable stretches would be far more satisfying when winter comes.

After all dollar bills are not proper materials to plug the mud holes. No one would want to stuff them beneath the mired wheels of an automobile to provide traction.

But that much money wisely spent now will lift mile upon mile out of the muck.

Here at the Record we would urge that ever dime be spent before the snow flies.

EXPERIMENTAL STATION

The efforts of Queen Anne's poultrymen to induce the University of Maryland to locate the poultry experiment station which is contemplated for the Eastern Shore in this county is a movement worthy of the support of all growers whether large or small.

In the past decade this county has surged rapidly to the fore in poultry. Department of Commerce figures for 1935, released some time ago, indicated that Queen Anne's is No. 1 Maryland county in turkeys. While still down the list in the value of chickens and eggs rapid strides are being made.

Both from the value of poultry products and for geographical reasons no county on the Shore has a stronger claim as the logical location for such a station.

The results to be derived from such experimental work close at hand would be of incalculable benefit. Eradication of diseases, advice on feeding and breeding, and the scientific management of flocks in the years to come could well remove the more or less haphazard methods now employed by many raisers and develop poultry into a major source of farm income along with wheat, corn, and dairy products.

Establishment of such a station at some point on the Eastern Shore is certain. It is up to poultrymen to offer sound reasons why it should be here.

TURNING SHOREWARD

The holiday week-end again indicated how the Eastern Shore is growing in favor with residents of other states, both as a playground and a region for restful enjoyment.

Holiday traffic on the roads was heavy. The Matapeake ferry already on an hourly schedule was forced to add three extra trips on Friday and Sunday nights. Ocean City reported its greatest influx of visitors for the Fourth.

Automobile traffic in Queen Anne's, especially from the Kent Island approaches, was marked by steady streams of cars with out-of-state tags. While those of neighboring states naturally predominated in the group, a surprising number of Mid-western licenses punctuated the list.

The Eastern Shore has been increasingly popular of late years with those who can afford to live where they choose. Waterfront estates have been taken over by many who preferred to enjoy the charm of the Shore the year around.

The heavy holiday traffic indicates how those whose vacation periods are short are turning to the Shore for relaxation, fishing, bathing, or just resting.

How well they slipped into the more leisurely life found here is evidenced by the safe and sane record on the Shore as contrasted with the toll throughout the nation.

Time has its way of deciding all things but its pointers are a promise to the Eastern Shore as a summer land.

WALTER T. WRIGHT

The passing of Walter T. Wright removes one of the dominant figures of Centreville business and community affairs during the first quarter of the present century.

As a man Mr. Wright kept his interests comparatively few in number for a citizen of his importance. It was characteristic of him, however, that whatever he tackled, he tackled intensively.

When he became a hardware merchant he pushed his business until it was a leading firm. As a pioneer motor dealer he was not content with merely outselling all county agents. He erected the Ford building, a most modern sales and service plant.

Becoming associated with banking Mr. Wright speedily became president of the old Queen Anne's National. He erected the most beautiful home from an architectural standpoint in Centreville.

During the decade that he was interested in travel he toured Europe and the various portions of America which were then the mecca of vacationists. And for years he was known as Centreville's best dressed man.

While his community activities were characteristically few and followed one at a time he will be remembered for the attractive clock tower which he placed on the bank building now the town office, and presented to the people of Centreville. Humorously referred to by his friends as "big Walter" in imitation of London's Big Ben, the clock chimes through the busy day and the silent hours of night as an enduring memorial to him.

THROWBACK TO 1912

The Republicans having sounded off manfully against monopoly and monopolists, President Roosevelt speaks in the same key; and it all sounds like a breath from the past—from 1912, say, when Woodrow Wilson and another Roosevelt were rousing the people to realize that democracy has economic as well as political implications.

A nation which cast nearly 10,500,000 votes for anti-monopolists Roosevelt and Wilson in 1912 was willing in 1920 to elect an administration to which monopoly was part of the natural order of things.

Andrew Mellon became secretary of the treasury and held the job longer than any other man before or since. Great oil combines got out petroleum reserves, and the country became indignant not because the combines got them, but because they paid bribes for them. Only the fact that George Norris was a great two-handed fighter kept Henry Ford from getting Muscle Shoals.

The Democratic party was able; with a straight face, to nominate a Morgan lawyer for the presidency in 1924. LaFollette crusaded as an anti-monopolist that year, sounded old-fashioned, and took a great beating. When Al Smith sought the presidency in 1928 ,his moderate efforts to curb monopoly were hailed as sure signs of socialism.

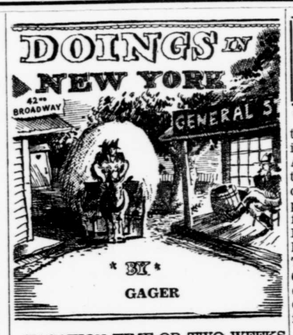
Those things were symptoms. We had got tired of the old crusade. The public generally was indifferent to the old battle cries. Business was good and seemed to be getting better. Nobody wanted to bite the hand that was feeding him.

And then, in 1929, somebody pulled the plug. In the hard years that followed we began to learn things.

We learned for instance—what Wilson and T. R. had told us two decades before—that political freedom is less than half a loaf, unless it be accompanied by a decent measure of economic freedom. If a man's right to earn a living is at the mercy of remote forces which he can neither control nor properly identify, he is up against a thing which, as the Republican platform remarks, "will utterly destroy constitutional government and the liberty of the citizen."

So now we are back where we were 24 years ago; or, to be more exact, we are back in that frame of mind, but with a new knowledge and a new determination. Both candidates are pledged to carry on the fight of prewar years. It is not without significance that Roosevelt is an old Wilsonian and Landon an old Bull Mooser.

"Prospective wives should give their husbands-to-be proof of their abilities to cook," says a writer. But not concrete proof.—Humorist.



VACATION TIME OR TWO WEEKS WITH PAY: From Tiny Tim down there seems to have been a general exodus of familiar faces that usually bob up regularly in this here town's nite spots. The answer to all that is simply vacation time is here again.

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In front of the NBC Building at Rockefeller Center last Wednesday morning we said good bye to the Voice of Experience and wished him a happy two months' holiday. He really needed the rest, but will be back on the air the last week of August. While he is away, he said that Jacob Tarshish, the Lamplighter, will be taking his place.

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Last week also saw the departure of our good friend Colonel Norman Dibben aboard the Ile de France. After a jolly time over here the Colonel finally decided it was time for him to return to London town and go to work. Mr. Dibben will be especially missed by his many Russian friends who saw him off at the pier.

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Former cigarette model and the now Mrs. Camille (Bartlett) Rogers who some time ago married the very social Fred Rogers of New York, etc., is expected soon to be a mother. That in itself is going to be no vacation for Camille.

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Your friend and cartoonist Harold (Hal) Stephens who hasn't taken a holiday since the days of Daniel Boone is now visiting his father-in-law in Springfield, Ohio. Mr. Stephens, accompanied by his wife, will undoubtedly find taking a vacation very novel. Hal, however, expects to break the trip up as soon as possible because he finds that fresh water towns don't agree very well with his physical condition.

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All the Rover Boys in Greenwich, Conn., have left that part of the country for the next fortnight. The J. Homer Winters accompanied by the siler phantom will visit his parents in Ohio, while Richard (acid) James and G. Edward Wasey will be seen in Indianapolis and Detroit respectively. All will return and reopen their summer homes the seventeenth of this month.

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Last week-end saw theatrical producer Sam Harris and sports columnist Bill Corum taking a leave of absence from their dear old stem for a try at some fresh air at Montauk Point. But true to form they both spent the greater portion of their time at Long Island's snootiest dinner club enjoying stale cigar smoke and a noisy brass band.

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Brad Dresser, son of the now Mrs. Pauline V. Rogers, also found the climate at Montauk a change from the atmosphere of the court rooms where his mother just lost her case of dower right against the Rogers clan. Mr. Dresser may be back again soon in a court room if his mother decides to appeal the case.

RADIANT LIVING

THE ELEVATING CROSS

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

It is not the fact that He died on a cross that makes the death of Jesus Christ so precious to us. It is WHY He died there that we cherish His death with such gratitude.

When we come to understand the meaning of His death, it draws our hearts to Him with greater and deeper reverence. It is just to this that He refers in His statement: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto myself."

When He shall have been raised to the height of His cross, and men shall have comprehended its significance, then shall every true man feel drawn into a mystic union with Him.

And this is what has happened. As the days began to lengthen themselves into years, men have begun to realize the significance of His death. They have begun to recognize that the cross that slew Jesus was the very cross that lifted Him to the height of Saviourhood.

As with Jesus, so it is in the experience of every one who has borne a cross for His sake, the cross that slays is the cross that lifts. The cross that separates the holy person from the world of sin is the cross that lifts him unto a far more glorious world of holy living.

Is it any wonder that St. Paul exclaims: "God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ by whom the world is crucified to me and I unto the world!"

It looks as though the electors of the nation had better think more about the records of their Congressmen and other public servants, and less about platforms. Sometimes people get aboard a train and close the door, and never think about the platform again until it is time to get off.

THE Rambling Recorder

June this year harked back to its old time tradition as the month of blushing brides, at least as far as Queen Anne's county was concerned. Seventeen couples applied for licenses, a decided upturn compared to figures for preceding months. The monthly totals for 1936 are January, 5; February, 7; March, 5; April, 11; May, 6. June of last year found eleven pairs taking off. The extra business in the Clerk of Court's office may be just another sign of the upswing in economic conditions Or it may be that leap year is getting in its good work.

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When "Shorty" Keough took his parachute in connection with the airshow over the week-end there was room for one extra passenger to ride in the plane so pilot Holger Hoiriis auctioned off the place. It was knocked down to W. John Connolly, Jr., for $1.75.

—o—

As far as Centreville is concerned Matt Brown rather than Clark Gable is the attraction of "San Francisco," soon to be shown at the Centreville Opera House. The ads read "Matt Brown", in large capitals, "also Clark Gable," one of the few cases where the famous star with the full quota of ears takes second place.

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Incidentally Matt is believed to be hiding behind a mustache in the picture and his friends may have to hunt to find him.

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One bashful gent at the Rosini's final performance with "Aladdin and his Lamp" must have been afraid that he would be "hexed" if he had anything to do with the great magician. He positively refused to sample Rosini's excellent gin—or was it excellent, Dr. Brown?—and not only declined to tie a knot in a string for Rosini but balked at touching the string. The man's wife backed him up. "Get some one else to tie it" was her dictum, and she didn't care who heard her.

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The audience at the Friday night's performance were treated to an added feature when Mrs. Reece Hatchitt, former star of the New York musical stage who once sang the lead in Franz Lehar's "Merry Widow", gave three vocal solos.

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The costumes in Aladdin's Lamp were faithful to detail in amazing fashion, the result of almost endless poring over illustrations in a number of editions of the classics. While all the costumes were individually striking perhaps the most appealing figure was little Terry Blackwood, the Grand Wisar. Terry's eye-rolling and slight twitchings were an excellent portrayal of a worried state dignitary.

—o—

Francis Thomas' commission as postmaster was dated June 19 .The day was his birthday.

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Bob Cosden who arranged the boxing card at Love Point and also won a decision over Henry Gonzales in a hard six-round bout did not get a nickel for his work. When Bob had paid off every one else there was nothing left for him.

—o—

Marie Shortall brought to County Agent Baker's office four Japanese beetles which she found on her flowers in Centreville. Quite a number of the insects have been found at My Lord's Gift farm at Queenstown, indicating that the pest is gaining a foothold in Queen Anne's.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

SO SAYS THE RAMBLER

Assorted barbs from the pen of the old Rambler in his Wayside Thoughts in the Democrat and News, Cambridge:

—o—

Gen. Hugh S. Johnson recently said: "I don't know anything about politics. Neither does anybody else." He might have added: "Except Hoover and Wm. Randolph Hearst."

A city election will be held on July 8 Old Soak says the closing of the beer saloons will make it no less exciting, with Trappe so near at hand.

Everything Governor Landon has done since shedding his last diaper will now be found in the Hearst newspapers under flaming headlines.

Jim Farley, Postmaster General has adopted an open and fair method of soliciting campaign funds, but the Republicans say he is violating the Constitution. They will tell us later on that it's ag'in the Constitution to be a Democrat.

STRAWS FROM CHICAGO

Wherein the Cecil County Star takes issues with the World's (allegedly) Greatest Newspaper over a straw vote in the corn belt:

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Running a straw vote is a hazardous venture. Embarrassment is often the result. The Chicago Tribune is making that discovery.

This bitterly anti-New Deal newspaper discovers in its Presidential straw vote that the Republicans draw 21,844 votes, scattered among six candidates —while the Democrats, with no party contest to stimulate interest, ring up 29,381 votes, all except 277 for Roosevelt.

And while the 29,104 who now vote for Roosevelt will presumably vote for him in November, the Tribune must wonder whether the 3524 Republicans who favor Borah will accept Landon. They're all out of step but "The World's Greatest Newspaper."

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

THE MAIL BAG

To the Editor:

By the advertisement of the local movie program one would think that I was the star in the picture "San Francisco." I fould hate for Clark Gable to see it. I want your readers and my friends to know that I only worked as an extra and only appeared in crowd and mob scenes. If anyone should go and pay admission expecting to see me as an actor they will have to have good eyesight and be a keen observer to find me in the mobs of other working extras.

I worked in the opera scene as one of the audience, in the New Years' eve scene as one of the street crowd, in the earthquake scene, and as a dead man on a stretcher covered with a blanket.

Hollywood critics have decided that this picture is the best filmed in 1936, so I would advise anyone to see it for the goodness of the picture and Clark Gable, not for me in the atmosphere.

After I make a couple more big pictures, I am planning on thumbing a ride to Centreville and making a personal appearance at the Opera House.

Sincerely,
MATT BROWN.

Hollywood, Calif.

To the Editor:

May I have the space to say how very much pleased I am at improvements next the station, where grass is being kept in good order and cut between my planting of poplars by the tenant on that side. It all makes such a difference in the appearance of the town and everyone who sees it, speaks of it.

I also would like to mention the improvement by planting at entrance near the P. O. to Mr. Morris' repair shop. Even that tiny space on each side of the drive, cared for and planted, trash and weeds kept out, make a great difference. Little by little Centreville is taking more interest in its appearance, and one thing is surely leading to another.

May I speak of one other matter which seems particularly apropos at this time of Summer Camps. And that is the dressing or lack of it allowed at such places.

I was delighted to see in the papers that women at least in one locality are protesting about the half naked men bathing in that condition. I confess I did not see the connection between "Hairy men being of the horse car era". I can remember horse cars and all the male patrons buttoned up their shirts and added stiff collars on top. But why we should allow the German custom of going around half, far more than half, naked at bathing beaches, tennis courts or anywhere, I, not being modern, cannot understand.

It would be quite as appropriate if men protested against the nakedness of women. I wish they would, for it is said women dress to please the men.

I do think that summer camps and bathing beaches have made people so lax that they think they can, and do in fact, appear on Main Street in at least our smaller towns, dressed or undressed as if for swimming.

Of course one hears the rot about nudism being so much more moral than the sinful mind needing to wear clothing. In fact those who would be decent must not think of covering nakedness, etc. But if it was unmoral to cover oneself, for God's sake, let us go back to being unmoral and decent.

We know where people who were decent, got to in those days and we hear where the unclothed and indecent get, socially, these days. Let us all who are decent, demand decency.

M. Y. BROWN.

Centreville, Md.

THE POET'S CORNER

Calm of Evening

Though the sun has set
Behind the city walls,
Its afterglow
Still lingers
In my room.
The peace of twilight
Whispers
In the pines,
And
The throbbing of a lute
Comes from afar.

—Hsieh T'Iao.

Irrespective

The moon,
Being impartial,
Shines down
On rooftops
All over the town,
Be it beggar's or banker's,
Poet's or fop's,
A king's
Or that of a clown;
On each it bestows
A glittering crown.

—Le Baron Cooke.

The Bible And Public Morals

By WILBUR L. CROSS

As I look about me, I see no heaven upon earth. In my own time family ties have become looser and looser. They may be broken without censure or comment. Among certain classes, children are cast off or neglected; and among other classes, children have no respect for their parents, whom they coldly let suffer and die in poverty. Hunger for land and riches has no bounds. People of small means are exploited by corporations organized for the purpose. From him who hath little all is taken. Men seek public office, not for the benefit of their constituents, but for private gain. Fraud and embezzlement are common occurrences. A lie is a virtue if one can get away with it. Our minor courts are often run in the interest of poltical parties. Justice, which once had a home there, has long since taken flight to the heaven above us. Murder goes unpunished. War has a continuous existence, like the germs of the most deadly disease. When one war ends, another begins somewhere else. It is a dark picture.

And yet, against these sinister forces are always working the Biblical ideals of personal and collective conduct which lie embedded in our fundamental laws. New means and devices for detecting crime have been discovered. People are watching the action of our courts with eyes more alert than a generation ago. Nations are uniting in efforts to prevent aggressive wars. When crises arise, men of integritf come forward to assist in affairs of state and nation. State and federal laws are being enacted to mitigate greed and the exploitation of the public. As private charity has weakened, the state has come to the rescue of the sick and the afflicted, orphans and neglected children, widows unable to care for their children, and the growing number of men and women who reach old age with no means of support. This is what Jesus Christ would preach and urge were he still among us in the flesh.

The struggle between light and darkness may go on forever. But, there is no reason for despair. As long as our civilization lasts, the Bible will call men and women back to the banner of honesty, justice, and mercy.

Among The Fishermen

WITH CHRISTIAN GERNERT, JR.

Members of the Baltimore City Council and Mr. Hecht, of Hecht Brothers, fished at Kent Narrows one day last week.

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A man from Rock Hall had a fishing party out in Mr. Spence Yourre's boat. They did not catch many rock but they reported some white perch as big as any they ever saw.

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Mr. Windell and son of Baltimore shed at the Narrows Sunday but they weren't lucky enough to make a haul.

—o—

Mr .and Mrs. Marshall Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hook, of Altoona, Pa., Mr. and Mrs. C. Ward Johnson, of Swissvale, Pa., and Mrs. O. L. Theis, of Hillsboro formed a party that went out with Capt. Horstmann from Queenstown. They caught 27 hardheads and perch, among them several nice ones.

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Crabbers in the vicinity of Queenstown are doing very well, with the catch running from a barrel and a half to two barrels of hard crabs a day.

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A party comprised of Russell Swann, of Washington, D. C., John W. Sterner, Reading, Pa., and J. Norman Mason, Gene and Billy Mason and T. S. Pippin, of Ruthsburg, had some nice sport and were well pleased with their catch when they went out with Captain Horstmann during the holidays.

—o—

Joseph Lutz and family of Columbia, Pa., spent the day crabbing at Queenstown and wound up with a crab steam on the shore. It proved a most enjoyable outing.

"AGIN" THE DEMOCRATS

Anonymous mail reaching that great Democratic pillar, the Worcester Democrat, Pocomoke City:

—o—

The Worcester Democrat,
Pocomoke City, Md.
Dear Sir:

Inclose you will find this paper. I don't take no Democratic paper. The least I hear about a Democrat the better I like it, so I don't want no Democratic paper to Read.

Yours truly,
X Y Z

Dame Rumor Says

A comely county seat lass, who regularly is afflicted with the Monday morning yawns, when asked why she doesn't go to bed nights flipped back: "I don't see any point in that".

—o—

A prize-fight follower in the vicinity of Wye Mills had a half dozen chances to see the Louis-Schmeling films at Easton without forking over any dough and then wound up by driving all the way to Church Hill at midnight and laying cash on the barrell head.

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Some of the Chestertown boys are seen quite frequently on Kent Island, in and around Chester, and there is said to be quite an attraction.

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A county seat matron, lately a visitor to remote parts, destroyed all the joyous effects of her homecoming by quizzing her husband too strenuously on the handling of his pin money during her absence.

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That Wye Mills farmer, who has been helping people shock wheat, now has plenty of money. In fact he has two shot bags full, one for each hip pocket, and is now ready to loan it on good security.

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Reports from the Kidwell Avenue sector indicate that one gent, not too husky ,consumed sixteen loaves of bread over the Fourth. How he could do this and not increase the waistline is one of the reigning mysteries.

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And while on the subject of mysteries, a pair of around town county seaters who have been known to drink anything that comes in a bottle, bucket, jug, can or crock, declined the brand offered by a certain magician. They learned too late that the joy juice in a highly embossed bottle which they were offered worked wonders.

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Additional enlightening comment on an item which appeared in this department: "In reply to the right party of Ruthsburg way who was responsible for the raw gossip which was in last week's paper, will say I regret I did not go to the beauty parlor sooner. While quite expensive, I think it a very cheap way to capture a fine man. I don't think it was altogether due to the beauty parlor—just a winning way that counts. And this being leap year, I have a perfect right. If this curious party wants to know anything more, just call our village reporter."

—o—

This pillar of light (darkness) wishes here and now to absolve the Record's Chester correspondent for certain items appearing in this column last week. Your Old Lady hereby takes the blame for snooping in that neighborhood and wishes it to be known that the Chester correspondent sticks to untarnished news. When the dirt is dished, this column will personally dish it.

The Good Old Days

Recalling an accident which is probably still fresh in the mind of Deputy Sheriff Louis Perkins. From the Centreville Record of August 4, 1917.

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While engaged in moving the store fixtures of George A. Silver from the Kenton to the Snyder building on Tuesday Mr. Louis Perkins suffered a badly mashed foot when a marble slab weighing between eight hundred and a thousand pounds fell while being placed in a wagon, the full weight of which caught the foot of Mr. Perkins, mashing it from the instep. including the bones at the big toe.

He was taken to the office of Dr. Fisher where medical aid was rendered, after which he was removed to his home on Commerce street. A colored man who was helping Mr. Perkins in the work had one of his hands severely hurt at the same time.