# 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**

The tree which moves some to tears of joy is in the eyes of others only a green thing which stands in the way. Some see nature all ridicule and deformity, and by these I shall not regulate my proportions; and some scarce see nature at all. But to the eyes of the man of imagination nature is Imagination itself—as a man is so he sees.—Blake.

## THE ROADS PROGRAM

It will be welcome news to the rank and file of Queen Anne's residents that the County Commissioners and Roads Engineer Walter Blackwell are to embark upon a county-wide roads improvement program.

Instead of spending what money is available on a boulevard up to one man's gate, the funds will be spread to the widest possible advantage. The immediate goal is to make every road in the county passable the year around.

A program of this kind possibly flouts what would be considered "best engineering principles". Engineers would say to build a piece at a time and make it permanent. But with 371 miles of dirt roads in Queen Anne's, it is easy to figure out how long it would take to put every man on a stone road.

Probably if every available penny accruing to the county was used for new stone road construction, dirt roads might be replaced by a ribbon of concrete or macadam at a rate not to exceed thirty miles a year, on the basis of present allotments from the gasoline tax.

Thirteen years is too long to wait for the relief of conditions that existed here last winter and the years before. No one wants to see the school buses bogged down, farmers stuck in the mud trying to get their milk out, doctors mired enroute to patients, and whole sections of the county isolated for weeks at a time.

The better way is to fill the known quagmires with gravel or oyster shells before the bottom drops out and give the greatest number the greatest run for their money.

The energetic efforts of the County Commissioners in insisting that such a program be adopted and pushed through before the onset of bad weather will be commended as a step in the right direction.

If they are successful in relieving the distressing conditions of last winter they will have earned the thanks of everyone. They will have rendered a real service to Queen Anne's.

## TYDINGS TO "THE RESCUE"

Senator Millard E. Tydings, who jumps on and off the New Deal bandwagon, ducks in and out of Baltimore City politics, and generally can be counted upon to pursue a course calculated to make his constituency blow first hot and then cold on him, is currently flirting with the Bay bridge.

Mr. Tydings, at the moment, is urging that the Bridge Authority get its papers in shape to borrow $3,000,000 from the RFC. The Senior Senator from Maryland, in fact, is taking more than a casual interest in the slumbering proposal. He appears downright anxious for the application to be filed.

Obviously he is keen for the Bay Bridge to be built.

It so happens, however, that there are a pile of people in Maryland who are not so keen for a bridge, at least not keen for one so high up the Shore where it would serve only a fragment of the State's population.

When one leaves the Kent County line and heads south on the Shore the vast bulk of Senator Tydings' constituents are dead set against a Bay bridge at the proposed site. The same conditon prevails in Anne Arundel, Prince George's and in southern Maryland counties.

Perhaps if Baltimore City were polled on the proposition there would be no preponderance of sentiment in the bridge's favor. After all Baltimore business men are more interested in the trade of the entire Shore than in what Kent and lower Cecil offers. The city merchants and grain and livestock dealers figure that if anyone from the lower Shore drives as far north as Tolchester on this side of the Bay that they will head on for Philadelphia or Wilmington to do their dealing. Why drive almost to the outskirts of these cities and then pay a stiff toll to back track to Baltimore?

If Senator Tydings were sincere in looking out for the interests of the entire State it probably would be a smart political move for him to urge equal fervor that a survey be made of a lower Bay crossing.

For instance, how about looking into the resolution adopted by the General Assembly that the Kent Island-Sandy Point route be studied? How about seeing what could be done toward a State-owned, high frequency, low cost ferry? How about a bridge, or bridge-tube combination over the crow-flight route across the bay, which happens to be from Kent Island?

If the whimsical Senator, with the same energy, would explore all the methods of removing the Bay barrier between the two Shores, he probably would face the electorate in 1938 with greater confidence.

In any event he would be better off to let sleeping dogs lie than to stir one up to devour him at the polls.

## THE BAY LIFE SAVER

Under the watchful eye of Captain Wash Woodall Smoky Joe, Jr., the present Love Point ferry, is more than living up to the reputation of its predecessor in rescues in Chesapeake Bay.

The assistance rendered to four hundred Marylanders last week after a collision of two boats in the Bay was another instance of the alertness of the captain and the usefulness of the ferry. The presence of Governor Harry W. Nice made the occasion a striking one.

Day and night Smoky Joe, Jr., plies its prosaic run from Kent Island to Baltimore. Up in its pilot house Captain Wash Woodall or his mate keeps a weather eye peeled like a patrolman on his beat or a coastguard walking a rocky shore, not particularly expecting to find signs of distress yet ready to offer aid.

The boat and its alert captain are the nearest thing Maryland has to its own Chesapeake Bay coastguard. Last week the ferry completed its transfer of passengers while the federal ship which was summoned was still on its way. The passengers were not in grave danger, yet they might have been.

On his record of rescues in the Bay Captain Woodall merits some sort of official recognition. He knows the Bay, he knows his boat, he knows what to do when distress arises, and he does it.

Volunteer rescuers on the water like volunteer firemen in communities usually get as their reward only a few words spoken at the moment when danger is averted.

If the State has any sort of token to show its appreciation of Captain Woodall's long record as a volunteer guardsman of its Bay waters it would not be amiss for Governor Nice to extend it as a tribute from Maryland.

## NOT OUR ABNER

Away back in March 1934 the Record started running a feature in the lower right hand corner of the first page entitled "Abner Says".

Our Abner doesn't concern himself much with the deeds or misdeeds of the New Deal, preferring to rove the nation and now and then coming closer home for a quip.

With more than a two years' start we figured Abner was our property, but now the National Association of Manufacturers have popped up with a comic strip of the same name which is offered free to all newspapers who wish to crack wise at the government.

Abner, who is the traditional rural wisecracker, says things like "A liberal is a feller who is like that with other people's money," "Eph Watts has perfected a bran'-new kind o' detour sign to be used in getting around the Constitution" and "Some folks want to check Gov'ment spending and others want to spend Gov'ment checks."

Our own Abner is not as sly as all this. Sometimes he will say a true saying often escapes through false teeth, or something along that line but that's as far as he goes.

The impression will not down, however, that somebody has heard our Abner chirp a time or two and is now imitatin' him. And imitation, they say, is flattery.

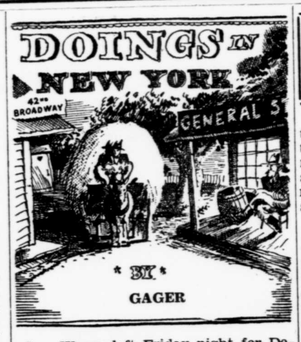
## OBSTRUCTIONIST

Senator Neely of West Virginia, "got a laugh" out of the Senate one day with a story to illustrate the "chronic obstructionist," whom he described as never "conservative." He told about a young woman who went to her first sewing bee, and was asked whether she could sew, to which she answered: "No, I can't sew a stitch, but I can rip up beautifully.

After reading lists of first, second, third, fourth and fifth vice-presidents in clubs and corporations, Joe Cornstalk allows that the trouble with the country is that we are trying to run it with one vice-president.

The way everybody talks now, the United States will positively not attend the next European war. George M. Cohan might start working on a song called 'Over Here."—New Yorker.

A writer says yodeling is becoming very popular in Germany. We see no reason why yodeling in Germany should not be popular in this country too.—Punch.




Lou Wasey left Friday night for Deroit after receiving news that his mother had passed away. We are all awfully sorry to hear about it and wish to extend our deepest sympathy.

—o—

At one of Longchamps restaurants on Madison Avenue last week we ran across radio Lew Amis having lunch with that blues singer, Lee Wiley. Neither seemed to be eating very much so they probably were talking shop.

—o—

Artist Tom Patterson, who also writes a column for that mag called the Advertiser, is trying to get it syndicated through Mr. Hearst's publications. As Tommy just recently became a father, he probably finds life very busy these days.

—o—

Old man Steve Birch has been a bachelor for two days as his wife is out in the Middle West visiting relatives and we find he can't take it. He wanders around like a lost soul and is crossing out days on his calendar like the boys up at Sing Sing do.

—o—

The Island Club at Montauk again was host to lots and lots of people including actress June Knight much bedecked with diamond bracelets and all that. As gossip would have it, Miss Knight was also wearing a big solitaire on the third finger of her left hand, but goodness gracious she done that before.

—o—

Ohio State's big threat and our best Olympic hope Jesse Owens left last week with the rest of America's track stars for the Olympic Games next month in Berlin. On close inspection he really seems too slight of build to run in three events and stand up under it, but he tells us that his weight is 168 pounds and that he won't drop more than a pound after an all day meet.

—o—

Novelist Rex Beach carries about six cigars around with him, but was smoking cigarettes all together at the World Broadcasting building last week. Maybe the cigars were for friends who weren't there because at the end of the day he still had the same six in his pocket.

—o—

Understand tenor Morton Downey en famille will soon return to these here shores as he has completed his singing tour around England. Wonder why some manufacturer doesn't sign Mr. Downey up to a radio contract.

—o—

Joe Williams, who writes sports as well as the next one, is now in Europe for a holiday. Never having been abroad before it will give him a good idea just how good a place these United States really are. Funny how everyone always thinks the grass is so much greener on the other side of the fence until you jump over the fence.

—o—

We received a letter the other day from our good friend the Voice of Experience. He seems to be having one fine holiday down in the British West Indies and hasn't listened to a radio for weeks. Dr. Taylor, as he is known off the air, says in part that he is looking forward to getting back to his job the last week of next month. O. K. Doc, we'll be listening.

## *Uneasy Editor's Chair*

**NO MATTER HOW IT'S SLICED**

Definitions and classifications as listed by the Old Reporter in the Upper Dorchester News, published at Hurlock:

—o—

It is of interest the different expressions that the many professions and trades use in titling the people upon which they depend for their living. The doctor has patients; the lawyer has clients; the preacher has souls; the merchant has customers; the writer has readers; the canner has farmers; the bus driver has passengers; the telephone company has subscribers.

—o—

But, call them what you may, the government puts them all in one bag and calls them "taxables."

**NOTES ON RUTHSBURG**

Modest reminder that Ruthsburg is still a thriving village which probably resulted from a mention last week that a farmer in that vicinity had made the very excusable mistake of planting rutabaga seed for cabbage. The Record hastens to advise that no offense was meant toward Ruthsburg. The reminder:

—o—

Please don't think because Ruthsburg isn't on the map that we are not up to-date. We have a thrifty little village. We have radios and electric fans installed in our stores so you can be made comfortable while eating ice cream.

And we have games of some sort going on that seem to be very popular especially on Sunday. Those who are not acquainted with the Ten Commandments had better sit up and take notice.

—A SUBSCRIBER.

**CHANNEL BUOY**

Physiognomatic note on our Governor as compiled by the eminent Bill Usilton in the Kent News as an outgrowth of the Bay crash in which the Governor was within a whisker of taking to the water:

—o—

If the gals hadn't been entertaining, our Governor would certainly have been afloat. If there's one thing of which we are positive it is the fact that Gov. Nice would not sink if cut adrift in the Chesapeake Bay. He's got the perfect build for a gas-filled channel buoy, and maybe he'll give the avocation some thought when he launches forth on Chris Billop's Vacation Marathon.

**BARREL OF PORK**

Crack at the New Deal in poetry as composed by the Braxton Central, rank Republican paper back in the hills of West Virginia:

—o—

New Deal jobs in the campaign chest,
Yo ho ho and a barrel of pork!
Slush and Farley have done for the rest,
Yo ho ho and a barrel of pork!

## — *THE* — Rambling Recorder

The heavy shower of Monday served the double purpose of breaking the ten-day heat wave and sending enough moisture to tide growing crops over for another while. Fields and pastures still need soaking rains to penetrate the subsoil.

—o—

Those in Centreville who looked forward to seeing the newly discovered Pelky's comet on Tuesday night when it was supposed to be visible to the naked eye met with the usual type of disappointment in heavenly spectacles. Cloudy skies called off the show.

—o—

The Centreville Opera House tried out its new air-conditioner at the Friday performance and the temperature soon dropped from 82 to 76 degrees. A crowd of four hundred at the Saturday evening shows gave the device a real workout. It passed muster successfully.

—o—

The conditioner is merely a large fan operated by a five-horsepower motor set in a tunnel above the street level. The fan draws in outdoor air, scatters it through the theater and pushes the heated air out through open windows. A moving vane at the inlet guides the air in various directions. If part of the windows are closed the draft is sufficient to slam the front doors shut.

—o—

The young lady who was distributing chewing gum samples in Centreville Friday was Miss Vassar Jehl who, however, never went to Vassar. What one young man doesn't know is that she left three slabs for him with his buddy. The buddy delivered one.

—o—

For the second year in succession Walter Rash, an employee at a local garage, won the $5 prize award of a fan belt company for leadership in selling their product. With the award came a sealed certificate suitable for framing.

—o—

Jocko, the jail monkey, is out of his barred cage now that the thermometer is stretching up into its higher registers. Tethered by a long chain to a branch of a tree he clambers around in something like his natural environment, using his tail like a fifth hand or foot to keep a little slack in the chain.

—o—

The largest crowd to attend a session of Police Court in some time was present Monday evening, possibly attracted by the unexpected drama in one of the cases docketed. The throng required the use of the main courtroom and even then the aisles were jammed. What interested some of the officials was how the news of the trial got around so fast. No direct announcement of the case was made yet the spectators came from many sections of the county. Apparently word-of-mouth grapevine which exists in all rural sections can work fast when the subject matter warrants.

—o—

The witness chair in the courtroom is placed on a small platform on which some careful workman has neatly designed "Q. A." in brass tacks. As a consequence the feet of witnesses are down to brass tacks.

—o—

Dog days start Saturday. The name does not mean much to people nowadays. There was a time when folks feared that dogs would go mad during the period. While they are now generally associated with the idea of hot, sultry, weather, dog days are really the first sign of winter. One of the brightest stars to brighten the winter skies is Sirius, the so-called dog star, and it is the approach of Sirius to the night sky that ushers in the dog days.

—o—

Artist Vernon Grant, who enjoys living close to Nature at his Picnic Point Studio, was waist deep in the Corsica River in the midst of his ablutions last Saturday when he had distinguished visitors, Commander Copp of the U. S. Navy and Mrs. Copp. The Commander cut off his motor at the top of the hill and coasted down to the waterfront. It was quite a surprise.

—o—

After a short interval they enjoyed reviewing incidents on a round-the-world cruise last year. They met in Shanghai and continued together through India, the Suez Canal, Egypt and to Naples where Mr. Grant left the boat.

—o—

Charles West, Jr., and Katy Everett relieved the tedium of a sultry summer morning one day last week when they put on a good act on Commerce Street.

—o—

Charles has developed into a crack accordinist. After a preliminary concert in the privacy of an office, Purnell Brown thrust a straw hat in Katy's hands and from this an idea blossomed.

—o—

Charles and Katy emerged to the street to put on a blind man's act, with Katy carrying the hat. Archie Dewing chipped in a pair of colored glasses and rigged up a sign for Charles' back.

—o—

Presently a sprinkle of pennies broke out. The concert went on for ten minutes or so and Katy found herself possessed of 16c. At last reports she was much worried over who her benefactors were so that she could make restitution. In our opinion she should have no qualms of conscience. The money was well earned.

## RADIANT LIVING

**THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW**

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

"Why do you set that light in the window?" I asked her one evening as she lit her big oil lamp and placed it on a little table in a small bay window.

"It's a peculiar notion of mine," she smiled in her motherly way. "Somehow I feel it will bring a little cheer to some passerby."

As she spoke, I recalled how I had been impressed by the rays of light streaming from the windows of cheery homes as I passed by on a cold winter's night. Their mellow rays seemed like long arms of welcome reaching out toward me and bidding me to come in and enjoy the warmth of heart and encouragement.

"And do you know they get to look for it," she replied as an appreciative look swept over her kind features. "And when I'm away from home and come back they tell me that they missed the light shining in the window!"

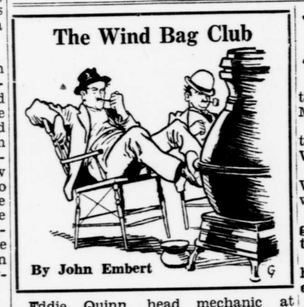
I was beginning to think, is there a light in my—

"And there was one person," she broke in on my thought, "there was one person who confessed that if it hadn't been for this light, he wouldn't have known what he would have done one night when he was nigh overcome by discouragement."

"Isn't that fine," I exclaimed, "and I believe I will place a light in my window tonight, "I added with a deeper meaning than the words would seem to indicate." Perhaps my light to might speak to someone as yours has spoken to me."

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

## The Wind Bag Club



By John Embert

Eddie Quinn, head mechanic at Cole's Garage, had his wind cut off for a short while when he was caught under the windshield wiper. Bill Cross heard him yelling and pried him loose with a crowbar. Eddie says he might get over it but will never be the same. One good thing about this freak accident his ears were pinned closer to his head and they won't be so easy to pluck by the boys.

—o—

The firm of Potter and Potter received a postcard postmarked Crawfish Town and signed "Slim the sign painter." It read: "As soon as I sell my hog will send money for my back board but if I had gotten away with the tool box I wouldn't have to kill hogs son soon."

—o—

Frank Jones, the Eastern Shore's playboy at forty-seven, is still going strong and is he popular with the ladies! He wishes to inform the opposite sex that his old telephone number of bonus 585 has been changed to deficit 166.

—o—

Herman Moore has stopped puffing but he's still blowing. It is a lot of work and expense when the city folks drop in on you unexpected. Besides he had a bushel basket of eggs saved and his nephew stumbled and fell head first breaking so many there were just enough left for the cat's breakfast. He says he would like to get his hands on the party who wrote that song "I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket."

—o—

Doc Reese offered a ten dollar bill to anyone who would teach him how to dance. Mike Aker, one of the best in his day when the old square dance was all the go, accepted the offer. After struggling for three months with no success he was about to give it up for a bad job when one evening the cuff of Doc's pants caught in the heel of his shoe causing him to fall on a can of black flag. That solved the problem—killing all the ants. You know you can't dance if you have ants in your pants.

—o—

Pop Pop Cross, champion pinochle and pitch player, has gotten so good there isn't much competition so he decided to learn to play bridge. But one evening was enough. His partner, Will King, left the draw open giving him an unexpected bath.

—o—

During one of our recent hottest days I was strolling down the road getting a little sun tanned when I passed some workmen and overheard the boss of the gang tell the man who was driving the road scraper drawn by two mules to carry his shovel along with him and use it when the mules got too hot. He replied, "is that so?" How about me if I get too hot? How are the mules going to help me?

## THE POET'S CORNER

### Still Life

The moon's reflected
In the pond:
An orange
On a pewter platter.
—Le Baron Cooke.

### Ducks on the Sea

Windy sea and night
Make the wild ducks' voices sound
Strangely faint and white.
—Basho.

## CHURCH HILL

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Eareckson had as their guests over the week-end Mr. and Mrs. Frank Meeds, of Wilmington.

Miss Margaret Coppage left last week to spend some time with relatives in Wilmington and Philadelphia.

Mr. T. E. Walls and Mr. Marion Walls, of Washington, spent the week with their family here.

Miss Dora Reese, of Baltimore, is the guest for several weeks of relatives in town.

The Church Hill Community Club had a most enjoyable picnic Thursday evening on the school green.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilbur Walls spent Friday in Baltimore.

The M. E. Church, South, Church Hill, will hold their annual picnic at Tolchester on Wednesday.

Rev. Lester Smallwood and children left for Harold Harbor on Monday. He will return on Wednesday while the family will remain for some time.

Mrs. Nettie Stevens has returned to her home at Annapolis Junction after visiting relatives in town.

Mr. Henry Litchman, manager of the Church Hill theatre returned Saturday after a two weeks' vacation.

## DOMINION

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thomas had as their week-end guests Mr. and Mrs. Jack Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Thomas and daughters Joyce and June, of Baltimore.

Mrs. Eugene Thompson has returned home after spending two weeks as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Roland Thompson at Rich Neck.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore Thomas spent Sunday in Ridgely as the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tilghman Rash.

Miss Lavinia Blockston is spending this week in Baltimore with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Thomas had as their week-end guests, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Hughes and two friends of Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirby Thompson and granddaughter Alger, Mrs. Stella Thompson and son Adrian, motored to Tolchester Beach on Sunday.

Mrs. Howard Thompson spent several days in Baltimore last week visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Bennie Betaski.

Mrs. George Tull, Jr., is visiting for a few days in Baltimore this week.

Mrs. Lottie Stevens and daughters Ann and Maudie, arespending some ime in Baltimore.

Mrs. Walter Crouch, who has been n the sick list is improved at this time.

Mrs. Stella Thompson and son Adrian, nd friends motored to Rehoboth Beach ast Thursday.

Mrs. Katharine Thompson has as her house guest this week, Miss Thelma yntON, of Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Bennie Austin, Jr., of ear Queenstown, visited with Mr. and frs. Wedge Jones last Tuesday.

## HILLSBORO

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Lane and daughter Jean, of Baltimore, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lorin Lane.

Mrs. Blanche Morse and daughter Betty and Miss Frances Covell, visited Mr. and Mrs. Connelly Price, near Queen Anne Friday afternoon.

Miss Mary Louise Dadds, spent last Wednesday in Baltimore.

Mr. Ray Dolby, of Stevensville, Mrs. Walter Dolby, of Queenstown, and Mrs. Byard Holden, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, were callers Friday evening at the home of Mrs. H. R. Covell.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Pinder, of Pine Brook, N. J., were week-end guests of Mrs. Howard Dadds.

Mr. Clifton Hicks, sons and daughters, and Miss Gladys Gale, motored to Hershey, Pa., Saturday for the day.

Miss Elaine Hunter, of Centreville, who is spending her vacation with her grandmother, Mrs. H. R. Covell, accompanied her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Olin Hunter to Ocean City Saturday for the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. James Price and daughters, of near Cordova, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Willard Russell.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown Thawley, of Burrisville, visited Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Blades Sunday.

Messrs. Gardner Beaven, Eugene Knotts and Byron Barton, Jr., spent Sunday at Rehoboth.

Miss Mildred Stenger is spending the week with Miss Peggy Blades.

Mrs. Edgar Blades, Misses Catherine, Ruth, and Esther Skinner left Monday for Niagara Falls.

## Dame Rumor Says

A Queen Anne Romeo who likes to play big shot on a little pocketbook at the sea shore laid all his dough on the line to bribe a waiter for a preferred table in the dining room, didn't have the price of a hamburger for the next meal.

—o—

A farmer's wife in the Second District was seen in very earnest conversation with a Caroline chap. Later the cause of all this earnestness was believed to have ferreted out when they were seen Saturday-nighting together.

—o—

Wonder what frightened those Carmichael dames so when their Bridgetown boy friends took them visiting in the Hayden neighborhood?

—o—

A rugged individualist from the North who likes to come down this way to rough it, disdaining such things as bath tubs, almost caught afire the other day when he doused himself too liberally with Odorono. His sympathetic playmate suggested that he change to Mum.

—o—

The Ruthsburg widow seems to be gaining ground rapidly. She's now reached the beer guzzling stage with her playmate.

—o—

When a certain Crumpton madam stops using the typewriter and starts her long hand the difference is as great as driving off the duPont Boulevard onto a mid-winter dirt road.

—o—

A Wye Mills farmer who looks rather frisky when he shaves and puts on his Sunday clothes has his eyes on a county seat blonde. He's liable to dress up any day now and take her to Ocean City.

No solution having been found for the disappearing milk cans in and around Church Hill, your Old Lady suggests that maybe the bootleggers need them to carry water in since the creeks all ran dry.

—o—

With the onset of hot weather the little lassie who used to roller skate into Ruthsburg in the hope of being picked up has discontinued her travels. It got so she was being left too often and the gamble is no longer worth getting up the sweat.

—o—

That very temperate milk truck driver twixt here and the Talbot line shouldn't be so opposed to a nip of John Barleycorn—at least he ought to overlook one nip on a Saturday night.

—o—

It happened the other yawning about 2 a. m. in Centreville. Mrs. Blank was awakened by loud noises and an attempt at harmonizing, coupled with the very insistent cry of her name. Finally, opening her bedroom window, she asked what the wavering figures wanted. One of the group, evidently the least affected, shouted: "Does Mr. Blank live here?" To this the madam very naturally replied in the affirmative. "Well," spoke the spokesman, "come down and pick him out. Those of us who aren't want to go home."

## The Good Old Days

Reminiscent of the days when barbers not only advertised but occasionally broke into lyrics in crying their trade is this ad from the Centreville Record of July 28, 1917. Note that the barber offers to keep customers healthy, fair and fat.

—o—

With razor keen and water hot
You'll always find me on the spot,
Your hair I'll cut and dress in style
To cause the "dear" girls all to smile.
Your razors, too, I will repair
And warrant them to cut a hair;
When shaved by me, you'll truly say,
"My money is not thrown away."
Shampooning—I'll attend to that—
Will keep you healthy, fair and fat,
And keep your head from dandruff free
So gentlemen please call on me.

WILLIAM HANDY,
Commerce Street,
Centreville.