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

On the Plains of Hesitation bleach
The bones of unnumbered thousands, who at
The dawn of victory sat down to wait
—and
Waiting, died.
—Author Unknown.

WELCOME, MAYOR

Court day in Centreville, usually a pleasant affair because a lot of folks come to town, was made further enjoyable this week by a surprise visit.

Mayor Howard W. Jackson, who is on a three weeks' vacation cruise of the Chesapeake, turned up early Tuesday morning and spent most of the day in our midst.

The Mayor of Baltimore said he had come ashore to get the morning papers, but if he laid in a supply of the public prints, we don't believe he found time to read them. He was too busy renewing acquaintances, making new friends, and chewing the fat about this and that with Queen Anne's Countians.

Mr. Jackson acted like he enjoyed his visit, and certainly we did. We like the way he walks up Lawyers' Row moving in and out of the offices, greeting everyone as though he never met a stranger. We like the way he sits on our benches on the courthouse green. He comports himself like he belongs there. He rubs elbows without a bit of friction. There's no jerk when he moves over for another benchwarmer.

If anyone was dazzled by his appearance in our midst, there were no signs. He was simply part and parcel of a genial court day in Centreville.

Quite unnecessary to say, we hope the Mayor comes again and stays longer. He's a good companion.

OPTOMISTIC ROADS

In an editorial last week the Record was far too optimistic in estimating the number of years it would take to build stone roads throughout the county even if every penny of money accruing from the gasoline tax was used.

Queen Anne's usually gets around $80,000 a year for new construction, maintenance, and all purposes. Ordinarily macadam costs from $12,000 to to $15,000 a mile. Sixteen foot concrete roads under drainage conditions encountered here cost approximately $25,000 a mile.

Hence if the county put all its money in macadam,. something like six miles a year could be built. If all concrete, a little more than three miles could be constructed.

With 371 miles of dirt roads yet to be improved it would take 62 years to macadamize them and more than a century to turn dirt into concrete.

Pardon us for saying that stone roads of any character could be acquired in 13 years if we put all our money to the purpose.

BELOW, NOT ABOVE

Mr. Carroll Dulaney, whose comments on Maryland in the News Post provide about the only soothing note in the stridently strummed Hearstian lyre in Baltimore, discussed the proposed Bay bridge in his column the other day.

He came as close to speaking sense in the controversy as anything we have heard in many a day. Says Mr. Dulaney:

"The Chesapeake bay bridge project bobs up like Hamlet's ghost to plague us during the hot weather. Yesterday's mail brought me seven letters, all urging that the bridge be built—and all from Baltimore.

And right there is the rub. Baltimore wants the bay bridged, but when Ellicott H. Worthington says the building of a bridge ABOVE Baltimore would be forcing upon the people of the Eastern Shore something they do not want, he is speaking Gospel truth.

No one would like to see our Chesapeake spanned by a gigantic bridge more than I, but it is undeniably true that a bridge ABOVE Baltimore—from Miller's Island to the Kent county shore, as proposed—would benefit a very small number of people. It would be used only for traffic between Baltimore and the upper part of the Shore.

What is needed is some sort of quick and ready transportation across the bay BELOW Baltimore, but that presents a problem. The narrowest part of the bay is between Sandy Point and Kent Island. If a bridge could be built there it would be a great adn lasting benefit to many.

But the Government will not permit interference with navigation in the bay, and the only bridge which can be erected at that point is one that would clear all steamer lanes. And the cost of this, it is said, is prohibitive. Also, there is the same objection to a tunnel under the bay, which has been suggested as an alternative.

And so, I believe, the only solution to the problem for this day and generation is a fast ferry service between Sandy Point and Kent Island, with a western terminus which will obviate the necessity of driving through Annapolis. Such a ferry would make the trip across the bay in half an hour, and it would cost little and soon pay for itself at the reduced rate of $1 per car.

If we can get the money to build the bay bridge, let us have it.

But a quick ferry BELOW Baltimore is needed much more than a bridge ABOVE the city.

ISLAND FISHING

The cheery word comes from Kent Island these days that Eastern Bay and the waters around Queen Anne's county are literally alive with rock. Three fishermen who know how to lure the stripers proved this to their own satisfaction at least when they landed a barrel of rock with handlines one afternoon and an almost similar quantity the next.

Queen Anne's waters have never received full credit for their value as fishing grounds, chiefly because Kent Islanders have never sought it.

Those who operate party boats have done fairly well thus far depending upon word-of-mouth advertising by satisfied visitors. How far the business could be expanded by proper publicity is an idea to toy with.

Similarly Kent Island Narrows fails to achieve its true importance in seafood products since a large part of the crabs and a fair amount of the oysters caught are sold to buy-boats which deliver them to points outside the county. The catch is recorded where it is delivered.

Sooner or later the Kent Islanders will tackle the problem of making the fishing possibilities of their region known widely. They have already shown in their community celebrations that they know how to work together. If they put similar energy into developing the business of taking fishing parties out Kent Island will become a familiar name to visiting fishermen.

MONOPOLY PLANK

"Does Big Business view the Republican 'anti-monopoly' plank seriously? Impossible!" asks and answers the Springfield, Mass., Republican.

"If the consequences of Landon's election were to be what the plank threatens, and those consequences were anticipated in business circles, even the duPonts would probably rush to Roosevelt's support before Labor Day.

THE SIMPLE LIFE

"America's nostalgia for the simple life is great. But there are problems that must be faced. Many of them are those of a modern industrial nation. Some of these problems Kansas has never had to face. Governor Landon's streams of advisers from the East will serve him ill if they overplay the rural simplicity angle."—Christian Science Monitor.

LIKE THE GREENBACKERS

There is a curious parallel between the Greenbackers of 1868 and Father Coughlin, Mr. Lemke, Dr. Townsend and Huey Long. All throw the economic experience of mankind into the waste basket. All have an idea there is some magic which can make real money out of nothing. There is in America still an abounding reservoir of common sense that can see the fallacy of ideas which are in conflict with reason.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

One of life's little paradoxes: Pennsylvania farmers who exist on tobacco raising erecting roadside signs telling of the evils of smoking.

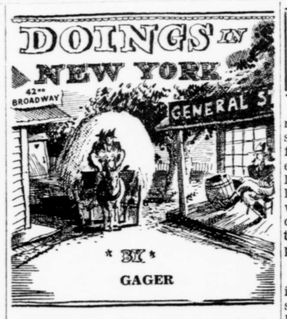
The Louisiana Senate has passed a bill that lobbyists must wear green caps and fantastic uniforms. Of course, the legislation was intended to impart some humor to a prosaic session, but to those with a knowledge of his sometimes devious ways, the lobbyist is far from being a joke.

When the last agent is fought off, even the veteran who never got into gun range will have earned his bonus.
—Milwaukee Journal.

But it's not the disturbing Washington night noises that worry the rest of the nation so much as the things done in the dark there without making a sound. — Glendale (Calif.) News-Press.

Writers say business has a "strong undertone." Can that be the growling we hear?—Burlington Hawkeye Gazette.

There is talk of equipping pages in the House of Representatives with roller-skates. However, there is even stronger talk of equipping many of the members with skids next November—Ohio State Journal.



Mixing with the common people the other morning at breakfast time was none other than tin plate heir Billy Leeds. He seemed to be enjoying his ham and eggs in the Graybar restaurant as much as the rest of us, and seriously Leeds is really a swell guy.

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Tuesday night at the Stork Club motion picture star Lupe Velez, just back from dear old England, danced and sipped champagne while the common folks stared and awed. What probably interested them most were the diamonds that covered both of Lupe's arms. That picture business must be great work if you can get it.

—o—

Ordinary happenings about a few of us no-names such as New Rochelle Ed Hennen being in Maine for a week's holiday, Squire Harry (Absorbine) Casswell at Watch Hill and artist Hal Stephen's return to work probably doesn't interest anyone so we won't say any more about it.

—o—

This and that . . . Golfer Walter Kozak made more dough the other day on a horse race than he wins ever in tournament play . . . Model Babs Beckwith has it so bad these 24 hours each day that she has trouble sitting still. Says Hollywood: John Barrymore and his love light Elaine Barry no longer see each other. We never could see either of them either.

—o—

Lots of space is being given these days to swimmer and now ex-Olympic swimmer Eleanor Holm Jarrett since she was dismissed from the team for breaking training. Regardless of the right or wrong of it, this probably was the first time Mrs. Jarrett got out over her head and into hot water.

—o—

Rumor has it that John Gambling, the announcer who does that earliest of early broadcasts over station WOR, is going to sponsor another program later in the day for Dutch cheeses. His present theme is hash and spaghetti so if you mix it all together I suppose you get spinach.

—o—

HERE and THERE . . . Club 21 had among others last night movie man Frank Morgan without his brother Ralph . . . At the races Al (Mammy) Jolson picking a few winners without much effort . . . One evening last week saw three former topnotchers in the prize fighting racket all at the hot spot, Club 18, but not together . . . Baseball's brother act the Dean boys strolling up Broadway last week with no one recognizing them. Such is fame.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

UP WITH THE DAWN

Wherein the good citizens of Hurlock are exhorted by the Upper Dorchester News to be up with the crack of dawn and enjoy the beauties of Nature:

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If the sun rose only once a year in Hurlock, its colorful arrival would be greeted with brass bands and a civic outpouring of delighted inhabitants.

If our sleep citizens would wake up early enough on just one morning, they would secure the same thrill of enjoyment as the earth turns to greet its source of light.

If you think this is applesauce get out of bed tomorrow when the whistles blow, watch the stars fade and the eastern horizon come to life, tinted with the hues that defy brush of artist and all words of description. You will be amply repaid for your trouble.

FAREWELL TO BRUCE

The departure of former Senator William Cabell Bruce from the ranks of Democracy as viewed by The Rambler in the Democrat and News, Cambridge:

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William Cabell Bruce, a former so-called Democratic Senator from Maryland, says he has been bitterly disappointed in Roosevelt. Wonder if Bruce realizes what a disappointment he has been to Maryland Democrats? He has been both a Democrat and a Republican, as suited him best, and neither of the parties has had much confidence in him.

AMERICA IS DOOMED

Specimen of the mouthings of one Daniel O. Hastings, Senator from the fluttery Blue Hen State in rallying the faithful at breezy Rehoboth. The Wilmington papers adjudged these remarks of such high order that three columns were consumed in carrying the message to "the pee-pul."

—o—

'America is doomed unless Roosevelt is defeated. What I have said against him in the past is like a love song compared with what I feel like saying about him now.

"Millions of Democrats are saying the only safety for America is in voting for Landon on election day. I think here in Delaware we can take care of ourselves, but let us not get too confident.

"To me this is the most important campaign in the history of this nation.

"The executive has a big job and much power, too much even for a Republican, and when a Democratic President has this power, it becomes positively dangerous."

MIXED METAPHOR

Republican National Chairman John D. M. Hamilton is endeavoring to clarify the issues of the campaign. Said he in a statement handed to the press: "This is a deliberate attempt on the part of those other people to throw a dust cloud when they know their ship is sinking." Deacon Parker of the Scripps Howard newspapers was reminded of a rival remark attributed to a politician in San Francisco: "That has all the earmarks of an eyesore."

A bank will work to get a bunch of loans on its books because of the income produced through interest and then immediately proceed to get the loans collected in so it can make a new lot. Why bother about collecting a small loan from a good interest paying customer only to replace him with another?

THE Rambling Recorder

For the second time in a row Monday morning was ushered in with a hard shower which cleared up early in the forenoon. The downpour of the same evening was marked by a spectacular lightning exhibition, all the more brilliant because the flashes themselves were obscured by a low-flying scud of cloud which diffused the flares across the entire heaven and magnified the apparent violence of the electrical display.

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Queen Anne's county still needs soaking rains to moisten the subsoil, which seems a far cry from the apparently bottomless mud of the past winter. However, the showers come frequently enough for crops to flourish, which is something to be thankful for.

—o—

Bill Riggs who has just returned from a visit to Indiana and the banks of the Vabash says that the Mid-West is really hard hit by the drought. Conditions this year are worse than in any recent years at least. Numbers of farmers out there say they will be satisfied with a half crop of corn, or any crop at all. One hot spell came when much corn was tasseling. With the thermometer perched at 110 or better for several days the tips were burned up, Bill says, adding that unless nearby stands tassel late there will be cornfields good for fodder and little else. Corn on the farms is selling at a dollar a bushel.

—o—

An investigator who is sampling public opinion about the coming national election struck Centreville during the week. He asked passersby chosen at random and in an entirely impersonal fashion whom they intend to vote for in the fall and why. The answers were listed on a small card. One young voter queried as to why he intended to vote for Roosevlet said. "Roosevelt is a Democrat and I am a Democrat."

—o—

The questioner also accosted Senator J. H. C. Legg who, by the way, is sporting a metallic Roosevelt emblem which he says came direct from the Democratic National Convention. When asked why he intended to vote for Roosevelt Senator Legg pointed to the one line on the card available for answer and said, "That line won't begin to hold all the reasons I intend to give when I get on the stump this fall."

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The investigator's only comment as he left was, "This is certainly a Democratic community."

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The postoffice at Centreville had a metallic flagpole erected above the entrance Thursday. Hereafter the flag will fly in fair weather. As it happens the duty of displaying the flag falls to Pere Forman and it is doubtful if it could be asigned to any one who would be more conscientious about it.

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The failure of the Preston baseball team to show up disappointed a large crowd at Centreville Sunday. The crowd, all set for an afternoon of sport had to be satisfied with a pickup game.

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The next best thing to a real colonial home is one built of colonial bricks. J. McKenney Willis, Jr., who is erecting a colonial type of home at his Bloomfield estate in Talbot county has been scouring Kent, Queen Anne's and Talbot counties for colonial bricks to construct and equip the building. The old mill which has stood for generations near Millington furnished most of the bricks for the dwelling. Radcliff Manor near Easton supplied sufficient bricks to build one of the fireplaces.

—o—

Many states seek innovations to make their license plates unique. A semi-streamlined house trailer which passed through Centreville Monday had Tennessee plates shaped like the map of the state, oblong, with a curve for the Mississippi River on one end and a protruding jag on the other. The outline of Tennessee is best fitted of all the states for use in license plates. Fancy a plate shaped like Maryland.

—o—

The August number of the American Legion magazine shows a mongrel house cat with grey, orange and white markings waiting for entrance at the back door wtih a mouse in its mouth. Ray Tabler said his cat did the same thing, except it carried a bird. Perhaps Ray's cat saw his copy of the magazine.

—o—

Reviewing the double defeat the Queenstown Terps handed the Coco Colas at Cambridge a reporter for the Cambridge Record remarks:

"Schelberg, pitching for Queenstown pitched one of the greatest games of his career and Schelberg is no chicken now. He had the Coca Cola boys fanning, chopping, ducking and diving throughout the whole nine innings and not one, no, not one, single hit could the Coca Cola's collect off his delivery.

—o—

"Folks, it is either one of two things, that Schelberg was extra good, or the Coca Cola's batters are extra bad. I am telling you a sad story, folks, but it is true. It is impossible to get a man around home if you cannot get him on first.

—o—

"Queenstown had in their lineup Rhinehart, who has recently been released by the Orioles and in the writer's opinion, Queenstown has the best balanced ball team on the Shore.

—o—

O. K. Nelson and a gang of workmen were tearing off the roof at Callahan's Hardware store Tuesday morning when O. K. struck a soft spot in the roof and fell through. The workmen hurried down to help him but O. K. was quite O. K. He returned to work with a slight touch of spring halt in his left leg and smeared trousers to show for his tumble.

—o—

A little matter like grass is no necessary for a lawn mower salesman when it comes to showing his machine in action. One salesman demonstrated a motor lawn mower at the Bartlett Hardware store this week by running it up and down on the concrete sidewalk.

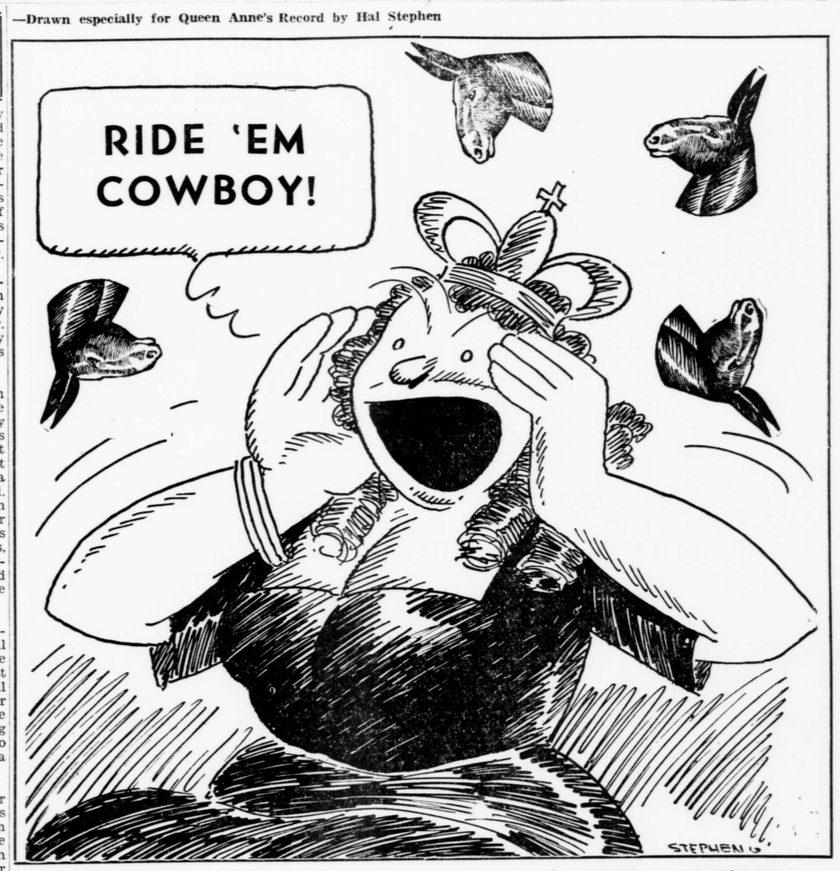
THE POET'S CORNER

AND JULY

Days when the loons fly
And the farm hands hasten
At their haying, watching the sky,
And the fields sway and blanch
To the currents of the wind
And the cow-bells sound and die
In the juniper pasture, and the lake
Is fanned into darkness
And the women hurry to dry
Bright cloths on the lines, their skirts whipping,
Days when the swallows fly,
And the grapevines are ruffled to white
My soul remembers
It is Maine
And July.

—Elizabeth Coatsworth.

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



Donkey Doings At Queenstown And Centreville

The Wind Bag Club

By John Embert

The soldiers bonus has been paid and some of them whom I know invested it wisely and are still wearing a smile. But I can't keep from sympathizing with a chap who grew up in this community and still makes his residence here. This story may seem strange nevertheless it's true. He salted his money down for three days then put it in pickle. Yesterday he took the top off the barrel and discovered the pickle had eaten it up.

—o—

Last week as I paddled my canoe down My Lord's Gift shore to Blackbeard where the Lions were feasting on steamed crabs and cold beer I was surprised for I expected to hear some roaring. There was really more roaring the next day when all the members but two discovered they were covered with jiggers. Pop Pop Cross and Papa Jim escaped the pests. Mr. Harrison discovered the reason they didn't get any on them was they still wear long underwear.

—o—

Otis Pinder says he has got a job with his brother who works for the Davey Tree Expert Co.—as a tree setter. He sets out the trees and I'm going to sit under them. So that's that. The depression must be over.

—o—

John Sheppard every week-end acts like a person with the jitters or apoplexy. Yet he insists his shaky condition comes from his love for jello.

—o—

The atmosphere is already filled with donkey dust. Windbag Embert and Cock-a-Doodle Nick have been playing leap frog and see-sawing all week getting in shape to ride the donkeys Monday night at Terp Park. Uncle Billy Bishop says the girls are really going to wear shorts. Count on me and Brother Beckley.

RADIANT LIVING

JOHN DISCOVERS A SECRET

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

The writings of St. John are very deep. His style is simple, his sentences are short. Although a child may understand them, a philosopher can not exhaust their content.

"God is light!" declares John; and again, "God is love!" What you need is a deep spiritual experience.

St. John was a mystic. His soul was perfectly at home with God. He dwelt with God. He dwelt in God.

St. John came to know God so well by discovering God in Jesus. St. John grew very close to the heart of Jesus, more so, perhaps, than any other disciple.

You will recall how at the Last Supper, it was St. John who reclined upon the bosom of Jesus. Like a child sheltered in its mother's arms, did not St. John discover there a secret of a luxurious relaxation from all care, a sort of sweet refuge that is beyond description?

When he leaned upon the bosom of the Christ, St. John discovered the secret of a relaxation in God.

Perhaps that very same discovery may be waiting there for you.

Among The Fishermen

WITH CHRISTIAN GERNERT, JR.

Eastern Bay was literally alive with rock over the week-end. Percy E. Thomas, Tom Boyce and Buck Sewell fishing between Parsons Island and Tilghman's Point landed two huge catches, getting 180 stripers averaging a pound and a half on Thursday and 110 on Friday. The first catch almost filled a crab barrel. The men chummed with live shrimp and hauled in rock until they tired of sport. They spent a few more busy hours passing rocks to friends all over the Island.

—o—

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bainey and son Charles, of Reading, Pa., and Mrs. Mary Weller, of Glenside, Pa., formed a party taken out Saturday night from Queenstown by Capt. Horstmann. They caught 10 spot fish, 12 hardheads and 8 perch.

—o—

Rock fishing at the Narrows is good. One boat caught about 40 rock Sunday. Other catches were good.

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Among those who fished with Capt. Roy Horstmann during the week were a party from Pennsylvania which included S. Ambrose Whirt, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Whirt, and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Funk, of Lancaster, and Mr. Carl Wentzel and several friends from Reading.

—o—

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Sparks and sons, Henry and Milton, and Mrs. Pearl Everngam and son Eric, all of Wye Mills, formed a party who had an enjoyable trip and a good catch.

—o—

Luther W. Windsor, at Centreville Landing, has equipped himself to take out parties from the local wharf.

—o—

Entry blanks are reaching the headquarters of the Chesapeake Bay Fishing Fair Association at Easton from all sections of the Bay. This month one Pflueger 1988 Star Drag Reel, four 200 yard Ashaway Sea Sport colored section lines, three assortments of Metalure baits and one Weber wall plaque will be awarded to the angler landing the largest fish in each of the nine classes listed below. All fish must be caught in the Chesapeake Bay or its tributaries.

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The Association guides have entry blanks and anglers are asked to fill them in and mail to Easton. The largest fish in the several classes caught by members of every party should be entered. Who will win in July—nine awards to be made August 4th.

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Senators George L. Radcliffe of Maryland and Key Pittman of Nevada, have become members of the Association which now has one hundred fifty-seven members with new applications coming every day.

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On July 8 ,a fifteen pound rock was landed by Grover Carter of Rock Hall fishing with Capt. Josh Thomas, Jr., out of Rock Hall.

—o—

Mrs. L. R .Orcutt, of Baltimore, brought in a fine three-pound hardhead fishing off Tangier Sound with Capt. Wilmer Lawson.

Dame Rumor Says

Has a gay pair of Centrevillians joined the Night Riders? They were seen in the depths of Caroline County the other sun-up looking for a couple cuties that somebody else had taken home.

—o—

A farmer out Burrisville way who disked up his oat strips the other day and planted corn is much plagued by the questions of his neighbors. They want to know if he planted frost-proof corn.

—o—

Some of the cut-ups around Easton created a mild disturbance on the Sabbath when they made their first appearance on the golf course in shorts. Seems like it's now okay to go on the tennis courts garbed in that fashion, but it was a bit daring to extend air-conditioning to golf.

—o—

If that Hayden woman is anxious to keep her secrets it would be best not to tell them to a certain Wye Mills femme.

—o—

That jealous individual on Kent Island who writes drop letters on a cheap grade of paper should take into consideration that the quality of paper used reflects on the sender.

—o—

Wonder how those Centreville lads who have been known to break out in a sweat in their bridge games on zero nights stand the hot weather?

—o—

A certain fisherman tells this department that the rock are bitin' so fast in the vicinity of Eastern Bay that he has to hold his hook above water while he lights a cigarette.

A plump, bespectacled county seater who likes to see his Tom Collinses topped off with a nice cherry got a bad scare. Reports indicate he imbibed too many and when the first cherry came up he was sure it was th ebeginning of a hemorrhage.

—o—

And while on the subject of fishing, your Old Lady learns that a Queenstown disciple of Izaak Walton hit the bottle too heavy, stretched out in the bottom of the boat, and didn't come to until his fellow fishermen had finished their three-hour trip. Quite unnecessary to say, he failed to get a nibble.

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Is that gent who parks his car so much on the Roesville-Bridgetown road a salesman or a Romeo or both?

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A wife from the outskirts of Centreville followed her husband's footsteps the other night and there was considerable uproar in the general direction of Burrisville. Onlookers said the peace and dignity of the countryside was disturbed. Hubby's been right tame since.

—o—

The Robbers' Row Hotspur, who thinks he has the inside track because a gal listens to his conversation now and then, shouldn't take for granted that he's making headway. The same gal buys beer for another gent and also furnishes most of the conversation.

New Deal Reviving The Old West

Paradoxically the New Deal, which has brought a new order to so many phases of American life, is reviving the practices of a by-gone day in the cattle country, for the open range is being recreated through the administration of the Taylor Grazing Act by the Department of the Interior says a special correspondent to the New York Times. This in turn means that the lonely range rider, the Fall and Spring round-ups and the branding iron will again become features of Western life.

In Utah, Colorado, New Mexico, Nevada, Idaho, Oregon, Wyoming, California, Arizona and Montana, the department will administer 142,000,000 acres.

The removal of the fences also makes the round-up and the branding iron once more essential, because herds of the various cattle raisers will become intermingled under the department's system of licensing ranchers to use the range at will. Thus far 15,081 licenses have been issued, representing 8,396,232 head of cattle, horses, sheep and goats.

It is expected that the number of animals will increase especially as it is thought that the grazing area will be augmented from time to time as submarginal farm lands are acquired by the government. But in any event the cattle country is reviving all the paraphernalia of an older generation. Registry of brands is active, corrals are being built and sales of branding irons and chutes are increasing.

The Good Old Days

Assorted items like a reindeer visiting Queen Anne's in the summer time and a new fire plug replacing a busted one taken from the Centreville Record of August 4, 1917.

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On last Sunday a lone reindeer was seen to cross fields and later enter Klinefelter woods in the upper part of the county. Mrs. Townsend Anthony and others saw the animal which was of fair size and had large antlers. A number of persons with guns started after him, but he soon outdistanced them.

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Under the supervision of electrician L. D. Shanks a new fire plug was installed Wednesday on Liberty Street at the M. E. Church taking the place of the plug which was put out of commission recently in an automobile mixup.