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

Look not mournfully into the Past: it comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present: it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future without fear and with a manly heart.
—Longfellow.

OYSTERMEN IN BUSINESS

The decline of Maryland as a seafood producing state is a cause for grave concern as is evidenced by the constant appearance of that topic in the press. Ways and means to lead the industry out of the doldrums and reutrn the State to its once preeminent position present a knotty problem. Suggestions are heard on all sides.

The suggestion by Representative Evans, himself an oyster packer, that the "watermen be put in the oyster business" is not without merit.

Granting of acreage to oystermen presents problems in setting up the administrative machinery to make such a plan possible and workable. Another and perhaps greater problem immediately presents itself in the way of sustaining the oystermen until his acreage yields a living for the oystermen and his family.

Here in Queen Anne's, for instance, the struggle of watermen are kindred to those of farmers in the drought-ridden west, in the dust belt; related to the distress of coal miners who find the mines exhausted or markets gone.

Are the mistakes of other days in the oyster industry any different from the mistakes of farming, coal mining or any other great means of livelihood?

Out of the welter of agencies set up by the Federal government along the lines of resettlement or readjustment is there not one that can come to the aid of the watermen?

Resettlement is not the answer. Oystering, fishing and crabbing run in the blood, just like the sea, and the watermen and his children want to go on being watermen.

There is no need for oystermen, like the western farmer, to move off the Bay or its tributaries because oysters can no longer be produced. The natural bars are still there and will fatten oysters if properly cultivated.

The suggestion of Mr. Evans that watermen be put in the oyster business deserves serious consideration. Such a program comes very definitely within the province of State and Federal aid as well as supervision.

Certainly the "more abundant life" should be extended to our watermen.

MORE ROAD SIGNS

Thanks to the Maryland State Roads Commission one hangover of the horse-and-buggy days still clings to Centreville. That is the failure to put the name of the county seat of Queen Anne's on the roadside markers at a distance greater than a buggy journey.

Motorists are almost in Centreville before they catch the name on direction signs. Coming up from the South they will find their first clue to Centreville's location at Wye Mills, eight miles away. From the North and headed for Centreville visitors must keep an eye glued to a road map until they reach Church Hill, also about eight miles away.

Such a curious slighting of Centreville by the Roads Commission would be understandable if few travelers from afar sought Queen Anne's county.

Actually the motor traffic from outside the state, especially from New York and New England is heavy. An important number of people from those sections have bought estates in this county and those people have friends who use the roads.

Such volumes as Swepson Earle's "Chesapeake Bay Country" 'have advertised Queen Anne's even as far as California among lovers of fine homesteads and Colonial architecture.

Apart from these considerations every county seat on the Eastern Shore should have its location and distance plainly indicated on road markers for a radius of at least fifty miles. That might mean more and larger signs for the Commission to put out. But what of that?

Every once in a while the successive State Roads Commissions have gone on a sign-building spree. Certain crossroads on the Shore have enough markers of one sort or another to satisfy a community.

In this motor age fifty miles distance is relatively short. Speaking for itself Centreville wants its visitors to receive guidance for at least that distance. And if there are any other neglected county seats, the same recommendation goes for them.

AUGUST DAYS

August offers to all sun-lovers their final fling at summer.

Here on the Eastern Shore there is little to betoken the steady downhill slipping of the year toward its ultimate close except the thinning pads of the calendar and the brown curl of blighted elm leaves, or on the lower Shore the fading cantaloupe patches and the watermelons swelling into sight above the vines.

Were it not for our knowledge that all good things, even summer, must have their end, man might view the satisfying weather of August as a harbinger of eternal pleasant sunshine. The morning lawns are heavy with dew, the air is fresh with a promise of warmth which the strong rays of the midday sun make good, skies are high and clear and horizons sharp, and the nights quickly cool to permit restful slumber.

Weather like this is about perfect. Folks become habituated to the freedom of burdening clothes as evinced by bare arms for men and bare backs for the ladies. The front porch, back porch or chairs under the trees become an outdoors living room.

Fields are thick with growing corn. Woods bounding every horizon are heavy-leafed and deep with the shadowy mystery of the forest. Garden flowers are brilliant with the glossy tints nature reserves for her latest blooms.

August offers the culmination of the year's growing warmth that starts with the flowering of the pussy willows and fades with fitful flares of heat in September.

It is the summer's last stand and now is the time to make the most of it.

PALTO ALTO SAGE

Following closely on the confident prediction of ex-President Herbert Hoover that "the people" will "restore the Government" to the "American system" that has been advocated by various Old Guard aid societies, there is now a more recent prognostication from Palo Alto. The Rev. J. Earl Edwards of Queens Village, N. Y., quotes the former executive as having avowed that "jobs for all the now unemployed will be available six months after the election of Gov. Landon.

Which prompts the Washington News (Ind.), to remark:

"If it wasn't a preacher who said it we couldn't believe that Mr. Hoover had ventured again into the quicksands of prophecy.

"Remember what he promised us—the pot with a chicken and the garage with two cars? And that rosy prediction on the depression's eve that 'We shall soon, with the help of God, be in sight of the day when poverty will be banished from this nation?' And his proclamation on famed Black Thursday, in October, 1929, that 'The fundamental business of the country is on a sound and prosperous basis?' And his famous statement on June 30, 1930, to a group of bishops, business men and bankers who sought his help in checking unemployment: 'Gentlemen, you have come six weeks too late. The crisis is over?' And two statements in the October of that awful winter of 1930-31, the one: 'No one is going to freeze or starve this winter,' the other: 'No special session is necessary to deal with unemployment. The spirit of voluntary service has been strong enough to cope with the problem for the past year and it will, I am confident, continue in full measure of the need?' And, finally, that most famous of all the Hoover forecasts, when he told a New York audience in October, 1932, that if Roosevelt were elected grass would grow in the city streets?

'There is a little homily for prophetic engineers, politicians and others in Lowell's Biglow Papers. It reads:

"'Don't never prophesy—onless ye know.'"

HANDLING RELIEF

There were approximately 20,000,000 people on relief in March, 1933, and practically the same number in March, 1936. After making a nation-wide survey of what the people thought should be done about the matter the American Institute of Public Opinion reported that 55 per cent favored turning the responsibility of caring for all persons on relief back to the State and local governments.

Forty-five per cent registered their preference for the existing system of Gov ernment relief, but 41 per cent of those on relief at the time, voted in favor of State and local administration of relief.

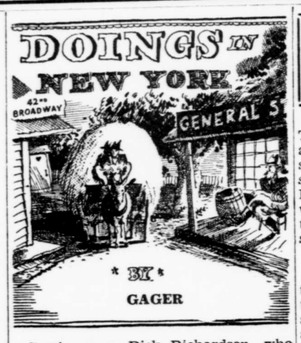
The Institute lists the following as the most frequent direct comment upon changing from Government to local relief:

States and counties know the needs of their own citizens better.

Local governments can handle relief cheaper.

Relieve Uncle Sam of the job. He's done his part.

The local governments have to shoulder the responsibility some day. Right now it looks like as good a time as any.



Service man Dick Richardson, who knows all about Kreml Hair tonic, is going to be a father again early this fall.

—o—

Saturday night saw illustrator Mac Barclay drop into the Island Club at Montauk, Long Island, accompanied by his Easthampton gal.

—o—

Fred (Olive Tablet) Rathburn saw that Lou Wasey safely departed for London, England, aboard the S. S. Bremen and then Fred went home to Columbus, Ohio.

—o—

Jack Dempsey is getting nervous these days as his wife Hanna, is soon going to present him with another baby and he is hoping against hope that it will be a junior. So do we, as the fighters representing that racket at the present time are a pretty sour bunch.

—o—

Congratulations to columnist Ed Sullivan of the Daily News for his last Friday's article on Olympic champ Jesse Owens and the latter's reception from Herr Hitler. It is worth anyone's time to read it.

—o—

For what it's worth. A blind beggar the other evening on 48th Street playing that song Smoke Gets in Your Eyes on his acordion. How much desire for sympathy there was in his act we don't know, but we yet have to come across one who, crippled, plays that tune, I Don't Dance.

—o—

Almost immediately after landing from the German zeppelin, Hindenburg, contender Max Schmeling dropped out to Pompton Lakes, N. J., to say hello to Joe Louis who is in training to fight old man Jack Sharkey here at the Yankee Stadium the 18th of this month. Wonder whether Joey is still feeling the effects of the punching Maxie handed him?

—o—

Radio man Jacob Tarshish, known as the Lamplighter to his listening audience, had his brand new automobile smacked the other night by a friend while the Lamplighter's car was parked in the driveway. Chances are it would have been a lot safer if he had left it in the middle of the road. We know the friend.

—o—

Rounding Lexington Avenue and 46th Street the other day was an immense smoke screen but on closer inspection it was no other than G. Edward Wasey smoking Dutch Master cigars. We say cigars as he had one in each hand they were so good.

—o—

Frank McIntyre, who is Captain Henry on the Show Boat program, tells us that he is all through as is most of the cast with the exception of Lanny Ross. The latter, we are led to understand, will have a lot to say with the formation of the new Show Boat. Maybe old Charlie Winniger who made such a success in the moving picture of the same name, will return once more to the air. This, by the way, is all strictly confidential.

RADIANT LIVING

BY WAY OF THE CROSS

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

Why is it that the star of Bethlehem was never selected as an emblem of Christianity? It is because the death of Jesus is the heart of Christianity.

And the cross is more than a mere symbol. It is expressive of that denial and that sacrifice which is a part of every true Christian life and service.

The cross meant death to Jesus. To us it means that we must pass through such a full consecration to God's will as to actually die out to our own desires and to the desires of wordly people.

The true Christian lives in an entirely different world than the non-Christian. The true Christian lives in the environment of a spiritual paradise—a paradise of divine fellowship.

To be crucified to the world and to die out to all that it calls "life" is forcibly impressed upon us by the remark made by James Calvert, who, when on his way to the cannibal Fiji Islands, was warned by the captain of the vessel upon which he was sailing not to land there for if he did he would surely die.

"We died before we came," calmly replied the consecrated man.

Calvert had the secret. He could say with the Apostle Paul: "I have been crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

Uneasy Editor's Chair

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

On the first page of Republican metropolitan newspapers August 1; Rumor that former Governor James M. Cox of Ohio Democratic nominee for President in 1920, would support Landon.

Buried on inside pages of a few of the same August 3, not published at all by most of them; Statement from Gov. Cox in obscure fishing camp in Idaho, repudiating such rumor, announcing he will vote for the President and wholeheartedly support him."

MANHATTAN MALESTROM

Harsh view of Manhattan as penned by Dr. J. R. Dykes, of Thomasville, Georgia, and given fresh circulation by the Old Reporter on the Upper Dorchester News, Hurlock:

—o—

"Vulgar of manners, overfed,
Overdressed and underbred,
Heartless, Godless, hell's delight,
Rude by day and lewd by night,
Bedwarfed the man, o'ergrown the brute,
Ruled by Boss intent on loot;
Purple-robed and pauper clad,
Raving, rotting, money-mad;
A squirming herd in Mammon's mesh
A wilderness of human flesh;
Crazed with avarice, lust and rum,
New York, thy name's delirium."

THE Rambling Recorder

The rain which broke at midnight on Tuesday of last week was torrential for a while. The day had been particularly sultry and evidently had sucked up considerable moisture from Chesapeake Bay. At least the Good Will Firemen who were out in the worst of it said that the rain which hit their eyes stung like salt water.

—o—

Like many others we had thought the Good Will Fire Company was hitting a pretty good clip as it bowled along to fires. Chief Asbury Bartlett says the appearance of speed by the big truck is deceptive. It is geared so that it cannot go above 39 miles an hour.

—o—

Eight hundred Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalogs were distributed by the Centreville postoffice Thursday. They came to town as freight on the Victor Lynn truck and were put in the mails here. As each weighed about a pound and took a 9c stamp the postoffice revenue for the day stepped up considerably. For the carriers on the rural routes the catalogs made a big day bigger. They also carried the weekly allotment of county newspapers and magazines Thursday.

—o—

William McClyment, an assistant leader at the Elkridge CCC camp, was unable to be home with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. McClyment, for his twenty-first birthday on July 31. Bill does not intend to miss anything, however. He wrote his mother that he is going to hold her to a promised birthday chicken dinner.

—o—

Edith Rault, the young lady who startled her grammar school teacher in New Orleans by listing New York, New Orleans and Centreville as the three most important cities in the United States, is visiting Captain and Mrs. Philip Reeves at their estate on the Corsica River with the fine old nautical name of the "Moorings." Edith still considers Centreville one of the important places for herself.

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Incidentally, Mrs. Reeves is tentatively considering a landscaping idea for next year which has promises of great beauty. She is thinking of bordering the Corsica River bank of the estate with a line of gladioli.

—o—

First Sergeant Charles E. Anthony of Company K is attending his fifteenth summer camp, the record among the Kaymen. Sergeant Anthony has missed only one camp since he attended the first in 1921. He is the only present member of the Company who was at the original camp. Captain William T. Roe shared the honor with him until the captain retired last fall.

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Besides Sergeant Anthony, three other Kaymen have soldiered at ten or more summer camps. They are Sergeants William Richardson, Samuel L. Smith and Randolph Collier.

—o—

B. Hackett Turner, Jr., who has completed his law course intends to hang out his shingle in Centreville after the bar exams next fall.

—o—

Mrs. Ralph C. Baynard is entertaining five Fresh Air children. In addition to four from Baltimore she has as a guest Lillian Burney, one of the Herald-Tribune's New York children. Lillian has been a summer visitor with the Baynards for six years and Mrs. Baynard asked the Trib to send her down again this year.

—o—

Queen Anne's county is well represented among the points of interest given on the map of historic Maryland published by the Baltimore Association of Commerce. The places cited are St. Luke's Church at Church Hill, "Winton", near Melfield, once the summer home of Judge Richard Tilghman Earle and now the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Raskob; Wye Oak, just over the Talbot line; and Kent Island, where Claiborne established his trading post and fort in 1631.

—o—

James P. Marvel, formerly of Stevensville but for the past seven years principal of the Lewes, Del., high school was chosen president of the Lewes Rotary Club for this year. He is a graduate of Stevensville high school and Washington College and is the son of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Marvel of Stevensville.

—o—

Burton Lane of the vicinity of Millington left an Indian tomahawk head at the Record Friday. Mr. Lane found the tomahawk in light sandy soil on the Spring Landing Farm on the Chester River between Crumpton and Millington about three years ago. The head is of limestone, well shaped and with a fairly sharp edge. Mr. Lane has one other tomahawk head and about forty arrow heads, most of which were found at Spring Landing or in Kent county.

—o—

In speaking of the prevalence of Indian relics at Spring Landing Mr. Lane observed that this was evidently a fishing site for the redmen. There are no signs of camp fires or heaps of oyster shells such as mark the mound on the Worton Point farm in Kent county, where shells piled up for twenty feet, or the Big Folly farm of Hinchman Rogers up in Kent, where Mr. Lane says there are several acres with shells five or six feet deep.

—o—

A half century ago Indiantown was a rich treasury of Indian relics of diverse sorts. Arrow heads could be picked up in any quantity. Mr. Lane remembers when they were too common for notice but nowadays he says the area is pretty well stripped of these articles.

—o—

Mr. Lyle Appleford ,of New York City, was a welcomed visitor at the Record Monday. Mr. Appleford has been in New York for the past six years where he is associated with a large insurance company. An ambitious young man, he tells us he is studying law at New York University during the school years. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Appleford of Price Station and is spending a week of his vacation with his parents.

—o—

Two new bronze tablets were affixed to the Centreville office building this week. They carry the inscription, "Municipal Building. Electric, water and sewerage departments and cemetary." The misspelling of the word "cemetery" has sent a number of citizens scurrying to their unabridged dictionaries to see if the marker spelling is authorized. It is not. The Town fathers have not made any plans regarding the misspelling.

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

THE MAIL BAG

To the Editor:

Mr. Worthington's plan of fast-high frequency ferries from Sandy Point to Kent Island with sane traffic rates is exactly what Eastern and Western Shore people have been advocating for the last ten years. It has the endorsement of Anne Arundel County Commissioners. The Annapolis Chamber of Commerce the Mayor of Annapolis and thousands of people in this vicinity. All the southern Maryland counties are in sympathy with this project.

Bear in mind that Mr. Worthington is not an Eastern Shore man but is a Baltimorean. However, he has many frineds on the Eastern Shore and in Southern Maryland Counties, as he comes in contact with these people in the banking business and knows what the Eastern Shore people want, and have been fighting for during the last five or six years.

Do you know that one of the largest shipbuilders and ferry operators right at this minute stands ready to put in service 2 fast up-to-date 18 knot ships on the Sandy Point run, and to operate these ships every thirty minutes, twenty-four hours each day. This ship builder also agrees to allow the State Officials to set the rates.

Over this short water-haul paralleling the cable route these men guarantee to cross the bay from shore to shore in 12 minutes. The financing of the project has been arranged with private capital right of ways secured, and all these men need is a permit to cross the Chesapeake Bay from Sandy Point to Stevensville on Kent Island. Now it is up to our State Officials to issue the permit. This project is a public necessity and permits should be granted.

These ship operators do not ask for a nickel from the State of Maryland but agree to operate under State control.

Believe it or not over this route a car would reach Baltimore from KENT ISLAND IN FORTY-FIVE MINUTES. As this is a public necessity transportation men like these ferry operators should operate our ferries on the Chesapeake Bay.

These men also propose later on to operate a ferry on Eastern Bay from Claiborne, to Kent Island on the Eastern Bayside, and build a road across Kent Island to connect with the Sandy Point system so as to give fast and efficient service to lower Talbot County people.

These men also propose to put into operation a fast ferry service from Chesapeake beach to a point near Cambridge, to step up business from Washington, D. C., to Ocean City, Maryland.

The map of Maryland shows that over this route Washington people would have an airline to Ocean City, and resorts on the Atlantic Ocean side of the Eastern Shore.

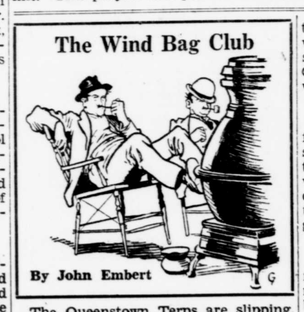
Over the Sandy Point route these ferry operators guarantee to transport up to four hundred cars per hour between Sandy Point and Stevensville on Kent Island.

Let's stop pussy-footing and GOSSIPING about bridges and ferries and get busy with this project and do it now.

W. T. EMORY.

Log Inn,
Annapolis, Md.

The Wind Bag Club



By John Embert

The Queenstown Terps are slipping. Even the writer is slipping. You can't spend Saturday night in a night club and expect to play baseball the next day.

—o—

Ask Jim Thompson. He tells me what happened to him thirty years ago when he was playing shortstop for the Mudville nine. The bases were loaded, two were out and the count on him two and two. The pitcher shoots a fast one. Thompson saw two balls coming toward him. He figured he would take the one on the outside and when he reached for it the inside ball caught him on the left ear. So he's proud to say he's stuck strictly to soda water ever since.

—o—

I don't want the public to get the idea that all the Terps spend Saturday evening in a night club. Ed Nichols, the peppy little catcher, goes to bed with the chickens and always is in there trying for he has his heart and soul in the game. I'm sure his wishes of playing in the major leagues will be fulfilled for he's still a youngster and a clean-cut chap with character and personality. So he's bound to make good.

—o—

Who has the bacon. Johnny Schelberg has and its Canadian bacon, too. Yes, fourteen long years have passed since they last met. Johnny was in big time baseball then and Mollie was the first girl of his dreams. Lady luck was smiling on him, too. And if he was serious the other eveningI don't think he will regret the statement when he said after this Sunday's ball game "it's Mollie and me to settle down in Montreal".

—o—

Doc Reese says he attended Washington College for twenty years before he received his diploma in basket making. Since then he's slowed up in other words lost the art or technique. Now they have discontinued this basket course and he's lost as to what school teaches basket making. I am referring him to Professor Alvin Bailey at Sawdust Trail.

—o—

It's a good thing that snowball and his crew are working on the water tower here are human spiders for this week when the rope connected to the scaffolding gave way it sounded like Gabriel was blowing his horn. But it was only Otto Capel blowing off steam.

—o—

Many a person that has worn a long face for months here is now able to smile without it being artificial since the work on the town has begun. And with the canning industry opening the coming week old Abraham Tilghman, the donkey dust sweeper, will stop that gnawing feeling in his stomach.

—o—

Will Schelberg and fishing crew after many weeks of hard labor and only making enough money to pay the grub bill, made their first real money of the season when they landed five ton of rock.

Among The Fishermen

WITH CHRISTIAN GERNERT, JR.

Charles Brown and Herbert Brown, of Reading, Pa., and five of their friends went fishing Saturday with Capt. Roy Horstmann. They caught thirty-four hardheads and were very much pleased with their catch.

—o—

On Sunday Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald and sons, of Townsend made a fine catch of fish off Queenstown.

—o—

Capt. Oscar Smith took a fishing party which included Ray Delphane and friends, of Philadelphia, out last week in his power-boat "Sims" from Grasonville. They had a big catch of trout, hardheads and crocuses.

—o—

Winners of the monthly contest and the awards of the Chesapeake Bay Fishing Association are listed below:

—o—

Largest Drum—48" long and weight 68 pounds—caught by Lloyd H. Kreiser, of Jonestown, Pa., fishing with Capt. Paul Bonton, Wenona. Prize—a Pflueger Capitol Reel.

—o—

Largest Rock—34" long and weight 15 pounds—caught by Grover Carter, of Rock Hall fishing with "Josh" Thomas out of Rock Hall. Prize—200 yards Ashaway color marked line.

—o—

Largest Trout—29" long and weight 6½ pounds—caught by Jack Keeth, of Pittsburgh, Pa., 12 years old, fishing with Capt. Walter Wingate off Sharp's Island. Prize—assortment of Metalure Bait.

Dame Rumor Says

A young county seat matron who likes to swat flies when they walk on her windows is out the price of a pane of glass. She said there was no putty behind the pane but we think she was too ferocious.

—o—

One of Centreville's most copious beer guzzlers is getting used to being greeted with questions like: "Do you remember the night you slept on our front steps because you couldn't navigate your way in?"

—o—

Since pantalettes worn by a Centreville lass were rather scanty, the coat of tan she absorbed while sunning was virtually all-inclusive.

—o—

It's beginning to look like a sure thing in the fall up in the enterprising town of Sudlersville. Things have progressed so far that the lad's girl friend and her ma have got around to examining the new house with a wall paper catalog in their hands.

—o—

A certain middle-aged farmer was caught at 5 o'clock the other morning snoozing at the race track. Since nobody thinks he's energetic enough to get up that early, the logical presumption is that he stayed out all night. His battle ax was heard complaining, to put it mildly.

—o—

All those aspiring columnists except one in Kent County, who published New Year's resolutions never to miss a week in turning out their stint ,have fallen by the wayside. Frying Pan Nellie gets ribbed somewhat by her compatriots for not changing her pace. But Nellie keeps plugging away while her fellow scriveners swim, yacht, golf, tennis, dance, beer, or what not.

—o—

A certain Centreville wife has worked herself down to a whisper counting the dots in a city ad in hopes of winning a fur coat. Your Old Lady hopes that when and if she wins the coat she will have retained her eyesight and can admire herself in it.

—o—

That veteran exponent of the bunny-hug grabbed the fairest morsel at a dance the other night and gave her a terrific work-out. And he grabbed her before the husband could perform the traditional first dance.

—o—

This column wonders how much longer it will be before that Stevensville couple let the public in on their big secret? Rumor has it that they are slated for a house near the parsonage.

—o—

Is that any way to treat a gal? That was the question being asked in Queenstown the other night when a Centreville Hotspur borrowed a car to keep his date in the Fifth District metropolis and then headed toward Chestertown?

The Good Old Days

This is the season when camp meetings used to be in full swing in the Good Old Days at Queen Anne's county's three well-known camps, Templeville, about two miles from that town in the direction of Marydel: Coppage's about two miles from Church Hill on the Sudlersville road; and Wye Camp, in the vicinity of Wye Island. These have all been closed about fifteen years. A reminder of them is given by the following item from the Denton Journal's Twenty-Five Years Ago column.

—o—

At a recent meeting the Templeville camp board was re-elected: Rev. G. R. Neese was made chairman, Gurney Knotts secretary and A. F. Heather treasurer. The privileges were disposed of as follows: Bread tent, Floyd Hummer, $16.50; horse pound, Thos. Robinson, $52.50. The boarding tent will be run by the committee. The tents are nearly all taken and everything points towards another large encampment.