Queen Anne's Record

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To tell the news accurately, interestingly and promptly. To espouse the best interests of the Nation, Queen Anne's County and the Eastern Shore fearlessly, whole-heartedly.

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QUOTATION OF THE WEEK

When you make a mistake, don't look back at it long. Take the reason of the thing into your mind, and then look forward. Mistakes are lessons of wisdom. . . . The past cannot be changed. The future is yet in your power.—HUGH WHITE.

DROP THE RED FLAG

Under the Mail Bag this week Mr. Amos South, who terms himself "A Practical Waterman," writes feelingly of the oyster industry.

In fact, Mr. South writes too feelingly. His message sounds like a call to arms, like waving a red flag over the waterfronts.

His "plea to the workers" rings like a clarion call from reddest Russia.

It seems quite unnecessary to say that such talk and such methods do not fit in with the American way of doing things.

There is another phrase in Mr. South's letter, frequently heard, that sadly needs deflation. We refer to his statement that the natural bars belong to the oystermen by a "God given right."

The natural bars belong to residents of the county, state and nation, just like farm acreage, oil, timber, minerals or any natural source of wealth or well being.

If a farmer pursues wrong methods over a period of years and depletes his soil, he eventually must give way to someone who will do the job right.

True the remedies in restoring barren oyster grounds are not so well known as in farming, yet fundamentally the problems are not widely dissimilar. Study will solve them.

The urge to be a waterman is no stronger than the urge to be a farmer. One likes the soil, the other hankers for the water.

To overthrow science in the seafood industry, as Mr. South suggests, would be as foolhardy as to abandon the great agricultural stations and laboratories that have been established throughout the country. These laboratories have studied the accomplishments as well as the shortcomings of dirt farmers.

What the watermen need to realize is that they need cooperatives, cooperation and laboratories, just like the farmers. In such a setup the success and the failures of practical watermen should be weighed and studied, just like the success and failures of dirt farmers.

Mr. South makes a plea for reorganization of the Watermen's Protective Assoriation. The reestablishment and maintenance of such groups depends upon sitting down and wrestling with problems in all humility, and not by waving a red flag.

LOVE POINT LOOKS UP

One of the significant items of the summer which is now slipping away is the boom in excursion business between Baltimore and Love Point.

For a number of years the ferry plying between the two points enjoyed only a mild seasonal upturn with hot weather.

The depression, strangely enough, brought about a change. The ferry company inaugurated a system of low round-trip day excursion rates in order to get any summer upturn.

This year that system brought results. Baltimoreans in droves took advantage of the opportunity to get a long, cool sail down the Bay on terms which permitted family groups to travel. Business picked up until the use of a second ferry boat became practical.

Love Point ought to capitalize on this business and make it permanent. People are now coming to the resort. During the ensuing winter Love Point and Kent Island business men should plan extra facilities for recreation and amusement to induce excursionists to stay over between trips.

That might mean development of a bathing beach with perhaps a net to keep children from getting into deep water and at the same time exclude nettles. A grove for picnic-lunches might be established.

With these as a basis other features, like a merry-go-round, will come in merely because the business is there.

Love Point was given a premature boom as a summer resort a generation or more ago. The boom flickered and died. To city folks of that day a trolley ride to the suburbs was the height of summer travel. Rural dwellers kept within the limits of a buggy ride.

The Kent Island resort with the attractive name might take a few pointers from Ocean City. Within the memory of the older generation Ocean City was an island where horses and cattle grazed. Ten years ago it was only feeling growing pains. Aggressive business men went ahead energetically, built hotels until the town seemed top-heavy, organized and advertised until now reservatiions on August week-ends must be made in advance.

Love Point can do something similar on a smaller scale. The ferry is bringing business to its pier. Now is the time to get heads together and nail that business down. Add to the recreation facilities at Love Point and Baltimore will furnish a heavy traffic of excursionists who must take their pleasure a day at a time.

KEEPING OUR DISTANCE

Eminently wise and in accordance with the present spirit of the Nation was the recent decision of the State Department declining to take part in a Pan-American conference which seeks to bring peace to Spain's warring factions.

It is not that the United States is unwilling to join with Latin America in presenting a common front for the Western Hemisphere. Nor does it mean that we will not aid the cause of peace.

But Spain is in the throes of a conflagration. All Europe is a dynamite chest. The merest intrusion in Spain on our part might be interpreted as meddling in Europe.

That continent is aligned today as it was in 1914. France and Russia are poised against Germany and Italy. The policies of these pairs are at issue between the opposing sides in Spain's civil war. And England again has the thankless task of peacemaker.

In the main the situation is like a fire out of control. Since it cannot be extinguished while the flames of class hatreds seethe, cool heads in Europe are willing to let it burn out in Spain while they seek to prevent its spread elsewhere.

The United States has little excuse for burning its fingers in Spain. It is the Nation's desire to keep out of the trouble and keep out completely. As long as the State Department pursues its present course of absolute hands-off, Americans will breathe more freely with the assurance that we are only minding our own business.

ALL AGITATORS

The methods of the Coughlins, Longs and Lemkes of the present age are in their implications no less revolutionary than those of the Communists.

If the demagogues ever obtained political power the impossibility of achieving their promises would very soon demand a dictatorship to suppress the outcries of their disillusioned supporters if for no other reason.

Then, to divert attention from their own incapacities, would come the persecutions of minority elements which have proved so important a part of Hitler's program in Germany. —Washington Post.

CHEERING SPECTACLE

The renomination of Senator Joseph Robinson of Arkansas is a hopeful sign. Robinson defeated a Townsendite by a substantial majority. For any Democrat to defeat a Townsendite in the South is a cheering spectacle. For Townsend, plus Coughlin, plus the Rev. Gerald Smith, plus Lemke, seems some way to fit into a hill-billy ideal, and a hill-billy of the South is just as dumb and menacing to democracy as the controlled Tammanyized moron vote of the great cities of the North.

But for a man of Joe Robinson's caliber to defeat a Townsendite—there is more than a cheering spectacle; there is hope for the country. No other Democrat in the United States Senate today surpasses Joe Robinson in intelligent courage and honest, clear-eyed patriotism. Few equal him. He is modest with his other qualities, kindly and at heart very much of a gentleman.—Emporia (Kansas) Gazette.

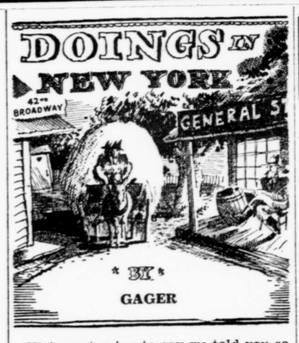
The Leftists have come back to have come back to power in Spain, so Alfonso may as well buy a house and settle down. He ain't gonna reign no more.—New Yorker.

A local bonus recipient finds he wasn't fighting to save the world for democracy. It was for a fur coat for the wife.—Detroit News.

Another thing that puzzles us is how the first man discovered that spinach wasn't just another weed.—Detroit Free Press.

A boom every eight years is about right. You can make the old Panama last that long.—Detroit Free Press.

"If anything unique pertains to Knox speeches it is that Mr. Landon is pledging himself to carry on New Deal policies in his own way, Mr. Knox is busily condemning the New Deal and all its works."—Winston-Salem Journal-Sentinel. (Ind.)



We're not going to say we told you so, but maybe you'll remember last week we said Joe Louis in six rounds. Sorry we missed by three. Still undaunted we are going to venture a prediction that may bring criticism down upon our heads, but, just the same, we maintain Champion Jim Braddock will never fight Herr Maxie Schmeling. Wait and see, you skeptics.

—o—

Settler in Maryland, Paul Newman, as usual, was his lucky self and lost again on last week's fight of old age vs. confident youth. Artist Newman reminds us of the fellow who always lost at poker and could'nt understand why until a friend suggested to him that maybe he couldn't play poker.

—o—

One-third of the Rover boys, Dick (acid) James, is in a bad way as he broke a bone in his foot last week-end at a swimming pool in Jersey. To date we have been unable to discover whether there was any water in the pool or not.

—o—

Big bold Brawny Jack Dempsey is palling around with Politician J. Aloysius Farley. It seems they all fall for it sooner or later and, so they say, the ex-champion is slated for one of those jobs if Roosevelt gets in again.

—o—

Five-and-ten-cents Woolie Donahue at this moment is in the Balkan States shooting birds with his friend, General Foods Hutton. Seems as if anyone wanted to shoot birdies you wouldn't need to go so far away, but then, maybe we're wrong again.

—o—

Up at Monatuk they raided the Island Club last Friday and when the Troopers were through there wasn't a speck of gambling equipment left in the place. Rumor has it that certain bigwigs who have interest in Canoe Place Inn put the finger on the Monatuk rendezvous because the competition was getting too strong.

—o—

We were very sorry to hear about the untimely death of Bill Black whose face you all probably have seen often in magazine ads and who later started the Model's Guild in opposition to Johnny Powers.

—o—

Will Edwin C. Hill be doing the Hearst News reels after this month? We guess not, but rather place our bet that Jean Paul King will be doing it from there on . Wait and see.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

THE GOV. IN FINE FETTLE

The Hon. Mr. Nice, Governor of the Great State of Maryland, in a speech at Silver Spring approaches his fine form of 1934 in rallying the faithful. Excerpts:

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"The contest must be waged militantly, aggressively and the truth must rise as upon eagle's wings from the dead ashes of political propaganda, be proclaimed from the housetops, and thus indelibly impress upon the hearts and minds of the American people the danger now facing the body politic.

"The Republican party cannot afford to pussyfoot its way through this campaign. The life of the republic is at stake. The foundations of our government . . . tremble in the balance . . ."

It is a very sad fact that Dr. Henry L. Mencken continues unhappy. The repeal of prohibition did him no good whatever. In this desperation he digs up words the boobs cannot understand. Which is grossly unfair.—Baltimore Observer.

MR. KENT APPRAISED

Appraisal of the work of Columnist Dr. Frank R. Kent, according to an estimate of the Baltimore Observer:

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Dr. Frank R. Kent, syndicated columnist, manages to hold up his end as the most bitter anti-Roosevelt writer in the country. Indeed, he is becoming a sort of Lydia E. Pinkham of the political world with a single remedy for our worst troubles. If November goes his way he will be in line for recognition in Washington. We suggest that he be made the Charlie Michelson of the G. O. P. national committee at a real Michelson salary.

WOMAN'S FAULTS

Literary gem as dug up and reprinted with some trepidation by the Foxboro (Mass.) Reporter:

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"Eve was not created from the head of Adam, lest she should be vain; nor from his eyes, lest she should be wanton; nor from his mouth, lest she should be given to gossiping; nor from his ears, lest she should be an eavesdropper; nor from his hands, lest she should be meddlesome; nor from his feet, lest she should be a gadabout; nor from his heart, lest she should be jealous. She was drawn from man's rib, which is a hidden part, so that she might be modest and retiring. And yet, notwithstanding all the precautions taken by the Creator, woman has all the faults God wished to guard her against."

PAYS TO ADVERTISE

What Col. Frank Knox says on the stump and what he says in print are apparently separate and distinct things. Here's a specimen of the advertising Col. Knox's Chicago Daily News is running in Printer's Ink, advertising publication, to attract advertising for his newspaper:

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"Here in Chicago, storekeepers are getting back their old pre-depression smiles. People are milling in the streets—with crisp new packages under their arms. Cash registers jingling. Trucks clunking. And between the banks of Michigan avenue, the old 'gold stream' of shiny new automobiles is at high tide again. Chicago is showing more comeback, faster han any spot on the map!"

As one lamp lights another nor grows less, so nobleness kindleth nobleness.—From Dome of Library of Congress.

THE Rambling Recorder

Seems as if the lucky guy in a raffle sometimes has to have his luck thrust upon him. Roy Payne from "Great Hopes" farm won the Plymouth coach given away at the Queenstown carnival.

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But the story is that Mrs. Anne Embert, who sold Payne the ticket which proved to be the lucky one, had a hard time getting Payne to buy it. She cornered him down in St. Michaels while the regatta was going on. Payne had one car and did not want to lay any money out for another. Mrs. Embert eventually made her sale. Now one Queenstown resident avers that hereafter he is going to say No, No, 999 times No and buy his ticket on the 1,000th demand.

—o—

J. Edward Stevens of Sudlersville won the Coolerator also raffled off. Mr. Stevens promptly announced that the first thing he intended to do was to fill the Coolerator with cold drinks, invite a group of his friends up some night and hold a christening party.

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Some of Mr. Stevens' guests-to-be are sending word to keep his Red Dog tied in the back yard so that he won't bark when he sees strangers at the christening. One or two got nipped by the animal on the last trap.

Harry C. Reynolds spun the wheel for both raffles.

—o—

The Centreville postoffice was flying the flag of distress Thursday morning, all because Pere Forman inadvertently hung the flag upside down. A number of people promptly raised a howl, notifying both Legion officers and the Record. All of which is a good sign. Before the World War almost anything could be done to Old Glory. Careless folks hung it upside down, beneath foreign flags, trailed it in water from badly angled stern masts on boats or let it flop in the street from floats. But that day is gone. The millions of World War veterans serve as a web throughout the country to insist on proper respect for the flag, even when the wrong act is unintentional.

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Publishing house salesmen were thick in Centreville Thursday noon. At less than a minute's interval four of them filed into the Record, each surprised to see the others. As one of them expressed it, it was too hot to stay in Baltimore and the Shore was calling.

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There used to be a story to the effect that a farmer's day consisted of coming to town with a few milk cans in the back of a durban, only to hitch up near the Courthouse and spend the rest of his time making up his mind to go home. Here's one sample of a real day, or half day.

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William H. Greaves of Wye Mills got up as usual at 4:30, drove in eight cows from the field, milked them and cooled the milk before turning in to breakfast. Then he picked 50 baskets of tomatoes, took a physical examination, in which the physician told him he was 100 per cent fit, ate his dinner and was in Centreville on business by 11:30. The work part of it is a regular forenoon sample these days. If it isn't picking tomatoes it is stripping sugar corn.

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The excavating behind the Centreville municipal building is in preparation for installing an oil burner.

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Centreville got quite a run-around from a thunderstorm Friday. A dark bank of clouds swung up from the northwest with thunder and all the earmarks of a downpour only to bound off without spitting a drop. Shortly afterward the sky clouded over from the northeast, but again, except for peals of thunder, nothing happened. Someone got rain, however, for the air freshened for a while.

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Points as nearby as Carville Station and Hayden had rains that approached a washout. Sudlersville had a downpour. In Centreville residents awoke to half-laid dust Saturday morning. Enough to add to the oppressiveness of the humidity, and that was all.

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Numerous dark threats of rain which materialized into nothing more than a spattering of raindrops brought out the old wisecrack: "You don't pay the preacher right."

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Then came the deluge Tuesday night. Everybody feels better.

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Kent Island had two heavy thundershowers Saturday morning and both were highly welcome. Corn and tomatoes on the higher spots were beginning to burn.

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Poetry seems to have hit a pretty low level on the Pacific coast. The South Bend Journal in the state of Washington lists its advertising rates as follows: Display, 35c per column inch; readers in local column, 10c a line; classified ads, 2c per word; Original Poetry, 10c per line. Poet's Corner seems to be closed to all but paying customers.

—o—

There is usually a silver lining to a cloud. When Dr. McPherson's garage burned there were no cars in it. But, if Mrs. McPherson's mother had not asked her to bring out some ice cubes, Mrs. McPherson's car would have been in the garage when the fire broke out.

—o—

Uncle Bob Thomas, like many others, still casts a weather eye at the quartering moon to get a hint about coming weather. On Thursday evening he saw the crescent moon well over on its bottom. Uncle Bob knew a wet moon when he saw one and avers that we are in for a wet month. There are plenty who hope Uncle Bob is right.

RUTHSBURG

The Ladies Aid of the M. P. Church met at the church house Thursday. Mrs. J. Norman Mason and Mrs. Norman Nash were hostesses.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jump, Miss Dorothy Jump and Miss Doris Turner were guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Jump at Price's.

Mrs. Mary White and Mrs. W. T. Davis were recent guests of Mrs. William Quimby.

Mrs. Libby Vansant was a visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Jester on Thursday.

Mrs. Mary White and Mr. Fred Harrisdesty were guests on Friday of Mr. and Mrs. Jerry McDonald near Queen Anne.

Miss Irene Davis has returned home after a two-week stay with relatives in Greensboro.

Mrs. J. Norman Mason, Mrs. William Quimby, Mrs. Fred Quimby, Mrs. U. T. Davis, Mrs. Van Willis and Mrs. Mary White united with the M. P. Church, Centreville, at their Sunday evening service.

Mrs. U. T. Davis had as her guest Sunday Mr. Noble Harris, of Greensboro, Mr. and Mrs. Benny Welch, of Starr, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morris, of Centreville.

Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Pippin were guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. William Daffin.

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

THE MAIL BAG

To the Editor:

Watermen, we are going to recognize the Watermen's Protective Association of Queen Anne's County for two reasons:

1. We are opposed to leasing any bottom or the planting of any oysters whatsoever.

2. We believe in the reasonable enforcement of the present cull law.

When we are able to correct the two above laws, then Maryland will be able to produce quality oysters from the natural bars.

We notice in your paper, Mr. Editor, that members of the Tri-State Seafood Association claiming to be the head of the industry met at Ocean City. The members represent men of high standing, such as mayors, packers, planters and doctors, but no practical waterman. When I say practical, I mean the tonger, dredger, or scraper. We are the producers, therefore, we are the head of the industry.

We do not need the assistance of this type of men, especially when they go so far as to borrow a Russian scientist who never caught an oyster in his life and can't live in his own country without confusion.

Watermen, it is time that you take notice of what is being done and stand up for your rights. Come out and show to the whole world what you want. You are all intelligent people, but full of neglect.

So throw aside the neglect and hold the place that belongs to you—by a God-given right. See that Dr. Truitt, scientist; former Mayor of Ocean City W. W. McCabe and Dr. Vladykov, scientist from Russia, do not get it. We should be able to tell them how to grow oysters, and we can if you will only do your bit.

Truly yours,
AMOS SOUTH
(A Practical Waterman)
Grasonville, Md.

To the Editor:

The campaign cry of the Liberty Leaguers, self-styled Jeffersonian Democrats and reactionary Republicans is to return to the American plan of government—as if we had even departed from it.

The New Deal broadened the powers of the R. F. C. and lent banks, insurance companies, railroads and big business billions of dollars to save them from bankruptcy and disaster. It has reformed the Federal Reserve system to better control credit; enacted legislation to supervise the Stock Exchange and control the scandalous pool manipulations and short selling there. It protects investors in the purchase of unlisted securities. It restored confidence in banks by having deposits guaranteed. It saved thousands of homes from foreclosure through the operation of the H. O. L. C., as well as farms through other agencies. It is reviving the building industry by means of the F. H. A.

It established C. C. C. camps for employment of young men, both for their salvation and the general good of the country; enacted social legislation for some semblance of old-age security; is furnishing cheap light and power to vast rural sections deprived of them.

It inaugurated an enlightened campaign for the conservation of soil and the prevention of its erosion; restored the purchasing power of the farmers, thus contributing to the last-growing business recovery, and numerous other progressive enlightened measures; all of which our partisan politicians and selfish big -business leaders call un-American.

The conception of the American plan in the minds of the big boys is to return to the old order which produced this panic—no strings on any business, but every fellow for himself and the devil take the hindmost—a most un-American philosophy, which we found out to our sorrow.

WILLIAM R. WHITE.
Philadelphia.

RADIANT LIVING

HIS EVER LIVINGNESS

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

What Christian is not fascinated with the experience of those two disciples who trudged their weary way along the road to Emmaus?

Sad through the loss of Jesus, they were joined along the way by a stranger to whom they poured out their grief. Reaching their humble home in Emmaus they urged their unknown companion to accept the hospitality of the evening meal.

Sitting with them at their frugal meal, as he was breaking bread with them, they became conscious of his identity.

It was the risen Christ!

How they must have rubbed their eyes in astonishment, and looked again. But He was not there! At the moment they had recognized Him, He had vanished!

The two disciples hastened out into the night. Back to Jerusalem they flew, possessed of the glorious fact that Jesus was risen!

Bursting into the upper room like the gust of a whirlwind, they announced with uncontrolled joy that they had talked and eaten with the resurrected living Jesus!

Vital Christianity always has a startling announcement. The living Christ gives a radiant life to every "whosoeverwill". "I am come," He declares, "I am come that you might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly."

Blessed is that soul to whom Christ reveals His ever livingness!

THE POET'S CORNER

HOBO BROADCAST
By Mary Fennimore Sheppard

No, there ain't any trunks in my attic,
And my cellar ain't damp, cold and drear;
And there ain't any tub in my bathroom,
In fact, ain't no rooms anywhere.

My home, friends, is free, wide and open,
Its grounds are rolling and fair;
There are woodlands and rivers and mountains,
Shady dells, grassy nooks—everywhere.

There's no spinning wheel in the parlor,
No antiques, heirlooms, jimcracks to see;
There are flowers and greensward and foliage,
For I live in the outdoors—and free.

And I'm never lonesome or idle,
As I blithesomely journey through life;
My home by Dame Nature is furnished,
And I know not the meaning of strife.

The bees and the birds make music,
Frogs' bass chorus is pleasant to hear;
And the vast organ peal of thunder,
And the babbling brook on the lea.

You can have your locked doors and your mansions,
Your houses—where rent oft' is due;
I live in the outdoors—a palace,
And I wouldn't trade places with you.

It Just Depends

The highest places are for birds,
The eagle clutches the bare rock,
The little sparrow sits and chirps
Upon the gilded weathercock.

But small dark galleries of earth
Are much preferred by things like moles,
And bears and woodchucks have their dens
And snakes choose narrow twisting holes.

It just depends which fits one's ways
And where a dinner's easily got—
You'd have a taste of Timbuctoo
If you'd been born there, like as not.
—Elizabeth Coatsworth.

Dame Rumor Says

A pair of Price Station politicos were shocked upon their return from the big political pow-wow to find their wives scattered to opposite ends of the county.

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Did you hear that one on a Stevensville girl. Well, she had a date with an "egg". She didn't want to break it so she beat it.

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After all that Chester sugar lump can't be blamed for her actions. She darted into a grocery store and came out with her "slip" (petticoat to the veteran Romeos) in a bag. It was a pretty hot day.

—o—

They're still talking around Queen Anne about that farmer who took in the Harrington Fair. It caused enough talk when he breezed on over to Rehoboth with a red-head, but now he's getting mail from her.

—o—

That Price Station lad who bought himself a new roadster has the girls flocking around so that he wishes he'd bought a truck and a trailer. In any event he's now considering swapping it for a sedan.

—o—

A dignified gent is causing no end of commotion at Church Hill by his detailed descriptions of the peep show he saw while on a trip to the north. No one thought he was gay enough to risk one eye much less two—and then talk about it.

—o—

That Queenstown husband who was supposed to go to Salisbury on "strictly" business is having a hard time explaining how he got his back so sunburned. Since it's well known that he doesn't like to swim by himself, he's peppered with questions.

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And speaking of sun tan, there's a chubby matron about who is being called "my squaw" by her sweety pie. She looks it, too.

—o—

If that very trusting county lassie knew what went on through her bigheartedness she probably would hit the ceiling. It seems she loaned her car to her supposedly steady boy friend while his was being repaired from a crack-up, and he promptly took another gal for a ride.

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Unattached ladies who would like to get attached will please communicate with this department. There's a bachelor on Kent Island who goes around saying: "I'm just an unplucked flower in the garden of love." Name will be furnished upon request.

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A Sudlersville damsel who likes to week-end at Rehoboth came home the other day with a bruised elbow. Under severe cross-examination she admitted she imbibed too freely and couldn't stay on the boardwalk.

—o—

That comely daughter of Queen Anne is putting a lot of mileage on her car since her sweetie pie moved from Denton to points north.

The Good Old Days

Back in 1917 Kent Islanders were battling to keep the Federal Government from taking over the whole island for a military reservation. The early part of the campaign drew this item in the Centreville Record of August 4, 1917.

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A most enthusiastic meeting was held on the public square at the Courthouse Centreville under the auspices of the Home Preservation Committee of Kent Island, Dr. John R. Benton, chairman.

The meeting was called to order by the chairman who introduced Senator J. H. C. Legg as the first speaker. Other speakers were Rev. Joel Brown, of Govans; Rev. Darbie and Shanks of Stevensville; Ex-Senator J. Frank Harper, Carville Tolson, Robert W. Thomas, J. F. Rolph and W. J. Price, each of whom were strong in behalf of appeals of the Island.