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 wayside of business is full of brilliant men who started out with a spurt, and lacked the stamina to finish. Their places were taken by patient and unshowy plodders who never knew when to quit.—J. R. TODD.

SUMMER'S PASSING

Bright September skies, cool nights and crystal mornings shunt the thoughts of the ordinary citizen from the carefree days of Summer. Regretfully the bathing suit, the sign and symbol of vacation playtime is tucked away until the heat of another year invites its resurrection from the attic storeroom.

Yet September on the Eastern Shore clings to the skirts of summer. Its skies are high. Its suns soon eat up the dew of morning and warm the day. But bright as are the solar rays glinting on trees and fields they are drained of the simmering, steaming heat of August which made town and country dweller hunt the shade.

The clearer, fresher air recalls the workaday world to the serious business of life. Schools reopen and the home life built around the definite hours of the children settles into a regular routine.

At the same time the wheels of business mesh into a faster gear. While the farmer is looking forward to laying away his crops and engaging himself to a greater extent around the barns and stable or the fences and woodlots, urban dwellers prepare for duties on a faster tempo. Factories step up production and mercantile establishments shake out their forces to ride the tide of fall dealings which reach their crescendo at Christmas.

In the main folks are glad to get back into harness. A certain amount of recreation goes along ways. Once the spirit is refreshed man is glad to plunge again into the steady, orderly problems of the year's routine.

So September, one of the key points on the revolving stage of the seasons smiles with summer echoes while it opens the vista of the long stretch when much of the world's business is transacted.

TRAGIC DEATH

There is sadness throughout the county in the tragic death of Miss Mildred Coleman, 17-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Hodge Coleman, who was killed in an automobile accident last Sunday night.

There is particular cause for sadness when youthful and promising life is snuffed out. In such a classification certainly this young lady would come.

Born into one of Queen Anne's largest and most prominent families, Mildred had early demonstrated that happy faculty of getting along with everyone—to radiate warm friendliness and affection and in the same measure to earn friendship and adoration for herself.

This writer on numerous occasions saw her at the 4-H Club dinners and Father-and-Son banquets. There was a buoyant charm in the way she helped at such affairs, throwing herself into the spirit of the occasion.

At club meetings she was a leader, a position earned by a willingness to do well and eagerly whatsoever task came to hand.

At Church Hill High School, where she graduated with honors in 1935, she was genuinely popular with her classmates, and was intimately identified with school activities.

In her untimely death, Queen Anne's has lost one of the most beautiful flowers from her young womanhood.

WELCOME THEM AGAIN

The recent meeting of the Chestertown Rotary Club to which many newly established residents of the Quaker Neck section were invited as an expression of welcome to their county recalls that the Centreville Rotary Club did that same thing five years ago.

The idea was a good one then and it is a god one today. Since 1931 many new residents have settled in Queen Anne's. They have come one by one and have spun their contacts individually.

None the less it would be proper to extend to them a group welcome. The service clubs, the Rotary and the Lions, are best fitted to do this, working singly or together.

Queen Anne's is glad to have these newcomers join her citizenry. It appreciates the compliment of their selecting this county for their homes with all the wide world to choose from. And it wants them to feel at home, thoroughly so.

But one of the best places where such a welcome may be expressed is with the good fellowship attendant upon a dinner meeting and the service clubs know how to do this.

PLATFORM BLUNDER

It seems to us that the builders of the Republican platform made a serious mistake when they inserted the plank calling for repeal of the Trade Agreements Act and that the party nominee will do well either to soft-pedal this declaration or to interpret into it the prospect of a substitute act along the same lines with some possible improvements of details. Otherwise tariff policy must be set down as one field in which the program of the present administration is distinctively constructive.—Christian Science Monitor.

CONVALESCENT NATION

If, in time of war, this country is justified in using all of its resources to defend itself from another nation, it seems to me that in time of depression it is equally justified in using its resources to aid its own starving people.

It is easy to forget an illness when it has passed. It has been said that an invalid is apt to get peevish when he is getting better. I think that the peevishness of some of our friends ting better.—Ruth Bryan Rohde. York Citq 17 dead men were carried

Chickens Again May Upset Applecart of New Deal—Headline. Chronic troublemakers, eh! Didn't a pair of pullets in every pot upset Herbert Hoover?

The trick in campaigning is to give them platitudes without fear or favor and straight-from-the-shoulder generalities.—Atlanta Constitution.

Congress tried to pass a bill to restrain lobbyists, but it couldn't overcome the habit of killing bills that lobbyists oppose.—Minneapolis Star.

With two anglers running for President, it is hard to say if that expansive gesture with the arms is friendliness or the estimated length of a fish.—Barron's Weekly.

Investigation reveals that in New York City 17 dead men were carried on WPA payrolls. It might be a good idea to prod the other workers. —Elgin Courier-News.

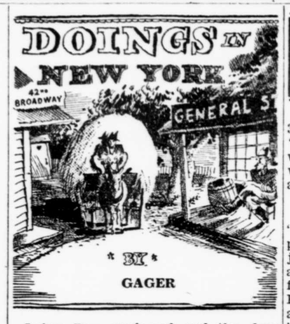
"Col. Frank Knox maintains that the New Deal 'locked recovery.' Assuredly in the face of a rising national income that has added 20 billions a year in less than four years, it is absurd to expect intelligent persons to take seriously such campaign charges as these being leveled by the gentleman from Chicago."—Bridgeport Times-Star.

"Gov. Landom told the nation that reports of improved conditions found on the financial pages of the newspapers are not a true barometer of business development. This statement, silly on the face of it, must be regarded as an awkward attempt to offer a distorted picture of the facts. If, as the G O P always insisted, the steel companies offered a good gauge of trade conditions 10 years ago, the same must be said of them today."—Springfield, Mass., News.

A newspaper has but one product to sell and that is space. When an editor gives that away he is acting as a Santa Claus to firms, groups and individuals who can afford to pay for it.

Perhaps it's significant that the game of "knock knock," has made its appearance in an election year.—Council Bluffs Nonpareil.

The Treasury Department is spending $1,200,000 to put a thousand white-collar employes to work studying income taxes. The longer they study the more they will learn, and the more they learn, the bigger the taxes will be to pay for their education.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



Labor Day week-end and the days following are bound to be dull in Manhattan until the middle of the month as everyone seems to have an excuse to get out of town. Look at blues singer Harry Richman. He even took an airplane and flew to London for over Labor Day.

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All these specialty song birds seem to be geeting air-minded to point to Broadway's society favorite feminine songstress, Frances Maddux, who came back to these here United States via la Hindenburg.

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If you remember the musical "As Thousands Cheer" you'll remember its dancing star lanky Clifton Webb, who has been months out in Hollywood where they make pictures it is said, but where Mr. Webb just sat. Well you've guessed it he recently flew into (not literally) our little town which is this side of the Bronx.

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When you get Trans-Atlantic minded it costs dough and then some more as Eddie (Follies) Dowling can testify from the many calls he made to stage star Bee Billie at present residing in London town.

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It is beyond our understanding why people have to travel so far and so fast. Give us the good old buggy days safe and easy. This week's column must come to an end as we are taking a plane in a few minutes to spend the week-end in Canada.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

THE SALOON BAR

Uncle Zeke, Buzzardtown correspondent of the Braxton (W. Va.) Democrat lifts his voice against liquor:

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A bar to heaven, a door to hell,
Whoever named it named it well.
A bar to manliness and wealth,
A door to want and broken health.
A bar to honor pride and fame,
A door to sin and grief and shame.
A bar to hope, a bar to prayer,
A door to darkness and despair.
A bar to honored useful life,
A door to brawling senseless strife
A bar to all that's true and brave,
A door to every drunkard's grave.
A bar to joy that home imparts,
A door to tears and aching hearts.
A bar to heaven, a door to hell,
Whoever named it named it well.

CONFLICTING OPINIONS

Conflicting reports on a doubleheader betwixt Federalsburg and the Cocoa Colas at Cambridge which the city press said wound up in a double victory for Federalsburg, the second game via the forfeit route.

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Says the Cambridge Record—But folks, the second game was a different story with Larry Brown on the mound allowing the Federalsburg aggregation only six hits. . .should have shut them out. . .if it had not been for the rotten decisions of their famous umpire, Bradley. We can quite understand why Federalsburg has such a string of victories. It is hard for any team to whip nine men and their umpire. . .

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Says the Federalsburg Times—In the second game, the Feds, using several substitutes in their line-up, allowed the Coca Cola team to score six runs. At the end of the 7th inning, when the fracas occurred, the score stood at 6-4, in favor of the visitors, realizing they were playing a vastly superior team capable of scoring at will, Cambridge attempted to stop the game, declaring that seven innings was considered a full game for the nightcap.

DOMINION

Little Miss Ann Golt, of Stevensville, spent a few days here with her grand-father, Mr. Elmer Golt.

Mrs. Carlie Thomas is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Marie Lee, in Baltimore.

Mrs. Agnes Nutter, daughter, Miss Doris Nutter, of Baltimore, spent the week-end with Mr. Will Nutter.

Mrs. Will Thomas was in Ridgely for the week end with Mrs. Amelia Blockston.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore Thomas had as their guests on a fishing trip Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Tilghman Rash and daughter Joyce, of Ridgely, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Collins, of Denton, Mr. and Mrs. James Radcliffe, of Ridley Park, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Collins, of Chester, Pa.

Little Miss June Thomas, of Baltimore, is spending some time with Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Coleman.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thomas had as their guests on Sunday Mrs. Jack Thomas and Mr. Albert Thomas, of Baltimore, Mr. and Mrs. James Blockston, Mrs. Albert Blockston, and Mrs. Christian Ballman, of Brooklyn. On Labor Day their guests were Mrs. William Eckstorm, of Stevensville, and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wheatley, of Baltimore.

Miss Thelma Linton and friend, Bud Watika, and Mr. Clarence Linton, of Baltimore, were holiday guests of Mrs. Katherine Thompson.

Mr. Arthur Thompson, of Baltimore, spent Sunday here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Thompson.

Miss Lavinia Blockston has left for Baltimore, where she will attend Junior High School again this year.

Master Alfred Chester has returned home to attend school after spending his vacation here with Mr. and Mrs. Carlie Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. Olin Jones, of Baltimore, spent Labor Day with his mother, Mrs. Harry Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. George Schulyer and children, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Long on Sunday.

Mrs. Norman Nash has been spending some time with Mrs. Ralph Schuyler at Church Hill.

THE Rambling Recorder

When a cool day dropped in August 31 one Centreville pessimist moaned. "Looks like an early fall." But the weather this week has been almost warm enough to start electric fans again.

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Folks frequently call the jail the "cooler." Sheriff T. Herbert Everett put a pumpkin down the cellar at the jail more than a year ago. Coming across it the other day, he expected to find the vegetable too far gone for pie. But it had kept cool in the "cooler" and was apparently as solid as the day it was parked there.

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Time has brought changes even in the umbrella-to-mend business. We remember when the umbrella-to-mend-man plodded around on foot with a bundle of sticks and ribs, wrapped up in cover cloth, slung over one shoulder and a mysterious looking bag sometimes slung over the other shoulder, sometimes swinging from his hand. And he resembled anything but the town banker. The mender who now works out of Wilmington and comes to Centreville every couple of months travels in big-league style. His "brougham", as he calls it, is a big four-door Buick sedan, as bright and shiny as the governor's car.

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We asked the man if many people nowadays had umbrellas repaired when the ribs got loose or the cover holey. Plenty, he said, adding that it is worth while spending money to have umbrellas repaired because they are going up. As they are, when it rains.

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Martha Parker, ex-Queenstown resident and now a clothes model in Baltimore, was in the group pictured in the News-Post last week showing Hollywood creations. And for a change, the girls' names appeared with the cut.

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Everything is relative, as Einstein pointed out. A Beechnut cruising crew of two, Grace M. Ketner and Berenice A. Marks, of Reading, Pa., were distributing gum in Centreville Friday all diked out in red panniere skirts and green inverted basket hats. Since this was the second time in a short while that Beechnut girls have left sample gum here we inquired what sort of towns they covered. Only small places, one girl said, like Centreville and Easton.

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Overheard at the Centreville race track Labor Day after Marcia Earle was bucked off a green hunter. A lady speaking:—I don't mind seeing men get hurt but I hate to see the women spilled.

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Time magazine in its May 4th issue gives the low down on how John The Baptist, Mrs. Lawrence Wood "Chip" Robert, Jr.'s handsome hunter that took three blue ribbons Monday, got its name. The magazine was commenting on a letter it received from a Minnesotan. The latter howled because Mrs. Robert threw a cocktail party for her white-carnation-bedecked horse that made jaded Washington society prick up its ears.

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Says Time: Mrs. Robert's horse was originally called Demijohn, or John. A Negro groom, leading him from the stable into the sunlight, was so delighted with the sheen of his coat that he cried: "Doggone hoss—you ain't no plain John! You'se John the Baptist."

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Frank Whiteley's horse was entered in the running races under its old name, Cellophane. The mare was recently registered with the American Jockey Club, where Cellophane was "out" because another horse had it first. So Cellophane was re-christened Lady Gurzil, getting the Gurzil from its dam.

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The most inspiring looking horse at the Show, to our untrained eye, Charles Chew Mickle's big gray Dreadnaught, failed to get his shot in the open hunters' class. Mr. Mickle started to run him in the green hunters class and was advised not to, but to hold him for the open class. In the confusion Mr. Mickle did not show him in either event.

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Tired of seeing riders hang their identifying numbers everywhere but in the right spot, racing secretary Thomas J. Keating, Jr., finally cried, "Hang your numbers on your necks. Don't put them on the seat of your pants where the judges can't see them."

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One of the striking bits of child riding at the show was the clean cut way in which Barbara K. Smith, a girl of eleven or twelve years, sailed her hunter over all four fences without tickling a bar.

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What the race judges would like to know: Who was the lad in a tan shirt who finished third in the big pony race and never came back to give his name?

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One regrettable item missing from the calendar this summer is the tournament, that relic of feudal days which has persisted in Maryland alone. We have often wondered how much color and sparkle might be lent to tournaments if the sponsors really took them seriously.

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Rev. and Mrs. Matthew S. Higgins escaped more than the heat when they drifted off to Randolph, Vermont, for their summer vacation. They were up in the Green Mountains where it was too high for mosquitoes and flies were too rare for notice.

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If Sonny Thomas, who signs himself Kent News Amateur Writer, keeps on turning out such good stories as his piece about the far-famed Australia, Sonny will have to describe himself as the "Star Reporter" and another minion on the Kent News staff can absorb the title, amateur writer.

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The first oyster tonging license for the season was taken out by Kennard P. Harris of Chester.

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

THE MAIL BAG

To The Editor.

In your writing under the heading, "Drop the Red Flag", it may sound to you or to others who do not have any practical knowledge of the seafood industry that a red flag has been raised or a call to arms, or it may sound like a call from reddest Russia as you term it.

But when I speak of the seafood industry I speak of 33 years of practical experience. Men who have been in the industry for sixty years or more say that for the last fifteen or twenty years it has been getting worse. Just about that time is when the so-called scientists began their work. These scientists are people of no practical knowledge of the industry, just experimenters. Get a few men behind them with money and all they do is draw large salaries at the expense of the people of the state.

When the natural bars and rocks were made they were free for everybody but since that time there have laws made to govern same. We admit that it does not make any difference what you are if an editor, doctor, merchant, farmer, or what not so long as you are a resident and obtain your license, but I will say that a man cannot be a practical farmer, doctor, or some other profession and be a practical waterman.

Therefore, when he gives up his other profession and takes to the water then, he becomes a waterman but not practical at once. Few ever do.

You speak of working natural bars like the farmer does his soil. There is just as much difference as there is in day and night. May I call your attention to the fact that you can buy outright farms, oil wells, tracts of timber and get a deed for same, but under the present law you cannot buy or lease a natural bar. These bars were not made by man neither were the oysters put there by man. God made the bars and provided a way through nature to keep them seeded.

Now there is another difference between farming and oystering. If the farmer never sows any seed, he will never reap a crop. Therefore I still stick to my statement that the seafood industry is a God given right because of the fact if we catch all the oysters there are this season, we will have more in the same place another year.

We realize that with the cooperation of packers and watermen we could bring about better conditions without the assistance of Dr. Truitt who was hoggish and narrowminded enough to offer a bill to the last legislature to prohibit the catch of hard crabs measuring less than six inches from spike to spike in all counties in the state of Maryland except one, and that in his home county and they would be allowed to catch crabs measuring five inches from spike to spike. But our representative stepped in and said leave the law as it is and all share alike.

Now, Mr. Editor, all watermen who own property pay two school taxes. We pay State, County, School tax then each one pays $5 license fee to catch oysters. One half of this license goes on school taxes.

Also do you know of any state in the Union except Maryland that the packers and watermen have bought a $120,000 yacht for the purpose of pleasure for the Governor and Conservation Department and maintain it at a cost around $300 per day without one cent cost to any other citizens of the state.

Now the time has come when if we are true Americans then we should each do our part in our country and drop all foreign flags, raise the red, white and blue and stand by it.

A Practical Waterman,
AMOS B. SOUTH.
Grasonville, Md.

To the Editor:

What has become of that candor and forthrightness that we were told were an integral part of Governor Landon's equipment? Where does he stand on the great questions of the moment? What does he intend to do, if elected, about reciprocal tariffs, social security amendments, neutrality legislation, stock market control, holding company legislation, Federal bank deposit insurance and the other numerous and urgent matters? What does he mean when he talks about preserving the gold content of the dollar? And just where and how he is going to begin to combat monopoly? How many acts of the present administration would he repeal? Is he in favor of the Holding Company Act, the Railroad Retirement Act, the Farm Credit Administration Act, the Home Owners Loan Act, the Federal Housing Act, the Rural Electrification Act? These are matters that intelligent voters would like to be informed on.

B. C. COOK.
Rockville Center, N. Y.

RADIANT LIVING

HIS EVER LIVINGNESS

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

Many people have found that they cannot control themselves, especially when under great strain and stress. They look with covetous eyes upon a person whose life seems radiant and wonder how such a life possible.

The secret of a radiant life is a spiritual control over one's self; a control which comes, however, not from one's own spirit but from the Spirit of God dwelling within.

When a man is under the control of the Spirit of God he feels as though he is walking with God in Eden's fragrant vale. The reason for this is that this divine control has been preceeded by a full yielding of one's life unto the will of God.

When one's life is under Divine Control there is excluded that harrowing wretchedness and fearful nervous strain that has wrecked so many souls. There is excluded those many fear-devils and worry-devils and hurry-devils that chase and torment one who is driven by excessive ambition.

Of course, Divine guidance does not excuse God's man from carefulness, watchfulness, responsibilities, and a constant endeavor at self-improvement.

Yet when one is fully yielded up to God's larger purpose for one's life, then that selfish, ambitious temper and tension that wrecks the nerves, stirs up hell, and drives away sleep is forever gone.

God's man sleeps at night with a smile on his face.

THE POET'S CORNER

Little Field

The Carnival has gone—
And once again the little field
Resigns itself to dusty musings.

Here stood the ferris-wheel
That carried breathless children up
To share a brief vacation with the stars;

Here galloped dainty hoofs
Of painted horses, to a song
Carefree and rhythmic with an endless joy.

What matters now if summer sun
Scorches the trampled grass, or winter adds
A plaintive note of sooty snow.

For two charmed nights its face has known
Such bright abandon as will last
The season's span.

Until again the Carnival returns
To plant anew the color and the light.
Ah yes, the little field can wait!
—Virginia Grilley.

GRASS

Bright seas of green,
Fragrant, wind-ruffled, yet serene
Beneath the rays
Of warm enchanting summer days—
Oh, pause and see
Those green waves sparkling gloriously!
They are a sight
To fill the heart with sheer delight.
HERBERT BLUEN.

Dame Rumor Says

One of the country's hard-hitting executives may overpower the public, but he's just putty in the hands of his wife. He offered to bet a certain gent a dollar that he (the gent) couldn't pick the two teams to finish second in the big leagues, and when the party of the second party posted the money, the exec's wife wouldn't let him have the buck to match it.

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That Romeo from up in the Second District, who spent last week in Atlantic City, would have been better off at home looking out for his local attraction. He should remember that the old adage—"What's good for the goose is good for the gander" works both ways.

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A prosperous and prominent bachelor from the county's edge was seen at the Cambridge fair carrying a four-foot Mickey Mouse and cutting up with the ladies. However, he didn't have the nerve to carry on with Mickey when he got home. At Wye Mills he stuck a pin in Mickey Mouse and pretended that his plaything collapsed of its own accord.

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One golden slipper sticking up out of a hole led to the rescue of a Sudlersville madam while in Chestertown. Reports indicate she got over-beered and fell into what some realistic persons might call a gutter.

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A New Yorker, who on a previous trip down this way had struck up an exceptionally warm friendship with a Chesapeake Bay Retriever, says his Labor Day visit was marred somewhat by not finding the dog here.

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With one of the Church Hill Hot spurs visiting in Ocean City, N. J., there haven't been so many early morning window climber-inners the past week or so.

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A county seat miss was outsmarted not so long back by her Western Shore boy friend. She figured he would take the last ferry as usual and set herself up for a late date with another gent. But somehow the b. f. got wise. He hung around until midnight and then drove around the bay.

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Three more or less prominent Centreville bachelors left their seats in the back of the tent and moved into the front row at the colored minstrel show expecting a high yaller strip act with only a balloon obscuring the view. However, the act failed to come off as expected and the hotspurs returned to their seats with the conviction that lingerie could be seen just as well in the course of window-shopping.

The Good Old Days

Items from the Centreville Record of September 22, 1917, one of which provokes the query, what became of the Owls?

The floating theatre, while attempting to pass through the draw of Chester River bridge, crashed into it Tuesday morning and carried part of the abutments away and considerably damaged other parts. Traffic was tied up an hour because of this.

There will be a rally meeting and smoker of the order of Owls, in their nest at the Record building, next Thursday night, September 27. Every member invited to attend. Come on, Owls, and get together for the winter.