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

No man ever prayed heartily without learning something; but when a faithful thinker, resolute to detach every object from personal relations, and see it in the light of thought, shall, at the same time, kindle science with the fire of the holiest affections, then will God go forth anew into the creation.—Emerson.

SELF PROTECTION

Running true to form in its policy of opposing anything that changes the existing order, the Centreville Observer devoted its entire editorial space last week to throwing cold water on the County Liquor Dispensary system on which the people of Queen Anne's will vote on November 3.

The Observer did not go to the trouble to point out that such a system is the mildest, most carefully regulated way in which legal liquor can come to the county.

Nor did that paper go to the trouble to explain that the county will have an opportunity to vote on a dispensary system in November because business men of the county, being penalized under local option laws by the loss of trade to other towns, requested it.

It is not the liquor trade specifically that Queen Anne's County wants. But merchants do want the trade that is part and parcel of buying a bottle. They also want relief from the abuses at home that are bred and nursed by the bootlegger and his illicit traffic.

Why should county merchants sit idly by and watch their customers drive into Kent or Talbot or streak over to Delaware for a bottle and come home with their cars loaded down with other merchandise that could just as easily have been bought at home.

The Observer also paints the gloomiest picture on the cost involved in establishing a county dispensary. It would cost $8,000, our reactionary neighbor says, and that would mean 5c more on the tax rate.

Nothing is said about the experiences of other counties that have dispensaries. There is no reference to the county getting its money back —and more with it.

Wicomico County, for instance, made a profit of $24,045 for the twelve months ended June 1, 1936.

Worcester County made $20,000 on its dispensaries, equivalent to 10c on that county's tax rate, and the money was turned over to its County Commissioners for the relief of general taxes.

On Virginia's Eastern Shore, Northampton and Accomac Counties shared $27,500.53 from the sale of similarly regulated liquor.

Montgomery County's dispensaries reported a net profit of $59,879.97 for the year ending June 30.

Some jobs are created, too, by these dispensaries. Not many, but a few.

Not only do the counties make a little money toward relieving all taxes, but the State and Federal government get taxes. Do any of us pay State and Federal taxes? Would it help us if they were cut down?

Orators are currently on the stump telling us that we are paying terrific taxes. Are all of them misleading us?

Bluntly put, no one would argue that Queen Anne's should go into the liquor business. The thought sounds silly if put that way.

But it doesn't sound silly to say "Spend at Home". After all that's what this liquor business boils down to.

It's a matter of self protection.

THE HOBBY PROJECT

Hobby shows seem to be winning a degree of popularity these days as a truer sense of their value is realized.

There was a time when a hobby was something of a deep, dark secret to be confided only to understanding intimate friends.

But that day is changed. Amateur radio broadcasting was, and is, a hobby but the "ham" operators have proved their worth doubly. They have contributed inventions and information to improve short wave sending. More important, they have repeatedly kept air lanes open in time of floods and disasters when the main channels became disrupted.

Toy airplanes as a hobby with boys have enabled some few to grow up and graduate into good aircraft positions. Tinkering with other hobbies, stamp collecting, archery and collections of various sorts have brought dividends to alert individuals.

Most youths and many grown-ups have their own hobbies, customary devices for using their leisure time. Farm boys in Queen Anne's county find their 4-H calf club interesting and practical examples. Farm girls get similar advantages from clothing and canning projects.

In the main, however, the ordinary run of hobbies is likely to be unproductive and a waste of good enthusiasm.

The chief value of a hobby show is to stimulate worth while interests. Boys who collect bottle caps may see a wider field in chasing Indian relics. Lads who make darts out of a folded sheet of paper may turn to toy airplanes. The field is enormous.

Sentiment is growing for a hobby show for Queen Anne's county. Whether those interested will contact the Rotary, the Lions, the American Legion, the Boy Scouts, or all four, is still undetermined. But the movement is at least started. It will be a good thing for Queen Anne's if it is carried to fruition.

EASING THE STRAIN

Cheap as life is in America it is seldom cheaper than when it is taken by automobiles on the highway. Despite all warnings, preachments of safety and what not, the toll of death on the nation's roads and streets steadily piles up with an average of 100 killed each day. No section of the country is immune. Queen Anne's county, the Eastern Shore, the State of Maryland all provide their quota.

The striking point in this tragic whirl of death is the rarity in which the driver of a car involved in a fatality is punished. Apparently the victim who can no longer plead his case in court is adjudged the responsible party.

Certainly that has been the record in Queen Anne's county for some time. No driver spent a day in jail for any part in a fatal accident in 1935. Nor has any driver put in time in 1936 except while waiting for trial.

Competent observers place the blame for this situation upon the present law which describes a death by automobile as man-slaughter or homicide, both unpleasant words for coroner's juries to handle. The sting should be taken out of those words.

New legislation to that end has just been enacted in New York and could well be copied here in Maryland. The words manslaughter and homicide are eliminated from traffic cases and the offense is described as "contributory negligence in the operation of a vehicle resulting in death."

With fatalities described in such less offensive language coroner's juries would be more inclined to hold a faulty driver for trial. A few convictions would make the careless and reckless operator more wary. It is not punishment but the assurance of punishment which gives law its value as a deterrent.

The present law using the words manslaughter or homicide is ineffective because it scares juries off. Even at the risk of adding another statute to our already overstuffed law books, Maryland should copy the New York legislation and ease the strain on jurymen, anxious to do justice yet appalled by the task before them.

WHO'S SHOOTING

The News-Journal papers in Wilmington, like most other accredited publications, take great care to learn who's talking when they publish a letter, particularly if that letter is of a highly controversial nature.

But the News-Journal Company chooses to hide behind a cloak of anonymity on its own material.

For several weeks a series of full page advertisements have been running in which the National Administration is bitterly assailed.

Beyond a weak explanatory note "This Advertisement is printed with the Permission of Nation's Business" there is nothing to indicate the name of the sponsor.

These broadsides, from their content, repeat the frequently expressd ideas of the Liberty League. Is it possible that that discredited group, assailed whenever and wherever it rears its head, will henceforth shoot from ambush to avoid return fire?

In any event the News-Journal papers will remain suspect, guilty of questionable newspaper ethics, until they come out in the open and affix a signature to the advertisements.

Here on the Eastern Shore, in direct line of fire, we have a right to know who stands behind these big Bertha pronouncements. We have a right to know who's talking.

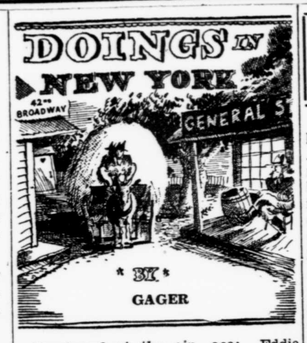
Free speech is still safe in this country it seems. A Tennessee judge has just upheld the right of a rooster to crow.—Winston-Salem Journal.

—o—

It is true that cars are a civilizing influence. Dad no longer spends Sunday on the front porch in his undershirt.—St. Louis Star-Times.

—o—

A French architect is showing a country house that turns with the sun. The next step is to fix a swivel on the farm and get crop rotation. —Milwaukee Journal.



Overheard at the air ace; Eddie Rickenbacker and radio announcer Jean Paul King discussing the latter's father's race track in Seattle. It developed that King's papa not only owned the auto track but also owned the cemetery across the street thus getting the boys coming and going. He just couldn't lose.

—o—

Saw artist Macelland Barclay the other nite escorting a young thing thing from South Carolina, no less sah. We don't know Mac's age, but don't you think it's a little like robbing the cradle, Mr. Barclay?

—o—

We suppose turn about is fair play when artist Paul Newman took the boys over on bets on the Giant—All Star football game. But what we do object to is the fact that after collecing his winnings said Newman departed for home and the little woman without even offering to stand the losers a lemon pop. Even John D. will give away a dime.

—o—

Advertising man Lou Wasey, with a sigh of relief, returned aboard the Normandise after six weeks in England with a loss of a summer in his beloved Montauk and a gain of ten pounds.

—o—

Ran into Jacob Tarshish, the Lamplighter, today. Tells us he is feeling fit and is already to get back to his other program over Mutual the twenty-seventh of this month. Right after telling us how good he felt, he pulled out one of those nose inhalers and took himself a big sniff. Now it's your turn to guess.

—o—

SO WHAT . . Bill Tilden always stays at the Algonquin Hotel when in the big city . . Helen Stephens who did very well for herself in the past Olympics likes to gather autographs . . Not to be confused with the latter, H. (artist) Stephen has a cold in his chest and doesn't care about Olympians unless they hail from California. Pilot Wilkins is on the sick list too with a bad back . . . And just to make everything duckie we have a lousy cold too.

—o—

Hollywood seems to be doing very well in New York these days to judge by the many familiar faces about town. Take for instance villain Leo Carrillo having lunch at the Lamb's Club Monday alone with his scrambled eggs. Band leader a la Garbo Rudy Vallee hiding behind colored glasses on 57th Street. Besides today's and yesterday's movie actresses Rose Ponselle and Bessie Love stepping in and out of this and that nite spot. Which brings to mind that we are so bored with Life.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

STRIKE UP THE BAND

Mark Sullivan, veteran political commentator and medicine ball playmate of the lamented Herbie Hoover, expresses dissatisfaction with the lilting strains of "Oh, Susannah!" and suggests that a martial air be adopted by the GOP twixt now and Nov. 3:

—o—

I am not sure about the value of "Oh, Susannah!" as the Landon campaign song. It is an agreeable lilt—but decidedly it is not a fighting song. No one will ever mistake "Oh, Susannah!" for the "Marseillaise." In one way, "Oh Susannah!" fits the Republican position in the campaign. It makes one think of going away from disagreeable conditions, starting off joyous toward a happier place. But if this campaign is a fight, the Republicans should have a fighting song. The Republican band masters might keep "Oh, Susannah!" as their theme song, but vary the program occasionally with "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "Rally Round the Flag."

COTTON, CORN & CATTLE

Poetry in behalf of Democracy as appearing in that staunch Democratic organ, the Braxton (W. Va.) Democrat:

Republicans for three long years
Have shed their coats and skins and tears,
To tell their comrades how they feel
Regarding Roosevelt's New Deal.
For three long years they've prayer for votes,
But never mentioned nine-cent oats;
They say this New Deal stuff is rotten,
But never speak of four-cent cotton.
For three lon gyears they've prayed aloud
And cussed "this money-spending crowd";
They say of liberty we're shorn
But not a breath of ten-cent corn.
For three long years they've yelled and raved,
"The Constitution must be saved!"
But with their puerile prate and prattle
They sing no song of two-cent cattle.
For three long years they've been at sea
And now they come to you and me
And offer us—as bait for votes—
More two-cent steers and nine-cent oats.
They offer, as in days of old,
A crown of thorns, a cross of gold;
A balanced budget—can you beat it?
Well, one thing's sure—You cannot eat it!

What the candidates obviously try to do is to fill the voter's head so full of oratory that it will be impossible for anyone to ram any facts into it. St. Louis Star-Times.

—o—

There are disquieting signs that the great American souvenir hunter is weakening. A count of the Queen Mary after two trips shows the full number of propellers.—Milwaukee Journal.

THE Rambling Recorder

The hurricane may have been a hurricane in some places but in Queen Anne's county it was just another northeaster. One usually comes about this time every year. The gain in calling it a hurricane is that folks did not talk about line storms or equinoctial storms, as might be expected otherwise.

—o—

The Woman's Club rates a hand salute, as it is expressed in some quarters, for pushing right on with the Flower Show regardless of dire weather prospects. And so do the exhibitors, many of whom went out in the Friday morning rain to make their final choice from the garden.

Did you get fooled as to when Autumn commenced? Monday and Tuesday were named by random guessers. Actually the sun entered Libra, as the astronomers say, or autumn began early Wednesday morning, twenty-six minutes after midnight.

—o—

Green leaves drying have their particular pungent odor, just as newmown hay or clover has its fragrant one. Plenty of green leaves were stripped from trees Friday and the drying odor hung over streets for the week-end.

—o—

The Love Point ferry went back to a single vessel last week, the Pittsburgh, or Smokey Joe, Jr., starting to carry the load alone for the fall and winter seasons. According to R. H. Soulsby the summer business was very good this season and the extra boat was kept on a week beyond the time expected.

—o—

Every trade has its language. The advance agent for the whale show and flea circus that is visiting Chestertown Saturday night explained that it was necessary to hop around the Eastern Shore so that the circus might be shown at only those towns which had never been whaled.

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Where do great major league players go when they drop out of big time baseball and disappear from public gaze? One of them is managing the whale and flea circus—old Hank Gowdy, famous catcher on the Boston Braves in their miraculous climb to the National League pennant in 1914, the man who broke the hearts of the Philadelphia Athletics with a home run in the tenth inning of the third game in that year's World Series and the first major leaguer to enlist in the World War. Good Old Hank, the advance man tells us, will be with the show at Chestertown.

—o—

It may have been a case of locking the stable after the horse went but the A. & P. store on Monday put bars across the windows through which thieves entered over the week-end.

Few baseball outfits in Maryland can boast a name as old in period of service as the Queenstown Terps. Harry Reynolds stuck the label on in 1918. He wanted a name descriptive of the atmosphere of Queenstown and especially its tie-up with water industries. Harry says he could not call his outfit the Oyster, the Crabs or the Fish so he returned to the Terrapin. When the University of Maryland made use of the diamond-back also, sports writers shortened it to Terps, and Terps it is.

—o—

School busses which used to be parked at any convenient empty spot in past years have a special area behind the Courthouse painted off for their exclusive use during school hours this year. Incidentally, several of the busses still feature the misspelling Queen Anne County Schools. That is in line with the quirks in various fields. Carpenters, it is said, always have doors and windows in their homes that need fixing; shoemakers' children need soles on their shoes; so why shouldn't schools be fresh out of spelling?

—o—

Corn is generally looking good throughout Queen Anne's this season. J. B. T. Merrick brought in several fine ears which he picked up in a day's run and which are displayed at the Farm Bureau. One from John R. Whaley's farm is close to perfect while specimens from Ray Richardson's and Howard Greaves' farms rate high for run of the mine ears, picked at random.

—o—

A little elbow work went a long ways in freshening up the interior of the postoffice. Among other things the little windows in the individual boxes were washed. According to Pere Forman, who had the painstaking job of scrubbing them, this is the first time that the box windows have been cleaned in their twenty-seven years of service. Since women are supposedly better housekeepers than men, we wonder how many postmistresses on the Shore can point with pride to a similar job done in their offices.

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A couple of tanks were recently removed at the railroad station as the Standard Oil moved out. But another oil companly is finding business moving in, as it has just installed a third tank, of the size and appearance of type used on railroad tank cars.

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Sailors, they tell us, are going modern these days. Time was when a sailor could be picked out anywhere in a bathing group by his well-tattooed chest and arms. But mariners have abandoned their traditional reputation as walking picture galleries. No explanation has been given for the changed attitude toward tatooing. It is our guess that modern sailors do not have the long leisure hours of the ancient windjammer salts. Modern finger printing has also made people careful about diking their bodies out in conspicuous ways.

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The huge maroon dahlia exhibited by Mrs. E. O. Willis was the Dwight Morrow variety. It measured eleven inches across.

—o—

Booths were scarce at the Flower Show this year. Ernest Hemming and A. Howard Johnson were the only ones to take space. Mr. Johnson had a hive of bees in a display case which he prepared for, but did not take, to Timonium Fair. Consequently the bees have been cooped up for two weeks. Incidentally, Mr. Johnson tells us of an order he received for 200 pounds of beeswax, a pretty rigid substance when it dries. The customer wanted the beeswax for a preparation to take kinks out of kinky hair.

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

RADIANT LIVING

HIS EVER LIVINGNESS

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

Love, the Basis of Service

While the disciples were still lingering over that wonderful breakfast which the risen Christ had prepared for them at the lakeside that early morning hour, Jesus turned to Peter and asked: "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?"

Three times the question was put to Peter. And it grieved him. It brought to his mind the triple denial. He was overwhelmed with shame. His head hung. Yet he knew that he did love the Christ. He could feel those dark liquid eyes of Jesus piercing to the very depths of his soul. Christ was probing deeply. He was probing for love.

Summoning all his confidence and faith, Peter suddenly raised his head and looked into the eyes of Jesus. "Thou knowest that I love thee!" he declared.

It was not that Jesus Himself needed to discover the presence of that love in Peter, but it was rather to bring Peter himself to a fuller realization of the presence of such love. Peter knew it now as he had never known it before.

Jesus had finished the work of redemption. He was about to ascend into heaven and must now entrust the carving of redemption to the world at large to His disciples. In this critical situation what is He asking? It is a bond, or a guarantee, or a signature? No. It is just love, genuine, enduring love; love that fears neither suffering, nor quails at death.

"Disciple, lovest thou Me?"

THE POET'S CORNER

Winter's Prelude

Now autumn, vigorous and bluff,
Filches from boughs their wealth of leaves,
And now, although the winds are rough,
They are most gay enchanting thieves.

The lake, that once was smooth as glass,
Is ruffled now, and nights grow chill,
Yet, though the summer's pride must pass,
The trees have gold to toss and spill.

Therefore, I welcome back once more
The brave and sparkling autumn days;
So much delight is yet in store
For me, who understands their ways!

—Herbert Bluen

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Chrysanthemums are here again;
Though skies are dull and sere leaves blow,
The firelight flickers on the pane
And warm the walls and ceilings glow;
And in a mass of shaggy heads
Amidst their leaves of curling green,
All yellows, bronzes, browns and reds,
Are hints of glories that have been.

Warm days of summer, misty nights,
Gay gardens, stack of gilded sheaves,
Villages pricked with evening lights,
And woods of autumn-tinted leaves:
And land-fires with their leaping blaze,
All live once more amongst these blooms
Reviving golden yesterdays
Within the walls of cozy rooms.

—Elizabeth Fleming.

Flower And Horticultural Show Winners

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

Mrs. Eaton, 2d.

ZINNIAS

Red, Mrs. Walters, 1st;; Mrs. Edwin H. Brown, Jr., 2d; Mrs. Eaton, 3d. Yellow, Mrs. W. Marvin Barton, 1st; Mrs. John McFarland, 2d; Mrs. Brown, 3rd. Pink, Mrs. Brown, 1st; Mr. George, 3d. Three blooms, Mrs. Vachel Downes, 1st; Mrs. Eaton, 2d; Mrs. Jones, 3d. Six blooms, Mrs. Wharton, 2d. Arrangement of fifteen, Mrs. Walters, 1st; Mrs. Brown, 2d.

MARIGOLDS

Six blooms, African, Mr. George, 1st; Mrs. Walters, 2d. Six blooms, Guinea Gold, Mr. George, 1st. Container of twenty, French, Mrs. Percy Tucker, 1st; Mrs. Eaton, 2d; Mrs. Downes, 3d. Container of twelve, African or Guinea Gold, Mrs. Tucker, 1st; Mrs. Walters, 2d; Mrs. L. Herman Meredith, 3d. Scotch marigold, Mrs. Barton, 1st.

OTHER VARIETIES

Nasturtiums. Display, Mrs. Barton, 1st; Mrs. Ray Tabler, 2d; Mrs. Eaton, 3d. Double variety, Mrs. Wharton, 1st.

Petunias, Bowl, Mrs. Tucker, 1st; Mrs. Jones, 2d. Mrs. Willis, 3d. Vase, Mrs. Wharton, 1st; Mrs. Brown, 2d.

Snapdragons. Three spikes, Mrs. Wharton, 1st; Mrs. Brown, 2d. Six spikes, Mrs. Tucker, 1st. Container of fifteen, Mrs. Wharton, 1st; Mrs. Downes, 2d; Mrs. Walters, 3d.

Phlox, Mrs. Tucker, 2d.

Cosmos, Mrs. Brown, 1st; Mrs. Frank L. Willis, 2d; Mrs. Downes, 3d.

ARTISTIC ARRANGEMENT

Bowl, garden flowers, one variety; Mrs. Meredith, 1st; Mrs. Brown, 2d; Mrs. Downes, 3d. Vase, one variety, Miss Alice E. Turpin, 1st; Mrs. Downes, 2d; Mrs. Brown, 3d. Basket, one variety, Mrs. William H. Fisher, 1st; Mrs. E. O. Willis, 2d;Miss Taylor, 3d. Basket, several varieties, Mrs. E. O. Willis, 1st, Mrs. M. Wilson Harris, 2d; Mrs. Wharton, 3d. Arrangement, white flowers, black vase, Mrs. Tucker, 1st. Flowers, white container, Miss Taylor, 1st; Mrs. E. O. Willis, 2d; Mrs. Brown, 3d.

Flowers, yellow container, Mrs. Brown, 1st; Mrs. Eaton, 2d; Mrs. Wharton, 3d. Vase of pink and blue flowers, Mrs. Fisher, 1st; Mrs. Walters, 2d; Mrs. F. L. Willis, 3d. Bowl, two or more varieties, Mrs. F. L. Willis, 1st; Mrs. W. Edward Barton, 2d; Mrs. Howard L. Ryland, 3d. Arrangement with mirror, Mrs. Brown, 2d. Breakfast tray, Mrs. E. O. Willis, 2d. Miniature, Mrs. Tucker, 1st; Mrs. Wharton, 2d; Mrs. F. L. Willis, 3d. Miniature garden, Mrs. E. O. Willis, 1st. Arrangement, wild flowers, Mrs. E. O. Willis, 1st. Luncheon tables, Mrs. T. Rigby Valliant, 1st; Mrs. F. D. Day, 2d; Mrs. Wharton, 3d. Potted flowering plant, Mrs. Charles M. West, 1st.

MEN'S CLASSES

Red dahlia, Mr. George, 1st; Louis Perkins, 2d. Pink dahlia, Mr. George, 1st. Three dahlias, Mr. Perkins, 1st; Mr. George, 2d. Three pompon dahlias, Mr. George, 1st. One zinnia, Mr. George, 1st. Container, two garden varieties, Percy Tucker, 1st; Mr. Perkins, 2d; Mr. George 3d.

CHILDREN'S CLASSES

Bowl of garden flowers, Jeanne Fisher, 1st. Basket of garden flowers, Charlotte Fesmyer, 2d.

HORTICULTURE

Small peppers, George Wise, 1st. Large peppers, Jack Hollingsworth, 1st; Marion Cannon, 2d; Donald McClyment, 3d. Edible squash, Billy Connolly, 1st; Morris Walbert, 2d; D. McClyment, 3d. Pears, Marvin Cahall, 1st; M. Cannon, 2d. Lima beans, Dean Burris, 1st; Arnold Smith, 2d; M. Walbert, 3d. String beans, D. McClyment, 2d. Beets, D. McClyment, 1st; Spencer Sparks, 2d. Carrots, D. McClyment, 1st. Turnips, M. Cahall, 1st. Spinach, Miss Anna Taylor, 2d. Cabbage, William Shortall. Tomatoes, Dean Burris, 1st and 2d; D. McClyment, 3d. Onions, M. Walbert, 1st; W. Shortall, 2d; M. Cannon, 3d. Sweet potatoes, D. McClyment, 1st and 2d; M. Walbert, 3d. Irish potatoes, J. Hollingsworth, 1st; D. McClyment, 2d; W. Shortall, 3d.

Specials in Pie Melon, D. McClyment, 1st. Squash, M. Cahall, 1st. Egg plant, D. McClyment, 1st. Sun flower, M. Walbert, 1st. Italian tomatoes, A. Smith, 1st; Billy Connolly, 2d. Other specials, D. McClyments, 1st; A. Smith, 1st; George Wise, 1st.

GRAIN

Yellow corn, ten ears, Billy Anthony, 1st; M. Cannon, 2d; D. McClyment, 3d. Special, popcorn, D. McClyment, 1st; D. McClyment, 2d. Corn on stalks, Billy Anthony, 1st; Marion Chance, 2d; J. Hollingsworth, 3d. Single yellow ear, M. Cannon, 1st; J. Hollingsworth, 2d. Clover seed, M. Cannon, 1st; Bartlett Starkey, 2d; M. Walbert, 3d. Gallon barley, M. Cannon, 1st; W. Shortall, 2d; Joe Morris, 3d. Gallon wheat, M. Cannon, 1st; S. L. Morris, 2d; D. McClyment, 3d. Gallon oats, M. Cannon, 1st. Alfalfa hay, M. Walbert, 2d. Special, M. Walbert, 1st.

Dame Rumor Says

That silver haired spinster shouldn't spend so much time entertaining the city slickers. It's certain that all she can get for her trouble is the air.

—o—

A noted Republican along Lawyer's Row took off his sunflower after Landon made that foggy speech in Portland.

—o—

A Ruthsburg resident who had a front porch view of the crapshooters' raid said one devotee of the galloping dominoes had on white shoes and went through a cornfield so fast that his feet looked like streaks of chalk.

—o—

Folks around Kane's Cross Roads are saying that the Ohio belle is not going back to Ohio. She and Romeo were seen shopping for jewelry in Dover and it looks like wedding bells before the frost is on the pumpkin.

—o—

If that rosy cheeked lad from the county seat doesn't stop taking in all the picnics and poultry dinners he'll have to have gussets put in all his vests and britches. He's begun to pour out around the edges now.

—o—

A Grasonville lass who has stopped running around with a filling station lad is said to have remarked: "He has given me the air for the last time".

—o—

Rejoinder to a remark in this column last week concerning the fair village of Starr: "Maybe a few hair-dressing lessons from the young lady and young gent near Starr would be just what "those friends" need."

—o—

Frankly, our mail this week is cluttered no end with comments on various and sundry previously referred to in this department. Evidently we must have turned out a column full of bull's-eyes.

—o—

Pondtown says we're all wrong about the liquor situation up that way. An esteemed contributor rises to remark that there is still plenty of liquor up there—the new bean kind. "For a mess of beans you can get a swell drink".

—o—

It's true, that informant relates, that the Crumpton guzzlers lapped and licked until the supply ran low on a couple occasions, but there's never been a time when there was nary a drop left.

—o—

Double Creek, not so far away, posted a sign on a recent Sabbath: "Sold out at 6 A. M."

—o—

That's all the mail we have today, but the grapevine circuit is still in operation.

—o—

A pair of Wye Mills nimrods are seen frequently wearing their red hats. But it's necessary to get up mighty early to see the red a showin'. They're not such keen marksmen, and after missing a dozen shots they turn the red inside and sneak back home like a pair of whipped dogs.

The Good Old Days

Transportation note as clipped from the old timer column of the Chestertown Transcript:

—o—

The bridge crossing Chester River at Chestertown was opened as a Free Bridge July 22, 1890 and Major B. B. Wroth, a resident of Chestertown, driving a Queen Anne's team, was the first person to cross the Free Bridge. The act incorporating the Free Bridge was passed by the General Assembly in the year 1805.

That before the Chester River Bridge was made free, a person walking across from Kent, to Queen Anne's county or from Queen Anne's to Kent County had to pay ten cents, and a team going over was charged seventy five cents for the round trip.