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

When, and if, the depression is ended I'm going to miss it. Never again shall I have such a chance to air my views on so many subjects of which I know so little, and hold the audience . . . I've had such a wonderful workout criticizing the cosmos, lambasting national leaders, roasting the social system, cutting the industrial pattern into paper dolls, and taking a crack at every head raised above the parapets.—H. I. Phillips.

WELCOME, LIONS

Men are only boys grown up. At heart they remain boys. Dinner groups like the Queenstown Lions Club which came into official being last night with the presentation of a charter to the organization are rooted in a boyish instinct to group together with kindred spirits.

Once a week the members may desert their wives and home cooking with no questions asked to gather around a festive board for good fellowship and pleasant social contact. Even the formalities of place and title are abandoned. The boys are plain Joe and Bill.

But there is more to such organizations than backslapping and handshaking. Something useful or purposeful must develop or the club dies from rust.

In rural communities where organizations capable of being shaped for social service are rare a group like the Lions tends naturally to become a clearing house for community ideas, needs and plans for progress.

Only time will tell what problems besetting the lower part of Queen Anne's county or the county itself may be dumped into the laps of the Lions.

The history of Queenstown has been marked with ups and downs. At present the town is again on the upgrade. The formation of the dinner club is itself an indication of rewakening.

But whatever may be the problems that the Lions see fit to tackle they may be expected to close in on their tasks with the same courage and vigor that is synonymous with the name they bear. They will be Lions, and and may the lion roar.

"ABSOLUTELY FALSE"

Elsewhere in this week's Record Mrs. M. Grace Rambo writes at considerable length in an effort to disapprove a news story in last week's paper.

At that time the Record said Mrs. Rambo called a rump session of the Democratic State Central Committee and chose herself as Acting Postmistress at Sudlersville.

We said so then. We say so now. And Mrs. Rambo's own letter bears us out.

She started drumming up the rump session on January 4 and by her personal efforts, without consulting the Chairman of her Committee, succeeded in swinging the recommendation for herself by the vote of four members.

We would like to make it a matter of the Record right now that we are not opposed to Mrs. Rambo getting the postoffice. It is not a personal matter. We don't care who gets the appointment. It is something for the patrons of the Sudlersville postoffice to decide through the proper channels.

But the proper channels most assuredly are not through an unofficially called session of the Committee.

Mrs. Rambo's designation of herself writes a rather sorry and ludicrous chapter in the history of the State Central Committee.

Two members have already grabbed off postoffice appointments. A third would seem to be the straw to break the camel's back.

Instead of casting about for other worthwhile persons for appointments, four recalcitrant members seem bent on feathering their own nests come what may.

As one level-headed citizen expressed it: "State Central Committees are elected to find other people jobs, not hog them all themselves."

We fail to find any justification whatsoever in Mrs. Rambo's letter for her hasty, unprecedented action.

She probably will get the postoffice. She is in league with George I. Harrison and George I. has Congressman T. Alan Goldsborough's ear.

We regard her letter as a weak comeback. True she succeeds in throwing considerable mud and obscuring the issue.

But we still say Mrs. Grace Rambo Calls Rump Session, Chooses Self For Sudlersville Postoffice."

The manner in which she went about it was fully set forth in the Record last week and her own version of the affair differs in no essential detail.

We leave it to our readers as to whether the Record article was, as Mrs. Rambo charges, "absolutely false."

CAPTAIN AL JONES

The passing of Captain Al Jones who conducted the column "Among the Watermen" marks the first death among those who have contributed to the pages of Queen Anne's **Record.**

Captain Al was a kindly, genial gentleman, full of shrewd, homely wisdom and sound common sense. He was a Kent Islander and his interests were wrapped about the life of the Island.

His judgment and vision showed him early how dependent the existence of community life on Kent Island rested upon protection of the natural resources of Chesapeake Bay. From that judgment came his unceasing interest in conservation.

A plain man among plain people, he none the less received honors equalling those of any living resident of the county. He was important enough to be appointed a member of both the United States and the Maryland Conservation Commissions.

In his column "Among the Watermen" Captain Al supplied the **Record** with sensible comment flavored with a welcome salty atmosphere.

Captain Al's friendly, warmhearted nature will be missed. His well-balanced opinions on conservation are gone.

The Queen Anne's **Record** feels his loss, and extends its sympathty to his family, trusting that the memory of Captain Al's sincere life and real achievements may soften the edges of grief.

OFFICE MANIA

In his recommendations for the coming year Commissioner of Motor Vehicles Walter R. Rudy is showing the same stripe which makes public office holders an increasing burden upon national life.

Put a man in a public office and he immediately digs in. He looks for more terirtory to cover, more men to hire, more red tape to create, more money to spend. He never thinks of cutting down.

Mr. Rudy's office reports more revenue received in 1935 than was collected in 1934. Instead of setting aside surplus to make possible the $2 tags cut out of the same piece of goods as is the Townsend Plan the Commissioner puts in a request for ten more employees. These will give a crowded appearance to his building.

He also asks for an addition to the edifice which, it may be remarked, belongs to Annapolis.

On top of this Mr. Rudy would have all holders of operators' licenses required to take a driver's examination. Presumably a fee will be attached somewhere to this project, as is the way of officialdom.

Re-examination of all drivers would serve a useful purpose for Mr. Rudy. It would serve as a smoke screen for ten more employees and an addition to the building. It would increase work and red tape. And it would make drivers feel the importance of Mr. Rudy's office.

The re-examination is masked as a safety measure. Yet in Queen Anne's county in 1935 no driver involved in an automobile fatality was shown to have lost an eye or a limb since receiving his operator's card. None were charged with responsibility for the death, nor with reckless driving. None were punished.

Much the same situation prevails in the state.

The safety angle is merely a useful peg on which to hang Mr. Rudy's desire to branch out. It also obscures the fact that neither Mr. Rudy nor any one else has a workable plan for cutting down motor fatalities.

It might be a good idea to give every public official a dose of alum to make him contract rather than expand.

A SMART ALECK ALOFT

A Smart Aleck turned loose in an airplane can make a public nuisance of himself.

Centreville had its second instance of this in a month on Saturday when a pilot chose the air above the community for his modified hell-diving.

The misbegotten idea that impels an idler in a plane cockpit to roar down over housetops and skim above chimneys can be explained only as a childish wish to be seen and heard.

We have no particular quarrel with airplane gymnastics. If a flier chooses to risk his own unvalued neck by cutting capers at a low altitude it is okay by us.

Some one will sweep up the debris and lug off the relics just as a cart is always handy for removing dead jackasses and mules.

It might be a trifle more considerate on the part of the reckless bird if he would try his antics over nearby Chesapeake Bay. There are no invalids or sleeping children to be disturbed on the bay and no homes to be risked.

The air above any community ought to be respected by low flying planes. There are Federal regulations on the subject.

Pilots who view the steadily tightening restrictions upon their craft have only Smart Aleck members like the Centreville exhibitor to thank for the public opinion which demands them.

THE Rambling Recorder

The open winter brooding over the Eastern Shore for the past two weeks looks like November in the landscape and feels like late March in the air. Few would have ventured during Christmas week to have forecast such a pleasant New Year's gift. Of all Nature's secrets none is as stubborn as what future weather will be. But life would be robbed of one of its never-ending surprises if the scientists were to tell us exactly what to expect for each day in the year.

—o—

The days have been slowly lengthening, but until Monday of this week the added minutes have been entirely in the afternoon. For two weeks the sun has been rising each morning at 7:22, its latest schedule of the entire year. It showed its face at 7:21 on Monday, 7:20 today, Thursday, and will continue to set its alarm clock earlier from now until mid-June. But the twenty-five minutes added to afternoons since December 22 come at the most useful part of day.

—o—

The mild weather spreading over the north and east as well as over the Eastern Shore has been less than a blessing for county watermen. Demand for oysters has decreased and on Tuesday prices paid to watermen dropped about five cents a bushel. Elsewhere on the Shore an unexpectedly good run of fish has given boatmen another source of income. Kent Island watermen have been hindered by Bay ice from joining the ranks of the fishermen.

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As regards to the mild weather the most optimistic person we have met is Harper Fesmyer who remarked, "Aren't we having an early Spring?"

—o—

Folks in jail play pranks on their fellow vacationists with much the same spirit as idlers outside the bars. A Negro was lodged in jail Sunday night on a D. and D. charge—drunk and disorderly. When his mind cleared up sufficiently on Monday morning he was told by other inmates that he had stabbed a man to death the night before and was on his way to the electric chair. The alarmed Negro managed somehow to get word that he needed help to a well-known Lawyer's Row barrister who hurried over to the hoosegow only to learn that his services were not quite as vital as the Nego had thought.

—o—

There is a fascination about court trials for many people, as movie makers and mystery writers know. Twice this week the throng of spectators forced Magistrate Thompson to move into the main courtroom of the Courthouse. Trials unavoidably have the aspects of both a drama and a game with the interest always suspended until the judge announces his decision.

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The sight of a new dwelling being erected on the Centreville-Queenstown road within the area once included in the ancient town of Hibernia calls to mind how completely the signs of that community, the forerunner of Centreville, have been obliterated from the face of the earth. Other Eastern Shore towns have flourished and faded but there was no important one which vanished as utterly as Hibernia. Now a new dwelling is going up, the first in many years, but Hibernia, the town, is dead beyond recall.

FIRE PREVENTION

The National Board of Fire Underwriters has issued a tabulation of the work done by cities and towns during Fire Prevention Week, which was observed last October.

The summary definitely shows that fire can be controlled—when public and official interest is at a sufficient peak. Between September 29th and October 19, for example, which includes the Week and the periods immediately preceding and following it, 87 cities had a weekly fire loss of less than $35. A large number of cities had no fire loss at all. Throughout the entire nation, the summary observes, "a very definite improvement in the intensiveness and effectiveness of the campaign was noticeable."

Merit awards have been given to a number of cities for the quality of the work done during the week. Among the ten leaders were Hartford, Connecticut, Honolulu, Jersey City, Los Angeles, and Prescott, Arizona. It will be observed that these are all cities of varying size, in widely separated areas. Each made a success of the Week because, and only because, of the interest and enthusiasm aroused in its citizens.

Any city or town can be successful if it will carry on a constant, unremitting fire prevention campaign. Fire Prevention Week should be followed by Fire Prevention Year.

Public education could curb the demon that destroys thousands of lives and hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of property annually.

Brittannia rules the waves Mussolini waives the rules.—Washington Herald.

Marriage: A ceremony in which rings are put on the finger of the lady and through the nose of the gentleman.—Herbert Spencer.

Our city has the finest aldermen money can buy.—Ed Wynn.

When a woman is told a secret she promises to tell everybody not to tell anybody.

An adventure is an inconvenience rightly considered. An inconvenience is an adventure wrongly considered.—G. K. Chesterton.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

Proceedings in the House of Representatives in which Congressman T. Alan Goldsborough soaks the taxpayers of his District for $158, as reproduced from the Congressional Record:

—o—

MR. GOLDSBOROUGH. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent to extend my remarks in the Record by inserting an address by Governor Eccles, of the Federal Reserve Board, before the American Bankers Association. The Public Printer notifies me that it will require about three pages and a half of the Congressional Record to insert this address.

MR. RICH (Pennsylvania). Mr. Speaker, reserving the right to object, I would like to have the gentleman tell the Members of the House what it is going to cost to print this speech.

MR. GOLSBOROUGH. The Public Printer states it will cost $158.

MR. RICH. I would like to call the attention of the House to the fact that all this matter going into the Record is quite costly to the taxpayers of their district and they will be held responsible for a great deal of this expense when election comes next fall.

THE SPEAKER. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Maryland?

There was no objection.

(The matter referred to appears in the Appendix.)

Note to the bookkeeper: Debit the people of the Eastern Shore with $158.

THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION

Comments in the Worcester Democrat on Governor Harry W. Nice's "practically finished" mansion:

—o—

Well, Sir, I see by the papers that my old friend, Governor Harry Nice, wants the good people of Maryland to hold their horses for awhile. He doesn't want anything said about that fine example of pre-election economy he talked so much obout when he was campaigning—the remodeled Governor's Mansion. He wants everybody to sit tight until it is finished. Then B'gosh! they can say what they darned please, he will be "sittin' purty." Wonder what good he thought criticism was going to do, when the $106,000 economical monster is given a clean bill of health by the contractors et al, and Harry moved in and his hat hung up. As it is now, there might be some chance that this extra session of the General Assembly will take a lesson from some of the operators down in this neck of woods, and give that Mansion proposition a real honest-to-goodness "bypass." There's no tellin'; so, Harry, you'd better get some of these folks to soft-pedal a bit, or you'll have to occupy a boardin' house in Annapolis this winter.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR

Clearest explantion of a typographical error that has come to our attention. All we need now is a word of clarification from the Democratic Messenger, Snow Hill, on the duties of a proofreader.

—o—

The Messenger very much regrets a mistake which occurred in the Parent-Teachers' notice of meeting last week. The time was given as 2.00 o'clock. The accident was caused by the linotype operator striking the figure 2 key instead of the one next to it—the 8 key. When the proof was read, the time meant nothing to the proofreader, who did not know what the time should be.

THE TOWNSEND TAKE

News dispatch bearing a Chicago date-line calculated to shed light on the yield from the Townsend Plan sucker list:

—o—

Dr. Francis Everett Townsend ($200-a-month-for-the-aged") reports 30,000-000names to his petitions, $638,803 collected in membership fees and the sale of books, pamphlets and buttons. Of this $15,000 went to the Doctor and Executive Secretary Robert E. Clements. It is claimed that the two pocket $2,000 a week profits from their propaganda paper, "The Townsend Weekly".

THE POET'S CORNER

Thou False One

By CASPER L. NEWCOMB

True as raven's unlike a turtle dove
 Your heart's untrue beneath a a bosom's heave;
As it has me deceived who cared for love
 May it smite not again a breast as breathe.

Let me no more upon yourself rely,
 For, thou's unfair, and ever false to me,
False was your streaming tears, as they belie;
 And real pent up your seemed sincerity.

No more may I unto thy bosom fly
 To draw thee near unto my own frail chest;
Where thou coulds't feel my hot draw breath nigh
 As let's you huddle 'pon my knees to rest.

One false always, will you again deceive.
 Again mock one, a sadder lover left;
Scoff at paining spirit of mine; and leave
 A wound in one who mourns a self bereft.

Friendship

By Mary Fennimore Sheppard

From what does friendship spring
 Unless it be the understanding of the soul;
That blossoms forth in all that blessed understanding,
 Making love its happy goal.

And love is blind to all the faults
 That build a stumbling block along the way;
It only understands as love alone, can understand,
 And waits the coming of another day.

In love with friendship, or friendship in love,
 No matter how the rhyme may chime;
It's just linking of two souls that understand,
 Treading the Precarious Path of Time.

Blue Jay in Mid Winter

With such superb assurance did he sing—
Poised on a swaying twig proclaiming Spring—
I looked again, half-thinking I had seen
Brown buds of lilacs burst by beaks of green.

—Kenneth Porter.

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

THE MAIL BAG

Mrs. Rambo Writes A Letter

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

cused of deliberating in his office without his knowledge, the four accused members of this Committee suggest that we meet in the future in one of the jury rooms at the Courthouse.

"Dr. McPherson stated at the meeting that he favored Mrs. Rambo for the post and that he would vote for her at the meeting for the regular Postmaster.

"Concerning Mrs. George A. Hart's petition, Mr. Joseph M. George advised me not to get a petition and promised me that he would not be active for anyone but that he would give me his passive support. That was while the whole State Central Committee was following his desires. But we were wrong when we crossed his plans, and since then four members of the Committee have become very disreputable persons although he considered us worthy citizens previous to this time.

"The Record states that 228 partons endorsed Mrs. Hart's petition. It also states that the 1930 census of the town listed the population at 275. It fails to give the fact that these 228 patrons were gotten from all over the rural route and that the petition is not as good as it sounds as a great number of these 228 signers have told me personally that if I wanted to get up a petition they would like to put their name at the top of it.

"But the Committee can recall a petition that was brought before us favoring Mr. Harry Butler for Police Justice bearing 578 signatures. Dr. McPherson and Mr. Brown told the Committee at that time that a petition was of no value and to prove to us that they were sincere, Mr. Butler's petition was cast aside and Dr. McPherson's favorite candidate endorsed.

"It is just natural to suppose that if a petition bearing 578 signatures was ignored, one containing only 228 names would be very insignificant, especially since many of these came from the same household.

"The Record also reiterates a statement made in their article some time ago concerning the Church Hill postoffice which is positively false. It says that Mr. Brown and Dr. McPherson stood firmly behind their original choice of Mr. Elmer C. Anderson when the Committee can attest the fact that Mr. Brown circulated a paper among some of the Committee members endorsing Mrs. Estella Walls for the post. But Mr. Brown had previously asked some of the members of the Committee not to sign papers out of a meeting. The Committee members could not understand Mr. Brown when he would ask them one day not to sign a paper out of a meeting then on the next day personally circulate a paper for their signature.

"So a meeting was called and Mr. Brown made a lovely little speech nominating Mrs. Walls. His nomination was seconded by Dr. McPherson. But the other members of the Committee did not agree with him and he became very indignant, picked up his hat and walked out of the meeting. Mr. Hall was endorsed by the other four members of the Committee.

"Another false statement the Record gives in the Church Hill article. The Record states that Mrs. Rambo came to the meeting with a document already bearing Mr. Ryland's signature. The truth is that the paper was handed to me while the meeting was in session.

"I am sorry these different affairs in Queen Anne's County can't be settled by mutual consent—everybody working together for a common purpose. All men as brothers is surely the better way."

(Signed) M. GRACE RAMBO.

To the Editors:

Before it is too late may I remind our people that about every locality in the county probably is and has long since been making arrangements for observing the birthday of President Roosevelt, which I believe falls on Jan. 30th.

In appealing to one of our local papers to help spread or encourage this idea, I am informed that many persons seem to consider this occasion as boosting the President and every one is not interested.

While the idea was started and is still carried out on the President's birthday ,there is nothing in it at all that aids President Roosevelt in anyway. I feel sure that almost every native of Maryland would be glad to help in expressing admiration for our President and especially for the marvelous faculty he has shown ignoring and rising above physical impediment to lead a normal life. Probably the vast majority of persons afflicted with infantile paralysis would have sat down and done nothing with their lives at all.

But this birthday fund helps others who are likewise afflicted. Last year I found nothing was being done in our locality so I got busy at the last minute and arranged a luncheon for which there was a small charge and the amount realized was sent for this fund.

At that time several expressed interest to carry on something of the kind as I had suggested, in groups, this year. Of course, it need not be luncheon groups although it very well might.

Dinners all over the county as balls do not seem to go over so big with us, or the ever present card party would do just as well, just so that we keep up with the rest of the world.

I would be most happy to cooperate with any group planning an observance of the day.

M. Y. BROWN.

Centreville, Md.

This Week IN HISTORY

Jan. 16—Captain Charles D. Sigsby, commander of the battleship "Maine" which was blown up in Havana harbor, born 1845. First Nebraska legislature met at Omaha, 1855. Edward G. Bremer, brewer, kidnapped at S. Paul, Minn., 1934.

Jan. 17—Battle of the Cowpens, South Carolina, 1781. Prohibition went into effect, 1920. A blue-white 726-carat diamond the size of a hen's egg found in Jonker diggings, South Africa, 1934.

Jan. 18—Daniel Webster, greatest American orator, born 1782.

Jan. 19—General Robert E. Lee, Confederate military genius, born 1807.

Jan. 20—Revolutionary War ended in 1783. Josef Hofmann, pianist and composer, born 1877.

Jan. 21—General "Stonewall" Jackson, famous Confederate general and strategist, born 1824. First Kiwanis club organized at Detroit, 1915.

Jan. 22—Panama Canal treaty signed by President Theodore Roosevelt, 1903. Charles Gordon, Lord Byron, English poet, born 1788.

The acreage of soybeans threshed in Maryland during this year was 6,000 acres—the same as in 1934.

The largest English Elm in the state of Maryland is located near Berlin on the property of Mrs. A. H. Abbott. The tree is said to stand 83 feet in height and have a spread of 127 feet.

—o—

Hybrid sweet corn may or may not be superior to ordinary varieties. Field trials and quality tests, often for several years, are necessary to establish the worth of a hybrid in a given area.

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It is said that black locust trees are seldom if ever attacked by the Japanese beetle.

The Good Old Days

Stevensville has been quite a place for dramas this winter and spring, says the Centreville Record for May 3, 1890.

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The Kent Island Dramatic Troupe rendered the play entitled "The Ragpicker of Paris" on last Tuesday and Wednesday evenings to large and appreciative audiences. Owing to the small stage it took some time to change the scenery. The ladies took their parts splendidly. The characters they impersonated were as follows: "Marie Didier, a Dressmaker, "Miss Therese Arlington; "Clarie Hoffman, the Baron's Daughter, "Miss Carrie Glaser; "Madame Potard," Miss Beatrice Rodney. Every one present semed to enjoy the play and all the characters were well taken.

Dame Rumor Says

It's a sad state of affairs when a 30-year-old Centreville matron busts out bawling and throws a tantrum when her husband brings her the wrong-flaved ice cream.

—o—

That gent at Perry's Corner who watched his neighbor kill hogs and then carried off all the spare-ribs should be ashamed of himself.

—o—

Pardon the technical terms but it is noised about in Spaniard's Neck that the odor of genus Mephitis which used to emanate from a certain car has changed to the aroma of spiritus frumenti.

—o—

A brand new romance blossomed last night in Queenstown when a willowy blonde strolled out with a supposedly set-in-his ways bachelor.

—o—

One of the county seat's eligibles is like a fish out of water every time his gal week-ends out of town.

—o—

A Church Hill grass widow can't for the life of her remember that she's talking on a party line when she spills all those sweet nothings to her Sudlersville playmate.

—o—

One of Church Hill's still hopefuls is praying for another snowstorm. It seems she gets more attention when the roads are blocked and the apple of her eye can't get out of town.

—o—

Apparently it's an annual affair with a certain Queen Anne gent to go on a bender. He was caught in the pantry again at an outlandish hour.

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Proving that there is a sure-fire attraction in Marydel one of Busic's young sports is seen on horseback or cutting through the meadows on foot to reach his destination since the roads got so muddy.

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Down at Wye Mills a bunch got together and raised enough money to send a gent to Kent Island for the winter. And the gent bounced back on them in less time than it takes to tell it. Guess they'll have to feed him through the winter.

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A Kent Point dame is still spilling tears because she didn't get boots and overalls for Christmas to go trapping.

—o—

That Burrisville Lothario who came to Centreville to get his kisser slapped could have got it done at home.

—o—

Your Old Lady has learned that a certain member of the intelligentzia in Chestertown eats Sen Sens. In fact your Old Lady got a whiff.

—o—

A County seat student showed how smart he is by insisting that he sit next to a bright girl. Now he has no trouble making A's.

—o—

If a certain Centreville matron would grab the slop bucket instead of a vase (pronounced vawse) when she tries to put out a fire she'd get results quicker.

—o—

It was a sad ending to a perfect outing when that pair out Ruthsburg way got stuck when Jarman's Branch overflowed its banks. Just about middle way their car failed and somebody had to put on a strip act.

—o—

If a Sudlerville madam would follow Emily Post a little closer and also brush up on political strategy she'd be more of a help to an aspiring husband.

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If a pair of Kent Island blondes would get their daddy to fix the lane the two new Romeos might drive in oftener. Getting stuck so often is dampening to the ardories.

—o—

There's a county seat matron so prissy about her house that she uses a yardstick to smooth up the covers.

—o—

There's always room for one more monkey said Crumpton's curator of the zoo when he inherited another monkey.