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

Every morning, when I leave my house, I say to myself, "Today I shall meet an impudent man, an ungrateful one, one who talks too much. It is natural and necessary that these men be thus; therefore do not be surprised."—Marcus Aurelius.

NICE ORATORY

Governor Harry W. Nice made it exceptionally clear in his Lincoln's Day address before the Young Republican League at Hagerstown that he is gazing with jealous eyes on the presidential boom of Governor Alf Landon of Kansas.

He gave figures on Maryland's financial condition to show that his record as state executive is equal to that of the Kansas Coolidge and qualified him for Republican nomination for White House occupancy.

Governor Nice pointed out that the State's budget is balanced despite the strain of a three million dollar deficit inherited from the Ritchie regime and without levying new taxes. However, he forgot to mention an eight and one half million dollar bond issue which enabled him to do this, nor did he take time to point out that the one percentage gross receipts tax has come on as a distinctly new levy.

His denunciation of the New Deal was along the same line as that taken by former President Hoover and disclosed nothing new except that Governor Nice could do much better than Mr. Roosevelt in the White House.

This line of chatter may befog the citizenry in far-off California, Maine or Florida but here at home it will fool no one. The voters' memory is too green on promises of $2 tags, an Eastern Shore Boulevard, a Salisbury by-pass, and a Governor's mansion expanded from a $50,000 appropriation to $130,000 with the end not yet in sight.

The Governor is said to expect to go to the Cleveland convention with the support of the Maryland delegation, as the State's favorite son. Observers believe this move is a strategic one on the part of Mr. Nice. Since they are confident he has no real hope of winning the nomination for President, they suspect his plan is to try to make himself eligible for the vice presidential nomination.

If anyone were to poll the opinion of Tom, Dick and Harry in Maryland Governor Nice's record is not such that would qualify him even for the harmlessness of the vice presidency.

SON OF QUEEN ANNE'S

Destiny had a quiet way of linking the lives of George Washington and the native of Queen Anne's county who left the world its most trustworthy portraits of the hero of the Revolution, the artist Charles Willson Peale.

Washington was born on February 22, 1732; Peale died ninety-five years later, and, oddly enough, on February 22. Thus even by the day of his passing Peale continued to share the reflected glory of the great Virginian.

Peale seems to have been the only artist of the Revolutionary and post-Revolutionary period who sensed the magnitude of Washington before his election as first President gave him an undoubted place in history.

Stuart's painting, now widely accepted as the real portrait of Washington, was limned after the republic was established. At the best the Stuart canvas is a work of art, an idealized portrait of a great man done after the Roman manner rather than as an historical reproduction of Washington's features.

But Peale had an advantage over his contemporaries from his Maryland birthplace and residence. He was born near Queenstown, on what is now the road to Blakeford.

His boyhood was spent in Chestertown, his young manhood in Annapolis. With that background it is easy to realize why Peale judged more accurately the growing stature of the soldier and gentleman from the neighboring state of Virginia.

Peale's early acquaintance with Washington as a subject for the artist's canvas was also a factor in creating an interest in the latter's career. The portrait of Washington in the uniform of colonel in the Virginia militia is the earliest known painting or sketch of any sort of Washington. It was done in 1772 when the future general was 40 and the artist 31. As an historical document showing the appearance of Washington just before the period when he was chosen commander-in-chief of the army of the rebelling Thirteen Colonies, it is priceless.

Many other portraits of Washington, especially during the Revolution, came from the brush of the man who traveled the long road upwards from his birthplace in old Queen Anne's. To artists and historians they depict the real Washington. Peale's miniatures of Martha Washington have likewise perpetuated the features of the first First Lady.

Just as Peale preserved for the world likenesses of Washington and his wife, so did he preserve for the adjoining state of Delaware the lineaments of Ceasar Rodney in the only known portrait of that Revolutionary patriot and statesman.

Thus destiny decreed that when great personages arose in the Middle Atlantic colonies an artist should arise to depict their appearance for history. And Peale, from Old Queen Anne's, was the medium chosen.

THE GOOD WILL DRIVE

Strangely enough it requires a serious fire and grevious losses to some one to make the value of a protecting unit like the Good Will Fire Company realized by a community. When the damages for a year are almost negligible, thanks to the alert work of the fire fighters, little impression is left in the public memory.

And yet, like Chinese doctors who are rewarded when their patients are in health and go unpaid for their sicknesses, the greatest approval is deserved by a fire department when they extinguish blazes before conflagrations get out of hand.

Centreville and Queen Anne's county have been relatively free of serious fires for some years. This does not mean that the community should therefore permit its protecting agency to become rundown or inefficient. A well-manned, well-equipped fire department is the best defense against loss from blazes.

During February the Good Will Fire Company holds its annual campaign for the enlistment of honorary members in the department. From these members the firefighters get a background of community appreciation and a nest egg of funds to purchase equipment needed to keep the department up to the efficiency desired.

The honorary membership drive is the only device employed by the Centreville company to raise extra needed funds.

That puts it up to the public in the best way. If you like your fire company, if you appreciate the good work by which the county's annual bill for fire losses is kept to a minimum and the safety of its people and their property is enhanced, join the ranks of the honorary members of the Good Will Fire Company.

SHORE MASCOT

Washington College seems to be dissatisfied with the appelation "Sho'men" affixed to its athletic teams and is looking for a desirable animal mascot among the few beasts, birds and reptiles left by the earlier choosers of collegiate symbols.

"Sho'men" for the only Shore college is not to be snickered at. Yet the yearning of Betty-Co-Ed and Joe College at Chestertown for something tangible to lead on a leash at contests or sculpture in bronze for the gate posts deserves a sympathetic word.

The Washington student body have one advantage in making such a late foray into the collegiate zoo. They can avoid atrocities like Blue Devils, Green Terrors, Flying Pentagons, Richmond Spiders, Tigers, Lions, Indians, Horned Frogs and what not. By selecting a real mascot like the Army Mule and the Navy Goat they can dodge such ridiculous artifice as the Hopkins six-foot cloth Blue Jay that looks like nothing which flies, walks or screams.

The Chesapeake Bay dog has been nominated as a possible candidate for Washington idolatry, and with good reason. Like the College, the Chesapeake Retriever is indigenous to the Shore. It has an attractive appearance and could be introduced with safety in student dormitories. Lest its disposition be held too mild and affectionate for the gnashing of teeth at a football melee it should be remembered that peaceful monikers like Terps, Cardinals, Orioles and even clerical John Harvard have written notable records in the sports' books.

Even should the "Sho'men" with a Retriever on the leash be called "Peaks" or "Trieves", this would do as well as "Terps", "Jays" and so on. And after all the Chesapeake Bay dog is a "go-getter" if properly trained.

It strikes us as a whale of a good idea for Washington College to adopt this magnificent specimen of dogdom as a mascot. The College is proud of its Shore roots; the Shore should be proud of its native dog.

If the Washington Elm is looking for a second on its motion that the Retriever be adopted as a mascot, here it is.

Newspaper correspondents in the war zone have so much time on their hands that they have resorted to knitting. And using, we suppose, the wool that's been pulled over their eyes.—Toronto Saturday Night.

The Wind Bag Club

BY JOHN EMBERT

Gentlemen this is a sample of the Wind Bag Club news. It is our greatest desire and ambition to make this paper a success and with your cooperation and by organization the editor feels this will be accomplished.

It is to consist of the news topics and happenings during the day and evening, which some of the sayings are sense and some nonsense. The place where this paper will be posted each week is none other than Frank Delahay's. He being a member of the Lions Club thinks it a very good idea. First of all any member desiring to join this club is eligible providing he is a male and 21 years of age American born.

The dues will be ten cents per week and fifteen cents payable each Friday night to Spedden Pinder of Muscle Pond where our suppers will be held. I have ararnged a program of music directed by John Aker and his neuritis orchestra. Otto Pluto Capel is to be master of ceremonies and how we all know how windy he really is and capable of filling that job.

Our brother member Frank Morgan will speak of his boyhood days at Starr and of the time he was a woman impersonator. Another very interesting character is none other than Dewey Price better known as Yellow or Hog Eyes. Yes Yellow will tell of the time he was captured in a muskrat trap and lived on nothing for days and days but seaweed and grasshoppers and I feel sure his talk will interest all of you for his better half promises to scrub him up so his heart will be lighter. In fact he will be so light we can save electricity while he speaks.

Another very interesting personality is Frank Jones whom you all know, he formerly held a position as slater here in town but the people soon found out he was possessed with talent and the manager of the Silver Roof had him sign his name to a contract which calls for four figures. Yes, we are lucky and mighty thankful to have Frank with us tonight with his many tricks, as actually sledding on a bare floor with only his chair, a nightgown and boodwah cap on. Putting a goose egg in an yeast-powder bottle, also making four glasses of beer, six shots of jin, and seven scullbusters disappear with the snap of your finger.

The next speaker on our program will be Shoogs or Poogs Pinder a very efficient iceman in the summer. That job is reversible this season of the year into the hotair business, in fact he has been delivering so much hotair at this writing, Jack Bishop is afraid he will have to put on more help this Summer in order to make more ice for old Poogs hotair is supposed to melt a cake every seven minutes.

Next we have those famous Potter sisters, I mean boys. They are very efficient carpenters here in town. This being their off season they are now in the organ grinding business all they need is a monkey and perhaps with new members joining our club each week will be successful in finding one.

Of course this personality I am about to tell you of needs no introduction for at the sound of his voice you will say thats old Will Schellberg. Yes, he's in the muskrat business and so far been quite successful in fact two weeks ago he had already caught seven hundred. His goal is a thousand and probably would have reached it at this writing for he was invited by Mr. Muskrat to have dinner at his home. This being a rare privilege old Will was all smiles but just as he was enjoying his feed, he heard something honk. Thinking it a wild goose, he said my wish I had my gun. And when it honked again he said those geese sure must be flying low, so I will investigate. Much to his surprise it was the law—old Honk Thompson.

Our next speaker was George Aldridge he's also in the muskrat business or at least he thought he was until some coward, prowler, villain or what have you called on his patients before he got there. George says he will get revenge next season for the Potter boys have promised to build a stonewall around his marsh and he will patrol it in the daytime and the Potters at night. All they want is the meats and toenails.

Our last speaker ladies and gentlemen before we put the feed bag on will be George Steinfelt, Jr., junior editor of the Queenstown News. There has been quite some controversy as to his nationality. A lot of people take him to be a Jew. He says just because he is fond of kippered herring and that delicious mud fish called the carp doesn't prove a thing. Not that he would be ashamed of this denomination but he wants his pedigree published.

He first saw the light of day on an ocean going vessel called the Winnie Mae. Of course the records of his birth read born at sea but when he was old enough to sit up and take notice his first remembrance of the great country America was only a glimpse through a porthole—the ship then being at anchor opposite Frank Higdon's residence.

He began to grow tired of life at sea so decided to swim ashore and nearly lost his life when he become entangled in one of John Wimpy Jones eel pots who owned that valuable piece of marsh land in back of the George Martin property at the time.

Mike Aker heard of his terrible predicament and with that big heart of his opened the doors of freedom and old Steine remains today at the meadbrook residence.

All that mankind knows of the world constitutes only a millionth of one per cent of all that there is to know.—Thomas A. Edison.

Politics are full of uncertainties. Today a man is on the stump; next week he may be on the dump.

A leading paper in Italy comes out with a denunciation of the housefly Who says the press under a dictator loses its aggressiveness? — Detroit News.

Note to advertising managers of cigarette companies: "You've induced a number of girls to smoke cigarettes; now see if you can't persuade them to buy some."—Thomaston (Ga.) Times.

THE Rambling Recorder

For a few days this week we were under the delusion that the February thaw, as it is called in some sections, had set in. On Friday Centreville was messy underfoot with slush and duck-ponds. Opening street hydrants later to wash off accumulated slush added to the dampness collecting in low places and Sandy Bottom residents had to wade around in water above their shoe tops. One Negro whose house sits on the ground found that the cement walk leading to it served as a dam. He had to crack a ditch through the walk to keep the flood from going indoors with him.

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The old story of men liking to watch other men work was repeated when WPA workers were engaged in shoveling snow from Commerce Street. There were fully as many sidewalk fans as workers.

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An observer tells us that most people have burned twice as much coal this winter as they usually do in an entire season. Checking on it we found but two who reported not using more than the ordinary amount.

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The wind whistled on Friday night as it brought warm air to soften snow Several residents on Commerce Street wondered what was happening when the chimney on the store of the Misses Straughn was blown down.

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Oddly enough, there is one person who prefers the jail to the county almshouse. For some time he had been making a practice of seeking shelter at the jail at night. He was transferred to the almshouse but Monday night, like the cat who always comes back, he ran away from the almshouse and turned up at the jail, soaking wet. On Tuesday the custodian of the almshouse, William Quimby, had to come to Centreville for his inmate.

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During the first twenty years of his life Washington observed his birthday on February 11, as it was under the Old Style calendar then in use. Establishment of the present or New Style calendar came in 1752 when folks went to bed on September 2 and got up next morning to find it September 14, eleven days being dropped clear out of Time to get the book of dates straight. Adding the eleven days gives us February 22, a birth date which must have seemed strange to the First President for a long time. This year and through the 20th and 21st centuries Washington's Birthday on the Old Style calendar is called February 9.

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For those who are interested in the way days are lengthening next Sunday will be exactly eleven hours long, as compared with 9 hours and 20 minutes for the shortest days of the year.

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When the first meeting of the newly organized Sons of the American Legion at the Armory was over Thursday night, W. Rodgers Wilson, Franklin Day and Hall Barton stood treat at Holland and Thompson's for the twenty boys who attended.

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Whether it is because the cold weather of the past week has kept law breakers close to their own firesides and out of mischief of because of the effective manner in which Sheriff Everett and his associates have cleaned up the recent gangs of thieves, there were no cases whatsoever on the Police Court docket this week. It is rather remarkable that the 15,000 assorted people who comprise Queen Anne's county could live for a week in complete law and order, at least as far as the court is concerned. In some sections it is customary for members of the Bar to come across with a pair of white gloves for the judge when his docket is clean. That custom hasn't reached Magistrate Thompson.

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Baltimore not so long ago publicly scolded the Eastern Shore for ite lack of culture but it is doubtful if any community received such a black eye for common discourtesy as the Monumental City incurred Saturday night. The Advertising Club of Baltimore invited Bernarr MacFadden noted magazine publisher of New York, as its guest speaker and then howled, hooted and hissed him into his seat in the middle of his talk. Sackcloth and ashes for Baltimore hospitality and culture.

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A ewe on Charles I. Boyle's farm gave birth to a 15-pound lamb a few days ago. According to County Agent Kenneth W. Baker the average weight of a spring lamb is about eight pounds.

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An English setter bitch owned by Letha E. Taylor ushered in a litter of 12 pups during the week. Mr. Taylor felt obliged to destroy four members of the huge family immediately because of the mother's lack of feeding facilities. Another puppy was disposed of when the bitch developed a spoiled teat. The rest are thriving.

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The Centreville Garage bowling team was the first outfit in the Duckpin league to have all of its members top 300 in a match. But the boys are getting on to the wooden sticks fast.

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The town of Sudlersville has no local newspaper yet it has reached a suitable substitute. A blackboard on the outside of B. N. Johnson & Son's store bulletins events such as dinners, meetings, funerals and other items of community interest. Recently Sudlersville folks were informed that every resident but one had paid his or her town taxes, an odd way of publishing the delinquent taxpayer's list.

THE POET'S CORNER

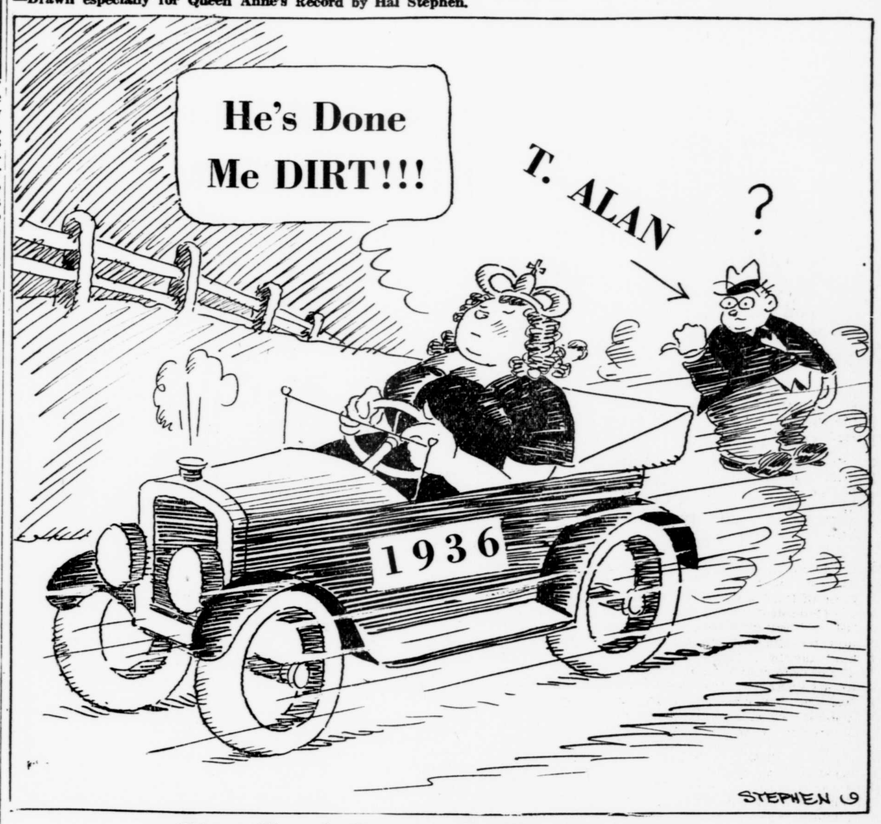
HOPE

BY JOHN M. ROBINSON
Crumpton, Md.

No!—Not with turbulence.
Not with the fret and worry of doubt.
Not with uncertainty compassed about,
With worry and coaxing today;
And threatening and crossing tomorrow,
Not with light laughter and sorrow.
Or vexed tears scorching the longing eyes,
Or pitiful glances or penitent sighs,
Would I have love.

No!—calm and learned good and true,
Mellowed by tenderness, through and through,
Ever the same yet ever new.
Quietly watchful, brooding above,
O'er me and 'round me, such the love;
Such the love only I care to have
Patient and restful, holy, calm;
Life's pulse and breath
Giving all wounds at balm,
Enduring 'till death.
And accepting the welcome in Heaven to be
I will endure through all Eternity.

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



Time For A Session In The Moonlignt

THE MAIL BAG

To the Editor:

Many good citizens of Queen Anne's County were much pleased to read the Queen Anne's Record of last week's issue and find no criticism of one of our most outstanding citizens of the Eastern Shore, a man who has worked so hard and faithful for his people—T. Alan Goldsborough.

JOSEPH W. A. EVANS.
Grasonville, Md.

WOMAN AGAINST WOMEN; AND IN PASSING, A SHARP DIG AT OUR CONGRESSMAN

To the Editor:

At this time one hears a great deal about balancing the national budget; so much of Congress grasping at the soldier vote; so much of its avoiding losing the vote of the taxpayer if it shows the way to pay the bonus it has voted, almost to a man; so little of its cowardice not doing this, but in trying to saddle it on our President whose shoulders are broad and whose ability they thereby acknowledge, and whose burdens they increase thereby; so much of their blindness after all the cries of "balance the budget" by the very ones who now want to take the bonus out of the empty treasury.

Now one reads that Congress has handed out twenty thousand dollars of the taxpayers' money when so many are starving and there is such real need, to two rich widows—ten thousand to each! A free gift—very free, and from us, the taxpayers, not from the Senate putting its hands in its own pockets, oh no!

These women are wives of rich men. One, widow of Huey Long, who was so rich he flew all over the country and on one trip to his personally conducted state from his high paying seat in Congress, he was said to have purchased a pink. Italian Villa, moved in and flown back all in a day or two. The other widow I know nothing about but as her husband also was pulling down a fat salary out of our pockets, she can hardly be in need of a present from us.

If this little gift is a custom it is surely, at a time like this, more honored in the breach than the observance, and both women would surely do themselves proud to refuse it and turn it back. But of course what seems a large sum to us poor taxpayers must be a trifling amout, in fact infinitesimal, to those in the lifelong seats of the mighty.

Why not find out if our Maryland Senate voted these little gifts. It reminds one of carpet bag times when those in southern legislatures had so little sense of responsibility to the taxpayer that they used their funds to vote bustles for their wives!

It would be interesting to start a movement to give all former Congressmen and Senators a permanent holiday and to try to find some men with principle and conviction and courage to replace them; men who felt some responsibility toward the taxpayer who put them there.

For instance how about Congressman T. Alan Goldsborough? He seems to be following our former Governor and expects to have his seat for life. We wonder why? It is a tempting, fat salary we do not question for poor Eastern Shoremen. If he votes dry for the dry vote, if he drinks wet for the wet vote and helped—as he did—vote out of our pockets, money for the soldier bonus, for the solider vote, than surely with all those secured, he does not need the vote of poor little Johnnie Q. Public, who after all, is the mass vote. And is it not the masses as just shown in England who have some honesty of principle and are willing to stand up for the right?

Where are the voting women who were going to make everything sweetness and light in politics when they got the vote? They never stopped picketing and nagging for until it was theirs, then they sat down and did nothing, after foisting it on those of us who never wanted it. Where are they now? Why not get busy and start something toward this permanent holiday for all those in both branches of Congress in such a rut as to give away our funds in presents of ten thousand dollars at a time.

M. Y. BROWN.
Centreville, Md.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

COINING A NEW WORD

Excerpts from a discourse entitled "Dispelling the Fog" by Publicist Charles Michelson of the Democratic National Committee in which he coins a brand-new word,—"duPontificial".

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"I remember a few years back when Jouett Shouse was barnstorming from one end of the country to the other portraying the shortcomings of Mr. Hoover and fiercely demanding justice for the common man against the raids and forays of the privileged interests. That was when he was upholding the banner of Democracy against the Black Flag of tariff lobbyists and monopolists as vigorously as Alfred E. Smith had done a short time before.

"At that time, Mr. Shouse, chairman of a non-existent executive committee of the Democratic National Committee, was under fire by all the Hoover defenders—Frank Kent, Mark Sullivan, David Lawrence, and a host of others—all shrilling at him that John Raskob was financing a campaign to "Smear Hoover." Now, of course, all these eminent publicists are chanting the excellences of the "Liberty League" and are vibrant in their admiration of Mr. Shouse's duPontificial exposition of the high purposes of his outfit."

THE EDITOR OF 1859

Perils of editing in 1859, as revealed by the New York Sun:

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There was a terrific hubbub, back in 1859, when the gay girls of that date took up ice skating and wore skating outfits that exposed—good gracious!—an ankle or two. One editor stated that the young ladies of his section "unsexed themselves with such carryings on. But the old mutton chop gave himself away down toward the end of his editorial when he wrote further that "a handsome girl, with outer garments well tucked up and under limbs more than half exposed, shoving herself, one side at a time, first one foot then the other, pushed three or four feet ahead of the perpendicular—must be a picture which the imagination of both saint and divine would long retain."

This Week IN HISTORY

Feb. 20—Mary Garden, star of opera and concert stage, born 1877. King Zog of Albania escaped assassination in Vienna although his adjutant was killed, 1931. Unsuccessful revolutions broke out in Peru, Paraguay and Argentine, 1931. Worst blizzard since 1888 lashed the Atlantic coast from the Eastern Shore of Maryland north, killing 30 and clogging traffic for days, 1934.

Feb. 21—Cardinal Newman, author of "Lead, Kindly Light" born in England, 1801. Hurricane kills 230 in Fiji Isslands, 1931. United States Army pilots take over the airmail, 1934. Sandino Nicaraguan rebel who once successfully defied the American Marines, killed by Nicaraguan Guardsmen, 1934.

Feb. 22—George Washington born in Virginia, 1732. Florida ceded to the United States, 1819. Awe-stricken African natives formed caravans to see the "blanket of Allah", the first snowfall in the Libyan desert in 100 years, 1934.

Feb. 23—Rotary International organized at Chicago, 1915. Handel, musical composer, born in Germany, 1685. Americans under Zachary Taylor defeat Mexicans at battle of Buena Vista, 1847. Bomb exploded in presidential palace, Havana, 1934.

Feb. 24—General John Burgoyne, whose surrender at Saratoga was the turning point of the Revolutionary War, born in England, 1723. George Rogers Clark captured Vincennes from British and Indians, 1779. Hailstones weighing a half pound killed six people and scores of cattle in Bengal, India, 1931.

Feb. 25 — Shrove Tuesday. Enrico Caruso, world famed operatic tenor, born in Italy, 1873. Al Capone tried at Chicago for subpoena evasion and gets six months in jail, 1931.

Feb. 26—Ash Wednesday and beginning of Lent. William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill", pioneer, scout and Indian fighter, born 1846. The old New York World passed from the hands of the Pulitzer family to Scripps-Howard, 1931.

Dame Rumor Says

Among those who got Valentines:

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A slender county seat spinster who was depicted with a tongue a yard long in which it was quite definitely pointed out that she talks too much. 'Tis said she flew into a fit of rage and read the riot act to a number of suspects.

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Another slender Centreville lass with an ingratiating smile who was told that she had the kind of a face that couldn't be fixed. She was rather complacent about her shortcomings and went on smiling.

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A Church Hill madam who was depicted as the worst sort of busybody got what she thought to be a red hot clue on the sender and was on the point of a hair-pulling before she calmed down.

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A Sudlersville gent, whom his neighbors some times look upon as anything but liberal with his money, turned purple with rage when he was shown with every pocket heavily padlocked.

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A Templeville tulip, who likes to be told that she looks like Bette Davis of the movies, didn't like it when a Valentine said she bore more resemblance to Edna May (Battle Axe) Oliver.

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A studious Centrevillian, who actually has a passion for facts, received pictures and poetry indicating that he was "ivory from neck up, and that if he'd stop to check-up he'd be able to clear the wreck-up". The gent's brow was furrowed with care until he learned that the wife had sent the "greetings".

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A Sudlersville Romeo who is firmly convinced that only Fred Astaire can out-dance him, was told to learn the first principles so that he could keep off the femmes' feet. Prospective partners, according to the Valentine, were shown darting for the exits at his approach.

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Another Sudlersvillian, who still employs the "bunny hug" as a part of his terpsichorean technique, was reminded by a frequent partner that she would enjoy their dances much more if he'd hold her off at arm's length.

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Several Church Hill matrons who try to run a race with your Old Lady in dishing out the dirt boilt over when each received a Valentine to that effect. They couldn't take it.

If a certain "Barney Oldfield" at Stevensville didn't burn so much gas at night he probably wouldn't run out the first thing the next morning.

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A pair of Second District Hotspurs invested quite heavily in fancy horns for their cars, but according to latest reports not a blast has been heard from the instruments as yet.

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A little Church Hill gal with a sweet smile refuses to take a drop of medicine for the measles until her dad gets her a radio.

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Not used to city ways, a well known county seater was sure the hotel folks had made a mistake when he found his breakfast pushed under the door when he arose. P. S. He ate the breakfast and then asked questions. He found it was a part of the service.

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An Easton trio who ought to know their way around got fleeced to a fare-thee-well on a visit to New York last week. Two hours in a night spot cost them forty bucks. They tried to get their money's worth back in shower baths.

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A farm lad near Centreville who used to think nothing of walking to town in bad weather now orders a car sent for him. Softening up, eh!

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That Chester gent picks out the most unusual spots for a flat tire.