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

Lord, make me an instrument of Thy peace; where there is hatred, let me sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is doubt, faith, where there is darkness, light; where there is despair, hope; and where there is sadness, joy. O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood, as to understand; to be loved, as to love; for it is in giving that we receive, it is in pardoning that we are pardoned, and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.—Prayer of Saint Francis of Assisi.

MR. CLAYTON WRIGHT

Residents of Centreville were inexpressibly shocked late Tuesday afternoon when word went up and down the streets that Mr. Clayton Wright had died.

Although aware that he had been indisposed at his home since Saturday night no one was prepared for the tragic news of his passing.

A hush fell on the community.

It was as though the town had suddenly lost its rudder, its chart and compass. He was part and parcel of practically every worthwhile activity.

His importance in the life of the town is best attested by the decision of his fellow merchants and business men to close their establishments and halt all activities at the hour of his funeral on Friday.

President of the Good Will Fire Company, Junior Warden of St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church, outstanding member of the Business Men's Association, leader in charitable movements, and the first to be placed on any committee for the public's welfare, his loss is impossible to estimate.

His forefathers were among the first settlers in Queen Anne's County and down through the generations the Wrights have been sturdy citizens. Mr. Wright carried on and has more than upheld the tradition of culture and service.

Whatever the task at hand he was in the forefront, lending his time, his effort, his experience and contributing generously financially.

Whether it be rounding up broken toys for repair by the firemen at Christmas, inspecting the grammar school as a fire hazard, leading a delegation before the County Commissioners, supporting his church, sponsoring a baseball team, buying stock generously when the reorganized bank needed help in the dark days of 1933, opposing the discontinuance of trains, or getting aid quietly to a needy family, all things his fellow citizens sought or he personally saw the need for, gained his guidance and backing without stint.

All these things he went about unostentatiously.

The loss to Centreville is irreparable.

FIELD DAY

The Annual Field Day of the Queen Anne's county public schools rolls around again next Tuesday. Year in and year out it is one of the largest events in county life from the standpoint of attendance.

The day in Queen Anne's county has more the aspect of a quiet holiday or a picnic than a bitter athletic competition—which, all things considered, is well.

Centreville is picked to win the team championship. Whether it does so or not there will be no heartaches. The same is true of the position of Stevensville in volley.

As a consequence the emphasis of the day will be upon good sportsmanship and a good time. The young athletes will be out there for the fun of playing and a natural desire to win. There will be no incentive for short cuts or questionable procedure.

Competition on such basis makes for friendly rivalry which fundamentally is the basis for sports.

The spirit permeating the competition also pervades the throng of relatives and friends who come to observe and encourage the young people. There is no bickering about decisions or results.

Rather there will be considerable handshaking, chatting with acquaintances from other sections, enjoyment of a day in the open with the usual labor or cares forgotten for the time being.

On such a foundation the annual Field Day is a worthwhile affair. It is the nearest approach to a county day. And it cultivates in an amiable way the old American idea of letting the best man win and rejoicing with him when he does.

COLORFUL FIGURE

The death of George I. Harrison removes a quiet, self-effacing yet intensely interesting figure from the life of Queen Anne's County.

George I., as he was familiarly known, was unique—the one and only of his mold.

To him politics had been an avocation from youth. It was his pastime and pleasure. He fairly reveled in the game.

Never the full-fledged or titular head of any faction he nevertheless was a first lieutenant of the stoutest steel in whatever line he chose to march.

Never an orator on the stump or spokesman for any group, he wielded his influence nonetheless in small gatherings of party chieftains where the groundwork was being laid.

He was the scene-shifter, the manipulator who outlined the strategy for others. George I. was satisfied to remain in the background and let the leaders claim credit for the resultant coup.

The quiet, effective way in which he played the game brought down upon his head the vilest abuse and denunciation from the opposition camp.

But George I. took these things in his stride. Nothing swerved him from his objective. He was the last to cry out or hold resentment for an attack.

It was all a part of the game.

Since politics was a sport to him he took the results like a true sportsman. There was no wild exultation over victory, no whimpering over defeat.

He absorbed a trimming like a man. If the victory wreath came his way he accepted it modestly, passed it on to the brow of a compatriot.

In the privacy of his home he was a genial host. His remarks were spiced with keen wit, his manner cheerful and cordial.

In his death the county loses one of its most unusual citizens, one of its richest personalities.

THE PREAKNESS

A determined effort is being made in Baltimore this year to build up the Preakness into a social and racing event rivally the Kentucky Derby, the Grand National and other famous high spots in the sport of kings.

In this effort all of Maryland should be sympathetic. The ultimate advantages from the success of the endeavor would percolate through the entire state.

Kentucky, with no better cards in its hand than has Maryland, has built itself a romantic reputation for beautiful women and fast horses. To this reputation the Derby has been of assistance.

The Preakness has behind it a classic name and a glorious and colorful tradition. It has a setting in Maryland, a state rich in beautiful scenery, with an atmosphere of culture and hospitality deeply rooted in the past.

Strangers can not know Maryland unless they see it. And the desire to see it can be inspired by proper publicity.

With Baltimore society and that of much of the state in its wake the Preakness will have more pomp and color to it than ever in its history. The magic of the radio will carry intimations of this throughout the nation and elsewhere. And the name of Maryland will sound into millions of ears.

Certainly much of the return from such favorable publicity will redound to the Preakness itself and the reputation of the state among sport devotees.

But other interest will be aroused and tourists with the open road before them will be more inclined to add Maryland to their travel books. A boost will be given to the state as a scenic land and a vacation land. And the returns from both a sentimental and economic standpoint will justify the emphasis upon the Preakness.

NO STRAW MAN, EH!

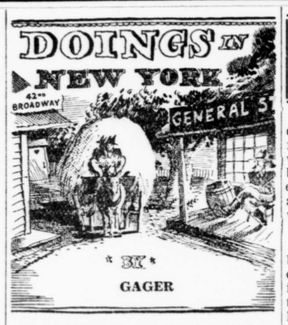
The Chestertown Enterprise sees a hard fight brewing for Congress and analyzes the scrap in this manner:

Early indications point to a red hot Congressional fight in the First Congressional District of Maryland next fall. For the first time it appears that Congressman T. Alan Goldsborough, completing his seventh term, will have a foe from Republican ranks who should prove near his equal as a vote-getter.

State Senator O. Straughn Lloyd, of Wicomico county, has formed the winning habit and he has won over tougher odds than those that have confronted his Democratic opponent. Prize-fighters have a habit of getting soft when setup opposition is offered them and the same is pretty apt to prove true of politicians.

Senator Lloyd is in fighting trim. He has to be. Down in Wicomico county the Democrats have a registered majority of something like 5,000 voters, and yet Mr. Lloyd, a Republican, has won successive seats in the Maryland House of Delegates and the Maryland Senate.

He will be no straw man for Congressman Goldsborough to knock over with a puff.



HOLLYWOOD IN NEW YORK—Taking his vacation here is film's favorite tough guy, Jimmie Cagney and his frau. He really is a nice boy off the screen. Back again to these shores after a year or so absence comes the male delight, Greta (I tank I'd better go now) Garbo. Having finally completed his latest picture, Romeo and Juliet, that versatile English actor of stage and screen, Leslie Howard is England bound for a much deserved rest. Mr. Howard is being accompanied by his wife and eighteen year old son.

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We were sorry to hear that Dick (acid) James had to leave suddenly last week-end to visit his father in Indianapolis who is in a very serious condition. Dick is back with us again and it is hoped his father will continue to improve.

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While on the same theme the Voice of Experience's father is also in a hospital in Hollywood suffering from five broken ribs, a fractured wrist and concussion. Latest reports indicate he will recover but a man eighty-five years old has no business up on his garage roof shingling.

—o—

As reported in this column recently that Hurricane Johnnie Winters would soon be moving out to Greenwich, Conn., for the summer social season, we now learn that he has purchased a large gray sports car with many horns and much nickle to drive to and from the station. There is certainly nothing of the lost generation about friend John these days.

—o—

Radio man and announcer John Gambling is practically unbearable these days as a result of last week's golf game. At that time Mr. Gambling not only took the measure of his three other companions but also broadcast his victory the next day on his early morning program. Mention might be made that John's medal for the round was 108; so one can imagine what his competition must have been.

—o—

One of the unsung heroes of Perry's Corner last week was our gentleman farmer and artist Paul Newman. When his wire-hair fox terrier, Boy, failed to appear after jumping off the dock into the water in quest of a stick, Mr. Newman, fully clothed, took one dive and up he came with Boy. Though it was touch and go for awhile, diver Newman was finally able to revive the waterlogged fellow and now everything is serene again in the Newman household.

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Among the passengers who left last Saturday night aboard the ocean liner, Bremen, was Mrs. Louis Wasey of this city. She plans to spend the next six weeks in England picking up a few of those things and a couple of these for the new fishing club to be in the British West Indies, Cat Cay.

—o—

Insurance man and often bridge expert Charlie Cox entertained a couple of prospective clients recently at his home in Stamford, Conn. Rumors have it that it would have been less expensive for his two friends to have taken out a policy right there and then than to have played bridge.

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Last but not least is an advertising course now being given at New York University under the direction of Chet (research) Vail. Last week Mr. Vail had as his guest Alexander McFeggis (a Scotchman) who spoke on merchandising methods in Africa. That must have been interesting.

—o—

Political big-wigs, members of the prizefighting profession, half the so-called 400, actors and actresses of the screen and stage, those with artistic temperaments and almost everyone else rubbed elbows Friday evening in Madison Square Garden to witness a great fight between that game little Irishman, Jimmy McLarnin and that versatile ringman, Tony Canzoneri. Just to name a few there were Postmaster James J. Farley, James J. Walker, James J. Braddock, Eddie (fat boy) Reeves, artist Ham Fisher, sports columnist Bill Corum and a hundred others whose names make news everyday.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

DONKEY ORATORY

Aspersion on the Democratic school of oratory in Washington as cast by a sassy Republican organ, the Braxton Central, back in the hills of West Virginia:

—o—

Wives of Democratic Senators and Congressmen are going to a Washington oratory school. Better campaign speeches is the object; and some of the lessons being taught are as follows:

To relax the voice—hum through the nose.

To perfect diction—speak with a piece of wood in the mouth.

To banish stage fright—yawn generously.

To improve posture—rest the jawbone on the two palms and rotate the skull gently on the top vertebra.

Take your head in your hands, shake it, open your mouth, let the wood roll freely, wiggle your ears—and lo, and behold, a Democrat orator.

NOT ALL STATIC

Acid condition . . . stomach glands . . . gums . . . waste products . . . teeth . . . pores . . . armhole odor . . . soap . . . cosmetic skin . . . bad breath . . . cathartic habit . . . belching . . . digestive tract . . . coated tongue . . . three cakes a day . . . clogged pores . . . keep it up . . . complexion . . . regularity . . . bite test . . . smile of health . . . smile of beauty . . . smile of smiles . . . ask your dentist . . . mosta of the besta . . . government specifications . . . quick starting . . . my aunt . . . my uncle . . . inclined sounding board . . . twice as far . . . hangover . . . headache . . . colds . . . tired feeling . . . foot fag . . . housework hands . . . ironing board back . . . wash day jitters . . . yellow stain . . . Monday blues . . . paring knife finger . . . pep . . . noiseless . . . flash . . . with lotions of love . . . your announcer . . . don't say just aspirin . . . happiness for you and your dog . . . calling Phillip Morris . . . only the beginning . . . the dentrifice your dentist uses . . . lipstick parching . . . director of health research . . . vita fresh . . . in vacuum tins . . . dated . . . stimulates the emotions . . . be kind to your throat . . . good to the last drop . . . now I've got to buzz off . . . now you hear it—now you don't . . . are you listenin' . . . four-purpose face cream . . . is zat so . . . goodnight.

He has concrete opinions—thoroughly mixed and permanently set.—Methodist Protestant Recorder.

—o—

Won't our grandchildren have a swell time paying for the good times we didn't have?—Worcester Gazette.

THE Rambling Recorder

The months have shown a certain consistency in their inconsistency thus far this year. January, March and what we have had of May have been agreeably warmer than anticipated, or feared, while in between February and April bore the burden of the cool weather.

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Straw hats and coatless men have been appearing with increasing frequency since the mercury started moving toward the upper regions in the tube. On both Friday and Saturday of last week the thermometer registered ninety-two as a forestate of the good old summer time. About midnight Saturday a fresh wind moved in and Sunday seemed relatively cool at 65 degrees.

—o—

Dogs are not supposed to show the foresight of bees, ants and squirrels in preparing for a coming season yet Sterling Harris' big Chesapeake dog Towser has started lining things up for summer. Each year Towser digs holes in the shade where he can hug the earth to keep cool. Last Friday he picked a spot in the lee of a porch and scraped out a bed which will get deeper with hot weather. It is the best way he has of cooling off.

—o—

Iris is holding up its blue, white and amber flags in gardens to take the place of tulips, narcissus, lilies of the valley and blossoming bushes in the annual parade of the flowers.

—o—

Since Stevensville High School was erected there has been a noticeable tendency for the towns of Chester and Stevensville to grow toward each other. A further impetus will be given to this movement if the Kent Island Homemakers build their proposed new home according to their present inclination somewhere between the two towns.

—o—

The Kent Island Blue Jays are also figuring on a new diamond home of their own. A field is being laid out adjoining the highway on the Fountain Jackson farm opposite the Silver Roof.

—o—

A Baltimore columnist who wore blinders for some time in his advocacy of the Bay Bridge has taken them off now that the proposition has gotten cold. His latest forecast is that the Bridge if it is ever built will not be constructed above Baltimore.

—o—

So many statistics such as names of prize winners and other matters are poured into a report of an event like the Flower Mart that individual touches escaped mention. For instance Mrs. John A. Trundle failed to get a blue sticker in so wealthy a competition for her bowl of Japanese tulips. Yet to those who understand the obstacles that an elderly lady must overcome that cluster of tulips just a trifle different from the others represented a triumph regardless of colored stickers.

—o—

A bowl of pink peonies exhibited by Mrs. E. G. Coppage also drew much comment. It was something of a surprise to see the handsome pompons in full bloom at a time when the rest of us were able to find only tiny buds on the peonies in the family lot.

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Two other displays which caught attention despite the blazing glory of the tulips were exhibits of amarylils by Miss Mamie Bryan of Grasonville and an arrangement of honeysuckle and yellow primrose by Mrs. Paul Phillips of Sudlersville.

—o—

In striking contrast to the rampant color was the green blossom of a Jack-in-the-pulpit tucked away near a side wall. It was entered by Ida Mae Mandrell of Carmichael. And one other display worth honorable mention because it so vividly betokened the unaltered handiwork of a child was a cluster of tulips broken off with all too short stems and crowded into the narrow neck of a plain vase. But the tag with the child's name was misplaced.

RADIANT LIVING

THE REALITY OF SPIRITUAL VISION

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

"It's all very well for you to talk like that—about visions, but give me something real, something tangible!" exclaimed Mr. Lack-Sight.

"But are not visions realities?" I asked in reply. "Are not things spiritual as real, if not more so than the physical?"

Listen to the greatest symphony of Beethoven, if you will, just from a materialistic standpoint, and what is it? Nothing but a scientifically arranged series of vibrations, sounds.

But the creations of Beethoven are more than that.

Out of that series of mingled melodies and harmonies, as I listen to them, there seems to arise an intangible something that grips me, and thrills me, and carries me away into the realms of romance. What is it? Surley it is not just sounds, mechanically made, and scientifically arranged, no, not that. But it is the invisible soul of music, that like an entrancing angel snatches me away from the drabness of life and carries me up into the delightful realm of fancy.

This soul of music, sensed by the mind, is as real as is the mechanical vibration that strikes the ear. In fact it is more so. The vibration has lasted but for a moment, but the soul of music continues to live. In the past it inspired Beethoven. Today it thrills the listeners, inspiring them toward larger efforts in life. Tomorrow it will linger on in memory, helping to make it a beautiful day.

And so it is that above the mechanics of life there abides the invisible and the intangible, but the no less real "something" which is called the spiritual; in which realm are seen visions and in which realm is heard the voice of God speaking to the soul.

Thank God for the reality of the spiritual!

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

The Wind Bag Club

BY JOHN EMBERT

Every Wednesday is Ladies Day when the Orioles have a game scheduled at home, meaning the opposite sex are admitted free. Th Potter boys decided to take in a ball game disguising themselves in their wive's clothing. The idea went over with but one mishap. The seventh inning is usually the time to get rid of the kinks. So when the elderly Potter boy stretched his suspenders broke and fell at his feet. Instead of being held for false pretense they were given two cases of Wheaties. All they need now is sugar, some kind of fruit and a cow.

—o—

Dewey Price, after reading a Western magazine, grows tired of garage work and accepts a job with the Queenstown Packing Co., as hog caller and sheep herder. He also acts as general handy man in the iceplant and adjoining buliding. The other day returning from lunch to his duties a strong odor filled the atmosphere. His fellow workers informed him it was ammonia leaking from one of the valves. He misunderstood them and phoned Dr. Wharton to come quick a cow was dying from pneumonia.

—o—

Ethiopia now conquered by Mussolini, brought to light that most of us only used the word Ethiopia when we were peeved and hardly realized there was a country by that name. And Mussolini's job will be completed when Selassie's whiskers are cut off and made into shoe dobbers.

—o—

The doctor advised John Schellberg to change his residence as the salt air caused him continuous headaches and also bad for his sinus trouble. Since moving to his new home he breathes better, appetite on the mend and his general condition favorable.

—o—

A few years back when in his prime George Aker claims to have eaten in one sitting a bushel of gingersnaps, a twenty-four pound Smithfield Ham and drank a gallon of redeye for a chaser. What a man! I mean what a capacity.

—o—

William Sheppard, a heavy smoker, should either get rid of the bad habit of bumming matches all the time or else get a job in a match factory.

—o—

Albert Haspert has added many improvements to his night club installing a cooling system in addition to building a room with private booths each painted a different color. For instance number one is green. A sign over the entrance reads for drugstore cowboys and small town girls. Number two is red for big shots and good time papas. Number three for old maids and cripples.

—o—

Jim Reynolds purchased a beautiful gift for his lady friend with the intentions of presenting it to her Christmas Eve of last year but another Kriss Kringle Shiek was just two steps ahead of him with his present. So, peeved as he was, it still remains in his possession so won't some of you Leap Year girls get in touch with Jim for its a gift you all would appreciate and I am sure the price will be right.

—o—

Doc Reese, the mayor of Turkelville, situated on the suburbs of Queenstown, sure has his troubles these days for Bill Bedford and Charlie Delegato have been called to their native lands. Naturally Doc is all upset for Bill Bedford is president of the City Council at Turkelville and when he received a letter this week from General Hailie Selassie commanding him to report to Ethiopia at once for active duty, he was somewhat discouraged. But as he continued to read the letter he was assured of a good job for all it called for was for him to bring enough lumber to build a special contraption for General Selassie so he could get rid of the odor of spaghetti from the enemy.

The Mail Bag

To the Editor:

Mr. Goldsborough is particularly anxious for this editorial from the Denton Journal to appear in every Democratic newspaper on the Shore.

T. M. JOHNSON Secretary.

—o—

The editorial:

Our esteemed contemporary, the Baltimore Sun, has several times recently attempted to identify Congressman T. Alan Goldsborough with factional politics in Caroline County, and in its issue of May 5, linked his name with one of the candidates. Both candidates are friends of the Congressman, and he is taking no part in factional politics in Caroline County or elsewhere.

It would seem to be self-evident that one whose entire time is occupied in public services does not have any surplus energy to devote to factional politics. As a matter of fact, Congressman Goldsborough has shown in his long and useful career that factional politics is not in accordance with his taste and inclination, nor does it accord with his habit of mind and with his manner of dealing with men and issues.

Editor's Note: All who believe the above, please hold up their right hand and say Ah!

THE POET'S CORNER

THE PHEASANT

A pheasant cock sprang into view,
A living jewel, up he flew.

His wings laid hold on empty space,
Scorn bulged his eyeballs out with grace.

He was a hymn from tail to beak
With not a tender note or meek.

Then the gun let out its thunder,
The bird descended struck with wonder.

He ran a little, then, amazed,
Settled with his head upraised.

The fierceness flowed out of his eyes
And left them meek and large and wise.

Gentleness relaxed his head,
He lay in jeweled feathers, dead.

—From the Pulitzer Prize Winning Volume "Strange Holiness" by Robert P. Tristram Coffin.

SUDLERSVILLE

Mrs. Edgar Yarnall, of Philadelphia, who spent the week-end with her sister, Miss Emma Gillespie sailed on Tuesday from Baltimore for Puerto Rica, where she will visit her daugther and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. David Jackson.

Mrs. G. Walter Stevens, wife of our former postmaster, is recovering from an operation at the Emergency Hospital Easton, last Saturday. She has been in poor health for some time, and her many friends will be glad to know that she is improving nicely.

Annie Weller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Weller near town was removed to Easton Hospital this week where she was operated on for appendicitis. She is improving each day.

The Mite Society of the Southern Methodist Church was entertained last Friday evening in the community room by Miss Margaret Evans.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Graham and children Charles and Margaret Ann, visited Mrs. Graham's mother, Mrs. Jalls in Philadelphia on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Roe and daughter Helen, of Hagerstown, spent the week-end with Mrs. Roe's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Peters. Mrs. Roe will remain for a visit of two weeks.

Mother's Day was observed in the various churches last Sunday with special sermons and music.

Mr. C. W. Anderson made a business trip to Philadelphia last Monday.

Dr. Robert Farr, of Baltimore, and Miss Mary Farr of Delmar, were guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. George B. Farr on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Sloan, of Elkton, are occupying their cottage in town.

At the monthly meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary of St. Andrew's Chapel last Monday plans were discussed for attending the Interparochial to be held at Queenstown on May 20th. Miss Elizabeth Merrick was made delegate and Miss Winifred Wilson, alternate to attend the meeting.

Dame Rumor Says

An upper Queen Anne's widower somehow has gathered the impression that he can pick up a housekeeper at the livestock sales over in Dover. Don't suppose he's humming that old tune: "Through the fields of clover, we will drive to Dover on our good old wedding day".

—o—

That city slicker who cut a rusty on Kent Island around Easter time will be back shortly for a visit. He's quite a horseman and this may serve as a tip to someone to curry the nag and oil up the saddle and bridle.

—o—

That young fellow around Crumpton who got the air last year has found himself a new sweetie and is loonier than ever.

—o—

That back-yard gossiper in Grasonville is going to get into a peck of trouble if she doesn't tone down her talk.

—o—

Unless there's a slip somewhere between that Crab Alley Neck trysting spot and the altar, the strains of "O Promise Me" will be heard in June.

—o—

That Sudlersville madam talks so much about her operation that practically everybody in that town knows the number of stitches.

—o—

If a certain Millington maid doesn't stop chasing her Romeo she's going to run him right past the altar. Try being stand-offish for a spell.

—o—

A very neighborly housewife in Centreville who recently acquired a new Westinghouse refrigerator has been carrying ice cubes to her neighbors at a terrific clip. She says the box freezes them faster than she can deliver them. Some day, perhaps, she'll learn the saving in electricity to let the cubes stay in the trays.

—o—

Perfumed mail from Wilmington is arriving at Hayden. Of course, strictly speaking, the sweet smelling missives are addressed Centreville R. F. D.

—o—

An irate Centreville papa dropped his shoes on the floor with increasing vigor the other night to give Romeo a hint. When Romeo didn't take it papa walked out on the landing of the stairs and spat out some choice words. Romeo then took it on the double-quick.

—o—

'Tis a shame that Kent Islander had to sell his boat at such a loss. The wife, it seems, had it in her head that he 'crabbed' too much in the moonlight.

—o—

A certain gent at Chester may be a Barney Oldfield on the straightaway but he has no idea what to do when his car gets stuck in the mud.

The Good Old Days

Extracts from the report of the Grand Jury back in May, 1913 when the present Senator William R. Wilson was foreman and William E. Breeding and James P. Keating, clerks. One shows that the county was not always good while the second, referring to the county jail has a familiar ring even now.

—o—

In the course of our investigation we found evidence of gambling and selling of whisky but were unable for want of sufficient evidence to make any presentment and would suggest that the officers use more diligence in looking after these cases.

Our attention has been called to a game played in pool rooms called "Forty five" which we believe is a form of gambling but were unable to get any evidence in this matter and would respectfully ask that the officers investigate this matter.

—o—

(Speaking of the jail) We also find that after every rain a great quantity of water perculates through the basement wall. We recommend that this be fixed at once.