Queen Anne's Record-Observer

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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

A good salesman is an ambassador with portfolio in the congress and council of the state of business. His position is unique, in that the buyer and his associates may never see or know any other person from the selling house, and may never have seen their factory or place of business. To the buyer and his interests, the salesman, to all intents and purposes, is the selling corporation; and to the selling group the salesman most certainly represents the buyer.—Albert F. Engel.

GOOD BEHAVIOR

Every one who attended the baseball game at the Centreville park Sunday afternoon had a convincing demonstration of the orderliness and the respect for law, baseball and otherwise, that is the usual trait of Americans.

Nearly three thousand spectators were assembled. They came from all parts of the Eastern Shore, Delaware and more distant points. Those in the seats were crowded. Most of the others stood up for two hours, hardly a soothing pastime. A comparative few had some comfort sitting on the grass.

Despite these drawbacks and the high drama of a baseball championship at stake, there was perfect order before, during and after the game.

This may not seem surprising at first notice.

But it is striking when one realizes that this was crowd order with no law enforcement authorities present to compel it. The Sheriff and his deputy were on a mission to the upper county. The state police officer assigned to this section was in a hospital, victim of a traffic accident. If there were constables or bailiffs present they were inconspicuous.

The obligation to keep the playing field clear rested with the umpires. Their only assistance came from three Good Will firemen, without uniform except caps, directed by F. Asbury Bartlett.

Yet at no time was there a semblance of anything but good behavior. The throng had assembled to enjoy a baseball game to be played and won fairly by the competing teams. It was a sporting crowd at a sporting event. And it conducted itself in a sporting fashion.

TANGIBLE EVIDENCE

Considered from several angles the collection of prizes won by the Sudlersville skeet club and the number of championships they hold is remarkable.

The organization is a little more than a year old. The time in which its sharpshooters garnered their laurels is as short as the life of the club. Yet in that period a dozen championships, including the Maryland senior and junior top ratings, have been annexed by the Queen Anne's county gunners.

Chamypionships are invisible things. Prizes and badges are tangible. The two well filled display windows in a Centreville business establishment are first had evidence that the club members have been places and done things. They have met their rivals and brought home the swag.

Skeet is a comparatively new pastime which grips its devotees by the old appeal of offering something moving to shoot at. It is still in the virulent stage, provoking numerous contests and natty prize lists. But at bottom marksmanhsip is still the basic test. The Sudlersville experts show that the old Maryland tradition of the sure eye and steady hand still holds true in their club, and they have the cups and silver to prove it.

MILLIONS FOR ROADS?

Two things in Maryland stand out as inconsistent; the condition of the road system and the amount of money collected from gas taxes and other levies upon motorists.

During June, July and August the State has absorbed an average of a million dollars a month from gas taxes alone. Wrapped up in the payment for each five gallons of gas was a tax of a quarter,—twenty cents for the State, five cents for the Federal government.

The quarters, with corresponding amounts of course for larger and smaller purchases of gasoline, have poured three million dollars into the State coffers and three-quarters of a million into the Federal treasury in three months.

That sounds like a nice nest egg for new roads. But it will be the old story, part of the money will be diverted and the rest used to give a lick and a promise to the road system. And Maryland from end to end will continue to mutter about its vanished best-highway-system-in-the-nation.

The Eastern Shore is still wondering what has become of the grand boulevard dangled before it two years ago, and wondering if it is ever to have its crooked roads and crowded roads corrected. Every county has some particular stretch that clamors for attention. Queen Anne's needs a wide, straight road from Matapeake to Wye Mills and from Chestertown to Wye Mills and Queenstown, both through traffic highways.

Wanting roads and getting them are two different things under the present State setup. Yet if the State were as meticulous in spending motorists' money as it is in collecting it the wonder about road' future would not exist. An up-to-date highway system would be planned and provided. As matters stand, however, the motorist is useful only as a source of revenue and the proper emblem for every radiator cap is a goat.

OUR YOUTHFUL FOUNDERS

Every little while something calls our attention again sharply to the fact that America is a young man's country. What brings it up now is an article about the Constitutional Convention of 1787, pointing out that the average age of the delegates of the thirteen colonies who met in Philadelphia 150 years ago and laid the foundations of our government were what we nowadays, would call very young men. Their average age was only 42 years.

The venerable Dr. Benjamin Franklin, to be sure, was 85, but Alexander Hamilton was only 30. Edmund Randolph was 34, Charles Pinckney was 30, Gouverneur Morriss, whose hand wrote the final draft of the document, was 35. Those four and James Wilson, 45, were the ones who led the convention, which finished its work on September 17, 1887.

We have a way of thinking of historic figures as if they were all old men, and are inclined to look on the Constitution as the work of rich old graybeards. Most of the men who framed it were comparatively poor. They stoood out among their fellows not because they were either millionaires or aristocrats but because they were educated men. In an era when not one in five could read or write, education was the mark of the superior man in whom the common people placed their trust.

Those young men did a good job. The government they planned has measure of good to a greater number lasted longer and brought a greater of people than any other government ever set up anywhere, at any time, in all human history.—Nicholas Republican.

EQUALITY FOR WOMEN

Many women are asking for a constitutional amendment which would prohibit all governing bodies from passing laws applicable solely to women. The National Federation of Business and Professional Women indorsed that principle at their recent convention at Atlantic City.

If that idea prevails, no laws could be passed giving special protection to women in the industries. It has generally been held that that sex needs such protection, but these courageous women feel that their sex will never get equal treatment, until they relinquish all special favors.

This willingness to enter the world of strife, to give and take just as Men, do, is admirable and a sign on the power of the sex. Are women quite up to that pitch of physical power? No one would ask them to take a gun and go into the trenches in case of war. If they can't do that, are they yet able to go into the thick of the industrial conflict, and undergo the same strains the men are asked to bear?—Milford Chronicle.

A mirror-hall has been constructed on the ground floor of a new women's store. And, of course, there is always the chance that patrons will also buy something.—Humorist.

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There are signs that the railroads are winning back the good will of the public. This is largely due to the cheerful way they gave us the two-cent fare the very moment they were forced to.—New Yorker.

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A politician is a fellow who can solve the unemployment problem without knowin' what it is.—Nate Collier's.

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Science is resourceful. It couldn't pry open the Pullman windows, so it air-conditioned the train.—Christian

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The simple things are the best. No musical instrument yet made by man entrances him like the sound of his own voice.—St. Louis Star-Ties.

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The ocean is that shiny stuff detected here and there between bathers in the roto air view of Coney Isisland.—Milwaukee Journal.

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And just when it seemed that all the possible uses for beaverboard had been discovered, the sandwich shoppes hit upon toasting it.—Judge.

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We can't think of a business opportunity that has stared publishers in the face as long as a loose-leaf Atlas. —Los Angeles Times.

OUR READERS SAY:

September 11, 1937.

To the Editor:

After reading the fine letter that was sent to you last week by J. Elmer Anthony as a protest against an article that appeared in The Sun regarding attendance at baseball games in Centreville I am under the impression that Elmer had better watch out for his blood pressure, that is if he does a burn up every time he reads of things like this in The Sun.

Elmer should have learned by now that The Sun has little use for the Eastern Shore of Maryland and most anytime they get the opportunity they take a dig at the "Shore."

But from what we can read and what we hear it seems that the honorable sports editor of The Sun should turn his big guns towards Oriole Park there in Baltimore for it seems that Baltimore is one of the worst cities in the league when it comes to having attendance at games played by the Baltimore Orioles. Baltimore has never supported a team with the turn out that it should for a city of its size. Perhaps the honorable sports editor of The Sun realized this but just couldn't get up enough nerve to write of the situation as it actually exists in Baltimore and thus had to turn his venom on the Eastern Shore and Centreville, just like all the other editors of The Sun when they get an old fashioned attack of bellyache which seems to run in the whole family.

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For the benefit of Mr. John Trundle I might say that down here in Dixie all history reports that General Lee was a mighty kind and fine man and I am sure that the questioned pat on the head was forthcoming the night General Lee spent at the home of the Trundle's near Frederick.

Sincerely yours,
EARLE M. HOLDEN.
Atlanta, Ga.

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

The Nation's leading sports writers mussed up miles of copy paper trying to give the perfect summary and explanation of the Louis-Farr embroglio yet none of them came as close to hitting the mark as did Chirps in the Worcester Democrat in a single paragraph. Here it is:

"Twasn't much of a fight, seems to me. Reminded me of some set-to's I've seen across the way in some chicken coops. One rooster would conclude that there wasn't room enough for that other male bird in the same coop and they'd go to pecking at one another, until their combs were all bloody, but they weren't hurt very much. And perhaps Louis did the most pecking. That's about all there was to it."

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The Kent News, Sherlocking on the vetoed Federal Bay Bridge bill, points a couple of accusing fingers in the following deduction:

"WHO killed the Bay Bridge? Ask Ex-Gov. Harrington or Dr. Cook, of Kent Island."

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Police chiefs on the western fringe of Chesapeake Bay may be qualifying for the booby prize as the best dressed cops. In line with that Sun heading saying the Baltimore Commissioner would wear nothing to indicate his rank the Havre de Grace Democrat and Ledger runs a head, "Give Old Clothes to Chief Of Police."

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Politics keeps strange bedfellows. The Joshua Thomas Day celebration on Deals Island was supposed to be sanctified with the aura of religious enthusiasm yet the Princess Anne Marylander and Herald tells us:

"Wherever politicians gather the talk invariably turns to the great game of politics, and the Joshua Thomas Day Celebration on Deals Island proved no exception to the rule.

"Little groups of politicians gathered about the grounds in front of the Social Hall and discussed such things as the possibility of Jackson being the next Governor, the framing of a county ticket for the coming Election and other matters of vital interst to the welfare of the Various political parties."

THE POET'S CORNER

SEPTEMBER

By Casper L. Newcomb

I know, September, of your ways;
The clean blue sky above the meads
Is a token that your way leads
Me on to coming colder days.

Your smiling shadows in the fields
Tell me that soon leaves will be brown,
And too, green grasses all around;
Ripe'll be all the summer yields.

The golden rod in yonder's space,
Life everlasting all around,
And nodding flowers that abound
Warns me winter's coming a-space.

RADIANT LIVING

WHEN THE MISTS CLEAR AWAY

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

It was in the early morning hour that I stood at the lakeside and watched the feathery mists as they arose from the water like whiffs of smoke. The water of the lake was calm but dull, as though not as yet fully awake to the life of the day that had dawned.

Later in the morning however, the mists cleared away and the blue water of the lake received a brilliancy from the sunlight that was shining upon it.

Are not we often like that lake, prevented from glowing with the brilliance of light that shines from our Creator, because there are mists that have gathered upon our surface?

There are the mists of impatience, the mist of temper, the mist of selfish desires. Or it may be the mists of doubt, of fear, of worry that becloud the surface of one's time.

As the beauty of the lake was dulled by the mists upon its surface, so such mists that arise out of a disturbed emotional nature, dull the beauty of our countenance and prevent the reflexion of divine radiance that gives it brilliance.

But just as the early mists of the lake were dissolved by the warming rays of the morning sun, so the mists that arise from warming rays of Infinite Love.

So shine upon me, O thou Son of Light, that all the mists that arise from within me be dissolved, that I may reflect in my life the brilliance of thy godly glory!

TEMPLEVILLE

Mrs. Erva Butts and Miss Mary Knotts, were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Maske Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Walls, Mr. Leonard Boyles and daughter, Mrs. Florence Conley, visited Mrs. Boyles at Easton Emergency Hospital Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gurney Knotts entertained Mr. and Mrs. Harry Davis, Mr. and Mrs. T. M. McCarthy, of Wilmington, Miss Doris Ann Wyatt, of Marydell and Miss Elinor Starkey and brother, Jimmie, on Sunday.

Mr. Oscar Lord has returned to St. John's College to resume his studies for another year.

Services for Antioch M. E. Church, Sunday, Sept. 19th; Sunday School, 10 a. m.; Epworth League, 7 p. m.; sermon by the pastor at 7:30.

Master Carlton Pippin, small son of Mr. and Mrs. Irons Pippin, won a Buick Coach at the Firemen's Carnival in Dover Saturday night.

Two of our town's ladies are patients in hospitals: Mrs. Leonard Boyles was operated on for gall stones in Easton Emergency Hospital, and Mrs. Medford Starkey is under observation in Kent General Hospital, Dover.

Mr. and Mrs. Temple Knotts of Nutley, N. J., were dinner guests of their aunts, Mrs. Katie Stafford and Miss Mary Knotts, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Taylor, of New York, are spending their vacation with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Robinson.

Mrs. Walter Crammer and Miss Mildred Crammer, of Beach Haven, N. J., were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Golt.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Shelton and son, of Wilmington, were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Shelton.

Mrs. Annie Jones of Sudlersville, spent from Friday until Monday with her sister, Mrs. Hattie Knotts.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ackerman, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Kabernagle and daughter Kathryn, of Baltimore, spent Sunday with their aunt, Mrs. Dora Everett.

Mr. and Mrs. William Weller and children, Dorothy and Edith, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jackson, near Sudlersville.

Services for Antioch M. E. Church, Sunday, September 12th, are as follows: Sunday School, 10 a. m., followed by sermon by the pastor, Rev. R. G. Conner, 11 a. m.

Those on the sick list are Mrs. Rita Cole, Mrs. Medford Starkey and Miss Loluse Golt.

Little Miss Louise Bosley visited her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Butts, in Marydel, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Celesky and son Paul, of Baltimore, were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Shelton.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Cobb and daughter of Los Angeles, Cal., spent the week-end with the former's mother, Mrs. S. Cobb.

Mr. and Mrs. Linwood McKnett, of Marcus Hook, Pa., visited Mrs. Laura McKnett over the holidays.

QUEEN ANNE

Many students will return to their schools and colleges within the next few weeks. Miss Violet Gibson and Alvan Moore to Western Maryland College; Miss Eleanor Flowers to St. Mary's Academy; Miss Elizabeth Lynch to State Teachers' College at Salisbury; Miss Peggy Gibson to Goldey College; Miss Helen Chaires and George C. Moore, 3d, to University of Maryland, and others of our young people, who will take with them the good wishes of all their friends here, for their success and happiness in their work.

The Hillsboro M. E. Ladies' Aid Society was entertained at the home of Mrs. Norman Clark, of Hillsboro, on Thursday afternoon of last week. Tentative plans for the season's activities were made at this meeting.

The Hillsboro Parent-Teachers Association will hold a "bake" in the club house on Wednesday, September 29th, for the benefit of the school.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rhodes were dinner guests of Mr. John Rhodes, of Love Point, on Sunday evening.

Mr. Harold Jump is visiting his sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Eley.

Miss Mary Saulsbury, of Baltimore, has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. William F. Dickinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Jefferson, of Smyrna, Del., visited at the Stevens' home on Sunday evening.

Mrs. Robert Eveland is reported to be convalescing satisfactorily from a recent operation at Emergency Hospital, Easton.

The blanket drawing held on Friday morning at the high school gave the weekly blanket prize to Mrs. Alonza Mullikin. Only seven more weeks to go, and all members of the club will receive their blankets.

Mr. Kenneth Smith, of New Castle, Pa., spent last week here as the guest of his brother, Mr. Winnie Smith, at the home of Mrs. E. B. Lightner.

Mr. Harry Knotts, Sr., of Cumberland, was a recent week-end visitor at his home here.

Mary Lou Cade, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Cade, near Hilsboro, was taken to a Baltimore hospital last week.

Rev. Ernest C. Hallman, district superintendent, preached in the Ebenezer M. E. Church at Ruthsburg, on Sunday afteroon.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Sparks and sons, Bernard, Jr., and Rawley, spent Sunday afternon with Mr. and Mrs. Selby Smith, of Ridgely.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Jones, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with Mrs. Della Mullikin and Mrs. M. E. Diggans.

Rev. Charles W. Spry preached in Hillsboro M. E. Church on Sunday morning from the text: "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be servant of all. The subject was, "Not Rule, But Service."

Mr. and Mrs. Christian Holsinger, of near Ridgely, were callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sparks on Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Charles H. Dean was a dinner guest of Rev. and Mrs. J. M. York on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Taylor and family, and Mrs. John Taylor, of Wilmington, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clark on Thursday of last week.

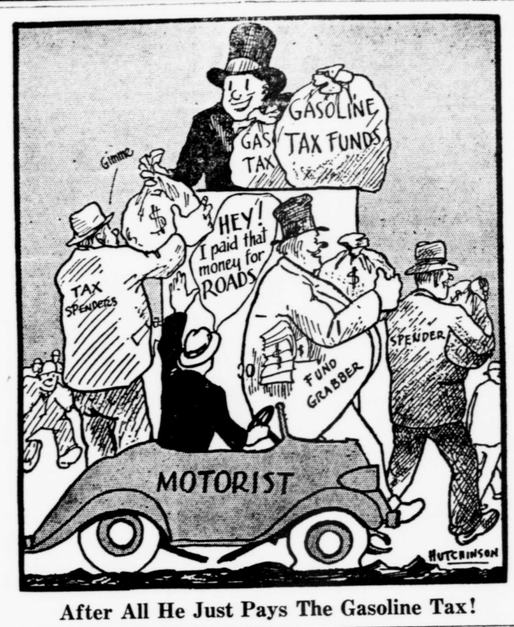
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Roe, near town, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Roe, of Downes.

Mrs. Charles Dean is spending two weeks with her sister, Mrs. Harris Legg, of Stevensville.

A Pennsylvania railroad truck crashed into a tree in front of Mrs. E. B. Lightner's home on Monday morning, and broke a door off the truck. The rear door swung open just as the driver was passing the tree, according to passers-by.

Mrs. Elizabeh B. Lightner has been on the sick list, but is reported to be better at this time.

No meeting of the Community Club was held on Tuesday evening of last week, but it is hoped to hold the regular meeting on the third Tuesday of the month, next Tuesday, September 21st.



After All He Just Pays The Gasoline Tax!

THIS WEEK'S OLD TIMER

Forty-five years ago there came to Centreville a young man, who through unkind fate had been seriously handicapped through illness by being deprived of his hearing and speech when a child, but who with a strong determination to do the worth while things in life, set a goal for himself which he long ago attained. That goal was that he would be useful and industrious and build for himself and famliy a reputation, that he could well be proud of.

This man, our "Old Timer" of the week is John A. Trundle, one of the county's highly respected citizens, who with Mrs. Trundle on September 10th, celebrated the silver anniversary of their marriage.

"Old Timer Trundle was born on December 12th, 1859, in Frederick County, and at the age of two years suffered an attack of scarlet fever, which left him wiht his hearing and speech totally gone. At the age of 8 years he entered The School for the Deaf of Maryland at Frederick. The school then was located in the old historic barracks which were erected in 1776 by the Hessians during the Revolutionary War.

He graduated from Frederick, and attended Gallaudet College in Washington.

On April 6th, 1892 Mr. Trundle married Miss Alice Chambers a former schoolmate at Frederick, and a sister of Harry W. Chambers of Centreville, and came to Centreville to live.

Mr. and Mrs. Trundle established their home, and he entered upon a small trucking business, from which he derived splendid profits. For many years his beautifully cultivated garden and truck patches were a delight to all who saw them.

Mr. Trundle remembers when he first came to Centreville, that there were pumps along the side walks, and the streets were lighted with coal oil lamps. He well remembers the old lamp lighter who went about his way each evening just before dark to light the few sparsely placed lights on the streets. Many improvements have taken place in the town since "Old Timr" Trundle first decided to make the Eastern Shore his home. Saddest of all, is the passing of many of his old friends who have gone on before, including many prominent persons of the town and county.

On January 3rd, 1912, Mrs. Trundle died, leaving two children Henry C. Trundle, now of New York, and Mrs. W. A. Thorington, of Baltimore, a member of the faculty of the Bryn Mawr School for girls.

On September 4th, 1912, Mr. Trundle was married the second time, the lady of his choice being another old school mate, Miss Annie B. Barry, of Baltimore. She is the daughter of the late W. R. Barry, one of the most influential men in the state in educational affairs, and was Director of the school for the Deaf many years. The present Mrs. Trundle, after graduation taught for twenty years in the Frederick School.

Mr. Trundle is a baseball enthusiast, and follows the games play by play. He is particularly interested in the outcome of the games in Centreville, and also the result of the baseball season in the Eastern Shore League.

Last week on the occasion of their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, their son came from New York, and their daughter who has been spending a share of her summer vacation on a lengthy trip, were at home, and planned an enjoyable trip for their parents to celebrate the occasion. They were accompanied by Mrs. E. S. Hyde.

This grand old couple richly deserve all the honors that can be heaped upon them, and the Record-Observer wishes to extend its congratulations and best wishes with their other hosts of friends on the occasion of their wedding anniversary, and hope for many more years of happiness for them.

PRICE

Mrs. Albert Carr and daughter, of Philadelphia, were dinner guests Sunday of her aunt, Mrs. Ralph Swan and family.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Cook and son Gilpin, of New Oxford, Pa., Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Krock, of Baltimore, and Mrs. W. J. Scott, of Church Hill were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McKenney.

Mrs. Augustine Koenammon and son Thomas, and friend, of Cordova, visited on Sunday with the family of Mr. and Mrs. Casper Clough.

Misses Mary Chance, Ruth Stauffer, Ethel Mae and Elizabeth Taylor, of Swarthmore, Pa., are enjoying a two week's vacation at the home of their parents.

Capt. William Newnam and Mr. William Hill of Baltimore, spent several days this week with Mr. and Mrs. Oliver C. Newnam.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Marker, of Clayton, Del., were guests on Saturday of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Cahall.

Mrs. Clark Cosden son Paul and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cronshaw enjoyed Sunday at Rehoboth Beach.

Mr. Smith Chance, of Grasonville, was a week-end guest of Mr. Louis Moore.

Mrs. Melvin Chance had as her guests Sunday, Miss Genevieve Skinner and brother Donald. They all visited her sister, Mrs. Walter Cole and family in the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. James O. Murphy spent Sunday with Mr. Murphy's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. David Holsinger, of Ridgely.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Larrimore were guests on Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Mitchell, of Harrington.

Mr. Linwood Cronshaw, of Barclay, spent the week-end with his sister, Mrs. Clark Cosden and Mr. Cosden.

The farmers in this section are rapidly completing their corn cutting; the corn is fortunately standing straight and they can use their corn cutting machines. Fall plowing and seeding of barley and rye, is going forward at a great pace, the season has been favorable and a good yield of corn is expected.

Mr. and Mrs. William Skinner and son Jimmy, spent Sunday on Kent Island, where they visited Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Kelly, of Chester.

Miss Anne Dudley Brower was among the guests at a house party over the week-end with Miss Jean Valliant, of Centreville.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Meeds, of Wilmington, returned to their home Sunday after a pleasant visit of two weeks with her sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Massey, of Baltimore, and her niece and family, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Swan. While in town Mr. and Mrs. Meeds called on many friends and acquaintances as they were former resi- ents of Price for a number of years. Mrs. Meeds was one of the charter members of Price Ladies' Aid and also a Sunday School teacher.

THE Rambling Recorder

Autumn must be in a hurry to pay us a visit this year from the way cool weather has rolled in while the calendar says there is still ten more days or more of summer . . . Here it is the middle of September and fires necessary to take the chill of the air . . . Those folks with fireplaces were well served ,however . . . The early Fall is the time to enjoy a blazing hearth . . . Winter is too drafty . . . But when it is a case of a little heat going a long ways there is nothing more satisfactory than glowing hearth . . . What there is about a fire in a fireplace that makes it so soothing has never been explained . . . Maybe it is the silent changing motions of the flames . . . or the dry heat . . . or some ultra or infra rays radiated that have not been located . . . But whatever it is there is no better basis for solid comfort than slippered feet, a good pipe, and the kaleidoscopic warmth from a fireplace . . .

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The Chestertown Enterprise has started a Bulletin board on its front page . . . Strange that Harry Russell, who loves the bizarre or punchy touch, fell back on that old stager . . . Maybe he wants folks to shorten it to Bull Board, just as we sometimes think of this pillar as the rambling wreck . . . But the Bull Board gives us this tip off on the situation just over the Chestertown bridge, "Beer joints in nearby Queen Anne's county, which under the law could stay open all night, aren't any more because all the trade that was attracted was a bunch of drunks who bought one beer every two hours and fought every minute." . . . Down at Queenstown there are a few folks who like a nip or two themselves but want it peacefully . . . and they are howling because a beer place or so in the heart of town kicks up a racket until the wee hours of the morning . . . every morning . . . They are asking us why the constables or others do not wade into the situation . . . We don't know . . . Maybe the constables are catching up on their sleep . . . too far away to hear he racket . . .

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The poor growing season in the West has been a help to many Queen Anne's farmers . . . Looks as if the short crop of clover seed out there has put a real backbone in prices . . . just when county farmers were in a position to take advantage of it . . The price is holding firm at $15 a bushel . . . Mordy Price got in on the windfall . . . He is reported to have sold 100 bushels at that figure, with some held back for a coming price rise . . . He's had his clover hay, and the clover seed is all clover . . . Prices of timothy seed, which county farmers buy, are less than half the 1936 figure . . . from $2 to $2.25 a bushel against $4.50 last year . . . Among the skeet prizes displayed in G. M. Latshaw's window are a half dozen highball glasses . . . with bird designs . . . Each one has a different bird, the six being grouse, partridge, wild turkey, pheasant, plover and snipe . . . Charlie West had a painting of a race track scene to time with the horse show . . .

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Apparently Maryland in summer corresponds to Florida in winter for fish . . . Ocean City reports baby sailfish as well as its numerous catches of marlin . . . Sharks have been seen on both shores of Chesapeake Bay and small tarpon are being caught . . . At least the fish have a good idea as to a summer resort . . . Centreville knows all the hysteria that has marked major league baseball towns when their representatives nabbed a World Series . . . we've had it this week . . . The crowds pouring in for Sunday's game gave a hearty fillip to eating places . . . A few upper county fans were said to have bet against Centreville in the opening game with Salisbury . . . and it was doubly bitter medicine when they lost . . . Work on dirt roads has been progressing throughout the month without the guiding hand of a county engineer . . . but progressing smoothly . . . which is like Sousa's crack that any one could lead his band . . . for five minutes at least . . . Any well-knit group has enough momentum to keep going with the leader missing.

Abner *says*-

I always heerd that it's right smart hard for a rich man to git to heaven when he dies but I notice it's easy for him to keep from going to hell while he's living.