

mination at this early date would be premature, a positive and heartening omen revealed itself on the very day of my inauguration. Certainly, if a new administration can bring with it fair skies and eighty degree temperatures in mid-January, it can't be *all* bad!

For the sake of accurate reporting, let me acknowledge that there was another and less comforting omen also in the air that day. A huge foreboding blanket of polluted air hung suspended in the heavens over Baltimore, shutting out the sunlight and bringing an early dusk to the city. That dark and monstrous cloud conveyed to me an unmistakable message: "Yesterday I belonged to Millard Tawes," it seemed to say. "Today, Mister Agnew, I'm all yours!"

Omens . . . what are they? You want to believe in the good ones and pass up the others as nonsense. Fortunately, I don't put much faith in either kind . . . if I did I could be in trouble. Consider that a shower at Government House has been leaking for days and hasn't stopped dripping yet. That fact has brought me to a firm decision about omens. When it's something a plumber *can* fix, it's *not* an omen. When a plumber *can't* fix it . . . then it is!

Perhaps you've noticed things in Annapolis are starting to settle down; that the weather itself has become more seasonable since the Legislature has been in action. We have snow when there should be snow. This, I assure you, is of little meaning or consequence. In the election campaign I heard myself described by the Castle Set as something of a "cold fish." If this description holds a shred of truth, then I should find little difficulty settling naturally and comfortably into my new environment. Besides, a new and determined governor must make his own weather and generate his own heat . . . and that is precisely what this new governor is determined to do.

I suppose, after the glow of election victory, one must expect to feel the temperature drop somewhat upon assuming office. Abraham Lincoln experienced something of a wetting down when he first took office as president . . . and in his day there was no Hyman Pressman holding the hose! Lincoln confided to a friend: "I am like a man so busy letting rooms in one end of his house that he can't stop to put out the fire that is burning in the other."

I can't honestly say my thoughts parallel those of Mr. Lincoln. To date there has been no real fire to speak of, and no one in my family or on my personal staff has had the time or shown the slightest inclination to "let out" the fifty-two rooms in Government House, some