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Friday, June 20, 1941

Maybe Congress Is On the Level!

Is it not possible that when a majority of Congress accepts a Presidential recommendation, it may be because it is the sense of that body that the proposal is right and proper and for the best interest of the country?

Our Senators and Representatives are presumed to voice the policies and desires of their respective constituencies. If they don't, those constituencies have a habit of retiring their agents and electing candidates who will. Even on the theory that these officials mainly consult their own interest, without regard to their country's needs, as appears to be the columnar hypothesis, the rubber stamp idea fails to stand up.

There have been many changes in the membership of the two Houses since the advent of Roosevelt to the White House, but we cannot recall any instance of a legislator who lost his seat because he stood by the President, which would seem to suggest that the people generally are as deep in the iniquity, so solemnly assessed by the dogmatic gentlemen who affect to know all about everything, as our officials. In their judgment, all virtue residents in Big Business and, in these industrial controversies, the worker is always wrong.

We humble contributors of information to the public have the notion that either element in our national institution has a monopoly of either goodness or badness.

The manufacturer, individual or corporation, very humanly wants as large a profit as he can get; the labor unions, just as humanly, want just as big a share in extra profits as they can secure for their members.

The contention of either side—or both sides—is of small importance in the situation that this country is forced to meet. If the hostile interests cannot be reconciled, some agency must step in. Hence the Mediation Board. If either party refuses to abide by its findings the Government must proceed to do whatever is necessary—for the Nation's work must go on.

The Nation's security cannot be periled because of a dispute about the distribution of profits, the relative advantage to this or that organization, or anything else.

No Time to Change

Modern war has two distinct phases. One in military. The other is economic. And the deciding weapon in either case will be the belligerent powers' natural resources. It takes coal to keep factory furnaces glowing. It takes oil to provide motive power for planes and armored equipment and fighting

ships. It takes metal of all kinds in an incredible quantity to build the weapons and the machines which produce the weapons. It takes abundant electric power to keep industries producing on a wartime basis. And the extent of a nation's natural resources determines its position as a trading power—and so determines to a very large extent what its diplomatic influence shall be.

The United States is singularly blessed by nature with the principal natural resources—metals, petroleum, coal, water-power. Second, and equally important, under the private enterprise system we have developed these natural resources to an extent unrivaled anywhere else on earth. The American tradition of private initiative has borne magnificent fruits for all the people. And it is this tradition which must be maintained if this country is to achieve its full strength both as an arsenal of democracy, and as a free nation where every man may succeed and prosper and serve to the very limit of his abilities, ambitions and energies.

There are those who would now use "national defense" as an excuse to have the government develop our natural resources—who would in a word, socialize them. We have examples to indicate what would follow if that happened. Russia is rich in natural resources. Yet the Russian standard of living, after more than 20 years of socialism, remains at rock-bottom, and Russian production is notoriously low, wasteful and inefficient. Is this the kind of political philosophy the American people wish to follow?

The industries which turn our natural resources to productive use will cooperate to the limit with government now in the future. They will show the world that a free America, working under a free enterprise system, is stronger than dictatorship, and that free men will out-produce slaves. This is no time to change a system which has met and conquered every menace of the past, and which today is gathering all of its vast resources to meet the menace of the present.

Not Too Hot Not Too Cold



By JOHN EMBERT

What "Way of Life" Do We Want To Save?

We are being drawn into this second World War by the pro-war clique because, as they say, we must, at all costs, save democracy again and, this time, "our way of life," too. Britain is holding off the enemy, they say, so that we may have time in which to prepare. "Our way of life" means, to most of us 130,000,000 Americans, driving automobiles, the comfort of electric refrigerators and oil burners, eating good food, taking vacation trips and buying what we want on credit.

Well, how much longer are we going to be able to hold on to our way of life? Haven't we begun already to slide down the scale of

living? How long will it take to reach the bottom? Then how long will we keep us right there in that spot? Food prices are raising. Gasless Sundays and a ban on pleasure driving are in prospect. Electric power restrictions and a scarcity of fuel oil are in sight. Sales taxes on automobiles will make them prohibitive in many families, and when the Government starts the forced saving racket, the old folk had better make up their minds to bid a fond good-bye to their money unless they expect some miracle to keep them alive for fifty more years.

Now let us take a good look at the democracy we are going to save. Shouldn't we include freedom of speech, the liberty to do and act as we please and a government by the people? Just how much of this democracy have we now and how long will it be before we shall have none at all? So, may I ask exactly what way of life and what democracy do the warmakers refer to—don't you think we ought to be sure when millions of boys are going to die for them?

The isolationists much prefer to take a chance on Hitler's crossing 3,000 miles of ocean to invade America or bomb us out of existence, or if, as some say, it is only going to be an attack on our economic system, what do they mean by that? What with enormous debts and taxes, will it not have collapsed completely of its own accord long before Hitler could possibly get organized to give it the first crack?

Tin Pan Alley To

The Hall Of Fame

Just as often as not, when a new bust is set up in the Hall of Fame there is a trifle row. The bouquets and the brickbats are enough to keep an ordinary man on the fence about every hero.

But there is at least one exception. The hall's seventy-third bronze portrait has been unveiled—that of Stephen Collins Foster. How can there be any debate about the man who wrote "My Old Kentucky Home"?

Yes, we have heard the facts: That Foster was a rolling stone, beset by family troubles and money troubles and with too great a taste for hard liquor. We know that he was taken from a bowery lodging house to die, at 37, in Bellevue with just 38 cents in his pocket. We know that he was not learned in harmonics or composition. We know that he never saw the Suwanee river.

As for writing about a river one has never seen, that's routine in Tin Pan Alley. Tunesmiths who know only Broadway and Forty-second street write with the greatest of ease about the Isle of Capri. Realism was never their rule.

Yet these romanticists deal in the materials of everyday life. Foster

certainly did. We Americans all love sentiment and sentimentality, even if we do not admit it. We are suckers for nostalgia.

When our grandfathers were pushing across the Mississippi and the Missouri with their Conestoga wagons, or racing for the gold that Sutter found in California, Foster remembered for them the scenes they were leaving—even while he carried them westward with the gay lilt of "O Susanna."

So it is that he has written about all the real American folksongs there are. So, too, there is no argument about his place in the Hall of Fame.

Never Too Late To Fight For Freedom.

Hitler's American propaganda strategy: First, make Americans believe war is too remote to think of rearing; then, when this ceases to have effect, make them think it is too late to act.

We are now entering the second stage—although, while the "too late" idea is preached to most of the population, the idea that Hitler will never bother us is still preached to many groups. In any case, the aim is to "keep us out of war"—and let Hitler win.

It is not necessary to call our Lindberghs fifth columnists. For there are honest defeatists as well as cowardly and traitorous defeatists. All that is necessary is to ask them what they were doing to awaken the country before it seemed to them too late! Which of them can say, as Winston Churchill can say to the British, "I have labored for years to awaken you from your drams"? The men of vision of yesterday are not the defeatists of today.

In any case, it is never too late to fight for freedom, just as it is never too late to fight for justice, and never too late for repentance. But it is already too late for easy victory.

However, it is not too late (nor too early) to exert in full our bodies our minds, our souls, in behalf of the freedom on which our hopes all hang. If ever we expect to exert our whole selves in behalf of anything we live for, the time to do so is right now, while the earth rings with the cry of freedom in its deep and universal peril.

UNFORTUNATE PREDICTIONS OF A PROPHETESS

Remarkable forecasts of a young Hungarian fortune teller made Hitler so nervous by their accuracy that he had her put in a concentration camp. Read this unusual story in the June 29th issue of The American Weekly, the big magazine distributed with the Baltimore Sunday American. On sale at all newsstands.

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BATEAU FOR SALE—16 feet long in good shape, will sell at a sacrifice. Apply to the News Office.

BUNGALOW FOR SALE—New 5-room bungalow with 3 acres of land, more or less, on boulevard, near Queenstown. Apply to Mrs. Ed. Warner, Queenstown, Md.

FOR SALE—1931 Chrysler Sedan Good running condition. Good tires. \$35.00. Ed. Seward, Queenstown, Maryland.

The Maryland Traffic Safety Commission's Slogan for the week is: "If you DRIVE, or WALK, or PLAY Practice Traffic Safety Every Day."

SWEET POTATO PLANTS

Nancy Hall, Porto Rico, Golden Skin, Maryland Golden, Big Stem Jersey. Per 100—25c.

Wm. G. Boyle Queen Anne, Md. Phone 19F24 Hillsboro, Plants at Willoughby. If by mail include postage.

FOR SALE—3 houses—1½ acres, Peck's Cove, Grasonville, Md. Artesian pumps. Price, \$1,500. J. Stinchcomb, Attorney, 514 Keyser Building, Baltimore, Md.

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