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

Lose this day loitering—'twill be the same story tomorrow—and the next more dilatory. Then indecision brings its own delays and days are lost lamenting over days. Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute—what you can do, or dream you can begin it. Only engage and the mind grows heated—begin it and the work will be completed.—Goethe.

SPEAKING UP

The directors of the Centreville National Bank are to be commended for their willingness to place themselves on record in regard to road conditions after the recent snow-storm, as it is shown by a telegram quoted in last week's **Record.**

What Queen Anne's needs is organizations which will go to bat when questions concerning the county arise. Groups like the dinner clubs, business men's associations and directorates of corporations can make their influence felt by expressing their opinion in plain words in places where that opinion will count.

The Bank directors have expressed themselves in no uncertain terms. If all the county groups and various aggressive citizens would pitch in now while the time is ripe Queen Anne's could demand that county roads worked by county labor from headquarters in the county, that a snow plow be stationed here, that roads needed and partly promised should be built.

There should be at least one man in each group who will set the ball rolling.

SECRET GIVERS

Recent contributions from donors who prefer that their names be withheld have assured the Parent-Teachers' Association of the Centreville Elementary School of sufficient funds to carry out their program of providing free lunches for undernourished childen until school closes in June.

In September the Association was uncertain as to how necessary expense money would come in, and the number of children to be fed was placed at 25.

With the proceeds from the Hallowe'en bazaar the total of children aided was raised until there are now 35 on the list.

Since the bazaar friends have contributed upwards of $100 to the free lunch fund. With this extra lift the Association plans to increase the free list as worthy cases are found.

The Parent-Teachers' Association is grateful to these anonymous friends and expresses its thanks and appreciation to them.

In the larger sense both the Association and the donors are to be commended for the fine spirit of charitableness which impels them to feed the undernourished.

Of all people children are the most helpless. They may receive only what is provided by others.

But the rainbow that shines for the underprivileged is painted by those who have sharing with those who have not.

PLAYING IN THE SNOW

Our old friend Bill Usilton on the Kent News took us to task last week in his column. Bill, it seems, didn't like our front page editorial "Asleep at the Switch" in which we charged the State Roads Commission with neglect in clearing the snow from our highways.

In the course of his remark he hit below the belt but it is not our intention to take out our false teeth and pass them around for further inspection.

We hasten to assure Bill, however, that 'righteous indignation' on the absence of snowplows inspired our remarks.

Perhaps to our loss we take life a bit more seriously than Bill. We like to play in the snow, too—but when bread runs low in the stores, confinement cases can't get to the hospitals, doctors can't reach the critically ill, and hardship and suffering are traceable to neglect, we are inclined to speak out—to make it a part of the Record.

Of course the snow wasn't very deep in Chestertown. Maybe enough for Bill to coast a bit and forget that 11 of the snowplows were in Kent. He probably didn't think about the hospital. He has one so near at hand. The snowplows cleared up all the Kent County roads first so that the doctors could reach sick people.

As for us, we were so busy battling the drifts—all because the State Roads Commission fell asleep at the switch—that we had no time to coast and take it easy like Bill.

So the next time the Commission falls asleep and leaves us hogtied and hamstrung we'll probably speak out again—even if Bill stops playing in the snow to point the finger of scorn.

GAIN FOR DECENCY

"Jafsie" was to have appeared on the vaudeville stage in Plainfield, N. J., today and tomorrow. As the result of a bitter protest from twenty-five clergymen there he has announced the cancellation not only of these but of all other engagements. This is surely a gain for decency for which the whole country owes the protestants a vote of thanks.

Dr. John F. Condon ("Jafsie") had been appearing on the stage elsewhere before he encountered the wrath of the Plainfield ministers. He had recently advertised himself in "Variety," trade organ of the show business, as the "most enigmatic, colorful and widely publicized personality in America." For a moral cloak his act, which consisted of a rambling resume of his experiences in the Lindbergh kidnaping case, carried the title "Crime Doesn't Pay."

It fooled no one, least of all the twenty-five clergymen. "In the interests of justice and mercy, for both the bereaved and accused in this case," ran their joint statement urging Plainfield citizens to boycott his performance, "we commend a passive resistance against all attempts to commercialize the personnel and machinery of justice and against all attempts to exploit for financial gain the common instinct of idle curiosity."

They voiced what one must believe has become a popular revulsion against the cheap hippodroming of a national tragedy. Evidently "Jafsie" and his handlers perceived it. This revulsion began with the prostitution of the Hauptmann trial. It received its crowning impetus with the flight of the Lindbergh family to England. We hope now that it will end forever all further effort to commercialize this particular tragedy, and even more fervently that it will restrain hereafter every profiteer in morbidity. Should it do so the whole shameful chapter which opened with Hauptmann's arrest will not have been suffered in vain.—New York Herald Tribune.

RADIO RIVALS

Is it so certain that Mr. Roosevelt scored an enormous advantage by addressing Congress at 9 P. M. instead of approximately 12 noon? If he had chosen to address Congress at noon on Friday or shortly after that hour, he would have had an enormous radio audience. It is the nation's lunch hour and he would have been listened to by business men in their offices, farmers and their wives at the dinner table, factory workers at ease over their dinner pails, city crowds around the loud-speakers in the streets. The ordinary midday radio programs are not exciting.

But when the President chose to speak at 9 o'clock at night he invited the formidable radio competition of the Pennsylvania Troubadours, of the Jabber Family, of the comedy teams of Si and Hiram and Belle and Berenice, of the Hollywood Varieties, of the Mountain Minstrels and of no less than a dozen dance orchestras.

We take altogether too much for granted when we assume that the Si and Hiram fans or the Mountain Minstrels devotees would welcome Mr. Roosevelt in their place. He may actually have alienated millions of voters by interfering with their normal pleasures. Many of them probably went out to the movies.—New York Times.

JIBE AT JIM

The Honorable James A. Farley, postmaster general and the Democratic party boss, said sarcastically the other day that "big business" will help build up a "huge fund" for use against the New Deal administration in elections next year.

Which led some Washington wisecrackers to remark that there was an opportunity for a new Harry L. Hopkins boondoggling project. The idea: Install a giant bell in the Capitol dome and keep a gang of men on three-hour shifts to ring it merrily every time "Genial Jim" turns down a campaign contribution from any source.

Needless to say, the bell-ringers would have no more work to do than a lot of Hopkins' other boondogglers.

THE Rambling Recorder

January worked fast in getting rid of the surprise package of snow left as a parting gift by 1935. Few expected that the drifts heaped up by the storms of Christmas week would take off so rapidly but the rain of last Thursday could not have been better engineered by man. A soft drizzle during the day honeycombed the snow so that it disappeared almost magically under an all night's heavy downpour.

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One of the sturdy folks who paid little attention to the snow was Kirby Benton of Matapeake. He made the round trip to Centreville on Saturday of the storm week at a time when many were wondering when the southern approaches to the county seat would be opened.

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The thick snow blanket showed that there are several ancient cutters still tucked away on farms of the county. At least a half dozen, some with the regulation jingling bells, circled the Courthouse during the period of sleighing. But they went back into hiding when bare ground reappeared and spring-like weather invited pedestrians to park overcoats, and occasionally hats, at home.

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L. Herman Meredith invariably has a gorgeous calendar for his customers and his 1936 sample is sufficiently glamorous. The McCord Laundry also has an eye-filling quantity of girl on its date collection.

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In this motor age which has supplanted the horse and buggy era it is rather unusual to note in the obituary column the passing of former blacksmiths yet last week's issue of the Record chronicled two such deaths, those of George E. Cole and Charles L. Tatman.

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Certain parallels marked the lives of these men. One was 65, the other 67. Both were blacksmiths. Each had one daughter, and each daughter is a teacher in the elementary schools of the county. And both were buried by the same undertaker, William H. Good, of Church Hill.

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Mr. Cole, incidentally, was the first person to die in Queen Anne's county in 1936, his passing occurring before the new year was two hours old.

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In the month preceding and following each term of the Circuit Court the jail population is usually at a low ebb, as respect for the power of the judicial body chills miscreants. After six weeks when the police magistrate and the sheriff had comparative rest the jail has again begun to fill, there being 25 inmates on Monday.

—o—

Barton Brothers use perhaps the most expensive wrapping table in the county. The surface on which parcels of this or that are papered and twined is a six-legged, drop-leaf solid mahogany article which would take very little face lifting to be worthy of gracing the finest dining room.

—o—

J. B. T. Merrick has a trick toy in his office, a thin-metal strong man who balances a heavy pair of wheels from the disked top of a pedestal. While it looks as if the thin man's post is unstable the centers of the weights are arranged to come down his toe and below his feet, keeping him in balance even when whirled.

RADIANT LIVING

IN THE CALM OF INFINITE LOVE

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

Jesus was constantly revealing the Infinite Love of God.

Review His marvelous life and you are impressed with the unique compassion that permeated its totality—a compassion that went out even to those who tortured Him to death. Only Infinite Compassion could cry: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

In looking back over the life of Him who revealed unto us the Fatherhood of God, the Apostle John, who caught in Jesus Christ a glimpse of the nature of God, declared: "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him."

When there is once given to us a revelation of the love nature of God there comes to the soul a blessed relaxation from the strains of life.

Many there are who live wretched lives. Their state of mind is always in turmoil. But there is for all of us a blessed escape from such a disagreeable existence.

Like a vessel that has put into the sheltered cove behind the breakwater and has found a snug haven from the furious tempests that rage outside, so the man who has passed within the sheltering arm of faith and reached the peaceful waters of Infinite Love has found a snug haven from those tempests that rage over these of a materialistic minded life.

Such a soul rides at ease upon the quiet waters of a happy contentment in God.

If a man's curve of efficiency is ascending at 45, and keeps on ascending just after that period, it may well move upward for his whole life; but if there is a turn downward at 45 he will never recover.—Nicholas Murray Butler.

Smoking in church used to be common and the first edict against tobacco came from Pope Urban VIII in 1642 who forbade it because of the noise set up by steel and flint among echoing naves during Mass.—Fortune.

Watch your step-on-it.—Boston Transcript.

The Good Old Days

By a special clause in the act of maintaining a Militia company in Queen Anne's County the troops from Kent Island were excused from meeting in 'Battalion or Regiment because of the remote and detached situation of that part of the county renders it impractible for drill off of the Island.'

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The Rev. E. Stevens, rector of St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church in Centreville in 1861 refused to read the Prayer of Thanksgiving, as directed by Bishop Whittingham for the success of the union troops, Sunday, April 13, 1861, which was designated as the occasion for Thanksgiving for Federal Victories.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

CLEAR THE TRACKS

Poetic commentary on the Townsend Plan which reached this sanctum first from the Glenville (W. Va.) Pathfinder:

—o—

Clear the tracks, you whippersnappers!
Out of the way, you flaming youth!
Gangway, fashion plates and flappers,
Your old granddad's heard the truth.

From the old men's home he's hoppin'
Dancin' like a crazy man,
Singing, shouting: H—ll's a poppin"!
Grandad's read the Townsend Ppan!

He has painted up his crutches,
Polished up his wooden leg,
Gave his other tooth some touches,
Took his toupee from its peg.

Says he's found the youthful fountain
And the primrose paths he'll seek
He'll be comin' round the mountain
Whoopee—Fifty bucks a week!

Tell the chorus girls and laddies,
With the cars they'll see no more;
Now they'll meet their sugar daddies
In the wheel chairs at the door.

When your old man has expended
All the fifties that he can,
This depression will be ended
And so's your old man.

CALL FOR SALT

Mishaps as recorded in the Queenstown News to correct which we would recommend that Mike Aker sprinkle salt or ashes on his front steps.

—o—

Otis Pinder slipped Thursday afternoon while descending the steps in front of The News office and fell, spraining his ankle, bruising his hip and scratching his face. While able to hobble around without the aid of a cane he is suffering much pain. James T. Smith slipped on the same steps just a few minutes before Otis did and sprained his right wrist.

THE POET'S CORNER

There's A Distance

By Mary Fennimore Sheppard

There's a distance
Between myself and the things I say
That reminds me
That "Life" is not as it was yesterday,
And as years
Drifting by, so that space seems
To explain the "Why" of those mysterious themes.

It's the "Balance"
In "Life". It's the sunshine and rain,
It's the laughter
And the tears. It's the loss and the gain.
It's the "Balance"
We need that makes "Life" worth while,
The "Trump"
With grace and the trial with a smile.

PURPOSE TO FULFILL

By Casper L. Newcomb

Let me not die, O Lord
Until I've done for Thee
A work, which Thou has required
Whatever it may be.

Let me go face a foe,
With a determined hand
Strike manfully as I go
To fill Thy great command.

In life's greatest fight
Let me not falter in force
When I strike out, have might,
To win as parades my course.

Let me not leave the field
Or find eternal rest
Till I with a loud appeal,
Shall say, I've done my best!

Silver Crop

These upper meadows pitched beneath the sky
Are planted now with such a yield as never
Leaned down beneath the leaf-flicked gust of summer.
During the night the shower of stars stalked by,
And every branch has a snowy blossom leaning
Over the untracked slopes; beneath white boughs,
The harvest of no man's sowing lies lovely now
In drifts of silver wheat for the slow wind's gleaning.

—Frances Frost.

THE ICICLE

Like all the flowers of the year
This grows in the sun,
But it grows downwards towards the earth,
This January one.

—R. T. P. Coffin.

The Mail Bag

To the Editor:

Although I'm not a citizen of Centreville I've travelled through there several times and I've discovered that there's one dangerous spot for a nice smash-up for someone.

Don't you agree with me that automobiles entering north Commerce Street should park on one side only and that should be on the right side of the street opposite the Elementary School?

When automobiles are parked on both sides of the street of that particular section of Commerce Street the moving traffic entering and going from Centreville would collide if one of the cars did not stop and allow the other to pass by. Two cars cannot possibly squeeze through that little space without an accident.

Let's make a parking rule right now that no parking should be allowed on the same side of the street as the Elementary School. To prevent accidents along the street let's make a one-way parking rule. Safety-first—that's our aim.

ALLEN L. STAFFORD.

Templeville, Md.

Streamlining Brokers

Washington—The Securities and Exchange Commission is considering a program requiring brokers to concentrate upon that angle of their business and abandon the practice of acting as agents for other brokers or as dealers on their own account.

False Alarm

New York—Police called to recover an "infant's" body off 31st street, Brooklyn, searched for a half hour in icy waters to discover the body to be that of a fully clothed, 18-inch doll.

Sacramental Gin

Nashville—Dr. V. L. Fuqua issued a permit to a Negro minister to buy sacramental wine. "If it's all the same to you," dumurred the preacher, "the congregation prefers gin."

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

P. S. Since writing the above, two plows have arrived. How about a couple more.—Q. A.

Fallacies Of The Townsend Plan

—FROM THE SCOTTISH RITE NEWS BUREAU—

The Townsend Plan—to tax every business transaction in the country 2 per cent, and from the proceeds pay each American citizen, under certain stipulations, $200 per month—is probably being discussed more than any other as a means of solving our economic difficulties.

This plan appeals to the imagination as no other proposal does. It immediately stirs the sympathies, for few there are who begrudge those in declining years comfort and ease. It arouses hope of relief in those who are heavily laden and upon whom the care of the aged falls. There are also millions to whose avarice the plan silently appeals—to childen and grandchildren who would welcome an opportunity to help "Pa" and "Ma," or "Grandma" and "Grandpa" dispense of their $200, each, monthly pensions. Perhaps the greatest applause for the plan comes from this group, for among the older generation there is yet that sense of thrift and independence of character which would revolt from such an unnecessary orgy of taxing and spending as the Townsend Plan would entail for their ostensible sakes.

It is claimed by some economists that the "spending for recovery" idea is sound. They hold that if there were a constant and rapid turnover of the earnings and profits of all people and corporate entities, there could be no financial congestions and hence, no depressions. They declare, however, that under the prevailing economic system, such an achievement would be most difficult. They point to the enormous trust funds, insurance assets, mortgages, long-term loans, and other forms of frozen wealth which arise out of savings and profits.

Although the Townsend Plan proposes to tax transactions in the above forms of wealth, there are yet other transactions arising out of earnings and incomes which the plan would scarcely touch in proportion to the magnitude of their returns to their owners, such as: unearned increment from real estate holdings, profits on watered stock in public utilities, commercial and industrial corporations, speculations, the immense profits made in manipulating our credit system of financing, and the enormous salaries paid the officers of our great corporations. Comparatively little of this wealth could be recaptured by the Townsend Plan, it is claimed, hence its futility in accomplishing any constructive results.

According to students of tax problems, over $35,000,000,000 in taxes was collected from people of small incomes since the depression. These people had little or nothing left for savings accounts. In this period those with incomes of over $5,000 per annum had an aggregate net income, above income taxes and surtaxes, of nearly $44,000,000,000.

While it is probably true that a considerable proportion of the taxes needed to cover the $1,500,000,000 monthly pension fund would come from those who could afford it, the bulk of it would be likely to come out of those whose salaries and incomes were much lower than those of the pensioners. In other words, the load of carrying the pensions would be on the backs of the people who work for small incomes, and according to the law governing the pyramiding of taxes the system would shortly break down, leaving the whole of society bankrupt and demoralized.

In 1929, according to the figures of the Department of Commerce, the national income reached an all-time peak of $83,000,000,000. Since the Townsend Plan provides for a pension of $2,400 per year, each, for some 9,600,000 persons who have reached the age of sixty, it will be seen that each pension would absorb the equivalent of the per capita incomes of four persons on the 1929 basis of $681. While it is admitted that prices would go skyward and the national income reach fictitious heights, the 2 per cent on the total transactions could never exceed the total income, and that, as indicated for 1929, was $83,000,000,000.

According to the statement of one analyst who based his figures on the 1929 level, about 26 per cent of that income would be set aside for old people. From the experience tables on tax pyramiding, he declares that 45 per cent of the earnings of the workers would, when the plan was established, be absorbed in taxes—a thing which cannot possibly be escaped for the reason that the plan is based on a sales tax.

The higher the prices of things, the fewer the transactions by the poor; the fewer the transactions, the lower the standard of living; the lower the standard of living, the lower our civilization will fall. In other words, the way analysts and publicists see it, the weight of the plan falls on the workers—not on the well-to-do capitalistic groups who make the prices and profits. This would result in the country's becoming more enslaved to vested interests on the one hand, and to old people, on the other hand—if the whole scheme did not blow up with a sickening inflationary explosion.

Many contend that some plan must be inaugurated to capture the fruits of monopoly and excessive profits, and to convert them to social uses, but they see only the gravest dangers in the Townsend Plan.

Deep concern is felt over the fact that as industry seems to be returning to former production levels, reemployment and new employment does not keep pace with the growth of the volume of producion. This is due, in part, to improved technique in production. Some of our foremost thinkers are studying this question. Only a few weeks ago, the Works Progress Administration, under Mr. Harry L. Hopkins, inaugurated a National Research Program, headed by Mr. Corrington Gill, Assistant Administrator, to study the various implicaltons of this question. The country needs to use the scientific approach to its problems, discarding all panaceas, no matter how flattering their appeal.

It is not too much to say that the Occidental world is in the throes of that condition where it has a surplus of things which the capitalist claims, but cannot use and which the worker produced and needs, but cannot buy. However, the Townsend Plan will not supply the purchasing power—that function most claimed for it—to buy these things. The load would come on persons of low incomes, and they are buying even now beyond their limits.

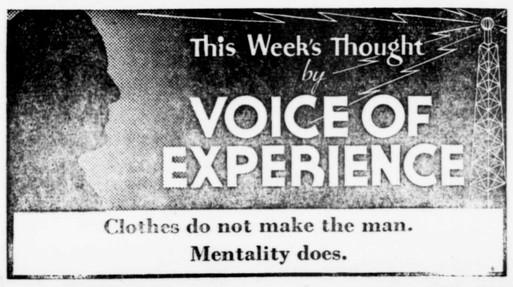
PLOW SUPERSTITION

When an attempt was made to introduce cast-iron plows in the United States, farmers declared they poisoned the soil and prevented crops growing. Sir Robert Peel in 1860 gave his farmers "two iron plows of the best construction." On his next visit they were again using wooden plows believing that iron plows made the weeds grow.

Nature has written a letter of credit upon some men's faces which is honored almost wherever presented.—William Makepeace Thackeray.

The George Washington Bridge across the Hudson at New York is 16 inches longer on a hot summer day than on a cold winter day.—Esquire.

In Italy, kissing in public is legal only at railroad stations.—Life.



Dame Rumor Says

First signs of spring—a Centrevillian hauling a lawn mower in the back seat of his car.

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A First District farmer (in the Big Ditch neighborhood) still drives to market with his 1935 tags.

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One of the county seat's mademoiselles who crossed to the Western Shore during the season of cheer must have had a good time and forgot all. She didn't know how to operate the hand-crank telephones when she got back. (But maybe she was just showing off her city ways to her country bumpkin).

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A farmer near Centreville is delighted that one of the town slickers who drives a big car courts his daughter. The wide tires on Romeo's petrol buggy breaks nice tracks in the snow.

—o—

Up Sudlersville way two of the townsfolk who keep their cows in the same stable are looking upon each other with suspicion. The fodder supply is dwindling fast and each thinks the other is feeding from his pile.

—o—

A Kent Island dame who spent much time in Baltimore during the holidays would like to go over there to live. She heard a lot of honeyed words on her visit and is not half satisfied.

—o—

Two Sixth District farmers swapped horses last week and will probably spend the rest of the year figuring who got the worst end of the deal.

—o—

A Queenstowner who got his derby smashed in Holiday festivities is trying to raise the dough for a new one.

—o—

The report which came to your Old Lady's chambers that an automobile disappeared teetotally in a Busic mudhole has been corrected. The car only sank to the door handls.

—o—

A Fourth District plutocrat who has been expecting a refund on his income tax for 1935 got a letter from Washington—but it concerned his 1936 tax.

—o—

After all the fuss kicked up by a certain Centrevillian over the loss of a pair of gloves everybody thought that he had misplaced a pair of $5 kids. Hence the surprise was great to learn that he had lost a 25c pair of cottons. (Incidentally, the gloves were mailed to him).

—o—

If that true-blue, dyed-in-the-wool Democrat who has held office under that label don't stop spouting off in public places against the Administration, his Democracy may be questioned when he runs for office again in 1938.

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Suggestion to a Record reader in Sudlersville and at six other points in the county who fussed at paying 5c for a copy on the newstand: You can get the paper at a fraction less than 3c a copy if you send in your subscription. $1.50 a year.

—o—

A resident of Chesterfield Avenue reports highly cultured mice on his premises. The rodents got into his music collection and instead of chewing on "Yes We Have No Bananas" they picked "Traviata".

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One of the county's gentlemen of the cloth is now in the midst of cutting his wisdom teeth and pines for a teething ring.

—o—

A haughty Centreville madam who is now driving a new car sweeps past for a half block or more before stopping to pick up her friends. She wants to make certain that her less fortunate playmates have a chance to admire the stream-line.

—o—

If that young man near Barclay wants to be able to ride his horse back home he should leave hard cider alone.

—o—

That skunk hunter near Sudlersville must be doing good—anyway the skunk scent in his boots is something terrific.