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

QUOTATION OF THE WEEK

American is still a pioneer field. Our forbears were not afraid to look for success on the Western frontiers and the success of women in the future will be on the frontiers of business. Women who wish to be successful should not try to compete with men in the old professions but should use imagination and initiative in developing new fields better suited to their abilities.—Mrs. Chase Going Wodehouse.

SOUNDINGS

In the heat of the last primary campaign in Queen Anne's county there was quite a hurrah over the status of Mr. George I. Harrison.

The Centreville Observer smote him hip and thigh. Mr. Harrison had chosen to buck former Senator Dudley G. Roe and his compatriots.

Without placing a halo upon Mr. Harrison's brow, the Record rose to defense—described him as one of the laborers in the vineyard.

As such, a worker and counselor only in common cause, he became a part of the successful faction.

It was an implied plank in the New Deal platform that he should continue a counselor and not rise to rule the roost.

Mr. Harrison naturally did not run on that platform simply because he was not a candidate for office. But the New Deal State Central Committee ran on that platform—all were candidates for office and all were elected.

It is through four members of this group and Congressman T. Alan Goldsborough that George I. has come to the fore. Four members who apparently have disavowed a campaign pledge are systematically defeating the reasoned judgments of Queen Anne's County officials. For some strange reason T. Alan is an ally.

Is it not time that these four members are reminded of their campaign pledge?

Is it not time that Mr. Goldsborough, on the eve of a Congressional campaign, makes some accurate soundings on sentiment in Queen Anne's?

SPORTSMEN MEET

If the Upper Eastern Shore Conservation Association had needed a spur to urge it into a well-knit, aggressive organization it could find no better cause for action than the utterly disappointing open season for wildfowl in Maryland in 1935.

Thanks to short-sightedness somewhere many gunners have never failed in past years to enjoy at least one good day's sport and bring home one bag of ducks went empty-handed this winter.

Not that ducks did not arrive in Shore waters at their own proper time. They did. But that time was too late for the dates set down in Washington.

For lovers of outdoor sport it was not pleasant to see days suitable for gunning pass unusable through restrictions. Nor did it add to their peace of mind to read of thousands of ducks dying in Chesapeake Bay and Long Island waters because of phosphorus in feeding areas in the one case and heavy skims of oil in the other. Sportsmen could not kill the birds but human carelessness did.

The meeting of the Upper Eastern Shore Conservation Association scheduled for Thursday night in Centreville is an intimation that the five upper counties intend to develop a united front in future matters dealing with wildfowl and other features of conservation.

The gathering is a step in building the framework of the organization. Coming so soon after the initial meeting in October, it indicates the energy and purposes of the president, John W. Corcoran.

It also foreshadows that the machinery of the Association will be oiled up and running in ample time to be of service if another season like the 1935 fiasco is offered to the Eastern Shore.

WIPE IT OFF

On the Western Shore, where in the past control of dirt roads by the State Roads Commission has gained its strongest advocacy, sentiment has changed.

By a vote of 10-to-0 the Western Shore County Commissioners Association went on record last Thursday at Frederick as favoring the return of control to the various counties.

That makes it virtually unanimous. More than a year ago when noses were last counted on the Eastern Shore, the vote stood 7-to-1 with one absentee and only Kent County dissenting.

In view of Kent's recent action in favoring a bond issue to wipe out its overdraft with the Commission, it is altogether possible that the Shore would form a solid phalanx if another vote were taken.

In theory State control of lateral roads presents a beautiful picture—concerted effort, simplified bookkeeping ,avoidance of petty policies, higher calibre supervision, and all that sort of hoop-a-doop.

But like other supposedly foolproof theories, State control has failed. The condition of the roads themselves bear mute testimony to such failure.

Dating back past the regime of the present Commission, counties with an eloquent spokesman or an inside track to State officials have raided a common treasury to gain especial benefits. Road building and maintenance was not distributed on an impartial basis.

Special pleaders wheedled special favors. Overdrafts blossomed on all sides. Counties like Queen Anne's that had remained within their budgets were penalized along with the spendthrifts. The Commission ground to a complete shutdown.

On came the new State Roads body with firm resolves. "Watch our smoke!" was shouted from the housetops.

No smoke has been sighted from this tepee other than a smoke screen.

Using "overdrafts as a cloak for inaction, the new Commission spent its time writing the various counties for lists of their employees with their political affiliations to be indicated.

Apparently outlying sections haven't been heard from—the purging process is incomplete.

The "do-nothing" policy so apparent here in Queen Anne's obviously is State-wide. How else can the Western Shore's complete about-face on where roads control shall rest be explained?

Return of the dirt roads to county control requires legislative enactment. The present dismal set-up will continue through 1937 unless a bill is introduced and passed at the forthcoming special session.

Both Shores should get together and start the ball rolling. This county can do a lot better job with its own road equipment and a proper share of the gasoline tax than the State is doing.

Theory has failed. Let it be wiped off the books.

RUDYARD KIPLING

To Rudyard Kipling, the Voice of the British Empire, was alloted the full Biblical span of three-score years and ten and no more, yet this span was ample for him to carve an unforgettable niche in literary history.

Kipling was proof of his own assertion that it is not what one writes that matters, but where and when and how.

A humble newspaperman buried in the obscurity of 19th century India, he reached into the life about him for colorful poems and stories about the soldiers and civil servants who kept the thin red lines of Britain's empire intact.

These early efforts pulsed with vigor, courage and truth to life, however commonplace. Coming as they did when late Victorian literature purred with the niceties of drawing room life they catapulted Kipling into world wide fame before he was thirty.

The English speaking world was Kipling's stage, but age-old India was his chief glory. To many his "First Jungle Book" picturing the herdsman's child raised by a family of wolves and stirring the embers of primordial life is his greatest prose work.

His stories were vivid with the color of the East and marked with artistry, genius in setting off characters, skill in portraying types and swiftly paced plots.

Merely to quote the titles of a dozen poems is to stir memories of boy declamations or popular concerts. For sound common sense there is "If", for reverence there is the "Recessional", for hope there is "L'Envoi", for stirring courage there is "Fuzzy Wuzzy".

Because of his American wife and his life in the Vermont hills America has always felt an interest in Kipling. On his side Kipling has left "Captains Courageous" as a tribute to the New Woird.

Kipling is to be buried in Westminster Abbey, the ground hallowed by royalty. This is an earned reward for his greatness but as a gesture it comes almost too late from England, which snubbed him when laureateships and patents of nobility were passed out.

But to Kipling who dreaded popular acclaim a resting place in the Abbey is immaterial. His permanent importance in English literature was secure years ago and it was his reward to know that certainty while he lived.

A bottle of beer sells for 81 cents in Ethiopia today—and the mercury at 106! What was it Sherman said war was?—Minneapolis Journal.

MATTER OF FAIRNESS

When Mrs. M. Grace Rambo brought her statement to Queen Anne's Record last week outlining her version of the unofficial State Central Committee meeting at which she recommended herself for the Sudlersville postoffice appointment, the editor of this newspaper immediately challenged a paragraph in her letter which read as follows:

"The article (pertaining to the rump session) may have been written by Mr. Grose, but we know it was inspired by Mr. Jos. M. George."

The paragraph was challenged because it was untrue. Mrs. Rambo had apparently jumped at conclusions.

In the presence of Mr. George I. Harrison we told Mrs. Rambo that it was untrue. We told her that we would print her statement exactly as she wrote it if she insisted but that as a matter of fairness to Mr. George we would insert an editorial note branding the paragraph as false.

When we told her of our intentions she personally struck the false paragraph from her statement. The remainder was printed verbatim.

However, she did not make similar correction in the copy handed to the Centreville Observer.

Last Thursday we wrote to Mrs. Rambo asking that she correct the injustice to Mr. George. She did not see fit to reply to our letter.

The only conclusion to be drawn is that she does not wish to play fair. The Record now tells its readers just what it told Mrs. Rambo—that Mr. George had nothing to do with the article. He, like several others, was simply a source of information for facts that were checked and double checked before the article was written.

It is a matter of keen regret to the Record that Mrs. Rambo hasn't seen fit to play square.

WARNING FROM KANSAS

About the dumbest thing the Middle West Republicans can do is to point to the Supreme Court decision as a rap at the Democrats. Crowing over a return to the Constitution by the Republicans and declarations that the Supreme Court is on their side will inflame an agrarian revolt that would make the outward gains for the Republicans a Pyrrhic victory.

The farm problem as it now stands should challenge constructive thinking on the part of both parties to get busy, keeping in mind the defects of both the old Farm Board and the recently embalmed AAA.—Emporia Gazette.

PAYROLL PUBLICITY

The salary report provision of the 1934 Income Tax Act, by which are made public the large salaries, bonuses, and other sums paid approximately 20,000 persons, is regarded by some of our fortunate citizens as a gross impropriety.

Sen. Royal S. Copeland (Dem., N. Y.) introduced a bill to repeal the salary report provision. In urging its passage, he said: "My constituents feel that the publicity section is an imposition on privacy without bringing any advantages except to give satisfaction to some persons' idle curiosity."

Sen. Kenneth McKellar (Dem., Tenn.), who wrote the original amendment and who stated that he would insist upon its retention, contends that secrecy in salary reports has encouraged tax evasion. Some believe that other benefit may be derived from publicity to these personal incomes.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

NEW CHEMICAL ELEMENT

Detailed report on the discovery of a new chemical element which reached us via the Washington College Elm.

—o—

A chemistry student in one of the large universities has recently discovered a new element, which he believes will revolutionize science (or start a new one). He recorded his results in his lab book in the following manner:

Symbol: WO
Element: Woman
Occurrence: Found wherever man exists. Seldom in a free state, with a few exceptions the combined state is preferred.
Physical Properties: All colors and sizes. Usually in a disguised condition. Face covered with a film of composite material. Balks at nothing and may freeze at a moment's notice. However, melts when properly treated. Shows acidic properties if not used.
Chemical Properties: Very active. Unites readily with such metals as gold, silver, platinum, and with precious stones. Violent reaction when left alone. Able to absorb expensive foods at any time. Yields to pressure. Turns green when placed beside a better looking specimen. Ages rapidly but does not seem aged when covered with rust.

COLD STORAGE SUGGESTED

Estimate of former President Herbert Hoover as drawn up by Rambler in the Democrat and News, Cambridge:

—o—

Hoover has awakened! When he was President he "knew nothing, heard nothing, saw nothing, did nothing." Now, suddenly, he claims to know it all and wants to do it all.

Hoover contends that "he had the depression licked" a year before his term as President expired and that he is the party's logical candidate. If the party will put Hoover in cold-storage it may have a chance at least at the approaching election.

Sign in a Texas cafe: Use less sugar and stir like h—; we don't mind the noise.

Chinese doctor's ad: Insertion of false teeth and eyes, latest Methodists.

—— THE —— Rambling Recorder

If ever a pelting rain met with approval the twenty-four hour deluge that fell on Queen Anne's Saturday night and Sunday merited a good hand. Had that same quantity of precipitation descended as snow the county might still be digging itself out.

—o—

The WPA plan for assisting musicians, architects, artists, sculptors and other unemployed representatives of the fine arts looks like another boondoggling scheme at first blush. Thousands throughout the country have been given projects under the WPA plan. If each does as fine a job as George Hall, the Kent Island musician and painter, is turning in, the United States is in line for the greatest cultural advance in its history.

—o—

Mr. Hall is supposed to work twenty hours a week depicting in water colors or pen and ink typical features of Queen Anne's county's architecture or life. Actually he puts in more than double the time. He has been working only a few weeks and has already completed five water colors which have provoked considerable favorable comment by those who have viewed them.

—o—

The most striking of Mr. Hall's sketches thus far is a water color of Melfield, the home of William B. Earle, in an autumn setting. The artist has departed from reality in one particular—he has painted the Colonial structure showing the original rich red color of the bricks, and none is better pleased with the result than Mr. Earle.

—o—

The other four completed sketches are of Chesapeake Bay sailing craft. One depicts the famous log canoe, Maryland's contribution to nautical life. Two different portrayals of the bugeye and one of a schooner under full sail complete the marine group. To the Federal supervisor of the project the subjects chosen by Mr. Hall have a value far in excess of their pictorial quality. He sees in them historical worth as visual representations of Eastern Shore characteristics.

—o—

Mr. Hall is well along in a sketch of the Courthouse which may go far toward settling the present problem as to whether the structure shall be repainted or returned to its first appearance in natural brick. If he decides to color the Courthouse in the same fashion as he has done to the sketch of Melfield the advocates of brick red will have a visual argument to offer.

—o—

One of Mr. Hall's future subjects is likely to be the home of Clayton Wright on Reed's Creek, another example of old Queen Anne's county architecture. The water colors are to go to Washington for approval of the project but will ultimately become the property of the Board of Education.

—o—

When the oyster business is in full blast the community at the Narrows at dusk gives the oncoming traveler the impression of approaching a much larger town. The long rows of lighted windows in packing houses and numerous other lights expand greatly the actual size of the Narrows. The oyster industry has slackened considerably during the past week, however, and along with the dullness the price of fish, which are running plentifully, has dropped. Even rock are bringing only five or six cents a pound.

—o—

The estimable William B. Usilton, 3d, who writes the "Overlooking Gent" column in the Kent News advanced this prophecy last week on the Centreville postoffice scramble: "Spence Hammond and Charlie West are prominently mentioned as prospective candidates for the job . . . Some feel that Layton Holton, on the q. t., has already sewed up the post."

—o—

In response to this your Recorder hastens to opine that Mr. Usilton has lost touch with our political situation since the prize fights were transferred to Chestertown. Of course there is always the possibility that the "Overlooking Gent" has an inside steer, but we must admit he would catch us utterly flat-footed if Mr. West or Mr. Holton even seek the postoffice.

—o—

The strength of Mr. Hammond's candidacy is best revealed by the fact that he plans a trip to Florida. We think he ought to stay home and 'tend his chestnuts, but apparently they are in no danger of burning.

RADIANT LIVING

SUBMERGED IN GOD

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

Hearts become radiant when they live in the presence of God.

Some conceive of God as a glorified Being living far away upon some throne in the high sky. But to a dariant heart there is no farawayness about the Infinite Spirit. He is within and without and round about.

God, as Spirit, is omnipresent.

There is no place where God is not. From far beyond the vast boundaries of the most distant universe even down into the electrons of an atom, is the presence of the Infinite. As the Psalmist in his realization of the everywhereness of God sang: "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit and whither shall I flee from thy presence?"

Like a fish living in the vastness of the ocean so are we living in the midst of Infinite Spirit. The Apostle Paul very forcefully expressed the fact that the realm of our life is located in the realm of the Divine Presence when he exclaimed: "In Him we live and move and have our being."

We speak of God within the heart, and we speak correctly. But we should not be unaware of the fact that we too are surrounded by Him as we are by the bright joyous sunlight when walking a-field under the beaming sun of a summer's day.

This Week IN HISTORY

Jan. 23—The ship Bounty of 'Murder on the Bounty" fame was burned by mutineers on Pitcairn's Island, 1790. George McManus, creator of "Bringing Up Father", born, 1881. Steamship "Republic" radios "C. Q. D.", first wireless message to save lives on sinking ship, 1909.

Jan. 24—Washington ordered survey of site of new national capital, now the District of Columbia, 1791. Joseph H. Choate, former ambassador to England, born, 1832. Gold discovered in California, 1848. Fire at Philadelphia Navy Yard destroys former Presidential yacht Mayflower, 1932.

Jan. 25—Conversion of St. Paul. Former President Charles Curtis born at Topeka, Kansas, 1860. First Negro regiment mustered into Union Army, 1863. John Dillinger captured at Tucson, Ariz., 1934. He later escaped using a wooden pistol.

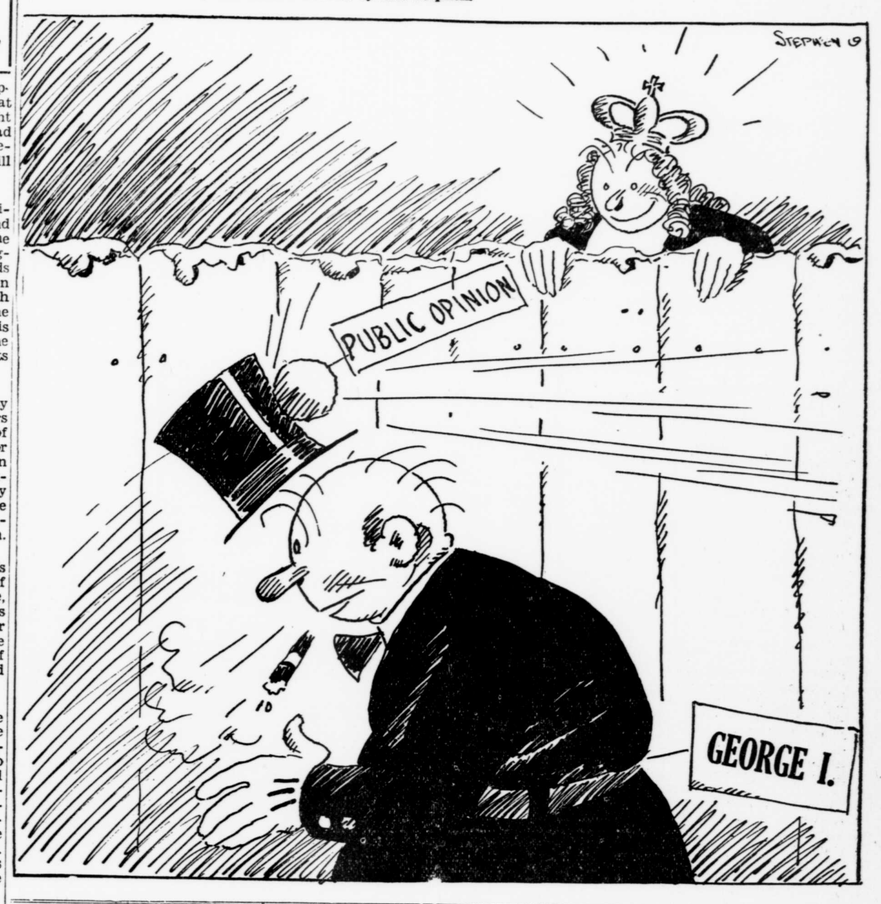
Jan. 26—Samuel Hopkins Adams, short story writer and novelist, born, 1871. Poland and Germany signed 10-year pact renouncing war, 1934.

Jan. 27—John Marshall appointed Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, 1801. Kaiser William II born, 1859. Edison's incandescent electric light, now universally used, patented, 1880. British Court of Appeals declared Sunday movies and theatricals unlawful under 1871 Lord's Day Act, 1932. Genreal Smedley Butler reprimanded for remarks about Mussolini, 1932.

Jan. 28—Paris surrendered to the German armies ending the Franco-Prussian war, 1871. Henry M. Stanley, explorer of "Darkest Africa," born, 1841. Panama railroad completed, 1855.

Jan. 29—President William McKinley born at Niles, Ohio, 1843. Timothy Pickering died, 1829.

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



THE MAIL BAG

To the Editor:

May I take up a subject that should be of interest to every resident of Centreville and environs. That is the trash blown around the end of town where the town dump is in full view to all looking at Centreville for a possible residence or just driving through.

Only the other day I heard one of our own residents remarking on the tin cans and dirt everywhere. What is the use of a few trash holders or of all the money trouble, and hard work the woman's club has put on one entrance to the town, in a vain effort to improve matters when all of their planting is covered and has been from the very start, with paper boxes and other trash blown from the perfectly visible town dump.

What if it would cost something to make a huge hole in the ground somewhere out of sight; what if it would be necessary to purchase a tiny speck of ground. Are all the possible results not worth the outlay?

There has been quite an outlay of money by the Woman's Club in purchasing, and a much larger outlay in labor to plant and care for their planting all of last summer. Must their efforts all be completely frustrated by lack of any co-operation by the town and by the electric plant, which dumped its decorative ashes on the bank of the stream opposite the new planting?

Why is it we do not care to improve? Why is it we are behind every other county in doing any of these things? We read constantly in county papers of things done in other localities, even in much smaller ones, where residents do seem to desire improvements; Queenstown, Grasonville and other places. Why can't Centreville wake up?

M. Y. BROWN.

Centreville, Md.

THE POET'S CORNER

DOESN'T MATTER

By CASPER L. NEWCOMB

It doesn't matter who I am,
Nor, who I pretend to be,
Just so I be a man
Fit for Eternity.

It doesn't mater where I seem
To ever try to aim,
If the alinement is a lean
From Universal Shame.

It doesn't matter where I go,
If I when known to stray
Out yonder to and fro,
Is on the righteous way.

It doesn't matter where today
I reach a destiny,
If I there hide away
From Immortality.

Reflections After the Chinese

Only the water
Can move without footsteps;

Only the wind
Can move without shadow.

—M. M. M.

Winter Twilight

Snow-drifted lanes, obscured in dusk of evening,
Tall trees against the darkening, western sky;
And dimly etched upon the far horizon,
The village houses, lamps alight; tall chimneys
Tapering white smoke from cord-wood fires.
Gentle the silences of fields and pastures,
Cradled in lulling wake of winter storm;
Under the hedgerows crouch the gray-furred rabbits,
Nibbling roots and dreaming of the spring.
The rugged hills and solitary valleys
Level in white to sweeping arcs and curves;
Under the shadows of descending darkness,
Tree limbs are bowing to the mantled earth;
Nature is dormant now, snow-buried deep,
Passively blending in untroubled sleep.

—B. B. Cooper.

January Afternoon

What is there different
In this afternoon
From all other afternoons?

A sky pale as platinum
Lifts but a fragment of the veil
In the faint glowing west.
A light ephemeral snow
Is a crystal carpet
Too fragile to record
Footsteps that pass.
The wind is listening
With bated breath;
And trees, with delicate penciling
Of bare boughs,
Write of unseen things
Against the sky.

—Marion Brownell.

PIGEONS AT SUNSET

With their little feet
Stained purple,
And a wreath of gold
Around their throats,
White pigeons
Dip and turn in the evening sky.

—Elizabeth-Ellen Long.

The Good Old Days

Items out of the past which reached us via the Chestertown Transcript:

—o—

The Queen Anne's County members of the Provincial convention August 14—November 11, 1776, which framed the first constitutions were: Hurbot Wright, James Kent, William Bruff and Solomon Wright.

—o—

In the Maryland Gazette, Maryland's first newspaper, printed in Annapolis, is was stated January 28, 1780 that several persons have gone from this place to Popular Island, Rock Hall and Baltimore Town on the ice and are crossing to and from Kent Island every day.

—o—

Obed Hussey, of Baltimore, inventor of the first reaper, harvested the first field of grain ever cut by a reaper in the year 1836, a field of 180 acres on the farm of General Tench Tilghman in Talbot county. Owen Dorsay of Howard County invented the first rake and reaper attachment.

Dame Rumor Says

A rosy-faced farm lad near Centreville who recently acted as master of ceremonies at the coming out party of a new nickel dance machine didn't get to work the next morning until the sun was well up.

—o—

It has just come to light that a nearby farmer who jumped a neighbor for a $15 loan on the strength of an unshelled corn crop actually shelled his corn three months ago.

—o—

If that pair of Stevensville Romeos thought anything of their Chester blondes they wouldn't mind muddy lanes. Quite a few other handsomes come prepared with hipboots and flashlights.

—o—

A bashful Templeville youth wrote in to ask that we say nothing about his heavy courting at Bridgetown. Therefore we will say nothing about it.

—o—

That busybody up at Sudlersville who slipped an anonymous letter under a certain gent's door calling attention to an extra-marital affair accomplished his purpose. The wife got the letter, and to show what she thought of it, chucked it in the wastebasket.

—o—

A widower at Stevensville received the first leap-year proposal that this column has heard of. Chances are he would jump at the chance if he had any idea who laid the proposal on his table.

—o—

Two Centrevillians who share a double garage are both getting in earlier these nights. It seems the rain and heavy freeze jammed the doors so that only one side would open, and it's a race to see who gets in first.

—o—

A good-looking Centreville clerk who once in a while does a little hard work had better not make so much noise the next time his boss comes around.

—o—

A lad along Lawyers' Row who used to labor far into the night has been bitten by the love-bird. Now he drops his chores at dark.

—o—

The correspondence schools are flooding county mails with offers of Civil Service courses since the postmaster business got so brisk.

—o—

Correction: The pair of gloves that a Centrevillian lost and raised such a howl over cost 10c instead of a quarter.

—o—

A county seater heretofore considered the most truthful of gents vows and declares he saw a fox chasing a dog in Spaniard's Neck. And he further vows and declares he was sober.

—o—

Reports from Florida where a well-known Queen Anne's Countian is sunning himself indicate that he is not occupying a beach bench by his lonesome. He may bring back a bride.

—o—

Apparently a Queenstown Hotspur doesn't realize that we are in the midst of winter and its mud. He has been towed out of three of his favorite hideouts.

—o—

The county seater whose mail from Laurel had dropped off to a whisper is getting a letter a day since he went back for a week-end.