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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OWEN B. WINTERS ..... President
WM. E. GROSE ..... Editor
T. E. SHEA ..... Associate Editor
ROY H. WILSON Advertising Manager

QUOTATION OF THE WEEK

In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still.
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot,
I do not dare to draw a line
Between the two, where God has not.
—Joaquin Miller.

UNLUCKY THIRTEEN?

With an unprecedented batch of postoffices to be filled on the Eastern Shore—thirteen at one fell swoop—the weeks that lie ahead are filled with headaches for Congressman T. Alan Goldsborough.

At first blush postoffices are looked upon as the fattest patronage. They amount to that from the Administration's viewpoint, but back home in the Congressman's own district, they are a pain in the neck. When bitter squabbles develop over them, which is usually the case, the Congressman makes far more enemies than friends.

There are simply not enough postoffices to go around.

In Queen Anne's Mr. Goldsborough has had a peck of trouble with his appointments.

Fights at Church Hill and Stevensville were particularly bitter. Moving of the Chester postoffice, whether right or wrong, built enmities. Trouble brews, no matter which way the cat hops, in Centreville and Sudlersville.

Eleven other offices in six other counties in all probability have the same discordant angles. Postoffices, after all, are the same the country over. Many are called, few are chosen.

The wrath of the unchosen will be fresh and green at the May primary.

To add to the Congressman's troubles, a boom has started in Somerset County for former State Senator Lewis M. Milbourne. How far this will go is a matter that only the future can determine. Whether others will take the field against him also remains to be seen.

Postoffices are a comparatively new problem to Mr. Goldsborough despite his long tenure. Until President Roosevelt came along a succession of Republican Presidents have kept the Congressman from making a lot of enemies in such appointments.

The time would seem ripe for Mr. Milbourne or anyone else who has eyes on a seat in Congress to come to the fore.

These postoffices might prove an Unlucky Thirteen.

A LADY REPORTS

The Eastern Shore may look for an added influx of motorists now that Nina Wilcox Putnam in a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post has joined the growing number of "discoverers" of this section and has broadcast a paean of praise for the Delmarva link in the Maine-to-Florida highway.

In the last few years the magazine trade has become increasingly conscious of the Eastern Shore. Stories and novels with a setting on the peninsula have appeared in complimentary frequency.

Mrs. Putnam's reference to the Delmarva highway is found in a reportorial account of a motor trip from New York to Florida. She apparently pointed the radiator cap of her car from Newcastle to Cape Charles with a pale echo of the feeling of 19th century pioneers barging into the wild and woolly West, and wound up on the Cape ferry with the exaltation of a Pizarro experiencing the golden civilization of the Incas.

Instead of the expected wilderness Mrs. Putnam and her husband traveling south in Delaware "found ourselves bowling along a double-parkway so handsomely planted and landscaped that for a while we were afraid we had accidentally trespassed on some gentleman's magnificent country estate."

Evidently the noted magazine writer for all her fame hasn't been everywhere and hasn't seen everything. She admits not being aware that Dover is the seat of Blue Hen government until she sighted Dover Green and the state capitol.

Applauding Shore travel Mrs. Putnam continues, "The roads are grand: there is almost no traffic, no advertising signs, no hot-dog stands and none of the cheap honky-tonk usually found along the big highways. We made excellent time and last, but by no means least, the Cape Charles-Little Creek ferry about which we had been so much alarmed turned out to be a palatial liner."

The favorable report that Mrs. Putnam submits makes pleasant but not surprising reading to Shore residents. As for the absence of traffic the sometimes witty lady may be assured that the fine roads and palatial liner were built for use, not idle ornament. Wayfarers who first try the Delmarva link in holiday seasons or strawberry or cantaloupe time may question the lady's accuracy.

But the entire Delmarva peninsula will benefit from the favorable publicity furnished by Mrs. Putnam and the Saturday Evening Post. Most of the bouquets go, and rightly so, to Delaware and Virginia.

There is a lesson for Maryland in the article. Good roads are a basis for good advertising. That holds true for the Eastern Shore.

If the Maryland State Roads Commission ever gets over its present fumbling, indecision and chairwarming it may start construction of the promised Shore boulevard and road system which will enable the Maryland portion of Delmarva to profit from the valuable publicity now coming its way.

When such roads are built the Commission should invite Mrs. Putnam, if she isn't too old by the time, to try them out and again broadcast her views.

AL WALKS OUT

Plain people in the United States who in the 1920's found in Alfred E. Smith a personal hero suffered the keenest disillusionment last Saturday night.

In unmistakable language he departed forever from the "Sidewalks of New York" to hob nob with the stuffed shirts and claw hammer coats.

To paraphrase Commodore Perry's soul-stirring message after the Battle of Lake Erie, Al might well have said: I have met the enemy and I am theirs."

Here in Queen Anne's, one of two counties in Maryland that stood fast for him in the 1928 Presidential election, there is a particularly keen feeling of betrayal.

Al need not wait until the Democratic Convention to "walk out". He has already "walked out" on his friends here.

Throughout the 1920's his career evoked the warmest admiration from that great body of Americans who are self-made. Here was a man who had come out of the direst poverty on New York's East Side to gain world fame and power. Here was a man who carried the vernacular of the tenements into the Governor's mansion and then to the threshold of the White House.

Underdogs and self-made Americans wrote Al Smith's phenomenal chapter in political history. They applauded wildly when the Happy Warrior laid down the gauntlet to stuffed shirts and claw hammer coats in 1928—the same crowd with whom he now bobs up as a boon companion.

Around Al was the flavor of a General Sam Houston, an Andrew Jackson, an Abraham Lincoln. He had the slush of the sidewalks on his boots and hadn't bothered to clean them. He had the shoes-and-sox-off common touch.

Al moved onto the top floor of the tallest building on earth. The sidewalks faded from view. He was safe from the cry of the common run.

Now, in his own words, he says: "I have supreme happiness and comfort."

Al no longer needs his friends, so he walks out on them.

WINTER IN EARNEST

If the thermometer keeps banging away at the zero mark as it has done for three straight years we shall put a little belief in the view of scientists that cold and mild winters come in cycles of about a dozen years.

Certainly the Eastern Shore got a trifle spoiled in its idea as to what winter should be from 1920 to 1932. During that period the frigid season was marked by a few bitey snaps when the mercury dipped to 8, 10, or 12 and then released the pressure.

But since the hurricane of 1933, whether that had anything to do with twisting the weather or not, zero temperatures have been frequent enough to wear off all the novelty.

As far as temperatures are concerned the present season meets all the qualifications for what folks call an old-fashioned winter. The catch in the proposition is that old-fashioned winters seldom came in strings of three, there usually being a break in the sequence.

The present January now about to disappear into history seems to have taken a leaf out of the December scheme of things. Both months started in lamb-like mildness and presented the Shore with about twenty days of relatively agreeable weather. Then with ten days to go each swung into action, December with successive snows that closed Queen Anne's roads and January with a pair of cold snaps that meant business.

Critics of what the winter is giving us have always Mark Twains dictum to consider to the effect that every one talks about the weather but no one does anything about it.

And pessimists who dread the zero visitor may find little consolation in the other adage that as the days grow longer the cold gets stronger.

PROCESSING REFUND

Out of the many suggestions for the refund of processing taxes the **Marylander and Herald** at Princess Anne comes up with an idea that sounds as sensible as any this newspaper has seen. The suggestion:

"The collapse of the AAA, under which the Federal Government levied processing taxes on various products, has thrown this entire question open for discussion. One of the principal repercussions seems to be the probability that the Government will be forced to return this tax to the processors.

"This should not be. The processors did not earn this money—it came out of the pockets of the American consumer and there is no reason for giving it back to the manufacturer of food products.

"If the Government must return this vast sum to someone, then we suggest that it be given to the counties or municipalities, to be used for Relief purposes, or to reduce the tax rate. In this way the consumer, who already has paid the tax, will at least receive a part of it back.

"The consumer needs this lift far more than does the manufacturer, or processor, who actually paid not one penny of the tax."

It is reported that the acoustics are not so good in the chamber of the new Supreme Court building. It doesn't seem to interfere with the hearing what the Court has to say on important matters.

"Mr. Hoover is a true Bourbon. He never forgets and he never learns. And he is possessed of great crust. But we do not think he and his crowd can fool the people a second time.—Sioux City Tribune. (Ind.)

Vice-President Garner kept his shoes on when he saw Emperor Hirohito—also his shirt.—Dallas Morning News.

The ultimate result of shielding men from the effects of folly is to refill the world with fools.—Thomas Carlyle.

After 82 years, says a cable, the Yellow River in China has left its bed. Probably somebody thought to return the mattress.—Albany Knickerbocker Press.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

HEARST BLIGHT

Surprising note from that intensely Republican organ, the Baltimore Observer, on the Presidential boom of Governor Landon:

—o—

Governor Landon of Kansas has been given the blessing of William Randolph Hearst aided and abetted by the great and wise $283,000-a-year Arthur Brisbane, and the Hearst understudy, Paul Block of Jimmie Walker stock market speculation fame. Result: Dr. Landon's Presidential boom has slumped.

YOU CAN'T WIN

The perils of making a living which reached us via the Foxboro (Mass.) Reporter:

—o—

It's a funny world. If a man gets money he's a grafter. If he keeps it he's a capitalist. If he spends it he's a playboy. If he doesn't get it he's a ne'er-to-do-well. If he tries to get it he's a Communist. If he doesn't try to get it he lacks ambition. If he gets it without working for it, he's a parasite. And if he accumulates it after a life-time of hard work he's a sucker.

BORROWED PLOW

A not-so-neighborly quip in the Baltimore **Sun** from His Excellency, Herman G. Kump, Governor of West Virginia on the effectiveness of snow clearance in Maryland as compared with that of his native state:

—o—

Governor Kump returned to Elkins from a trip to Washington and reported to his Capitol office that the only trouble he experienced in his drive over the snow-crusted highways was in Maryland.

"And the Maryland force," he added, "had to borrow a West Virginia Road Commission plow to clear their highways.

MOUNTAINEER POLITICS

Entitled "The Grate Stink Kampane", the Braxton Democrat, back in the hills of West Virginia, sets off a howitzer from page one with the charge directed at the Liberty League, Al Smith, Republicans et al:

—o—

Hev yu notused a peekulyer odur in the air thez daze? Our frens (?) the rePublikans ar puttin on what tha kall a Kampane.

Jonnie rasCob, Fletchur, alibi sMith, Hopeful hoover, Willin-tu-be-the-gotelanDun, Mellin the peepils frend, Dickonskin are leedin a cheerin deleGashun ovur tu Kleevland next summer tu tri tu out presdent Rosevelt outen hiz job so thet the big munny boys kin grab off all the Munny agin what us komMon peepul are now Gittin.

Tha haint got no gud reezin fur bein giv the job again . . . . tha made sech a flop outen the last chans tha had! So evry time yu turn on yore raddeo yu here sum feller bellerin out thet savin the banks, razin the prys of Hogs an katTel an korn iz all rong, an fixin reezonAbel wagez fur labur is Krazy, an a dollar Bill aint wurth a gud lamp liter . . . . sich stuff makes yu sick! A feller jest kaint maik no sens outen talK what yu no aint so. The way i figgur it out iz thet tha ar puttin on a Stink kampane!

Ole unKel jake hed a rele gud hoss hiz nabur Tom wanted it a heep, so Tom he tuk sum sKunk Stink an evry nite fur a week heed slip arown an rub Stink on thet hoss. Then wun da Tom he dRop bi with a ole no-count hoss an banTur unKel jake fur a trade, an unKel jake wuz bi thet time so wurrid he dun sWop an thro in a plug er terbakker tu Boot. atterwurds when he find out whut he hed dun it wuz tu late . . . . heed lost hiz hoss! so boys we hev got a mitey gud presdent, wun ov the best we hev eVer hed, an dont let the Stink fule yu.

THE Rambling Recorder

The succession of biting days of the past week brought frequent comment as to how unprepared the ordinary Queen Anne's home is for extreme cold weather. As in the South dwellings in this county are rather thinly constructed, often with no flushing beneath the structures and with free rein for the wind to whistle through. Several county schools had difficulty in keeping temperatures up to the desired 70 degrees but even then many pupils were in warmer surroundings than they would have been at home.

—o—

One witty gentleman commenting on the cold said he hugged everything to keep warm and finally blistered both arms hugging a red hot stove.

—o—

The earliest sign of spring thus far reported came from Joseph E Powell, a railroad men assigned until this week to the Centreville branch. He reported seeing a bluebird near Sudlersville last Friday.

—o—

February may be a short month but the coming calendar period is to have five Saturdays, which means five shopping days for merchants and five paydays for those, especially in cities who get their wages weekly.

—o—

On of the mysteries of Queen Anne's names is where I. B. came from. Former Sheriff Sanford Spry has an explanation as good as any. As he tells it two men from the I. B. vicinity once engaged in a fist fight. One of the two received a damaged optic, whereupon he wailed, "Let my eye be." And the name stuck.

—o—

The fire siren sounded faint blasts twice on Friday afternoon. They were merely test blows when the telephone cutover was completed to the new quarters at Hotel Centreville Annex.

—o—

The first new moon of 1936 was a happy omen for unmarried young ladies who believe in leap year and its privileges of permitting the fair sex to propose to reluctant swains. Those damsels who peeped over their left shoulders in the time-honored fashion on Saturday evening saw an "engagement ring" moon with the setting pointing downward.

—o—

The phenomenon sometimes termed the new moon in the old moon's arms often occurs at the period of new moon. Sunlight on the farther side of the disk shines all around as in an eclipse with a bright segment facing the sun. When the outer ring is unusually clear and the new moon small as was the case on Saturday the romantic name is applied. Apparently Queen Anne's eligible bachelors will have to watch their steps in 1936, if the heavenly orb doesn't lie.

—o—

Another superstition will get its customary humorous attention next Sunday, Candlemas Day. A general watch will be kept for enough sunlight to make the groundhog see his shadow and dive back for sleep through six coming weeks of bad weather. We recall seeing a groundhog in a cage exposed to bright sunlight one Candelmas Day. The next six weeks brought agreeable weather but the heaviest snow of the winter fell on April 2. And we lost faith in Mr. Groundhog.

—o—

Centreville Rotarians noted the death in Chicago last Friday of John Nelson, international president in 1933. Mr. Nelson was a frequent visitor at conventions of the 34th Rotary district. He was a newspaper editor in Montreal, short, square and typically British. Usually silent and observant, his speech had the crisp bluntness that masks English heartiness.

RADIANT LIVING

JUST A COMMON WEED

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

It was a hot sultry day. A woman of toil, carrying a heavy bundle, trudged along the dusty road. She was tired and thirsty but she kept plodding along until she came to a small stand of timber along which the road ran. A streamlet tricked from a nearby spring.

It was delightfully cool here under the trees. The tired woman stopped to rest. She bathed her hands and face in the cool water of the spring. Glancing about in a casual way, she saw growing by the roadside a single daisy.

"I wonder if that daisy feels as lonely as I do?" she mused.

Plucking the flower, she threw herself to the ground, and began to contemplate the design and the color scheme of the lonely daisy. As she continued to gaze upon it, the features of her face began to relax and a smile appeared.

"I never knew a daisy was really so pretty", she exclaimed. "It's only a weed, yet it is really beautiful!"

Her thoughts drifted off into wondering about God who made the daisy. Why did He ever spend so much thought on just a mere weed?

She could not answer her own question.

And then she began to think of herself. She compared her life with the lives of others upon whom the fortunes of life had smiled. She thought of herself as only a weed. "But perhaps," she exclaimed, aloud, inspired by the thought, "Perhaps God intended me to be a beautiful weed!"

Our bookkeeper says it's great the way things are beginning to look black again.—John A. Straley in Forbes.

Apparently Italy wants to succeed Japan as mistress of the seize.—Weston (Ore.) Leader.

When they kiss and make up, she gets the kiss and he gets the make-up.—George Storm.

The Good Old Days

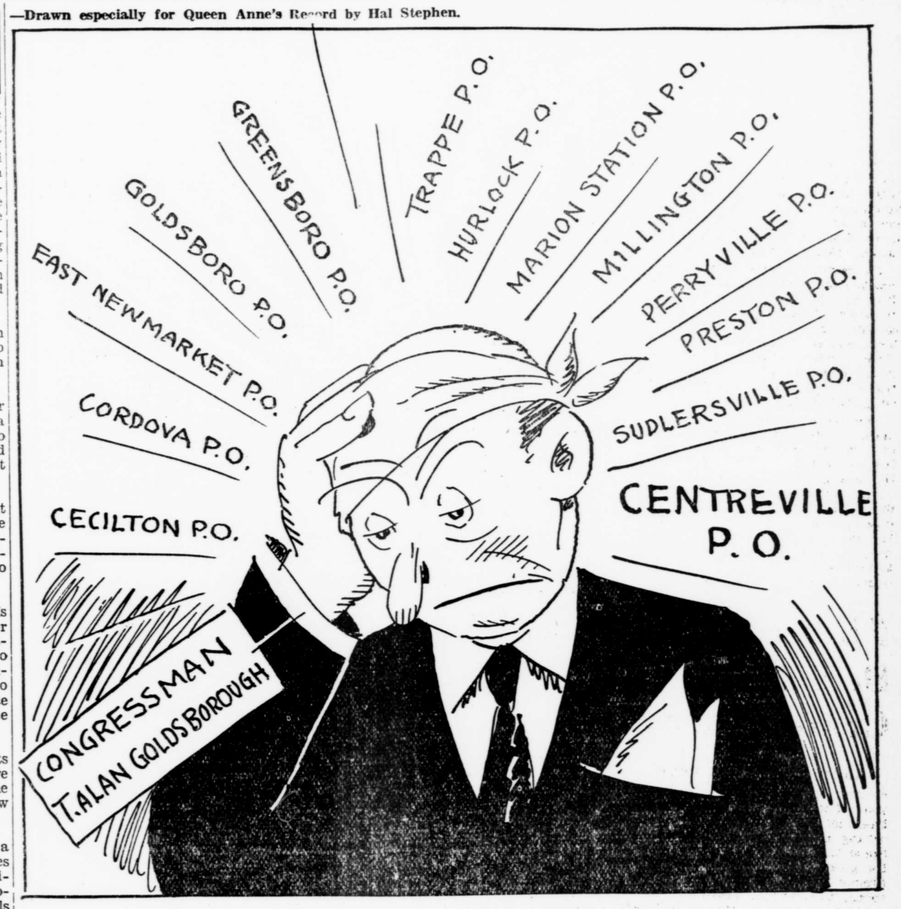
Wherein an advertisement in the Centreville Record for May 3, 1890 announced the deadline for giving cows freedom of the town in Centreville.

—o—

COW ORDINANCE

Notice is hereby given to the owners of cows that by a recent ordinance passed by the Town Commissioners of Centreville cows are forbidden to go at large within the streets, lanes, alleys or public grounds of said town on and after June 1, 1890 under penalty of 50c for each and every offense. By order, George A. Whitely, Clerk.

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



Unlucky Thirteen?

Striking A Balance Sheet On Centreville

Earnest Elmo Calkins, New York advertising executive and exponent of city beautification, recently suggested in the Rotarian magazine that citizens interested in making their town a success should strike a "balance sheet" of the physical and social assets and liabilities of the town, setting down impartially both the virtues and the evils.

His article together with his proposed balance sheet may serve as a basis for discussion by service clubs and improvement groups in Centreville:

Mr. Calkins says:—

When a business man wants to know how his business stands he makes an inventory. He sets down assets in one column and liabilities in the other and strikes a balance. It will encourage you thus to learn what you already have in the way of advantages, to compare them with the disadvantages; to realize that while you have no community center, there is a good park; that while there are too many slum blocks, the library is excellent.

Do not make the mistake, however, of thinking a good feature cancels a bad one, that if the board of health is efficient, you do not need a boys' club; that if you have a playground, you can get along without a little theatre; that a municipal garbage incinerator atones for badly paved streets.

The idea of the balance sheet, is not to make you complacent, but to visualize what you have to start with, and what must be done to turn all the liabilities, or as many as possible, into assets. It is a great help to get all such things down in black and white and look them squarely in the face.

A survey of your community with a group of citizens participating in it is a good step. When the survey is completed and every good point of the town set down, as well as everything that might be added, your balance sheet will look something like the one shown below.

In some such form as this your balance sheet will appear. Its purpose is to show what is missing from your community, the advantages listed being merely to give you the consolation of knowing you have something on which to build. Not all cities can make so favorable a showing.

Such a list can be made the program for civic betterment. But this is merely a beginning.

BALANCE SHEET

It is interesting to note that Centreville has almost all the assets and many of the liabilities listed by Mr. Calkins for an imaginary town or small city.

Assets—healthy location; beautiful surroundings remote from large cities; tree-lined streets; good public school system; parent-teachers association; little theatre; attractive picture theatre; low living costs; low death rate; attractive public square; good water supply; modern sewage disposal system; well paved streets; milk inspection.

Center for community activities, such as the Armory, Courthouse or Little Theatre; vocational training in schools; ample parking facilities; no dirt-making industries; service club, as the Rotary; good fire department; Boy Scouts; attractive church buildings; physical improvement organizations, as Garden or Woman's Clubs; no filling stations on best corners.

Liabilities—Many ugly structures; no zoning or town planning; school buildings old and badly arranged; no well-stocked book-store; no concern for historical monuments and records; schools hampered by politics; fair town government; no public playgrounds; unplanted vacant lots; no hospital; slumbering Business Men's Association; less than 60% of people own homes.

This Week IN HISTORY

Jan. 30—President Franklin Delano Roosevelt born in New York, 1882. Three Soviet airmen who ascended 72,000 feet into the stratosphere killed when balloon crashes near Moscow, 1934. Sea serpent 60 feet long sighted by officers of liner Mauretania, 1934.

Jan. 31—Congress authorized the erection of the Washington Monument, 1848. Eddie Cantor, stage, screen and radio star, born in New York, 1893. Governor Goebel of Kentucky assassinated, 1900. President Roosevelt reduced content of gold dollar to 59.06 cents, 1934.

Feb. 1—Screw propeller now in general use on ships patented by John Ericsson, 1838. Victor Herbert, noted American composer of light operas, born in Ireland, 1859. Riots causing 14 deaths and bringing total casualties in legislative election in Colombia, 1931.

Feb. 2—Candelmas or "Groundhog" Day. Fritz Kreisler, violinist and composer, born in Austria-Hungary, 1875. Bandits seize $130,000 payroll at Penn's Grove, N. J., 1934.

Feb. 3—Horace Greeley, famous New York editor, born in Massachusetts, 1811. Spanish Cortes abolished the Inquisition, medieval religious court, 1813. Woodrow Wilson, 28th President died in Washington, 1924. Earthquakes rock New Zealand, destroying towns of Napier and Hastings and killing 203, 1931. Twenty-seven religious reactionaries hanged at dawn in group execution, Menemen, Turkey, 1931.

Feb. 4—Charles Lindbergh, American flying hero, born 1902. First Confederate Congress assembles, 1861. Interstate Commerce Commission created, 1887. Hazrat Sher Agha, Afghan minister of justice, resigns as protest against executing rebel leader Ahmad Shah, by blowing him from the mouth of a cannon, Afghanistan, 1931.

THE POET'S CORNER

So Like A Human

By Mary Fennimore Sheppard

So like a human
It stood,
Its gnarled branches
Outlined against the sky
And that is why
This rugged entanglement of wood
Seemed as a human being as it stood
So steadfast
Against the storm.

Its mighty trunk
Bespoke
Grandeur of life
Outlined against the soil
Depicted laborious toil,
Branches like horney hands in wood
Seemed as a human being as it stood
So steadfast
Against the storm.
Each phase of life
One may see
In God's creation
Of a tree.

Forest Picture

A dark blue pool in a ring of snow,
And little green pines above;
A silver channel where ripples go
(Ah, this is the place I love).

A runner where ripples slip under the snow
And are lost in the reeds and sedge,
A silver course that the small waves know
(Red berries hang over the edge).

A lapis pool in a circle of snow,
And a rill in the rifted white,
Where silver and crystal the waters flow
(Ah, here is my heart's delight).

—Margaret Ashmun.

Revelation

Suddenly through the darkness
Of the storm,
The moon broke,
A great friendly light,
Dispersing gloom,
Revealing the full beauty
Of the winter landscape,
Glistening, snow-white.

—Le Baron Cooke.

Dame Rumor Says

One of Centreville's gay matrons who is the first to try anything new watched the clock Tuesday. When 2:45 p. m. came—time for the cut-over making cranks on the phone no longer necessary—she happened to be playing bridge. For an instant she was in a quandary as to who to call. Then she rang up a madam who happened to sit across the table from her. She knows the phone worked because the madam's little daughter answered.

—o—

A politician from the banks of the Tuckahoe had himself a big time at a Kent Island road house. Anyway two of his political colleagues said he did, and they ought to know—they were along.

—o—

Strange as it may seem a noted traveler of Sudlersville returned home safely from a trip last week—without being kidnapped, robbed or gassed.

—o—

That handsome Sudlersvillian who has been courting right heavy in Centreville will have to hold off for a few days. His gal has the mumps.

—o—

To the bashful youth from Templeville who writes in to inquire if it's okay to hold hands in the movies, we hasten to advise that its okay. But please patronize Queen Anne's County movies.

—o—

It seems a shame that a certain Chester gent can't go to a dance without coming home with his nose skinned and his eyes blacked.

—o—

Why on earth does a lady in white call a jewelry shop for chocolate pies?

—o—

If that Chestertown columnist can stand the odor of his own column he ought not feel disturbed over his invitation to a Rick Neck fur house.

—o—

Trouble brews in Bryantown where two families will attempt to live under one roof.

—o—

One of Sudlersville's broad shouldered Romeos is hanging around a dormitory in Chestertown. The college lads had better look out. He's got plenty of smoke even though he can't always control it.

—o—

A hitch-hiking courtship between Templeville and Marydel is flourishing despite the zero breezes.

—o—

And while we were in Marydel we learned that a certain madam is loading up on electrical appliances.

—o—

A comely Kent Island lass who sometime back was getting considerable attention from Crumpton is now being shown about by a well-fed Queenstowner.

—o—

A Crumpton lark who rips off a yard of poetry when the notion strikes should take care not to fold a piece entitled "I Love You" on the top. The recipient thereof might get false ideas. Besides, the wife sometimes opens the addressee's mail.

—o—

That Centreville gent who sleeps till high noon and then tries to fox his business associates by saying that he had come in earlier and then gone out, is fooling nobody but himself.