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

Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built.—Abraham Lincoln.

MR. ROE ON ROADS

In a first page story dressed up as news but which in reality was a vigorous editorial, former Senator Dudley G. Roe got out the cudgel in his Centreville Observer last week and lashed about with considerable recklessness.

Mr. Roe started out to write a piece about the mass meeting in the courthouse on roads. However, after a paragraph or two on what happened at the meeting he could not resist the temptation to throw mud rather than attempt to sand or gravel it.

The Ex-Senator, who loves to go to court, fixed up a nice lecture for the present Board of County Commissioners, pointing out their "serious mistake" in not seeking an injunction, petitioning for a writ of mandamus, or taking other legal steps to avoid a switch in county road engineers.

Here and now, and we said so at the time of his dismissal, we think Mr. Jack Turpin is a good engineer and should have been retained.

But it was certain from the day Governor Nice was elected that he would not only have a Republican State Roads Commission but would step on down the line lopping off every possible Democrat head for replacement by his followers. Mr. Roe in his eleven years of demonstration in this county that "to the victor belongs the spoils" should have learned that the game is played that way.

The County Commissioners might, as the former Senator sets forth, have been successful in winning a court victory similar to that won in Cecil. But would they have won in the long run?

Would a Republican State Roads Commission down whose throat a Democratic Roads Engineer has been rammed show any spirit of cooperation whatsoever? After all, whether they like it or not, the County Commissioners must live with the present Commission for three more years.

The Board might very well have scored a legal victory, obtained personal gratification, but was it worth the risk of losing three years' work, such as it is, on the county roads?

Mr. Roe also neatly sidesteps the question of how county roads happen to be in the control of the State Roads Commission insofar as his own doings as a member of the Assembly are concerned.

It will be remembered that when agitation for transfer to the State was at fever heat in the legislature the Senator came home for a mass meeting in the courthouse.

The taxpayers of Queen Anne's County went on record for retention of control. Mr. Roe assured the meeting he would vote that way in Annapolis. He crossed the Bay, Brooke Lee and some of the high pressure boys got their hands on him, and Roe went over to the enemy lock, stock and barrell.

In his "news story" of last week he passes off that incident by saying: "It was impossible in 1933 to get the representatives of Baltimore City and other large counties to agree . . ."

In our opinion Mr. Roe would have been much safer in covering what actually went on at the courthouse ten days ago than to editorialize on water over the dam.

THE "STRONG BLOC"

The Eastern Shore delegates at the special session have gone and done it again. They've formed another strong bloc.

Just as certain as a legislature meets the boys hearten the folks back home with the assuring news of a strong bloc.

But the bloc sort of melts away when the city slickers start putting a few fast ones over the outside corner of the plate or run the ends for a touchdown.

In past years the Eastern Shore strong bloc resembled Charlie Chaplin's famous gate which might have kept the naughty boys out except that there was no fence to go with the gate. There was nothing to back up the front, so to speak.

Even the Baltimore Sun declined to take the present organization seriously. It put quotation marks around the words "strong bloc."

Maybe the boys mean business this time, or think they do. They have a nice room all fitted up with a sign "Eastern Shore delegation", a secretary, chairs and everything. That will make it easier for the city bunch to find them when the shooting starts.

The Eastern Shore room may conceivably be the first gold brick to take the attention of the Shore delegates from the business at hand.

The idea of a strong bloc to protect Shore interests has a comforting sound.

But we have an uneasy feeling that when the necessary wires are all strung and fast political maneuvering by a skillful, united city squad ties the delegation into knots the strong bloc will be found holding tight to its Eastern Shore room—and the bag.

READING THE BIBLE

The Bible presents the anomaly of being the best seller among books yet a volume which the purchaser seldom acquires with the idea of reading from cover to cover.

It is not because people do not want to traverse the route from Genesis to Apocalypse. Rather they are appalled by the length of the book, its wide range of subject matter, its enormous treasury of wisdom. Consequently the Bible is treated like a work of reference, highly revered yet consulted only upon occasion.

But the longest journey can be accomplished one step at a time. Difficult tasks can be mastered if cut into sizable proportions.

For those who take out in wishing their desire to read the entire Bible the Rev. Dr. Hugh Latimer Elderdice, president emeritus of Westminister Theological Seminary furnishes an inspiring method and example.

Dr. Elderdice has just finished his 57th complete reading of the Bible. Starting in 1879 when he was a freshman at Western Maryland Dr. Elderdice has maintained the practice of reading the Good Book through each year during his college and seminary days, his busy life which culminated in the presidency of Westminster Seminary and now his period of well-earned retirement.

His method is amazingly simple. Each day he reads three chapters; each Sunday five chapters. In this way he peruses the entire 1189 chapters annually with three days to spare.

There is hardly a better plan for absorbing the wisdom of the Bible. Fifty-seven journeys over any route will lend familiarity with the landmarks.

Such method requires method and persistency. Dr. Elderdice has furnished a method.

SHORE ROUTE PROPOSED

With residents of the Wye River section among the most outspoken in the county on impassable roads, a suggestion came out of Talbot County last week that should gain immediate endorsement and cooperation.

Easton and towns on the lower Shore seek a shorter route to Matapeake Ferry. To bring this to pass a cut-off is suggested near Longwoods and a road across Wye Island to tie in with the Bennett's Point route. Two bridges would be necessary across the Wye and it is estimated that this highway would shorten the distance from Easton to Matapeake by ten miles.

The route would not only effect a saving in mileage but would open up one of the most beautiful sections on the Eastern Shore. Unless a through road is built as outlined it would doubtless be many a long day before the Wye River district would get a hard surfaced road.

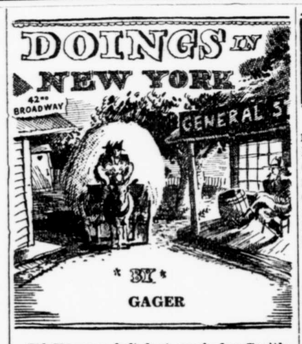
The fact that the proposed route would connect with the Matapeake Ferry and facilitate traffic to Baltimore, Washington and the south would seem to give it precedence toward gaining Federal funds and support.

The suggestion deserves serious consideration.

There might be cause for worry over the national debt if there was any likelihood that it would ever be paid. This country has been in debt ever since Columbus borrowed money to discover it.—Olin Miller in the Thomaston (Ga.) Times.

Because political office seekers in early Rome wore white linen togas made from Egyptian flax, office seekers today are called candidates. The Latin word for white was candidus. So office seekers were called candidates. that is, wearers of white linen.





Ed Hennen left last week for Smithfield, Va., where he will visit Jimmie Spriggs. Mr. Sprigg, who is the maker of Smithfield Deviled Ham, will entertain Ed for a couple of days. Mr. Hennen will return shortly to resume his duties in the Graybar Building. He is also president of the New Rochelle bridge club.

—o—

Among those attending the National Sportsman's Show held at the Grand Central Palace recently were Mr. and Mrs. Harold Stephen of New York. Mr. Stephen, who draws the Editorial Cartoon in this paper each week and also is well known as a man about town, kept his hat on while viewing the different exhibitions and was twice mistaken for a Canadian guide. It was all very embarrassing.

—o—

Last Saturday afternoon a speeding taxi smashed into the C-T-C Corporation (Wasey Products) truck, which was waiting for the light at 49th St. and Fifth Ave. Though it was impossible to obtain the license number of the taxi, the leering faces of artist Paul Newman and Schneider Cup pilot Jake Gorton appeared at the rear window of the cab. The face of the driver was probably just as bad.

—o—

Joe Sawyer was in town the other day. Mr. Sawyer was formerly connected with the Gordon Dry Gin Company and is now peddling King William Scotch. Brother Sawyer likes either.

—o—

At one of the better nite spots the other evening (club 21 to be exact) sat the greatly read sport's columnist Bill Corum of New York Evening Journal. His specialty is reams of words of information on race horses that very seldom win. If Mr. Corum was there to pick up material for another horsey column, it was a bad spot for there wasn't a colt or filly in the place that could have trotted, much less run.

—o—

Medicine-man Al Miller has just lately obtained a couple acres with a house on it in Scarsdale, New York suburb. This naturally makes him a country squire and rightly demands to be addressed as such. Hurricane Johnnie Winters passes this along while on the same subject . . . Squire Al . . . "Squirrel" Miller . . . get it?

—o—

Gus Edwards (Ukelele Ike) now starring in the present George White's Scandals, was up in theatre Agent Louie Shurr's office bragging that he had gotten out of bed early yesterday morning. It was 2 o'clock then and he had been up almost two hours.

—o—

Your old friend radio singer Kate Smith is not on a diet, but she is losing weight fast these days. It is all because of the $120,000 broadcast she got together last Sunday evening, as she had to gather about 140 performers, attend numerous rehearsals and between times do her weekly broadcasts. Kate, while waiting for an elevator at Columbia the other day, looked almost thin and wan.

—o—

Pat Caswell of the Absorbine Jr. clan dropped into a few of the nite spots here in town last Friday night, including the French Casino and the House of Morgan. Seems she was taking the evening off from her studies up at Sarah Lawrence College before seeing her father, Harry Caswell ,off for England aboard the good ship Ile de France.

—o—

Columnist O. O. McIntyre (you probably have heard of him, too) was seen leaving his apartment the other evening by way of la Rolls Royce in quest, we presume of material for another day's article. That's sure a tough way to go looking for news.

—o—

Husband Putnam of Amelia Earhart (tops feminine aviatrix) who is now doing pictures in Hollywood, is also in pictures in New York only he is making shorts instead of doing them.

RADIANT LIVING

JUST THE VISION WE NEED

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

When the Holy Spirit carries one way to the height of spiritual vision he is shown things that are not revealed to men of worldly minds.

To St. John the Beloved, marooned on the Island of Patmos, there was revealed by the Holy Spirit, who caught him up into the heavenly realm, a vision which the great philosophers of the world have long sought but failed to attain—Utopia, a perfect place for a perfect life—the City of God.

And the vision that was granted to St. John was just the vision that he needed. It confirmed him in the fact that although the satanic persecution seemed to have the upper hand, nevertheless God still ruled the overruled.

My soul rejoices that God sends us the vision that we need.

This was the experience of Moses when from the heights of Mt. Pisgah he viewed the Promised Land and saw the reward and the success of the long service that he rendered.

A certain man went to take charge of a mission place in a city. There were only a few there to greet him. They were poverty stricken and dirty. The situation looked hopeless. What use trying anything here?

"Then I remembered God!" the worker told us. "God is interested in these people," he thought, "Christ died to save them."

"Oh, God," he cried, "there may be trophies of grace here—jewels for thy crown, and little ones to be led to Heaven!"

He was seized with a divine inspiration. He went to work, and before the week was passed, he had won many to Christ.

Why?

God gave that discouraged man just the vision that he needed. He no longer saw a few ragged people. He had a vision of eternal souls precious and saveable!

THE Rambling Recorder

Sprigs of green were not particularly noticeable in Centreville on St. Patrick's Day. For the most part the wearers of the green confined themselves to modest devices of ribbon or rosettes of crepe paper. The most effective display on Lawyer's Row was a spear head shaped leaf of emerald hue worn by Howard Price.

—o—

It is doubtful if any one in Centreville enjoys working a garden more than Jim Morgan. Jim has the true instinct of the tiller of the soil. In the growing season he is in his garden the first thing in the morning and has the place shipshape by mid forenoon with not a weed showing anywhere. His pleasure lies in seeing things grow and in the late twilight frequently leans over the fence for a final contemplation of his plot. Jim started on time this year. On Monday he sowed sweet peas for a flower border.

—o—

County Commissioners Joe George and Charlie Boyle did not have to get very far from the Courthouse on Tuesday to get a sample of the mud that gums up traveling in Queen Anne's. On a visit to the new Negro high school near Little Kidwell in Centreville they got stuck for two hours.

—o—

The Bentztown Bard of the Baltimore Sun, Folger McKinsey, has reached the age where he makes the 50 Years Ago column fairly frequently.

Both the Cecil Whig and the Cecil Democrat carried the following half-century old item last week:

—o—

Folger McKinsey for over six months past associate editor of the Cecil Whig, severed his connections with this journal on Friday last. He resigned his position to be editor of the Daily News of Frederick, Maryland. He no doubt will display in his larger field of labor the same great ability as a writer which he used to such an advantage on this paper. Mr. McKinsey leaves behind him a large circle of devoted friends.

—o—

Spring officially comes to Maryland tomorrow, Friday, afternoon at 1:58 o'clock. Two to two for Spring, if you say it fast.

—o—

Crocus is in bloom in Mrs. Bohland's garden. Elms and red maples are in blossom, pussy willows are out, jonquils are well above the ground and not far from bursting, buds on garden shrubbery are swelling and lawns and fields are green again.

—o—

For summery names try Rose Lane. She's from Queenstown.

—o—

Friday the 13th had two morning snow squalls just to vary the pleasantness of the month. The flutter about six o'clock was mixed with sleet and left no trace but the one later in the forenoon covered the ground for a few minutes as if it meant business. For those who cross their fingers on Friday the 13th there will be only one more this year and that in November.

—o—

Calling people on the phone by the book number in Centreville these days often brings surprising results. About a hundred numbers have been switched because of the opening of the new exchange and the caller is taken aback when he gets the right number and the wrong party. But the phone heads tell us to bear with them a while longer. New directories are expected to appear some time in April.

—o—

Evidently there was a catch with a tight lock on the bronze trophy awarded to counties which made the first grade in Negro Health Week for three years. Queen Anne's made the grade three times running. But the trophy has a price tag of about $18 on it. Which is something else, and a lot of money at present prices for metals.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

PROF. VS. PUPIL

Edward J. Clarke, former professor of English at Washington College and now Editor of the Worcester Democrat, comments on the literary output of James W. Cain one of his former pupils whose story "Double Indemnity" is now appearing in Liberty Magazine. Cain previously wrote "The Postman Always Rings Twice" now running on Broadway.

—o—

Blest if I don't think the editors of that periodical are taking quite a liberty with the public to offer such indigestible literary food as "Double Indemnity."

The only thing I object to in these days and times, since he has developed into an ink slinger, is that he doesn't seem to have relished the sort of English I presented for his inspection, when we were in the throes of a teacher-pupil relationship.

I started to read this "Doubly Bedamned" thing he has evidently hoodwinked Liberty into buying, but after a few chapters I found a dirty intellect producing a like brand of verbal expression, and really, I became almost "mentally ill"—I believe that's the phrase they use now to apply to crazy people; I wasn't quite that far gone, but I was mentally nauseated.

Just to relegate myself back to the days when I looked at a pile of English papers to correct and sighed for better luck, I thought I would blue pencil a page or two of the famous author's composition, and honestly you could hardly see the original when I had finished. It was certainly "English as she is spoke" or "writ", as the case may be.

You know, I believe I can write as bad as he does, but I don't believe my efforts would bring in the shekels. It would lack some salable ingredient I'm sure. But if the putrid stuff he foists on a gullible public can be called literature, then I'm the Prince of Wales, Mussolini, Hitler, Roosevelt and the devil himself rolled into one—that's some combination and don't you forget it.

SALLY RAND, GUEST

Matters of great import in the South Carolina Legislature as served up by the Associated Press:

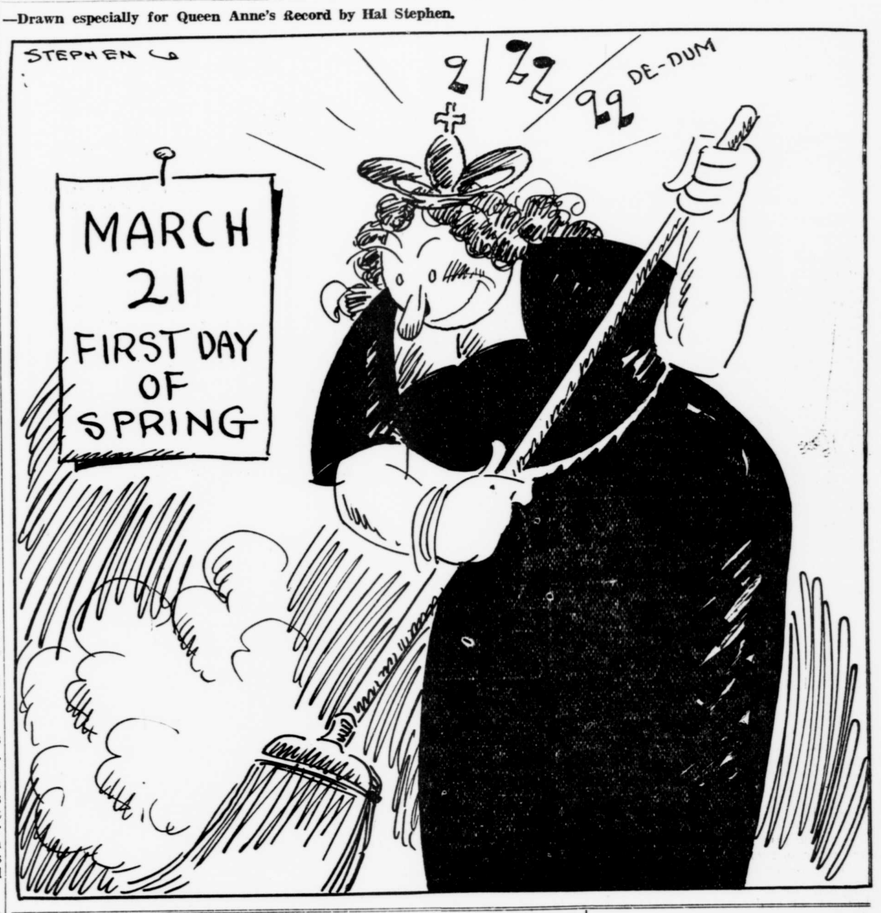
—o—

Columbia, S. C.—For a brief moment Sally Rand was an issue in the South Carolina Legislature today.

The fan and bubble dancer was introduced to the Legislature yesterday by Gov. Johnston, and Representative Roddey of Fairfield today offered a resolution to censure the Governor for introducing this act as well as for entertaining her at the Executive Mansion.

It was killed without a record vote.

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



The Wind Bag Club



BY JOHN EMBERT

While strolling down a windy street seeking news for the coming week I felt a verse coming on. So I seated myself on a soap box and this is what it said. I'm old man wind young lad and can come from north, south, east or west. Yet I'm not strong enough to blow the depression away, so I'll introduce you to Father Time and take heed to what he has to say. To the young and old I follow through life over valley, hill and dale. I can mend a broken heart and help you where others fail. The skies may be gray or heavy with darkened blue but in course of time the sunshine always peeps through.

—o—

And just a glimpse backward over the past whether it's been success or failure, sometimes puts us back on the right road which was created by our good Saviour. My time is never up my lad but before you're on your way, give me your promise you'll remember these words I did say. And don't let old age come creeping up on you and find you in despair, for God is still Master over all of us so why not prepare.

—o—

Now that the long dreary winter is written in the past, and old man spring has found his way at last. Hearts seem lighter and the world is filled with glee, as old man spring takes out the kinks from you and me.

—o—

A different attitude we seem to show, after winter has ceased to deliver the ice and snow. The snowbirds become obsolete and robin red breast patrols the beat. So it isn't such a bad world after all when old man spring makes his call. Our burdens and troubles seem no longer a care, when old man spring comes humming through the air.

—o—

Sometimes we wonder why no matter how hard we try to live a good Christian life, prosperity knocks at our next door neighbor with the first strike. Then it hits a family across the street, and we are filled with envy and jealousy clear down to our feet. For we sometimes feel this isn't right, as our neighbors never go inside a church day or night. But God teaches us everything happens for the best, so this will all be solved when we're laid away to rest. So keep a stiff upper lip and a smile on your face, and cast aside your envy and jealousy for your neighbor as it isn't good taste.

—o—

Who is that a thumping a bumping and knocking at my door. Just stick your hade out that window. It aint' your mother-in-law i'm sure. Rastus you done robbed the baby's bank and beat me black and blue, and son I'se sure going to work on you. I'se got my razor in my hand and my hide soaked with gin. No use to talk Liza now fo' I'm about ready to commit a sin. Now Liza, calm yourself a bit and give old Rastus just one more chance. Close up that razor before you make your advance. With these words old Rastus hit the ground as quick as a flash, but Liza slowed him down with the first slash, and soon carved him down to her size. So I'll leave the rest for you to analyze.

—o—

Frank Jones, now residing at Centreville, made a hurried call this week-end at the wind bag club room said his reason for changing his residence was there much more money in Centreville and when he gets his baby bonus bonds would save him shoe leather from walking back and forth.

—o—

Russel Poet, for many years has been the mystery man of this section for he seldom works yet supports his family of five with a good living and has never looked for charity. The truth will out some day. His story is while the rest of the town sleeps he's busy assorting and inspecting muskrat hides shipped to him by Sears-Roebuck. Being their highest salaried employee he can well afford the Kangaroo coat he wears.

THE POET'S CORNER

LINE TO MARCH SKIES

Oh, Skies of March, no poet old
Hath ever sung your story;
Nor June nor May hath any day,
Exceeds thy sky's blue glory.

I look aloft, by earth not dwarft,
Through budding maple boughs, O;
See redding buds 'neath blue skies stud
Where early, fierce wind sough, O.

March blue so deep, doth ever keep
A promise June hath not, O;
It doth me warn that fierce cold's gone
And shows me all I'd wot, O.

Of summer's treasure in full measure
Acoming, coming, soon, O;
When violets peep from out the deep,
Of Mother Earth's warm womb, O.

When crocus wake, and tulips shake
And rose, the queen, all drest, O,
In royal robes and colored globes,
To fade on maiden's breast, O.

And lightly turns a young man's thoughts
And maiden's thoughts turn too, O,
Toward that time, in every clime,
When man and maid, they woo, O.

A WRONG IMPRESSION
By Casper L. Newcomb

Perhaps because I write,
You think I should not quite
Where a world seems all bright,
Sense a grief in a soul.

And that is 'cause I sing
Like a lark, who on wing
Enjoys what summers bring
Unto an aching heart.

From a clime that is clear
Where whispers in an ear
Breezes of soft sweet air
Blowing from a Divined.

But ah! dark is my heart:
Shadows shade the inner part
Of this hull. In this shell
Is a blaze, it's a house of Hell.

MARCH

Under the snow the moss grows green,
Under the leaves arbutus stirs,
Breaking its brittle crust of ice
Green and living the free stream purrs.

Snow, like the dirty forgotten trappings
That hung the way to welcome a king,
Snow lies dingy along the roadside;
But, hush—we heard a robin sing—

Heard in the silence the stir of wings,
And lingering, silent, felt the wood
Secretly rustle and whisper and stir
As though spring passed us as we stood.
—Elizabeth Wilder.

This Week IN HISTORY

March 19—William Jennings Bryan, the "great Commoner", orator and thrice Democratic candidate for President, born, 1860. Stamp Act repealed, 1766. First charter awarded to Connecticut, 1631. Theodore Dreiser slapped Sinclair Lewis' face twice at a banquet, 1931.

March 20—Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard and originator of the 5-foot book shelf education, born, 1834. Patrick Henry delivered his famous "Give me Liberty" speech, 1775. The dust storm epidemic started with a widespread blow in the Southwest, 1935.

March 21—Florenz Ziegfield, glorifier of the American girl, born, 1869. Massasoit concluded a 50-year peace treaty with the Pilgrims, 1621. Germany and Austria agree on a Customs Union, 1931. Fire at Hakodate, Japan, kills 1,500 people, 1934.

March 22—Van Dyck, renowned Dutch artist, born, 1549. Congress passed Philippine Independence Bill, 1934.

March 23 — Leyendecker, American painter, born, 1874. Aguinaldo captured, ending Philippine insurrection, 1901. At Vienna Theodor Erdinger sentenced to six years for rebellion, ordered to sleep on a plank bed and starve one day every 3 months, 1934.

March 24—Andrew Mellon, secretary of the Treasury in three cabinets, born, 1855. Fanny Crosby, noted hymn writer, born 1820.

March 25—Gustav Borglum, American sculptor who carves mountains, born 1867. Mussolini proved hold on Italy by carrying election by ratio of 1,000 to 1. President Roosevelt went fishing, 1935.



Dame Rumor Says

Sign your old lady has read a dozen or more times in a Chestertown lawyer's office without once finding the eminent barrister in: "At vault in the office of the Clerk Circuit Court. Will not return. Nuts." He wasn't in the vault, either. Nertz!

—o—

Verse on a Shore liquor store:

"Within this hive
We're all alive:
Good liquors make us funny;
If you are dry
Step in and try
The flavor of our honey."

—o—

It's getting so a Centreville miss has to call help to put on her girdle. Anyway she got stuck with it half way on the other day and yelled for assistance.

—o—

Protest which reached this column in reply to a comment on Battle Ax boulevard: "You owe Pondtown an apology. She has no Battle Ax boulevard, just mud three feet deep. The boulevard should be extended to Crumpton bridge".

—o—

A Chestertown lass is complaining that her Church Hill boy friend doesn't go fox hunting every time he says he does. Frankly, she's of the opinion he uses that as an excuse to flush new talent.

—o—

It seems to us that a certain fancy-free Centrevillian who changes his domicile so often ought to register properly with the telephone and telegraph folks. Then it wouldn't be necessary to wake up the whole town in the wee small hours over an ordinary two-bit message.

—o—

One of Church Hill's genial and accommodating merchants offers curb service to his customers. Your Old Lady saw a farmer drive up on a New Idea spreader and yell: Bring me a pound of coffee and a plug o' terbaccer. The merchandise was delivered forthwith.

—o—

The longest way 'round is the shortest way home for a certain Queenstown family man.

—o—

A certain young Templeville couple whose auto had to be pulled out of the mud had better see a preacher.

—o—

A county seat husband whose contrary ball and chain lugged him into a candy place to eat while in Baltimore got even with her when meal time next rolled around by taking her to a hash house along the waterfront. P. S. The meat balls gagged her but hubby fell to with great relish.

—o—

The head of a family in the Sudlersville neighborhood should realize that his obligation doesn't end with buying the groceries. How about spending some time at home?

The Good Old Days

Rolling roads were conspicuous in the early road methods of Queen Anne's County. These roads were merely trails and were constructed for the rolling hogsheads of tobacco from the interior to points on the navigable streams for shipment to England, a notable Rolling road was from Sudlers Cross Roads now Sudlersville leading from the interior to Chester Mills, now Centreville.

—o—

Kent and Queen Anne's Counties both have valuable deposits of Marl which were largely availed of by the early farmers for the enrichment of their soils.

One of these Marl beds comes to the surface on the Godlington Manor Shore on Chester River. It then dips under the Chester reappears at the mouth of South East Creek in Queen Anne's where it dips again, manifests itself again several miles above Church Hill at Newnams, or where deep pits it is fair to suppose, is still to be seen.