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

I look upon that man as happy who, when there is a question of success, looks into his work for a reply, not into the market not into opinion, not into patronage. Work is victory.—Emerson.

PEANUT POLITICS

The reply made by County Commissioner Joseph M. George to former Senator Dudley G. Roe when the latter bandied about such silly phrases as "grab and graft" in connection with the sale of a surety bond for the County Treasurer has been widely praised as a statement full of common sense and one that hews to the point.

Roe's loud outcry did not fool fair-minded citizens. They were quick to gather from the ex-Senator's broadside exactly what was back of it—petty jealousy, whimpering over defeat, and a cheap exhibition of mud slinging.

It was a prime example of peanut politics.

Roe's statement bore out what this newspaper contended throughout the bitter primary campaign of 1934—that the former Senator is a politician of the "rule-or-ruin" stripe.

A man's true colors are best revealed in adversity, so goes an old saying, and even at the expense of using this trite expression, no more apt way can be found to describe the silly attack. The blast was the handiwork of a shorn leader to whom relegation to the sidelines is gall and wormwood.

If Mr. Roe is ambitious to return to the spotlight, and he doubtless is, he could well take the advice of Mr. George to lay aside petty recriminations, personal jealousies and childish spite and a devote his energies to constructive things.

Peanut politics will not regain his lost scepter.

AGE OLD TUESDAY

For reasons now almost wholly forgotten northern Europe came out of the Dark Ages with Tuesday dedicated to all such solemn acts of government as the opening of national and local assemblies, the siting of courts, the execution of criminals and the casting of ballots in any important issue.

Here in Queen Anne's Tuesday is "Court Day" when the County Commissioners hold their regular session and set the pace for a day's activity in the county seat.

Other county officials, such as the judges of the Orphans' Court, swing into action while around them gathers a fringe of citizens from various portons of Queen Anne's anxious to keep in touch with political and official life.

Wherever in Americaa old English customs govern our legal traditions, sattutes like those of New York and New Jersey still prescribe that elections be held on Tuesdays, while in New Jersey it is still customary that criminals be executed on a Tuesday.

And all this is because, very long ago indeed, the Tiwes-daeg of the Anglo Saxons was sacred to one of the most obscure but most revered of the heathen gods, Tiu—the Zeus of the Greeks, Jovis-Pater or Jupiter of the Romans and various other names with other peoples.

The Romans assumed that Tiu was the war-god of the northern barbarians. When the Romans passed the Oriental seven-day week to the Germans the second day was called Tiu's day.

But Tiu identical in name and equal in importance with Zeus or Jupiter, was a far more important figure in the ancient Teutonic pantheon than Mars in the Roman. He was the god of social order, of the people acting as a unit, of the assembly, law and justice, with the sword as his emblem.

Tiu naturally ceased to exist everywhere as the god of battles when the organization of the fighting unit was no longer identical with that of the legislative assembly, the Thing, or Ding, or Moot.

Through all these forgetful centuries, however, Tuesday has continued, through force of habit, to be our civil Thing-day. Here and there, as in New Jersey the criminal is still executed on a Tuesday because, though few know it, such folks were once solemnly sacrificed to Tiu, the god of order among men.

One would go far to seek a better illustration than this of the conservatism of the law, written or traditional, which preserves a deferrence to Tiu in observances of his day that were already without significance in England when Alfred sat with his Witenagemot.

DOUBLE CREEK

The Double Creek 4-H Club is seeking another name, possibly in keeping with its recent transformation into a calf club.

Whatever new appelation is accepted it is to be hoped that it retains the fine, homely flavor that exists in the words "Double Creek."

Queen Anne's is distinctly a rural county. Much of the rich historical atmosphere so apparent to strangers comes from the retention of names which hark back to the early days of the county, and the absence of the new and fanciful.

The county maintains a "ville" or "town" in the designation of many of its communities. It cherishes I B, the strange nomenclature whose origin is lost.

And Double Creek, a name expressive of the soil, rural life, plain days and open country can well be kept in the public prints.

MORE MILK

Figures recently issued by the National Dairy Council show the tremendous potentialities for expansion of the dairy industry.

If milk consumption increased to an average of four quarts a day for a family of five—the consumption advocated by dietetic authorities—65,000,000,000 more pounds of milk would have to be produced annually. This in turn would require an increase of 15,000,000 head of dairy cattle.

Other health authorities say there should be a 50 per cent increase in butter consumption. Should that occur, 24,000,000,000 more pounds of milk would be needed, the product of 5,000000 cows.

The dairy cooperatives are working continually to educate the public in the wise an dadequate use of milk products. That work is gradually producing results—and it is directly in the interest of both consumer and producer.

FOR PROFIT

In a leading editorial, warning New York Republicans "against the error of nominating a Presidential candidate who has the support of the American Liberty League," the Watertown Daily Times(Rep.) says:

"It is well to bear in mind that the American Liberty League personifies the element which always has desired to control the Federal Government for the profit there is, for that element, in such control."

TRACK TEST

"Gov. Landon undoubtedly owes his rise to his party's scarcity of appropriate timber. But curiously enough his strength has been gained with a minimum of revelation of his views. And in Republican circles the disquieting thought apparently is developing that their currently favorite horse may prove a poor performer when he gets on the track."—Greenville News. (Ind. Dem.)

The Congressional investigation is showing that some people didn't have to be 65 to get money out of the Townsend plan.—South Bend Tribune.

A lot of country newspaper men are are rather slow with a typewriter, or pencil, but are wows with the office scissors.—Glasgow (Mo.) Missourian.

Someone is trying to determine what is the oldest joke in the world. We don't know, but "Elect me and I'll reduce taxes" dates a long way back.—Atlanta Journal.

Approximately 27,000,000 pounds of canned meat conserved by the Government during the severe drought of 1934 is being fed to flood relief victims of 1936. Literal preparation for a rainy day.—Christian Science Monitor.

Motorists may now drive 200 miles on a gallon of gas if they use a new carburetor developed by C. N. Pogue of Winnipeg. What this will do to profits on gasoline no one knows but perhaps service stations will be posting signs: "Free air, free water, free gas; slight charge for cleaning windchield."—Christian Science Monitor.

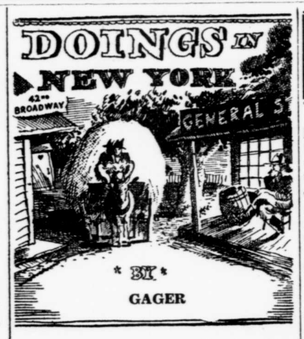
Mr. Mencken says a Chinaman can defeat Mr. Roosevelt in November. The leaders at the moment are Li Hung Landon, Long Hop Borah and Fu ManChoover.—H. I. Phillips in New York Sun.

In the shoe business there is a width called AAAA. It looks decidedly unconstitutional. — American Lumberman.

The question in General Hagood's case is whether the War Department expects the army to be standing or lying.—Dallas Morning News.

A man judges a new family by its car; a woman waits till she sees its wash on the line.—Detroit Free Press.

When and if the Townsend Plan becomes effective a lot of young people will begin charging their parents for Board.—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.



Next month will see radio star Morton Downey leaving these shores for a summer in England. The Downey tribe departing will include wife, Barbara, and the four little Downeys. If Morton will only wait awhile, he will have a band of his own.

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A much needed vacation will take up all of Lew (Radio) Amis' time for the next ten days. Mr. Amis is traveling South by automobile (he has just purchased a new Oldsmobile) and will spend his leisure in Petersburg, Va.

—o—

FIRST NITE AT THE CIRCUS. The pride of the New Rochelle Bridge Club, E. H. Hennen, was one of the holders of a front row box at the first night performance of Ringling Brothers' Circus which opened early last week at Madison Square Garden. Much criticism has been leveled at Mr. Hennen because none of his party was of his immediate family. One would think a father would consider his wife and family first. And by the way the gal who is in the Wallendas troupe (they walk on a wire fifty feet high and without any net below) became a mother six weeks ago. Last night was her first appearance since the child was born. That's just another example of the show must go on. And also in another box sat Princeton's big Bill Edwards whom you may remember if you are old enough, played football for that University back when it wasn't a game but a wrestling match.

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Pilot Wilkins who is often seen flying a red airplane over Centreville on weekends is now a proud father by proxy. There seems to be no limits to what a person will find he has acquired the next morning.

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Some times it is generations before a man's art is finally acclaimed by the public, but painter Leon Gordon recently found a short cut. At least there are fewer Gordon pictures in existence now than a few weeks ago. Mr. Gordon's studio and works went up in smoke.

—o—

Rumor has it that Justin (E. W.) Weddell of England was to have spoken on a radio hookup to America at a luncheon given in London for Boston's Allyn B. McIntyre by the British Advertising Association. In any case no one heard Mr. Weddell here as CBS had to go comercial before those Londoners had even finished their fish and chips.

—o—

This column wishes to extend a wish for a speedy recovery to Marvin Knight's wife who recently fell and broke her arm in three places. Marvin of course, was out of town when it all happened.

—o—

Besides helping raise money for the yearly Salvation Army Campaign Fund, Tom Denny took an afternoon off to marry a little gal from Wilkes Barre, Pa., by the name of Betty Dow. Congratulations, Thomas.

—o—

Most of the daily newspapers made much ado over the departure of movie actress Lupe Velez when she left Saturday for England aboard the liner, Paris. We feel it, therefore, our expressed duty to make mention here that also on the same ship were Messrs. Squire Albert Miller and Ralph (Kreml) Semler, who are pretty good actors themselves.

—o—

Over at that nite spot, the Versailles, the other evening reposed that star comedian, Jack Oakie, with his new bride of two weeks. Credit must be given Mr. Oakie for his original dress and color scheme. So much, in fact, that most of the people there thought he was one of the performers.

—o—

After entertaining two young gals from Texas Friday night at the King Cole Room, Hurricane Winters and CTC Wasey took up where they left off Sunday by escorting a couple of University of Michigan coeds around town. They were particularly active at the Rainbow Roof and the Hotel Ambassador. By the way, Vassar is out next week boys.

RADIANT LIVING

UNDIMMED BY SHADOW

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

Can you imagine in that boiling cauldron of liquid fire, the sun, the faintest suggestion of shadow? Can you imagine in God who is Infinite Light, the least suggestion of shadow?

In his Epistle, St. John declares: "If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, cleanseth us from all sin."

Does St. John expect us to walk in the light as God is in the light? Does he expect us to walk in light which is infinite, shadowless? Is our spiritual light to be as constant, as steady, and as undarkened by shadow as the spirituality of God Himself?

I must confess that such a suggestion slowed up my pen as I thought of it, yet an inner conviction that such a statement must be true and the knowledge that such perfection of spirituality is demanded by Scripture drove my pen on through its hesitancy to doubt, and on out into the blessed light of fact, to which the Spirit brought verification as He impressed upon my mind the command of Jesus, "Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

This seeming impossibility of reaching a place in spiritual life and experience which is undimmed by shadow is attainable, however, by a very simple process, a process open to us all. And that process consists in simply this—looking squarely into the face of God! There is no shadow in the face of the man who looks directly at the sun.

Live up to the fullness of the light which you now have. Simply obey what you know God wants you to do—and to possess will lead you into more light, which, faithfully followed, will bring you into the fullness of that radiancy that streams from God!

THE Rambling Recorder

Easter Sunday and most of the Easter holidays were marred by downpours so that ladies with new bonnets and all will have to await next Sunday for a tryout. Incidentally the weather guesser on the Hagerstown almanac was almost completely wrong. He guessed pleasant weather for the seven days ending with Easter and showers and unsettled weather for the first three day of this week.

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It is seldom that jonquils have been as scarce at Easter in Centreville as they were this year. Very few were sold as dealers hesitated at stocking up at the price that would have to be asked.

—o—

Sudlersville's slogan is a challenging one and worth repeating: "The Best, Busiest and Biggest Little Town in Maryland."

—o—

With the oyster season practically over watermen on Kent Island are putting out their fish nets again. During the recent flood most of the nets on pounds were hauled in to prevent damage from trash and rubbish carried along by the high water. George Lowe of Stevensville made a good catch of rock and perch with a few shad Monday night. Rock and perch are fairly plentiful but shad is scarce. Housewives on the Island get rock at ten cents a pound.

—o—

Tuesday's warm weather brought out flies once more after months of freedom from the insects.

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The Easter Monday foxhunt is usually the largest of any during the season and this year proved no exception. Sportsmen from Queen Anne's and adjoining counties and a fair number from Delaware took in the chase down in Spaniard's Neck on Monday.

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It was reported that 110 dogs were ready to take part in the run. Most of the Delaware hounds came over in trucks. Two foxes were started, although one observer insisted there were three. The first reynard holed in on the Possum Point estate of Charles Chew Mickle while the second was treed on the farm of A. Temple Blackwood. A fox is not rated a climber but when a tree slants sufficiently and there is no better way of escaping the dogs the animal will scramble up to safety.

—o—

According to one version the fox that holed in at Possum Point was one of a pair. The mate of the animal jumped out to lead the hounds astray while the first fox took to the ground. All of which is a foxy trick. None of the animals were killed. Foxes are too scarce in these parts for collecting brushes.

—o—

The Easter Monday fox hunt lacked much of the color and dash of the days when every sportsman was astride a horse. The bulk of the crowd came in cars and sought vantage spots where the animals might be viewed crossing roads or open fields. For most farmers Easter Monday is the last day for foxchasing. Good weather comes and it is time to go to work. And wheat fields get too high for hounds and horses to scamper over them.

—o—

Mrs. Charles Chew Mickle, an ardent hunter, almost broke up the Garden Club meeting at Readbourne Monday afternoon. Sir Reynard came dashing by with the hounds giving tongue and Mrs. Mickle rushed to a window to see the chase. It so happened at the moment that Mrs. C. Frederick C. Stout was in the midst of her discourse on flower arrangements, but being an informal speaker Mrs. Stout was not disturbed by the incident.

—o—

Dr. Norman Dudley was his old happy self last Thursday. The night before his Church Hill trumpeters had beaten the Queenstown Hot Shots by a margin of three games at pitch at Queenstown and squared matters with the Fifth District wizards. The Church Hill squad lined up with Dr. Dudley, Hot Long, Vernon Robinson and Henry C. Bowen. The Hot Shots had Harry Reynolds, Mike Aker, Will King and Jim Smith on the firing line.

—o—

With the series knotted at one all both teams will load up for a deciding match. In the meanwhile, however, the Queenstown experts are anxious to give a few lessons to Centreville's pitch artists, if Hall Barton or any one else can scare up a team.

—o—

Wayne Blunt of Centreville is listed as one of the taxidermy enthusiasts on the Shore in the weekly column on hobbies prepared by Max Chambers.

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Getting new doors for bank vaults seems to be catching on the Shore. The Centreville National Bank installed a six-ton affair a few weeks ago and now the County Trust Company of Federalsburg, has put in a nine-ton one. The old door on the Centreville bank had a broken hinge and frequently set off the burglar alarm when it was being closed. The new door, despite its weight, is so delicately adjusted that one man can swing it. But the crowd that watched it being unloaded got an idea of its bulk as workmen eased it off the truck.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

TALBOT vs. ETHIOPIA

Communication on roads appearing in the columns of the dignified Star-Democrat at Easton:

—o—

Dear Sir:

In view of the fact that we are suffering from the most unspeakable horror in road conditions on the Miles River road I am asking you please to publish this paragraph I am enclosing. The conditions are beyond all belief and proves that Talbot County is paralyzed by sloth, stupidity, and graft.

—o—

Will some of my good friends of Talbot County or of Baltimore, or Philadelphia or New York come to my rescue? I need one good strong ox cart and a pair of gentle oxen to use when I go to town for marketing. Must have good natured animals who can swim if necessary. Shall not need them later than the Fourth of July for by that time the mud will have dried enough so that I can drive my mules on the main highways. If you will kindly lend me the use of these animals I shall gladly give you the privilege of driving over roads the like of which you have never seen in America before.

IDA M. STARR,
Hope House,
Easton, Maryland.

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



Peanut Politics

The Wind Bag Club



BY JOHN EMBERT

Some of the fathers and mothers should have been either bicycle riders or marathon runners for their children sure lead them a merry chase.

—o—

Harry Shad Barton, Jr., received his first proposal from a leap year gal. The letter read as follows: My Dear Shad, having already ventured in matrimony twice and both husbands leaving me on the sea of alimony, I feel there's still just as good fish in the sea that have never been caught so I'm throwing my line out for you hoping you'll swallow hook, line and sinker. I am a corn-fed country girl. My hair is between auburn and red—guess you would call me Sorrel Top.

My feet are rather large from going barefooted in my childhood days but these underpinnings of mine came in mighty handy when I decided to get rid of my other two husbands. My complexion is clear, eyes last time I could see myself a bluish black, am built from the ground up a perfect fifty-two. Character fair, past shady, health excellent . Ambitions in life opera singer and toe dancer. The proposal ended by saying if you don't receive this letter let me know at once. Signed, Rebecca Halitosis.

—o—

If you would like to take a trip by land, sea or plane, where you will find a welcome that with you long will remain, just pack your bag and give yourself a treat. Get away from the hustle and bustle of a busy street, if you folks come from north, south, east or west, the good old Eastern Shore will be glad to welcome you as their guests. Of course we country folks think it the grandest place on earth, and you don't have to make a reservation for an upper or lower berth, whatever your vocation in life may be, the good Eastern Shore you should surely see.

—o—

You can kick him and beat him until he yells from pain, but a dog is loyal to his master just the same. His food rations maybe mighty slim, and he'll still wag his tail and grin. He might not have a pedigree but after all is said and done, he will stick by you when friends you have none.

—o—

Some people get the most out of life while others seem to be only existing. I feel life is much too short to sit, mope and sigh, and envy others who have been more fortunate than I. Opportunity knocks for all of us sometime during our stay on earth, but we're too busy finding excuses to go and seek its actual worth. And after our face becomes wrinkled and hair turned a silver white, we realize two wrongs never make a right. So take warning youth of today and let not your hands be tied, for it's better to have lost than never to have tried.

—o—

The Boys' Auxillary held a bake in the Schellberg building. The prize was won by Bob Weaver's delicious hot cakes, better known as slappers, flapjacks or griddle cakes. George Aker might have won with his skyscraper cake but the boys knocked the nineteenth story off carrying it through the door. His recipe was one hog used for lard, two crates of eggs, one small sized bushel basket dandelions sprinkled with powdered sea nettle.

—o—

Two of our major companies have consolidated, the John Aker, William Sheppard Co., P. D. Q. Yes, they both felt old age creeping up on them, and that feeling of brotherly love we should all hold in our heart for your neighbor was shown by John when cousin Will moved in. He was hammering a beautiful tune on the old shoe last entitled "I Will Be Glad When You Are Dead You Rascal You", and "It Ain't No Sin To Take Off Your Skin and Dance Around In Your Bones."

HOBBIES

By MAX CHAMBERS

Up and down the shores of the Chesapeake Bay hundreds tof Bay sailors are patching, painting and building boats. Even thinking of boats takes us lands away to adventure in all climes. And talking about adventure, Richard Halliburton, probably America's most outstanding adventurer, will visit the State Teachers' College at Salisbury on April 22. He will speak that night on his journeys and will no doubt mention the "S. S.. Halliburton" as he called himself when he sailed through the Panama Canal under his own power from ocean to ocean. Don't miss this if you like adventure.

No place in the East offers a more interesting location for adventure in boat building and boat sailing than this country of ours. There are more different types of boats on the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries than any other body of water in the world, for boating has become a major pastime in the Chesapeake Bay country, indulged in by people who buy boats, build boats and models and enjoy the events that only the Chesapeake Bay offers. Regattas, cruising, and fishing offer to our residents and visitors opportunities for unlimited adventure.

Boat bulding has changed a lot since Noah built the Ark which lacked the style, grace, and sailing qualities of the Chesapeake Bay log canoe. Captain J. B. Harrison is a "master builder" of these fast boats which often live a hundred years. Caulk Kemp's "Island Bird", hailing from St. Michaels, is the fastest log canoe on the Bay. William Mason Shehan, Jr.'s "Star Dust" is champion Star boat. There are hundreds of others which you can see when the regatta season opens. This year you will no doubt see some cellophane sails on some of the star boats and "scrappy cats."

Carl M. J. Von-Zielinski, owner of Johnson's Island, has built a complete model fourteen feet square rigger which he sails on the Bay. She is rigged as a brig and has seventeen sails. Rev. John White, an Episcopal minister, is making a complete set of models of all Chesapeake Bay craft. This will be a real museum exhibit when completed. A former resident of St. Michaels, Captain Robert Landon, spends his spare time making models at the Old Men's Home in Baltimore. All over the peninsula ship models are to be seen in show windows, in dining rooms and on the home mantels.

Boat modeling is a happy hobby and costs litle to ride for most of the material can be salvaged. If it is a sailing boat you want you can find ample designs in the books listed below.

Boat Book, Popular Mechanics; Outboard Motor Boats, Burnham; Wooden Boat Building, Van Goosbeck; Big Book of Boys' Hobbies, Hale.

THE POET'S CORNER

LITTLE FLOWER

By Mary Fennimore Sheppard

Little flower
I could not go away and leave you here
The hours
Are all too few when you are near,
Because in you
I see
A spirit released from wanton strife,
The promise of the Spring of Life.
Little flower
Uncared for and so much alone
Each hour
I seem to sense the finer tone
Of your existence.

We have been Pals
You and me
Each to the other true
And so you see
That's why you mean
So much to me.
Little flower
I planted you, years ago
Every hour
In summer's heat or winter's snow
To me
You have been a faithful thing
To see
Again in balmy days of spring
In sweet existence.

We have been Pals
You and Me
Each has understood
And so you see
Where 'er I go
You go with me.
Little Flower.



Dame Rumor Says

Squib from the Washington Elm which puzzles your Old Lady: "The Queen Anne's politician's fainting spell has the College guessing. Personally, we don't believe it." Please elucidate!

—o—

Two sports from Church Hill were seen along Charles Street in Baltimore on Easter Sunday taking in the sights. And were they diked out.

—o—

That silver-haired Romeo up Sudlersville way who cuts all the monkeyshines has now acquired a terrific appetite for peanuts.

—o—

Anonymous communication in verse which reached your Old Lady's sanctum suggesting no doubt that a little less dirt should be saved up for distribution around the county:

ON FILE

If an unkind word appears,
File the thing away;
If some novelty in jeers,
File the thing away;
If some clever little bit
Of a sharp and pointed wit,
Carrying a barb with it,
File the thing away.

If some bit of gossip come,
File the thing away;
Scandalously naughty crumb,
File the thing away;
If suspicion comes to you
That your neighbor isn't true,
Let me tell you what to do—
File the thing away;

Do this for a little while,
Then go out and burn the file.

—o—

And while on the subject of dirt, it is reported that a young gent at Price has been right active throughout the winter in spreading it.

—o—

If a certain county seat wife would let her husband go out occasionally to play bridge perhaps he would not get such an overdose when she goes out of town.

—o—

A rather busy business man in Centreville says if his wife doesn't stop calling him right at the busiest time that he is going to take his phone out.

—o—

Is the skunk season over or has the blustery winds of April purified the atmosphere in and around Rich Neck?

—o—

A certain lassie at Roesville is catching up on a lot of neglected lovin' now that the roads have dried out somewhat.

—o—

A handsome Sudlersville Lothario says he wishes there were eight days in a week. He would like to court all eight of them. Seven's not enough.

—o—

There must be a flock of new pancake hats on Kent Island judging by the back-fire on an item in last week's column.

The Good Old Days

Items dealing with such matters as pcstoffices and how to grow fat as gleaned from the Centreville Record of May 3, 1890.

—o—

Postmaster M. Keating of Centreville last Wednesday evening after the close of business removed the books, fixtures, etc., of the postoffice from the present building on Railroad Avenue to the office recently fitted up on Commerce Street. The new office is very neatly fitted up and the location a very desirable one.

—o—

Rev. Dr. Kilgore, formerly pastor of the M. P. circuit on Kent Island will deliver a lecture in the M. P. Church, Stevensville, next Tuesday evening the 6th instant at 8 p. m. Subject, "Laugh and Grow Fat."

The same gentleman will lecture in the M. P. Church Winchester, next Wednesday evening, the 7th instant at 8 p. m. Subject, "The Boy to Love and How to Treat Him, The Girl to Love and How to Treat Her".