Queen Anne's Record

Published Every Thursday at Centreville, Md., by the Queen Anne's Publishing Co., Inc.

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.

Subscription Price $1.50 a year in advance anywhere in Maryland. Out of State subscription $2 a year in advance.

Advertising rates furnished upon application.

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

QUOTATION OF THE WEEK

Education enables man to get along without intelligence. We should educate people to think. Most of them don't use their intelligence. They ask a boy what 7x9 is, and he knows the answer without using his intelligence. It has reached a point where it is just like pushing a button.—Albert E. Wiggam.

CLEAN-UP WEEK

No town is so clean that it cannot be a little cleaner. And Centreville is getting ready to take another whack at "Ole Debbil Dirt".

Next week has been designated by the Woman's Club and approved by the Town Fathers as Clean-Up Week in Centreville.

Every resident and business man is invited to join in the movement for speeding refuse and trash from individual premises to a final resting place in the town dump.

The town collection wagon will make extra trips throughout the week. Everything that is set out for them will be carried away.

Cleaning up Centreville is entirely an individual matter. But it requires the cooperation of all individuals. And it is an enterprise in which every one can join wholeheartedly.

It pays dividends in neatness, attractiveness and health. A swarm of mosquitoes can hatch in the rain water in one tin can and generations of flies breed in a refuse heap.

Last year's clean-up week was successful in an odd way. Practically every one took part did his bit before the week officially opened.

Something similar is happening this year. The week itself is a reminder to forgetful folks that the time for spring housecleaning for Centreville is at hand.

The ladies know that the way to chase dirt is to keep everlastingly at work. Centreville is cleaner this year because of the efforts of last spring. and it will be cleaner next year from work done next week.

A FLORAL SHORE

More than ever the Eastern Shore is becoming flower conscious with flower marts, flower shows and garden tours scheduled in almost every county.

Queen Anne's joins the parade with the Homemakers' Mart, the Garden Club Show and the historical tour planned for May 1st and 2nd.

Cherishing a love of flowers is a happy ideal. Every dwelling, plain or ornate, and every rooms may be brightened by blossoms.

Their planting and care gives an outlet for the desire to create beauty which is inherent in human nature. Artists and sculptors express themselves in their work, poets use word pictures. Almost any one with a few feet of ground may use flowers.

And in keeping with the adage that a pleasure shared is twice enjoyed, floriculture anthusiasts are never happier than when displaying and comparing the fruits of their efforts.

Flower shows are both a result of the widespread interest in seeing beautiful things grow and a stimulus to further planting. They are particularly fitting in the rural setting of the Eastern Shore where sufficient space and sunlight are available to all.

The constantly increasing number of shows and marts will strengthen the claim of the Shore to being a garden spot. It may eventually lead to outside recognition of Shore gardens and make a tour of the nine counties one of the "must be seen" items in the travel programs of the well-informed.

JOURNEYMAN PRINTER

In the passing of William Wheatley "Ducky" Holmes, Centreville as well as other towns on the Shore loses a familiar, lovable character.

Here at the Record we did not know him until he was in the twilight of his career—the career, we might say, of a journeyman printer that led from coast to coast.

His was the task of making cold, prosaic type convey a fuller, warmer message than it would in the hands of one less skilled.

Ducky's mesage was conveyed in delicate letter spacing, a sense of balance and proportion, the assembly of fonts of type of the same family to create a harmonious whole, the usage of white space, restful and pleasing to the eye yet arresting.

To put it in another way, Ducky worked deftly with the implements of silence to bring beauty and eloquence to the printed word.

Well aware that his days of activity were numbered, he struggled to the last. He was the last to complain. Conscious that the years had robbed him of coordination of mind and hand, he labored long hours to make up for his physical shortcomings. The assignments he once tossed off in a twinkling became perspiring effort.

And the harmony Ducky sought in his widely assorted fonts of type he searched for just as eagerly in life. His was never the role of a troublemaker. He had a good word for all. All had a good word for Ducky.

Perhaps when unkind words surged to his lips he thought of his quads, his white space, his implements of silence—and used them.

Wherever he went the journeyman printer made friends, warm friends and many of them—friends who asked for him when he had moved on to the next town.

Now the journeyman printer has moved to a new and unknown outpost. Here at the shop where we worked with him and loved him, there is sadness.

QUOTATION CRAZY

The one distinguishing hallmark of the 1936 presidential campaign so far is its heavy reliance on shades of other days. No speaker approaches the platform any more without the backing of Jefferson, Washington, Lincoln, Jackson, Wilson and occasionally Socrates.

The amusing angle of this widespread use of quotations is that either side can use the same words. There seems to be a wholesale disregard for what Washington may have done or Lincoln reccomended. If the quotations fit, that is what counts.

One wonders how the campaigners would fare if they were suddenly forced to rely on cold, sound logic, devoid of the support of half the former presidents of the United States. Certainly an anti-quotation speaker just now would refresh the political scene.

LONGEVITY OF SOLDIERS

Although the life chance of men serving in the World War was reduced to minutes in some branches of service, those who came through unscarred need have no worry about their experience shortening their days. Some of them might be alive in 2000 A. D., according to an editorial appearing last week in The Peninsula Enterprize, of Accomac, which gave some interesting data concerning veterans of other wars.

Daniel F. Bakerman, last survivor of the Revolutionary War, lived until April 2, 1869, or 86 years after the war ended.

Hiram Cronk drew a pension as a veteran of the War of 1812 until his death on May 13, 1905, at the age of 105 years. Five soldiers of the Mexican War were still on the pension rolls 80 years after the close of that war. A pensioned widow of the war of 1812 died only recently in West Virginia.

In this connection it is interesting to note that two mothers of Civil War veterans were still drawing pensions up to four or five years ago. They were Samantha Button of West McHenry, Illinois, and Samantha Farrar, a Negro woman of Athens, Alabama.

Although the Civil War ended in 1865, it is quite probable that a veteran or two who followed Grant or Lee may be alive and drawing a pension in 1950. Considering the vast number of of those who fought with Pershing in France, it is not unreasonable to suppose that some of them will be liviung in the year 2000. A youngster of 17, who enlisted in 1917, would be 100 years old then. With the greater span of life which modern science promises there will doubtless be many to attain an age greater than Veteran Cronk.

Rip Van Winkle slept for 20 years, but of course, his neighbors didn't have a radio.—Atlanta Constitution.

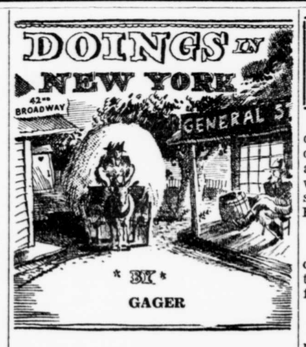
The Government can get things done. That Florida canal was planned by President Jackson and they are moving dirt already.—Dayton (Ohio) Journal.

Lexicographic note with a British twist to it: In the Shorter Oxford Dictionary, "to make whoopee" is defined as "to go on the razzle-dazzle." The Rail.

Living was cheap in the old days. Junior's happiness required a penny stick of licorice instead of gasoline. Detroit Free Press.

Alabaster Vase

If only friends could come with nothing
in their hands,
But in their hearts the wish to give
delight,—
And were I equal to accepting such as
gift,—
How tawdry would this precious token
seem;
This alabaster vase, that now
I deem so far beyond what I may take,
By even friendship's right.
—Gertrude Allen.



About four o'clock last Wednesday afternoon the owner of one of Chicago's largest department stores and his wife Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Field looke very downcast as their horse Tintagel, had just finished a bad fourth in the big handicap race over at the Jamaica track. They weren't without company, however, as nearly everyone had picked their horse to win and consequently only the bookmakers felt like smiling.

—o—

Peck's bad boy Dick (acid) James took a young lady out the other evening to hear band leader Ozzie Nelson and his boys perform at one of New York's leading hotels. All evening Mr. James enthused mightily about Mr. Nelson's music. On leaving friend Richard complimented the leader on his arrangements only to find that the Nelson band had left the hotel a week ago and that Harry King was now doing the honors.

—o—

Among the prominent people returning from Europe recently was our old friend Harry (Absorbine, Jr.) Caswell. Mr. Caswell must have been very homesick as he arrived in New York in the morning and was back home in Springfield, Mass., that night for dinner.

—o—

Another visitor to our fair city was none other than the pride of Smithfield, Va., Jimmie Sprigg. He is here seeing that his deviled ham is being used in all the best restaurants and consumed by the right people.

—o—

The opening of the baseball season at the Polo Grounds last Tuesday found Mayor La Guardia tossing out the first ball and the Giants going into action for another summer. Though the Mayor did it better than most city officials when it comes to throwing over the first ball, Manager Bill Terry didn't rush out to sign his Honor up.

—o—

General Sheldon Fisher left last week to visit his fiancee in Boston. He should make a great hit with her this week-end as that large package under his arm was one of those Primrose House kits that always makes the lady's hearts go pitter patter.

—o—

That well known illustrator Russell Patterson now back from Hollywood is doing very well, we understand, with his new art school.

—o—

Did you know there is a barber shop in this town which offers haircuts for thirty-five cents and then tries to gyp you with a scalp treatment to the tune of four dollars. Anyway brother Sheldon Miliken went into that shop the other day and had the whole works. As he was about to pay the check, a policeman passed by. Leaving thirty-five cents at the cashier's counter Mr. Milliken pointed to the arm of the law and walked unmolested out of the shop. That is one of the few times a taxpayer never received a return on his state investment.

—o—

Lieutenant Guy Moy of the Moy clan received a season baseball pass for all the National League games this summer and consequently can be found almost any afternoon at the ball park. The net result being fewer people are getting their laundry on time and more and more pairs of socks are being lost.

—o—

A few of the boys including George Wasey and brother Dick A. James are taking this week very quietly. It seems George's sister Eleanor and her friend Josephine Wilcox both out of Detroit, Mich., toured our fair city for the past week with the boys and didn't miss a thing. In fact the girls were telling their gentlemen friends where to go after the second day here.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

GREEN APPLES IN KENT

Wherein Richard H. Hepburn, who has just writen a play entitled "Behold My God" and had it produced, speaks none too kindly of Maryland. It seems he passed some of his earlier days with his late grandfather who was a minister in Kent County, the same place at which his more famed sister, Katherine Hepburn(of the movies) also gamboled as a youngster. Hepburn, the playwright, is quoted in the New York Herald-Tribune:

—o—

"My family has always been respectable,"he said, "but I guess my sister and I have broken the spell."

"I was fed and sickened as a child," he continued, "on milk from cows that had eaten green apples down on my grandfather's farm in Maryland. My relatives down there are round-headed farmers, nice country people. My grandfather was a preacher and thus started us in the theater business." '

TRAINER NEEDED

Disquieting comment on the deportment of Baltimore City audiences as set forth by a Washington columnist:

—o—

Around the White House there is talk of designating some one to prepare audiences for Presidential speeches as a result of the Baltimore experience. Baltimoreans frequently applauded at the wrong time and did not always laugh at the right time. This is considered to be bad for radio distribution. Timely applause and laughter help to stress proper points.

THE CONTENTED GROUSER

My father says the paper he reads
ain't put up right.
He finds a lot of fault, he does, pursuin'
it all night.
He says there ain't a single thing in it
worth while to read,
And that it doesn't print the kind of
stuff the people need.
He says they make the paper for the
women folks alone.
He'll read about the parties and he'll
fume and fret an' groan.
He says of information it doesn't have a
crumb.
But you ought to hear him holler when
the paper doesn't come.
—Rose Quartz in the Globe, Toronto.

THE Rambling Recorder

Lilacs are ready to bloom and scent dooryards and living rooms with their opiate sweetness. In their season lilacs are our favorite flower. So also are white carnations, peonies, roses, chrysanthemums and water or "pond" lilies. Have you figured out yours?

—o—

Thus far April has pretty well kept overcoats out of moth bags. However, the thermometer hit 84 on Tuesday as a foretaste of summer.

—o—

The thunderstorm that broke about midnight on Wednesday of last week was accompanied by unusually sharp flares of lightning. People get hardened to thunderstorms by the time August rolls around. But we noticed several pedestrians cringe at these early brilliant flashes.

—o—

Occasional butterflies are again fluttering around the gardens. And we killed our first mosquito of the season last Wednesday.

—o—

Apparently the sponsors of the tour of Queen Anne's county gardens and historic spots to be held on May 1 and 2 were in slight error when they announced the tour as the first to be conducted in the county. The Maryland Society of Colonial Dames conducted a pilgrimage to Queen Anne's on November 1, 1934. They visited the places listed in the coming jaunt and were admitted to homes as well as gardens.

—o—

Visiting druggists complimented Dr. E. W. Sterling on the completeness and smoothness of the arrangements for the regional meeting of the Maryland Pharmaceutical Association at Church Hill Thursday. Few of them realized that Dr. Sterling shaped his plans while under the double strain of his mother's death and the remodeling of his drug store following the removal of the postoffice.

—o—

The sweepstakes prize at the coming Homemakers' Flower Mart will be donated by Harold Higgins of Stevensville. It is to be an assortment of bulbs of the gladioli for which Mr. Higgins' nurseries have earned a reputation.

—o—

The Queenstown fire company is busy these days filling in, grading and sowing grass seed for a lawn around the company headquarters. The boys are doing the work themselves.

—o—

Clay Webb, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clay Webb of Vienna, who was initiated Monday evening into the University of Maryland chapter of the Scabbard and Blade, honorary organization for advanced Reserve Officers Training Corps, is a nephew of Mrs. Alfred M. "Pat" Green of Centreville.

—o—

Clay is the second of the Webb boys to make Scabbard and Blade, his older brother "Spike" being admitted last year. Both youths are leaders in campus life and Spike was an outstanding athlete as well.

—o—

J. B. Potts of Millington tells us that his father, James Wesley Potts, was a subscriber for the old Centreville Record for forty-two years. Record or no Record, it is a stretch hard to beat.

—o—

Two separate groups of inmates work out of the Centreville jail each day. One set is engaged in building a jail garage. The other has been busy cleaning up around the Courthouse and the Courthouse green. None of them are hardened criminals and they work without guards. The Courthouse group ring the jail bell for admittance to their quarters at noon and night. Their only privileged is an extra amount of regular food served prisoners. But they are thankful to be out of dors these beautiful spring days.

THE POET'S CORNER

I WONDER
By Mary Fennimore Sheppard

I wonder where they all can be
Those darling boys who once loved me?
I wonder if I could get them all in line
And just find one that's truly mine
And—want him as I did before.

Now there is
Harry and Eddie and Billie and Coe,
Barton and Stengle and Charlie and
Joe,
Milton and Freddie and Leo and Dan,
And never a one of the lot did I can.

Its a sad sorry mess, I must admit,
To be alone and just not "IT"
So I'm gonna cut this silly spiel
And start right off with sex appeal
No more to squawk of silly ills
But snare a man to pay my bills.

APRIL SONG

All my thoughts in April
Are joyous, singing birds;
They leave before I catch them,
Or snare them with swift words.

I had a thought for April,
But it has gone away
On circling wings of music:
Oh, it was very gay!

I had a thought for gardens,
Another for the gold
Of crocuses—but they were gone
Before their song was told.
—Eleanor Alletta Chaffee.

REST BY THE ROADSIDE
By Casper L. Newcomb

A rest by the roadside
Way out there, so's to be
In a cool brezee inside
Of the shade of a tree.

Evenings while on way
From a hard day's toil
Sit out there, where it may
Recreate of turmoil.

In a situation
When thus, I'm alone,
As gives consolation
When a day's work's done.

A rest by the roadside,
It is what haunts today
As I sit near the fireside
While growing old and gray.

NIGHT BEFORE APRIL

Outside, the wild wind
Picks at the lock.
And trees protestingly murmur
As they sway.
But here, in the firelight,
There is a silver bowl
Filled with yellow marguerites
And small blue irises;
Design of April:
Yellow of her sun,
Blue of her inconstant sky,
Silver of her laughing rain.
—Marion Brownell.

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

The Wind Bag Club

BY JOHN EMBERT

Jim Thompson says both big business and little business are showing a steady gain but still have a long way to go to catch up with monkey business.

—o—

Cadet William Cross a student at the Riverside Miiltary Academy, Gainesville, Ga., weathered the recent tornado without a scratch and after coming down off the flagpole he wires the folks back home that Maryland. My, Maryland is the garden spot of the world after all.

—o—

Archie Coursey, general contractor and builder also Grasonville's fastest beer slinger, will probably have to throttle himself down a bit. One of his "put-on-the-book customers" informed me he was drawing them so fast the other evening on a flood tide that he was nearly drowned from the foam.

—o—

How to keep a cool and level head and not get yourself in hot water. Always wear an icecap. Don't go up and down stairs or climb hills and mountains. Make sure your thermometer is on your person wherever you go.

—o—

As told to me by Bob Bamberry rope smoker and weed inhaler his average is fifteen supposedly cigars daily and having his own private blend which he makes himself. The cost is one half cent each including tax. According to him any kind of used rope can be used as long as it hasn't been tarred. You first parboil the rope then fry slowly adding jimpson weed using eel skins for the wrapper.

—o—

The Hocus Pocus Society will now focus the light on what the well dressed woman will wear at the seashore this summer. Suntanned cellophane frocks for morning wear, four o'clock tea dresses of orange pekoe decorated with lemon blossoms, and evening gowns made of iceberg lettuce leaves with the finishing touch of either French Romaine or Russian dressing.

—o—

The old maid's convention or bachelor girls society outing will be held at Perry's Corner on Labor Day. This being Leap Year is my reason for slipping the boys this advance information. All males desiring to remain single wear non-skid shoes and earmuffs for the girls will try to convince them they've been laboring under the wrong impression.

—o—

One of our brave citizens recently was awakened in the night by the cackling of his chickens. He and his wife both tip-toed down stairs. Se opened the kitchen door and yelled to her hubby get the gun quick. He replied, Maggie you know we ain't got no gun. The thieves thanked him for the tip-off and bagged a few more birds before making their exit.

—o—

I see one of our leading store merchants displaying non-skid rubber-tired lawn mowers and they are made by the Rubberneck Manufacturing Co. So there will be no tall grass this summer for Old Neckstrecther will keep an eagle eye on the boys.

—o—

The Baltimore News-Post seldom goes to pres without knocking Roosevelt and their recent cartoons on the editorial page of his fishing trip were imagination deluxe.

—o—

My idea of a good cartoon would be William Randolph Hearst sitting in a boat casting his reel in the Dead Sea for graymatter lost there years ago, and if caught to be added to his muddled brain.

—o—

Herman Moore purchased a pair of clodhoppers from Joe Ginsberg and after wearing them a week discovered they were slit just above the index toe. Joe examined them from bow to stern finding a razor blade. Herman admitted trimming his corns and promises not to be so absent-minded hereafter.

The Mail Bag

(Editor's note: In the letter below the "I" which represents "J" is the Roman J. This is made exactly like capital I except that it is crossed at the middle.)

To the Editor:

The unusual place name I. B. which has been commented upon in several recent issues of the Queen Anne's Record is said to have come from the initials I. B. (J. B.) cut into a line stone that stone near the place now known as I. B. The change of the I (J) to an I (I) was doubtless brought about by the disuse of this style of I (J) and its confusion, at a later period when it was generally unknown or forgotten with the letter I (I).

In his will, made about 1791, John Brown disposes of the tract of land known as Lamberton(the farm now owned by Mr. L. Hodge Coleman) and other tracts of land described as lying on "the road leading from a place called I. B. "(J. B.)". This indicates that at the time the will was drawn up the name was I. B. (J. B.) and that the change of the I. (J) to an I came at a later date.

I do not know that this is the true explanation of the origin of the name but at least it is not an impossible one. Similarly the place names I. V. in Kent and T. B. in Charles County are said to have originated from initials on line stones. The origin of the name I. V. in Kent is the subject of an interesting article by Mrs. Percy Skinner published several years ago in the magazine section of the Sunday edition of The Baltimore Sun.

ERNEST B. BROWN.
Church Hill, Md.

To the Editor:

The congerssional investigation of the Townsend old age pension plan has uncovered some interesting facts.

It is very evident that a gang of racketeers have horned in on the movement and are dividing up the "gravy" among themselves.

It has been said that the "slickers" who promoted the KKK cleaned up about a million dollars before that racket blew up. They were a bunch of pikers as compared with the thugs that took old Dr. Townsend for a ride.

S. E. WATERS.
Tampa, Fla.

RADIANT LIVING

IN FULLNESS OF LIGHT

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

It was early morning, I was trudging up the rutty stone-strewn narrow mountain road as it led its meandoring course up over Eagle's Crest. On either side the wild growth of mountain forest crowded in upon one closely, the trees at times arching overhead, while here and there portruded into the narrow way tangled branches and briars as though dipping the right of the little road to pierce through this wild wooded slope and afford passageway for the slow plodding team with its creaking wagon and dozing driver that occasionally passed over into the lonely valley beyond.

But this morning I was brisking along as best I could toward the top of Eagle's Crest, inhaling deeply the fragrance of the morning air and catching the joy of the jubilant songsters that were trilling about me.

As I was nearing the top, the newborn sun seemed to suddenly rise directly before me, as though he had just come up from the valley beyond. There he stood, right in the middle of the road where it dipped down on the other side. The road ahead was lost in the splendor of the glowing glory down the roadway from the crest just above.

With that baptism of solar radiancy there came to be a realization of a privilege that is mine as a pilgrim of God—to walk in the fullness of Divine radiancy!

When a man walks directly toward the sun there can be no shadows on his face. When one walks directly toward God in perfect obedience to His will, there can be no shadows on his soul.

Let me then so walk with my God, not only with Him, but ever toward Him, that the brightness of His Glory may flood my countenance.

Let it be with me as it was with me as it was with them of whom the Psalmist spoke when he declared: "They looked unto Him and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed. For with Thee is the fountain of life: in Thy light shall we see light."

Dame Rumor Says

That Wye Mills farmer who tried to make everybody feel he was being big hearted by going over and feeding his neighbor's stock while said neighbor was on the lift, stopped being neighborly when the neighbor's bottle of rye ran dry.

—o—

Yarns your Old Lady hears incident to the coming to town of a sewing machine man who offered minor repairs without cost:

—o—

A lively matron on Chesterfield Aveenue met the gent at the door and tried to turn him away by saying that she had a brand new machine and it didn't need fixing. After considerable persuasion he got inside, found the machine was nineteen years old.

—o—

Another young madam who spends entirely too much time on the streets and frequently gets in her hard-working husband's way, stayed home two days sewing merrily after a bit of oil and a new belt made her machine run as never before.

—o—

When the word got around that the man could not only fix machines but discourse learnedly on literature and art while making needed repairs, the telephones hummed and he had more business than he could handle. Powerful are these word o' mouth testimonials.

—o—

Here and there the repairman set in what's known as electric consoles for the matrons to amuse themselves with without benefit of footwork. Perhaps it is safe to predict that there will be a number of new electrically operated machines in town before long.

—o—

This visit also brought to light that an auburn-haired lady has had a new electric sewer for some time. The other day it would't work so she called the maid. Quick to size up the difficulty, the maid said: "If you'd turn on the switch, Ma'm, I'm sho' it would work better."

—o—

Meanwhile, despite all the flowery praises that opened hitherto unopened doors to the sewing machine genus one lady on Wharf Lane refused to budge an inch. It seems highly touted repairmen some years back messed up her Singer until it won't sing a note and she's determined to let it sit there until the rust takes it.

—o—

The young madam, previously mentioned, whose machine had been done so much good, finished her two days' sewing and journeyed to Commerce Street. There, after much chin wagging, she convinced a bridge compatrict that the gent was the real McCoy. However, sad to set forth, the husband put his foot down on strangers darkening his doorstep.

—o—

Nevertheless, the sewing machine business is slated for a boom. Your Old Lady, at this point, runs out of thread and needs a new bobbin.

—o—

Condolences from a pal in the First District who has taken it to heart because a protest in rhyme was sent to this column last week: "No wonder the "On File" verse was anonymous. I bet it was from some old gossiper who just couldn't take it."

—o—

An innocent Queen Anne femme thought she had received a brown lock of her boy friend's hair the other day by mail. After asking a number of questions, though, she learned that the postoffice folks use heavy twine of that color to wrap around bundles of letters and that a wisp broke loose and worked into the enevelope.

—o—

A Kent Romeo almost threw his right shoulder out of joint getting an arm around the hefty sweety he took to the movies the other night. By the time he stretched to reach around her the screen was out of focus.