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

The acron does not become an oak in a day; the ripened scholar is not made in a single lesson; the well-trained soldier was not the raw recruit of yesterday; there are always months between the seed-time and harvest. So the path of the just is like the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the prefect day.
—R. B. Nichol.

SUCCESSFUL HOST

Old St. Tammany's lodge of Odd Fellows put on a sparkling display of vitality in its role as host to visiting lodges from the Eastern Shore.

While much that transpired was naturally of interest to members of the organization the Centreville public appreciated and enjoyed both the street parade and the open portion of the Armory assembly.

Larger communities realize the value of attracting conventions and other important groupings as a source of interest to their residents and advertising to their visitors.

Centreville gets too few such gatherings. It should be a matter of satisfaction to St. Tammany that in addition to reaching its own lodge objectives it added to the pleasure and good name of the community.

ANOTHER BOAT?

Announcement that the Claiborne-Annapolis Ferry Company contemplates the purchase of another boat for possible use in its system comes as good news for two reasons .

The boat if purchased may eventually be placed in service between Claiborne and Kent Point. That would mean virtually a shuttle service across the short route, estimated as a twenty-minute run.

Traffic from the lower Shore would then traverse Kent Island from its tip to Matapeake. That, someday, is bound to mean a good road. Also travellers can see more of the Island's beauty and charm.

Then the smaller boat bought for the Claiborne-Kent Point run would release a larger one to give hourly service between Matapeake and Annapolis.

Everybody would seem to profit from this arrangement. Let's hope it happens and urge it in any way we can.

DOGS AND GAME

Agitation for a dog license law flared up in spots on the Eastern Shore last summer and burned itself out without accomplishing anything.

As a consequence various owners of turkeys in Queen Anne's and of poultry in other counties had to pocket their loss and their anger when their birds were destroyed by wild-running dogs. Officialdom did nothing about it.

It is interesting to note that State Game Warden E. Lee LeCompte finds the dog nuisance from the standpoint of sport sufficiently important for comment in his summary in the 13th Annual report of the State Conservation Commission. He comes out squarely for a dog license system.

To quote Mr. LeCompte:

"Dogs running at large practically throughout the year have caused us considerable annoyance and complaint after complaint was received annually regarding this nuisance.

"These dogs without doubt do destroy thousands of birds and game, especially young rabbits . . . .

'Section 20 . . . provides it to be unlawful for any person to allow his dog to run at large on property other than his own between March 1 and September 30, and pursue game and destroy the nests or eggs thereof.

"This legislation is very inadequate and when our field forces find dogs running game during the period herein stated, it is almost impossible to locate any one who will claim ownership.

"Therefore we recommend an adequate dog license system, empowering the officers who are in charge of the enforcement of these laws, forestry laws and the State Police to kill dogs found pursuing game at any time during this closed period."

Evidently the licensing of dogs is a matter of concern for conservationists as well as turkey owners. And it will require both groups to team up in carrying the ball if anything is to be done about wild-running dogs.

HOLCOMBE PASSES

Journalism on the Delmarva Peninsula sustained a distinct loss in the death last week of A. R. Holcombe, publisher and Editor of the Eastern Shore Times at Berlin.

A newspaper man for thirty-five years, his career started in New Orleans on "The Times-Picayune". Associations of varying lengths then followed in St. Louis, Cleveland and New York. For five years in New York he was Managing Editor of the Herald-Tribune, a newspaper which would be adjudged among the first half dozen in the United States on any competent critic's list.

With this rick talent and background of experience, Mr. Holcombe settled in Worcester County in 1932. Almost overnight the Berlin-Ocean City Times which bought and rechristened the Eastern Shore Times became a vigorous spokesman in county and state affairs.

Roads for Worcester County and the development of Ocean City as both a resort and seaport were his major themes. It was a rare week that he did not point the way and urge improvements in one form or another.

His aggressiveness frequently extended beyond the supposed confines of the editorial sanctum. His handiwork and pet phrase could be seen in the resolutions adopted by the Berlin-Ocean City Lions Club, the Business Men's Association of Berlin and other civic groups. Editor Holcombe and Citizen Holcombe were one and the same in furthering community welfare.

An unrelenting foe of State Senator Milton L. Veasey almost from the day he stepped foot on Worcester soil, Holcombe conducted virtually a one-man crusade against two-job public office holding and to his efforts more than any other was traced the appearance of a bill at the recent Special Session of the Legislature which would have barred members of the General Assembly from paid posts in other departments. He attacked the constitutionality of Veasey's serving as a right-of-way man for the State Roads Commission while a member of the State Senate. The bill failed in the House after passing the Senate.

The Times under his guidance was easily the most militant newspaper on the Eastern Shore. After continued criticism of the Board of County Commissioners in Worcester for failure to publish what Holcombe considered adequate reports on county financial matters, the paper carried a perpetual boxed editorial beneath the masthead calling for such information.

Inherently the reforms he strove for were right. Some he failed to gain because of over-bitterness and an attack too long sustained.

That he had the development of the Eastern Shore at heart was undeniable. Roads, dredging of Ocean City's harbor, a north and south highway, and similar improvements were constantly advocated. He sought a place in the sun for the lower Shore and repeatedly pointed out the natural advantages of the region.

The methods he used in bringing these things toward fruition drew fire from other Worcester papers. He dared to attack the intrenched political leaders. In every crusade he was dubbed a "furriner" when his logic was unanswerable.

The visions he saw for the Shore, however, came from a fresh perspective. He did not take the beauties and possibilities of the Shore for granted—he fought for them.

The Shore can ill afford to lose his vigorous brand of journalism.

LIFE ON THE FARM

An economist at the University of Wisconsin, Dr. O. E. Baker, expresses the sincere hope that his boy, now 5, will eventually become a farmer.

This is why, reasons the professor:

The farmer has better food, even in times of depression, than his city neighbors; he has better health; he can accumulate more property; he is more likely to enjoy his work than town people; finally, and most important, the farmer is more likely to rear a family and do his part to promote the general welfare of the nation.

From that viewpoint, this economist's ambition for his boy ought to set up an example for many other urban fathers.

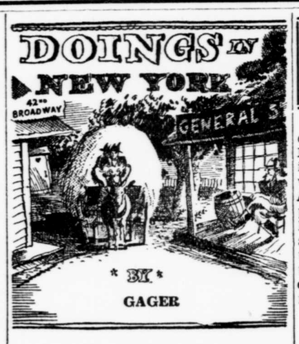
In any event it is one bet in their children's future that parents cannot afford to overlook.

And incidentally, laying aside the customary jibes directed at farm life, agriculture, in the final analysis is the nation's fundamental business.

A good speaker is one who says the things you would like to think of to say the way you would say them if you thought of them.—Heron Lake News.

When male eyebrows are plucked out, as per an edict of the national beauty congress, what's the embattled taxpayer going to hang on by?—Milwaukee Journal.

Why keep picking on Al Smith because he plans to "take a walk" during the presidential campaign? He knows his limitations, as he has tried running.—St. Louis Star-Times.



ONCE AGAIN WITH US . . . Radio director Lew Amis is back to watts and programs after ten days' sojourn into the sunny southland. Englewood, N. J., also reports the presence once again of K. B. C. (Smike) Smith, the famous architect, who has been residing at Cat Cay Island in the Bahama waters all winter. And yesterday the Kreml king of America, Ralph Semler, returned to these here shores after spending two weeks abroad. 'T was a short but successful trip one is led to understand.

—o—

At the Club 21 there is almost always some beautiful gal sitting around having a beer or something and the other night was no exception when movie actress Loretta Young appeared. She is one of the best when it comes to looks.

—o—

Did you see the picture of old man Pete Hurd with his fish in the American Druggist mag recently? Seems as Pete came back to town last Monday and by Friday he had himself in print. There is nothing like having a drag with the publishers.

—o—

The Rover Boys of 45th street, Dick James and George Wasey are trying to sublet their apartment for the summer as they are taking a house in Greenwich, Conn., for the coming social season. It is expected that Mr. John Winters will join them at that time.

—o—

Maybe it was prizefighter night the other evening, but anyway there was no lack of fistcuffers around the different clubs. At Leon and Eddie's for instance sat old man Hitler's pride and joy for ring renown Max Schmeling, who is over here training for his battle with the colored phantom, Joe Louis this June. And over at the Stork Club the same evening was the former world's (undefeated) Heavyweight Champion Gene Tunney looking just as fit as when he retired from the ring a few years back.

—o—

He may be an old man to the baseball profession but Herman (Babe) Ruth can still swing a pretty mean club when it comes to cracking out a good golf score. The other day at the Westchester Country Club the Babe broke eighty and that's good in any league.

—o—

This column wishes to express its deepest sympathy to Harry L. Brockway for the recent loss of his son.

—o—

Edward H. Hennen, who received his early training at the University of Minnesota, was seen last week-end directing the furniture men on how to do it at the home of Mrs. Marion Miller. Mr. Hennen has a bad back and, therefore, was unable to move any of the heavy pieces for which Mrs. Miller was indeed thankful.

—o—

Out getting the afternoon sunshine this week strolled painter Howard Chandler Christy and the Voice of Experience. Their destination was Mr. Christy's studio where he is doing a painting of the Voice. We don't suppose for a minute that H. C. C. will nead any advice on how to paint the V. of E. picture.

—o—

Last Saturday evening the Lamb's Gambol conducted their annual dinner and benefit show at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel to raise money for that organization to carry on for the ensuing year. According to all reports it was great success especially when such actors of the stage, screen and radio as Eddie Cantor, Cliff Edwards, Billy Gaxton and Frank Crummit were there to help put it over.

THE POET'S CORNER

Daffodils

The daffodils are budding,
Upon the slope of the hill;
There's no flower quite so beautiful
As the golden daffodil.

Like a golden carpet spread,
And waning in the breeze,
Each nods its little head
To the Japanese cherry trees,

Beside the lily pond,
They sway in merry glee;
Waving like a fairy wand—
So full of dignity.

—Rose T. Lane.

IMAGINATION vs. REALIZATION

By Mary Fennimore Sheppard

The night and all the world was beautiful
We were in love.
The flowers along the way were just for us
We were in love.
The moonbeams made a ladder across the riverbed.
As the mecca of our dreams it led
We were in love.
The sweetness of the night birds sleepy vespers
Were but the echo of our own endearing whispers
We were in love.

Dawn: It is another day
The facts of life come back to life,
With nothing left to say
The glimmer of the monlight
The fragrance of the flowers
The wonders of that wondrous night
When everything was ours
Are but
Reminders now
Of when
We were in love.

WOMAN

She's an angel in truth, a demon in fiction,
A woman is the greatest of all contradiction.

She's afraid of a cockroach, she'll scream at a mouse,
But she'll tackle a husband as big as a house.

She'll take him for better, she'll take him for worse;
She'll split his head open, and then be his nurse.

When he's well, and can get out of bed,
She'll pick up a teapot and throw at his head.

She's faithful, deceitful, keen sighted and blind;
She's crafty, she's simple, she's cruel, she's kind.

She'll lift a man up; she'll cast a man down;
She'll make him her ruler ,her hero, her clown.

You'll fancy she's this, but you'll find that she's that;
She plays like a kitten, she fights like a cat.

In the morning she will; in the evening she won't;
You are always expecting she will, but she won't.

THE Rambling Recorder

The countryside is beautiful these days with the fresh green of spring. Fields are clean, flowers and blossoming trees catch the eye on every side, woods are breaking out in dainty leaf. After the dreary months of winter when people looked forward eagerly to the life of spring it is surprising that cars speed by the landscape as helter-skelter as they do. One would expect that travelers would devote a little leisure to enjoying the season, now that they have it.

A kildee or kildeer has awakened considerable interest in Sudlersville. The bird has built a nest in what is the most unlikely spot that could be chosen—right out in the open on the bare cinders at a busy corner. A few yards away are railroad tracks. Within a half-dozen paces is a state highway where cars whizz by constantly.

—o—

And to make things more interesting the nest with three eggs in it is in the shadow of the addition to the Sudlersville Supply Company grain elevator where hammers are pounding, saws singing and chips flying all day long. The nest is absolutely unprotected except for a stake driven near it by interested workmen lest unwary pedestrians step on it.

—o—

The bird ordinarily sits on the nest without fear. When suspicious passerbys approach the kildee flies off and limps around pretending to be lame or to have a broken wing, a natural instinct which wild creatures use to lure danger from their young.

—o—

According to Joe George, a kildee nested in almost the same spot last year but there is nothing to prove it the same bird.

—o—

The big question knocking around the street corners in Centreville this week was the query as to who would land the postmastership. The race has narrowed down to Francis Thomas and Spencer C. Hammond, unless something surprising happens. If an announcement of the winner is not made soon Centreville will be tongue-tied from passing on rumors.

—o—

County baseball is stirring itself after its winter slumber. Down in Queenstown the boys are busy getting the diamond behind the grammar school in shape. A meeting to revive the Shore Orioles was held Tuesday evening but the spark to breathe life into the club was missing.

—o—

Kent Island is showing up with the Blue Jays. Stevensville is not only plugging away to get the Jays on the wing but is making a real drive to inaugurate a Sunday league. Church Hill has a team and Sudlersville is able to hit the ground running. The interesting thing behind most of the baseball talk is the amateur against the semi-pro proposition. The fans want the semi-pro but do not see enough cash in sight.

—o—

A sure way to pack a church is to have a wedding. People love to witness the ceremony and turn out in droves for a popular couple. Grace Church was filled for the marriage of Billy Green and Anne Shockey. But even while seats were still available a good sized number picked out standing room in the rear, a neat devise to see what's going on.

—o—

Harry Booker was supposed to play dead when the curtain went down on the first act of the "Ghost Train". He resurrected himself too soon Friday night, starting to arise before the curtain was completely closed.

—o—

The big pack of sugar corn and other commodities last year is having an adverse effect on farmers this spring. Sugar corn contracts are being offered at $8.50 or lower a ton, a drop of at least $1.50 from last year.

RADIANT LIVING

PROTECTED BY LIGHT

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

Light assures one of safety. Criminals operate mostly at night under the cover of darkness. But light destroys the shield of darkness behind which they perpetrate their evil deeds.

Keep yourself surrounded by light and you will be safe,—especially so spiritually. The missions of Satan can not approach the Light of God. Let me therefore keep in the fullness of Divine Radiancy and I shall be safe.

When our World War aces were surprised by the sudden appearance of an enemy plane shooting forth from a cloud they quickly turned directly toward the sun, keeping themselves directly in line between the enemy and that blazing orb, until they were in a position to attack. For when flying directly toward the sun they were swallowed up by the streaming rays and lost to the vision of the enemy.

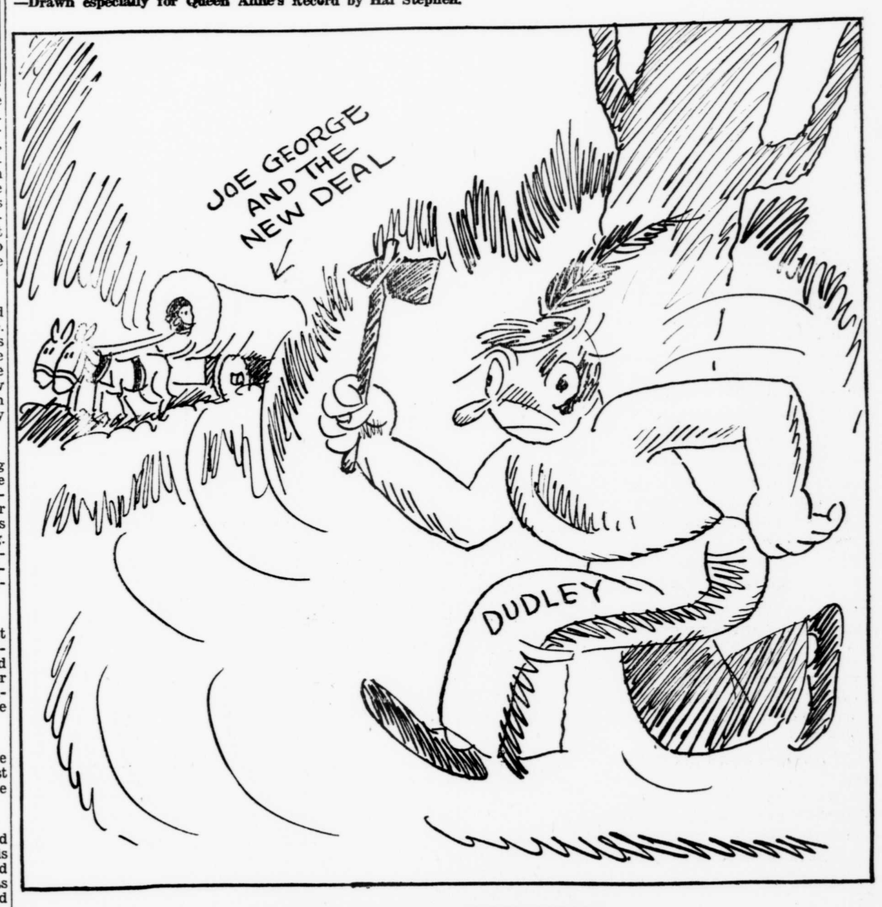
Comrade, should the enemy of your soul be pressing hard, fly directly Godward by prayer and you will find not only protection but also opportunity to turn and attack.

Satan loses his opportunity to attack a soul which becomes hidden in the Light of God.

In closing his epistle to the Romans, the Apostle Paul says: "The night is far spent, the day is at hand, let us therefore cast off the works of darkness and let us put on the armour of light."

Thank God for that armour, the Armour of Light!

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



ON THE WARPATH!

THE MAIL BAG

April 21, 1936.

To the Editor:

Please consider this as a general letter addressed to your Democratic readers who are largely against the National New Deal. There is a way of registering at the Primaries this disagreement with the reigning powers in the Democratic party.

You have two candidates for the Democratic Presidential nomination—Mr. Roosevelt and the other Colonel Breckinridge of New York. No one, of course, believes that Colonel Breckinridge will win the Primary, but. if the Democratic voters of the State of Maryland would register a vote of protest by voting for Colonel Breckinridge, it will help in one way to express their dissatisfaction.

Colonel Breckinridge is probably not well known in Maryland. He is, however, a former Assistant Secretary of War in the Cabinet of Woodrow Wilson. He is a man of high character and has a strong sense of public duty. In offering himself in our state, he does so for the purpose of carrying to Democrats a chance to register a protest vote. It is important to register as large an anti-Roosevelt vote as possible. It is believed that Maryland is a cause for concern to the Roosevelt forces. This was greater so long as the late ex-Governor Ritchie lived. He strongly disapproved of the New Deal, and a vote for Colonel Breckinridge will help to register the fact that Governor Ritchie's beliefs were supported by a great number of Democrats in our state.

Yours very truly,
LEON A. ANDRUS.

Queenstown, Md.

To the Editor:

I see a lot in the local papers about roads in Queen Anne's County and of meetings held to discuss them. I'm reminded of the homely matron who went to an outspoken French beauty doctor with the request that he lift her face. Taking a good look at her, he remarked, "did you say face, madam"? Our roads are in the same predicament as the lady's face—almost too late to do anything.

I wonder if anybody ever stopped to figure out what it has cost to patch and repair that piece of hump-backed tar, gravel and gapping pits, they kid us by giving a number to and calling a road; the one that lies between Centreville and Church Hill. I'll wager ten bucks against your old hat that the total maintenance cost would build two concrete roads between the two towns and enough would be left over to surface one of them with gold leaf. If a new road could be built between the two places on the survey of a fellow with a straight transit, it would only be about half the length of the present tarred cow path.

Church Hill is quite a near neighbor to Centreville if you think of her in a straight line, which I am told, is the shortest distance between two points.

BENCH WARMER.

The Wind Bag Club

BY JOHN EMBERT

The Beecher Detective Agency working under Sealed orders for five hours finally trailed Madam Fox to a shoeshop in Centreville. After she had toeplates put on she beat her pursuers back to town by six furlongs.

—o—

The past week was set aside for kindness to dumb animals and I believe Honk Thompson's conscience bothered him for a rooster he kept under a peach basket all winter was allowed to stroll around the yard with a sixty-foot chain fastened to its foot.

—o—

Mike Aker is organizing the Camel Club. Its membership fee, by laws, etc., are similar to the Lions Club omitting the roaring. You must be able to walk a mile in four minutes flatfooted and at the end of your journey your pulse must be normal. Your signed pledge for drinking stimulants are unlimited at the weekly suppers but the rest of the week the strongest liquid allowed is Java.

—o—

Don't get frightened if you see Tailtwister Harry Reynolds with a rifle on his shoulder patroling the Homewood Inn grounds every Wednesday evening for he will only be guarding his brother Lion members' plate suppers from the hungry Camels.

—o—

Mickey Cochrane's Tigers have gotten away slowly this season but when Goose Goslin comes off his setting of incubator eggs he will help to win many a ball game.

—o—

The Queenstown Terps, after a long winter's sleep, are slowly crawling out of their holes and basking in the sunshine. From all reports they will spend time and money to round up a real ball club.

—o—

Smiling Nick Nichols, the Terps' catcher, is back with us again and looks as if he wintered well. The way he pegs the old apple in practice is going to make it plenty tough for the baserunners..

—o—

Tug Schellberg, after a busy winter of smoker parties and dinner engagements, has kept his system well oiled so he shouldn't have much trouble getting in shape.

—o—

If it wasn't for canned vegetables the old menu would look destroyed. If some of the better halves weren't working your old man would take a beating. If the bonus isn't delivered in June the suicides will keep the undertakers busy. If it is the road hogs will keep the State Cops busy.

—o—

Joseph R. Sparks reached the rare old age of ninety-two and is still in good health. He doesn't attribute his long life to any one thing as he's been a hearty eater, moderate smoker, and accustomed to his daily tea with a stick in it. He is still able to read his newspaper without glasses and his few aches are mostly growing pains.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

BASEBALL IN MARYLAND

The eminent Bill Dooley, sports scribbler de luxe on the Philadelphia Record, takes a crack at umpiring and the general conduct of baseball in and around Hagerstown:

—o—

One of my favorites has been related before, but not for a blue moon or so and in our opinion will stand repeating. Ump Johnny Quinn, of the Poplar st. and the American League Quinns, is authority for the tale that an ump called a close one against the home club in Hagerstown or some other jerk town in Maryland.

Immediately the last out was called the mob chased the ump across the field and was at his heels when the village gendarme rushed to the ump from the opposite direction and thrust a paw against his chest.

Dolled up like a stage constable direct from a performance of "East Lynne," with a huge horse pistol dangling from his hip, the rustic limb of the law cackled:

"Hold on yere, naow, Mr. Umpire. I'll pertect ye this time.

—o—

"But if y'ever show up in this taown agen, by cracky, I'll take a shot at ye meself!"

MARRIAGE ODE

Before I married Maggie dear,
I was her pumpkin pie,
Her precious peach, her honey lamb,
The apple of her eye.
But after years of married life,
This thought I pause to mutter:
Those fancy names are gone, and now
I'm just her bread and butter.

Dame Rumor Says

Is that Double Creek farmer, who was seen roaming around that vicinity in the wee small hours of the morning, suffering from walking typhoid?

—o—

A pair of Centreville matrons, who are not only able to wash cars but in a pinch could take them apart, looked right prissy riding into Philly behind a chauffeur.

—o—

If that politician doesn't stop counting the pairs of sox on a certain clotheslines and then making wisecracks about the wash, he's liable to run short of votes the next time election rolls around.

—o—

Wonder which way the baby's hair will grow when those doting parents in Centreville get through brushing it? Momma wants curly hair and brushes it back. Poppa comes home and brushes it forward.

—o—

One of Centreville's would-be checker sharks complains that he fell into a slump and hasn't won a game since he started studying the checker book.

—o—

That gent who likes to spark a certain widow at Pondtown shouldn't pick the middle of a nine-foot road to park her.

—o—

That County seat Romeo who takes from two to three hours for lunch shouldn't try to make the boys believe that he has been at home chopping wood. The boys feel it's a bit unusual to chop wood upstairs.

—o—

If that Wharf Lane madam read the public prints more carefully she wouldn't have come out last Friday night expecting four bands to parade instead of one.

—o—

A rosy cheeked lad along Robbers' Row is so much in love these days that he leaves his headlights burning at high noon.

—o—

A certain lane along Coxe's Neck road is getting a lot of use these spring nights—as a parking spot.

—o—

Considering the amount of grub a Sudlersville housewife burns up it was false economy when she fired her cook.

—o—

If that gent at Dudley's Corner only knew it he has already talked too much. Everything he has said will be used against him.

—o—

The new song that sets the femmes agog also tickles the fancy of one of Centreville's dancing husbands. At least that's what one of his dancing partners reports to this department.

The Good Old Days

Snappy ads are not so new as William Chance showed in the Centreville Record of May 3, 1890.

—o—

CHANCE'S CASH TALK

It requires all the energy in man to live abreast this fast moving world and it requires a double portion to live ahead of times.

Some say, "Give me a certain amount of money and success is mine." I say, "Use what you have, great or small, unloose the springs of energy; direct your efforts uncomprisingly for principle and what can come other than success?"

Be honest and fearless. The motto of the gratest merchant—Stewart—was, "Buy for cash, sell for cash, never misrepresent an article and always give your customers the benefit of your bargains."

A man with money in his pocket is independent and belongs to nobody. I do not cater to trade by offering to sell goods on time. Persons can buy from me in no other way than with money or trade. I am your friend to save you money.

—Wm. Chance, Sudlersville, Md.