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

Do right tho pain and anguish be thy lot;
Thy heart will cheer thee when the pain's forgot;
Do wrong for pleasure's sake, then count thy gains;
The pleasure soon departs; the sin remains.

—Bishop Shuttleworth.

BRIDGE DISTORTION

In characteristic fashion designed to cover up its advocacy of a bay bridge from Kent County to a point near Baltimore, Tuesday morning's Sun wove the details of a hearing before the Senate Commerce Committee into an effective piece of propaganda.

The Sun unmistakably implied that certain opposition to the span is traceable to real estate holdings on Kent Island.

Instead of reporting in detail the individual protests filed against the location of a bridge from Tolchester to Miller's Island, The Sun seized upon the fact that Dr. Theodore Cooke, Jr., is an extensive landholder in the vicinity of Stevensville and sought to disqualify his opposition because of a suspected profit motive.

The Sun apparently did not think it important or worthwhile to mention that county and municipal officials as well as business men from Caroline, Queen Anne's and Anne Arundel counties were in the delegation that protested again Bill No. 4488 which provides for a bridge from Tolchester to Miller's Island. Very little stress also was laid on the fact that the lower Shore has branded the construction of this bridge as of minor value to the bulk of the Eastern Shore.

Meanwhile agitation for a bridge high up the Shore which flouts all ideas of geography and offers nothing more than an opportunity for the Federal Government to pour millions of dollars into the Bay continues to stand in the way of a sane, sensible approach to transportation across the Chesapeake.

Without holding a brief for the Claiborne - Annapolis - Matapeake Ferry Company, it must be said that definite efforts are being made by the ferry company to improve its service to a degree never before obtained.

A new boat is to be purchased, crossings increased to sixteen round-trips daily, shuttle service between Kent Point and Claiborne is contemplated, an improved road between Kent Point and Matapeake is in prospect, and every indication points to a closer approach to fast, frequent and less expensive trans-bay traffic.

It is unfortunate that the spectre of a bay bridge, hopeless because of its location, should hang over such developments and delay their fulfillment.

The Sun cannot hope to gain the confidence of the vast bulk of its readers on the Eastern Shore by befogging the issue and weaving the details of the hearing into a crazy quilt.

HEALTHFUL SILENCE

A business commentator recently observed that the best thing that can be said about business today is that there is nothing to say. Answer to that riddle is that business is holding its own, is gradually improving, and that no signs of a let-down can be seen.

Business Week says that recently observed factors reinforce the belief that the second quarter business volume will be best since at least the middle of 1931, that manufacturing activity will be tops since 1930. Earnings, as well as volume and activity, are likewise showing highly encouraging upward trends.

SEAFOOD INDUSTRIES

The cheerless picture of the sick state of Maryland's seafood industries painted by Sterling G. Harris in a thoughtful address before the Maryland Outdoor Life Federation last Friday may yet prove a valuable warning to whip the seafood business into concerted, constructive action while there is yet time for recovery.

Maryland's seafood industries have long been sick. The extent of their weakness is evidenced by packers buying out-of-state oysters and crabs to re-sell as the Chesapeake Bay product.

That means that all Maryland has left to trade on is her name, the last straw in any business.

One point finally dragged into print about Maryland oysters is that the state no longer produces high grade bivalves because watermen skim off the crop as soon as it reaches the level of standards. Oystermen have known this but have been reluctant to admit it.

The depression in the oyster business is of fairly long standing, but discussion of solutions has been hopelessly obscured by wrangling within the industry. Similarly the troubles of the crabbers have been befogged by pretty squabbling with Virginia.

There should be a real solution somewhere for the anemic state of the Chesapeake Bay industries.

It may come from activities of the Biological Research Laboratories. It may come from strengthening the Conservation Commission. It may lie in private planting rather than in public development which thus far is all too halting. It may come from more widespread closing of taking areas.

If the watermen could be paid for a couple of years for not catching oysters or not catching crabs as the farmer has been paid for not growing wheat, and 50% of the taking area could be closed the seafood industry might be placed on its feet, temporarily at least.

Such government aid is unlikely. In the absence of it the seafood industries from top to bottom will have to seek a solution and accept it, however drastic it prove, or the lean years will become permanent.

SCREWBALLS IN CONGRESS

It is a meritorious ideal that Congress should be representative of all the people of the country.

There are, however, some limitations even to that ideal.

For some time Representative Marion Zioncheck of the state of Washington has been cutting capers that spread a film of ridicule over our entire democratic system.

He whirled through the streets of Washington at seventy miles or so an hour regardless of whose life or limb was endangered. And he trusted to the supposed Congressional immunity from arrest to see him clear.

He fought police who were doing their duty by arresting him.

Recently he went to Puerto Rico and threw the entire island into a turmoil by his comments and his childish antics. It did not matter to Zioncheck that radical agitators clamoring for independence and what not had already brought island affairs to a seething point.

With the only limitations upon Congressmen the meeting of legal qualifications and the catching of sufficient votes there is always a chance for a screwball to turn up in its membership.

As believers in democracy we are supposed to laugh and like it.

But the nation groaning under enough expense without keeping playboys in the headlines wonders why Congress does not put its own house in order.

We can get along without Zioncheck even if they are representatives of a portion of the people.

LANDMARKS

Old pictures of street scenes of the old home town tell a story. Like bankruptcy court records they reveal the heavy mortality of business—that constant turn-over in the commercial life of the city.

One sees names on signs long forgotten—business tombstones that tell tragic tales.

Old newspapers also tell a story. They reveal the important fact that consistent advertisers stay in business longer.

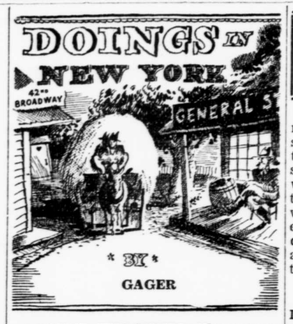
In the keener competition of today, other things being equal, the man who imparts his message to the people through his local paper has a better chance to meet depression, and build an institution that often survives the man himself into years of added usefulness.

Now would be the ideal time to let the Communists take control of the country—if only to see how they'd divide up the $11,000,000,000 deficit.—Judge.

The new cotton highways are full of amusing possibilities. Fancy the distance from coast to coast being cut 1500 miles on account of shrinkage. —Milwaukee Journal.

The forgotten man may be forgotten because he never did aything worth remembering. — George H. Dern.





AROUND THE TOWN: The sponsor of Mickey Mouse, artist and creator Walt Disney is in these parts these days. On the same evening as Mr. Disney dropped in the 21 club, CBS ace sports announcer, Ted Husing, was sitting over at Sherman Billingsly's hangout looking very blue and probably because his new wife of two weeks was at the present time sailing on the blue Atlantic bound for London.

—o—

There's an old saying that if you don't succeed the first time try again and that is just what publisher Stanley Gibson did the other day. He ups and married for a third time. Good luck to you Mr. Gibson.

—o—

Equestrian and Olive Tablet king Fred Rathburn from Columbus, Ohio, was with us for three days last week. During that time Fred sported a large brick red suit that couldn't be missed a mile away. Back home Mr. Rathburn maintained he had a bigger and better suit but had failed to bring it along. We are very thankful, Sir.

—o—

Musterole's George Beecher drifted into town last week for the Drug Convention and spent half of one day looking for his hotel room 264. After a long and diligent search at the Waldorf-Astoria, it dawned upon him that he was staying at the Biltmore where they have rooms starting with numbers as low as 264.

—o—

One of Chicago's best liked sport writers Jimmy (Cork Tips) Corcoran came to New York this week. Or at least he came along with the Chicago Cubs who were here playing a three game series with our Giants. Jimmy, you see is traveling with the Cubs on their eastern jaunt this month. A tip from Mr. Corcoran is that the St. Louis Cards look right now like the best team in the National League.

—o—

Prominent around town the other evening especially at the French Casino and the Stork Club was radio advertising man Carl Dwyer. It has been a long time since Mr. Dwyer has been in this country as he in recent years has lived in London.

—o—

Karl Beebe Smith of Englewood, N. J., who has been frequently mentioned in this column for his architectural ability, entertained J. Homer Winters and G. Edward (CTC) Wasey at his home this past week-end. Everybody was glad when the visit was over and idle gossip has it that the Smith's neighbors are moving.

—o—

Cartoonist Hal Stephens is fifty dollars richer this week due to placing ten bucks on Bold Venture at the very nice odds of 5 to 1 to win the Preakness last Saturday down in Maryland. A tip to Mr. Stephens is that when Bold Venture comes to race at Belmont next month, experts predict that either Red Rain or Brevity will take the measure of the Derby and Preakness winner.

—o—

Scarsdale, N. Y. will soon add another prominent name to its list of distinguished home owners when Marion S. Taylor (Voice of Experience) moves into a new house that he just recently purchased. Located very near to Squire Miller's latest establishment the Voice and the Squire will be able to have many little chats about the comparative merits of each other's gardens.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

ONCE UPON A TIME

Dissertation on Republican flukes as compiled by that loyal organ of Democracy, the Democratic Messenger, published at Snow Hill:

—o—

Yes, once upon a time a man was elected to high office in Maryland, who as a candidate was considered a joke. The Republicans were hard up for a candidate for Comptroller, so Robert P. Graham, of Wicomico County, who was willing to be the goat, was allowed to go forth as the Republican candidate for Comptroller, and he was elected. It was then some of the Republican leaders wanted to kick themselves.

Now the Republican party is in bad shape for a candidate for President, and the Honorable Harry Nice thinks he would make a fine candidate. We do not imagine he will have the luck of Robert P., but there are Republicans who would feel like kicking themselves in this year of 1936 if he should happen to land the nomination for Vice-President.

Stranger things than this have happened and so many of the delegates to the Celevland Convention do not know that Happy Harry is not the Governor of Maryland because of his popularity, but was made Governor by Democrats who were tired of voting for our esteemed friend Governor Ritchie, and they will make the noise that he can carry Maryland again, and many may fall for it.

It will be an honor even though it will prove an empty one.

Wherein The Rambler on the Democrat and News, Cambridge, formally cedes Ethiopia to Italy and a moment later recommends a trip to Europe for Herbert Hoover while the presidential wars rage:

—o—

Italy now owns Ethiopia after sacrificing the lives of thousands of her own people and slaughtering many more thousands of the uncivilized Ethiopians. She is welcome to all the territory acquired and to do as she damned pleases with it. Let's forget about it.

—o—

How will the Republicans dispose of Herbert Hoover? Will they promise him a good cabinet position to take the stump for Landon, or will they offer him a trip to Europe, with all expenses paid and a cash consideration if he will stay out of the country until after the election?

If you can laugh at yourself, there's hope.

—o—

If you have built castles in the air your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put foundations under them.—Thoreau.

THE Rambling Recorder

The rain which came Monday afternoon and evening was worth thousands of dollars to farmers on the Eastern Shore, especially in the strawberry areas where the dry spell was beginning to parch crops. During the early part of the storm the wind whipped suddenly around from southeast to northwest and pellets of hail cracked against window panes. But almost as quickly the wind backtracked to the south.

—o—

One of the indications that Field Day came to town was that the supply of bread in the stores quickly vanished.

—o—

Centreville and Chestertown chapters of the Eastern Star observes Mother's Day in unique fashion . The Centreville group is the "Mother lodge" to their Kent county sisters since they helped to institute their chapter.

—o—

Each year at the first meeting following Mother's Day the Chestertown chapter as the daughter is host to Centreville. At the celebration last week the Chestertown ladies further marked the occasion by presenting their Queen Anne's friends with a Bible on whose cover was stamped the insignia of the order.

—o—

Other tokens of good will featured the meeting as Mrs. Lillian Smith of Church Hill received gifts from the Chestertown organization and from its officers. For the past few years Mrs. Smith was district lecturer to both Queen Anne's and Kent counties. At the recent state convention of the Eastern Star she was advanced to Grand Martha and the testimonials marked both offices. Centreville, by the way, will honor Mrs. Smith in her new rank at their session next Tuesday.

—o—

Thecommunity of Price has joined the group enjoying the blessings of electric lighting. The current was turned on late last week.

—o—

Mrs. William H. Fisher is again busily engaged in getting her peony crop off to market. Thousands of blooms still in the bud state are being assorted, bunched and crated, an arduous task while the season lasts. But like so many other crops peony raising is a gamble with the weather. Decoration Day offers the prime market. However, the Spring weather is the joker in the game as there is no way of holding back the plants when the season is too forward.

—o—

The "Circus" parade Saturday evening served to whet the appetite of the entire community for the coming carnival of fun. In its way the parade was an amusing imitation of the "big top" variety with animals, clowns and enough noise of horns to drown a calliope.

—o—

Howard Price looked the part of a dapper ringmaster in silk hat and preacher coat. And the polar bear was realistic enough to make one colored girl duck behind a post for safety.

—o—

The two lads who formed the head and tail of the donkey—or was it an elephant?—amused spectators while the parade waited for a red sign to go green. The lads tired of the monotony of riding along in the dark under their hood. Near the Blue Lantern both ends of the critter got into a tussle with the head trying to bite the tail and the tail trying to kick proper respect into the head.

—o—

The I. B. School of which Miss Anna Hock is teacher is going to hold its annual festival, a reminder of the days before school consolidation when every "little red schoolhouse" marked the year's end with a happy gathering of parents and pupils to celebrate a term's end. Somehow these little groups spurred a parental interest in their schools at least as well as our modern devices.

RADIANT LIVING

THE RADIANT ENERGY OF GOD

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

In the writings of the Apostle John we have three of the greatest revelations of God ever given to man; namely, God is Spirit, God is Light, God is Love.

In these inspired declarations concerning God there is such a simplicity and yet such a depth of meaning that while a child can grasp the fact, the greatest intellect cannot exhaust it.

Long before the time of the early Persians, light was regarded as a symbol of God, while darkness was considered a symbol of evil.

In those ancient philosophies and theologies, it remained for the Egyptian Pharoah Amenhotep IV, born 1975 B. C. to give the world an advanced conception of God when declared that God was the radiant energy that streamed forth from the sun, giving life to all.

To express this conception more clearly, he adopted, as a symbolic description, a circular disk, from the circumference of which were extended straight lines in all directions and at the end of each line was a tiny hand, grasping and extending the Egyptian sign that represented life.

Although Amenhotep IV was wrong in his theology, yet it is remarkable that he so closely approached the spiritual fact that God is Light and that from Him there does stream forth a radiant energy that gives and sustains spiritual life.

When a man walks with God he walks in Light and that Light is the constant source, supply, and sustainer of his peace, joy, purity and health.

"If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

Argument with a woman is a case of "He came. He saw. He concurred." —Gustavian Annual.

—o—

Some college girls pursue learning, while others learn pursuing.—College Life.

—o—

An injurious truth has no merit over an injurious lie. Neither should ever be uttered.—Mark Twain.

—o—

I like work; it fascinates me. I can sit and look at it for hours.—Jerome K. Jerome.

—o—

Free advice is the kind that costs you nothing unless you act upon it.—Atlanta Journal.

—o—

The Japanese national hobby: collecting China.

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



DIZZY DAYS FOR THE QUEEN

The Wind Bag Club



BY JOHN EMBERT

Bronson Willis who has increased the momentum of many a girl's heart has finally tied the marrying knot. The lucky girl is Miss Dolly Walters. Here's wishing them oodles of expression and years of possession.

—o—

The patent leather shieks who hocked there overcoats in order to get white duck trousers are sort of up against it these cool evenings for their knees knocking sounds like an old model T. The more fortunate ones that have been able to borrow leggings help to keep the knocking sound muffled.

—o—

Harry Roberts, having graduated from an unskilled laborer to a hatchet and saw man, just completed building a dozen chicken and turkey coops for a farmer. After his employer looked them over he remarked you failed to follow my blue prints. Roberts replied if he had built them according to specifications the chickens would have frying size and the turkeys would have died of the roup before they were completed.

—o—

How to avoid hay fever: Always walk on the shady side of the street, cut down on the use of pepper and horseradish, greet your friends with hello or hi instead of hey. Wear a sunflower in the lapel of your coat instead of a goldenrod.

—o—

Doc Reese, basket maker, heard so much talk about Wheaties being the breakfast of champions he thought he would give them a trial. Although they did increase his speed the first hour, he found them to be too light a food for his work. Besides he had to place an anchor on his foot to keep him on the ground.

—o—

The C. C. C. has caused a shortage of farm labor here and the soap box sitters are kept busy dodging the farmers. Their motto is the person who says he loves to work should see a brain specialist.

—o—

Every new moon Otis Pinder passes the word around that he's going back to his old job as efficiency expert with the Sun Oil Co., but I think he must mean he's waiting for another eclipse of the sun.

—o—

Guess it all goes in a night's fun says Mr. Dubnow the owner and manager of the Silver Roof. One of his regular Saturday night customers after spending his greenbacks as well as pocket change removed a piece of the roof and presented it at the bar for more drinks. Although it is advertised to be silver its only tin covered with aluminum. So all that glitters isn't gold.

—o—

Will Schellberg has been away fishing for several weeks and was accustomed to sleeping on his boat. Now he finds it impossible to sleep until his father throws bucket after bucket of water against the house. The sound of the waves were sweet music to his ears. Captain August says if this keeps up much longer he will have to connect a hose to the faucet to creat automatic splashing.

—o—

So many times have I been stumped by the four hundred when they speak of their ancestry and the family tree I decided to go into history books. After tracing my family name through several foreign countries and changing the name so often they must have been counterfeiters or sleight of hand artists. The chase ended at Perry's Corner in the finding of an old gum stump, the rest of the tree perhaps being used for firewood. So I'm still stumped and the name still gums up the works. I am like the old darkie. "I am what I is and I can't be what I ain't."

THE POET'S CORNER

THE OLD CLOCK

You ask me to sell you that clock over there
Oh, I couldn't do it, I surely declare
I could not keep house without its sweet chime
It reminds me of mother, that mother of mine,
When the clock struck the hour of 12, she'd say
Come, children, to dinner, but now she's away.

I fancy I hear when the clock strikes the hour,
Come children, oh if I had the power,
I'd break heaven's gates and bring her once more
Back to the home, my heart is so sore.
When it struck the hour of 7, she'd say
Come, children, it's bedtime, you must hie away.

With a sweet good night kiss our prayers would be said
Oh, how I miss mother when I kneel by my bed.
And father, his hair then turning gray
Would wind the old clock at the close of the day.

The clock struck the hour at each wedding day
When we broke the home ties and wandered away,
Leaving father and mother so lonely and sad,
But the clocks ticked on for mother and dad.
When death crossed the theshold, it still marked the time
I love that old clock, I love its sweet chimes.

Don't ask me to sell it, all the company I got
As I sit here alone, I've thot and I've thot
And wondered what father and mother would say,
If ever I gave that old clock away.

—A Subscriber.

QUEENSTOWN

The Girls 4-H Club met at the home of Mary Lucretia Reynolds on Wednesday evening. The group enjoyed quite a pleasant evening.

Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Shawn, of Catonsville and Mr. and Mrs. Roland Richards and son, of Wilmington, are guests of Mrs. Clemintina Jones, of Delrhodes Avenue.

Mrs. E. S. Rowens, who has been visiting friends and relatives in Philadelphia, has returned.

Mr. Boyce Kepper, of Florida, is visiting the family of Mrs. Margaret Cross.

Mrs. J. S. Golt was the first of four generations represented at the Mother's Day dinner given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. Urban Golt. The young son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shortall, of Springfield, Mass., represented the last generation.

A musicale by the Centreville Colored High School Chorus for the benefit of the kitchen of our Community Hall is being arranged for this Saturday evening, May 23, at 8:15 p. m. at the Little Theatre in Centreville. The program will be interspersed by quite a few Negro Spirituals which have been added by request.

The hostess to the contract club this week was Mrs. Harry C. Reynolds. Top score went to Mrs. J. T. Bishop while six players had to cut for the floating prize which eventually was won by Mrs. B. R. Cook. Miss Alziro Whitehead was a guest player.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Swann, of Denton, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Swann.

Miss Ruth Maloney, who had been visiting Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Cook, returned to her home in Easton, and is now down with the measles.

Mrs. Mary C. Bishop and daughter, Miss Muriel Bishop, of Salisbury, were Sunday visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Weiss in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis McKim have taken up their summer residence on the Chester.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Onley and daughter, Martha Helen, motored to Baltimore on Monday and were returning during the severe rain storm.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Canterbury, of Harrisburg, Pa., and Miss Kate Cockey, of Towson, spent Mother's Day with Mrs. B. E. Cockey, who has just recently returned from a visit with her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Cockey in New York



Dame Rumor Says

A family at Wye Mills was certain something was wrong with the electric wiring when a peculiar odor filled the house. They put in a hurry call for the trouble-shooter whose keen sense of smell located the trouble in short order. There was a skunk under the floor.

—o—

That gent who wailked out of Spaniard's Neck the other day with a sack hung on his shoulders had a fishy look in his eye. Don't suppose there was any family silver in it!

—o—

That county seater who went to the Preakness last Saturday has been down in the mouth ever since. Must have taken a beatin'.

—o—

If a certain politician in the Fourth District would peer into the future a bit he wouldn't be so inclined to go off half-cocked. Seems he plays 'em for the present while old heads at the game say to figure on tomorrow.

—o—

Congratulations to the Overlooking Gent in Kent. He's turning out some swell columns.

—o—

A certain individual on Chesterfield Avenue would have got lots more fun out of the track meet if so much time hadn't been devoted to telling folks where not to park.

—o—

It seems a shame for that gent at Wye Mills who is now stepping out in a brand splinter new car to go around in his old clothes and a greasy hat. The boys are considering taking up a collection to buy him some glad rags in keeping with the new conveyance.

—o—

And while on the subject of new cars, up McGinnes Corner way a certain fellow has been sparking so heavy that he has worn out his coupe and has been seen walking here of late.

—o—

The love bug must have been working overtime out Kidwell Avenue. Anyway a lassie is looking for furniture.

—o—

A certain golfer is being called "Doubtless Thomas" these days at the Talbot Country Club. It came to light the other day that he no longer trusts one of his boon companions and set his caddie to keeping score on said playmate. By way of retaliation the pal he checked up on threatens to wheel an adding machine around the course.

—o—

A Wye Mills farmer has found an inexpensive way to prove himself a good sport. At 7:30 each morning he asks the boys to step up to the soda fountain, that the drinks are on him. Of course no one wants to drink that early.

The Good Old Days

Mrs. Annie Walker Burns of Seat Pleasant furnishes us with the following extract from the Court records of Queen Anne's county for 1756 showing that this county was sent a share of the French residents expelled from Acadia or Nova Scotia when the English captured that portion of Canada. Longfellow has made the expulsion famous in his poem "Evangeline".

—o—

"Gentlemen of the Court: Agreeable to the act of Assembly we send you the remainder of your portion of the French neutrals who will arrive at Queenstown the latter end of next week, 22 in number whom we recommend to your favor.

N. B.: Paul L'Andre and wife; Ernee L'Andre and his wife and 5 children; Stephen L'Andre and wife, Mary Dossitte and four children; James Jaroire and his wife Adias; man and child both named Jos. L'Andre; Peter L'Andre Jump and wife.

Signed,
Bozman, Thurston Thomas,
James Lloyd.
Edward Oldham,
Oxford, June 19, 1756.