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 years have taught us some sweet, some bitter lessons. None wiser than this, to be old friends most miserly. It is good to sow them early, for our faith pines as we age, and after wrinkles come few plants, but water the dead ones with their tears.—Author Unknown.

THE GRADUATES

With all the pomp and ceremony, the flowers, the activity and light hearted excitement that has been threaded into graduations, eighty-eight young ladies and young men of Queen Anne's county received diplomas this week signifying the successful completion of their high school careers.

In addition the diplomas signified other praiseworthy characteristics such as persistency and industry, punctuality and the ability to blend in with the atmosphere and functions of school life.

The diplomas mean much to these young people. They mean still more to the parents who have aided and guided their children toward the goal at sacrifices known only in each household.

The true values of their graduation are in part understood by the group who have now completed their public education. The diplomas are a visual testimony of a successful past. They represent a certain cultural attainment and standing in American life.

For those graduates who are going on to college or other schools the high school course is but a stepping stone.

Whether these young people pass on to other halls of learning or plunge into the workaday world to start carving their careers graduation should not be viewed as the completion of education. That is never completed while life and normal mentality last.

Up to now the graduates have been reliant to a great extent upon parents and teachers. More and more they must become self-reliant. The world is before each one, to make of it what he can and will. Their present success augurs well for the future.

Queen Anne's Record congratulates each one upon his high school graduation and wishes for each the happy combination of circumstances and endeavor to attain a glorious manhood and womanhood.

PRAISE FOR SHORE

It is a rare visitor to the Eastern Shore who does not leave with a parting word of appreciation for this area.

Recently Editor Robbins of the Hickman, Kentucky, weekly Courier and president of the Kentucky Press Association traveled through the Sohre as part of a tour of Eastern states.

Says Editor Robbins, "I am very much pleased and impressed by the Eastern Shore of Maryland. This is my first trip to this particular section and I believe if outsiders know more about your very picturesque and delightful section you would see a tremendous increase in your tourist trade."

The Eastern Shore could readily join the heroes of an old song in chanting, "When you know us you'll love us, like all the rest."

KENT ISLAND SCORES

Kent Island lived up to its reputation as an outstanding sector in the county for community cooperation and aggressiveness in the highly successful Memorial Day festival carried out by the Woman's Club of Kent Island on Saturday.

When an occasion arises the Island folk seem able always to supply leaders to take hold. Mrs. J. Calvert Jones as general chairman of the Memorial Day affair deserves generous commendation for the tact, skill and resourcefulness displayed in conducting the enterprise.

Although the dozen or more events on the program were of a widely assorted nature and covered a period from 10 o'clock in the morning until midnight the festival was remarkable for the almost clock work precision. Even more remarkable was the absence of last minute substitutions which often take the edge off large celebrations. Practically every key man whether he was a speaker, judge or what not, was in his place at the time appointed.

Credit must also be extended to the numerous members of the Woman's Club who as committee chairmen and helpers saw their individual tasks through so thoroughly.

The Kent Island Woman's Club may have undertaken their festival with considerable trepidation as to its outcome but their industry and enterprise carried the event through in a highly laudatory fashion. The best proof of the success of the endeavor is that plans for a similar event next year are already being sketched.

MOTORIST'S PRAYER

When the weather warms up in the spring the call of the road lures the motorist. Automobile traffic increases and in its wake the dangers of the highway multiply.

During the past week the clash of steel against steel was heard in various portions of Queen Anne's county and nearby communities as cars tangled.

Accidents are frequently due to the superiority complex which many feel when they get their hands on a steering wheel and which makes them callous to the presence of others using the highways.

With the idea of arousing consideration for others in the minds of automobile drivers the Rev. Dr. Frederic S. Fleming of Trinity Church, New York City, has had copies of the "Motorist's Prayer" printed on small cards for distribution at his church on Broadway opposite Wall Street:

The prayer is:

Grant me a steady hand and watchful eye,
That no man shall be hurt when I pass by.

Thou gavest life, and I pray no act of mine
May take away or mar that gift of thin.

Shelter those, dear Lord, who bear me company,
From the evils of fire and all calamity.

Teach me to use my car for others' need,
Nor miss through love of speed

The beauties of thy world; that thus I may
With joy and courtesy go on my way.

Motorists who find themselves tempted to join the forces of death and destruction on the highway could well glance at such a prayer when their feet get heavy on the accelerator.

IT MIGHT WORK

In an era of reforms and panaceas a proposal by T. S. Stribling, the novelist, should be snapped up at once and given a trial. Mr. Stribling says that politicians should be licensed to practice, as are doctors, lawyers and realtors, and that four-year college courses should be established as a means of preliminary training.

The only immediate practical difficulty would be found in taking care of the situation until a sufficient number of politicians had qualified to carry the country along in the future.

There would be a gap of at least four years before the proposed scheme could be set in motion, and if all the quacks now occupied politically were allowed to continue for that period it is doubtful whether the nation could then be saved by the licensed practitioners.

But if the matter were submitted at once to the Hopkins and Tugwell organizations, perhaps something could be worked out to tide us over the emergency.—Kansas City Times.

A famous millionaire mentions that money does not make for happiness. Still, it does enable a man to be miserable in comfort.—Punch.

These economists who think competition a bad thing never tried to get service from a man who had no competition.—Detroit Free Press.

The troops will have a softer time in another war than the noncombatant, says a French prophet. There are machines now that peel potatoes. —El Paso World News.

When political parties are not throwing hats in the ring they're passing them around.—Jacksonville Journal.

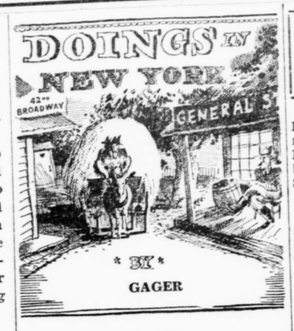
Rip Van Winkle slept for 20 years, but, of course, his neighbors didn't have a radio.—Atlanta Constitution.

A woman writer mentions that fox furs are absolutely waterproof. This explains why you never see a fox carrying an umbrella.—Punch.

Spectators stoned a matador at Puebla, Mexico, in protest against the type of bull employed. A word to our campaign spellbinders should be sufficient.—Tacoma Ledger.

The peasant women of Russia have been ordered to work six days a year on the roads. If they do well at it Stalin lets them have a few days every summer to rest up in a coalmine.—New York Sun.

A report on progress in the Dionne nursery says the girls are acquiring judgment of their own. Look out any day for a three-to-two decision.—Portland Oregonian.



This column is being "ghosted" this week while the regular author bakes his frame in the scintillating sunshine of the British West Indies. We probably will have to suffer through the next month listening to him talk about that 300 lb. marlin which he almost got. We understand the police precinct, over near the East River where he lives are quite happy to think they will receive no more wee-hour calls wondering as to his whereabouts. The night club operators are the only ones that are taking a licking by his absence.

—o—

Stanley (Yale) Keyes, the dashing young executive chairman of the Junior committee at the Westchester Country Club, is having pulse quickening over the blonde eye-full Barbara Shewan. It looks to "ye ghost" as though the middle aisle will have another customer before long.

—o—

Eve Beck, gorgeous English radio warbler, sailed from Southampton the other day on the Queen Mary's maiden voyage. Miss Beck starred in the famous Sylvan Flakes program which was broadcast from Luxemberg, France, last season.

—o—

The weekly flag raising ceremony of the Royal Bengal Bicycle Club took place over at Colombo's restaurant last Friday noon. Lunch was interrupted in a big way with the arrival of a motorcycle, commodore of the bicycle fleet, tearing into the bar at a full ten miles an hour.

—o—

Central Park Casino, the place that once upon a time had a $10 cover charge, is now nothing more than a large pile of boards. Not so long ago gravy cost 90c there but soon on the same site kids will have a free playground. The city officials are wising up slowly but surely.

—o—

Paul (the dude) Newman prominently paraded around town last week in three of his new shirts. We understand they are the latest thing ($12 a crack) in yellow, blue and red.

—o—

Walter Winchell had a few sparks the other day when he said a guy who was a failure was one without enemies, and that sophistication was being able to look as bored as your listeners.

—o—

Lieutenant Guy Moy, chief laundryman and button remover for several of the young bucks around this village, is rumored to be in on a deal with a restaurant owner for the summer. We hope Guy handles that food with more care than the shirt your author has on at the present sitting.

—o—

It is rumored that Hal (what do you know about Denver) Stephan is definitely out of the "dog house" and has been for the past week. It must be a relief for Hal to find that old trunk of his right in the closet where it belongs.

—o—

Things that flash through my mind—seeing pretty and sunburned Almyra Gibson back from Chicago having cocktails at the Waldorf—Ethel Barrymore's son playing a mean game of tennis with quite a gallery at the Winchester Biltmore— plenty of orb opening gals getting that early tan on the beach at the same place—Dick James having beer with breakfast at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon—Charlie Cox, the great insurance man and professional Southerner, giving his guests a few tips on how to play bridge—the low status of my bank account and my dinner date tomorrow night—hearing the "Voice of Experience" starting his new series on N. B. C. at 11:45 this morning and it was swell.

—o—

That curly haired Gager will be back next week.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

CAT FISH WEEK

Dissertation on the prevalence of "weeks", celebrating this or that, as prepared by the Old Grouch, No. 1 reporter on the Batlimore Observer:

—o—

"I see", said the O. G. (Old Grouch) "that a life insurance week is been invented. We have had all kinds of weeks. We jest had a race hoss week and we have had a apple week and a lotta other weeks about this, that and the other. It is now about the time to have a jay bird week and a cat bird week and soon a crab week and catfish week and maybe a dog week and a cat week and a gold fish week and a canary bird week and so on till we fill up the whole calendar.

"We had a Emden week and now it might not be disappropriate to have a Mussolini week in celebration of the capture of Ethiopia which is been took over and made into a new Italian empire.

"And maybe we could make a empire outa Maryland if we would only be bold enough to annex Delaware and the duPont family."

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

The management of the Upper Dorchester News, Hurlock, speaks its piece on Sunday sports.

—o—

The management of the Upper Dorchester News has always been strictly opposed to Sunday sports and do not publish any reports or notices of same knowingly. Some may feel that we should give publicity to such events whether we favor them or not, but we cannot do that and be fair with ourselves.

Traffic is a subject that engages our interest these days. Each town, our suggestion is, ought to have a no-way street, in each instance to be named Zioncheck Avenue.— N. Y. Herald Tribune.

THE Rambling Recorder

Mrs. William Rolph who placed the D. A. R. floral tribute at the veterans memorial in Centreville had a large Maryland flag streaming in the brisk breeze at her home beside the Star Spangled Banner.

—o—

At the jail where the holes for staffs in the sidewalk had become clogged through disuse a couple of darkies did a little reaming and two flags were unfurled before noon.

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Except for roses, flowers were quite scarce on Memorial Day. The warm weather of early May rushed blossoms and a cool week suddenly checked the supply.

—o—

Mrs. William Jarman of Sudlersville has taken the unofficial poppy blooming championship away from her fellow townswoman, Mrs. N. A. Johnson, by a fairly healthy margin. A poppy in Mrs. Jarman's garden is gorgeous with 46 blooms, a cluster hard to beat.

—o—

Hollyhocks are beginning to soar heavenward toward the June skies. People with the giant varieties should get out their yardsticks this season to find out how tall the tallest one in the county rises.

—o—

The Little Theatre is continuing its program of presenting attractive art displays. The Theatre group made what movie folk call a four start hit when they added Vernon Grant to the list of exhibitors. Mr. Grant's work, sufficiently intriguing to captivate children will also catch the fancy of adults.

—o—

A group of girls at Chester and Stevensville showed a commendable initiative Sunday. A ham and considerable bread were left over from the big doings the day before. With these as a nucleus the girls added ice cream, soft drinks and a few other items and sold $60 worth of refreshments to travelers using the Matapeake ferry. It all went to swell the building fund of the Kent Island Woman's Club.

—o—

Each term of Court cools off the malefactors in the county for a while but the May term seems to have spread an impressive chill. State's Attorney Edwin H. Brown secured convictions in all cases but one that he tried and the sentences meted out in appeals were frequently heavier than levied in the Police Court, both of which offer little comfort to wrong-doers.

—o—

Even the size of fish is relative. A group consisting of Frank Barney, Spencer Hammond, Frank Elzey, Bill Dean and Milt Seney caught thirty hardheads and a sprinkling of other varieties in Wye River Monday night. The hardheads were a pound and a half to two pounds each. Most of the boys thought their fish a good size but to Dean, accustomed to ocean fishing, a hardhead under four pounds is a sardine.

—o—

Few people nowadays are as blest in living to see their descendants as was Mrs. Martha Biddle, who died at Hope on Saturday. Besides her three children, Mrs. Biddle had nineteen grandchildren and twenty-one great grandchildren to comfort her age. On the other hand the venerable lady had no recollection of her own mother who died when Mrs. Biddle was four years old.

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Senator George L. Radcliffe lends his word of commendation to "The Prisoner of Shark Island", film to be shown at the Stevensville Opera House on Friday and Saturday.

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The Senator's comment on the picture reads: "The years have at last removed the shadow which rested upon the name of Dr. Samuel Alexander Mudd of Maryland and the nation which once condemned him now acknowledges the injustice it visited on one of the most unselfish and courageous men in American History."

RADIANT LIVING

WHEN WALKING WITH GOD

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

I never saw a person yet who, walking afield on a glorious sunny day but that he was immersed in oceans of warm joyous sunlight. To walk with God Who is Light, is to walk in a glorious radiancy.

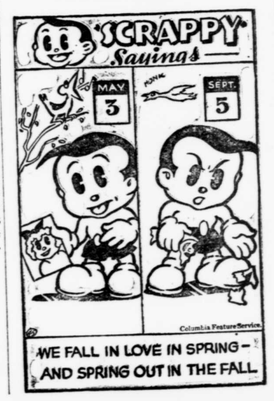
And this radiancy is one of joyful comradeship. Not only is it a divine fellowship, but it also embraces a human fellowship with others a fellowship in which a man can look into the eye of another, and call him "brother." It is a radiant fellowship because the darkness of sin has been dispelled.

As St. John writes: "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. The Apostle is declaring that walking with God is walking in purity.

Yes, it does seem incredible, but are not the rays of the sun continually purifying the world of filth? Cannot the radiant energy of the Infinite Spirit continually purify and cleanse the heart which is continually kept bathed in the divine rays?

St. John's statement is backed by the fact that no darkness of evil can remain in the presence of the brightness of God. However intense the darkness of night, it must flee when the morning sun comes leaping over the horizon.

Blessed is that soul upon whom the Son of Righteousness has fully risen with all His radiant glory!



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

THE CROAKERS AND THE ROCK ARE HERE

The Queen Anne's County Social Register

DOMINION

Mrs. Harry Jones had as her guests on Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Olin Jones, of Baltimore; Mr. and Mrs. William Sewell and children, Beverly and Bobby, of Chester, and Mr. and Mrs. Wedge Jones and children Lorraine, Karlin and Joanne.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hughes, of Baltimore, was the guest for a few days last week of Mr. and Mrs. Will Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Clough visited Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Schultz for the week-end.

Mr. Ira Stevens and son Bill, are spending a few days here with his family.

Mrs. Stella Thompson and son Adrian are visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore Thomas had as their guests on Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Tilghman Rash and son Tilghman, of Ridgely.

Mrs. Mamie Whitaker, of Baltimore, spent a few days here last week visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Kirby Thompson.

Miss Lelia Jones had as her guest on Sunday Miss Florence Jackson, of Baltimore.

Mr. Levi Thomas is spending some time in Ridgely.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Schall and children and Mrs. August Schall, of Baltimore were here Sunday visiting Mrs. Albert Roe.

Miss Cecelia Schall, of Baltimore visited with Miss Beatrice Roe on Sunday.

Mrs. Walter Crouch, Sr., was a Saturday guest of Mrs. Louis Crouch at Stevensville.

Mr. Eugene Thompson has returned home after working at Romney, W. Va., for the past month.

HILLSBORO

Mr. Edwin Gale, of Wilmington, was the week-end guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Gale.

Mrs. Pearl Sparklin is the guest of friends in Wilmington.

Miss Blanche Spry, of near Roe, spent the week-end at the parsonage.

Mr. and Mrs. Houston Russem, of Baltimore, were holiday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Cahall.

Children's Day services will be held at Hillsboro M. E. Church next Sunday evening.

BARCLAY

The Ladies' Aid of the M. E. Church, South, was entertained last Wednesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Rembert Phillips.

Mr. and Mrs. Finley Sparks, of near Tolchester, were guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ross.

Mrs. Ethelyn Corkran, of Sudlersville, was the dinner guest Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Phillips.

Among those spending the week-end in town were: Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Ervin, of Wilmington, with Mrs. Annie Phillips; Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Ervin and Master Brady Ervin, of Centreville, Del., with Mrs. Rebecca Bowers; Mr. C. Kennard Ross, of Baltimore, with his family here; Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Silber and son, Jack and Mr. and Mrs. Randall Harvey, of Philadelphia, with Mr. and Mrs. John T. Booker; Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Milbourne and children, of Martham, Pa., with Mrs. Catherine Nickerson; and Mr. Jesse C. Phillips, of Beacom's, Wilmington, with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rembert Phillips.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Adams, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Simms of near Baltimore, were guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Welch.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Gedwin entertained Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Emory, of Cheswold, Del., Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Booker, and Mrs. Fannie Hall at dinner Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Davis and daughter, Doris, of Wilmington, were guests last Wednesday of Mr. and Mrs. John Lane.

Mr. Hyde Wiltbank, of Kennedyville, is visiting his daughter, Mrs. T. H. Cecil and Mr. Cecil.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walls, who recently announced their marriage have moved into the formerly owned David Walls' property. Mrs. Walls is the former Miss Peggy Davis, of Ingleside, while Mr. Walls is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walls, of Sudlersville.

Mr. and Mrs. James B. Lancaster and daughter Ann, of New Castle, Del., and Mr. Fred Keiffer and son, Mr. John Keiffer, of Wilmington, were callers Sunday at the home of Mrs. Mary A. Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Cecil and Mr. David H. Wallace, of the University of Maryland, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Wallace.

Mr. and Mrs. John Booker and children, and Mr. Milton Booker, of Philadelphia, with Mrs. Helen Muller, of Wilmington, were visitors Saturday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Booker.

Mrs. Mary L. McGinnis, of Wilmington, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel McGinnis. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Caldwell, of Camden, N. J., were week-end guests of the McGinnises.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Powers, of Haddonfield, and Mrs. Berry Walton, of West Collingswood, N. J., were guests Monday of Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Morris.

THE POET'S CORNER

Vacation Time

Vacation time! Vacation time! is just
the time for me!
The picnic time! the swimming time,
the time for fun and glee!
For when the busy school-days end, and
I am free from books,
I tramp the fields, the woods and
shores, and, in their shady nooks,
I build my castles, dream sweet dreams,
and plan my life entire:
And build by future step by step, with
every heart's desire.

Vacation time! Vacation time! is just
the time for me!
The time to fish in rivers, and climb
each fruit tree!
The time to roam both far and near,
to dance and sing and play;
The time to leave "Old Sobersides", and
be just blithe and gay.
For every little leaf I see, is waving in
the air
Beckoning me, and tearing me, and
throwing out a dare.
So 'tis I for out-of-doors, to chick or
bird or clover,
To every lovely, living thing, 'til vacation's over.

—Matilda Groome Eareckson.

SUMMER BOARDERS

Some are boarders, summer boarders,
some are not
Some are people from the city looking for a quiet spot
Other folks are too blamed lazy, want
some one to cook their meals
Summer boarders, some are boarders,
ask the farmer how he feels.

When the postman brings a letter reading like a poem
Announcing they are coming for a
fortnight to your country home
They've been ordered to the country,
for the children aren't well
I wonder if the farmer's thought are
some times, "Oh, hell!"

They lie beneath the shade trees, eat
our ham and chickens
While we are in the kitchen working
like the dickens
They visit us at harvest time, threshing
time you know
But they never want us on the day of
the big show.

It's nice to send your children to visit
their relation
When you want to go a fishin' or
take a long vacation.
Summer boarders, some are boarders,
some are workers you see,
But when I move to the country, no
summer boarders for me.

—A Subscriber.

Dame Rumor Says

The county seat maestro who holidayed at the Island celebration apparently absorbed a knockout wallop somewhere along the line. Anyway he couldn't answer the bell when it came time to rise and dance.

—o—

One of the county's chin scrapers had a lot of explaining to do the other day. According to reports he rode his sweetie past one of the swellest homes in town and said "That's where I live". The next night the gal called for him there.

—o—

Maybe that lovemaking pair from Centreville can get by on strawberries and ice cream, but we think they missed a bet when they were invited out to dinner and had their heads so set on the trimmings that they forgot the fine country ham that their hosts set before them.

—o—

A farmer on a Queenstown party line tells your Old Lady that the women folks in his neighborhood are so busy telling one another how many dresses they have made and how many hens they have set that he couldn't call in even if his house would catch on fire.

—o—

A certain bookkeeper at the county seat gets so fussed when the gals come into his office that he can't run up a column of figures on the adding machine. Seems odd the damsels would upset him so considering the amount of courting he does out of office hours.

—o—

That ex-city gent who tries to convince everybody that he's a son of the soil revealed his true colors the other day when he went into a neighbor's garden and couldn't tell growing radishes from beets.

—o—

A romance is budding between Schenk's Corner and Anderson's Corner. No doubt it will turn into a correspondence courtship now that school's out.

—o—

If that Caroline parson who tries to uplift upper Queen Anne's folks would keep his mind set on his main purpose and forget outside affairs, more folks would hit the sawdust trail.

—o—

There's considerable competition out Ruthsburg way between an early rising Romeo and a late riser. This column still believes in the old sayin' "the early bird catches the worm" and would place a bet that way.

—o—

That stock dealer in the Seventh District is not as old as folks thinks he is. He has the ideas of a three-year-old.

—o—

Just to prove he didn't marry her for money, a gent who wed a widow from this county is helping her get rid of what cash she has just as fast as he can.

The Good Old Days

Excerpts from the graduation week of Centreville High School 1914.

—o—

James H. Costin won the declamation medal offered by Edwin H. Brown, Jr.

Sterling Harris and William Tucker defeated George Harris and John Palmer Smith in a debate on the question: "Resolved, That United States' coastwise vessels should have toll exemption in the Panama Canal." Sterling Harris won the gold medal offered by Walter T. Wright for the best debater.

On Class Night George Harris gave the president's address and class poem; Helen Gibson, roll call; Margaret Troy, statistics; John P. Smith, composed the song; David Smith, history; Paul Brown, will; Anna Price, giftorian; Susie Harris, gift acceptance; James Costin, funeral oration; Roger Ozmon, presentation of souvenirs.