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

"Fill the lamp or you'll sit in the dark. Put fresh fuel in your head as fast as you can burn up your idea. Feed your mind. Hungry horses can't go far; neither will a starved brain. The body will soon waste away without nourishment, so will the intellect."—Author Unknown.

NOTABLE BIRTHDAY

Sixty years ago a group of aggressive citizens founded The Centreville National Bank, thereby introducing banking into Queen Anne's county.

These leaders realized the importance and advantage of financial facilities in the community. Slowly, steadily they pushed their way, keeping step with every advance in the banking and economic world.

Today The Centreville National, celebrating its sixtieth birthday is a monument to the farsightedness of its founders. With its assets towering above a million dollars its place in the community and county life is definitely established.

Each year banking institutions are more and more closely seen as the heart of the financial structure of both the town and the nation. Money circulates in endless ways among individuals and industry but its circulation is seldom of any great length before it passes through a bank somewhere.

For sixty years The Centreville National has played its part in aiding the financial transactions of Queen Anne's county. In its long history the Bank, like the nation, has passed through troubled waters in which many institutions and many individuals have foundered.

But the storms which beset the country have passed and clear skies are shining. An era of prosperity is ahead.

With confidence in its strength and that of the country as a whole The Centreville National on its sixtieth birthday looks forward to the future with the same rugged assurance that the founders showed when they erected their building and opened its doors to the public.

Congratulations are in order to the Board of Directors and the staff and well wishes for the continued and increasing success of The Centreville National Bank as it passes the milestone of three score years are in order.

THE TAX RATE

There is gratifying news for the taxpayers in Queen Anne's this week in the announcement by the County Commissioners that 10c has been lopped off the tax rate for the next fiscal year. The schools, as forecast by the Board of Education budget, got 3c more than last year, but despite this increase the county rate was slashed sufficiently to lighten the burden.

The county thus takes rank with Talbot in having the lowest rate on the Eastern Shore—90c for schools and county purposes. The State impost is, of course, 22c in all counties.

More and more as one analyzes the figures there is evidence that the county has an efficient, business-like Board of Commissioners.

For instance insolvencies and erroneous assessments totaling approximately $279,000 were wiped off the books as the new Board settled to its task, yet the total real and personal property assessments remained virtually the same. This was due to the fact that the Supervisor of Assessments and the Commissioners, working closely together, saw to it that improvements and developments to properties in the county were taken into consideration. This came to pass because the officials, departing from the custom of other days, left their desks to make a first-hand field study of changing conditions in the county rather than to sit in the office and make up their records from the year before, the year before that, and so on ad infinitum. Thought, study and work went into the levy rather than the idle presumption that things were the same as they had been for a generation.

Further than that, and it may bring criticism from some quarters, the Commissioners were diligent in listing securities held by wealthier residents of the county. Approximately $3,250,000 in taxable securities were added where the surface had scarcely been scratched before. These will yield the county $9,750 compared with around $900 in previous years. This made possible a reduction of 5% in the tax rate, and will work toward the relief of the greatest number.

A remarkable record for tax collections has also been made. More than 99% of taxes for the fiscal year ending May 31 have been collected. Again, there may be criticism for the diligence employed in making collections.

On the other hand there will be many to applaud the adoption of a "no favortism policy and a straight-from-the shoulder, business-like administration of the county affairs.

At the same time, while collecting and paying as they go, the Commissioners are not letting public properties fall apart. The saw and hammer are heard often and the paint brush is used extensively.

The County Commissioners are doing an excellent job. The facts, the figures and all surface indications bear this out.

HONOR STUDENT

At colleges and universities throughout the United States this month various individuals are reaping honor for themselves, their families and their communities by proving themselves outstanding among their fellows.

S. Charles Dudley, son of Dr. Norman S. Dudley of Church Hill, crowned a successful career at Washington College by winning his degree with first honors.

Such success does not come lightly. It represents character and industry on the part of the student and it reflects high praise to the character and stability of his family.

And both Church Hill and Queen Anne's county which also shares in his triumph can well felicitate the young man upon his hard won laurels.

THE BONUS MONEY

Within the next ten days World War veterans in Queen Anne's county, who are eligible will receive an average of more than $335 each in "baby bonds."

Far be it from us to attempt to tell these patriotic men and women how to spend the money which will come into their hands by reason of converting these bonds. However, we do wish to reiterate the warning sounded by Veterans' organization officials shortly after passage of the Bonus Bill—that is against foolish expenditure of the funds.

There will be those unscrupulous persons who will be immedately "on the trail" of the ex-service men with all sorts of schemes to mulct them out of their money. Our best advice is to turn a deaf ear to all but those persons whose reputation is well established.

The revenue from most of the bonds cashed, in our opinion, will find its way into legitimate local business. This is as it should be because money spent with local people is repeatedly turned over right here at home and benefits a vast majority. Much of it will likely go to payment of debts, part to home repairs, and other necessary expenditures.

We believe that the majority of our veterans need their money for the necessities of life and we trust that a dollar's worth of value will be secured for every dollar spent by them.

Those who have no immediate need of the funds should hold their bonds to maturity date and draw their 3% annual interest which, if left untouched, would materially increase the amount of their bonus. This is an excellent gilt-edge investment. A bonus payment of $700 in "baby bonds" would, in the nine years to maturity amount to $889, if the simple interest of three percent is accumulated.

NIX ON COALITION

The Republican party is either going to be reborn as a new constructive party to function in the new era that the war and the depression have made, or it is going to blow up from the inside and disappear.

This election cannot be won without getting the votes of the independent, forward-looking Republicans who voted for Roosevelt four years ago and were fooled. He has failed to reduce unemployment. He has made relief a partisan program. His independent supporters have come to their senses. They want to vote the Republican ticket but they don't want to be caught dead voting for a hybrid, a mongrel, a cross between Mercury winging ahead and Lot's wife looking back.

Nix on coalition!—William Allen White in the Emporia (Kan.) Gazette.

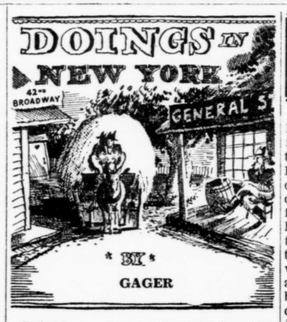
What if the platform isn't carried out? Nobody tries to preserve the bait after it has caught the fish.

Gilbert Chesterton said of posting a letter that "it is one of the few things left that are wholly romantic," and Emerson spoke of the postoffice as an "institution of everlasting energy." This incident illustrates the truth of both.

In a campaign, it often happens that those who come out in favor of a candidate are the candidate's biggest liability and sometimes the very thing that defeats him.

A fellow says taxes are worse than death—you can only die once.

A feller says it's all right to pay as we go in the depression. Nother feller wanted to know if we're goin' anywhere.



Publisher and world traveler Roy (Scripps) Howard departed last week for Cleveland, Ohio, where he will ventually cover the Republican National Convention meeting there to select its presidential nominee. Despite his own political leaning Mr. Howard will surely present an interesting and fair view of the Republican platform when it finally is submitted for public approval.

—o—

Among those who were fortunate to escape injury in the recent airplane crash in Chicago was the wife of advertising man A. G. Van Utt of this city. Not only was everyone happy that no lives were lost but also credit should be given to those pilots of that big ship for the efficient way they handled the damaged craft in landing it so that no one was seriously injured.

—o—

Twin Cities' big political boss and raconteur Frank McCormick, who is stopping at the Hotel New Yorker for a few days, finds that there isn't much difference in one city's political machine than another except that here in New York it is on a larger scale . . . and how.

—o—

Though our Davis Cup team failed again this year when they went down to defeat before the savage onslaught of the two man team from Australia; nevertheless they left last Wednesday aboard the S. S. Washington bound for the English Wimbledon tournament. Headed by Wilmer Allison and brought up by the Atlanta midget, Bitsy Grant, the general feeling seems to be that we should have done much better against the Aussies if Grant had replaced the aging Allison. So maybe it will come out soon when the Wimbledon results come through.

—o—

One of England's radio and stage stars arrived in town aboard the Queen Mary in the person of Eve Becke. She is here for a singing engagement at the Persian Room of the Hotel Plaza. Off stage Eve is an Italian Countess having married Count Caneva Di Rivarolo a few years back. The title, however, hasn't spoiled her which isn't always the case with some of our own artists and we know of which we speak.

—o—

Ad man E. J. Smith just in from London tells this story on himself. Seems Mr. Smith, who came here on the maiden voyage of the good ship, Queen Mary, found himself the first evening aboard bidding in the ship's pool. Finally, whe na young fellow carrying plenty aboard, outbid him time and time by one pound, E. J. resigned himself and let the bid go. Next day the latter bid was the winning number being worth a mere $5,000 to the owner. Mr. Smith spent the rest of the trip kicking himself from stem to stern.

—o—

Standing just outside his NBC studio one day last week the Voice of Experience took a large swig out of a brown bottle, but no my friends it was only medicine for his throat as he never drinks anything stronger than lemonade. As it was, he finally was confined to his bed for six days with a streptococcus infection, but is back on the air now.

—o—

Helen (Howell) Barnes made her father Tom Howell, a grandfather reently by giving birth to a baby girl. Mr. Howell, who is the big grain broker of Chicago is spending most of his time this summer at Montauk, N. Y.

RADIANT LIVING

WHEN YOU LIVE WITH GOD

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

In speaking of that deep religious experience which is the privilege of us all to enjoy, St. John says that it is the "making one's home in God."

What a blessed life it is to live all day long and all through the night, day after day, and night after night, in the most harmonious and enriching fellowship with God.

Every man lives in that particular realm in which his mind is most continuously engaged. The physician lives in the realm of science, the banker in the realm of finance, the business man in the realm of commerce and industry. But to live radiantly one must live in that spiritual realm in which the mind is delightfully absorbed in the thoughts of God.

When one's mind makes its home with God it finds release from the tensions of life, and as a result of this freedom from nerve-strain there comes to one a revitalization of those inner forces that make for health, beauty, and success.

When you have made God your home, there will spring up in your heart a new song. It will be akin to the lines of that old fashioned hymn:

"Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
'I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!'
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all thy choice!"

THE Rambling Recorder

The black donkey that Boney Lane has been touring around with during the week, Boney in a car and the donkey in a trailer, gave Lawyers' Row a chance for amusement and wisecracks Monday noon. It was the second trip down the Row in three days for Boney and the Jack. Boney parked his car near the Courthouse while he transacted his business. The donkey tired of waiting and presently brayed vigorously for his master to hurry up and get going to wherever they were bound. Folks popped out of a dozen doors looking for a foghorn and the old jack wagged his ears, knowingly.

—o—

Fisherman Bill Dean, who by the way made the Bentztown Bard's "Good Morning" column in the Baltimore Sun the other day, explained why his fishing party failed to get a barrel of hardheads on their recent night's rtip. They took along cooked shrimp for bait. In the dark some hungry member of the gang ate the shrimp.

—o—

A party of seven, landed sixty hardheads below Bryantown the other night. In the party were Billy Green and his wife, George W. Chesbro of the Welfare office, Howard W. Tinley, Joe Connolly and Charles and Joe Mullikin.

—o—

The amateur baseball league which almost got together several times with Church Hill, Centreville and the Kent Island Blue Jays as a nucleus has failed to jail. No fourth team would sign on the dotted line.

—o—

The Baltimore City College lacrosse team coached by Herman "Eppie" Epstein of Centreville, retained its national scholastic championship by defeating a Long Island combination 12 to 7 in a garrison finish. Eppie, who could be a lawyer if he chose has been highly successful as an athletic instructor at the Baltimore school.

—o—

Mary Fennimore Sheppard is given the place of honor in the advance notice of the Greenwich Village Poetry Exhibtion number of the magazine, Poetry and Art Reporter. Some forty poets of the modern school are included among the contributors. Like Abou Ben Adhem, Mrs. Sheppard's name leads all the rest. Coming from Greenwich Village where all things are tossed into the crucible of modern treatment the rank is definite evidence of Mrs. Sheppard's high rating among the craft.

—o—

An echo of an almost forgotten Centreville occupation was awakened recently when Samuel Allen was injured and his wife killed in an automobile accident on the Washington Boulevard. Mr. Allen was the son of the late S. C. Allen cigarmaker in Centreville and an outspoken and whimsical character. Samuel Allen on his mother's side is related to several Centreville people. His mother's sisters were Walter Woodford's grandmother, Mrs. Tom Price's mother and Mrs. Isabel Tucker's mother.

—o—

An oddity in names was revealed last week in the death of Mrs. Jessie M. Lynn at the home of her daughter, Mrs. E. R. Leaverton near Wye Mills. The initials "J. M." recurred three times in her life. Born "Jessie M." Pyper, her first husband was "John M." C. Roe. After the latter's death she married "John M." Lynn.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

PERSONAL DEFINITIONS

Excerpts from a personal dictionary as compiled by the Old Reporter on the Upper Dorchester News, in which there is a sly thrust at the Choptank River Bridge because that structure took certain traffic away from Hurlock:

—o—

Definitions not found in the Dictionary:

Concrete, n. A compound used for building hard surfaced roads and not usually found in Dorchester County.

Prosperity, n. The state or condition of being successful. Not to be confused with the appearance of the Citizen's Bank in Hurlock.

Graduation, n. The process of advancing from one position to another. Sometimes referred to as going from the frying pan into the fire.

Public Opinion, n. The feeling of the populace as represented in public matters. Not always followed in Maryland politics.

Mansion, n. A large dwelling house. Confusing in cost to people as with Governor's Mansions.

Bridge, n. A structure spanning a river, road or valley. Also a game of cards. In the case of the Choptank Bridge, a structure on which a game of cards may be played without fear of obstructing any traffic.

THE WHIG SPEAKS

Wherein the venerable Cecil Whig rises to the defense of Elkton and suggests that Elktonians skip Wilmington and drive on to Philadelphia to do their shopping:

—o—

Despite the fact that Elkton citizens spend thousands of dollars in Wilmington, the daily and weekly papers of that city take great delight in cracking Elkton's administration of public affairs. The marriage racket was their pet theme editorially for awhile and now they have taken up the recently passed town ordinance against profanity. Especially has the "Sunday Star" declared in an editorial, "Is Any Profanity Worth Ten Dollars". In discussing this subject as it pertains to Elkton citizens, the editor of the Star either can't read or doesn't want to interpret the ordinance correctly. The ordinance for their information is not against the individual for Elkton already has one to that effect but it is against business houses which permit disorderly conduct in and around their places of business.

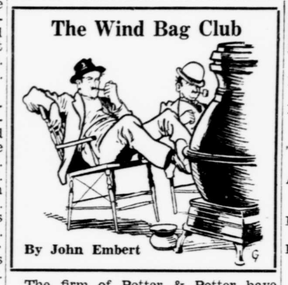
It is wholly unbecoming to Wilmington Editors to pass judgment on a community which has contributed many worthwhile citizens to their community and others at the present time are pouring dollars in the till of Wilmington merchants. The point might be reached particularly since lower rail fares have been granted, that our spenders might skip Wilmington for Philadelphia. And wouldn't they howl editorially, then, if such a thing came to pass.

In some ways the campaign period is usually a silly period. In a few months, with Roosevelt re-elected, the fulminations we have been listening to will seem as quaint as those we read of in history when Washington was charged with assuming kingly manners and powers.—Charles Michelson.

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

Many Happy Returns Of The Day

The Wind Bag Club



By John Embert

The firm of Potter & Potter have added an additional partner to their corporation and are now dealing in hard coal. The dark complexioned young man is a sign painter, well digger, and posthole finisher—also does sky hook welding in his spare time.

—o—

Albert Haspert's beautifully decorated night club has won him many new customers. His fingers were sore from pounding the cash register the other night.

—o—

Truer words were never spoken when they say a woman can either break or make a man for Dewey Price was just a rough-riding cowboy from a western prairie when he hit this part of the sticks and when he fell for his lady fair she was three weeks before she could get him to wear a necktie. When she finally threw the love knot around his barn he stood for three days waiting for a stall to be built.

—o—

Quite a few folks wanted to know what happened to the Wind Bag column the past week. To make a long story short I have a temporary job with a lumber firm and my work is to feed the shavings through the blower. Getting too close I was carired ou on the sawdust pile, loosing my thinking cap causing me a fresh cold and this on top of my asthma naturally made me use all my wind for breathing.

—o—

It may be just a miracle to most folks but to ninety-six year old George Hughes, of New Bern, N. C., its just another blessed event. His twenty-eight year old wife has borne him two children in three years. He must eat his Wheaties regular.

—o—

How often it is remarked you are only as old as you feel. I remember my grandfather telling me of a husband who was ninety-four and his wife three years his senior and she bore him a child. But it died after three weeks from old age.

—o—

Most men prefer a shirt with a snug fitting collar but Doc Reese, who would ordinarily wear size fourteen, actually wears a seventeen. His reason is he has a floating adams-apple and a tight collar would make it turn to applesauce.

—o—

Elijah Jester, farm hand, wishes to inform his friends he hasn't had his face lifted as he was only brambling and cut into a bumblebee's nest.

—o—

Buck Kaufman is recovering from a severe case of sunburn. According to him it was caused from hand feeding sunflower seed to the canary bird.

—o—

Frank Jones is courting heavy these days. Most of his spare time is spent at Hillside Inn. While dancing the other evening his lady friend remarked "You can't dance". He replied "Honey, I know it. I'm only trucking."

—o—

Hiram Pinder wishes to trade his sooner dog for a dilatory cat.

—o—

A get rich scheme: For every twelve dollars invested you make a profit of eight. You use a ten dollar bill and a two dollar bill cut the two's off the deuce note and paste over the ones on the ten and you have a camouflaged twenty. The bright fellow that started this idea went over big for awhile but he's making little ones out of big ones on the rock pile at Atlanta.

Among Our Subscribers

Renewals

John McK. Mitchell, Rosemont, N. J.
Mrs. Edwin H. Brown, Jr., Centreville.
Dr. R. W. Hughes, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Lawrence Sparks, Chatanooga, Tenn.
Mrs. Della Boyce, Centreville.

New Subscribers

Mrs. Roger Alexander, Wilmore, Ky.

Change in Address

Mrs. Della Boyce to Centreville.
Mrs. James Earle to Centreville.

THE POET'S CORNER

THE GIRL OF 1936

I learned to smoke a cigarette
From watching my Ma-Ma;
I learned to swill a drink or two
By watching dear Pa-Pa:

'Til now I am an expert quite
As smoker, drinker, too!
Am up-to-date in all the things
That one should never do.

But when my second childhood comes,
Here's hoping I'll do better;
Lay-off the wild and ritzy things
Nor even be a petter.

—Matilda Groome Eareckson.

POPLARS SPEAK

What is it that the leaves have been
whispering among themselves.
I have been listening to it long enough
that I should remember,
Or know what it is that they say.

Some secret that they whisper on hushed streets after midnight,
A thing they are always telling that is
never told;
But all I know is, that with their restless incessant whispering,
It is still a secret, and very, very old.

—Frederick Ebright.

THE SHAWL

This shawl came from Scotland, land
of bonnie braes.
My Grandmother wore it in her early
courting days.
It has wonderful coloring, a rich golden
brown,
And she wore it to dances, she wore it
to town.
This shawl was in vogue in my grandmother's day,
But it grew out of style, she laid it
away.
'Twas in the day of tight waist, full
skirt, pantalet.
It's now in the window at White's but
yet
When I gaze on that shawl her sweet
face appears
Although I have not seen her for years.
No money could but it, this shawl of a
golden brown tint.
Not all the money that lies in the
mint.

—A Subscriber.

Azure

Blue is a color
Most beautiful to see:

Lark's-heel harebells;
Dark shadow of a tree
Sundown-etched
On the wimpled white
Of snowclad hills;
Driftwood alight;
Iridescent sheen
Of blackbird's feather;
Water in the calm
Of autumn weather;
Veins at the wrist;
A momentary sky;
And hills, half-remembered,
Where lost dreams lie.

—Anne Condon.

HILLSBORO

Mrs. Susie Wright, of Greensboro, is the guest of Mrs. Albert Cahall.

Mr. and Mrs. Olin Hunter and son and daughter, of Centreville, were Sunday guests at the home of Mrs. H. R. Covell.

Mrs. Howard Dadds is on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Cahall and daughter Mae together with Mrs. Susie Wright visited friends at Stevensville Sunday afternoon.

Miss Dora S. Morris, of New York City, is spending some time with her sister, Mrs. H. R. Covell.

Mrs. Retta Clark of Queen Anne's and Misses Ethel and Virginia Holt attended a dessert bridge party Friday evening in Denton. Mrs. Jacob B. Davis was hostess.

Mrs. Maud Waters and Mr. Barton Morgan, of Manassas, Va., were weekend guests of Mr. W. Arthur Holt and sisters.

Mr William Cooper spent the weekend with friends in Baltimore.

Children's Day was fittingly observed at Hillsboro M. E. Church Sunday evening. An attractive program "Our Fathers Garden", was pleasingly rendered by the children who represented the flowers in the garden to a large and appreciative audience. Addresses were made by the pastor, Rev. Charles W. Spry, and Mr. Charles Jarrell Sunday School Superintendent.

Dame Rumor Says

Up in Kent where the galaxy of columnists frequently points the finger of scorn at your Old Lady for the tainted tidings that she unearths, one of the master minds concocted this picture:

—o—

"An engagement of much interest is about to break into print, which, if it startles you as much as it did me, you'd better get a chair handy. The wedding is supposed to take place in the fall, though the details thereof are still unknown. The lady in question has beautiful red hair, and spends her summers in Kent County, while the young man whose real home is here, has a position with the DuPont Co., in Wilmington.

"That's a pretty good lead this time, o you won't wear yourself out guessing, will you?"

—o—

This column never did tongue a trail that loud.

—o—

A certain Kent Island cut-up says the next time he clears for action he intends to wear a baseball mask. It's a tough job explaining a sore lip.

—o—

A dashing Silver Haired Romeo at Sudlersville who has bought a new car had better figure out some way to keep the mileage within reason. Perhaps it would be best to disconnect the speedmeter occasionally, considering the eagle eye the madam keeps on it. Anyway the speedometer should be unhooked when he starts for the seashore resorts.

—o—

Was that wife in Centreville as sick as she let on when she drafted her husband to take care of her chores?

—o—

Resume of conditions existing in and about Schenk's Corner as revealed in an interview with your Old Lady's Ethiopian correspondent:

"Schenk's Corner busybodies thought they had scented a delayed romance when Romeo and Juliet, who might be described as having a foot apiece in the grave, got to taking nocturnal strolls. Others say it was 'laying mash'. No doubt about it for each bag had a tag attached to the string that tied it explaining it was to make hens lay eggs.

"Juliet fed it to her pigs. In her bucolic innocence she might have thought her pigs would lay eggs, but they didn't. The neighbors laid awake at nights with a handy shotgun. People who vever fired a gun before are putting in their spare time at target practice and the crack of rifles has made the sport more and ever more contagious.

"Schenk's Corner has arisen as one man to learn how necessary and desirable it is to become a crack shot."

The Good Old Days

Wherein the Hon. Dudley G. Roe back in 1917 takes pen in hand to write a letter to the Centrevile Record breathing fury:

—o—

Messrs. Editors:—On Tuesday of this week there was a running race on the grounds of the Sudlersville High School between a team representing the Centreville High School and one representing the Sudlersville High School.

Among the spectators were a large number of ladies. Language was used by a member of the Centreville team that no gentleman would use in the presence of any lady, much to the discredit of the High School and the people of Centreville.

Two members of the School Board were present, and repsectfully suggest that the refusal to grant a diploma to the young man would be a very proper and adequate punishment. I can most positively assert that the citizens of Sudlersville were very much incensed about the matter.

Yours very truly,
DUDLEY G. ROE.