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 road narrowed as it approached solitude. Dust gave way to firm brown earth and ferns grew thickly upon both sides of it, where, in the Spring, clusters of violets turned eyes of heavenly blue toward shining skies. Wild roses ran riot among the ferns, spending prodigally of their divine incense when the pink and white censers swung in the passing breeze. The merest rills of water murmured along the road, children of deep pools in the hills.—Myrtle Reed.

SUMMER'S COMING

With their usual nicety of spearing a coming event to the exact minute, the astronomers tell us that the sun will make its annual curtsey to the Tropic of Cancer next Sunday morning at 9:22, thereby officially introducing Summer to the northern latitudes.

Of all seasons Summer has the warmest hold on the human heart. It is easy then to work up a perspiration on any subject, or no subject at all.

In fact, the average person becomes interested in not working up a perspiration. He wants to relax, to heed the natural instinct of being loose and free in the great outdoors. He wants to play.

Even though the world's work must be done man thinks of summer as vacation time. He looks forward to shedding clothes, porch sitting, bathing, fishing, walloping a golf pellet or whamming a tennis ball, anything but the humdrum task of earning a living.

Recreation is the antidote for driven nerves and muscles and summer is the season when the antidote is best applied.

A FAIR DECISION

State's Attorney Edwin H. Brown, Jr., showed courage and decision when he cut the Gordian knot by which the State Conservation Commission had unwittingly tangled the problem of enforcing the law against taking small crabs.

The Commission had directed its enforcement officers to warn violators for their first offense. The crab season is now six weeks old. During this time the inspector had warned a half dozen or so who kept small crabs which they had caught.

The inspector seemed to think that this was sufficient warning to all violators. The watermen naturally clung to the idea of individual notice. If the watermen were right it would mean that a crabber could take the small crustaceans all through the season, or until he was detected once.

Mr. Brown took a short cut through to sense. He refused to prosecute three men arrested without previous warning and then promptly issued a blanket injunction to all watermen that hereafter the law would be enforced, without further warning.

That simplifies the matter of taking small crabs for both inspectors and watermen. There will be no more warnings—just action under the law.

WHERE HUMOR GROWS

John Embert who has amused readers of the Queen Anne's Record with his hilarious Wind Bag column, received a highly flattering compliment on Monday when Louis Azrael, star columnist of the Baltimore News-Post, devoted his entire pillar to excerpts from John's whimsical paragraphs.

Said Mr. Azrael in preface:

"Over on the Eastern Shore, where all the best things in the world come from and where all the people are paragons of wisdom and virtue, I have found a columnist who is a real columnist. His human touch, his tact, his humor delight me and should delight every one.

"To acquaint the public with the standard of column-writing that I envy and shall try to reach, I take the liberty today of reprinting items clipped from some of his columns.

"The following items, therefore, are reprinted from a column called "The Wind Bag Club", by John Embert, which appears in the Queen Anne's Record of Centreville."

John Embert is not an accidental sprout in the field of humor. Of all towns on the Eastern Shore, and possibly on the Atlantic seaboard, Queenstown , to which John is native, has the greatest number of ready wits and boisterous humorists per capita.

Those who know Queenstown need more than the usual supply of fingers to count the humorists of Queen Anne's first county seat. At times the townspeople spare neither themselves nor their friends when shafts are flying. A timid visitor with a thin skin had best be cautious or he will be flayed alive.

Growing up in that community, John Embert has developed a keen edge of humor and a sense of balance between what is pleasantly funny and what is not.

GOOD BONUS

A long time coming, the two billion dollars of bonus payments finally landed in the hands of the World War veterans this week.

In the main, the rank and file of the American people view this disbursement with satisfaction. The veterans are entitled to their money.

Coming on Monday, June 15, the bonus payment was timed significantly. On that same day a score of European nations blandly riveted another nail in the coffin of the huge war debt owed the United States. Only honest Finland met its obligations.

A nation that has to take polite refusals and impolite jibes from debtor countries in reutrn for ten billion dollars loaned can well afford two billion dollars to its own service men. The latter money will go chiefly to American residents.

What the veterans do with their bonus is their own affairs. They may waste it. At any rate it will stay at home rather than rot on the books of supposedly trustworthy European allies whose ingratitude was worse than their faithlessness.

FARMER'S ADVENTURE

Every spring the farmers risk a bold and daring adventure. They put their seed into the ground, they devote unceasing labor and much money to cultivating it. Will they get any return?

In less enterprising countries, such people will plant only what they can utilize themselves. The American farmer is a business man who wants to take greater chances. So he sweats and pours out his money into the soil, and hopes for a just reward.

This act of faith has produced such abundant gains that the country is worried today, not because not enough is produced to feed our people, but because too much is grown. The farmer's bed is not one of roses. If he grows too little, his product is too small to support his family, while if he grows too much, the product is almost given away.

What the American farmer needs is the stopping of the importation of millions of dollars worth of agricultural products from other countries as now is being done. When from ten to twenty millions of people starve to death in a single year as has been the case in two or three countries, it would not appear that there could be any such thing as over-production.

It would seem to us that there is something wrong with a civilization that is not able to figure out proper and equitable distribution of food stuff.

HOPE FOR GRADUATES

There is exceedingly good news awaiting the college graduates of 1936. More jobs are open for them than at any other time since 1931.

Robert F. Moore, secretary of appointments at Columbia University, points out, for instance, that many business and industrial organizations were faced with an "alarming gap" in their personnel forces because of depression economics. As a result, not only are there four times as many requests for college graduates this year as in 1935, but the starting wage level has risen.

Whereas the top salary a young graduate could expect last year was $100 a month compensation this year is $125 for the best positions and $100 for "average" jobs. Those that formerly paid practically nothing now offer up to $85 a month.

This represents the beginning of a foothold for youth. The absence of that foothold has been one of the great tragedies of the depression.

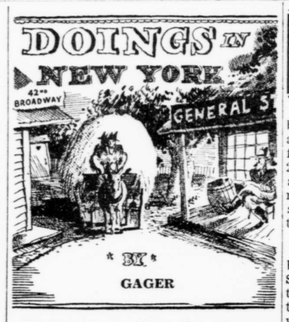
TWO-DOLLAR TAGS

Whether or not it was in Governor Nice's plan to give motorists a license-plate respite of three months to offset his "Two Dollar Tag" slogan has not been revealed.

However, in getting legislation through to allow three months' grace, a slip-up occurred so that the motorist really gets six months additional time on his present stage, according to a recent interpretation of the new law.

If it works out that way, and no doubt will, at least one of the Chief Executive's pre-election promises will be partly fulfilled, with or without his intention.—Crisfield Post.

Before sunrise during the latter part of July the first comet visible to the naked eye since 1927 will swing within the gaze of the American people. Discovered near the North Star by an amateur astronomer in Ohio it is now 120,000,000 miles from the earth and will come within 20,000,000 miles before it swings away in its wide sweep through the limitless spaces, to return again probably several hundred years from now.



Excitement ran high the other day along the corridors of an office in the Graybar Building when New York's ex-mayor, James J. Walker, appeared on the scene. Many a gal's heart seemed to beat just a bit faster if all the oh's and ah's that rent the air could be taken as any indication of their feelings. Nor has the fastidious James lost his art as one of the country's leading male dressers, says us.

—o—

Squire Al Miller is now the proud owner of a special breed of dog called the Toy Scotty. His name is Bendy and though he is only three months old; around the house he acts like a three year old which is very fortunate for the Squire's new manor.

—o—

Over the ground floor of Jack Dempsey's restaurant at 59th Street is a school for those who are interested in the art of bartending. The feature of this particular school is that it is open for day and night classes. Some of those men in white now dishing it out at some of our so-called best places in town might take note.

—o—

Following along in the footsteps of Squire Miller, bridge expert and part-time gardener Ed Hennen is seriously considered moving from New Rochelle, N. Y. and purchasing a larger estate in Darien, Conn. Though not as large a place as the Squire's, says Ed, it has three things the Millers haven't namely a tennis court and two other little houses. The tennis court is enough Ed.

—o—

Sickness has taken possession of the Lew (radio) Amis household where his son, Randy, lies in a dark room the proud owner of one of the best cases of measles a boy ever had.

—o—

Last week-end saw insurance man Charlie Cox spending most of his time in a reclining position due to the excessive heat wave around Greenwich, Conn. Poor Charles also had the added burden at that time of entertaining his nephew and bride with the latter expecting soon one of those things. All in all it was a very trying week-end.

—o—

A future soap king of America, Oxydol's Ted Beach week-ending with his bride of a few months spent one evening attending the town's new musical hit, On Your Toes, but due to gaseous fumes of unknown nature Mr. Beach was unable to remember anything about the show. His wife, however, reports back that it was a fine performance; not Ted's.

—o—

Birthday Greetings: England's E. J. Smith gave a birthday party this Monday week and had amongst his guests the noteable J. Homer (Hurricane) Winters, Squire A. Miller, Norman (Mustard) Dibben and the writer. It really was a rather fine outing, by jove.

RADIANT LIVING

SHELTERED WITHIN POWER

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

You wonder why a Christian who was formerly in abject slavery to sin can now live free from its domineering power?

You wonder why such a person can stand out in a victorious conquering triumph over all the cunning craftiness of the devil?

You wonder why it is that a Christian can live a pure life in the midst of a world of crime, impurity and evil suggestion and yet remain blameless and spotless in the sight of God?

The secret of such triumphant living lies not in the person himself, but in a peculiar power which God imparts. By this peculiar power one is enabled to stand unmoved by the provocations to resentment, anger and ill will.

Charged by this peculiar power the earnest Christian is enabled to so triumph in the annoyances, disappointments, and even in the disasters of life, as to be kept poised in the peace of God as is promised to us in Isaiah: "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."

Like a ship riding serenely upon the calm wa ters of a mid-Pacific lagoon, sheltered by the long encircling arms of coral rock, and unmoved by the mad leaping, gale driven waters outside, so the soul, sheltered within the will of God, protected around about by the sheltering wall of this peculiar power, is kept in a quiet poise, although surrounded by the tempests of life.

As one writer has put it: "We may lose our anxiety in His calm, our weariness in His strength; for His creative force working in us and through us we may borrow all the endurance we need to do the tasks that life has set for us."

Among Our Subscribers

Renewals

Robert W. Thomas, Jr., Hartford, Conn.
William E. Stevens, Crumpton.
Miss Helen W. Downes, Cockeysville.

New Subscribers

C. J. Donegan, Hicksville, N. J.

Change in Address

Mrs. A. C. Fox to Centreville.
Mrs. Charles E. Lucke, Jr., to Cranford, N. J.
Frank C appa to Wye Mills.
Miss Helen M. Downes to Windsor, Vermont.

SUPERLATIVES

I would not say
In any final way,
"These hills are best,
Those sunsets loveliest,"
And yet—a steeple and a star—
They really are.

—Eleanor Baldwin.

A politician's idea of a crisis in government affairs is a close race with an aggressive opponent.

THE Rambling Recorder

The longest two days of the year will be next Sunday and Monday, June 21 and 22. Each will be the same length, fifteen hours and eight minutes. The 23d, 24th, 25th will each lose a minute and then the days start to slide at the rate of a minute shorter. For comparison, the shortest day of the year contains nine hours and fourteen minutes.

—o—

Mayor Jackson overlooks no bets in building himself up throughout the State—in preparation for political wars to come. Early last week he had letters out to all County Superintendents welcoming Maryland's young athletes to the State Field Meet. The Mayor told the young folks where to come to if they wished to go on a tour of the Monumental City's points of interest.

—o—

The Denton Journal oft times prints an item of interest in Queen Anne's County in its 25-years-ago column. Last week it was recorded that Denton packed up the town's bowling equipment and shipped it to Love Point.

—o—

The first Queen Anne's folks to cross on the huge Queen Mary were Mr. and Mrs. George M. Moffett of Blakeford. They sailed last week.

—o—

One of these days Great Britain will build another huge liner and we hope the name "Queen Anne" gets some consideration. The vessel when and if built should be a sturdy craft—if she takes after her namesake.

—o—

Mrs. C. P. Carter gave the county bridge experts a mark to shoot at when she rolled up a score of 12,380 in six rounds of bridge, four games to a round, at a club affair last week. With some justification they are right proud of their card-playing ability down Queenstown way.

—o—

Mrs. Sue Emory also came up with a flattering score, especially for a public card party, when she put together a total of 10,550 points for seven tables at the afternoon session of the Double Decker event at Dr. Cook's Log Cabin last week. Mrs. Emory's fine total was unusual in that only one "double" entered into her scores.

—o—

In an adjoining column there is a piece of poetry entitled "Rain" from the pen of E. E. Hayes. Mr. Hayes is a Greenwich Village bard and was in Crumpton not long since for a collection of Mary Fennimore Sheppard's poems. "Shep", as she likes for some folks to call her, will be well represented in a forthcoming anthology. Incidentally Hayes got here in the midst of the county's dry spell, hence the character of his musings.

—o—

More on the dry spell, but not set to verse, were the comments of Carroll Connolly, formerly of the Centreville neighborhood, now of Fairlee, Kent County, who visited the Record last week. Carroll said it was as dry as the desert up there. Farmers have had little use of their pastures, there will be no hay to speak of, only a half crop of wheat, and comments along that line. Incidentally, Connolly says he has been doing well in Kent since he went there three years ago, and his many friends here will be pleased.

—o—

Fishing time in Crumpton, as reported by an observer with an eye for the unusual: On the front of a tree, in front of a tree, in front of a house on Water Street is this sign,

"Fishing Worms for Sale—
See—Sunny Gale."

—o—

Fans who journeyed to Queenstown Sunday to see the Terps battle Goldsboro looked in vain for the advertised Lobby Cane to fog 'em through for the visitors. Lobby did not take a sneak. The Goldsboro boys because of the threatening weather and likelihood of no game delayed sending for Lobby right up to the time for starting play. It was too late then and Dick Sneed was shoved into the pitching slot.

—o—

The Kent News unintentionally pulled a wisecrack on James Potter and Miss Katherine Fowler. The account of their wedding was neatly sandwiched in the column of Deaths.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

"WA HOO" DISTURBANCE

Wherein Caroline Countians are willing to fight for their favorite piece of music as set forth in the Easton Star-Democrat:

—o—

A few weeks ago a crowd of young men gathered at one of the restaurants and dance floors near Easton. One crowd is said to have come from Caroline County and another group was from Easton. The Caroline crowd was very fond of the popular melody "Wah Hoo," playing it repeatedly on the machine.

One of the other men dropped a nickel in the machine, so it is said, and turned the dial to another record. The Caroline crowd then changed the dial to "Wah Hoo" again, and this started the argument which finally terminated in a general free for all fight.

The sheriff was called and four of the disturbers were arrested.

NO CAUSE FOR A STIR

Wherein Bill Collins of the Chestertown Transcript lets it be known that the Bay Bridge has fallen upon dull days:

—o—

Congress has again extended the time for the construction of the Chesapeake Bay bridge from a point near Tolchester to Miller's Island, and has also vested the authority of constructing the bridge in the hands of the Chesapeake Bay Bridge Authority instead of the Chesapeake Bay Bridge Company where it has been for several years. This Congressional action again reminds us that there is a Chesapeake Bay Bridge Authority because from the inactivity of that body it is a fit subject for forgetfulness. Just what will be the effect of this recent action by Congress we do not know but our guess is that it will be nothing to get excited about.

PLEA TO GOLDSBOROUGH

Woman's work is never done, so goes an old saying, but apparently Congressmen are right busy people, too, if we are to consider this fervent plea as voiced by the Cecil Democrat:

—o—

We understand that all the beetle traps formerly used in this locality, and where they are badly needed, were shipped via a Government truck to Pennsylvania. Why? It looks like this section will have to tolerate the pests until we are all carried away or "eaten up".

We suggest our Congressman Hon. T. Alan Goldsborough, get busy on his job, and endeavor to give the much desired assistance.

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



RAJAH THE MAGICIAN (See Editorial Page 1)

The Wind Bag Club



By John Embert

Fred Sheppard has fattened up and taken a new lease on life since mulberries began to fall.

—o—

Kennard Morris who operates a hot dog and lemonade stand at the Queenstown ball park had one of his c ustomers complain about a fly found in the lemonade. Morris replied what do you expect for a nickel? A turtle swimming around in it?

—o—

Theres been some talk of having lady constables and I believe it would be a good idea. The lawbreakers would be in for a good tongue lashing anyway. A lady down Perry's Corner way would be well qualified for this job according to a couple of our citizens.

—o—

If the Kent Island Blue Jays don't hurry up and win a ball game they will have to change their name to snails. Mr. Dubnow the manager says the Jays will pep up after threshing wheat time then their feed will change from worms to wheat.

—o—

Willard Jones who has bought all the bird seed from Grasonville to Chestertown was asked by Doc. Hitch if he had a bird farm. He answered, No. He was only trying to cultivate a tune that would please the baby so he could get some sleep.

—o—

Herman Moore kinda had the boys worried as he was frothing at the mouth. Some of them thought he was going mad but he explained he had eaten a bar of ivory soap and was only trying to learn how to swim in the rain barrel. The boys told him ivory soap would float but he probably didn't eat enough. Besides swimming in fresh water is not as easy as salt water.

—o—

The Queenstown Terps have a good ball club this season and if you believe in evolution or animal instinct you'll agree with me. On first base we find a fellow by the name of Camel, Nichols is the catcher which represents the buffalo, on the third sack is Hudson belonging to the seal family. Haven't learned enough about the rest so I guess they're plain turtles.

—o—

You Democrats must not lose any sleep over the nomination of Landon. A new broom sweeps clean but an old broom gets the dirt. The Republican theme song of Kansas City Kitty will be chased to the highest treetop in November when the Democratic tune in with their song of the Fox and the Hounds.

Among The Fishermen

WITH CHRISTIAN GERNERT, JR.

The haul seine fishermen shipped about five ton of fish from the Narrows the past week.

—o—

There will be about three thousand dollars of the bonus money coming to the Narrows this week.

—o—

Capt. J. W. Baxter has his many boats now in perfect shape to accommodate all fishing parties.

—o—

A number of out of state persons have been at the Narrows hook and line fishing the past week.

—o—

Three Narrows' hard crabbers were arrested the past week for undersize crabs.

—o—

Capt. Onies Youle is now freighting hard crabs from here to St. Michaels.

—o—

The Sherwood Brothers of Sherwood Oil Company were on fishing parties here Wednesday and Saturday of the past week. The catch was very good both days.

THE POET'S CORNER

RAIN

There's corn and grain, contented cows
In Maryland!
The distant farm with pretty house
In Maryland!
The youngsters lift their voice in song,
The oldsters there are hale and strong
(And they ain't had rain for so long)
In Maryland!
The stranger meets a welcome here
In Maryland!
Departs with mem'ries of good cheer
In Maryland!
Folks see him off, upon the train;
They wish him well, to call again—
(Then they go home and wish for rain)
In Maryland!

—Emory E. Hayes.

Chicken Thief

By Casper Newcomb

With an eagle's talons, you swoop upon your prey,
The innocent chickens as they silently wait for day,
Devouring them the same as a hawk would get its illgotten food.
To satisfy desire, to please you, thy hellish mood.
Like wolves roaming forth in silcenes of the night
You wait, and watch till your victim sleeps sound and quiet.
You then steal forth stealthily, like a hyena alert,
When it is time for you to act to do your dirt.
Why did she bear you in the world, and rear a thing unworth?
Shrouded in sin, almost bereft of light,
You have no real excuse to live., and I dare say, no right.

Country Week-End

After the city's clamorous routine
The country seems as sheltered as a park,
A place of shadow-drift and gracious green,
Where nightfall whispers to the listening dark.

—Helen Frith Stickney.

MARYDEL

Thomas Chapel will hold Children's Day Service on Sunday evening, June 21st. There will be no Sunday evening services at Marydel due to this reason.

The Marydel Ladies' Aid will continue their rummage sale on June 20th at the Lodge Hall.

Mr. George B. Harman, of Clarksburg, W. Va., visited his nephew and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Harman, last week.

A party was given at the home of Mrs. Mary Smith last Monday night in honor of Mrs. Virginia Butts and Mr. Clarence Phillips' birthday anniversarys. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Phillips and sons, Edward and Clarence, and daughter Elizabeth, Mrs. E. Butts, Jackie Bosley, of Templeville, Paul and Ray Smith and Mrs. Mary Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Larrimore visited relatives in town on Sunday.

Miss Margaret Smith and father, Mr. George Smith have returned home after visiting relatives in Asterwall, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Clayton, of Wilmington, have purchased the Pritchett property near town.

Price and James Kaler attended the alumni banquet at Elkton on Saturday evening.

A group of Greensboro students from town attended a picnic at Garland Lake last Friday.

Miss Helen Walls and friend, Tom McCallum, attended the 4-H club meeting at Hartly last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Clayton and Mildred Walls, of town spent Sunday in Middletown.

Mr. William Briggs, of Greensboro, visited Marydel on Sunday.

Misses Violet and Peggy Gibson, of Queen Anne, Md., spent the week-end with Miss Evelyn Ford.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Cohee, of Wilmington were home for the week-end.

Janet Heather was a guest for a few days last week of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Wright, of Clayton, Del.

Miss Catherine Walls was a week-end guest of her aunt, Mrs. H. Seeney.

Misses Betty Koncur, Betty Hummer, and Mr. Clarence Phillips were among the graduates Tuesday afternoon at Dover High School.

Mr. H. Sparks and Mr. O. Ford motored to Philadelphia, Pa., on last Monday.



Dame Rumor Says

A certain gent along Robbers' Row maintains stoutly that his conscience is clear but he still has a sheepish look on his face.

—o—

A Sudlersville Romeo says he had a mighty cheap trip to Philadelphia. Only cost him the price of a theatre ticket. Other folks seem to think that there will be a lot more to pay before he gets through.

—o—

A Centrevillian tells your Old Lady that he is getting tired of being promised a mess of fish for driving a certain disciple of Izaak Walton to Tilghman's Island.

—o—

Around Millington there's a young Hotspur who thinks all he has to say to make the gals like him is to call them "honey-bunny-boo".

—o—

A young lady in Church Hill recently got up the nerve to have her blonde hiar bobbed. Frankly, the new coiffure is very becoming to her.

—o—

That grocery clerk in the county has a theme song. Everywhere he goes he sings "Would You?". Results have not been reported.

—o—

The only thing that stands in the way of wedding bells on Kent Island is a mustache. The gal says she positively won't step to the altar till he shaves it.

—o—

If that would-be politician from the Sixth District doesn't stop calling Centreville a "lighted-graveyard" he'll not get far with his political ambitions.

—o—

A certain widow at Queen Anne who has taken on a boy-friend so young that he hasn't sprouted whiskers has grown so ashamed of herself that she will no longer be seen in public with him.

—o—

That boosting Crumpton husband should realize that other men are married to good cooks too. Anyway he shouldn't boast in that vein when sitting at the other man's table and enjoying a fine meal that the other fellow's wife fixed.

—o—

If a certain county seat matron wouldn't buy her shoes so little maybe she wouldn't have to walk home in her stocking feet. Many a woman has tried to put a number five foot in a number three shoe and it hasn't worked yet.

—o—

And while on the subject of shoes, a comely Chesterfield matron has finally come down off high heels and she's much prettier, which after all comes from being more comfortable.

—o—

A clever little trick in Corsica Neck doesn't like herself in horsey clothes so she's trying to induce her dad to do away with the horse and buy an automobile.

—o—

A Sudlersville madam old enough to know better came near getting her nose bloodied the other night when she stuck her beak in somebody else's business.

The Good Old Days

Names of actors of silent screen days that the older generation of movie fans will recollect appear in the program at the Opera House for the week of June 16, 1917.

Saturday—"The Black Wolf," Lou Tellegen.

Monday—"The American Consul," Theodore Roberts.

Tuesday—"The Sorrows of Love," Bessie Barriscale and William Desmond.

Wednesday — "The Bugle Call," William Collier, Jr.

Thursday—Special Features.

Friday — "The Witching Hour," Marie Shotwell and C. Aubrey Smith.

Saturday—"The Winning of Sallie Temple," Fannie Ward.