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

One of the most wholesome features of representative government is the right of the citizen to criticize his parliament, his legislature, his congress. Strange as it may seem, the right of the citizens to criticize their parliament or congress is an infallible index of a free people.—Senator Henry F. Ashurst.

HIGH SOUNDING ROADS

Residents of Maryland for the past month or so have been regaled by long stories in city papers about roads.

Such gentlemen as Governor Nice, Dr. Homer E. Tabler, State Roads Commission Chairman; and Mr. Abel Wolman, Chairman of the State Planning Commission, have been dictating long tracts to one another polishing up such fine phrases as comprehensive plans, long-range financing, technical aid for highways, orderly development of the road system, provision for highway transportation and so on.

From all appearance these letters are not being mailed. The Governor, Dr. Tabler, and Mr. Wolman simply take turns about tossing together a bunch of high sounding words for publication.

In the 1934 campaign Mr. Nice promised a dual highway the whole length of the Eastern Shore, from Elkton to Ocean City and the Virginia line. Since then, periodically, he has had Dr. Tabler pick out first one section and then another in which construction of the two-lane boulevard was to start.

Currently, the section under discussion is from Salisbury to Pocomoke. That, it seems, is the quickest way that a narrow strip of the Eastern Shore can pick up traffic from Delaware and high ball it into Virginia. Quite obviously this would work out magnificently for out-of-State folks who want to roar down the peninsula from New York to Florida or vice versa.

But would the great mass of Maryland taxpayers get their money's worth in fixing it so that North-South travelers can bust their speedometers getting through the cucumber fielsd of Wicomico and the potato patches of Worcester into Accomac?

There apparently is no idea of building a road where it will open up the Eastern Shore systematically, permit people to get in and out, and work toward the development of the entire region.

By no stretch of the imagination could a dual highway from Delaware to Virginia be termed the first and most needed step in orderly development of the road system, comprehensive plans, and so forth.

Maryland, so Mr. Wolman says and with which Messrs. Nice and Tabler agree, near the bottom of the list—ranks thirty-seventh to be specific among the States in the way of roads.

When the new State Roads Commission went into office its membership had a great passion for the map. Roads were to be built as straight as a string from one key point to another. The first link outlined in the systematic development of the Eastern Shore was to build a road from Elkton to Easton. Why that plan should be abandoned and another link suggested which would largely benefit Delaware and Virginia at the expense of Maryland is a question the State Roads Commission should answer.

Of course most Marylanders know that Mr. Nice in his pre-election handshaking tour, strayed into Delaware to pump palms in search of votes, but it would seem by this time that he would have learned more of the Eastern Shore's geography for road building purposes.

It is to be hoped that all this letter writing between Messrs. Nice, Tabler and Wolman on the subject of roads amounts to more than filling so much newspaper space.

Perhaps it would be best to forget all about the high powered correspondence and sit down around a table to study the map and then map out a systematic plan.

Such a plan, if sensibly arrived at, would first consider Marylanders. Beyond the shadow of a doubt both Delaware and Virginia are among the thirty-seven States that are better off for roads than we are.

Why not start at the top of the Shore and do it right?

KENT ISLAND'S FROLIC

When it comes to celebrations Kent Island has only its own record to beat. Last year the three-day carnival of fun and frolic sponsored by the Kent Island Business Men's Association, drew by far the largest crowd in the history of the event.

This year the ambitious folk on the Island plan to surpass their own mark in attendance and number of features. Instead of three days, they are embarking on an eight-day period starting on Saturday and climaxing with a torrid Fourth of July.

One unusual touch features these celebrations. While they are community enterprises to raise funds for a proposed fire department, the sponsors are not laying emphasis upon profits. A comparatively small part of the "take" will be velvet. The customer will get a run for his money.

The Kent Island Business Men's Association deserve all the success possible. They are showing a commendable amount of initiative, agressive and thoughtful planning for the entertainment of their visitors. They are arranging a variety of "nights" and a variety of features, the type calculated to suit every one in some way.

The motive of the celebration is a worthy one. Apart from that it is good advertising for Kent Island and the county as a whole.

Each year the advantages of the Eastern Shore as a summer playground are being increasingly known. Kent Island like several other waterfront sections has an unplumbed future in this respect. The coming celebration attracting, as it will, visitors from Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia will help to speed the day when Kent Island will take take its place as a vacation spot.

NEW POSTOFFICE

Centreville in all probability could get a new Federal building for a postoffice if patrons of the office would go after it aggressively.

At least that was indicated last week when a delegation from Ocean City went to Denton for a conference with Congressman T. Alan Goldsborough on the prospects of obtaining a new building at that seashore resort.

Mr. Goldsborough, according to the Eastern Shore Times, told the delegation that he realized the need of Ocean City for a new postoffice but that, unfortunately five other Eastern Shore towns ranked ahead of it on the list of towns to secure postoffices—namely, Elkton, Pocomoke City, Federalsburg, Denton and Centreville.

Aside from a flurry two years ago when some consideration was given to a new location for the postoffice here, as well as another group of suggestions that the old Queen Anne's Bank building, now owned by the town, be used for the postoffice, Centreville has appeared quite satisfied to go on with present conditions.

As a matter of fact a contract was entered into for a ten-year lease of the present quarters when efforts to move the location were abandoned two years ago. However, all such contracts contain a clause that the agreement can be abrogated if the government decides to erect a postoffice building.

The time would seem to be ripe for Centreville to go out aggressively after a new building. There is encouragement in the proposition in that Congressman Goldsborough himself realizes that the town is on the eligible list. The hurdle to gain recognition is thus accomplished at the outset.

The town should lose no time in getting the movement under way.

NAME A FEW

Undoubtedly there are a lot of able men in the lower legislative branch, but there are very few persons outside of those who live on public payrolls who could name a bakers dozen of "prominent Congressmen". A system has been developed which stifles the individual Congressman because he is overwhelmed by the groups that boss him. It ought to be easy to find men to replace partisans—of either party—who do not think for themselves.

Good Government can only be preserved in this country by good hard thinking by the masses.

BUYING WITH THE BONUS

Before the bonus was paid the American Legion made a survey to determine what branches of business would feel most of the benefits of the new demand for goods. The Legion indicated the following percentage of total disbursements: To liquidate debts, 31.4; for acquisition or repair of homes, 24.5; for savings, education and insurance, 12.7; for investment, 8; for furniture and household equipment, 7.8; for clothing, 7; for automobiles and trucks, 6.2.

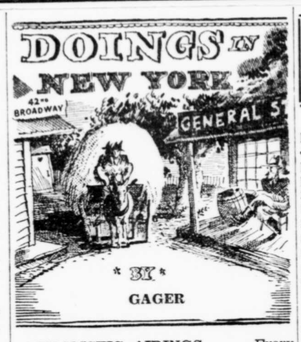
Maybe the planners could work out some scheme to improve the quality of the submarginal politicians.—Indianapolis News.

—o—

The great tidal project in Maine seems to have changed for the nonce from Passomaquoddy to Passathabucky.—Boston Herald.

—o—

A Communist arrested in a Western State with several bombs in his possession told the authorities he was interested in the uplift of mankind.—Washington Post.



PUGILISTIC AIRINGS . . . Every Tom, Dick and Harry in town is still arguing blow for blow the fight between Max Schmeling and the one time unbeatable colored phantom Joe Louis that upset all the dope and put the fight situation up in the air last Friday night at the Yankee Stadium. That same brawl seems to have upset a lot of other people too.

—o—

Disgusted by the wind and rain of Thursday Harry (Absorbine, Jr.) Caswell left our fair city the next morning bag and baggage without ever using his $40 ringside seat.

—o—

Another forty dollar holder, Squire Miller, felt about the same way because he, too, tossed his ticket away to mull about the flowers and woods of his estate in Scarsdale, N. Y.

—o—

Billy Leeds, the tin plate heir, evidently became excited before the fight that it brought on a serious attack of appendicitis and Mr. Leeds was forced to stay aboard his yacht attended by a day and night nurse and forego the Friday night battle all together.

—o—

Cartoonist Ham Fisher must have thought he was Schmeling when he started to take on Billy Seeman at the Westchester Bath Club Saturday evening. Probably fortunate for both, radio star Phil Baker (without his accordion) pulled them apart before any harm was done.

—o—

Auto man Walter Chrysler disagreed mightily with former world's champion Jack Johnson prior to the Schmeling-Louis entanglement because Johnson predicted that Louis was a sucker for a right hand punch and wasn't the boxing marvel that the critics and Mr. Chrysler felt he was.

—o—

Promoters Bill Carey and Mike Jacobs split up over ticket sales the day of the big fight and now will go their separate ways once and for all.

—o—

Most of the habitants of Harlem, who could least afford to lose, bet their all on a Louis victory and as fate would have it one of the very few persons who won anything on the outcome was wealthy movie producer Jock Whitney, who could most afford to lose.

—o—

Even advertising man E. J. Smith out of London, England, who stayed over an extra week to see Louis fight failed to make his appearance at the Stadium Friday night, but departed earlier in the day for Montauk, N. Y., disgusted with the weather and determined to see Louis fight by way of the good old radio.

—o—

With all the experts and prophets predicting an easy victory for the colored boy from Detroit this column scraped up five dollars in change and bet it all on Schmeling at four to one which now puts us in a class with Mr. Whitney, or at least on the way.

—o—

And so my friends here's another little tip on the forthcoming battle this fall between world's champion James Braddock and Max Schmeling. If the little crystal ball doesn't fail us, all signs point toward Jimmy Braddock retaining his title. But if we are wrong, don't blame us because even a little glass ball can be wrong sometimes.

RADIANT LIVING

LIGHTS OF LIFE

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

Nature's natural state is darkness. And in darkness must it remain until there penetrates into that darkness the rays of light by which only that darkness drives back.

We are told that light is the rapid vibration of electrical impulses emanating from the sun, similar to the radio waves that are shot forth from the broadcasting antenna.

The natural state of the physical earth being darkness, is, by this condition, a state of lifelessness, a state of death. Light, on the other hand, is something alive. It is pulsation. It not only brings about a state of visibility, but it also brings forth and maintains life, thus changing a negative condition into a positive one.

Light therefore, is life.

As with the physical earth, so it is with man's soul. Left to itself, a man's higher nature is in a natural state of darkness and deadness, a state in which it must forever remain until upon some fortunate day there penetrates into the darkness of that soul the life awakening pulsations that emanates from that Divine Luminary, the Son of Righteousness, Jesus Christ.

"I am come," sayeth He, " a Light in the world, that whosoever believeth in me should not abide in darkness."

In his second letter to the Corinthians,, St. Paul declared: "For God who commanded the light to shine out of the darkness hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

THE Rambling Recorder

When it comes to winning attendance prizes in the Good Will Fire Company Julian Townsend can do it. The Company gives $1 a week to some member provided he is present when his name is drawn. Otherwise the dollar goes in the pot. For three weeks hand running an absentee's name was drawn and the pot was at $4 when Townsend's name came out of the hat. Apparently good attendance is a winning Townsend plan.

—o—

The old slogan, "Such popularity must be deserved" is suitable to the Chesapeake Bay dog. Each year the notice is given the breed is increasing. Recently the Paramount movie studio completed a short feature dealing with the history of the Chesapeake breed. Scenes of training and field trials of the bred against a Chesapeake Bay background are also included.

—o—

Harry W. Chambers celebrated his 75th birthday Wednesday. The years rest more lightly upon Harry than upon most folks of his age and he asserts that he can come closer to kicking his head with his heels than many younger men. Harry started life as a printer's devil on the Republican Times back in 1874. He was a hand on a cattle boat from Baltimore to Scotland in 1888 and made a trip to California by way of the Isthmus of Panama in the early 1890's, before the canal was built.

—o—

June rains have been freakish, utterly neglecting parts of the county. Up Ingleside way no rain has fallen since April 19. It used to be that Ingleside and territory in the Big Ditch area got good crops when the rest of the county was parched, as was true in the drouth of 1930. But not this year. The rain of Thursday evening gave Centreville a drenching yet one Ingleside resident returning from the county seat was surprised to find roads in his home neighborhood dry. As he put it, folks around Centreville must live right to get rain this year.

—o—

Quite appropriately Sunday, the first day of summer, was torrid. The sun had power and the thermometer lifted over ninety. But the crisp wave that rode in after dark was anything but summery. It meant either blankets or cool sleeping.

—o—

Holworthy Hall, playwright, is dead in his early fifties. He was the author of "The Valiant", the one-act play so popular with the sturdier amateur performers and which was presented at the Little Theatre last year. His real name was Harold E. Porter.

—o—

Sunday was Father's Day. Like mother-in-law day, it does not mean much. The background for such occasions is laid in poetry and song. When the songsmiths hit these subjects it is with a Bronx cheer.

—o—

The airplane of the Mount Vernon Airways dropped a green shower of dodgers over the country towns on Saturday. There is still enough novelty about these fluttering sheets to make even those who spurn a dodger left at their doors or in cars reach for them as they fall. The stunt has long since been overworked in cities.

—o—

The warm, dry spring brought the wheat harvest early this year. It also silenced the voice of the lawn mower in the land.

—o—

The government is punctilious about details in its business. In order that there would be no hitch in connection with the distribution of the bonus no changes in postmasterships were permitted between June 15 and today, Thursday, ten days later.

—o—

The Associated Press sent a cameraman to dog the footsteps of Al Smith until he should get a picture of the ex-Governor, and especially his feet. The photograph was wanted to illustrate Al taking a walk during the convention. The cameraman hunted high and low in Queen Anne's county while Al was here over the week-end but Al, intentionally or not, was too elusive. His "dogs" would not be caught.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

FORTY AND UP

Wherein that supposedly devout Republican organ, the Chestertown Enterprise, carps a bit at the age of the Vice Presidential nominee and the appelation "Young Republican". In defense of the Young Democrats it must be said that no one above forty can belong.

—o—

Just what is a "Young Republican" or a "Young Democrat" for that matter makes a timely topic. Out in Cleveland as the Republicans met and nominated Landon and Knox the movement was declared one of "youth." All over the nation there are "young" Republican and "young" Democratic clubs.

Col. Frank Knox, the vice-presidential nominee, is one of the "youngsters." He went up San Juan Hill with Col. Roosevelt in the Spanish-American war and so is, indeed, a "Young Republican."

Just what the idea is back of this desire to create an impression of "youth" on the part of political organizations is hard to understand and harder still to understand is what difference it all makes.

TO THE LIFEBOATS, EH?

Social item as recorded in the Worcester Democrat, Pocomoke City:

—o—

Dr. and Mrs. Bradford Massey and Dr. and Mrs. Robert I. Givens will leave today for New York where they expect to sail the following day for Bermuda, visiting places of interest enroute.

ADROIT POLITICIANS

Barb as buried by the Crisfield Post in a news item relative to Crisfield's municipal election, which is calculated to draw fire from the Quinn faction in view of Egbert L. Quinn's success in being named to the City Council.

—o—

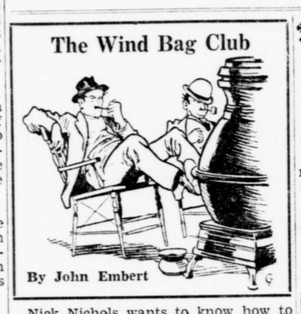
It is said that the Quinn forces had been at work since the municipal election in 1932, and that Dr. Rosse during the past weeks made a wonderful single-hand showing, considering the fact that his opposition came from experienced and adroit politicians bent on keeping a member of the Quinn family in municipal office.

Perhaps the reason the United States is not given to political revolutions is that the political factions let off all their steam at the conventions.—Christian Science Monitor.

—Portland Oregonian.

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

The Wind Bag Club



By John Embert

Nick Nichols wants to know how to stop his blonde girl friend from sobbing when his departure hour arrives. He has used crying towels with no effect, besides the tears soil his shirt. Not being a doctor my information may be of little value. But I believe if you read up on the tides and time your dates you'll avoid this. For instance on a high tide you couldn't escape the tears but on a low tide we very seldom get rain.

—o—

It's kinda tough to have your dreams and ambitions shattered says Herman Moore as he pictured himself being a big pork packer some day. But at that time Uncle Sam called on him to fight for his country and he spent seventeen months in France. The heavy rains, continuous marching and hot sun warped his legs. Now the poor fellow can't even catch a pig.

—o—

Eddie Quinn's case is booked for November court. He's suing the town for building sidewalks too close to his differential. He's tired of wearing extra ordinary high heeled shoes because they make him lean forward causing high blood pressure. Besides he's worn out four bumpers and six pair of shock absorbers since the first of the year. Cheer up Eddie, old boy, every knock is a boost.

—o—

Members of the soapbox committee are seeking funds to purchase air-cushioned seats and foot rests. Anyone desiring to make life more comfortable for these worthy men kindly mail check to Otis Pinder, treasurer of this organization.

—o—

Beer on tap proves to be too drafty for Doc. Reese. The last time he indulged in the draught liquid he was on the verge of pneumonia. He knows better for his physician told him he was bottle fed when an infant and to stick strictly to bottled goods.

—o—

They're saying Joe Louis had to be put on ice to keep from Schmeling. He probably wishes he had been put on roller skates or a bicycle.

—o—

The Queenstown Terps won their first real test when they crossed bats with the Phillips Delicious Soup Servers. The Terps guzzled all the varieties and then licked the bowls. The spectacular fielding of Clough alone was worth the admission price. Chasing fly balls up and down the right field ditch meant nothing out of ordinary to him for he's use to running over ploughed ground on the farm chasing horseflys and bumblebees. That boy Houch is nobody's slouch. He pulled two out of the air after tumbling somersaults that were labeled hits. When the new lad playing third came to bat someone asked who is that guy. A fan replied Carey from Bloomingdale. Randy Morris spoke up and said sugar corn isn't ripe yet and I'm sure the Bloomingdale Cannery hasn't opened besides I work there every year and I don't recognize that chap. When Carey hit the first pitched ball for a triple it didn't make any difference where he came from.

—o—

There was another ball game between the Kent Island Blue Jays and the Ridgely Berry Pickers which ended in a riot. The umpire went down for the full count. Mr. Dubnow says there were too many fists flying for him so he told his feet to get going and was headed off at Wye Mills and was told the umpire says play ball. He said mister you're not talking to me. I'm no ball player. I'm a marathon runner.

MILLINGTON

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Loper, Miss Mary Loper and Mr. Linden Loper, of Dover, were Tuesday visitors of Miss Evalyn Cochran.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Garton and daughter, Kathryn, of Towsend, Del., Mrs. Millard Slaughter and Mrs. Jesse Slaughter, of Elkton, were Sunday visitors of Mrs. Kate Garton.

Mrs. Joseph Lewis, of Chestertown, spent Friday here with Mrs. John Hilyard.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Graham and two children, of Philadelphia, have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Radnor.

Helen Radnor, of Wilmington, is spending some time here with her grandmother, Mrs. Will Loper.

Francis Fitch, Jr., of Miami, Fla., is visiting his grandmother, Mrs. John P. Ahern.

Miss Mabel Comegys, of Annapolis, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Comegys.

Mrs. Charles Duling and daughter, Charlotte Ann, spent the week-end at Rehoboth.

Miss Ruby Ahern, of Perry Point, and Mr. Hughlett Fraser, of Philadelphia, were the week-end guests of her mother, Mrs. John P. Ahern.

Mr. and Mrs. James S. Pennington, of Baltimore, were Sunday guests of her mother, Mrs. Liston Pennington.

Mrs. Lester Edwards and son Lester, of Wilmington were Sunday visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Walmsley.

The Misses Ruth Bell, Neva Barwick, Mr. Wilmer Johnson, Mr. Clyde Bell and Mr. Harold Bell, of Denton, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bell.

Mr. Thomas Sullivan, of Annapolis, spent the week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Comegys.

Miss Martha R. Pennington was in New York several days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman A. Wallen are the guests this week of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Disharoon in Philadlephia.

Prof. Robertson, of God's Bible School in Cincinnati, Ohio, is the guest of the Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Robb.

Mrs. John Woodall entertained the members of the Ladies' Bible Class of Asbury M. E. Church at her home on Wednesday evening.

The Mail Bag

To the Editor:

We wish the County Commissioners would send someone out to Ruthsburg and cut the rough ridge down that the road machine made and left while working.

It is almost impossible for cars to get up in our church yard. We don't want to keep anyone home from church.

We are certainly due a little thought.

MRS. MARY WHITE.

Ruthsburg.

THE POET'S CORNER

Racing Yachts

All night the tall masts soar and sway
Above the houses round the bay—
Tall masts that carried like a cloud
Their spread of canvas high and proud,
Down-channel, while the summer gales
Awake to thunder in the sails.

Now at their anchor's weight they strain,
Dreaming their victories again,
Feeling the breeze's eager urge,
The cleaving water's backward surge,
The thrill and rapture of the chase
As down the open firth they race.

And I, who watched them in their pride,
Now see them on the starlit tide,
Turning and tossing in their rest
As if pursuing still the quest;
The wavelike beauty of their frames,
The flowing music of their names,
Hold me in spell, and all the air
Seems vibrant with their presence there.

—Elizabeth Fleming.

Treasures

There are treasures often dreamed of
Rarest treasures of desire
In the realms where hopes would lure us
Yes, up there and even higher.

Nay, beneath the roaring ocean
There are gems and rarest pearls
Even those we know as coral
Most as rare as Nature's moral.

But O! the dangers of the Reef
And the Perils known as grief
I would stop and pause awhile
'Til I see my Lady smile.

O! the halo hovers o'er us
While the Saints and all adore us
And the treasures of Her smiles
Lead the others miles and miles.

—John M. Robinson.

Dame Rumor Says

This column is informed that the Queenstown gent who complained because the party line was tied up with dresses and settin' hens hasn't heard nothing yet. This complaint from Church Hill is along the line that the women up that way not only set hens and cut their dresses over the wire but quilt quilts, set out tomato plants and drive the cows home.

—o—

One of the loudest hecklers of farm relief and boondoggling in these parts is the first to step in line when the checks are passed out.

—o—

A young girl from Stevensville was seen recently in Baltimore walking between two pairs of pleated britches.

—o—

There's very little sleep in prospect this week for one of Kent Island's sturdy citizens. He got off on the wrong foot Monday night by playing cards til after midnight and then rose at 4 a. m. for his farm chores. Being a staunch Democrat the Convention will keep him at the radio past midnight the rest of the week.

—o—

A Church Hill gal was seen coming out of a neighboring jewelry store the other day and the folks are already saying that it won't be long until she picks out either a big sparkler or a wedding band.

—o—

Reports persist that a certain Centreville eligible is very retiring among the local lassies and is afraid to give them a second look is a rip-snorter when he goes to Cambridge.

—o—

A certain McGinnes Corner fish peddler stands no show at all when a Chestertown Romeo invades the neighborhood.

—o—

That county seat lad who claims control of fifty votes missed out the other day while sitting on a courthouse bench with his legs crossed. It seems he couldn't get his legs untangled in time to get up and shake hands with a real politician.

—o—

A Chester bachelor was overheard boasting that this column hasn't listed him for a long time. However, your Old Lady still thinks he'd get married if he wasn't too stingy to squeeze out the price of a license.

—o—

That Chestertown cut-up who has a pal in the Seventh District has slowed down somewhat since his playmate has been tied up watching over the new arrival.

—o—

It took four throws of the dice for compatriots of a portly Queenstown politician to stick him for a free meal, but finally stick him they did.

—o—

A Templeville Romeo has run four sets of tires off his buggy in a year and is now thumbing the mail order catalogues for the fifth.

The Good Old Days

Items from the Centreville Record of July 14, 1917.

—o—

Mrs. A. M. Skinner, probably one of the oldest postmistresses on the Eastern Shore, has tendered her resignation and left the postoffice at Wye Mills on July 1 after a stewardship covering a period of more than twenty years. Mrs. Skinner, who is now more than 70 years old, was postmistress at the Wye Mills office when the civil service law went into effect.

—o—

Mr. Archie M. Dewing, who for the past eight years has been one of the efficient clerks in the office of the Clerk of Court, has resigned his position to accept the tellership at the Queen Anne's National Bank, succeeding Mr. W. C. Orrell, Jr., who resigned to assume military duty.