Queen Anne's Record

Published Every Thursday at Centreville, Md., by the Queen Anne's Publishing Co., Inc.

To tell the news accurately, interestingly and promptly. To espouse the best interests of the Nation, Queen Anne's County and the Eastern Shore fearlessly, whole-heartedly.

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QUOTATION OF THE WEEK

"Newspaper work, like acting and singing, is perishable. That is the conventional thing to say about it. It is high time someone said that, like acting and singing, it is, therefore, profoundly modest. I count it a high honor to belong to a trade in which the good men write each piece, each paragraph, each sentence, as painstakingly and as loving as any Addison."—Alexander Woollcott.

LEAPING LEAP YEAR

The present year of grace, 1936, which is a leap year, has indeed been living up to its name, leaping from one extremity to the other with the greatest of ease.

A few short months ago, back in February, Chesapeake Bay was almost icebound and its tributaries completely so, keepers were deserting their lighthouses, folks were shoveling coal with twice their accustomed fury and 1935 rang up what looked suspiciously like an all-time low for frigid temperature on the Eastern Shore.

That shivering month is forgiven now and almost forgotten, except for the pessimistic remarks of a few Centreville sages during the big freeze, which echoed last week. Several of these gentlemen were saying back in February that this year would be just as hot as it was cold. And they have not had to eat their words.

Blasts from the mid-western furnace smote the Shore on Friday and sent thermometers as far above the Century mark as the earlier cold had dropped them below zero.

But only for a day. Water courses and the wide belt of vegetation between here and the West evaporated moisture in extra quantities. With the cooling of nightfall there came refreshing showers.

That in the main has been the story of Queen Anne's county during the past four weeks. The earlier drought raised havoc with hay and chipped down the wheat yield. Since then there has been a consistent sprinkling of rain, not enough perhaps to alleviate worry, but sufficient to make corn shoot up and permit other crops to attain some growth.

The heat that seared the Mid-West withheld its burning fingers from this county. There has been some loss but it could have been much worse.

Now that 1936 has completed its leap from an all-time low to an all-time high in the space of five months perhaps it will settle down to the task of evening the drought of spring with a sufficiently moist summer and fall.

SOMEBODY'S PEEPIN'

Across a country editor's desk floats a world of miscellaneous matter. The grist is particularly heavy on a Monday morning because of the accumulations of the week-end.

Axe-grinding missives for the waste basket predominate at that time, but now and then there is a gem.

In the latter category comes the clip sheet of the Republican National Committee, remarkable in this instance for its premature revelations.

To get at the point, finally, Dr. George Gallup and his "American Institute of Public Opinion" takes the nation's pulse two or three times a month on how the people of these United States feel about one controversial topic or another.

On Sunday Dr. Gallup devoted his stint to Roosevelt and Landon, reporting that the President's popular vote shrank from 56% to 51.8% between June 7 and July 12. The Doctor's findings, as published in many important newspapers, bore such elaborate copyright lines as "Publication in whole or in part expressly forbidden." One would gather that Dr. Gallup conducted his survey with the greatest secrecy and that only members of his immediate professional family have access to the results.

Hence the surprise of this editor when the results of his survey, headed "Roosevelt Slips" and neatly worked into boilerplate, floated across the desk. Apparently the Republican high command had been privy to the results some days prior to the release date.

Is it necessary to say that Dr. Gallup's findings would be held in greater public respect if his surveys were conducted with all the secrecy his copyright lines indicate?

Apparently somebody's peppin'.

CENTURY FARMS

Up in New York State where they are beginning to value old items because of their growing scarcity a movement is on foot by the State Agricultural Society to place markers on all farms which have been in the possession of the same family for a period of 100 years or more. "Century farms", these are to be termed, with a few "double century" ones already known.

Such a movement if followed in Queen Anne's county might prove interesting, and perhaps surprising, reading.

Up to twenty years ago it is likely that a fairly lengthy list of "century farms" could be prepared here. Since the World War there has been a turnover in the ownership of county estates, a movement which is becoming more active each year. This turnover in the county represents progress, and progress by its nature is destructive of the things of antiquity.

None the less, there must still be a number of properties in Queen Anne's whose owners can prove them to be in possession of their forbearers for a full 100 years. Sponsors of the projected county Historical Society might well compile a list, for historical purposes if no other.

With such a roll in hand there would be definite proof to the popular belief that Queen Anne's county has a score of families who have clung to the ancestral homestead for generations. In addition, the roll would show which district in the county can best lay claim to such a heritage.

THE PLATFORMS

The Republican platform followed the Democratic record in promising subsidies, soil erosion benefits and other things to the farmer. This is a thing the Republican party had neither promised nor attempted before. At what point is there difference? The platform followed the Democratic record in opposing child labor and controlling hours, wages and working conditions of women and children in industry. At what point do their proposals diverge from the Democratic policy?

So on through the list, there is more similarity than difference in the platforms. Therefore, at some time, some authorized persons must point to the difference. We must hear how and why it is significant. We must be told how one party will do the same kind of thing the other party proposes to do, yet with the vast difference of "maintaining the American system," which it charges the other party would destroy. — Milwaukee Journal.

SCENES OF CARNAGE

A writer in a recent issue of American Mercury presented a new and interesting view of the automobile accident problem. He observed that, in the light of present-day conditions, it is not remarkable that 36,000 persons are being killed in traffic accidents annually—but that it is remarkable that the number is not several times as great.

In the average state, almost anyone not completely crippled can obtain a license to drive a car, irrespective of his ability, responsibility, intelligence or judgment. If he chooses, he can operate a car that belongs by rights in the junk heap—a car with an inaudible horn, feeble or glaring lights, uncertain brakes, and a steering gear affected with St. Vitus dance. If he drives that car in a dangerous manner, cutting curves, weaving in and out of traffic, and "giving her the gun" whenever possible, the chances are that he will escape arrest—and that if he is arrested, he will be assessed a relatively small fine and permitted to go right on driving. When the inevitable finally occurs, and someone is killed or injured because of his recklessness or incompetence, he may have a harder time getting out of the mess—but that won't bring a dead person to life.

If any progress is to be made in reducing the horible toll of automobile deaths and injuries, stringent methods must be adopted. Traffic codes must be modernized and enforced with the utmost strictness and impartiality. Much higher qualifications for the issuance of drivers' licenses must be established. And the unsafe automobile, as well as the unsafe driver, must be banished from the road. Othewise, America's streets and highways will continue to be scenes of carnage.

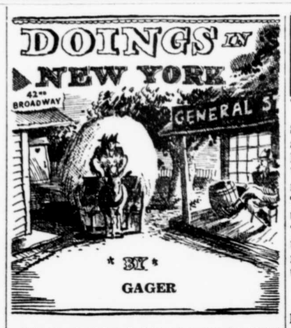
The horse and buggy had one advantage. Dealers couldn't change the design every year to make your old ones look funny—Detroit Free Press.

A Louisiana woman talked continuously for three days, according to a press association which has a peculiar idea as to what constitutes news. —St. Louis Star-Times.

Statistics show that in Great Britain only one man in 39 owns a motor car. The others, we suppose, are still paying.—Punch.

It seems that the least the League of Nations could do would be to return their initiation fees to China and Ethiopia.—Dallas News.

A party of foreign tourists in London were taken to an exhibition of modern art. Apart from this, every consideration was shown them.—Humorist.



Montauk Island Club by candle light was the order of last Saturday evening when the lights blown out by a storm put the fashionable Long Island night spot in semi-darkness for five hours. Still nobody seemed to mind and as a result the dancing, dining and gambling went on as usual.

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At the tables were many familiar faces along with some who seemed to be there for the first time. Just for instance . . . our old friend and columnist, Bill Corum, was back again this week in Dan Topping's party. Young Mister Topping, you know, owns the Brooklyn football team and is trying to get a winner for the Flatbush fans. In any case, he can't do worse than their baseball aggregation which holds a firm hold on plast place in the National League. Sipping champagne and seemingly enjoying herself to the utmost was the very social Gloria Vanderbilt. Caleb Bragg ,who started stage star Ethel Merman on her way, looked very bored and was without his usual friend, Earl Carrol, famed for his Vanities. Marion Chase sang a few songs and then disappeared from sight for the rest of the evening. And the rest of us just sat and looked on.

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After the Fourth of July everything has rather quieted down. This Week Magazine's rep, Art Anderson, says his young son became so excited on Independence Day that the boy threw away the punk and kept the lighted firecracker in his hand.

—o—

Radio star and present child lead in Dead End, Billy (Bobby Benson) Hallop, sailed away last week for his annual holiday to the West Indies. Billy looked tired but is anxious to get back as it looks now as if the Broadway production will run for another year at least.

—o—

Strayed, but not lost, most ably describes cartoonist Hal Stephen's route to Springfield, Ohio, as he went by the way of Quebec, Canada, stopping only long enough in each spot to send his friends postcards of the interesting churches that he visited. Mr. Stephen probably was making up for lost time.

—o—

Now that they have the Tri-Borough Bridge finished with a two-car-lane each way, advertising man Howard Williams undoubtedly will have no more trouble. Anyway, Howard couldn't take it last week over the 59th Street Bridge where his automobile finally came to rest part by part in one of those repair shops.

BUMBLEBEE TIME

Perhaps the most misunderstood and least appreciated member of the nsect family who really deserves no little credit is the bumblebee. Because he seems to be a man of leisure, who spends his summer gorging himself instead of storing up honey for the coming winter, he has been called a parasite and a vagrant.

In Australia and New Zealand he is held in as great respect as he commands from the barefoot boy, who, though he admires the throaty hum and beautiful gold and black fur coat, treads warily in the clover lest he step on one of Mr. Bumblebee's sharp needles. These two countries learned his true worth when they attempted to transplant clover there. They discovered that without the bumblebee's aid in pollination their clover would not grow, so the bumblebee, who was not a native of those parts, was imported.

For those who do not know that he works while he eats and bumbles, the bumblebee is the very embodiment of man's mid-summer longings. He is as typical of mid-summer as are brown-eyed Susans.

It is not the bumblebee's fault that he is improvident, living from hand to mouth. He knows that with the end of the flowering season he will die, so lives accordingly. Does the condemned man save part of his last meal for the next day?

MULTIPLY YOURSELF

How often one says to himself, "I would I were two men in one."

Even able and ambitious Henry Clay cried out, "Had I been two men, one would have made the other president."

Every man with any get-up-and-go to him would like to double himself.

As a salesman it is easily done, for advertising is but a multiplied salesman carrying one's message to many customers.

Any business man of vision can multiply himself through the columns of his local paper.

A fellow has to be a contortionist to get by these days. First he has to keep his back to the wall and his ear to the ground. Then he must put his shoulder to the wheel, his nose to the grindstone, keep a level head and have both feet on the ground.—Tyler (Texas) Journal.

The editor of a woman's magazine says women like direct statements. Something simple and comprehensive, like, "all right, all right, buy the coat."—Des Moines Register.

This machine age hasn't robbed us of exercise. There is still the job of removing cellophane. — St. Louis Star-Times.

THE Rambling Recorder

When Senator O. Straughn Lloyd of Salisbury was making his recent handshaking tour with Republican leaders here he fell in with Justice of the Peace W. Lloyd Ford near the Sunset Pharmacy. Presently former postmaster L. Tilghman Hayden joined the pair. After the Senator left Mr. Hayden remarked, "I didn't realize it while we three were talking but my first name is Lloyd, your middle name is Lloyd and the Senator's last name is Lloyd."

—o—

The drought of the past few months has led to petty warfare in the bird and insect worlds. A bird bath in the gardens of Mrs. J. Lemuel Roberts has been popular with sparrows and song birds for several seasons. Recently thirsty honey bees have become acquainted with the bath. Just how the bees obtained the upper hand is not known but the birds are shunning the bird bath and bees and other insects have maintained exclusive drinking privileges.

—o—

What was apparently the work of a freak bolt of lightning left its mark in a cornfield on the farm of Ben Melvin near Queenstown. After Friday night's severe electrical storm the stalks in a small area were seared as if by a bolt. Trees in a nearby woods were undamaged. Lightning is rarely known to strike cornfields especially when taller objects are available.

—o—

Farmhands near Ruthsburg got a little surprise recently when some "cabbage" seed was planted and the resulting plants turned out to be rutabaga.

—o—

16½ pound snapping turtle which Olin Burris brought to Centreville Monday morning neatly trussed up with a rope in its mouth eventually found its way to the soup pot at the jail to regale the customers there. Burris trapped the snapper in a turtle pot off Picnic Point using sunfish for bait. The creatures are selling at five cents a pound just now, a reasonable price for a viand which some consider a delicacy and many consider too rich. But not many Centreville cooks would know what to do with a turtle if they had one.

—o—

As far as Captain Harry Dill of the good ship "Annie L. Wingate" is concerned the Rotary cruise which started Wednesday evening at sundown was not over until high tide Saturday afternoon. About 11 o'clock Wednesday night when the Captain was busy with an engine and his son was at the tiller, the Annie L. poked her bow into a mudbank in Halley's Hole. There she stuck for three days, right in the middle of the wheat season. The delay cost Captain Harry at least one trip to Baltimore with grain.

—o—

Water was turned off in Centreville Friday morning while workmen repaired a small leak in the outlet pipe. While they were about it, the gang cleaned the standpipe. When service was resumed drinking had all the freshness of well water for about an hour, especially on the hot morning.

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Friday was Queen Anne's county's hottest day on record. Almost every one cast a glance or two at thermometers to be sure the day was as torrid as it felt. One thermometer in the sun in front of the Sunset Pharmacy registered better than 123 degrees, the upper limits being hidden by the framework. Another instrument under the shade of an awning a few feet away showed 111 degrees. A thermometer in former Sheriff J. Elmer Anthony's yard was reported to have cracked after hitting 120 degrees.

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The most conservative temperature for mid-afternoon came from an instrument at Madison Bordley's which showed 103. The thermometer is placed on a brick wall in the shade.

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Pioneer Point Farms excused its employees from 10 o'clock until late afternoon on Friday rather than expose them unduly to the sun.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

CITY SLICKERS

The bright young men on the Baltimore Sun who frequently assign Harford County to the Eastern Shore, treat Solomon's Island as though it were in the vicinity of Tangier Sound, and take turns about locating Queen Anne's beloved Kent Island first in Talbot and then in Kent County, again ventured out of the limits of the Monumental City last Sunday in their Metrogravure section to write a caption for a wheat threshing picture.

Said that inspired caption writer beneath one of A. Aubrey Bodine's beautiful farm pictures: Hay Makers—It's harvest time in Baltimore County and scenes such as these may be found here and there. The wheat is threshed by machine and the long snout, seen in the picture, blows the chaff away. The residue, of course is hay."

—o—

Over our way we call this "straw", and all the emphasis is placed on getting at the wheat. Now and then, when the sun doesn't burn up our meadows, we go after hay—but that is an entirely separate operation.

Maybe it would be a bright idea for the Sun to send some of these bright young men outside the Baltimore City limits occasionally. Then they could learn not only where the Eastern Shore is but might see the differenc between "thrashin' and mowin' ".

SLEEPING RAW

The status of sleeping with and without as recorded in the enlightening columns of Newsdom:

—o—

Lewis & Conger is determined not to let die the "sleep raw" controversy, introduced by its page ad in the NEW YORKER, June 20. That ad, very much on the "pro" side of sleeping raw, was faced with a "con" page by Julius Kayser & Co.

Recently, Lewis & Conger has carried the theme into its advertising in two newspapers here, said Norman Dine, director of the store's "sleep shop," and has conducted a poll by mail among 500 advertising and publishing people.

A first survey, in the store, showed that about 35 per cent of customers sleep raw. With 60 per cent returns in for the advertising-publishing survey, the percentage of raw sleepers is 27.

The advantage in using a taxi is that you feel so happily neutral when a fender is crumpled. — Detroit Free Press.

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

Looks Like Somethin' For The Ol' Sock

THE MAIL BAG

To the Editor:

You know there are some jobs we do because we have to, and some because we like to. I am writing to you because I have to. I have been reading Queen Anne's Record for awhile, and I just cannot suppress the yen to say "darned if I don't like you."

I heard that the Record was outstanding, typographically and otherwise, in the nation as a country weekly, and, like many advertising agency men, said to myself, "Some day I'll have a country weekly," so I sent in a dollar, or whatever it was and got Queen Anne's Record. And now the Record has me.

For the Record is not a publication—it is the whole Eastern Shore. It is the people, the land, the water, and even the fish and crabs. But mostly it is the people.

I have never been down there, never been near your country. But if I don't get there sometime, some kind of rope or strap inside of me is going to let go. And then I will never be any good to work again.

Don't stop sending the Record. That would not be any cure. I look for it every Friday, and woe-be-tide and one in our office who dares to peruse it before I get through page one and over into the editorial.

The Record is the only country weekly I read and it has made the Eastern Shore more enticing and more familiar to me than places I have frequently visited. And when you do that I'll say you are publishing a newspaper.

My first vacation, if there can be such a thing, me for the Eastern Shore.

A. D. WALTER.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

To the Editor:

May I correct a mistaken statement in your issue? This was concerning the effort at placing New York children in homes in our county for the usual vacation.

Your statement was that there had been "no concerted action in the county this year to place the Herald Tribune Fresh Air children."

I don't know about "concerted" but I do know, having been in the work every year of the seven it has been in existence, I undertook it and wrote to and saw forty-two persons. The hitch now is that the Tribune has definitely forbidden the boarding of children and the commercialization of this work that has become common other places as well as in our county and has led some times to unpleasant or unfortunate results. That was never the spirit of the work. We are asked to take these children into our homes as guests not to give a little money and shunt off the personal responsibility to some one who hopes to make something out of their small board.

So just one child was invited and as there is no railroad connection with New York the same day now, no doubt none will be sent.

I am glad to see that an effort is being made to place Maryland children, and as their authorities are willing for them to be boarded or so I have been told, there seems no reason why the committee should not meet with success.

Very truly yours,

M. Y. BROWN.

Centreville, Md.

RADIANT LIVING

HIS ADDITIONAL SUFFERINGS

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

When Jesus, under the lashings of the scourge, was forcing His weary nerve-wracked body along the narrow crowded Via Dolorosa toward the somber Golgotha, He fell, fainting under the crushing weight of that huge wooden cross.

The soldiers immediately seized upon a passing Cyrenian, Simon by name, and compelled him to assist Jesus in bearing the cross to the place where He was to die.

In that dramatic spectacle of another assisting Christ to bear His cross, was enacted that mystic truth to which St. Paul gives expression when he wrote to the Colossians: "Now I rejoice in my sufferings for your sake and fill up on my part that which is lacking of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for his body's sake, which is the Church.

In these words he brings to us an amazing fact, a fact that perhaps you have never before considered, and that is this: that our sacrifices for Jesus are considered His sufferings—His additional sufferings—in our bodies.

By such suffering the earnest Christian is brought into oneness with Christ. As St. Paul has expressed it in his Epistle to the Galatians: "I have been crucified with Christ, and it is no longer I that live but Christ."

Oh that these words, "not I, but Christ," might be as some sweet melody of a cathedral's silvery chimes, ringing forth from a spiritual height and floating down across the low valleys of materialism, wrapped in the darkness of unbelief! May their inspiring notes thrill the heart of him who is loyal to the Son of God, who unites his sufferings into a oneness with Christ!

THE POET'S CORNER

The Mystery of Day

Light dispelling darkness
In the dawn,
Awakenings and stirrings
In the air,
The peace of balance
In the crest of noon,
Serenity of lengthening shadows
On the lawn,
The red of courage
In the sunset flare—
And above a sleeping world
A crescent moon.

—Gertrude Allen.

Among The Fishermen

WITH CHRISTIAN GERNERT, JR.

If the Honorables J. W. A. Evans and P. E. Thomas would forget the crab and oyster laws for awhile when they go to Annapolis and think of the way the fish law is messed up in Queen Anne's County and try to correct it so the fishermen of this county could make a living in the month of July, they would do something that is backed by all who must earn their living that way.

—o—

J. W. Baxter and other oyster packers would like to know when the Honorable Commissioners or State officials are going to have the holes filled in the road leading from A. W. Thomas to J. W. Baxter for they are tired of going to the dentist to have their teeth glued in after riding over it a few times.

—o—

This writer would like to know when uch authority was fixed upon the State Police as to tell a man to what garage he should have his car taken after it was wrecked. The owner wanted to take it to Chester but the investigating officer had it taken to Queenstown without the owner's consent and against his wishes.

—o—

(Editor's Note: There were some hot days down at the Narrows last week).

—o—

There have been quite a number of fishing parties at the Narrows this week, with some having very good luck.

—o—

Howard Wilson, Harford Young and Herbert Burns are now all rigged out at the Narrows to take out fishing parties. Burns has just returned from Port Norris, N. J., where he had been taking out Delaware Bay parties from Philadelphia and New York. He says fishing is much better at the Narrows than in Delaware Bay.

Dame Rumor Says

A couple of gents with suppressed desires to be newspaper scribblers journeyed to Kent Island to see the fights last Saturday night. For weary hours they sat there with pads and pencils poised ready to record the fisticuffs for posterity. When the fighters failed to show up the would-be writers wanted to go into the ring as substitutes, but one being head and shoulders taller than the other, this was ruled out.

—o—

One county seat lass is already provided with a mount for the forthcoming Queenstown donkey baseball game if she wants it. When she announced that she would take part, a portly gent offered to bend down and let her aboard.

—o—

Apparently the son of a thrifty Sudlersvillian now sojourning in a big city is ready to take the lock-step. He has written home to his dad to buy him a wedding ring and a cook stove.

—o—

Battle Ax Boulevard has not only been extended to the bridge at Crumpton but is now branching out into the side streets and woodlands.

—o—

Tim the Maestro has taken up golf. There are no sand traps or natural hazards on his three-hole course, so he uses cows and sheep. However, he'd make more birdies if he didn't carry that bottle of beer around.

—o—

Folks up in Kent County are complaining that some of their hitherto bosom pals in Sudlersville have suddenly gone high hat and hardly speak.

—o—

Two Grasonville spinsters were seen picnicking at Cabin Creek one day last week.

—o—

That farmer's daughter on the Centreville-Wye Mills road seems to be taking certain incidents too seriously. Buck up, lassie!

—o—

A county seat Hotspur, husky enough to hog-tie Strangler Lewis, runs home to his pappy at the first streak of lightning. And he's been known to come bustin' out of the Corsica River like a hippopotamus at the first clap of thunder.

—o—

It seems odd but out one of Centreville's avenues their's a pair of neighbors who sit with their backs to each other —even on the hottest days when they should be able to share adjoining lawns.

—o—

Reports from Price indicate that a certain madam is trying to pull the wool over her hubby's eyes. She dearly loves her freedom after dark.

The Good Old Days

The passing of a barber, horse and crabs were noted in the following items from the Centreville Record of July 28, 1917.

—o—

Mr. Earle K. East who for some time has been employed at the tonsorial parlors of J.E. Mears resigned his position there last week to accept a similar position in Philadelphia.

—o—

A fine horse owned by Mr. Foster Parker, near Chester Bridge, and for which the owner had recently refused $150 was gored in the side by a vicious bull one night last week and has since died.

—o—

The complete disappearance of the crabs from our market is a source of great regret to the good housewife, for at this season of the year the crab has been relied upon frequently to supply many a dish. Up to this time not a hard crab has been seen in this town.