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

When you shall say, as others do, so must I eat of the good of the land and let learning and romantic expectations go until a more convenient season, then dies the man in you.—Emerson.

ACHIEVEMENT DAY

The successful Achievement Day staged by the Queen Anne's county 4-H clubs at Church Hill on Friday is an admirable combination of a pleasant community outing and a practical experience in rural life.

Every one had a delightful time. Beyond this Achievement Day is definitely linked with the future life of the boys and girls.

The high quality of cattle owned and shown by the boys indicates how well the lads are being steeped in the ideals of better farming. They have pride in their ownership of good stock. They are learning the value of it.

Similary the girls through their Style Show and clothing contest are acquiring poise and an understanding of the importance of a well groomed appearance.

These things are not matters for the day, to be forgotten when the last group of participants leaves the scene of the outing.

Above these factors is the development in the young people of appreciation of their fellows and proper pride in the place of agriculture both as a means of livelihood and a brain activity of national life.

One has only to compare the fruits of Achievement Day with the sort of affair available to youths of the same age in the cities. Recent hobby shows in two large Eastern cities made trained observers wince at the futility of the things that youths centered their attention upon. With nothing better to charm their interest they collected useless things like odd shaped bottles, pictures, scrapbooks filled with trifling material. There was little of any value to blossom in their future lives.

Achievement Day on the other hand through its atmosphere, its shows, its contacts and its educational importance is a long step forward in preparing the young people of the farms to work better and live better in the sphere in which most of them will live.

And it is all the more creditable that these things are accomplished in circumstances providing real enjoyment.

POLITICS ON TAP

The political gunning season informally opens in Queen Anne's Friday.

Elsewhere perhaps, the season opened with the Republican convention in Cleveland and the Democratic parley in Philadelphia. But those affairs were somewhat far-off and remote. They lacked the personal touch.

From now on, come tomorrow, politics locally will begin to get down to business. The elbow-rubbing flavor will be injected.

Congressman Goldsborough is to be the guest of honor at a crab feast steamed up by the Democratic Organization led by Senator William R. Wilson. New Deal and Old Deal Democrats in Queen Anne's, at least for this year, can forget their factional differences and unite in a common cause. Family strife is two years off.

The county will see considerable of Mr. Goldsborough during August. After the rally at Rolph's Beach Friday evening, there is to be another fiesta for him at Love Point on August 28, under the same sponsorship. In between time he will help the farmers put on their annual picnic at Wyoming-on-Wye on the 12th, and will make port at Dr. Cooke's Log Cabin on Kent Island on the 15th.

Meanwhile, the Congressman's adversary, State Senator O. Straughn Lloyd of Wicomico County is reported from the Ocean City Republican powwow as ready to ring every door-bell from the Susquehanna River to Chincoteague Bay in quest of the office.

Reports persist, also, that Mr. Lloyd junketed all the way to Topeka to the Landon notification ceremonies for a sliver of the Republican National war chest with which to finance 100% Shore coverage.

Whether anyone will steam crabs for him in rock-ribbed Democratic Queen Anne's must await developments of the future.

From the North 'tis said Jim Farley has routed one of the new Roosevelt sound trucks down this way. With equal facility these trucks are supposed to produce a stirring speaker in the flesh, switch to a main line orator if one happens to be on the air, bombard the countryside with literature, or strike up "Happy Days are Here Again".

The favorite sport in these parts is politics. So, let the shooting begin.

SALISBURY, "THE CAPITOL"

Poultrymen of Queen Anne's, who a short time back generated considerable steam over the prospects of obtaining for this county the Eastern Shore branch research laboratory contemplated by the University of Maryland, found the cards already dealt before they could pick up the deck.

In other words, according to the explanation, the Board of Regents of the University had already made up their minds that Salisbury should have the poultry experimental station before other communities had an opportunity to marshal their facts and figures to make a fight.

It mattered little that Queen Anne's is in the very thick of the biggest poultry growing section of the Shore—a region described frequently as the hub of the nation's broiler industry. It mattered little, apparently, that Queen Anne's happens to be the largest turkey producing county in Maryland.

All genuine considerations, obviously, were thrust aside in the zeal to send something else to Salisbury—self-styled capitol of the Shore.

Not so long ago Salisbury was deemed the logical location for a branch of the U. S. Weather Bureau. It's important down that way that farmers know when to expect rain, shine, snow or sleet. Up here we're supposed to blunder along as best we can and take our chances on the elements.

Poultrymen here, of a right, are keenly disappointed not to say resentful that the awarding of the research laboratory should take on the flavor of a "star chamber" decision.

No study, no survey, no discussion, no counting of the eggs that have already hatched. Just bingo! Salisbury ought to have it. And there it went.

MILK IN FARM INCOME

Where would civilization begin, where would it end without milk?

This seems to be a perfectly natural question to ask in view of the fact that more than 25 per cent of the 1,500 pounds of food eaten each year by the average American consists of milk and other dairy products, a survey made by the Milk Industry Foundation reveals.

About 30 per cent of the nation's milk supply is used as "fluid milk" for cooking and drinking; about 33 per cent for butter; 5 per cent for cheese; 4 per cent for canned milk; 2 per cent for ice cream and 25 per cent on farms, the survey discloses. The dairy industry must utilize milk from 25 million cows on five million farms, or three-fourths of the farms in the United States every day, according to a very interesting booklet, "Milk for Millions".

More than a quarter of a million people are needed for the nation-wide daily milk delivery of 45 million quarts and to make butter, cheese, ice cream and other dairy products. Daily milk delivery, often compared with the mail, is a far more complicated problem, the survey states, as milk is highly perishable and must be delivered seven days a week.

Today, milk accounts for approximately one-fifth of all farm cash income contrasted with one-eighth a decade ago. This increase has taken place without any stimulus from benefit payments, direct subsidies, processing taxes or production curtailments.

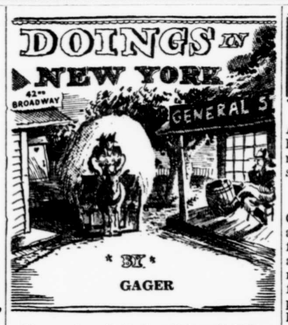
Among the Indians he was held in highest esteem who could bring in the most scalps or the most game. Things aren't so greatly different today. In most communities he is held in highest esteem who can bring in the most dollars, the biggest house, the best car, or who can provide the most clothes and jewelry. The Indian was merely a trifle more frank and elementary in his expression.

If the art of agriculture has ruined the land, the science of agriculture must restore it; and the restoration must begin while some farmers are still prosperous, for poverty-stricken people are at once helpless and soon ignorant. Outside help will always be required to redeem impoverished soils, for poverty makes no investments, and some initial investment is always required for soil improvements.—Cyril G. Hopkins.

This country has over 70 per cent of the automobiles of the world and 90 per cent of the hitch-hikers.—Georgetown, (Ky.) News.

G. B. Stern lists in order as the four greatest values in life; health, human relations, work, and money. Shouldn't human relations be fourth, because they usually come after money?

The Parties are overlooking a great possibility in Ely Culbertson, who has created plenty of work for thousands of people.



Rumor has it that artist and fellow-townsman Paul Newnam is moving over to Park Avenue and joining the social stratus. However, wherever you live ther're still the sidewalks of New York.

—o—

Father John Sturdivant left this week for Columbus, Ohio, to visit the Olive Tablet King, Fred Rathburn. There is a possibility they will try to combine business and pleasure during Mr. Sturdivant's stay in the Buckeye capitol.

—o—

Billy Halop, better known as Bobby Benson to radio listeners, has come back to Broadway after a two weeks' holiday in the West Indies and will again star in the stage hit Dead End. Billy still knows all the answers which now include British territory.

—o—

Dean Marcum, formerly associated with NBC in a production capacity, has lined himself up with Universal Pictures. He will be in the New York branch which means he will enjoy the cold weather with us this winter.

—o—

Advertiser Lou Wasey leaves this Saturday aboard the S. S. Bremen sailing for London, England, on a six weeks' business trip. He will be joined by his daughter Jane, the end of this month.

—o—

We were sorry to hear of Jane Winters' accident, but glad it wasn't any more serious than it was. And that should mean she probably will be back at Duke University on time.

—o—

Met up with radio man Jean Paul King and he tells us he is now doing the announcing for the Voice of Experience program. He should do a swell job if the pinch-hitting job he did for Ed Hill for Metro News was any indication.

—o—

Theatrical rep Bill Joyce of the Murray agency tells this one. Seems he had to escort actress Lupe Velez around town awhile back and in the course of their travels Lupe decided to buy a pair of shoes. When they left the shop, her order stood at sixty-four pairs but fortunately for Joyce his assignment didn't call for buying shoes.

—o—

A former star of the Mack Sennett comedies, Harry Gribbon, who used to star in Silk Hat Harry series, is around the stem with all kinds of plans for radio.

—o—

Model Anita Coulighan, who is now Colby in Hollywood, returned home the other day after taking part in that new picture Mary Queen of Scotland. Probably will stick to modeling from now on as it is easier work anyway.

—o—

They say the family life of Sir Clifford Bede isn't all it should be but who are we to judge. He, you know, is the present governor of the British West Indies and married a gal from Cleveland, Ohio.

—o—

Just learned that Dick (acid) James' father died last week-end. It must have been quite a blow to Dick and we are deeply sorry.

—o—

Jim (Primrose House) Kennedy has just built himself a swimming pool in his front yard in Quogue, Long Island. As Jim has the ocean in back of his house and the bay in front, we wonder when he will use the pool.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

ETHIOPIA OF AMERICA

Word from the State Roads Commission that there would be no more funds for road maintenance in Talbot County until after October 1 drew this call to arms in circular form from the pen of Ida M. Starr, owner of beautiful Hope House:

—o—

The Ethipoia of America. Miles River road to Tunis Mills a death trap. We demand a good road. Will you help? It is your job. For five months we struggle with snow, mud and water. The farmer cannot go to town to sell his produce. Hundreds of cars and trucks wrecked. You merchants lose thousands of dollars in trade. We have schools but no road for cars or bus. For months we are cut off from human contact.

No gas, no fuel oil, no kerosene, no food. In sickness, no doctor. No mail. No police protection. No fire protection. We will vote for the man who will give us a good, permanent road. Winter is coming. Will you help? Down with the death traps.

ROOSEVELT PROPHET

The eminent David Lawrence, Editor of the United States News and persistent foe of the New Deal, is raked over the coals by one of his readers:

—o—

Sir:—In spite of the press, in spite of you, and all others of your ilk, in spite of the Liberty League, Al Smith, Herbert Hoover, William Randolph Hearst, the Black Legion, and all the sunflowers in the mighty State of Kansas, the people thinking for themselves, stirred to greater action by resentment of cheap articles like yours, will reelect Roosevelt. And shortly thereafter you will crawl in a hole and pull it in after you.

O. H. EPPERSON.

Jackson, Mich.

BICYCLING IN NEW ENGLAND

A veteran bicyclist in Massachusetts takes issue with the editor of his local paper over a calm and peaceful matter, as recorded in the Foxboro Reporter:

Sir:

The Foxboro Reporter has recently stated that I was the President of the old bicycle club. This is not so, and the mistake arose from another member recently addressing me as "Captain." A bicycle club has a set of armchair executive officers and a set of riding officers. The highest office I ever held on the executive staff was treasurer, but among the riding officials I was the Captain for a time.

Another thing which has irked me was to have so many ask me how I stood the recent bicycle ride of the Lions Club. For a rider accustomed to make 80 to 100 miles in a day a little trip of ten miles is a mere nothing. When the Lions make a "century" I shall be right there.

THE Rambling Recorder

The combination of warm days and August flowers have brought out the humming birds, which seem more numerous this year than for several summers.

—o—

One thing we learned from Frank Clevenger is that rock or striped bass are classified pretty definitely in the fish trade. Small rock up to a pound are shiners; up to two pounds, pan rock; three and four pounds, singles; five to seven or so, each rock is called a pair; ten, twelve or fifteen pounds, hankrock.

—o—

Miss Constance Price, daughter of Dr. Samuel J. Price of Queenstown, bet J. Reynolds Friel that she would reach first base in the burro baseball game even if she had to carry the donkey. Constance lost, by less than a yard.

—o—

Harold B. Higgins who owns the Kent Island Gardens dropped in at the Record office Tuesday and left a dozen beautiful gladioli for the social editor. Beauty to beauty.

—o—

Folks up Dudley's Corner way appreciate the fine neighborly spirit of Frank Walraven. One of his recent good deeds was to advise and permit a farmer to fence in a portion of a brook on the Walraven property so that the farmer's cows could go there to drink during the day.

—o—

Rain follows firemen's carnivals. The Good Will Firemen visited the carnival of their Easton comrades Wednesday evening and were greeted with a deluge. It was dry in Centreville.

—o—

Miss Katherine C. Morris, clerk at the Centreville National Bank received a congratulory letter and a carton of cigarettes on Friday for a winning guess as to the popular songs which were to be presented on Lucky Strike's radio "Hit Parade" last week. Quite a few folks in the county seat have taken a shot at picking Hit Parade programs without landing cigarettes. Miss Morris who did connect, doesn't smoke.

—o—

However, Norman Dudley, Jr., of Church Hill has won cartons for each of the past two weeks which proves his rating as a song picker.

—o—

J. B. T. Merrick, secretary of the Farm Bureau, had his hands on turkey last week. In one day he treated 1358 turkeys for worms on the Pascault farm on Harrington River in Talbot county.

—o—

C. Tilghman Bishop has several large trees on his Wyoming-on-Wye farm which he believes are among the largest of their sorts in Maryland. One in particular is a willow oak, usually called a peach oak, measuring twenty feet in circumference a foot from the ground and which one tree expert guesses to be 400 years old. He also has four large elms and three small-leaf flowering lindens, all venerable specimens.

—o—

Fishermen will swap fish stories; Arthur Elliott offers a cat tale. He avers that a cat he borrowed a few years ago caught and ate fifty-one rats in three months. The feline was then sent home because the rodent supply was exhausted.

—o—

A party of West Virginians learned recently that fish do not stay in one spot. On one trip down Eastern Bay they landed seventy-five hardheads. They anchored in the same spot two days later and caught four.

—o—

Elmer C. Thomas, Jr., better known as Sonny Thomas, 12-year-old son of Elmer C. Thomas of Chestertown and grandson of R. W. "Uncle Bob" Thomas broke into print last week as a star writer on the Kent News Amateur staff. One of his items, which have almost a professional slant was this:

—o—

"Residents of Water street were aroused Wednesday evening as a real "cat and dog fight" took place between Tom Foley's Canines and Miss Jean Klinefelter's cat. The cat made a noble stand as long as it lasted, and tried to make friends with the dogs but apparently with little success. Being outweighed by two St. Bernards the cat lasted but a scant 3 rounds.

"From an interview with Bill Collins, the writer learned the cat's name was "Rusty" and was buried in "Riverside Terrace Cemetery." The owner took its passing calmly and declined to accept when another cat was offered her. The name of the undertaker has been withheld."

—o—

Richard Pitkin, manager of the Eastern Shore Farm Associates tells us that in spite of the short wheat crop, more money will come to county farmers for wheat this year than for quite a few years. He also says that he does not know of a single crop that will not bring a good price this season. Meats are likely to be lower because Western farmers will market their cattle, feed being scarce and high. Next winter, he opines, will be a good time to buy quality stock at reasonable prices, especially from drought-ravaged sections.

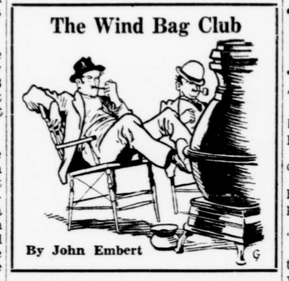
—o—

The Kent Island-Hill's Point baseball game reported by our esteemed contemporary a few doors along the Row in their issue last week would have been an observer's nightmare, if it had been played as it was scored. The Jays were given 38 hits in 57 times at bat and the Hillies 40 hits out of 55 tries. Several gents were credited with 7 hits out of 7 bats, 6 hits out of 7, 5 out of 7, making it remarkable that any one was put out. There used to be a home-run-or-no-count game, where the hitter was out if he did not sock a homer.

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

POLITICS WARMIN' UP

The Wind Bag Club



By John Embert

John Aker wishes to remind the public that dog days are with us again and that he just received a carload of muzzles all shapes and sizes. So all night owls should be sure to get one to avoid distemper. Besides there's a possibility of waking up some morning and finding yourself in the dog pound if the advice of John P. is not listened to.

—o—

Babe Poet broke his chain, turned the dog house over and came to town Sunday afternoon looking for action. Captain Seaweed Thompson soon clipped his wings, swelled his beak and sent him back home talking to himself.

—o—

The donkey game proved to be a big success and was most profitable for Abraham Tilghman as he swept up two carloads of donkey dust which he sold to a fertilizer company in Canton. Also he was offered a job in the street cleaning department.

—o—

Dr. Timanus purchased the donkey named Mae West for Wilbur Smith, his hired hand, just to keep Wilbur from going to Hollywood.

—o—

Frank Morgan, state road employee, last Wednesday afternoon was overcome by the heat while digging manholes in a gravel pit near town. Dr. Price administered first aid. That evening Morgan decided to sleep out on the porch. At four a. m. he awakened to find his ears and toes frostbitten.

—o—

Cousin Til McNamee and the writer while touring the night clubs last week-end were chaperoned by Detective John Glenn, master mind of the Baltimore Police Department. He's still seeking to find a quiet country girl. We told him he wasn't back in the sticks far enough.

RADIANT LIVING

LIFE DIVINELY CONTROLLED

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

Perhaps you have had crises in life when you felt that God was definitely leading you. And without doubt He did.

When we speak of divine guidance we generally have in mind some particular incident in our lives. But why can we not accept a larger view of divine guidance and believe that God not only guides us in the individual crisis, but that He guides us every day, every step of the way.

If, on some days we pray for guidance, why not believe in His guidance in all things?

Does not divine guidance when thus considered loom into larger aspects of a divine control over one's whole life?

A young lady once said in a testimony service, that upon the keyboard of her life she had been trying to play one note at a time, and discovered that only the whole life into discord. But now one false note was sufficient to throw she had handed over the whole keyboard to Christ, Who has brought out of her former discords a heavenly refrain.

Why not hand over your whole life to God, with all its interests, aspirations, and destiny, that it might be continuously under divine control?

Today two-thirds of the livestock is raised west of the Mississippi River and two-thirds of the meat is consumed east of the Mississippi.

A single housefly can produce 600 eggs that will develop into mature flies in about two weeks. They may be followed by seven or eight generations during a single season.

The Mail Bag

To the Editor:

We certainly are glad to see Mr. Embert's "Wind Bag Club" again in your paper.

This little column has become a part of our endorsement of your weekly.

We hope you will continue this bit of humor from the pen of one who has proven his ability in previous issues.

FRANKLYN ROBERTS.

"Interlude", Queenstown.

Editor's Note: That's the way we feel too. We hope John keeps up the good work.

THE POET'S CORNER

Hikers

Now in the summer weather,
No day draws out too long,
When you and I together
Can foot it to a song;
When, with the brown road under,
We walk the country wide,
And feel its golden wonder
From dawn to eventide.

The highways and the byways
Stretch ever fair and new
When your ways march with my ways,
And I keep step with you.
The miles ahead unminding
As friend may walk with friend,
And, when it's over, finding,
A hostel at the end.

Elizabeth Fleming.

BIRCH CANDLES

Birch trees
At the lake-edge
Are tipped with sunset flame,
Like mirrored silver candles come
To bloom!

—Irene Stanley.

MILLINGTON

Mrs. Cora Baldwin, of Chestertown, was the guest last week of Mrs. Robert M. Logan.

Billy Tilden Brice, of Baltimore, was here for the week-end with Dr. and Mrs. Merritt Brice.

Mrs. James Skinner, Mrs. Walter Gale, of Galena, and Mr. and Mrs. John McLain, of Towson, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Gale.

Miss Mary Feddeman, of Baltimore, spent the week-end with her mother, Mrs. Richard Feddeman.

Dr. and Mrs. Edward Vaughn, of Middletown, were Sunday visitors of her mother, Mrs. Sue Comegys.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Walmsley and daughter Barbara, and Mrs. Lester Edwards, of Wilmington, were Sunday visitors of Mrs. Guy Walmsley.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Comegys, Misses Pauline and Mabel Comegys and Ringgold Comegys left on Sunday for a motor trip to Niagara Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester King and daughter, and Mrs. Ida King, of Chester were Sunday guests of Mrs. James D. Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. Price Van Sant and daughter Virginia, of Wilmington, were Saturday visitors of the former's sister, Miss Marie Van Sant.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry King, of Townsend were week-end visitors of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Baker.

Mr. Clyde Bell, of Denton, was a Sunday guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bell.

Noah Walker has returned home after spending some time with relatives in Baltimore.

Mary Ann Baker is the guest of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Harry King at Townsend.

Mildred Edwards and Virginia Everett are the guests this week of Mrs. Lester Edwards in Wilmington.

Mrs. Henry Stevens is spending this week at Rehoboth.

Susan Spear has returned home after spending some time with Dr. and Mrs. Edward Vaughn at Middletown.

Mr. Maurice Kilbourne, of Baltimore, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hurlock Gale.

Mrs. James D. Moore is spending several days this week with Mr. and Mrs. Morgan King at Middletown.

Mrs. John Hilyard passed several days this week with Medford Jones at Kennedyville.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Kauffman, of St. Louis, Mo., are the guests of her aunt, Miss Marie Van Sant.

Little Phil Edwards, of Seaford, Del., is spending this week with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Edwards.

Dame Rumor Says

When that young lady goes shopping for her married friend she must keep in mind that he needs undies and hose as well as shirts.

—o—

That Wye Mills lassie who sets great store by her ancestors is acting in a manner calculated to make them turn over in their graves.

—o—

The summer evenings are passing pleasantly for a certain Romeo. Around dark he is seen wending his way toward Ruthsburg. If this keeps up there will be some explaining to do about Hallowe'en time.

—o—

Complaints are being heard that a Centreville matron, very active in the public weal, shows up her co-workers by crafty methods. When it comes time to sell something she first canvasses the neighborhood and skims the cream from the prospect list. Then she appoints her assistants, who, finding the field well worked, are placed at a disadvantage and appear as shirkers when the returns are tabulated.

—o—

Speaking of being placed at a disadvantage, not to say dismayed, two of Sudlersville's aspiring young men pulled up in Chestertown the other night only to find another car parked at the curb and a pair of rivals enjoying the pleasures of the porch swing.

—o—

Church Hill folks now know where to look for one of their lads when he's not loafing in front of the drug store. They drive out to Price's Station.

—o—

One of Stevensville's perfect specimens of manhood is currently interested out Coxe's Neck.

—o—

If that stately Church Hill gal had stopped to think for an instant she would not have piped up "What makes the boat keep rocking". At least she ought to know that there are such things as wind, tides, waves and so forth even when nobody's rocking the boat. She sounds like a landlubber even though she's been out more than a time or two.

—o—

What Robbers' Row denizen has found his beer bill so enormous that he has struck up a bosom pal-ship with a distributor?

—o—

A Crumpton Casanova is worrying his friends to death for a means of transportation to and from Chestertown.

—o—

If that Church Hill wife doesn't soon return from her visit her husband will acquire a Boston (baked bean) accent.

The Good Old Days

A reminder of those who were boys and girls together in the Good Old Days is brought back by the following item from the Centreville Record of April 9, 1910.

—o—

Master Jack Watson gave a delightful party on Friday evening, April 1, at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Watson on Liberty Street in honor of his twelfth birthday.

Among those present were Norris Ridgeway of Baltimore, Tilghman Forman, William Price, Sydney Gadd, Richard Forman, Joseph Wise, Cecil Blake, John Mitchell, Thomas Keating, Edwin Price, Spencer Wright, Eliason Legg, John McKenney, John Brown, Beverly Goldsborough, Jack Collins and Reed Holmes of Centreville, and James and John Bordley of Baltimore.

Katherine Forman, Mary Earle Feddeman, Anna Wright, Sara Wright, Marcella Thomas, Mary Newnam, Maria McKenney, Elizabeth and Julia Goldsborough, Mildred Collins, Delha Brown, Eleanor Maddux, Grace Blake, Bessie Aldridge and Anna McFeeley.