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

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night.
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
—Tennyson.

IF YOU RESOLVE

The open season for New Year's resolutions is with us. Folks, large and small, are searching their consciences for things left undone in the year of grace 1935. Then, facing a fresh clean calendar fattened by the extra day of leap year they assure themselves that this or that failure will not be repeated in the hopeful days of 1936.

The mortality among New Year's resolutions is amazing. More disappear on their first day of trial than during the last six months of the year together because so few are still in working order when July comes around.

Resolutions are a good device if they can be made to stick. For those who are really sincere in their efforts to turn over new leaves there is no better procedure than that adopted by Benjamin Franklin, the sage of so many subjects.

Franklin made every day a New Year's day. He listed the virtues he wished to form or the weaknesses he desired to correct. But like a prudent man he did not attempt to swallow the lot at a sitting.

Rather, he selected one resolution from his collection. This he struggled with, noting the number of occasions each day when his will faltered. When he had sufficient days with no black mark debited Franklin considered the resolution fixed and tackled the next one.

The great Philadelphian did not determine upon his resolves in the last fifteen minutes of the last day of the year. They were the result of patient thought and were jotted down whenever the need became apparent.

Resolutions taken with neither the will nor the hope of performance are harmful. They breed a weakness in mental makeup.

But if one must go gunning for a man-sized crop of resolutions the first one he should mark is that evolved by Franklin, to wrestle with one vital determination every day until he has mastered it.

THE OPEN ROAD

Unexpected visitations of heavy snows and a hard freeze such as those blanketing the Eastern Shore during the past week emphasize the importance of railroads as a life-line between rural communities and distant cities.

Drifting snows blocked highways, impounded automobiles in the protection of garages and stranded trucks with loads of bread and freight. Sheets of ice closed harbors and made shipping hazardous.

But the rail lines were open.

Baltimore newspapers seeking a sensational touch pointed to the ice-locked harbor at Crisfield as foreshadowing the isolation of a Shore community. But the presence of a railroad keeping communication open and food supplies available stripped the item of its news value.

In Queen Anne's county rail communication was always open. The holiday passenger traffic was the heaviest for some years. Travelers who customarily depend upon their own means of locomotion were forced to fall back upon the old reliable iron horse and his train.

In recent years the automobile and its workaday sister, the truck, have steadily dried up the stream of revenue for railroads. Rail lines have been abandoned and stations closed. Communities noted these changes with misgivings but in the face of motor competition nothing could be done except to pin faith on open highways.

But in emergencies when highway traffic bogs down the importance of the thin line of iron roads shows itself. Communities blest with railway facilities appreciate their value. But when it comes to supporting railroads and keeping them alive community resolutions will vanish with the melting snow.

THE TOWNSEND PLAN

To be sure, the Townsend plan provides that every pensioner would have to spend all of his $200 pension every month. This, it is claimed, would create a tremendous purchasing power that would restore prosperity to everybody. But how about the reduced spending power of the 90 per cent of the people who would get none of this pension money, who would have to pay the costs of the pensions, and whose incomes thereby would be greatly diminished? And how long would they be willing to keep this up, once it was borne in on them that it was driving them into poverty, as most certainly it would?

The Townsend plan, in short, is a fantastic dream, impossible to fulfill, and it is a great pity that so many good people, particularly the aged, are being drawn to its support by its alluring promises that can never be carried out, and must result in tragic disappointments.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THEN AND NOW

Just four years after Bryan made his free silver campaign in 1896, an American prospector went into the hills of Alaska. He stayed there 35 years, and came down the other day only because he was ill.

The hermit was bewildered at the changes he found in Fairbanks, Alaska. It occurs to Bruce Catton, NEA writer, that if the changes in Fairbanks would startle the bearded hermit, "a trip down into the states would absolutely paralyze him."

Disregarding the inventions that he would see for the first time, he would find many political and social changes —and a few similarities:

When the prospector went north, the United States was busy conquering the Filipinos; today he would find us equally busy setting the Filipinos free. If he remembered the growing murmur against the trusts back in 1900, he would see today's government feeling very regretful because the supreme court wouldn't let it band the big combinations of industry together in a system designed to restrict output and maintain prices.

Remembering the anti-railroad agitation of the 1900's, he would see the government coming to the rescue of the railroads with millions upon millions of dollars. And then, of course, there would be the AAA for him to think about.

Looking abroad he would see:

England, which he last saw descending on the South African Boers, preparing to wage war to protect the independence of an African nation.

Germany minus its kaiser, with a former house painter ruling more autocratically than the kaiser ever dreamed of ruling . . .

And when he got all through looking, we wouldn't blame the old prospector a bit if he went back to the Alaskan mountains to stay.—Star-Herald, Scottsbluff, Nebraska.

IT CAN BE DONE!

Quoting a personal message from President Roosevelt, in which he points out that "the wide dissemination of articles and other information depicting the horrors of reckless driving" has stirred millions of motorists, and citing their own experiences in publishing the horror article "—And Sudden Death" which revealed automobile slaughter in stark terms of blood and anguish, the editors of The Reader's Digest in its January issue explain why at last they are convinced something can be done about the appalling situation which to many has seemed beyond human control.

Some 3,500,000 pamphlet reprints of "—And Sudden Death" have been ordered for distribution by individuals, corporations and judges, while over 2,000 newspapers and magazines have reprinted it in their own columns.

"Recent American history shows that when we are fully aroused to a national menace, we act. When the gangster terror became insufferable we finally swept the worst offenders from the stage. In 1898 typhoid was a raging killer; even in 1911 it was still claiming 21 lives out of every 100,000 population. We put our scientists and educators to work; by 1932 fewer people were dying of typhoid than of whooping cough—less than four in 100,000."

Other outstanding achievements are cited—all brought about by nationwide awareness followed by organized, widespread action. The figures for diphtheria and scarlet fever, diseases which once ravaged this country, are listed, as well as the remarkable improvement in railroad and industrial safety.

"Industry has made an equally impressive record," points out The Reader's Digest. "Between 1926 and 1934 accidents in all industries were cut 57%. Even taxis have reduced deaths 60% since 1929."

The experience of a number of cities in reducing motor fatalities in recent weeks through planned, organized and determined campaigns, backed by aroused sentiment, is cited by The Reader's Digest as proving "It Can Be Done."

An Illinois citizen, father of triplets, two sets of twins and four others, has disappeared. None of them seem to know where they put father last—Detroit News.

We hope that the first movie in which the Dionne quintuplets will star will be a full length feature. However, we fear it will only be a five-squealer.—Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

THE Rambling Recorder

A newspaper man hates to sit down and write a letter—because he has no words left. But with a new year facing us there are a few hundred people to whom we owe a greeting for pleasant contacts in the thousand angled task of chasing down the week's news.

—o—

There is plenty of work in clutching material to clutter up our share of this newspaper, plenty of fun and an occasional disappointment. And because we forgot to put a stamp on a letter we tried to mail Tuesday we are going to fog one by the postoffice by sending a few New Year's wishes through this column.

—o—

To:

Senator Legg, who has lent us some of his bubbling humor and tipped us off to one big story—Happy New Year, and lots of use for a red tie.

Dr. Sam Price, who never fails us about Queenstown news and can send a smile over the telephone—Here's to health in 1936.

Joe Evans, who puts up a battle for his constituents whether the Legislature is in or out of session and who has taught us a lot about oysters we never knew before—May your 1936 oyster hold pearls.

Harry Shawn, who remembered to bring us material about an item we were once chasing—The top of the morning, 366 times.

Jack Perry, who knows everything we don't know about ducks—Bigger and better days in 1936, and no tough spots to duck.

Rev. Roy Thawley, who let us sit in at a ministers' meeting for a few hours and feel sanctified—Greetings for the New Year.

Mary Parks, who shares the front office with us, catches our phone calls and dispenses sunshine to counteract our natural gravity—le jour de l'an which means the same thing in French.

Sheriff Everett, who has made us feel at home around his jail—Here's to a full house.

Deputy Sheriff Perkins, who knows all that is to be known about county miscreants, and tells us—May you catch every varmint.

Miss Mary Cole, who chased down an item for us that we did not have time to catch—Sunny hours and time to enjoy them.

Rev. Walter C. Eastburn, apostle of heartiness—May every day be Sunday in 1936. You'll love that.

Harry Reynolds, who drops in every week to say Howdy—Here's mud in your eye, Harry.

West Thompson, who has laid down many a waiting prescription to let us squint at the police docket—Here's to a fine year, Your Honor.

Hugh Hartman, for several pleasant chats about conservation and other things—A bird in the bush is worth two in the hand. Here's to full bushes.

Fletcher Rolph, just a little older than we are who has told us much about the county way back when—May your bridge finesses all live.

Rev. Ray Kirwan, who knows the way to our office when he has news and brings it in early—May your churches grow as fast as your suppers.

William H. Good, who first gave us Welfare news when we couldn't pry an item out of the office force with a steam shovel—May your year be like your name.

Morty Price, for a very complete phone interview—May the 1936 snows never drift.

Ad Emory, a pleasant source of bowling news—Here's to a straight alley for the year.

Doc Chanaud, who scouts up our Scout stories—Plenty of tenderfoots but no tender feet.

Captain Joe Ozmon who promised to get us that paper and his wife who knew what to do with it when she found it—May the best always win this year.

And Asbury Bartlett, Marvin and Ed Barton, Edwin Brown, Owens Phillips, Sterling Harris and the scores of other good fellows and girls we have pestered somewhat along the news trail—Best wishes for 1936.

And to the many others who gave us a hand or a smile in 1935 Happy Days.

RADIANT LIVING

THE PARADISE OF FELLOWSHIP

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

Men have been fascinated by the charm of the shaggy Ozarks with their rich embracing ozone, their spire-like pines, and their woodland trails.

They have been captivated by the imposing splendor of the Yosemite, the Garden of the Gods, with its massive crags, its leaping waterfalls, and its enchanting vales.

Men have been awed to silence by the vast sweep of the grand Canyon of the Colorado resplendent with the glories of the rainbow.

They have been enchanted by the paradisiacal valleys of California basking in mellow sunshine, dotted with vineyards and orchards, and perfumed by the orange blossoms.

But what are all these paradises of earth in comparison with the indescribableness of that Paradise of God into which the redeemed man enters when he comes into an intimate fellowship with Deity!

The beauties of nature are the handiwork of God and are to be admired. But the glory of the Paradise of Divine Fellowship is that sweet intimacy of one's heart with the Infinite Mind.

In this Garden of God there dwells an Infinite Peace into which the clamors of a godless world can not penetrate. Here the soul enjoys a bliss that is akin to Heaven. In this Paradise this blissful peace makes possible the entering into that joy which the Christ bequeathed to His disciples.

To know God, to enjoy His presence, to be at one with Him in purpose of life, to rest in His love, to exult in His joy is to enter into an experience that is heavenly.

You may travel East, or you may travel West,
But to travel with God, is to travel best!

SEND IT IN

If you have a bit of news,
Send it in.
Or a joke that will amuse,
Send it in.
A story that is true,
An incident that's new,
Never mind the style,
If the story is worth while,
It may help or cause a smile,
Send it in.—Unidentified.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

BOAST FROM EASTON

Items we spied while reading an Easton paper:

—o—

"Last week the Star-Democrat again broke Eastern Shore advertising records this Christmas with ninety-six columns of unsolicited advertising. No one was solicited to advertise and every single one in the paper came in without solicitation.

—o—

In the same week Queen Anne's Record had 102 columns of advertising, using the same system of measurement, although we must admit we got out and hustled for some of it. The Salisbury Advertiser had 104 columns.

GOSSIP TOWN

From which it would appear that someone took a crack at Dame Rumor long before she was born.

—o—

Have you ever heard of Gossip Town,
Near the shore of Chesapeake Bay,
Where old Dame Rumor, with rustling gown,
Is going the livelong day?
It isn't far to Gossip Town,
For people who want to go.
The Idleness train will take you down,
In just an hour or so.
The Thoughtless road is a popular route,
And most folks start that way.
But it's steep down grade; if you don't look out,
You'll land in Chesapeake Bay.
You glide through the valley of Vicious Folk,
And into the tunnel of Hate,
Then crossing the Add-To bridge, you walk
Right into the city gate.
The principal street is called They-Say,
And I've heard is the public well,
And the breezes that blow from Chesapeake Bay
Are laden with Don't-You-Tell.
In the midst of the town is Telltale Park.
You're never quite safe while there.
For its owner is Madam Suspicious Remark,
Who lives on the street Don't Care.
Just back of the park is Slander's Row,
'Twas there Good Name died.
Pierced by a dart from Jea'ousy's bow,
In the hands of Envious Pride.
From Gossip Town peace long since fled,
But trouble, grief and woe.
And sorrow and care you'll meet instead
If ever you chance to go.

ON GETTING A BRIDGE

Timely topic as handled by the St. Michaels Comet:

—o—

The only way that we will ever get a safe bridge across Oak Creek is for one of our politicians to slip through that old bridge some time. And we hope that the Pure Food Law won't arrest them for dumping trash in our good ole Miles River.

STUDY IN PSYCHOLOGY

Political appraisal of Governor Nice's vice-presidential chances as appraised by the Eastern Shore Times, Berlin:

—o—

As we approach nearer to the 1936 campaign we find the coy Mr. Nice adjusting his lightning rods in the hope that, by inviting a Presidential bolt, a lesser bolt in the form of Vice Presidential lightning will shiver his timbers.

And as all this is going on in and around Annapolis we can't help but wonder on what grounds Governor Nice seeks this high honor.

Not that we are seriously concerned by the threat of having Mr. Nice succeeded Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Garner. Somehow we just can't work ourselves into a sweat over that danger.

We are just curious. That is all. A sort of study in psychology. We just don't get it, but would like to.

Will somebody please, please explain?

CRACK AT DR. TOWNSEND

Wayside Thoughts of the Rambler, who is well beyond 60, in the Democrat and News, Cambridge:

—o—

If Dr. Townsend, who is urging the Government to grant a pension of $200.00 per month to all persons over 60 years of age isn't crazy then I'm far from being normal. As fast as the fools die off another crop comes on. But 'twas ever thus.

THE POET'S CORNER

KING WINTER

BY CASPER L. NEWCOMB

His scepter rules the distant hills
His magic wand avails,
As wonder workings of Him kills
While his strong arm assails.

The lilies of the valley swoon
By a cold breath he blows
To frosty ghost in light of moon
Where wilted flower shows.

Apparent on the barren hills
A gold-eyed daisy groans
As in a vale all that He wills
Are silent as the stones.

All in a forest seems to care
For the birds' summer song;
Likewise all of things out there
Where ice it hangs so long.

This hoary headed man on stage,
Makes hard our father to tread,
As His keep whip it makes us rage
While we are under dread.

A VOICE

A voice, a lovely voice, a gift of God
Filled with the emotion of all that makes its part in life,
How beautiful and wonderful that gift,
And yet its siren tone means hours of strife.

A voice, a lovely voice, a gift of God
How kind that she should have that greatest gift in life
To soothe the hearts of those who know her not
And save for me, that siren tone, My Wife.

OF PARADISE

Never turn from Paradise,
Never turn your back!
Whether the door should open wide,
Or but a narrow crack.

Never stay in Paradise,
For Paradise would soon
Seem quite meaningless to you
As Sunday afternoon.

But if you keep your Paradise
A secret place apart,
You'll never need to look for it
Further than your heart.
—ELSPETH HONEYMAN CLARKE.

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

THE MAIL BAG

To the Editor:

Betcha, the Record again writes about Centreville as a Central point for a Snow Plow.

Betcha, no one has the intestinal fortitude to do any thing about it, and I'll betcha they don't get it.

Betcha, there are several snow plows with broken axels or stuck in the snow or ditches somewhere in the county.

Betcha, this county pays as much road tax in proportion as any other county.

Betcha, the kids are glad it snowed and hope that it stays awhile.

Betcha, Harbison Dairy does not locate that cooling cabinet.

Betcha, the local bakery was glad it snowed and the other merchants were not.

And I'll betcha the Queen Anne's Record doesn't publish this.

BETCHA.

Editor's note: Betcha, there's a Louis Azreal fan in these parts.

To the Editor:

Queen Anne's County aren't you ashamed of yourself?

On the morning of December 23rd, the county was covered with 2½ inches or more of snow which made road traffic rather difficult and dangerous in one sense of the word.

As I was driving from the upper section of the county into Delaware and back into Maryland again I then found that our neighboring state had licked us right here at the beginning of winter.

Their roads were as clear as a crystal because immediately after the snow ceased falling their snow plows got to work and removed the snow from the highways which assured the motorist safety-first motoring.

Now aren't you really ashamed of yourself to allow the second smallest state in the United States to beat you in keeping their highways safe for the motoring public which you are obligated to do, too?

We Queen Anne's Countians had one good dose of snow-bound traffic last winter and let's not have the same experience this winter. Get those rusty snowplows out of the shed and get them working when the next snow begins to fall.

Please think of the motorists and let's make motoring safe for everyone on the Eastern Shore.

ALLEN L. STAFFORD.

Templeville, Md.

To the Editor:

I am vitally interested in the Seafood business and would appreciate your consideration of some facts offered in behalf of the Oyster Industry of the Chesapeake Bay.

The unemployment and relief situation in Tidewater Maryland, particularly the Eastern Shore, may be attributed mainly to the decrease in the supply of oysters, our supply in the bay having dropped from nearly five million bushels in 1920, to approximately a million and a half bushels in 1933. Due to this decrease in production, the Industry, since 1921, has lost approximately 2,067 tongers (averaging two men to the boat) 420 scrapers (averaging three men) 99 dredgers (averaging five men) and 107 packers (averaging about forty) resulting in a loss of employment to approximately ten thousand men. This does not, of course, include the allied interests, which would further increase this number.

I am listing below, the reports of production of Oysters of a few of our competitive states in the South, some of whom have had quite a lot of Government aid for the improvement of the Oyster Industry. The State of Mississippi, I believe, has had two or three hundred thousand dollars for this purpose.

	Maryland	N. C.	S. C.
1880	10,600,000	170,000	50,250
1920	4,959,900	216,900	397,600
1932	1,616,000	210,000	507,000
	Fla.	Ala.	Miss.
1880	78,6000	104,500	25,000
1920	439,200	233,000	1,272,000
1932	456,500	358,000	2,384,000

These states are fast becoming our worst competitors and it is clearly indicated that if they continue the same ratio of increased production over Maryland, our Industry in the Chesapeake Bay is more or less doomed.

There is the necessity of immediate action and for the use of those methods that will produce results in the shortest possible time and while there is merit to the proper planting of shells, the quickest way to bring back this supply, which will automatically reduce unemployment and relief, is through the medium of planting seed oysters. Shells, properly planted and under the very best conditions, require three or more years to produce results. On the other hand, the planting of seed Oysters will produce results within eighteen months.

Definite proof of this may be obtained from the records of the Conservation Department, as, from the years 1927 to '34 inclusive, the Conservation Department has planted a little over six million bushels of shells and the production of Oysters in the Bay from 1927 to 1934 dropped from over two and a half million bushels in 1927 to a little

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7)

Little Incidents Big With Meaning

By JULIA CHANDLER
in the
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

Almost anyone would tell you that The Little Old Man is one of the failures of the world, reaching the end of the trail with little of achievement to his credit.

He has gone his way unsensationally, and the hundreds of folk whose lives have been influenced by him know nothing whatever of his existence.

For The Little Old Man is a humble gardener on The Rich Man's estate. Year by year he has worked among his plants—loving them into radiant bloom. He has also loved his fellow man and every other thing that lives.

Several years ago he was walking slowly down one of his garden paths on The Rich Man's estate, humming happily in the belief that he was quite alone.

Suddenly he stopped in contemplation of something on the ground stooping presently to right a hapless beetle that lay upon its back in the garden path.

Arrested in his agitated pacing back and forth by the action of his gardener, The Rich Man stepped unexpectedly on the scene.

"Why take the trouble to turn a beetle?" he demanded of The Little Old Man.

"Bless you, sir," said The Gardener, "the big fellers can take care of themselves. It's the onery little beetles—ugly as sin in the eyes of most folks—that needs to be set right side up and given a chance."

"It's a waste of time and energy," protested The Rich Man.

"The Master said 'unto the least,'" The Little Old Man muttered, more to himself than in answer to his employer. "And I reckon there ain't nothing less than that thar little old brown beetle," he chuckled.

The Rich Man shrugged his shoulders.

For years his foot had shot out—figuratively—to crush the little fellows in his business path—the little brown beetles too inconsequential to think about.

On the day of his encounter with The Little Old Man there seemed more of them than ever in The Rich Man's way, but each time the impulse came to crush them he visioned a little old figure stooping in a garden path to give a fighting chance to a struggling beetle.

The Rich Man could not get rid of the picture.

Nor of the gardener's smile as he quoted the Nazarene.

"Crazy old fellow!" muttered the employer of many thousand men and women.

Nevertheless the incident stuck in his consciousness with such persistence that the crushing foot went around—instead of on—many a little fellow that day; the next day, and every day thereafter, until it has now come to pass that The Rich Man stoops with a smile to set the human beetles on their feet that they may have their chance for success and happiness along the way.

So, if by any chance somebody should tell you The Little Old Man is one of the failures of the world, you might tell them about The Rich Man's metamorphosis, and its far-reaching consequences in the great corporation of which he is president.

Dame Rumor Says

The snowstorm is doing one portly Centrevillian a world of good. Ordinarily chained to his car and unwilling to walk around the block ,the enforced exercise is bringing the bloom to his cheeks and a certain sprightliness to his step.

—o—

Old Hotspur who was cooking up dark and devious plans for the blonde on New Year's eve, has been forced to revise his schemes.

—o—

The young lady who never cared to join the Millington Homemakers' Club seemed to be having the time of her life the other night at the party.

—o—

Contrary to predictions that Chesterfield Avenue matron who got a case of beer for Christmas may have a bottle or two left to start the New Year right.

—o—

A Centreville wife who for years has been meekly accepting her husband's gift then rushing to the store to swap it for something else didn't take it back this year to exchange it until December 26th.

—o—

A blonde who Yuletided on the Western Shore will be pleased to learn that everything she reads in the paper "Ain't Necessarily So."

—o—

A County seat pap has already made a wreck out of the electric train he gave his boy for Christmas.

—o—

Too many highballs on Christmas Eve made a Sudlersville couple mighty late in distributing the toys the next morning.

—o—

While dining out Sunday a certain Chester gent remarked: "Look, my plate is moving up and down". However, his companions promptly assured him that Christmas cheer was responsible for the phenomenon.

—o—

And while on the subject of remarks a recent County Seat papa exclaimed in one of the gathering spots: "All I have to do is press a button for a boy or for a girl."

—o—

Denied the opportunity of wearing his tuxedo on New Year's eve by an unfortunate change in plans, a Centreville Lothario was seen trying it on the night before admiring himself in a mirror.

—o—

Communication bearing the signature "Oscar" which was stuffed beneath your Old Lady's door and looks harmless: We wonder why the sight of the decorative balloons at the Alumni Dance brings to mind a question—who blew them all up? And we wonder why this automatically brings to mind a picture of several people who are amply qualified?" There weren't any stuffed shirts about, were there?

—o—

Reports filter in that a certain West Virginia hill billy who got a pair of bedroom slippers for Christmas spent most of the day sitting on the edge of the bed admiring them.

—o—

That matron with big city notions who forgot all ideas of diet and jumped in on her Christmas chocolates will probably not regain her svelte-like figure before the first of April.

—o—

The mails from Cumberland have been tied up something awful.

—o—

A Centreville Scotchman apparently is as slow to open his Christmas presents as he is to reach for his pocketbook. He finally got around to opening a 1932 gift on Christmas eve.

—o—

It has just come to light that the week all those errors appeared in the K ent Island news that a certain printer received a love letter written in red ink.

—o—

And speaking of columnists, Frying Pan Nellie certainly gave Easton a big send-off last week. What does Chestertown think?