Queen Anne's Record-Observer

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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

I saw the sea climb the shaft of sun that poured from the cloud to sea after the sudden, fierce, unmitigated rain. Up from the sea they rose, and the waves rose to smooth their flowing robes, melting and liquid, pearled with a shell's dream. Almost they drew the sea — the waters foamed, and a great circle sucked the deepest tides, building a pyramid of moving green.—Sarah Van Alstyne.

SCHOOL TIME AGAIN

The reopening of schools Wednesday morning will mark the end of the summer vacation for two thousand of Queen Anne's children and the beginning of ten months' serious application to the chief business of childhood and adolescence, acquiring an education to better fit them for the tasks of their future adult careers.

Much is said about the value of public school education for inculcating the ideals of democracy, raising the level of culture, training in wiser use of leisure time and kindred advantages but to the ordinary parent the basic reason for schools is to give children a groundwork of knowledge that will enable them to get along better in life.

Parents look definitely and hopefully to the practical purposes of schools. For that reason they accept the financial costs of educational institutions and a tax rate which apportions fifty cents to schools and thirty cents to all other county expenditures.

That motive should inspire teachers and pupils alike in making each coming school year better than those that have gone before in quality of teaching on the one hand and acquisition of the learning offered on the other. Year by year instruction, especially in the higher grades, is absorbing an increased practical tone and seeks to keep pupils fully abreast with their times.

Some day Queen Anne's should look forward to adding that third link now present in many school systems, the junior high school. Educators have long realized the value of this type of school in bridging the gap between the sharply distinct methods of the elementary and high schools.

In one short summer vacation Queen Anne's children are expected somehow to be able to jump from the close, almost maternal supervision of a single classroom teacher to the comparative self-dependence of the secondary school. The percentage of failures in the first year of high school attests to the difficulty.

Advocates of junior highs say that that school softens the transition and cuts down the number of pupils who drop out in the first year of the ordinary high school, often because they can not make the necessary adjustments soon enough. Other advantages are cited such as the flexible curriculm and the survey nature of many subjects which gives pupils a broader, rather than specialized view of courses.

For high schools, one factor which lays increased pressure each year is the steadily increasing number of pupils who aspire to go on to college and business schools. For the brighter pupils there is little problem. They can succeed in any sort of college. The test of high schools in Queen Anne's or elsewhere is the number of pupils below the top flight who enroll in colleges and are able to keep on to graduation.

It is quite true that many go to higher schools who should not, but with larger industrial and commercial institutions making college graduation a requirement for advanced positions, high schools must retain some emphasis on preparation for college and other advanced schools while they build up their vocational courses. For the high schools, like all others, look through the year that is starting to an endless line of years to follow.

A ROAD ENGINEER

When a man of his own accord resigns a position as county road engineer there is a natural curiosity as to why he has done so. It develops that Walter D. Blackwell, Jr., left such a place in Queen Anne's for one of the best of reasons, better financial return and to that extent at least a better position.

Those who have come to know and like Mr. Blackwell in his two years as Queen Anne's county road engineer gladly wish him unalloyed success in his new duties.

He did his work here well. It was characteristic of his thoroughness and ability that he acquainted himself with the county road map, with the nature and need of every highway and byway in remarkably short time. Responsible leaders of Queen Anne's complimented him on that achievement long ago.

Mr. Blackwell had a deep regard for the ideals of his profession. He was not interested in merely keeping roads in shape. Always he was driving for the greater goal of building the best roads possible with the means available ,and the peculiar type of road that suited a particular locality when hard surface could not be secured.

He stood firmly for every procedure he considered right. His persistence was never stubborness because he could yield gracefully enough when he had no more cards to play. But he won a vast amount of respect for the manner by which he strove first, last and always for making road money produce as much value as possible.

It does not require a very long memory to recall the condition of unsurfaced county highways a year and a half ago. Mr. Blackwell, new to the position, received his share of criticism along with every one else who had a finger, or a fingernail, in the care of roads.

Mr. Blackwell kept plugging away. He worked hand in glove with the county commissioners, a thing he was not required to do in his office, a thing certain other road engineers in Maryland make no pretense of doing today. He had, if he choose, a free hand with county roads.

Instead he preferred to cooperate with the county commissioners in meeting the problem. He showed how greater road improvement could be realized if the commissioners would provide gravel beds and machinery and release state funds for labor needs. The commissioners met Mr. Blackwell half way and the condition of Queen Anne's dirt roads today proves the wisdom of that cooperation. Between them the engineer and the commissioners made every penny count.

Evidently the road engineer's ability was not lost upon his superiors. Dr. Homer E. Tabler, chairman of the State Roads Commission, recently bemoaned the rigidity of law which prevented a rise in salary to retain men like Mr. Balckwell. Dr. Tabler was right. He could well use a man who accomplishes things, especially in the higher brackets of a department that can only drag along.

NEWLY WEDS GIVE HOPE

Pope Pius XI, of the Roman Catholic Church, while blessing 100 young married couples, a few days ago, declared that the newlyweds are the hope of modern society, and that society will never have anything to fear from them such as comes today from other quarters. This statement will command assent from a wide variety of sources.

Not many years ago the young married people of today were boys and girls, many of whose doings seemed wild at the time. The girls were called flappers and the boys did much unnecessary flapping. There was an outbreak of youth following the World War. Many of the old customs seemed to have disappeared and the old-timers held up their hands in horror.

Time has passed and boys and girls who formerly cut up somewhat freely have settled down. Many of them already have children who may not be allowed to do all the things their parents did fifteen years ago.

The young married people of today have had much better education than their parents had. They have gone through high schools where the parents only attended grammar grades, or have graduated from college where the old folks went to high school. Their knowledge of history and human experience must count.

The young married people of today will be against war. They are not going to bring up their boys to die for foolish forms of national pride. They should favor government economy, as they can see how hard it is to pay the modern costs of living and get ahead.

The millions of young married people of today are an extremely vigorous element, destined to remake the country in a few years. They are sincere and put up no pretences they don't feel. The country has faith in them.—Caroline Sun.

LIVE AND COLLECT

A few decades ago, "life insurance" was in reality "death insurance." The greatest part by far of life insurance payments went to the beneficiaries of the deceased.

Today life insurance justifies its name completely—for well over half of all payments go to the living persons who originally purchased the polices.

In other words, where life insurance used to be purchased almost entirely for protection of dependents, it is now largely used to create estates and to assure a secure old age as well.

We are fast regaining our grip. One waiter reports that the other night he found $8,000,000 in computations on a tablecloth and 20 cents in cash.

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As you may have heard, the world grows smaller, and what used to be an untracked polar waste is now U. S. S. R. route No. 74.

THE Rambling Recorder

August has slipped by and the nation is getting ready to buckle down to work again . . . although some fine summer weather may crop up in the present month . . . Somehow the summer ends with Labor Day, regardless of the calendar or the sun . . . We take hot days in September as merely hangovers . . . chiefly because our minds are filled with Autumn . . . and we have neither the time nor mood to enjoy them . . .

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Baltimore newspaper men may be amusingly ignorant of the fine points of Eastern Shore geography . . . but that can not be true of Baltimore's mayor . . . In his two years of political fence building on this side of Chesapeake Bay Mayor Jackson has covered the Shore more thoroughly than many a Shore resident does in a lifetime . . . The Mayor should be particularly acquainted with Queen Anne's . . . He is making his third visit to the county in less than a month when he participates in the powwow at Dr. Cook's Log Cabin next Sunday . . . The other two occasions were his visit to the Booster baseball game at Centreville and his sitting down with the slightly hungry Lions of Queenstown at their ladies' night at Matapeake . . . If politics is the chief pastime of the Eastern Shore, as denizens of Maryland's western country assert, the Mayor is come to a spot where he can find playmates . . .

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Sponsors of the Love Point celebration met with one disappointment . . . They went looking for Cliff Green, Joe George and several other members of the Sudlersville Skeet Club hoping to arrange for a display of plain and fancy shooting at Love Point . . . but the gunners had made tracks to Detroit for the national championships . . . As for guns, we were handling the pistol with which a man was shot and killed at the Narrows Sunday . . . Deputy Sheriff Perkins is considerate to the last detail in seeing that we have as much first hand information as possible about items we are to hammer out for the news column . . . and we wondered where a negro could get the same sort of weapon as is used by the State Police in Maryland and Virginia . . . There is something wrong with the sale of firearms when a man said to have a record can be as well armed as the police . . . As a people we are still faced with breaking up the old Western habit of men carrying five and six shooters . . . We always will be while desperadoes are featured in our fiction and movies . . .

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Maybe there is some sort of moral in it . . . but while thirty-seven people signed the petition for a dispensary branch at the Narorws only two appeared at the hearing . . . while for the two hundred who signed a counter petition opposing the branch fifty showed up . . . and seemed proud to be there . . . We advertised for a ladies' brown umbrella that was picked up by some one at the baseball park . . . and received word that a ladies' brown umbrella had been turned in . . . but when it was sent around to the office it was a different one . . . indicating that some lady who is out a brown umbrella can get it back if she wants it . . . and that ladies are rather careless with brown umbrellas at ball parks . . .

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The true significance of Labor Day as a tribute to the workingmen of the nation may have little recognition in a farming and waterside community like Queen Anne's . . . but the holiday itself will be utilized . . . In Centreville there is a baseball game at the ball park and a Horse Show at the race track for close competition . . . and bucking both will be a roundup of political leaders, a bevy of bathing beauties and some real swimmers at Love Point . . . so that there is little reason for a man to stay home and labor . . . We're curious how Charlie Cannon's mock weddng is coming along . . it's due Sunday at Love Point . . . One argument for concrete roads is that a motorist does not have to put up with detours because the highway is being oiled . . .

Editor's Easy Chair

The editor of the Greensboro Enterprise is right wrought up about limb-skinning and flipperjibbing in his immediate atmosphere. He cracks down hard on the jamboreers with the following item succinctly headed, "We have enough of the CCC dances."

"Last Friday night members from the Goldsboro CCC camp held their second dance in the Nokomis Hall, adjoining The Enterprise office, and like the first one held several months ago, brought much disorder on the streets in front of the hall. Many of the boys were drinking and throwing their bottles in the street and having talk that should not be allowed on our public streets. The crowd outside became such a nuisance that our town bailiff had to be called at about 11:30 and he soon started the boys on their way to camp.

"We have learned on good authority that the captain who came down to look after the boys went off with a young girl and the boys ran riot here for awhile.

"We think that it is high time that our town officials break up such affairs on the public streets of Greensboro. Let the CCC boys have their drunken parties at the camp so that they will not disturb the decent people in Greensboro.

To put through a road in Queensland, Australia, a tree that had stood 4000 years was felled. It is succeeded by a highway bond issue.—The Detroit News.

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The information editor's task grows harder day by day. This morning someone called up to ask if any kind of bag will do to let the cat out of. —Buffalo Evening News.

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A local guesser has spotted an A-1 early cantaloupe the first crack out of the box, and is retiring while his reputation is bright.—Milwaukee Journal.

The Mail Bag

August 30, 1937.

To the Editor:

Inclosed with my letter you will find a postcard from Glenn L. Peterson, of Culpepper, Va., which I wish you would reprint with this letter.

—o—

Mr. M. Dubnow,
Stevensville, Md.
"Dear Mr. Dubnow:

Your letter of Aug. 11 to "The Mail Bag" of your local paper was of interest to me, it shows that Radcliffe is not fooling everybody down your way. He and Tydings are the modern Judas and (except Byrd and Glass of my own state who are the ranking double-crossers in Congress) are knifing and double-crossing F. D. R. in the back.

Respectfully yours,
GLENN L. PETERSON."
Culpepper, Va.

—o—

I think it is the duty of every conscientious American Citizen to expose our Representatives who do not represent us.

We the common people in order to retain our liberties and our daily bread, and not to be dumped in the waste basket of the International Bankers, and from the Caskets on the dump of Depression, war and chaos, must see to it that our servants who do not do the job for which we hired them to do, and we the people pay them high salaries with our own taxes shall be fired.

If a farmer pays a man to do a day's work, and that man does not do as he the farmer wants him to do, then he is fired.

According to our constitution they the representatives must be the servants of the people. So lets keep them accordingly.

Yours truly,
M. DUBNOW.
Stevensville, Md.

RADIANT LIVING

MORE DURABLE THAN STONE

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

On a dreamy afternoon in June of 1897 a traveler wandering among the scattered ruins of a temple, sat upon an overthrown giant column, and looked upon the view that stretched out before him.

The sloping fields reached down to a distant stream and then up toward the hazy blue mountains asleep along the horizon. The lazy sun shone down upon the slumbering valley. An impressive stillness pervaded the solitude. Overhead a couple of indifferent birds glided about.

The man sat and dreamed. He imagined the distant past when this now sepulchral valley was once the great noisy city of Ephesus. He endeavored to picture that upon the very spot where he was sitting there was once a crowded street over whose pavement the massive wheels of chariots rattled, thumped and banged. But of that once proud city, nothing now remained, but these few broken columns of the Temple, scattere about and half hidden by the tall grass of the lonely field.

Asorbed in the thought of the past, the traveler put his hand into his pocket and drew forth a little book. It was the New Testament. He turned to the letter that was once written o this city, Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians.

He read its opening passage aloud, but as he read, his words seemed reluctant to penetrate the heavy stillness of the sleeping fields. They seemed to hang suspended for a moment, and then to fall to his feet, leaving him standing there oppressed by the very solitude of the place.

He put the little book into his pocket, and turned to retrace his steps. A quotation came to his mind. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall never pass away!"

THE POET'S CORNER

BEHIND THE MASK

By Casper L. Newcomb

Times, when an ocean billow rage,
'Neath lies some hidden mystery
That's kind to haughty one who mocks
And laugh at God when it's calm.

I've kown the bitterness of gall
To be closed in sweet appearance;
And a sweetness to there be in
What seemed a bitterness to swallow.

Sometimes, behind a smiling face
Stands hid ghost of any enemy;
Often sad Countenance
Hides an angle with sweetness there.

SUMMER EVENING

The misty gray of evening falls again
While crickets and a wakeful robin sing;
The moths are circling near my window-pane;
The night-hawk skims along on tiny wing.

Footsteps and voices float in from the street;
The stars outside are pale, the lamps are bright;
The breeze is cool and damp and faintly sweet
As summer evening deepens into night.
—Elizabeth Fraser Holland.

Another reason so many pay no attention to Opportunity knocking is that they know he is always accompanied by that hard-boiled partner of his, Work.—St. Louis Star-Times.

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A big building boom is predicted by two Cornell professors. It seems they saw a fellow walking right down Main Street with a saw and hammer.—Montreal Herald.

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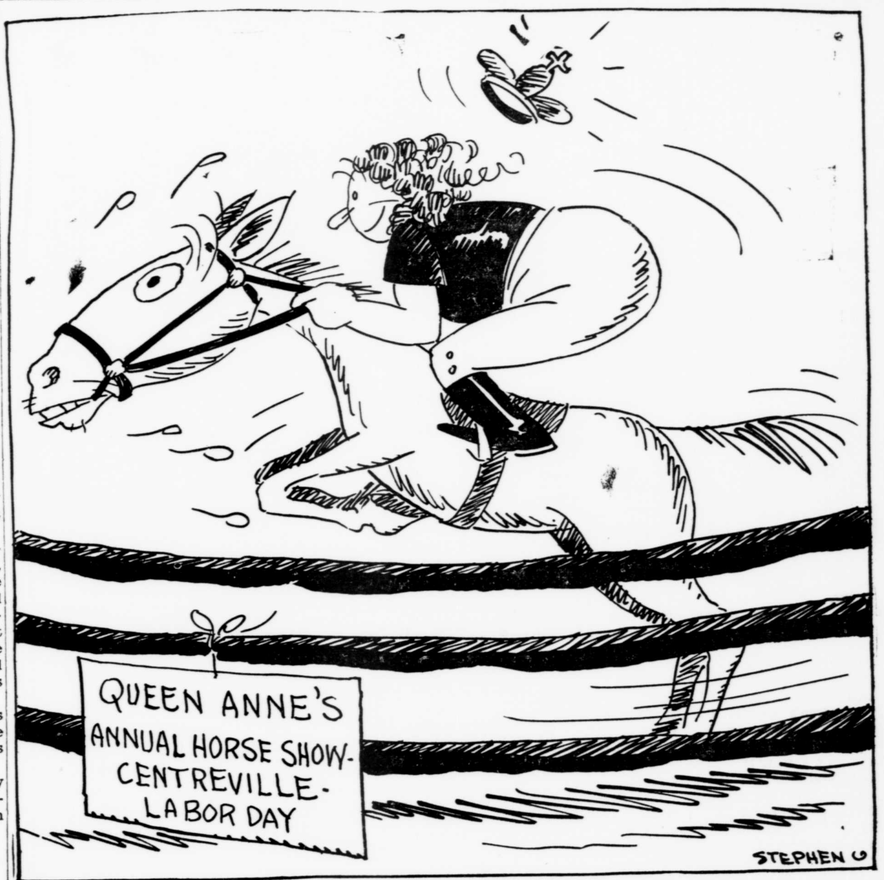
The final test of good manners is a gift that seems awful to you but wonderful to the giver.—St. Louis Star-Times.



King Horse Has An Inning

OLD TIMERS

To Col. Woolman Hopper Gibson, the oldest man in Centreville, who was born here, and has continued to make Centreville his home we pay tribute this week in the "Old Timer's" column. Col. Gibson, for fifty-five years General Agent for the New York Life Insurance Company, for the Eastern Shore; a leader in civic movements, former President of the Good Will Fire Compnay, former Chief Judge of the Orphans' Court and a member of a former Governor of Maryland's staff, celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday anniversary on August 11th.

Col. Gibson was born in 1853 in the old frame hotel building that stood on the site now occupied by the Centreville Hotel. His father Woolman Jonathan Gibson, was a native of Talbot county, and came to Queen Anne's early in life. His mother was Anna Maria Hopper. Col. Gibson had two brothers, Charles Hopper Gibson, a prominent lawyer of Talbot county, who served three terms in the National House of Representatives, and one term in the United States Senate. There were also two sisters, Miss Maria Louisa Gibson and Mrs. John R. Emory.

Col. Gibson was educated at the old Male Academy in Centreville, and at St. John's College, Annapolis. Returning from college he resided at Woodland, then the home of his father, and now known as the Jacob's property adjoining Centreville. Col. Gibson's father cut away a large swathe of woods to build the present residence which is even now one of the most attractive homes in the section. At "Woodlawn," Col. Gibson engaged in the cultivation of fruits and vegetables, which he successfully pursued for several years.

It was at this time that the subject of our sketch introduced in Centreville the first general delivery of milk, and spread his activities to several communities. To "Old Timer" Gibson, also goes the credit of establishing the first cannery for tomatoes in Centreville. Through the aid of Hemingway and Company, packers of Baltimore, he was enabled to secure sufficient acreage of tomatoes to establish a packing plant at Centreville Landing. Seventy-five acres was required, and the farmers received $6.00 a ton for their product.

Later Mr. Gibson abandoned agricultural pursuits and established the first Fire Insurance Agency in Centreville which later became the largest of its kind on the Eastern Shore. He conducted the business for many years and later added a Life Insurance business to his activities. In 1882 he was made General Agent of the New York Life Insurance Company for the Shore and in October of last year he rounded out fifty-four years in this post. For a number of years in the Fire Insurance business he was assisted by L. Herman Meredith, of Centreville who in 1913, took over the Fire Insurance section, which he still conducts.

In October Mr. Gibson will complete his fifty-fifth year as General Agent for the New York Life Company and is the oldest active representative of the organization. During this time "Old Timer" Gibson has paid to his policy holders, either living or to the families, more than $4,000,00 and when present policies now written mature, several more million will have been paid.

Col. Gibson was a Director and member of the building committee of the Centreville Opera House, when the project was owned by a stock company. He also was instrumental in the establishment of the Centreville Creamery Company many years ago. Nearly forty years ago he assisted in the establishment of a Shirt factory in Centreville, that was located where the Little Theatre now stands. He also was a promotor of the first telephone line running through Queen Anne's county.

In 1904 Col. Gibson was appointed by Governor Edwin Warfield, a member of his personal staff with the title of Colonel, and served four years. This post required his traveling with the Governor and his staff on many important occasions, including the trip to St. Louis and Jamestown Expositions.

Throughout his life Colonel Gibson has been an ardent Democrat, and in 1915 was elected Judge of the Orphans' Court for Queen Anne's county. He was reelected for five terms, serving a total of nineteen years. For three of the terms he served as Chief Judge being appointed by Gov. Phillips Lee Goldsborough, Gov. Emerson C. Harrington and the late Gov. Albert C. Ritchie. While Mr. Gibson was a member of the Orphans' Court many of the largest estates ever to pass through the hands of the Court were settled. Well it is known that Col. Gibson always in the business of the court exercised the greatest kindness and sympathy to those who were forced by grief and loss of their loved ones to bring their estates to the Court. He was always considerate of widows and orphans and won a warm place in the hearts of those in distress.

His only other office held with his party was the numerous times he has been elected to the State Convention of the Democratic Party, in which he has served a number of times. He was secretary of the convention at the time the late Governor Austin L. Crothers was placed in nomination.

Four times Col. Gibson has served as a member of the Grand Jury, three of those times having been chosen as foreman.

His local civic interests have included his activity for the Good Will Fire Company, having served in the capacity of president for many years.

In 1891 following the death of his father who was a member of the Board of Trustees of the Queen Anne's County Home, he was chosen to succeed him, and on the death of the late James Brown, was elected President of the Board, which post he still holds. In 1929. Mr. Gibson was appointed chairman of the committee authorized by the Legislature to determine the advisibility of combining all Eastern Shore almshouses, for the estabilshment of a centralized home for the poor.

"Old Timer" Gibson has been prominently connected with the Protestant Episcopal Church throughout his life time and has been elected to eight General Conventions by the Diocese of Easton. Since 1885 he has been a Vestryman at St. Paul's Church, and since 1909 has been Senior Warden. For active continuous service he is the oldest Vestryman in the Diocese of Easton.

He is a member of the Society of the Cincinnati, of which George Washington was the first President and holds his certificate of membership signed by the late Dr. William Henry D'Coursy, at one time owner of "Cheston-on-Wye, and president of the Society at that time. He also was a member for many years of the Maryland Historical Society and is a member of the University Club of Maryland of Baltimore. He is also the oldest living member of the Centreville Lodge of Masons, No. 180 A. F. & A. M.

In 1909 Mr. Gibson married Miss Lucy Virginia Crabbe, of Baltimore, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Crabbe. They have made their home in their handsome residence on Liberty Street, where they have hosts of friends. Coming to Centreville Mrs. Gibson quickly began to take an active interest in affairs of the town, and is a member of the Board of Directors of the Centreville Library, an organization in which both she and Mr. Gibson have been most helpful. She is also an earnest church worker, and is a member of the Woman's Auxiliary and Treasurer of the Ladies' Church Aid Society of St. Paul's Church.

The esteem in which Col. Gibson is held by all who know him is embodied in the follwoing tribute from the Centreville Observer on the occasion of his silver anniversary with the New York Life Insurance Company, on October 27th, 1932.

"That during the half century of steadfast devotion to business interests he has never, for a moment, lost sight of the important duty of being an honorable, straightforward public spirited and useful citizen.

"He has been loyal to his fellow townsmen, his felow countians, and true to the highest ideals of stalwart Christian Citizenship. Business achievements, records of service and all other considerations shrink into insignifciance when compared with this record."

To Col. Gibson and Mrs. Gibson we extend our heartiest congratulations on the passing of his eighty-fourth anniversary and wish for them many years of happiness.

STARR

Mr. Henry McClyment, of near Queenstown, was the Sunday guest of his mother, Mrs. William McClyment, near here.

Miss Katherine DeLacy has returned to her home in Washington, D. C., after spending her vacation with her sisters, Misses Effie and Edna DeLacy near here.

The farmers in this section are busily engaged in pulling their sugar corn. Some few realized three tons per acre while most of them only two tons per acre.

The Starr canning factory began operation one day last week. They employ all home labor.

Mrs. Charles Roe spent Saturday afternoon with Mrs. Rena Adams.

Miss Phyllis Prink, of New Jersey, has returned home after spending a week as the guest of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. George Smith.

Mrs. Lee Towers and children spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Hunter, near Queenstown.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Owens and son Robert, and Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, all of Wilmington, were the week-end guests of Mrs. Edward Owens near Willoughby.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dulin entertained friends and relatives Sunday afternoon.

Miss Margaret Boyle and brother, Mr. Thomas Boyle visited friends and relatives Sunday afternoon.

HILLSBORO

Miss Frances W. Covell and Miss Elaine Huner, spent Wednesday of last week at Rehoboth Beach.

Miss Blanche Spry is the guest of Mrs. Redgraves, of Massey.

Mr. and Mrs. Olin Hunter, of Centreville, spent Friday evening, with Mrs. Hunter's mother, Mrs. H. R. Covell.

Miss Peggy Spry is the guest of friends in Rock Hall, and Miss Charlotte Spry, is visiting friends in Clayton, Del.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Ayers, of Rock Hall, and Sherwood, were guests at the parsonage Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Morris, of Centreville, and Mrs. Kate Wallace, Miss Fannie Wallace, and Mrs. Cooper, of Church Hill, were callers at the home of Mrs. H. R. Covell Sunday aftrenoon.

Mrs. Spry had as her guest last week her cousin, Miss Alice Ralph, of Cambridge.

Mr. Bernard Allen, of Wye Mills, is the guest of his sister, Mrs. Francis Fleming.

Miss Elaine Hunter, of Centreville, returned home Friday after a pleasant visit at the home of her grandmtoher, Mrs. H. R. Covell.

Abner *says*-

Young bucks nowadays think the three r's is radio, rides and rhythm.