

The Enterprise KENT'S LEADING NEWSPAPER

THE ENTERPRISE PUBLISHING COMPANY Publishers L. BATES RUSSELL Founder and Editor

Entered as second-class matter at the Post-office, Chestertown, Md., in accordance with Act of Congress.

Published every Wednesday at The Enterprise Building, Cross and Cannon Streets, Chestertown, Maryland.

Subscription Rate: One Dollar a Year In Advance

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1935

No Substitute For Work

A noted commentator on American life of today has written that the average small town and little city "stands at the cross roads." He reasons that the small town that stands too long is doomed—it will go backward and eventually die.

There is much food for thought in what he says. We can't stand still without being passed by somebody who is advancing. And when we see somebody going by we realize that we are slipping. Unless some heroic methods are used at once we are lost—drifting backward.

It's a searching question every individual should ask himself—is the place where I live drifting toward oblivion? If so, am I responsible equally with my fellow townsmen? Do I think only of getting something for myself and never giving anything in return?

What does a family want in a town or city? Good churches, good schools, good neighbors, good jobs, and a chance to make a living? Am I doing my share to make conditions so that people will want to live here? This is the question for every citizen to ask himself.

Every live place wants to grow and prosper. Therefore, it must be inviting. To attract new enterprises and new residents, its people must be friendly and fair and somewhat harmonious, it must have leaders with a vision and a definite program toward which to work.

And there must be an organization to carry out the program. All the visions of dreamers, the inspiration of leaders, avail nothing unless the people are moved by the right spirit, have a clear vision of the community's possibilities, are hitched up to a definite program, have a good organization to carry it out and are willing to do some unselfish work for the good of all.

The Thing Called Weather

Years of experience with weather has revealed it to be a queer substance. Perhaps substance isn't just the word, but it conveys a certain meaning all its own. The main question at issue is that weather is queer.

We have always had more or less of it. 365 days of the year, and it has always been unsatisfactory, but no one has proposed a substitute in this age of oleomargarine and vitamins.

We do not expect to propose a substitute either. It would be presumptuous when the learned of all the ages have never been able to find anything better than weather.

Of course, there is always one remedy—elimination. In some states, we are told, they have no weather. It's never an issue and nobody ever talks about it.

In Alaska and all points north there is only three or four months of weather to the year. The rest of the time even the climate is frozen up.

There's another thing that ought to be regulated—the seasons. Why not have summer weather on Sundays and Tuesdays, say, spring on Mondays and Wednesdays and assorted plain and fancy weather on the other days?

A committee could be appointed to get a special dispensation for circus and fair days, and national holidays. Some of our more resourceful citizens, however, would probably get a monopoly on the summer weather and it would be necessary for the government to do away with weather altogether.

There's so much that has been said about the weather, and so much more to be said, that we refrain from any more remarks, except to say that it's a very fine old institution and we'll have to take it as it comes.

The weather has its defenders. They believe in everything that has been handed down to us in the way of weather. But they'll have to admit one thing that can't be disputed—it is queer.

Making Citizenship

The greatest industry in this country is well into another year of constructive work to continue for several months to come. It is one in which there are no strikes. It depends upon child labor, but its finished product is good citizenship. That industry is the American public school.

The American people, whose motto sometimes seems to be, "Let George do it," have a way of evading the responsibility for this great, idealistic and practical enterprise, and leave it all to the teachers and school executives.

They kick with great gusto when the high school graduate can't spell or write well, or when the schools have failed in some other respect, yet they never ask themselves if the success of the undertaking does not depend in large part on home cooperation.

Teachers and school executives who have to contend with parental indifference, find that their plants turn out only an indifferent product.

The success of the school operation can be greatly promoted and the children can be prepared for more useful futures if the school patrons will work with those in charge of the schools.

Teachers will testify that the best results are obtained when the school work is placed first and outside pleasures get secondary consideration. They will also bear witness to the fact that the best results are obtained when parents back up school discipline.

Esquimo parents never punish their children, but they have no place to go at night.

Among the other fading illusions is the one that two can live as cheaply as one, especially after there are a half dozen.

Being courteous is much more to one's credit than merely being respectable.

THE LANCER



Harry S. Russell

AS THE OLD GRAD RETURNS TO SPEAK TO THE STUDENTS OF TODAY IF DONE IN THE MANNER OF O'NEILL'S "STRANGE INTERLUDE"

OLD GRAD—(What he actually says)—As I look down into this sea of youthful, smiling and intelligent faces my thoughts wander back to that time, too many years ago, when I sat where you now sit and listened to the words of wisdom spoken from this rostrum by our eminent faculty. How I wish that time might be turned backward and just for today I could be an undergraduate again.

How well I remember that last time I appeared on this platform. And the thrill that went through me as I stalked across the space from that door to the spot where President Blank stood with my diploma in his hand, the tangible reward for my four years of effort. As I took that treasured certificate my thoughts were not of the outer world but of that select inner world from which this piece of paper was separating me. No longer was I to be a part of that happy army of college students and no more could I romp, carefree and happy, with them on this great and green campus. At that moment I almost hated the diploma. But it was the open sesame into the great world and today is my most treasured possession.

I recall as if it were but yesterday the way I sat upon the steps leading from the second to the third floor and grabbed a last-minute look at the text for the coming class. Those steps—my favorite haunt.

Today as I trod the ancient green with which our fair college is blessed each step brought back a pleasant and valued association. Every spot I visited was associated with some ever-lasting memory. The great trees were a constant inspiration as I thought of the fine and famous men who had walked and talked beneath them just as I was doing and as you are doing today. Old Glory, floating in the breeze from the flag pole, kept the love of country ever before us. Every inch of this great campus is associated with some incident that went into the making of my life.

And, now, I turn. Never more forcibly than today has it been brought to me that these men who sit before us, our great and good faculty, are responsible for what little success I have attained. Each and every day the things I learned from them as a student are made use of in the daily walks of life. Each and every day I have some reason to thank them, to thank them for the patient training they gave me.

Gentlemen, and ladies, of the faculty, I salute you. And thank you, as I have a thousand times to myself, for the things you willingly gave me from your vast store of knowledge. They have been an ever-present guiding influence in the great Battle of Life.

OLD GRAD—(If he said what really was in his mind)—God, what a terrible looking bunch of unweaned pups these students are. In my day things like these were drowned before they opened their eyes and if they escaped that God-granted fate went only to barber schools.

But even if your faces showed one grain of intelligence I'd still have nothing but pity for you. Many is the time I sat where you now sit and all for just one reason—it was compulsory. I listened, or pretended to, just as you are doing, to the second-hand stuff handed out by this bunch of blathering idiots and windbags we call a faculty. Thank God it isn't necessary for me to go through that agony again.

For me this platform holds many pleasant memories. Well do I remember the time we planted a dozen alarm clocks to go off just as Dean Dingo was in the middle of the Scripture lesson. And on this stage I first kissed Sally. I wonder if she remembers? Probably not for it was being done by many others.

Sure, I remember that day I got my sheepskin. I staggered on and blew my home-brew breath in President Blank's face as he gave me the skin so many fove to touch. And as soon as I was able to doff the cap and gown I handed it to my mother saying, "there it is, what are you going to do with it?" Where is it now? The rats ate it long ago.

Those steps, ah, those steps! It was there I learned which girls might be given a friendly pat as we came down, side by side and which resented such attentions unless given in the dark when they were supposed to be studying in the library.

Each spot on this campus brings back memories of old. Yep, under that big tree's protruding roots we use to hide our corn liquor and down there by the flag-pole I took a terrible licking one night for making an insulting remark. And up there atop the cupola we planned an elaborate scheme for stealing Dean Bowleg's wig. The plot never hatched.

Every day I make use of the things I learned here. I know that every time a man draws two cards it doesn't necessarily follow that he has three of a kind. I know a little bluff goes a long way for the other fellow is probably guessing just as you are. I learned here, and still faithfully follow, that a little handshaking can smooth out a lot of rough spots.

As I turn to these old, ugly and familiar faces behind me, the faculty, I wonder that they are still alive. It's strange how people so dumb can survive through the years. God, how I wish some of the men I go up against day after day were as easy to fool as these old bugs were.

They trained me for the Battle of Life! Yes indeed. And if I had followed their rules I'd probably be just about where they are today.

Hunting Season Hints by A. B. Chapin



20 Years Ago In The Enterprise

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1915

Washington College scored a 27-7 football victory over St. John's here last Saturday in one of the biggest upsets of the season. The locals outplayed their foes in every department. Featuring the contest were a pair of field goals by dropkick from the toe of Floyd Brown, Chestertown boy, one of the boots traveling 50 yards and the other 35.

The wedding of Mr. Leonard C. Needles to Miss Florence Madella Esterly, of Findley, Ohio, will take place at the home of bride's parents on Wednesday, November 21.

Chestertown has a new dentist, Dr. Hess of New York. He has rented the apartments of Mr. and Mrs. I. I. Robinson.

Mr. A. Parks Rasin, recently elected Clerk of the Circuit Court, will be succeeded as cashier of the Peoples Bank by Mr. F. E. Maddox, cashier of the Galena Bank.

WHAT DEMOCRATIC EDITORS ARE SAYING

NOW'S THE TIME TO HOWL

Senators and representatives are responsive to the expressed views of their constituents. They hear much from persons who benefit from reckless spending, but they do not hear enough from persons who are opposed to the course the New Deal is following. The resources of a nation are so much. If the resources are sapped, the whole people must suffer. The arithmetic of the American situation is simple, but the spenders care nothing for arithmetic. The American people in the mass are permitting their government to bleed them white.

The rule—the power to tax is the power to destroy—has not been rescinded by the spenders; they are impotent to rescind it. They choose to disregard it. Beneficiaries of the spending choose to disregard it; they think they are profiting, but they forget that the piper must be paid. The day of reckoning may be postponed, but it will arrive and when it does arrive the American people will howl. If they would begin their howling right now, their case several years hence would be happier.—Charleston, S. C., News and Courier.

TAX WARNING

Money spent will have to be raised and it is going to take taxes that soak everybody to get the money, if it is possible to get it. Not only must heavy taxes be laid upon all, but even then the government faces bankruptcy unless an end is put to squandering money. Taxation of the wealthy and taxation of all will not balance or begin to balance the budget unless we start promptly to cut expenses and cut revenue and lots of it. We have spent to the limit and beyond and have got to quit if we are not all to be ruined when pay day comes.—Lynchburg, Va., News.

YOUR MYSTERIOUS GOVERNMENT

We distrust a government that conceals. Two years The News and Courier has endeavored to obtain and publish the facts about Federal activities in South Carolina, who gets the money and how much, but we have met with no success. The public knows about "subsistence farms" in this state, what they cost the taxpayers and how they are getting on?

You try to get the details about how your money is spent by your government, and your government will take it as insult. Furthermore, if you are not careful when you ask questions, it will insult you.

It used to be thought that taxpayers had a right to pry into the government they support, but that notion has been repealed. Nowadays you are expected to take government on faith, to attribute to it godly qualities and worship it at least as a patron saint.—Charleston, S. C., News and Courier.

Today and Tomorrow

By Frank P. Stockbridge

WILDCAT ventures out

One of my neighbors, Merico Locoli, saw a strange-looking beast on the grounds of the Berkshire Country Club the other day. He had his gun with him, so he took a shot, and brought down a 20-pound wildcat. Old timers up our way say it is the first wildcat seen in Berkshire in 30 years.

There's still a lot of wild, unsettled country, even in New England. Up on top of a rocky spur of West Stockbridge Mountain there is said to be a herd of wild goats. I've never seen them, but venturesome boys sometimes scale the crags and bring back reports of being menaced by fierce, long-horned, bearded billygoats. Now and then hunters up our way sight a black bear, and ever so often we have a wolf scare, while the deer seem to be increasing in numbers.

I hope this country never gets so crowded that there won't be room for all the wild things as well as all the people.

TERMITES moving north

The other day Fred Shaw and I went up into my farmhouse attic to see about winter-proofing the gable ends. "Say, did you know you've got termites in your rafters?" asked Fred. He pointed to half a dozen mounds of sawdust on the attic floor. Sure enough, the little white ants were at work there. I thought I'd stopped 'em, seven years ago, when I found they'd eaten away one of the old hand-hewn 12x12 sills that the old house rests on. Now I've got to spend a lot more money maybe put on a whole new roof, if I don't want the house to fall down on our heads.

Termites have been working their way north from the Gulf of Mexico for twenty years. Now, the expert bug men tell me, they're busy even in Canada. They get inside of a piece of timber, and eat the heart out of it, leaving it only a hollow shell.

Looks to me as if we've got to figure out new ways to keep insects from licking the human race and taking possession of the world.

GERMANY holds cash

A New York friend of mine of German descent owns, with his mother, a number of houses in Berlin. A Berlin bank manages the property and collects the rents. My friend can't get any of the money, for the Hitler Government won't let cash go out of Germany except to pay for imported goods.

Last Summer his mother got permission to take \$3,000 out, if she would come to Berlin in person and satisfy the authorities she needed the money to live on. She and her son got as far as Paris, where the old lady slipped and broke her hip. She couldn't go to Berlin, and the money is still there, doing nobody any good.

My friend's account of that experience brought home sharply to me the effects of nationalistic policies carried to their extreme, and the trouble caused by setting up artificial barriers to free international intercourse.

TELEPHONE improved

I saw a new kind of telephone instrument the other day, which the telephone people say will be in universal use in a few years. It doesn't have any box to fasten to the wall; the bell is contained in the best of the receiver. There are two clappers to strike the gongs. One is the usual metal one, the other is made of wood, to give a softer note for the benefit of nervous people who "jump out of their skins" whenever the telephone rings. And the two gongs are pitched to different tones, giving a musical effect as the clapper vibrates between them.

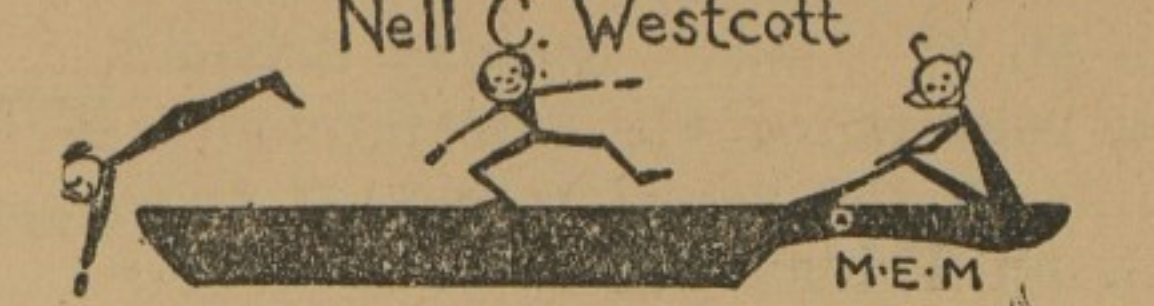
A little thing, perhaps, but one more example of the way, business enterprises are always trying to improve their product.

WEB over nalign

I sat in my New York office the other day and asked the telephone operator to call my farm home, 150 miles away. "Hold the wire," replied the operator, and in three minutes I was talking to my daughter.

I hung up, then called for a Washington number. It took even less time to get my connection with the

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN



With the busy life we lead I find it impossible to follow the news as much as I used to in more leisurely days and a swift glance over the paper, local or otherwise, is about the best I can do. This week a hasty inspection of the KENT NEWS failed to find William, the third's, column. However of the headlines throughout the past week that I did read one thing stood out, apart from all the rest. That was the account of a fire in a school in one of our neighboring states where 180 children's lives were threatened and where eight were severely injured by having to jump from the second story windows to save their lives. They jumped—a few were caught by spectators but others, the account stated, landed with a dull, sickening thud and the cracking of bones. It came to me then that now is the time to ask why every fire department is not equipped with a net? Some of those children may be helpless cripples for the rest of their days and live a life worse than death itself and all for the lack of a net. Probably a net is an expensive thing and its maintenance would be costly. I have no idea of the cost but it can't equal the cost of other fire-fighting apparatus like trucks, etc. There are many houses in this section that have but one exit, especially from the sleeping-room floors where one might easily be trapped—our schools have fire escapes and pretty good ones, but there is a chance of a group of students being cut off from that or so panic-stricken so that they fail to use that means of escape. Is it possible for our fine Volunteer Fire Company to add a net to its efficient equipment for additional safety sake? Can not the fate of those eight who had to jump and who are now suffering from grave injuries, act as a warning and make the community eager and willing to provide protection in case our two-story schools in the county or our two-story homes ever had terrified people at their windows with flames leaping up behind them and the horror of death by fire; or dashing to the ground as a means of escape, before them. An ounce of prevention, you know!

From one extreme to another—this time from fire to frost. Now is the time that a lot of folks who don't look ahead are going to wake up one fine morning and find their car frozen. This wonderful fall weather has made many forget that winter is right on our heels. A quick drop in temperature and woe is in store for motorists who don't get busy with some of the anti-freeze preparations on the market.

Heard an interesting statement from an artist this week. He said he had taught in many countries but the most satisfactory country of any in which to teach art was Greece. He said it might be that the children there have such a heritage of art and an inborn love for it that they take to it like ducks to water for that is what they do. To hear his description it sounded as though it is as much a part of their daily life as music is to Italians—like the very air they breathe. Not that they all strive to be great artists but for their own enjoyment, their appreciation of art and their delight in expressing themselves through that medium. The speaker had attended a conference in New York where some hundreds of artists are on relief and mention was made of the long way this country has come in the matter of relief jobs—it used to be only a pick and shovel or woodpile cutting job that was offered anyone on relief—now work is being sought for those of various professions in keeping with their training when hard times come upon them.

This column is being finished on Monday morning and what a morning. Nothing "blue Monday" about this one. For a week or two the weather has been sulky, sullen and just like a highly nervous woman who needs a good cry to clear the atmosphere. Sunday the weather broke down and really cried, bawled, wept and acted generally hysterical with the result that it is now sunny and smiling and how welcome that grand old sunshine is after so long a stretch of bleak cheerless days.

W. C. Thurston, the bard and general booster of Salisbury, Maryland, has just put out some publicity in book or pamphlet form telling the world what a grand place Salisbury is and what glorious business and professional men make the town the heaven that it is. None of those fellows listed in the brochure need wait until they die to read their eulogies and that is as it should be. Why knock a pal when he is living and then praise him to the skies when he is past the point where anything you say can help or harm him?

He who waits for tomorrow finds that the fellow who took advantage of today gets to tomorrow first.

Nature is a great balance wheel. Europe has all of the wars and we have all of the automobiles and telephones.

The fellow who attends strictly to his own business never has to worry about new criminal laws.

It is more charitable to judge some folks by what they don't say rather than by what they say.

It has remained for an ordinary layman to discover the most effective remedy for a toothache. He shot himself.

Senator I wanted to talk to. I had barely finished with him when my phone rang again. "Pittsburgh calling," said the operator. And that night I got a telephone call from another friend who was stranded in Los Angeles and wanted me to telegraph him enough money to pay his hotel bill and buy a ticket back East. I went to sleep marvelling at the miraculous web which the telephone has woven all over the nation. Sixty years ago, nearly, I saw Professor Bell's first telephone, at the Philadelphia Centennial of 1876. It was looked on as an ingenious toy, nothing more.