

Delmarva Treasures.

DALE WIMBROW

The Guy in the Glass

When you get what you want in your
struggle for self,
And the world makes you King for a day,
Then go to the mirror and look at yourself,
And see what that guy has to say.

For it isn't your Father, or Mother, or Wife,
Who judgement upon you must pass.
The feller whose verdict counts most in your life
Is the guy staring back from the glass.

He's the feller to please, never mind all the rest,
For he's with you clear up to the end,
And you've passed your most dangerous, difficult
test
If the guy in the glass is your friend.

You may be like Jack Horner and "chisel" a plum,
And think you're a wonderful guy,
But the man in the glass says you're only a bum
If you can't look him straight in the eye.

You can fool the whole world down the pathway
of years,
And get pats on the back as you pass,
But your final reward will be heartaches and tears
If you've cheated the guy in the glass.

Dale Wimbrow

By: Maud Whaley Love

Locally, he was known as the "Delmarva Songster." Nationally, he was known as the "Mississippi Minstrel." This Delmarva Treasure was born in Whaleyville on June 6, 1895. For those of you unfamiliar with the area, Whaleyville is a small village located approximately 14 miles west of Ocean City, just north of Route 50.

His father was Nutter Jerome Wimbrow, Sr., and his mother was Sally Dale Wimbrow. He attended Western Maryland College in Westminster, but exhibiting a trait that runs through many members of the Wimbrow family, he was given the boot for disciplinary problems.

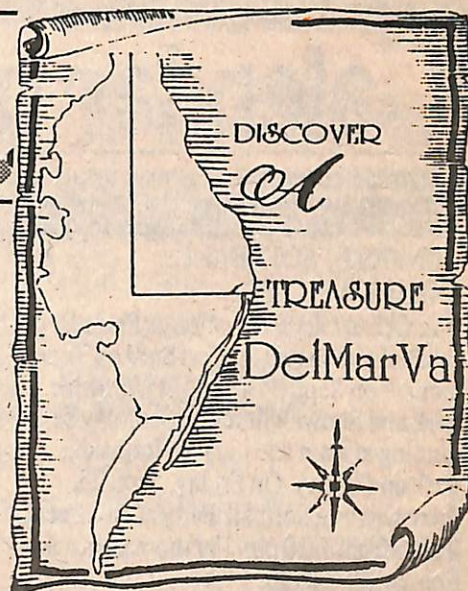
During World War I, he served in France in the 115th Infantry Regiment 29th Division. He was severely gassed by the Germans and returned home with grave problems. One of my most vivid recollections of Dale was in 1919 when he returned home following World War I. He arrived in Salisbury after his discharge from the Army Hospital and settled into a leisurely life in Whaleyville. Dale always

said that he sang tenor like an angel until the Kaiser took his voice away.

During Dale's recovery, he owned a Dusenbergs roadster known as the "Bear Cat" and he gave rides freely to many of the youngsters in the village. He filled his time writing poetry and in-depth articles regarding life's problems and he wrote vividly of characters in our small village with humor and of their outlook on their world which was so limited.

I remember hearing his friends tell of Dale attending dances in Salisbury and sitting in with the orchestra and playing all the instruments during the evening gala. He was a natural musician as well as an artist. He used watercolor media and created beautiful work with pen and ink, usually of nautical scenes and sailing ships in full sail. His oil medium was usually of birds and his favorite of all birds was the parrot.

Dale's mother and my mother were sisters, and as a result, the Whaley children were as much at home at the Wimbrow's home as in our own home. I remember so well that there was a parrot in the Wimbrow household that Dale spent



Dorothy Livezey Wimbrow was endowed with an outstanding musical talent. She was a tremendous partner for Dale and his talent musically. She was able to write and help with the harmony when Dale wrote the lyrics. They were a couple in contrast. She was a shy, demure lady and Dale was a backslapper with gusto and able to fit into any group of people.

Dale and his family moved to New York City and in the early years of the crystal sets and radio, they were on CBS radio in many musical programs. Peter Ayers Wimbrow, Sr., owned the first radio in Whaleyville and was the only person who understood how to work the "magic box." The townspeople would gather at the Wimbrow General Store on nights that Dot and Dale were performing. Of course, in those days, static often prevented the listeners from fully enjoying the programs.

I remember when Dale was with CBS. He came up with the expression used in many commercials that "NBC

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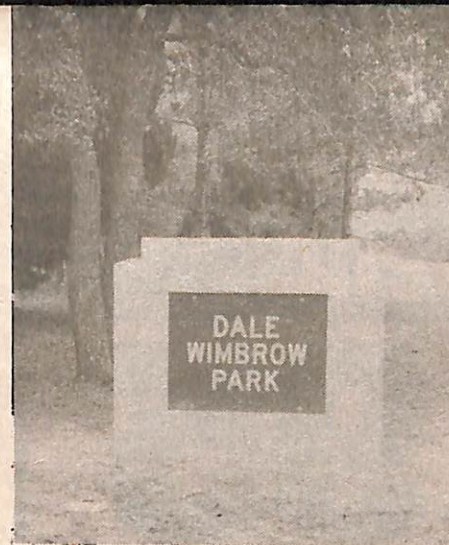
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**The Dale Wimbrow park,
dedicated by the citizens
of Sebastian.**

hours teaching to talk. Polly's vocabulary was varied and one was never sure that its language would be acceptable to visitors or even the family. The parrot would call "Nutter," Dale's younger brother, in a tone of voice much like Aunt Sally's when Nutt was being called home. All of Dale's work with Polly was not in vain.

Finally, Dale traveled to Philadelphia and was able to enter show business. This period of his life led him into Vaudeville, speak easy's and private parties. It was in Philadelphia that he met Dorothy Livezey. They were married on May 30, 1925. Rudy Vallee and his orchestra played at their wedding and reception. Rudy remained good friends with Dorothy and Dale for many years.

never beats Columbia." His Eastern Shore accent made him a curiosity as his twang was unknown and unheard in New York City.

Dot and Dale had two children, Peter Dale Wimbrow, Jr. and Sallydale, both of whom were born in Whaleyville and spent much time with their grandparents. When Sallydale was three years old, I was selected to care for her while her parents were on the West Coast working in radio and moving.

The Wimbrows moved to Detroit where Dale had his own program on a local radio station. I was able to visit them while working at the Cleveland Clinic in Cleveland, Ohio. Dale's accompaniment was the ukulele. In 1929, he designed a six-string instrument larger than a ukulele with beautiful tones. It was called the "Wimbrola." He played it for many years and recorded several songs with it. He wrote and recorded "On the Good Old Eastern Shore," "Old Pete Daley (plays his ukulele down in Whaleyville)," "When the Black Sheep Get The Blues," and several others. He also coined the phrase "Del-Mar-Va Peninsula."

In 1934, an 18-year-old boy wrote to the editor of the American Magazine and asked for "one good reason why an ambitious young man should be honest." The magazine published the letter in its February issue and invited readers to respond. Dale's response, which was copyrighted on April 20, 1934, is the "The Guy in the Glass," which the American Magazine published in its May, 1934, issue.

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By the end of the decade, Dale's voice had been reduced by the effects of the mustard gas to a hoarse croak. His broadcasting and singing career were shattered and doctors gave him only six months to live. He was advised to go south as the climate would be more tolerable for his respiratory system. He and his family moved to Miami in the fall of 1939.

Shortly thereafter, they moved to Sebastian, Fla. He took a job as a photographer at the Naval Air Station in Vero Beach. Later, he opened Wimbrow's Photography on Main Street, and still later, he and his wife founded the *Indian River News*. Their newspaper venture brought numerous awards from the Florida Press Association. Dale also published "Swamp Cabbage and Angel Wings," a collection of his editorials and poems, and a "Sardine and a Cracker, A Collection of Verse, Terse, Worse, Wise and Otherwise."

Dale died in 1954 and is buried in the Dale Cemetery in Whaleylee. Following his death, the citizens of Sebastian honored him with the Dale Wimbrow Park.

The Good Old Eastern Shore By: Dale Wimbrow

VOICE:

There's a land and it ain't California
Where I'll park myself no more to roam
The people down there now call it Delmarva
Still to me it's just my home sweet home
So take me to the shores of old Virginia
Or Delaware or Sunny Maryland
And when you get me there

Just leave me anywhere
Because I know I'll find a welcome hand

On the good old Eastern Shore,
On the good old Eastern Shore
From the ocean to the gates of Baltimore
Where the good folks stick together like the good
folks ought to do

They took the sun from sunny south, and stole
the climate too

And cherries, hey! And berries, say!

They've got 'em like you never saw before

They've got the sweetest peaches there that
ever could be found

They fall right off the tree and then get up
and walk around

On the good old Eastern Shore

On the good old Eastern Shore

They've got so much they couldn't ask for more

On the good old Eastern Shore!

On the good old Eastern Shore,

On the good old Eastern Shore

From the ocean to the gates of Baltimore

Now I hate to hear a boaster but the truth

just must be told

The very dirt we walk upon is worth its
weight in gold

And farmers hey! And charmers say!

They've got 'em like you never saw before

Now Greeley was a great man may his
ashes rest in peace

But if he were alive to day he'd say

"Young man go East"

To the good old Eastern Shore

On the good old Eastern Shore

That's all there is there isn't any more

On the good old Eastern Shore!

(c) 1934 By Dale Wimbrow