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# Maine: Places and People : a Second Booklet of Avocational Verse

Henry Felton Huse

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# MAINE



## PLACES AND PEOPLE



A SECOND BOOKLET OF  
AVOCATIONAL VERSE



HENRY FELTON HUSE

# MAINE



## PLACES AND PEOPLE



A SECOND BOOKLET OF  
AVOCATIONAL VERSE



HENRY FELTON HUSE

TO MY SISTERS

TEN THOUSAND HELPS THEY'VE BEEN TO ME  
THOUGHTFUL AND EVER TRUE  
THE DEBT I OWE I COULD NOT PAY  
THE BEST THAT I MIGHT DO

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Henry Felton Huse  
North Haven  
Maine

#### ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

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## MAINE TO ME

Landscapes that thrill, Katahdin's crest,  
And Moosehead, inland sea;  
Majestic rivers, crystal lakes,  
And forests wide and free;  
Where ocean vistas add their charm,  
And isles with green spruce tree;  
Where first Aurora greets the hills,  
Is Maine, dear Maine to me.

Here people thrive by honest toil,  
And dwell contentedly;  
Here build the citizens the State,  
In law and liberty;  
Here orchards, mills, and fruitful fields,  
Create prosperity;  
Here health and happiness abound,  
In Maine, dear Maine to me.

When far away in distant lands,  
In cherished memory;  
I see again the hills and vales,  
Where most I long to be;  
The dear old farm, the city's streets,  
The church community;  
The scenes I love, the home, the friends,  
In Maine, dear Maine to me.





SEBEC IN SUMMER

## SEBEC IN SUMMER

I love thy shores of forest green,  
The birch, the fir, the pine;  
Thy shaded groves, I rest serene  
As neath them I recline.

Thy cooling wave, and gentle breeze  
Are refuge from the heat;  
And sunshine days beneath thy trees  
Make summer joys complete.

The fern-lined path leads to the spring,  
The trail the red-man trod;  
There, waters clear, refreshment bring;  
He named them "Gift of God."

In thy deep woods the big game hide,  
Avoiding human gaze;  
'Till crack of gun, and hunter's guide  
Disturb their peaceful days.

Thy many waters teem with fish,  
And when the salmon rise,  
Dame Fortune grants a frequent wish;  
An angler's paradise.

Old Borestone's tops and Barren's crest  
Stand out against the sky;  
'Tis there the eagle builds his nest,  
And wings his flight on high.

On days of calm, thy waters make  
A mirror wondrous fair,  
Unbroken, save where salmon break  
In circles here and there.

Then comes the storm with darkn'ing cloud  
When waves, and white-caps roll;  
The lightning's flash, the thunder loud  
With awe fill deep the soul.

Sebec! I love thy changing mood  
Thy boist'rous wave and calm;  
Thou speakest naught to me but good;  
Thou art to me a psalm.

When sunset glories gild the sky,  
So oft at eventide;  
Angels of God seem drawing nigh  
Through gates that open wide.

Spellbound by Nature's charms I hear  
Within that still small voice;  
Assuring me a Presence near,  
And trusting I rejoice.

### SEBEC IN WINTER

Across the wintry waste I see,  
No sign of living thing;  
No laughing, shouting picnickers,  
No summer birds that sing.

From Wiles' beach to Bowerbank  
Deserted are thy shores,  
No motors swift glide here and there,  
No sound of splashing oars.

The trees of foliage all bereft,  
Present a barren scene;  
Except the hemlocks, firs and pine,  
In winter coats of green

No rippling waters smile and dance,  
With music of the breeze;  
But silence reigns unbroken,  
Save the sighing of the trees.

The lake a frozen field of snow,  
A dazzling plain of white;  
Seems strewn with myriad diamonds,  
Sparkling in bright sunlight.

Against the sky are Borestone's crests,  
Snow-crowned in glory-bright;  
One loves to linger long to see,  
So beautiful a sight.

But with the storm there comes a change,  
When winds blow fierce and wild;  
The winds that howl, that whirl, and hurl  
The snow in drifts deep-piled.

Winter! Winter! Thy chilling clouds,  
Like man's ingratitude;  
Shadow the soul with dreariness,  
Lord grant us fortitude.

Blizzards that rush from Arctic zones,  
Bringing their death and woe;  
Are not more feared than fortune's blasts,  
That round us sometimes blow.

When sinks the sun behind the hills,  
And night supplants the day;  
Seeking the warmth of fireside bright,  
For summer suns I pray.

I love to think of Him who came,  
To melt sin's snow and ice;  
Thou mighty Sun of Righteousness,  
Let dawn thy Paradise.

Let come the healing of thy wings,  
The nations Peace restore;  
That all mankind redeemed in Thee,  
May praise Thee more and more.

## AUGUSTA

Round river's curve as train speeds by,  
In proud outline against the sky;  
The State House stands, a noble sight,  
On crest of hill in marble white—  
Augusta.

Fair city built by river's side,  
Its men and past its joy and pride;  
Homes, stores and fruitful industries,  
Mills, churches and fraternities—  
Augusta.

In early days Cushnoc the name,  
A trading post and fort its fame;  
Here settlers skins exchanged for corn,  
And watched for red-men night and morn—  
Augusta.

'Tis here in legislative halls,  
That all that's best in civics calls;  
Here leaders seek right laws to frame,  
And build for Maine increasing fame—  
Augusta.

Proud Capital of this our state,  
We think of thee as Maine is great;  
The finer things we wish for thee,  
What makes for true prosperity—  
Augusta.

## PORTLAND

City of homes and enterprise,  
With buildings mounting to the skies;  
Enriched in all that makes Maine great,  
Premier city of the State—  
Is Portland.

From promenades uplifted high,  
Are landscapes fair to greet the eye;  
The view all round, the tall church spires,  
The ocean, hills—how all inspires—  
At Portland.

And when one hears the organ grand,  
Touched by a music-master's hand;  
A memory one has that cheers,  
In all of life's remaining years—  
From Portland.

The finest harbor in the world,  
From many ships one sees unfurled,  
The flags of nations far and near,  
Ships that seek her port and pier—  
At Portland.

Longfellow's home, poet who sings,  
Of youth and all the finer things;  
Churches, schools, stores, industries,  
Creator of prosperities—  
Is Portland.



## WATERVILLE

Where waters gather wide and deep,  
Where o'er the dam with mighty leap,  
The Kennebec with increased flow,  
Tumbles and rolls to lands below—  
There is Waterville.

Long years ago it found its name,  
The passing years have brought it fame,  
Its schools and college, men of brain,  
Have honor brought to State of Maine—  
That is Waterville.

Here Colby, teacher grand of youth,  
Character forms with God and Truth;  
Bearing the torch of freedom high,  
Lovejoy bravely went forth to die—  
From Waterville.

Great mills like hungry beasts of prey,  
Eat up the forests day by day;  
Unnumbered are the trees they take,  
Grind into pulp and paper make—  
At Waterville.

Her intellect and industry,  
Have brought a fine prosperity;  
Proud city in the heart of Maine,  
All wish for thee increasing gain—  
Waterville.

## SKOWHEGAN

Indians first pronounced the name,  
Of town that now has come to fame;  
Nestled in vale, spread out on plain,  
No spot more beautiful in Maine—  
Skowhegan.

Gateway to land of lakes and hills,  
Of mountains high, of brooks and rills;  
Where flows the Kennebec, a stream,  
Mid lovely scenes 'bout which we dream—  
Skowhegan.

Where once the red-man had his home,  
Where woods were his in which to roam;  
And where in paths by river's tide,  
The lover wooed and won his bride—  
Skowhegan.

Now touched as by a magic wand,  
The scenes are changed but no less grand;  
Still leaps the river to the sea,  
In all its strength and majesty—  
Skowhegan.

On island set in waters wide,  
Along the shores on either side,  
Are churches, schools, and industries,  
Fine cultured homes, prosperities—  
Skowhegan.



## DOVER-FOXCROFT

Where leaps the glad Piscataquis,  
Where dreams come true of outdoor bliss,  
Where Nature greets with open arms,  
Her lovers true with all her charms—  
Is Dover-Foxcroft.

Twin-towns now joined forever one,  
As long as rises, sets the sun,  
No finer place in all the land,  
To dwell, and outing joys command—  
Than Dover-Foxcroft.

Schools, churches, mills, the very best,  
With which her citizens are blest,  
And stores, a pride to any town,  
Add to her well deserved renown—  
Dover-Foxcroft.

Sebec, expanse of waters wide,  
Where boats in summer gaily glide,  
Where angler finds a paradise,  
As to his lure the salmon rise—  
Is Dover-Foxcroft.

Gateway into the great North-land,  
Of lovely lakes, and mountains grand,  
Where freely roam moose, deer, the bear,  
In woods extending ev'rywhere—  
Is Dover-Foxcroft.

## MONSON

Up where the mountains greet the eye,  
And lakes that deep in pockets lie;  
Where hill and valley, brook and stream,  
The answer brings to fondest dream—  
Is Monson.

With Hebron at her very door,  
With islands green and wooded shore;  
When robed in all her summer grace,  
Here Nature greets with smiling face—  
At Monson.

Borestone and Barren near at hand,  
Are mountains high and mountains grand;  
While in the distance clothed in blue,  
Katahdin, Squaw, enrich the view—  
At Monson.

Quarries of slate about the town,  
Have brought to her a world renown;  
And men of brawn and men of brain,  
Have added much to earthly gain—  
At Monson.

This is the place for rod and gun,  
For trailing game 'till set of sun;  
In waters that abound in fish,  
The angler gets his dearest wish—  
At Monson.

## SPRINGVALE

From forest lake among the hills,  
A friend to little brooks and rills;  
The Mousam skips through woods and dale,  
To resting place near-by Springvale.

First settled by a simple folk,  
Who drove their oxen in the yoke;  
With faith in God their lands they tilled,  
And joyfully their tasks fulfilled.

Happy indeed those men of old,  
Who thought of God much more than gold;  
And Sundays when the Church-bells rang,  
In meeting-house God's praises sang.

Springvale! No other town in Maine,  
Has seen such industry and gain;  
Where churches, schools, mills, homes, arise,  
The deeds of men with enterprise.

Dear village nestled in the vale,  
May blessings on thee e'er prevail;  
Let Faith sublime ever be thine,  
Prosperity from Hand Divine.



PULPIT HARBOR, NORTH HAVEN

## NORTH HAVEN

An emerald in sea of blue,  
And all above <sup>the</sup> a lovely view;  
An island in the ocean's arms,  
Where Nature smiles, and cheers and charms—  
North Haven.

From many hill-tops on the isle,  
One scans the ocean mile on mile;  
And Northward looking toward the land,  
Majestic mountains proud and grand—  
North Haven.

A refuge from the storms at sea,  
When wild winds rage with savage glee;  
Then sailor lifting heart in prayer,  
Seeks safety in thy Thoroughfare—  
North Haven.

I love thy inlets, creeks and bay,  
Where tides roll in and out each day;  
Thy fields and farms, thy spruce and shore,  
Delight me daily more and more—  
North Haven.

Here sturdy men, and men of toil,  
Their living wrest from sea and soil;  
True men of Faith, whose vital creed,  
Bears fruit in kindly, Christlike deed—  
North Haven.

## CAMDEN IN SUMMER

To J. T.

No finer landscapes can be found,  
In travel all the world around;  
Where mountain, lake, ocean sublime,  
Increase the joys of summer time—  
Than at Camden.

Bluff Mount Battie! From summit high,  
Beneath a blue and peaceful sky;  
One scans horizons far and wide,  
Where sail the ships on ocean's tide—  
At Camden.

On quiet sea and fairest lake,  
Gaily the boats their courses take;  
When summer breezes softly blow,  
And Nature smiles on all below—  
At Camden.

'Tis here one finds a fond retreat,  
From heat and dust of city's street;  
Here tonic of the woods and shore,  
Add years to life yet more and more—  
At Camden.

Such are thy charms and summer grace,  
Thou welcomest with smiling face;  
Who comes here once comes oft again,  
A captive bound with Nature's chain—  
Camden.

THE OLD CHURCH  
PULPIT HARBOR

Above the spruces' tops I stand,  
In sight of all on wave and strand.

Landmark am I for ships at sea,  
For sailors when they look toward me.

I chart their course that they may keep  
The channel straight and safe and deep.

From island knolls, from here and there,  
Beauty I add to landscapes fair.

When rings my bell its accents clear,  
Awake glad echoes far and near.

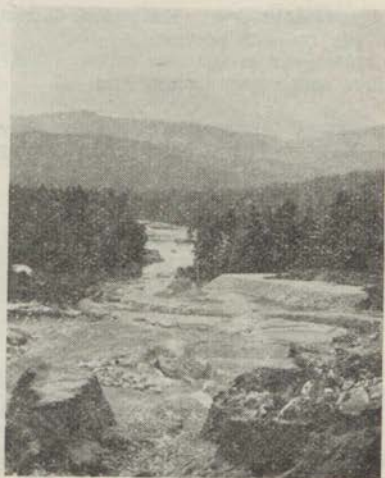
Good news I bring from out the sky,  
To traveller who passes by.

Of God and all His wondrous love,  
Hopes born in us from realms above.

I stand for home, and things worth-while,  
Beloved am I by all the isle.

Adown the years my ministries,  
Abide in hallowed memories.





KATAHDIN



## KATAHDIN

Grand mountain crest: Katahdin, Queen,  
In all thy majesty serene,  
Thou rulest o'er each lesser hill,  
O'er lake and river, stream and rill.

Ten thousand landscapes own they sway,  
Where Nature charms with proud display,  
An altar built by Hand Divine,  
One bows and worships at thy shrine.

Seen from afar in summer blue,  
Delightful is thine ev'ry view,  
When winter's wild winds fiercely blow,  
How glorious thy crown of snow!

O'er rugged trails to lofty peaks,  
The climber finds the thrills he seeks,  
Crawling along the Knife Edge slow,  
Death frowns at him from depths below.

At last from pinnacle raised high,  
Where summit seems to touch the sky,  
Spellbound! One scans the landscape round,  
With thoughts of God and awe profound.



MOOSEHEAD FROM KINEO

## MOOSEHEAD AND KINEO

Way up in woods and wilds of Maine,  
Where solitudes and silence reign,  
Spread out in all her proud display,  
Of islands, inlets, creeks and bay—  
Moosehead.

Great reservoir and mighty lake,  
On shore of sand and rock waves break,  
When o'er the bosom of thy deep,  
Driven by storms the fierce winds sweep—  
Moosehead.

Against horizons of thy sea,  
Stands out in all her majesty,  
Fair Kineo, mountain of flint,  
Aglow with sun and varied tint—  
Moosehead.

From winding trails now in, now out,  
What landscapes rare are all about!  
To Carries north ten miles or more,  
To thirty south and Greenville's shore.—  
Moosehead.

Here red-man roamed long years ago,  
Found arrow points, and made his bow;  
The big deep woods and regions round,  
His home, and happy hunting ground—  
Moosehead.

## GARLAND POND

Aside from highway and the mart,  
Is Garland Pond gem of my heart.

Nestled mid trees of summer green,  
Always it charms with lovely scene.

So far removed from busy street,  
'Tis here one finds a calm retreat.

A restful spot mid birds and trees,  
With shaded groves and cooling breeze.

Its wooded shores and waters bright,  
Stir deep the soul with keen delight.

Beneath the placid surface fair,  
The lusty trout hide in their lair.

Let angler try as best he may,  
From hidden haunts they seldom stray.

The kingfisher, monarch supreme,  
Darts back and forth with startling scream.

Then even' comes with holy hush,  
Unbroken save by song of thrush.

And distant tinkling of the bell,  
Of cow-herd moving through the dell.

A splash! Here, there and waters break  
As hungry fish their sortie make.

Then come the shadows of the night,  
And stars appear in heavens bright.

Reflection clear, in waters calm,  
I worship God in prayer and psalm.

A place for fellowship and rest,  
Come thoughts of God and all that's best.

Bower of bliss, beautiful place,  
Its scenes I never can efface.

To him<sup>a</sup> who long dwelt here alone,  
An angel came from God's own throne.

At trumpet blast, gates opened wide,  
God's glory shone on death's dark tide.

On wings of light beyond the skies,  
He passes out with glad surprise.

No more alone, no more to roam,  
He dwells with God in sky-built home.

These earthly scenes however fair,  
Are naught compared with realms Up There.

Then bide we here as best we may,  
Till dawns the sun of God's Great Day.

Where sun ne'er sets, nor comes the night,  
In Home Above of joy and light.

<sup>a</sup>John F. Martin, died June 14, 1927.

## THAT BROOK

I've fished that brook so many times,  
I know just where the trout;  
If there be any in the brook,  
Are sure to be about.

There's the big pool below the bridge,  
Shaded by trees and bush;  
'Tis there big ones I've oft times caught,  
As at my bait they rush.

From other pools down through meadow,  
I've oft filled up my creel;  
And smiled the joys of summer time,  
To music of my reel.

Above the bridge just round the bend,  
I always have good luck;  
As casting bait adown the brook,  
A lusty one I pluck.

When quietly I've moved along,  
And on my knees I crawl;  
I've landed one, and two and three,  
Longside the grasses tall.

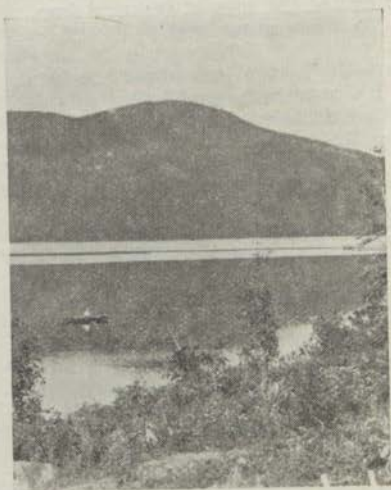
I trudge along until I come,  
To where the old mill stood;  
But now a place for hungry fish,  
Beneath the underwood.

At the big rock where waters swirl,  
And tunnel neath the shore;  
From there I take my twenty-fifth,  
Henceforth to catch no more!

O blissful hours longside that brook,  
What memories are mine,  
In dreams I tread thy paths again  
With rod and reel and line.

Flow on! Flow on! O brook beloved,  
May time be kind to thee;  
And keep thy waters sweet and pure,  
From hill-top to the sea.

Flow on! Flow on! Thou dear old brook,  
Just outside Dover-town;  
For e'er be thou a joy to those  
Who tramp thee up and down.



PLEASANT POND



## PLEASANT POND

To C. W. G.

Sweet memories, sweet memories,  
Come rushing over me;  
The days I spent so happily,  
In woods, on inland sea.

The early hours upon the lake,  
When all was still and calm;  
The rising sun, the fading mists,  
Seemed like a holy psalm.

I see Bald mountain in the East  
Gilded in glory-bright;  
When shadows of the night recede,  
With dawn's approaching light.

And all the way from sandy-beach,  
The waters of the lake;  
To the wooded shores of great North Bay,  
A wondrous mirror make.

Reflections of the sky above,  
And trees along the shore;  
Create a picture of such charm,  
It lingers evermore.

When first one sees the ruffled lake,  
From gentle summer breeze;  
It seems like rush of angels' wings,  
From distant swaying trees.

Along the shore of green I watch  
The king fisher that flies;  
Awakening echoes near and far  
With shrill and startling cries.

A mother duck with trailing flock,  
Swims proudly o'er the sea;  
Her watchful eye is quick to spy,  
Approach of enemy.

A warning quack! Alert they move  
Out from the danger zone;  
They skip, they step, they scamper, fly  
They follow one by one.



I watch the loon, he watches me,  
One does not get too near;  
For with a dive he's out of sight,  
Far off to re-appear.

And when he takes the air in flight,  
He sounds a piercing cry;  
Like wail of lost and lonesome soul,  
Out from a midnight sky.

Toward Grover's Camp on mountain-side  
I turn my searching eyes;  
A lonely moose out from night shades  
Stands greeting the sunrise.

Through garden plot a wonder spot,  
He proudly marches forth;  
The forest king and monarch he  
Of all the wooded north

And far away on South Beach sands,  
A deer I see and fawn;  
Beautiful sight indeed are these  
On perfect summer morn.

At wreath of smoke above the trees  
I head my boat for shore;  
Eager to land and show my catch  
To watchers at camp door.

I take the fish from out the boat  
Ten handsome speckled trout;  
I wake the echoes of the lake  
With gay and gladsome shout.

Sweet memories, sweet memories,  
Fishing from four till nine;  
On Pleasant Pond in the great north woods  
The joys that once were mine.



PATH THROUGH WOODS

## PATH THROUGH THE WOODS

### A Memory—Springvale

In stretch of woods near parsonage,  
Of beech and fir and pine;  
A shaded path wound in and out,  
I loved to call it mine.

'Twas here on many a Sabbath Day,  
Mid services and strain;  
I sought a quiet peaceful hour  
Once, twice and oft again.

I seemed to feel the Presence near,  
Of Him whose wondrous love;  
Redeems our souls and lifts us up,  
From depths to realms above.

I heard the warblers and the thrush,  
Singing amid the trees;  
While Nature joined the symphony,  
With gentle murm'ring breeze.

In month of May I picked the flowers,  
That in profusion grew;  
Anemones, arbutus sweet,  
And lovely violets blue.

And when October days arrived,  
With all their golden gleam;  
One felt himself in fairy land,  
And walked as in a dream.

What fun with children in these woods,  
Hiding behind a rock;  
Emerging like an Indian,  
To give a gleeful shock.

And when it came their turn to hide,  
In bush, behind a tree;  
Then jumping out with childish shout,  
How they would laugh at me.

O what a happy thing is life,  
With God, and children round;  
No sweeter joys in all the world,  
Can anywhere be found.

O woodland path thy scenes I loved,  
They brought me keen delight;  
Wending my way through leafy aisles,  
On sunshine days so bright.

## OCEAN PARK MY GALILEE

Dear Ocean Park, dear Ocean Park,  
By blue and spacious sea;  
Thou art most beautiful and loved,  
A Galilee to me.

'Tis here in worship and in song,  
I meet my Saviour Lord;  
In fellowship with those who seek,  
The treasures of His word.

What joy there is on summer days,  
To rest in shade of pine;  
And in the tall cathedral grove,  
Commune with Christ Divine.

What lessons from the sea there come,  
From its immensity;  
Its mystery, horizons far,  
Breathe forth eternity.

Along the highways of the deep,  
On wide expanse of sea;  
I watch the ships go sailing by,  
And think of Galilee.

When come the storms that plough up waves,  
And breakers inward roll;  
I think of those on Galilee,  
Who trembled for the soul.

'Tis then I feel His Presence near,  
In might and majesty;  
When winds and waves subside in calm,  
Like unto Galilee.

For raging storms of sin and woe,  
Obey His sovereign will;  
I hear again His words of old,  
"Peace, Peace, ye storms be still."

Dear Ocean Park, dear Ocean Park  
To me a Galilee;  
Along thy shores I find the Lord,  
And hear Him speak to me.

For now as then His voice so sweet,  
Calls gently "follow me;"  
Master, I would obey, as did the men  
Of ancient Galilee.

## WITH MARCH COMES SPRING

With March comes Spring,  
And birds awing,  
From far away South-land;  
Is gone the snow,  
Bleak winds that blow,  
A new world is at hand.

The birds are here,  
With songs that cheer,  
Robin red-breasts I see;  
Awakes the earth,  
In a new birth,  
That quickens life in me.

With each March morn,  
Bright hopes are born,  
Of Summer days ahead;  
Thank God again,  
With glad Amen,  
That Winter now is dead.

## SPRING IS HERE

Up-climbing in the sky,  
The sun has reached half-way,  
Its journey to the zenith heights,  
From Winter south to Summer north—  
And Spring is here.

Now melts the snow,  
Settle the drifts,  
The ice thaws out,  
Run rivulets in glist'ning sun,  
Adown the streets.  
Bleak Winter's winds have cease to blow,  
And come the showers that bring May flowers.  
With frequent rains,  
Brooks, streams, the rivers, lakes, fill up—  
What word of cheer,  
That Spring is here.

The fields now bare,  
In sunny spots,  
In garden plots,  
And house and barn south-side,  
The grass grows green,  
The lily blades are up,  
And crocuses,  
The curled up ferns unsheath their swords—  
What's this I hear?  
The song of birds is in my ear.  
What word of cheer,  
That Spring is here.

The earth now soft,  
To press of foot,  
Invites the plow for seed,  
And Autumn-time harvests,  
Man's year-time sustenance.  
The silver willows re-appear,  
What's this I hear?  
The song of birds is in my ear,  
Gone winter drear,  
Come brooks and waters clear,  
What word of cheer,  
That Spring is here.



Cattle restless,  
In tie-up stamp,  
And paw the floor,  
For glad release,  
The out-door air,  
And green grass tips—  
For Spring is here,  
Gone Winter drear.

The angle worms,  
Beneath the sod,  
Invite the spade,  
And the day off,  
By singing brook,  
In field and vale,  
The smiling lake,  
In woodland dale—  
For Spring is here,  
With brooks and waters clear,  
And Springtime fever queer.

Get out your boots,  
And fishing rod,  
The creel, the reel,  
The line and hooks.  
With worms all dug,  
And bait can filled,  
Come on! Let's start,  
It's time to go!  
For Spring is here,  
Gone Winter drear,  
What's this I hear?  
The song of birds is in my ear.

The silver willows re-appear,  
Come brooks and waters clear,  
And Springtime fever queer,  
What word of cheer,  
That Spring is here,  
And fishing days with friends so dear,  
The days the best of all the year.

### THE HARVEST MOON

When comes September's short'ning days,  
And sun has set with cloudless rays;  
Clear and full with startling size,  
Rises the moon from eastern skies.

On ripened fields of grain and corn,  
That wait the harvester at dawn;  
It sheds its beams of mystic light  
And day seems to supplant the night.

It stirs in us life's deepest thought,  
Of all that God for us hath wrought;  
Our country, home and friends so true,  
And Faith that doth our souls renew.

When shines September's harvest moon,  
Our hearts with Nature beat in tune;  
And filled indeed our cup of joy,  
Life's all pure gold without alloy.



### THE NEST IN TRELLIS VINE

Close beside this house of mine,  
Is nest built in a trellis vine.

Four little eggs in sheltered nest,  
Are warmed beneath a sparrow's breast.

Ever on guard with jealousy,  
This mother bird keeps watch on me.

What mystery within that shell,  
Is more than wisest men can tell.

But something in a sparrow's breast,  
Holds her to this grass-built nest.

Then miracle of life I see,  
From prison cell are birds set free.

Quickly they grow in size and wing,  
With joy of life they fly and sing.

Thus mother-love in bird and man,  
Fulfills the Great Creator's plan.

## THE CROSS-ROADS COUNTRY CHURCH

### SEBEC CORNER

Removed from the town where the cross-roads meet,  
Stands the little white church, the soul's retreat.

On Sundays the bell rings out loud and clear,  
Invitation to people from far and from near.

"O come here and worship thy Maker and God,  
Come walk in the paths the Master once trod."

The church by first settlers was built long ago,  
That the God of their fathers the children might know.

Though the building is crude, and the windows are plain  
Yet the worship within breathes a joyful refrain.

"Ye people praise God from whom blessings flow,  
Praise God all ye creatures in earth here below.

In songs of devotion your voices now raise,  
Acknowledge and sing thy Redeemer's blest praise."

In small country church where the cross-roads meet,  
One senses and feels this great nation's heart-beat.

For in houses of God o'er valley and hill,  
Is disciplined youth in the Deity's will.

Where uplifted steeple greets first the glad dawn,  
Have preachers and poets and statesmen been born.

And great men and leaders whose names we revere,  
Think oft and again of what they learned here.

To the cross-roads church recognition now give,  
For teaching the nation how nobler to live.

In character grand and things of true worth,  
In building God's kingdom, enriching the earth.

In the cross-roads church is the seed of the good,  
And harvest of righteousness, peace, brotherhood.

## HENRY KENDALL

Early Itinerant Maine Evangelist  
1774-1844

Listen to me I'll tell a tale  
Of one who tramped o'er hill and dale;  
Long years ago mid pines of Maine,  
Mid winter's snow and summer's rain.

Evangelist and friend of man,  
Expounder true of God's great plan;  
Gospel of Him who died to save  
The souls of men from sin's dark grave.

In hovel born in wilderness,  
Mid poverty and deep distress;  
A boy sent forth to earn his bread,  
Friendless a lonely path to tread.

Hallowed the day when Christ drew near,  
And brought to him salvation's cheer;  
Then with this joy there came the voice,  
"My Gospel preach bid men rejoice."

What handicaps he overcame,  
As forth he went to preach the Name;  
Hardships endured where'er he went,  
Beseeching men, repent! Repent!

No education great had he,  
God called him from obscurity;  
Baptized of God with gifts divine,  
He preached the Word, line upon line.

On horseback, through the forests wide,  
From early dawn to eventide;  
He brought Christ's invitation—"Come"—  
To distant isolated home.

And then when winter's snows were deep,  
And difficult the path to keep;  
He plunged into the heart of Maine,  
That gift of life souls might obtain.

For fifty years he labored on,  
Men here, men there he daily won;  
Now church spires point to skies above,  
Where first he preached God's wondrous love.

O valiant soldier of the cross,  
Who counted not the pain nor loss;  
Thy life enriched the State of Maine,  
Far greater than all earthly gain.

Servant of God now crowned on high,  
In Glory Lands beyond the sky;  
Great is the debt to thee we owe,  
As cherish we thy name below.

The lesson of his life I bring,  
When to our Saviour God and King;  
Our humblest gifts we dedicate,  
God magnifies and makes them great.

Note: One of a family of ten children, pushed out into the world at 12 years of age, Henry Kendall wandered from place to place until he found work in Center Harbor, N. H. Here he labored until he was 21 as an apprentice in a tannery and for all these years received from the brute of an employer the sum of five dollars. At 21 he went to Meredith where he found Christ. Called to preach with his meagre education, he came back to Maine. For fifty years he went up and down this state heralding Christ, a truly visitation evangelist. January 10th 1844 at seventy years of age, the year in which God called his servant home, he rendered his report to the Maine Missionary Society for the year ended. He had been up in Aroostook. On the return south he spent Sunday at Mattawamkeag, Monday at Lincoln, Tuesday at Passadumkeag, Wednesday at Old Town, and Bangor, Thursday at Levant and Corinth, Friday he was at Charleston and Dover, Saturday the man was sick, but Sunday he preached twice in the Baptist Church, Dover. In the evening at Foxcroft. Monday he was at Guilford, Tuesday at Parkman and Dexter and so on everywhere pleading for Christ with young and old. There were no steam railroads, macadamized highways, automobiles nor air-planes in Maine in these early days.

THE MAINE MARTYRS, MARY S. MORRILL AND  
ANNA A. GOULD, PAO TING FOU, CHINA, 1900

Two lovely girls who heard the Master's call,  
That came to them from land across the sea,  
Where naught was known of Love, nor Calvary,  
The Saviour there who died to save us all.  
With joy they went within that Chinese wall,  
To tell the news of Him who sets us free,  
In life renewed for all eternity,  
Sin-cursed and bondaged souls to disenthral.  
Dreadful that day of hate and rage and blood.  
When fiends broke loose to pillage and to kill;  
Men blind to friendship, God and all that's good,  
Who slaughtered them with sword upon that hill.  
For Thee O Christ they died Thy Name to own,  
The cross they bore, but now they wear the crown.

EDWARD H. EMERY

**Fearless Advocate For Civic Righteousness**

All up and down our Pine Tree State,  
An Advocate fearless and great:  
He fought for Maine's best commonweal  
For righteousness and life's square deal.

For more than twenty years he's stood,  
And plead the cause of Brotherhood—  
"Ye strong rise up, the weak set free  
From curse of drink and misery."

So e'loquent! His tongue on fire  
With angel's wrath and holy ire—  
Hurls thunderbolts of God's decree  
'Gainst terror-stricken enemy.

A mighty man of God was he,  
Whose character, integrity,  
Have lifted Maine, and led the way  
Into to-morrow's better day.

Worthy the life of such a man,  
God's hero true! American!  
In deeds sublime writ large his name,  
What greater meed or nobler fame!



## HANNIBAL HAMLIN

Among the mighty men of Maine,  
Whose character and fertile brain;  
Have served the people and the state,  
In deeds of worth to make them great—  
Is Hannibal Hamlin.

When few there were to plead the cause,  
Of negro cursed by vicious laws;  
From chains and lash to set him free,  
Champion grand of Liberty—  
Spoke Hannibal Hamlin.

Leader of men and statesman great,  
Grand pilot of our Ship of State;  
Facing the storm when fierce winds blew,  
In safety to bring the Good Ship through—  
Stood Hannibal Hamlin.

A Senator in Washington,  
His burning words a bright beacon;  
Lighting the way with ideals high,  
Our Country's noble Destiny—  
Led Hannibal Hamlin.

To represent America,  
And Freedom's Hope of New World Era;  
To spread abroad the fame of Maine,  
Ambassador to distant Spain—  
Went Hannibal Hamlin.

When dark the hour and nation's need,  
And Lincoln sought a friend indeed;  
Down through the years, distinguished man,  
And type of true American—  
Stands Hannibal Hamlin.



WALTER PERCY TRACY

Killed in Action, World War, France, October 8, 1918

A member of the United Baptist Church, Dover-Foxcroft, Me.

There were many Walter Tracys who never came back

IN MEMORIAM

Out on the hills of Sangerville,  
A stalwart, manly boy;  
Busy was he with a farmer's tasks,  
H's mother's hope and joy.

Happy indeed that hillside home,  
Enriched by honest toil;  
As year by year into barns they brought  
The harvest of the soil.

A Christian lad in faith and deed,  
A servant of the Lord;  
Sundays he sought the House of God,  
In line with sacred Word.

With thoughtfulness toward one and all,  
His kindness shed its light;  
And day by day in humble ways,  
He honored God and right.

In the glow and strength of growing youth,  
He loved a maiden true;  
Her soul as pure as blush of rose,  
Her eyes like violets blue.

Sweet indeed were their dreams serene,  
Looking out upon life's sea;  
Their hopes as bright as stars of night,  
Of pleasures yet to be.

Alas! What means this distant cry,  
Of nations far away?  
Calling to youth of all the lands,  
To join them in the fray?

Oppression's threat at truth and right,  
He hears his country's call;  
Joining the ranks of them that went,  
He left his home, h's all.

Across the seas to troubled France,  
Into the trench he goes;  
With all its drawn-out agony,  
To battle freedom's foes.

Out of the trench with the boys he leaped,  
Mid gas and bursting shell;  
While roaring guns and dying men,  
Proclaimed that "war is hell."

He went, he fought, he fell, he died,  
A soldier true and brave;  
He won the laurels of the great,  
A gold-starred hero's grave.

Thanksgiving Day mid all its cheer,  
There came the dreadful word;  
Sorrow-laden, piercing the soul,  
War's cruel bloody sword.

"Can it be true? My boy! My boy!"  
A mother's anguished cry!  
"My only son! And thou art dead!  
Would God, I too might die!"

Thou god of war, destroyer thou,  
Of all earth's commonweal;  
Thou crushes hearts, and homes and hopes,  
Beneath thy iron heel!

In Flanders' Field over there he sleeps,  
On the blood-soaked soil of France;  
Where poppies grow red, and flowers fair  
Fill the air with sweet fragrance.

Shall we forget for what they died,  
These men who ne'er returned?  
And only with our schemes and greed,  
With dollars be concerned?

Let us keep faith with promise given,  
To free the world of slave;  
When khaki-clad overseas they went,  
Democracy to save.

Locarno and Geneva call,  
To all who think or care;  
That Love may rule in a war-free world,  
The common people's prayer.

Omnipotence Divine, move Thou  
Upon America;  
That we with other lands may seek,  
A better new-world era.

That right may rule, and might may bend,  
To lift each lowly race;  
That Peace may wrap the world around,  
In the folds of her embrace.

O come thou mighty Prince of Peace,  
Thy Kingdom to restore;  
Be thou enthroned in human hearts,  
And reign forevermore.

## THE GOOD WILL LAD

A lad that's brave, a lad that's true,  
Cheerful in what he has to do;  
With steadfast purpose, will and heart,  
In Life's great quest he acts his part.

What's mean stirs him with deep disgust,  
The vulgar and ignoble lust;  
His hero is the knight of old,  
Who cherished honor more than gold.

His face is toward the glad sunrise,  
When glows the dawn in Eastern skies;  
Upon the Rock of Galilee,  
He builds with faith and industry.

He loves fresh air, the out-of-doors,  
The waves that break on ocean shores;  
The mountains, meadows, vales and hills,  
The upward path that calls and thrills.

A friend is he of bird and dog,  
The camp-fire and the burning log;  
The pines, the streams, the river's flow,  
The winter winds that pile up snow.

Loyal is he to home and friend,  
Adown the years can never end  
The gratitude and song of praise,  
For Good Will and her good-time days.

Blessing upon the lad we love,  
Long life be his, wealth from above;  
The happiness that comes from creed,  
Exemplified in Christlike deed.

## THE GOOD WILL GIRL

A girl of courage, smiles and cheer,  
A sunshine girl throughout the year;  
Alert in mind, aglow in heart,  
In Life's Big Task she acts her part.

Promise is she of womanhood,  
The beautiful, the true and good;  
One looks at her and thinks of spring,  
Mayflowers, and the birds that sing.

With thoughtfulness her daily creed,  
Ever at hand to help in need;  
Unnumbered are her ministries,  
That lift the world in which she lives.

A daughter of the King is she,  
Whose signet ring of royalty  
Bears diamonds exceeding rare,  
Unselfish service, Faith and prayer.

The out-of-doors is her delight,  
The skies at noon, the stars at night;  
Roses that long the wayside grow,  
Jewels that sparkle in the snow.

Good Will! Hurrah! Good Will for me,  
Here's love and cherished memory;  
The debt I owe I hear her say,  
I never, never can repay.

Here's to the Good Will girl! May she  
Live long and ever happy be;  
May friends and fortune all conspire,  
To bring to pass her heart's desire.

## TO THE MUSICIAN BELOVED

J. H. T.

What means the saddened countenance,  
Faces of friends we greet;  
As going here and going there  
We hail them on the street?

What means the silence of the house,  
Voices with accents low;  
No sound of noble instrument  
As through the halls we go?

The meaning of this quiet hour,  
The shadow on the day;  
Is this—our friend beloved and true,  
No more shall pass this way.

No more we see his smiling face,  
Or hear his word of cheer;  
For he has gone, and we sore grieved  
No more shall see him here.

No more his leadership in band,  
The cornet's clarion call;  
The instrument in his deft hands  
That thrilled us one and all.

God bless thee, friend, thy life well-lived  
Has not been lived in vain;  
The Christian's Hope our confidence  
We'll greet thee once again.

In this lone hour when prayers have ceased,  
Mid silence-hearts deep moved;  
The Hills of God their answers bring  
To friends on earth he loved.

In fairer lands beyond the skies,  
Where saints from labors rest;  
Where sun forever shines nor sets  
We'll dwell forever blest.

For thee the gates swung open wide,  
And symphonies above;  
Rejoice thy soul where songs abound—  
Homeland of God's great love.



TO W. J. B. J.

So patiently he went his way,  
Faithful in duty day by day;  
With one thought only in his heart,  
To carry on and do his part.

So uncomplaining of his lot,  
Let fortune come to him or not;  
So cheerful, ever with a smile,  
He trod life's pathway mile on mile.

Brave—burdens bore he on the road,  
Kind—others helped he with their load;  
True—he sought life's greatest good,  
The wealth of Christian Brotherhood.

Ended life's tasks, at eventide,  
The summons came, gates opened wide;  
A blaze of light, a burst of song,  
He joined the grand triumphant throng.

Never for self the path he trod,  
He glorified the Living God;  
Reward is his on yon bright shore,  
The joys that last forevermore.

But we shall miss him on the street,  
As now no more we meet and greet;  
In that blest land that knows no pain,  
There shall we meet and greet again.



TO MRS. EMERSON

I'm glad the sun shines bright today,  
On this my friend's gladsome birthday;  
For its light and warmth no more us cheers,  
Than has her love these passing years.

Ever mindful of others' needs,  
With loving thought and kindly deeds;  
Her pathway all the days along,  
Has brought to others some sweet song,

Her gentleness and kindly ways,  
Have won for her our love and praise;  
Her interest in Christ's dear Name,  
Has prospered Church and spread Her fame.

Sweet memories to you this day,  
In looking back on life's pathway;  
Of home and neighbors, friends so true,  
The happy days in life's review.

May the gracious Father in His love,  
Pour down His blessings from above;  
May all the gifts and joys be thine,  
Revealed in Promises Divine.

J FRANK THOMPSON

We loved him for his length of days,  
His genial, gracious smile;  
A man of God, with kindly ways,  
He lived the life worth while.

In early youth he heard the call  
"Go preach"—his heart deep stirred;  
Obedient he brought to all  
The Gospel's sweetest word.

The loving God, the Christ, the Cross,  
This Trinity, his creed;  
That rescue brings from sin and loss  
And meets man's deepest need.

Servant of God, thy work begun  
In days long since gone by;  
Brings now the Master's words, "Well done,"  
And home with God on high.

TO MR. AND MRS. CLARENCE E. TAYLOR

1877-1927

On this your golden wedding day  
May joy your hearts enfold;  
Esteem of friends and children's love—  
Gifts richer far than gold.

As backward o'er the years you look,  
What memories blest are thine;  
But brighter be the days ahead,  
All hopes fulfilled, divine.

## A BIRTHDAY THOUGHT

To Miss Rockwell

Another year of life for me,  
As backward on this day;  
I look across the pilgrim path,  
I've come along life's way.

Friends wish for thee God's choicest gifts,  
His promises fulfilled;  
For such the Love that He hath shown,  
The best for thee is willed.

What matters how the years slip by,  
And birthdays come and go:  
If only we keep young in heart,  
Mid friends we love and know.

For age is not a thing of years,  
How long on earth we dwell;  
Secret of youth has he who drinks  
Of Christ's life-giving well.

Miracle staff is Faith to those,  
Who daily trust in God;  
Leaning on it the heights we'll gain  
Though steep the path we trod.

WILLIAM T. STUBBS

We loved him for his gentle ways  
His character and length of days.

To young and old he was a friend,  
Remaining loyal to the end.

He loved the woods, the lakes, the wild,  
He sought to keep them undefiled.

The birds were ever his delight,  
In Spring and Fall he watched their flight.

Mid Winter's snows and chilling wind,  
Thoughtful was he to them and kind.

He placed in trees, on stands nearby,  
Their necessary food supply.

When country called, he said, "I'm here  
To serve in my appointed sphere."

At home, abroad, far-off or near,  
He did his duty without fear.

He found delight in helping youth,  
In learning's path and ways of truth.

Servant of God and friend of man,  
He built his house on the Master's plan.

1856—FREMONT BEVERAGE—1930

**In Memoriam**

New Englander and type of man was he,  
Whose industry and brain, whose strength of hand,  
Have built the homes and towns throughout the land,  
And brought to one and all prosperity.  
Conscience was his, and tried integrity,  
For God and Truth and Right he took his stand,  
Who needed help his aid could e'er command,  
And thus he lived and wrought whole-heartedly.  
The vulgar, mean, ignoble were his scorn,  
A faith was his that burned out earthly dross;  
When such a man from out our midst has gone,  
How great indeed is the disaster, loss,  
With good and Christlike deeds his years were filled,  
Reward is his the best that God has willed.

## JOHN WILES

Little he cared for riches great,  
His wealth was manhood's high estate.

At home, abroad, a faithful friend,  
Ever at hand his aid to lend.

As sheriff, servant of the state,  
Honest was he, considerate.

Ever he thought of others' needs,  
And freely served with selfless deeds.

No unkind words fell from his lips,  
To wound the soul, and mar friendships.

Life's labors ended, now at rest,  
He dwells with God forever blest.

Forgotten? No. Burns friendship's flame,  
As once again we speak his name.



## O MOTHER DEAR I THINK OF THEE

O mother dear I think of thee,  
With gratitude and tears;  
Mindful of all thy love and care,  
Through fretful childhood years.

In infancy thou nestled me,  
Upon thy gentle breast;  
Nor heaven itself may never know,  
More perfect peace and rest.

Thou taughtest me to talk and pray,  
From thee I learned of God;  
Through all life's years I've felt the glow,  
When darkened paths I've trod.

When sorely tempted, mother dear,  
And feet began to slip;  
Thy faith in God and prayer for me,  
Have kept me in their grip.

That I may be the man I ought,  
In answer to thy prayer;  
O may I live that I may meet  
Thee, mother, Over There.

A man am I and thou art gone,  
And yet hallowed to me;  
Are thoughts of thee O mother mine,  
Life's sweetest memory.

O mother dear I think of thee,  
With gratitude and tears;  
The vision of thy face and smile,  
Grows brighter with the years.

TO MY SISTER

A New Year's Wish

If this my love for you were gold,  
A Croesus you would be;  
You'd have the wealth with which to buy,  
Ten million things you see.

But love that's true is more than gold,  
Its wealth beyond compare;  
And so the gift I send to you,  
Is love's best wish and prayer.

May friends and fortune all conspire,  
To fill your cup of cheer;  
May happiness and health be yours,  
Throughout the coming year.

CLARA I. HUSE

1859—1930

In Memoriam

For fifty years a member of the Dudley street church, Boston; a teacher in the Sunday school, for twenty years treasurer of the Woman's Missionary Society, always present at church, loyal to pastor, faithful to the end. At the time of its dissolution for forty-five years in the office of the "Youth's Companion."

In early years and always to the end,  
Thoughtful was she of others and their need,  
The Golden Rule she lived in golden deed,  
For others hesitated not to spend.

When but a child she found in Christ her Friend,  
The church she loved, its fellowship and creed,  
Others she sought into its fold to lead,  
To each good cause said, "Yes, my aid I'll lend."

Industrious, and self-reliant she,  
Was hers the grace of finest womanhood;  
Enduring worth, faith, hope and charity,  
Riches, the beautiful, the true and good,  
Life's tasks well done, reward is hers and rest,  
The joy sublime in mansions of the blest.

## BEYOND THE SEA

From island knoll I view the sea,  
Wide horizons that wake in me  
The thought of distant lands afar,  
Fair palaces with gates ajar.

Where sea and sky their colors blend,  
Is harbor entrance to life's end;  
There death unseals earth's mystery,  
And time becomes eternity.

What disappointments I've known here,  
Beyond the sea will disappear;  
Instead of woes that make life sad,  
I'll know the joys that make me glad.

Land of my dreams is overthere,  
Of hopes fulfilled and answered prayer;  
Beyond! Where ships sail out of sight,  
Is haven of my soul's delight.

Friends gone before again I'll greet,  
And with them in communion sweet  
Forever dwell. They wait for me  
On blissful shores beyond the sea.

What matters then the winds that blow,  
The storms we counter here below!  
God's tides shall bear me safely home,  
Where grief nor heart-aches never come.

## MISCELLANEOUS

### STEAMER GOVERNOR BODWELL

Indeed we're sad with news that comes today,  
Destroyed by fire the Governor Bodwell;  
That we no more shall see her on the bay,  
Nor tread her decks, nor hear her cheerful bell.  
When sun shone bright, and skies above were clear,  
What joy to sail on her the calm, smooth sea;  
When came the storm that filled the heart with fear,  
With Captain Kent what sensed security!  
A sturdy boat! For thirty years and more,  
She's made her course among the happy isles;  
With twice ten thousand trips from shore to shore  
While to her credit stands a million miles.  
Salute the ship though burned to water's edge,  
She did not fail nor wreck on sunken ledge.

## LINDBERGH COMES TO MAINE

—1927—

From housetop, hill and open field,  
All Portland scans the sky;  
With eagerness to catch a glimpse  
Of Lindbergh flying high.

Up from the south a speck appears,  
Upon the horizon;  
See! There he is! He comes! He comes!  
Our country's famous son.

Swifter flies he than eagle's flight,  
Great bird-man of the air;  
With silver wings that flash and gleam,  
Amid the sun's bright glare.

With circling lines and graceful curves,  
To earth he settles down;  
To find himself, not in far France,  
But famous Portland town.

Longfellow's home, and others too  
Whose names are known to fame;  
Whose deeds of Worth, and creeds of Truth  
Add glory to our name.

Let ring the bells! Let boom the guns!  
Let whistles shriek their joy;  
Glad welcome to the world's hero,  
Lindbergh, the unspoiled boy.

No flying fool, this slender youth,  
Tall as the pines of Maine;  
But Lindbergh, strong and resolute,  
With nerve and skill and brain.

He stands before the populace,  
How good a sight is he;  
This princely youth with countenance,  
Like dawn on quiet sea.



Now listen to the word he speaks,  
While skies take up the sound;  
And ether waves their message bear  
To all the world around.

"I'm here but not for honors more,  
Of these I've had my share;  
With pride I point to other men,  
Grand heroes of the air.

These comrades true, Byrd, Chamberlain,  
Lost in the fog and night;  
What nerve and skill did they display,  
In epoch-making flight!

No less heroes are those who fly  
Across the continent;  
Day after day, night after night,  
Our air-mail contingent.

Let planes be built and airports—yes,  
These are an urgent need;  
I speak for them but more I plead  
True Friendship's lasting creed.

In me St. Louis' spirit brings  
Message of world-wide peace;  
Let Good-will reign upon the earth,  
And war forever cease."

Progress and peace, Prosperity,  
Is Lindbergh from the Sky;  
A symbol of the World-to-be,  
Man's noblest destiny.

Then let not Portland miss the word  
That Lindbergh brings today;  
For Golden Age of dreams come true,  
Let each one work and pray.

## RAGS

My neighbor's dog, an Airedale he,  
Whose name is Rags, with pedigree  
The very best, of gentle breed,  
Is homely as an old hock weed.

His home is just across the street,  
It happens when we oft-times meet;  
He wags his tail, and seems to say,  
How do you do my friend today?

Mornings he comes to my back door,  
And barks, and scratches with his paw;  
I open—and he looks at me,  
With eyes that shine expectancy.

He knows I've saved some scrap of meat,  
Or something good for him to eat;  
He dances up and down and begs,  
Like jumping-jack upon two legs.

A friend indeed is Rags to me,  
Who cheers me with his company;  
As many times we go to walk,  
He understands my moods and talk.

With Rags I've tramped the woods and hills,  
And watched him give a wood-chuck thrills;  
I've laughed to see that old stub tail,  
A-disappearing down the vale.

And when from out the underbrush.  
A partridge frightened at his rush;  
With sudden whir takes upward flight—  
What ecstasies of dog-delight!

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Old rags is dead. Unto the end.  
Good dog was he and faithful friend;  
Somewhere his bones enrich the earth,  
Who helped to fill our days with mirth.

### THE SEA PLANE'S FLIGHT

With sudden rush and mighty roar,  
I climb to where the eagles soar,  
When seemingly the plane stands still,  
As coastline views inspire and thrill.

Like bird I poise on balanced wings,  
As motor grinds away and sings;  
Ships far below like playthings seem;  
I ask myself, Is this a dream?

When mounted on this air-way steed,  
I move along at break-neck speed;  
I travel high, I travel far,  
I wonder will I bump a star!

I look ahead at distant town,  
Then all at once I settle down;  
I skim the surface of the sea,  
And landing make with smiles and glee.

It's great to travel in the air,  
At any time and anywhere;  
An overlord of land and sea,  
Man feels himself indeed to be.

### WHEN STATIC INTERFERES

The symphony is soft and sweet,  
Without a static stir,  
When all at once there crashes in  
That horrid br-r-r.

With station tuned and voice superb  
The song is coming in,  
Until some near-by dynamo,  
Starts up its dreadful din.

Of all the noise that man can hear,  
The worst is radio  
When thunder-storms and stations clash,  
To mess and stop the show.

Ten thousand fiendish imps it seems,  
Pounding on pan and door;  
Along with all of Afric's beasts  
Let loose in deaf'ning roar.

The radio is a delight—  
It entertains and cheers;  
Infernal racket! Shut it off!  
When static interferes.

## NEW ENGLAND

New England dear, the beautiful,  
Thou art to me my home;  
I'll ne'er forget thy name or fame,  
Though far from thee I roam.

Thy templed hills and mountains grand,  
Thy fields and ocean shore;  
Thy lakes and rivers, forests green,  
I love them more and more.

With pride I think of ancestors,  
The first to cross the sea;  
And landing on this rock-bound coast,  
Joined hearts for Liberty.

They braved the wilds of barren wastes,  
And dangers manifold;  
They laid foundations deep and strong,  
Esteemed Truth more than gold.

Conscience to them a sovereign word,  
God-given to the mind;  
Directed by its mandates stern,  
They built for all mankind.

New England great, New England free,  
Writ large thy deeds of worth;  
Creator of America,  
And Hope of all the earth.

