

The Seabrooker

Published
Every So Often
By the Folks



At
Seabrook Farms
Bridgeton, N. J.

VOL. II

December, 1921

No. 6

Horizons

**Sometimes the Nearer You Are
To a Thing the Smaller It Looks**

It is a strange kink in most of us, that makes the thing that is nearby look small; and the thing afar off, look big.

It doesn't seem reasonable; and often it is not reasonable; but quite generally it's so!

The secret of it is, that when you get more than just so close to a thing, you can't see it all.

Down in the valve pit; under the new tank, Seabrook Farms doesn't look very big—nothing but a hole and a bunch of uninteresting pipes and valves.

At the ground level there's a little more to be seen—a few houses, and number 6 greenhouse, and the ends of some others, etc., etc.

But a couple of steps up the ladder, and how things begin to change!

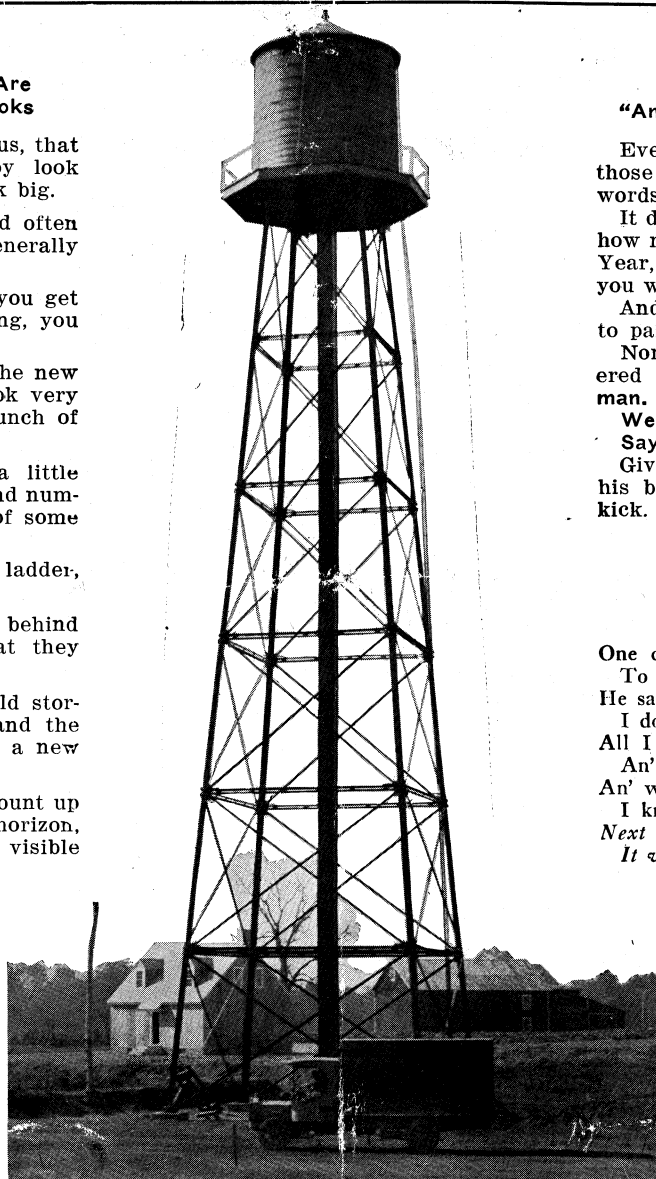
The greenhouses loom up, one behind the other, until you realize that they cover nearly five acres!

And behind them; the great cold storage plant, and railroad tracks, and the cannery, and the foundations for a new building.

And, so, with every step you mount up the big tower comes a new horizon, bringing into view something not visible before—steam shovels at work unloading manure, and coal, and excavating in fields far away. The new railroad siding, one of the biggest and best in South Jersey; acre upon acre—covered with the thin grey parallel lines that indicate overhead irrigation,—a carpet of several hundred acres, with strips and squares of different colored vegetation; and beyond that again fields and orchards with rows seeming to the horizon line. Some sight! (If you don't believe it, ask the Sheriff—he knows!)

And sometimes it's the same way with the work we may be doing.

We get too close to the job, and don't see what lies beyond it. Something farther away looks bigger and better;—and sometimes fools us.



The New Tank

Some little wash tub!

We tried to get the Sheriff to go up and stand beside it, while we took this photo—but, to use his own words, there was "nuthin' doin'."

The photographs in the center pages of this issue were taken from the platform shown above.

They give a sort of bird's-eye view of the Farms, but do not do it justice. The only way to get the real view is to climb up and see it for yourself. Next time you're down this way—ask for the Sheriff. He will—well, he'll hold your hat while you go up!

Make the New Year the Best Year

"And a Happy New Year!"

Ever stop to think what there is behind those poor hackneyed, over-worked words?

It doesn't make a darn bit of difference how many friends wish you a happy New Year, it won't be a happy one—unless you wish it on yourself!

And the only way you can do that is to pass it along!

None of that simpering molasses-covered "Polyanna" bunk—but just be human.

Wear a smile!

Say "good morning!" with a kick to it! Give your fellow-worker, if he's doing his best—at least two boosts for every kick. Make it a happy New Year!

* * *

The (Water) Tank

BY THE SHERIFF

One day I climbed the (blank-blank) tank,
To help the darn-fool Editor.

He said the view up there was fine—

I don't know what he said it fur;

All I could see was reelin' rings

An' houses swimmin' down below

An' when she started in to rock

I knew 'twas time for me to GO!

Next time I want to get "tanked up"

It won't be near no H₂O!

* * *

Some New Year Resolutions*

Hillie: "I'm going to tell the truth once every week."

George: "I'm going to stop talking about the baby."

Rube Bonham: "I'll be d—d if I'll smile."*

Brooks: "I'm going to remember that I'm over 17."

Bill W.: "I'm going to cut it out."

The 'Phone Operators: "We will stay awake on the job."

The Auditor: "I'm going to stop grouching at 10 a. m. sharp."

The Editor. "I'm going to get the Seabrooker out right on time."

*Those marked with an * haven't been broken so far.

THE SEABROOKER



Lugubrious Lloyd

He Always Comes Up Smiling

You can tell this is Lloyd Lewis, in spite of all the glad rage, because of the smile.

We have seen, heard, or read of only one thing with a broader grin than Lloyd's—that was the famous Cheshire cat in Alice in Wonderland.

Lewis has graduated from a steady diet of tractor plowing, but still gets a little exercise once in a while—we caught him off his guard, running a tractor and road-scraper the other day. When he's not working he spends his time helping W. W. Oley run the Orchards, particularly peaches.

* * *

The Photo Below

Taken from the water-tower at Oley's house, the panorama below shows the following:

A—New water tower at main office, shown on first page, from which panorama on pages 4 and 5 was taken.

B—Apple orchards beyond peaches—150 acres of Delicious, Stayman and Winesap.

C—"Big Oak" office, barns and buildings; also tank from which panorama on pages 6 and 7 was taken.

D—Big Oak village for employees.

E—Apple orchards between West Jersey R. R. and State Road, interplanted with strawberries—114 acres.

F—Home of W. W. Oley, Manager of the Orchards; directly back of this, Bill Walters' well kept home, and Finley Station.

G—Walt Atkinson's house on State Road.

H—Employees' village at Carll's Corner.

I—Holding Farm, now being planted with Bill's "home-made" apple trees.

J—The big "vining shed" where the 800 acres of lima beans grown this year were handled. Just beyond this the new Seabrook branch of the New Jersey Central R. R.

Around the Year Under Glass

Sometimes visitors express surprise when we tell them that the big green-houses don't get so much as a week's vacation during the entire year.

That is, there are crops actually growing in them every day in the year; including Sundays, except when they are being replanted—and that is a job that is always done in double quick time.

The regular "rotation" in the green-houses is lettuce in the fall, two crops of radishes in the winter; and cucumbers during the spring and summer. Radishes, which require the least heat, are grown in the winter. Cucumbers, which require heat most, during the warm days of spring and summer. The lettuce crop is usually matured without artificial heat.

Under Mr. Huber's management the greenhouses have been breaking records on all these crops. The photo at the right shows one of six houses of lettuce which growers from many sections of the country this fall pronounced the best looking lot of under-glass lettuce they had ever seen.

The six enormous houses are tended by comparatively few workers. Manure is hauled in by the two-horse load, there being plenty of room for the teams to move around. The ground is plowed and harrowed as it is outdoors, only the corners being worked by hand. One man attends to the watering of the entire range, as all the houses are equipped with Skinner green-house watering systems.

Sowing seed, setting plants, thinning out, and harvesting, of course, require a lot of hand work.

The crops are all carefully graded and packed, only the very best going out branded as "Seabrook Products".

Here are the crops shipped from one house, as taken from Mr. Huber's records:

33,000 bunches of radish-es in February.

27,000 bunches of radish-es in April.

9,000 dozen "cukes", June to October.

17,200 heads of "Select" lettuce in December.

The Slogan

*"If you won't beat beat, you can't be beat,"
That is the slogan true
That Johnny Poe gave a football team,
And we give it again to you.
"If you won't be beat, you can't be beat";
They may leave you dead in the dawn
On the blood red field that you would not
yield,
But your spirit goes marching on.*

* * *

Another Sutton Set On Gettin' Sat On

It took Sutton a long time to do it—but then most everything about Sutton is long.

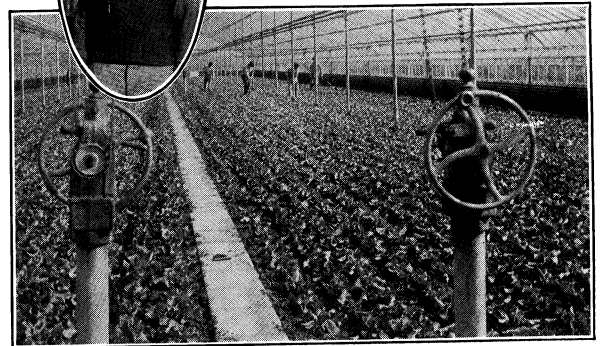
We had heard rumors about Lewis Z. having to take the air at Atlantic City, stretched out in two roller chairs (they couldn't get him in one)—but at the time we didn't know why he needed the rest. Guess he wanted to get his last one while the getting was good! (We hope no one shows this to his girl).

Dont' know why all free folks thus insist on subscribing to a life lecture course, but it seems to be the one fashion that don't change. This is the second Sutton to try it here within a few months.

P. S.—Mun't Lewis look cute in swallow tails?



Part of one of Huber's six houses and (at left) Huber's Douglas Fairbanks grin



A †

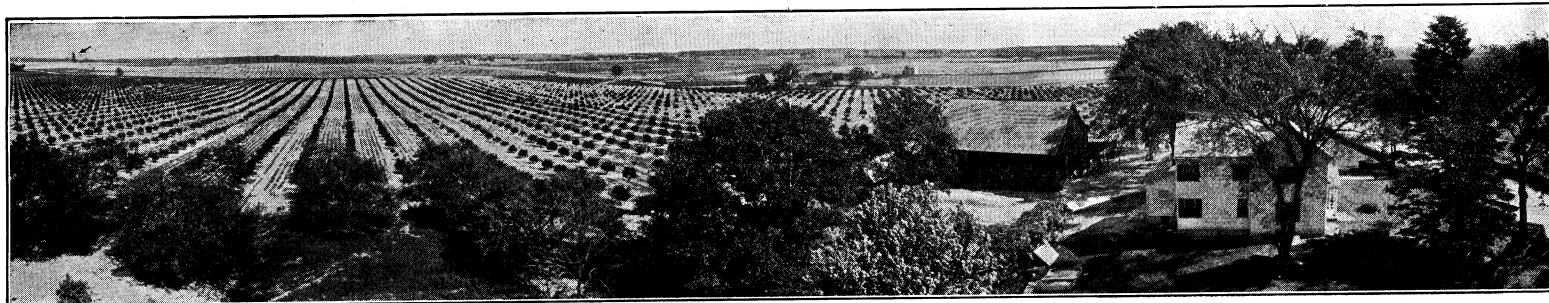
B †

C †

D †

E †

F †



Seabrook Orchards—Part of the 400 acres already planted to peaches

THE SEABROOKER

Even the Cold-Frames Don't Get a Chance To Rest

It requires hundreds of thousands of plants to set out the early cabbage and lettuce crops in the spring.

These are grown in the cold frames, which cover over two acres of ground just across the main road from the green-houses.

The photograph down below shows a corner of the frame yard, with some of Walt Atkinson's expert plant handlers on the job. That's Walt himself in the insert—only he's not as sad as he looks there!

The frames are made with removable ends, and are plowed, harrowed and fitted by horse-power, only slight "finishing touches" being necessary with hand rakes. (Watering is done by Skinner Overhead irrigation).

At the present time, one thousand new sash are being made—in DeWalt's planing mill, to keep up with the increasing field acreage under irrigation.

* * *

Overheard in the Boarding House

Benny—"I am trying hard to get ahead."

Geo. Clark—"Should think you would. You need one! —x!!?—!—if you don't!

A corner of the frames. Walt is not really as bashful as he looks



Keeping the Teams Busy On Fifteen Hundred Acres

The team work at the Orchards is done with seventy-two head of first-class horses and mules, about forty teamsters and an efficient, smooth running system. There are thirty-five horses, sixteen good size mules and twenty-one smaller mules. A mule weighing from ten to twelve hundred pounds has proved to be the type best suited for the work.

About half of the teamsters live at the Orchards and take care of their own teams. The remainder of the men arrive from town by train and their teams are fed, cleaned and harnessed by the stable man.

In the early spring the whole outfit plows under the cover crop of rye. Then potatoes, strawberries, and peas are put in. Then field corn, which is followed by a succession of bean plantings, extending through May and June. Hoe-harrow work starts on a large scale and continues until early fall. Two-thirds of the outfit is kept at work with riding cultivators. A considerable acreage of pumpkins comes into the progress along with haying. Then the early crops are harvested, the ground plowed and planted to late beans. In August the bean harvest gets under way, late potatoes and turnips are put in and weeds offer a stubborn resistance. The ground is plowed as soon as the beans are off and a cover crop drilled in. The corn is harvested, stalks carved off, the ground plowed and rye drilled in. Late potatoes and turnips follow, and when they are harvested a winter protection of rye sown on the harrowed ground.

The actual farm work for the season is completed. During slack periods the teams build roads, haul hay, straw and building materials, clear land, etc. Compost is spread during the winter. The sprayers require teams occasionally, and two or three stump pullers are at work at least half of the year.

So far as possible the teamsters work in groups. The assistant foreman has the largest or main group, and does not leave these

Hal Caldwell's Job

Is To Keep Things Speeded Up Down At the Big Oak

You've probably seen a big fur-collared coat rushing along the concrete road in No. 10; or across fields or orchards in a one-horse wagon.

It's not necessary for us to tell you that the coat contains Hal. Caldwell.

If you take a look at the photograph down below, and then stop to think that it shows only about one-fifth of the acreage owned by the Orchards, you can understand that Hal has to travel some to keep all his teams busy all the time. And usually there's not a weed to be seen. "Nothing else like it in the world" remarked the editor of one of the big agricultural papers when we showed him around the Orchards last fall.



Happy Hal

* * *

Our Store-Keeper Gets a Complaint

Dave, always polite, stopped in at the store the other day and said to Bert:

"I don't like to kick, but that flour I got the other day was tough."

"Tough?" said Bert, "what d'mean, tough?"

"Yes," answered Dave, "it was tough. My wife made a pie with it, and I could hardly cut it."

men. He directs the work of the gang, and carries supplies and repairs for the outfit in his buggy. The smaller and smore scattered groups of men have a working leader and are directed by the foreman. The hoe-harrow and single-plow unit is supervised by a foreman skilled in that work.

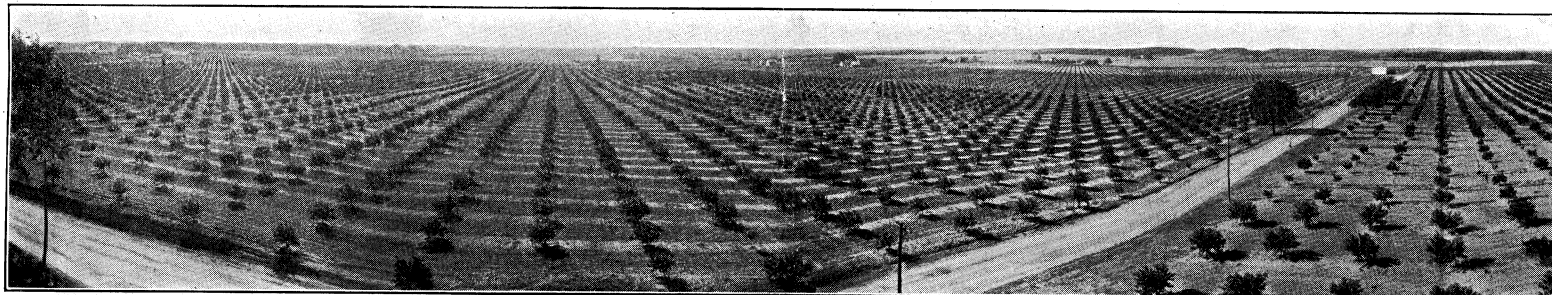
Inside work is allowed to accumulate for rainy days. Teams and men are worked throughout the year with no lay offs. Riff-raff help is not tolerated; a man must be capable, honest, and a worker to be a team driver. A better bunch of men or a smoother system cannot be found.

† G

† H

† I

† J



The rows above run to the horizon line—and beyond!

THE SEABROOKER

Who Doesn't Know "Tommy?"



Father "Tommy" and his latest hobby

He's production Manager and Official Shock Absorber,

He keeps things running — and from running amuck. Arch Minch is his chief lieutenant.

George Tomlinson speaks seven different languages — mostly with his hands, but well enough to

make himself understood. They are American, Italian, African, Assyrian, Polish, Dutch, and—last but not least—Baby-talk.

When a piece of stove-pipe is needed down at "Atlantic City", they hunt up "Misser George." When some gentleman of color has a "special obligation to meet" on pay-day, which his envelope won't quite cover, it is usually Mistaw George he gets to help him out.

Of course, whoever knows George, knows—or knows of—George's baby. She is only a few months old, but George swears she picked out the Christmas tree last month. And that she already says lots of words. When we cross-examined him on this last statement, and asked him what words they were, he said he didn't know, he hadn't ever heard any of them before! But he still swears she talks.

* * *

The Photo Below

(Taken from the new water tank near the Main Office.)

A—Strip of woods, beyond which lie the apple orchards.

B—The residence of "Dynamite Bill" Davis.

C—(Two buildings in the foreground) new schools for young Seabrookers.

D—Reservoir No. 2, supplying water for adjacent irrigation.

E—In the foreground, 14 acres of "Chinese cabbage."

F—George Tomlinson's house,—where "Margaret" lives.

G—The new saw-mill, and box shop.

H—The planing mill and wheelwright's shop.

Continued on next page—Col. 2.

A Trip Around the Farms

Where shall we start?

There's so much to see in every direction that it's hard to decide.

Suppose we begin with the center of the plant.

First of all, there's the office, where the accounting, selling, records, pay-rolls, purchasing, advertising, time-sheets, correspondence, and all the enormous amount of clerical work is handled.

The office has been occupied less than two years. Already it is getting small, although the time-keepers, engineers, and traffic manager have already moved out to their own office at the far end of the cold storage plant.

Leaving the office, we cross the road to the greenhouses, a description of which will be found on page 2. From these, we pass to the power plant, where chief Kendall keeps his three huge boilers going night and day—during the day, incidentally, on the sawdust and shavings from the sawmill and the planing mill.

Going from the boiler room, we pass through the ice-making plant and the huge cold storage rooms with a combined capacity of some 500 carloads.

Leaving this chilly atmosphere, we visit the time-keepers and engineer's office, and the new field office and locker-room; then across the concrete roadway to the canning plant, with a capacity of 25,000 cans of lima beans a day; through the Company store; the barber shop; the dispensary; and in turn, the machinery house; the barns; the saw-mill; the planing mill; the concrete-block making shed; the blacksmith shop, with its three forges; the stock room; the machine shop, and the garage. Each of the last half dozen places would be a good sized business in itself, if it were a separate unit.

After this little tramp, we get into a car and start around the fields. We look at market garden crops which are planted, not by so many rows, or by single acres, but in ten, twenty, and fifty acre blocks! Everywhere rows straight as a string—even where "Chris" had no irrigation lines to guide his five-row drill, and hardly a weed to be seen anywhere.

But after all, it's hopeless to attempt

Isn't it a fact that what you are this minute, is the natural result of the way you have used or abused your opportunities?

Keep Setting the

New Year's.

Time for taking inventory of stock; and balancing accounts.

That's a good thing for an individual to do, as well as a business.

Take stock of yourself—of Y-O-U.

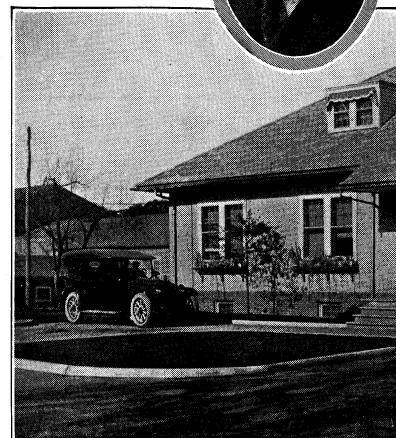
Does that inventory show more than it did a year ago?

Are you more efficient—able to produce more—and therefore to earn more—than a year ago?

If not, how much are you,—Y-O-U—responsible? And what can YOU do now, to make sure that a year from now the inventory of your personal capacity will show an increase?

Three definite things you can do.

First: Set an ideal; Mark a goal. Without fixing a definite point at which you want to arrive, you never will arrive.



Main Office Building—the "nerve center" of the main spring of the whole blooming v thirty acres has grown

A†B†C†

D†

E†

F†

G†

H†

I†

J†

K†

L†

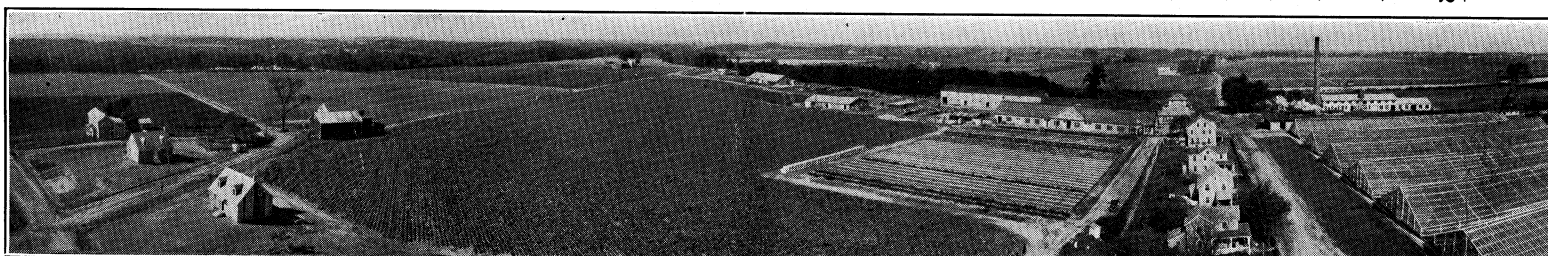
M†

N†

O†

P†

Q†



THE SEABROOKER

Stake Ahead!

Second: Keep that goal in mind. There's no use having a mark if you don't keep your eye on it!

Third: and most important of all—keep setting the stake ahead. No man ever reached any goal that was worth reaching, the first attempt.

But no real man is ever satisfied unless he comes a little nearer each time he tries.

PUT THE STAKE A LITTLE FURTHER AHEAD EACH TIME.

Do better than you did last time.

And eventually you will be able to measure up to your ideal; to reach the goal you set, even though that goal may have seemed well nigh impossible when you first marked it out.

G.F. Seabrook.



the big farms and orchards; and "C. F." works, under whose hand an old barn and o what you see below

The Photo Below (cont'd)

I—Home of Mr. Millspaugh, the Treasurer, on Deerfield Pike.

J—(Just in front of the woods) Bea Emerson's horse and mule emporium; and Wardy Bonham's machine parlor.

K—The big concrete block building which houses Weber's garage; "Shep's" machine shop; Chew's Puzzle Parlor (otherwise known as the stock room); and John Shaw's anvil chorus. In foreground Walt Atkinson's cold frame yards.

L—The main office where (according to one account of the Farms we read somewhere) "the General Manager sits and pushes the electric buttons which operate the Farms!"

M—Parsonage road, the "main street" of the place.

N—"C. F.'s" residence (hidden in the trees).

O—The stack—125 feet high.

P—(back to front) Irrigated fields; reservoir number 7; white building containing dispensary, barber shop, store, auditorium, main pumping station, and cannery, cold storage plant, and green-houses.

Q—(White speck near horizon) Potting shed and propagating houses of Koster Nurseries.

R—Steam shovel unloading manure (over 800 carloads in the pile already) In front of this, lumber yard and coal yard.

S—More irrigation.

T—State Road village.

U—Railroad siding; cement house; scales and weighing office.

V—More irrigation—; and in foreground the "Italian Gardens."

W—Steam shovel unloading gravel.

X—"Little Italy"—where the owners of the Italian gardens reside.

Y—Steam shovel, grading on new road along railroad tracks.

Z—Some more irrigation; in immediate foreground, kindergarten school.

A-1—Main school building.

B-1—Road to Finley Station and "Big Oak" office.

The man with a definite object in view has got it all over the fellow who has none. Where are **you** going?

The Man Who Drives

Chas. Uhland is another man who has his hands full.

If you know anything about farming, you know how a rainy day—or even a rainy hour—will knock your plans all to smash.

A single team in charge of all team work in a barn "eating their heads off," is a serious matter. When there are several dozens of 'em—well, it's no child's play to keep them all busy, at worth-while jobs, all the time. But Charlie comes pretty near doing it.

* * *

Some Pumpkins

The crop of squash pumpkins down at the Orchard was good again this year. One hundred and fifty tons, or about one million slabs of golden brown pumpkin pie. A good dessert to follow those 700,000 cans of lima beans this year. And if one is still hungry, then we've several thousand quarts of preserved strawberries put up in barrels in June. Not to mention the late potato crop; and the turnips; and the spinach. Just a few more items to add to the production of the Seabrook Food Factories.

* * *

? ? ?

It was the week before Christmas and all was well—only, only poor Reds fell out!

* * *

An Invitation

It's hopeless to attempt to describe Seabrook Farms. Come down and look it over next spring or summer, if you want to get a real idea of it! The big sign at the main entrance says "Visitors Welcome."

* * *

Down At the Big Oak

Murray overheard this one, last Sunday morning:

One of our several colored reverends interrupted a crap game, and remarked: "Don't you all know its absolutely wrong to shoot craps?" "Yas, parson," came the reply. "Yo is right, and believe me, Ah keen payin' fr my sins!"

R†

S†

T† U†

V†

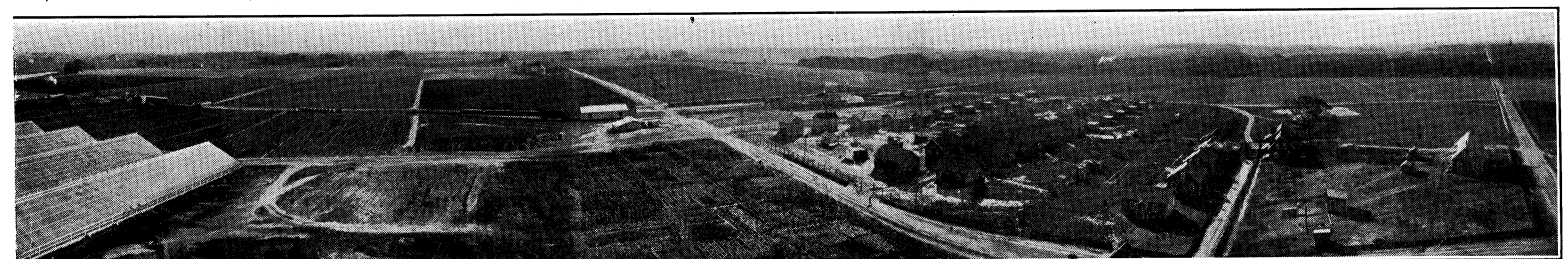
W†

X†

Y†

Z†

AI† †BI



lea of it. It falls so far short of the reality, that we give the job up as hopeless

THE SEABROOKER

The Photo Below

Taken from the water tower at the Big Oak barns, the panorama below shows the following:

A—Finley Station on the Bridgeton Branch of the Pennsy.

B—Concrete State Highway to Bridgeton.

C—Water-tower at Oley's, from which pictures on pages 2 and 3 were taken.

D—"Big Oak Inn", the new three-story boarding house with rooms for 24 single fellows.

E—Field office at the "Big Oak", o'er which Mrs. Newcomb holds sway.

F—Private gravel road through orchards joining Davis Mill Road, at crossing of Seabrook Branch of Central.

G—Main Office and Seabrook Farms power plant (beyond the woods).

H—Murray's house.

I—State Road to Deerfield.

J—R. R. crossing, State Road and Seabrook spur of Penna. R. R.

K—Big Oak Barracks.

L—Machinery shed, 15,000 bus. storage cellar, and Big Oak R. R. siding.

M—Big Oak Village for employees.

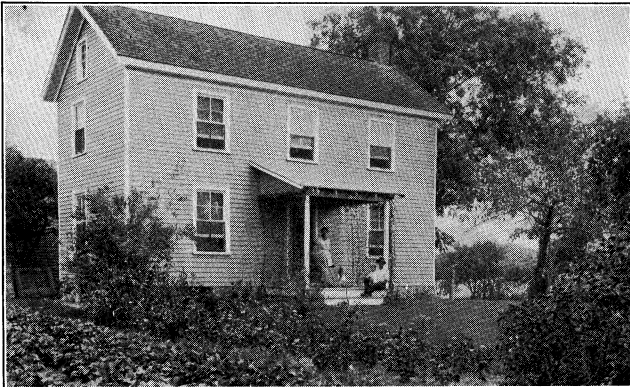
N—Main line Bridgeton Branch of Pennsy.

O—Apples interplanted with strawberries, 114 acres.

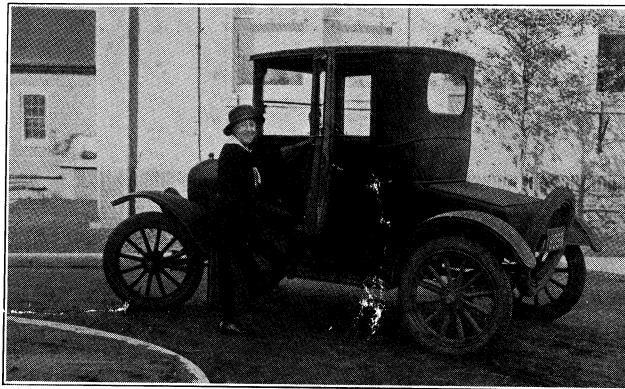
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He Had a Good Reason

The saddest guy we ever ran across was a fellow who hadn't yet found out what he wanted to do.



How Bill Meehan makes his spare time count



Mrs. Burt as she may be seen a dozen times any day, answering a hnyry call, or going on some welfare errand

Welfare Work

Around the Place With the Busiest Woman On the Farms

Many visitors to the Farms inquire about what is done concerning sickness and sanitation.

In attempting to supply such information the writer has sought the aid of our untiring nurse, who has supplied some mighty interesting facts concerning her work, during the past three years, in the prevention of, and aid in illness.

Mrs. Burt very modestly points out the fact that many lines of improvement have not yet been developed. But in the light of what is already being accomplished, we can foresee the success of the further plans contemplated, backed by a very evident and earnest desire to

attain perfection in matters of sanitation, health, and beauty of surroundings.

The Companies employ as many as one thousand workers, who with their families reach a total population of at least 1800. In winter this is reduced to between 500 and 600, including about 250 of American ancestry, 150 of Italian birth or parentage, 100 colored folks, 16 of Syrian extraction, with some additions of Polish, and other nationalities.

With a public dispensary, five schools, accidents and house visits, it is readily important that the position of nurse is far from a sinecure.

Since 1918—three years—only two deaths from disease have occurred amongst our Italian residents; both of these fatalities being of infants. Outside of the influenza, causing the death of one infant, no epidemic or contagious disease has secured a foothold on the Farms; the greatest vigilance to prevent contagions is used at the slightest sign of suspicion.

At the dispensary our nurse cares for all minor ills and ailments. During the past year these cases averaged about 100 monthly. The necessary drugs and curatives were in most cases supplied at the Companies' cost.

Seventy-five accidents, requiring the attendance of physicians, occurred during this year, most of these being of minor importance, and all being covered by liability insurance.

The five schools are visited by Mrs. Burt weekly, attention being paid to cleanliness as well as to physical well-being. As the result of this inspection, improved and satisfactory record is reported.

With the addition of welfare work, she has a small club where girls of foreign birth or extraction, are taught sewing and domestic duties, hygiene and sanitation, the duties of nurse comprise those of "guide, counsellor and friend"; while her presence is invariably noted with welcome at our community social activities of all kinds.

—Swastica.

* * *

Wanted—

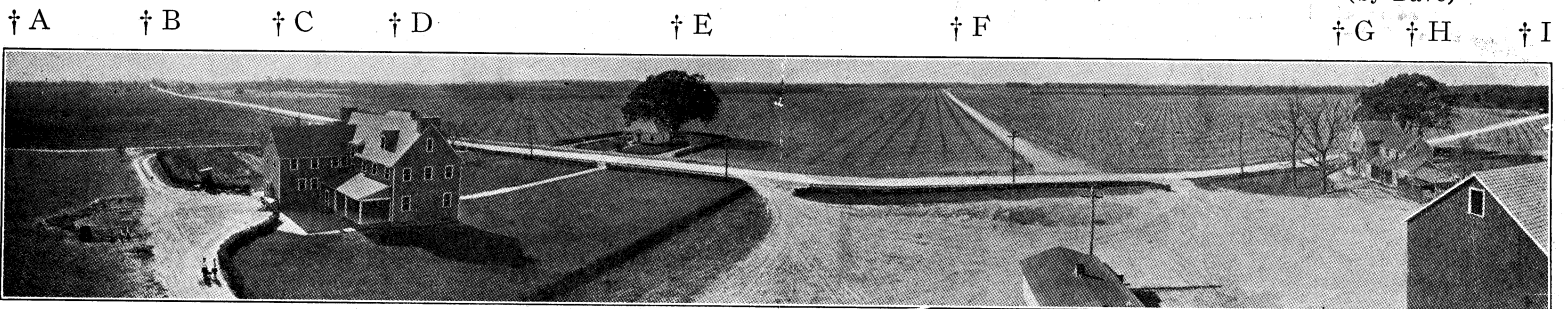
AN AUDIENCE—Can get a bunch of spectators, but what we desire is a real long-winded audience—

Signed—HILLIE.
(by Dave)

(Adv.)

Meehan's Cosy Cottage

Bill Meehan lives over at Seeley, "The suburbs of Seabrook Farms." When he took possession of this house it didn't look like much. But after the Company fixed up the house and gave it a coat of paint, Bill got busy with the grounds outside. This photograph shows just a glimpse of his flowers and vegetable garden, both of which were a great success, in spite of the adverse conditions he had to overcome.



Seabrook Orchards—Part of the apples, as seen from the water-tower at the Big Oak

THE SEABROOKER

A Trip Around the Orchards

Down at the bottom of one of these pages we have a panorama of the orchards laid out before us as seen from the water tower in the center of the peach orchards. This is the view that many of our visitors take before they drive over our roads through the growing trees. Let us go with them, down the hill from the water tank. Those fine trees to the right are Carmans, four thousand of them, ready to bear four thousand baskets of peaches the first of next August, and only two year olds.

Bill's Nursery

We cross the state road. On the left is the Nursery with fifteen thousand trees for this year's planting, and in the center, Bill's house with well kept lawns and flower gardens. On the right a fine Belle of Georgia block, the largest two year old trees on the farms.

We turn at the station and go west over the Davis Mill Road past the eighty acre Elberta orchard, tree after tree as uniform and well grown as if turned out of a factory.

The Big Oak Office

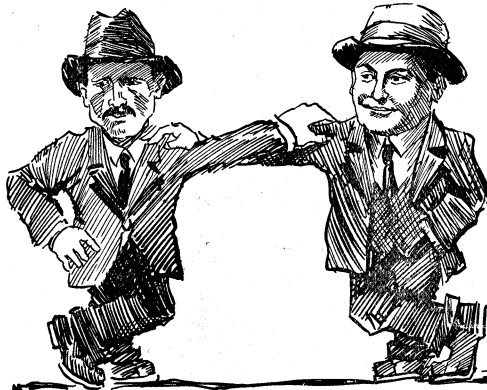
We cross the Central tracks and have spread out before us the young apple orchards, rows of the same varieties from Henderson's farm clear across to the State road, rows two hundred trees long and more. Down between these rows we go, to the Big Oak yards. It's easy to see how the orchards get their name, and under one of these magnificent trees is the field office surrounded by shrubbery and lawn! Across is the boarding house and foremen's homes.

Some highway we are on now, reinforced concrete.

We pass the summer apples on the left. Yellow Transparent, Duchess, Wealthy, and others, interplanted with one hundred acres of strawberries. This will be a busy place next spring.

We go on down the State Road all the way to Carll's Corner. Apples, then peaches. Two year old trees to Love Lane, then one year olds on the right for a mile. Looks as if work is cut out for someone in a year or two.

Let's come back and run down Love Lane a short distance, peaches to the right of us, peaches to the left of us, we cross the Central tracks again, and again we are in the apple orchards, one year old trees.



William and Warren, the Pruner twins

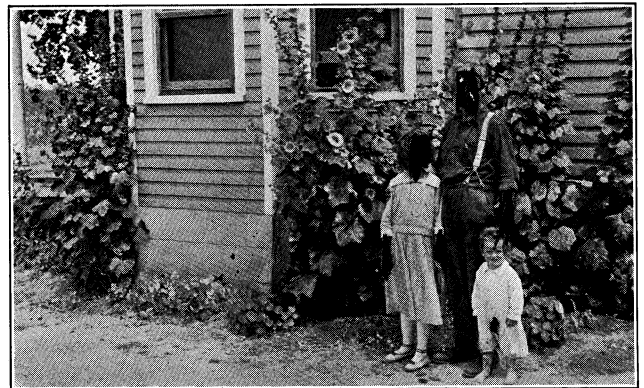
A road is being built along the Central tracks and we take it back to where we started from. Many are the questions asked by these visitors. The neat appearance, the clean ground, absence of the usual trash and weeds these suggest the most common of the many questions, —Why are we so particular to keep the orchards so clean? Does it pay? And our answer is this. We believe it pays, because we know that insects and diseases live the best where the shelter is the thickest. Clean ground is no shelter. Our trees are vigorous, we have fewer weeds to contend with, and our trees get full value for the plant food we give, and the food the soil has. Time will tell. We think the common disease and insect pests will be easy for us because they will never get a start. Anyhow, we're proud of our orchards!

* * *

Murray's Posies

Sorry we can't show this in color!

These hollyhocks of the distinguished proprietor of the Big Oak Barns and stock-room were surely an eye-full during their long blooming season. Not to mention the two rose-buds in the picture.



Looks like Woodrow Wilson
but it's Murray

That Gol-Darned Hoss Race!

We knew it!

We felt sure that sooner or later that gol-darned hoss race down at the Big Oak would get into the Seabrooker.

Like other editors, however, we are not responsible for the opinion of our contributors.

A few—including Bill himself—say he didn't lose—it was all a mistake. Next issue will give Bill's version.

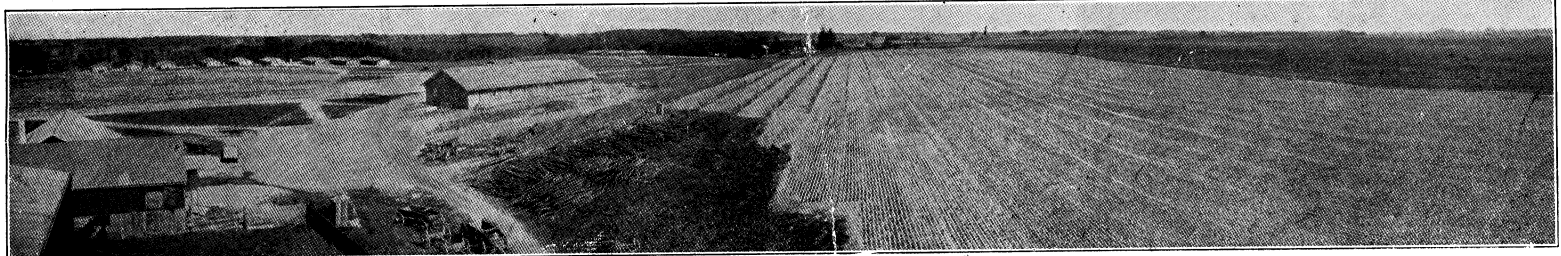
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Bill W. vs. Lewis Z.

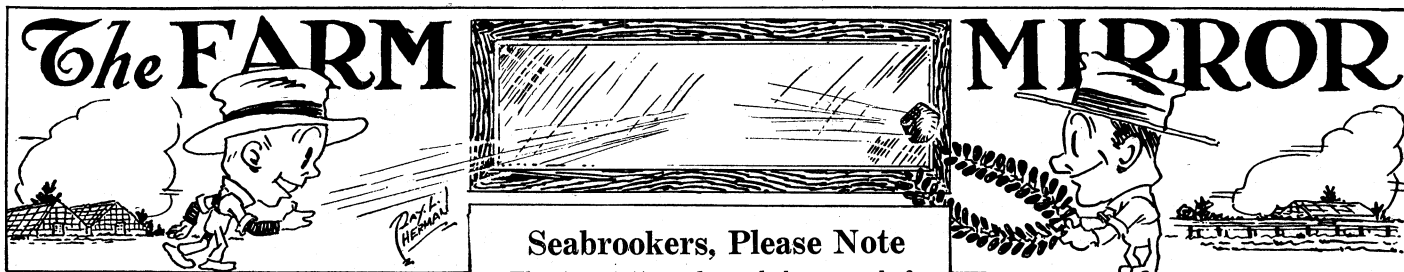
(With apologies to Dave)

*Down at the Oaks we have a way
Of doing things the best we may.
We have been told long, long ago,
That Bill Walters knows how a tree to grow,
But we never have had any news of races
Of horses or mules that show their paces;
And lately it seems there's some who repeat,
Their horses or mules cannot be beat.
Now Bill's some horseman we would say,
He treats his horse good every way,
The way a man should who can see
The pleasure and value a horse can be.
But Bill did think there's no one's steed
Could nearly equal his own for speed.
And Sutton is some horseman, too,
And last week beat Bill through and through.
Bill says his wagon was not light,
And then he said horse was fright
Of a shadow that drew across the way—
But was only the beating, the people say.
We cannot say which led the pace,
The witnesses agree Bill lost the race,
And sad to relate, Bill's fame is ended,
And now it's told, my story is ended.*

—Driver.



This picture really shows only about 400 acres out of 1500 planted and being planted



About Rainy Days

"Don't stall your motor," the old man said. Yes, and let's be "self starters" and go ahead. Why always wait to be told what to do? Why not we do some starting, too?

From an original idea, much pleasure you'll derive.

Let's show the "old man" that we are all alive.

When it starts raining then don't lay down, Or get to talking, or to act like a clown.

There are hoes to be sharpened, the knives are dull.

There are many jobs around, large and small. Wardy needs some help—Dewalt can use a man.

Though it's raining, let's do all we can.

Roorkie needs some logs—Arch can use a hand.

"It's raining"! Yes, but let's not idle stand. Let's each do our share, now all get in line. We must keep this machinery running fine.

You are out of a job? There is nothing for you?

Say, but a good man can always find something to do.

Start up your motor, release your brake. Be your SELF—for your own sake.

—Dave.



No—Not A Cyclone!

We just happened to have the camera out one day when a certain party was telephoning. We don't know why he (and a couple of other out-door men whom we could mention) ever bother to use the instrument, as the person he was talking to was less than two miles away, and he could easily have been heard in Millville. Guess some of the open-air chaps who are used to talking across an orchard or two or three "middles", forget that the wire is supplied by the Telephone Co. to do the work.

Seabrookers, Please Note

The two letters down below speak for themselves.

The employees of the Farms decided this year to make a present to the new Jersey Children's Home and to the Bridgeton Hospital, as being the most truly Christmas-like thing they could do.

THE NEW JERSEY CHILDREN'S HOME SOCIETY

Trenton, N. J., Dec. 23, 1921.

Mr. Albert M. Seabrook, Seabrook Farms,

My dear Mr. Seabrook:

I hardly know how to express my thanks and appreciation to your employees for their generous gift. We say "Thank you" to them and assure them it will help us to bring sunshine and gladness into the darkened life of some homeless little boy or girl.

Wish you and your employees a very happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year, I am

Very sincerely yours,

J. C. STOCK, Superintendent.

BRIDGETON HOSPITAL ASSOCIATION

Bridgeton, N. J., Dec. 27, 1921.

Mr. Albert M. Seabrook, Bridgeton, N. J.

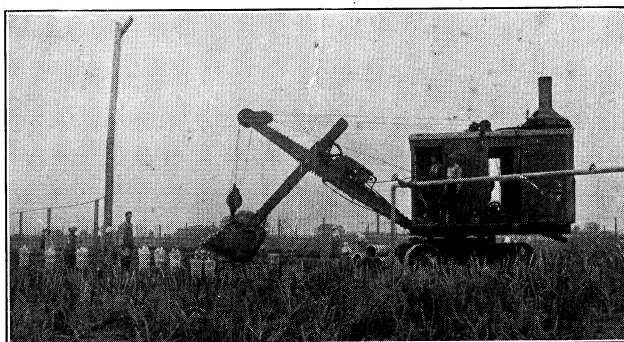
Dear Sir.—We wish to thank the employees of the Seabrook Farms for their generous donation to the hospital. It was so good of them and their thoughtfulness is greatly appreciated. Again thanking you, and wishing you a Happy New Year.

Yours very truly,

I. D. SQUAREWOOD.

Harvesting Onions At Seabrook Farms

We are printing the photograph below to show that we really do things on a big scale here. We showed this picture (as a lantern slide) at the Vegetable Growers' Association convention at Albany. Some of the gardeners there were skeptical about it; but we said it would have to speak for itself. You will recognize Hymie "the onion king" taking his hat off to the steam-shovel, which is filling the hamper!



All we will say is, "Secin's believin' "

One On the Editor

On a recent trip, having an hour to wait for a train, we dropped into a movie nearby. The lady in the seat in front had not removed her hat, which sported all the feathers from at least two full grown ostriches. Remonstrating mildly, we remarked:

"We want to look as well as you."

"Oh, do yer?" came the reply, in very plain Henglish, "Then yer better go 'ome and change yer fice!"

That Grindstone Nose

The man who keeps his nose perpetually to the grindstone—

Despatches a great deal of unimportant work.

Produces a very little good work.

Is called "steady."

Loses his perspective.

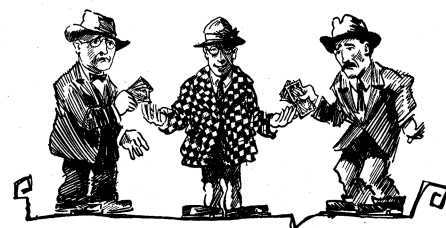
Narrows his mind.

Sharpens his temper.

Warps his personality.

Is placed on a dusty shelf with others of his kind.

The man who keeps his nose perpetually to the grindstone gets his nose rubbed off.



Easy Money!

We took this little snap-shot last summer, just after George became a Pa—and passed the smokes.

George is a keen business man, and knowing that it would be up to him to buy the cigars some day, he made a little bet with Hillie and A. P., so that there would be a stinking fund* for the havanas (?) when the time came.

Needless to say, George won the bet.

* Editor's Note—We wrote this "sinking fund": the printer made a mistake—but we think we may as well let it go, at that.