

The Seabrooker

Published
Every So Often
By the Folks



At
Seabrook Farms
Bridgeton, N. J.

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No. 7

Automobile News

Fords—Buicks—Fords Again— Convalescence

Say, when the warm weather did let up, it let up with a bump.

Most any morning you can see "our friend the Duke" (otherwise known as "Pretty Soft") with his coat collar up and his hands in his pockets until he begins to thaw out along about 11.30. Of course we guys who have to crank up Fords in the morning, get fully thawed out about 6.35. Well, never mind, some day we may drive Buicks or Twin-Sixes (By the way, we hear that the Duke wants to sell that Buick and buy a Stutz so theres' a chance for somebody).

NOTE:—We got a big cigar for slipping in that "Ad" but if the Buick isn't any better than the cigar, take our tip and try it first!)

* * *



Old Man \$ Is Getting Around Again!

"Fords are down!"

That's the news we heard one morning a few weeks ago.

It was interesting, not only because we have to have Fords to save the high cost of shoe leather these days, but because in the business world the price of Fords is a sort of barometer of what's likely to happen to other things.

There doesn't seem to be any doubt about it, this time, that prices are really beginning to ease off a little. We sure are glad to see some signs that old man Dollar may be able to get around again somewhere near as spry as he was before the War hit him.

But there's another side to think of, too. Wholesale prices have come down, as well as retail. Which means that while you pay less for a pair of shoes,



Starting the greenhouses on their next year's round. Hymie Lewis and his gang setting out Lettuce. Mr. Huber's new "sextagona" method of planting gives 12 per cent. more plants in the same space.

The Man Who Takes Pride In His Work

I have always been a great believer in the man who takes pride in his work.

. Whoever does not, sets a limit for himself before he starts.

He may be honest and industrious. He may put in his full number of hours and keep busy during all of them. But the man who goes farther than this, who refuses to satisfy himself with less than the best work he can do, he is the man (or woman) who will keep on climbing, to the top.

And whether it's bunching radishes, or hoeing lettuce, or handling a gang, or building a house, it's those who put most pride into their work that get the most joy out of it.

I am proud of the number of Seabrookers who take pride in the work they are doing. I believe that is one of the reasons why the Farms are what they are today.

So let every one of us try to pass this spirit along to those who work with us, until every last worker on the place is drawing a weekly dividend of honest pride in work well done, along with his pay envelope.

CHAS. F. SEABROOK.

the shoe manufacturer gets less for them. And Ford gets less for his Lizzies.

What's the answer?

Many of the shoe factories have shut down. But the answer Ford has found, is to make more efficient machinery and more efficient labor, increase production so much that he has not had to make any reduction in wages, even though he is getting less for his cars.

That's the answer we want to find here.

Much of our time and energy for the past two years, has been put into getting our new "plant" ready.

The next step, is to get her running smoothly, and at full speed.

That means the best effort, and the best co operation, that each of us can put in'o the game.

We are out to make Seabrook Farms as successful in the agricultural world, as Ford's factory has been in the automobile world.

Let's keep that in mind—And go to it!

* * *



Mark This Date!

The "little bird" has whispered to us that that Social Committee is planning a big time for Hallowe'en. Leastways, he's noticed great activity in gathering cider apples, and pumpkin pie material, and such.

So our tip is, to mark that date in on your calendar in a big red circle; and get your best pants pressed (see Gray about this) and make arrangements early with the girl you want to take home—'cause there'll be lots of competition.

Moreover, it's reported that there will be a real picture of this gala gathering took, by the best photographer in Bridgeton, so you want to get the very best costume you can for the occasion.

THE SEABROOKER



Dan Garrison's idea of the way a man should look when he's having his picture taken

Our New Concrete Road

Where the farm "yard" was, there are now more than 300 "yards" of clean new concrete stretched from the end of the big barn and machine shed, to the end of the cold storage plant. All hands seem to agree that it's one of the greatest improvements ever put in on the place.

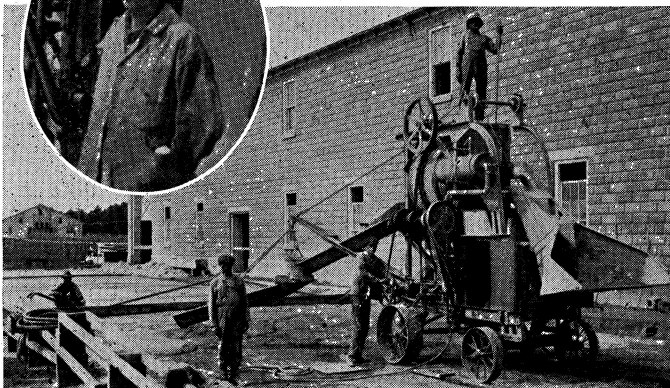
The road gang, under the general supervision of Hillie Davis, put down about a hundred feet a day. The mixing, and the mixer, was in charge of our genial "Rube" Bonham.

Rube is so all fired modest that he tried to crawl around in back of the machine just as we took this picture, so we wrote to his wife and got that "close-up" of him (in the oval) in his wedding suit. He's grown older since then, but, as you can see, he still wears that sunny smile.

The Old Man's cost sheets on this road show that the second half of the job was put in at considerably less expense than the first half, showing a very satisfactory increase in the efficiency of the road building gang.



The concrete mixer rigged for road building; bonny boney Bonham at the wheel, and Wink the Mixer King, on top.



Garrison's gang hoeing lettuce—they wouldn't stop work even to see the "little bird" fly

And Here's Dan Garrison Another Good Seabrooker

Dan is one of those who doesn't do very much hollering, but who sticks close to the job and keeps plugging away, with the result that he gets a lot of good work out of his gang without getting red in the face over it himself, or making his crew nervous.

"As I see it" says Dan, "we can't all run the whole place. But we can do the best we can with our part of it, and the result will be that the whole Farm will do its best. And it sure is getting to be some Farm".

They say that Dan, like so many other high-class artists, was born at the change of the moon, and consequently is somewhat temperamental, and some times gets worried about things, even when they are going along all right. However, that may be, Dan's work shows that his heart is in it, and that he takes that personal interest in it, that we want to get in every department and every gang, to make Seabrook Farms what it has some times been called, "the greatest farm in the world".

* * *

Keep Your Eye on the Social Committee

Behind the scenes, the Social Committee is arranging for some big times for this winter.

The "Seabrook Glee Club" has been organized, so get yourself all set for the "premiere" performance, which will be announced in an early issue of the Seabrooker.

Then there's that Hallowe'en party which you already know about. Buy your tickets for that early. Gray has already ordered a new pair of pants for the occasion; and Eldred has been shining his Sunday shoes for a week.

IMPORTANT

August

- 26—First spinach drilled in today.
- 27—We were doubly honored this month. Mr. Rockwell visited us again today.
- 28—Arch took a day off and it rained.
- 29—The Cumberland Glass baseball team treated us to some of our own medicine and defeated us. Score: C. G., 4; S. F. Co. 1.
- 30—Straw ride and shore supper to-night. Did you go?
- 31—Bill Davis reported improving.

September

- 1—The lettuce hoeing campaign was started.



- 2—Chris Uhland having taken his usual three days off, returned to work.
- 3—An addition to Bennie Bisher's

family. A boy was born this morning.

- 4—George Tustin went to Phila.
- 5—Sunday—H. M. Davis on duty.
- 6—The game with Rosenhayn postponed on account of rain.
- 7—Joe Snyder returned from his vacation.

- 8—Louie Uhland and his gang came down from the Orchard Farm.



- 9—Mr. Thompson returned from his vacation.

- 10—Emerson & Uhland, —Dealers in Melons. Buy your

melons from Emerson & Uhland.

- 11—Bill Davis is able to sit up now.
- 12—Sunday—Geo. Tomlinson on duty.
- 13—Hymie took a day off.



Gray's Elegy

Lines written in a Country Farm Yard

The comely mill boss, wending homeward way,
Reflects with joy on big feed coming due,—
Bivalves dragged shrieking from Fortescue bay
Fried, scalloped, or mayhap in homely stew.

To grace the banquet most correctly dressed,
His best pants to the tailor he had sent,
With urgent orders that the same be pressed
Rebuttoned, sewed, and rendered free from rent.

Alas! what language hurls he at the door
Of Isaac, who with heated iron burns
The "short and simple flannels of the poor,"
And highest hope to deepest sorrow turns.

Despondently he views the yawning hole,
Which is not mended by swear word or cuss,
Condemns the Jewish tribes to shoveling coal
And slowly journeys onward, singing thus:

What Isaac did to thee, dear pants
Condemns his soul eternally
He burned thy bosom loomed in France—
Ah! Misery—Ah! Misery.

—Swas Tica.

THE SEABROOKER

EVENTS

- 14—Ed. Maier said, "It was a grate day".
- 15—All the folks were glad to see Bill Davis out and driving his car.
- 16—Ladies get-together in the Auditorium today at 3 P. M.
- 17—Our civilized engineer fell over a stump today—I wonder why—and broke his instrument.
- 18—An addition to Tony Valpe's family. A girl was born this morning.
- 19—Sunday—Chris Uhland supposed to be on duty.
- 20—No. 1 Greenhouse set out with lettuce by Hymie's gang.
- 21—Mr. Millsbaugh spent the day in Philadelphia.
- 22—The timekeeper took a day off.
- 23—Seabrooker No. 6 made its appearance.
- 24—Miss Sutton had all cars at her disposal, but she preferred going to Finley station in No. 1.
- 25—The timekeeper tried to drive his horse without a bridle and consequently had a run-away.
- 26—Sunday—Louie Uhland on duty.
- 27—Miss Wilson and the timekeeper of Seabrook Orchards took possession of the new field office.
- 28—Les Johnson passed cigars around this morning—it was a girl this time.
- 29—Walt Atkinson took a day off and Bill Meehan took charge of his gang.
- 30—P. S. Duffield worked so hard he broke a pencil point.



Our Late Lamented Friend

He was a good workman—at his work He had the makings of a good mechanic—and we trust will make one yet. Pride goeth before a fall. We do not know where he has gone, but our good wishes go with him.

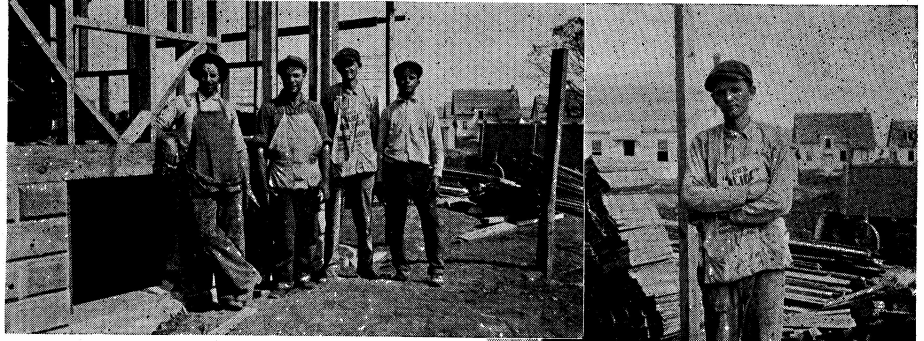
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Charlie's Joke

Chas. Baitinger—"Bill, how can you make a slow horse fast?"

Bill Tyrrell—"By using a whip, I guess."

Chas. B.—"No, stupid; tie him to a post!"



Neff's nefarious gang—Brownie Overs, Raymond Ransom, and John Hayes

"A Chiel Amang Us Takin' Notes"

Brother Rockwell, inoculated with Seabrook virus from numerous past short visits, arrived in our midst bag and baggage, October 2d. With his family and goods and chattels settled in his Bridgeton home, we may expect a more complete record of our comings, goings, and shortcomings than the long distance view has afforded him in his past conduct of the "Seabrooker".

We welcome brother Rockwell with the hope that his efforts will meet with success, that he may be possessed of the vision that sees the right impulse behind our foolishness, and that the "Seabrooker" under his guidance will increase its usefulness to the community.

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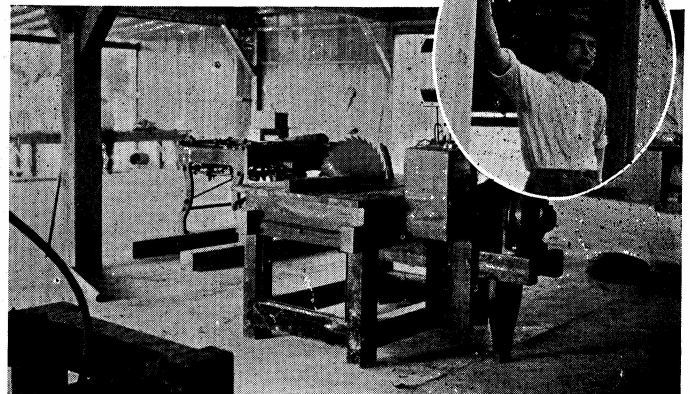
DeWalt and His Direct Drive Saw

DeWalt is one of our newcomers who is still coming strong. Down below is a picture of the direct drive bench saw that DeWalt designed and built, for the new saw mill. It has proved a great success, and done away with a lot of belt and bearing trouble, saw sharpening, and delay. It is such an improvement over the old belt drive, that the gang slat machine, now run by belt, will be DeWalterized as soon as possible.

Of course, we realize that the building of this saw was no real test for DeWalt's mettle, but it has given him a fine chance to drive a nail, so to speak, in building a strong place for himself here.

There will be bigger things to be tackled later, and we believe he can handle them just as satisfactorily as he has this first test of his ingenuity and skill in finding a practical solution to a mechanical problem.

DeWalt (he looks like a good substantial citizen, doesn't he?) and the direct saw he designed and built.



Neff's idea of a proper Seabrooker pbse

The Boy Who Built the New Buzz Saw Barn, Nifty Neff, The Careful Carpenter

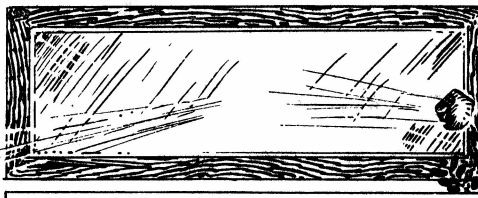
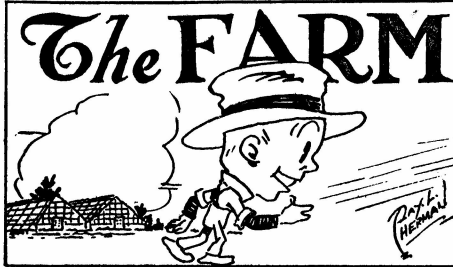
Neff is another of the boys who hasn't been one of us so very long, but who has made a mighty good record.

One of the things to his credit, is the new saw mill, that now houses Rourke and his crew of lightning log splitters.

The new saw mill is a good workman-like bit of work, and a credit to Neff, and his helpers. With Seabrook facility, they did not only the wood work, but put in the concrete floor; and while it cost considerably more, per square yard, than the similar floor in the new garage, it's a good job, and adds a lot to the general perfection of the mill.

In addition to the mill as it now stands, there is to be a box shop and assembling room, that will be added this fall.

THE SEABROOKER



Mrs. Seabrook's Welcome Back

"Mac" Says a Mouthful

The vital problems before the people today demand that we work and think. One need not go beyond himself to recall some foolish act which he could have avoided by thinking. Many times, a little thought applied at the right time, would have doubled or trebled the results of the day's work.

Today most of our men are thinking and working. They agree with Edison when he says "Genius consists of only one per cent. inspiration and ninety-nine per cent. perspiration". We know that coupled with hard working there must be hard thinking. We know that during the days of high wages that our boys did a lot of thinking, and they reasoned it out that some day when conditions changed, that food would still be necessary, and that it would take a good many farmers to produce it. Therefore, they have kept at their posts, and now as the various "war babies" are laying off their men, our fellows have nothing to worry about. They are out of the "danger zone", and the "zero hour", which everyone now thinks is approaching, has no terrors for them. —A. R. M.

Editor, Seabrooker:

That "little bird" you have been following around the farm, has overlooked one of our fairest flowers. It's all right to show up pictures of the Seabrookers who are feeding the world, or part of it. But what we are interested in, is who is feeding us.

Now there's our Lilian. We had pumpkin pie today. And say, if the artist who made that don't deserve to have her picture in our paper, then nobody does! We want to see you do something about this. If she won't let you get a picture of her, then one of the bunch here will get one for you. In any case we're here to tell the world that when it comes to getting three good "squares" a day we'll come to Lilian.

—One of the Bunch.

Note:—No, "Bunch", we hadn't overlooked this. In fact, we have a poem, by our highest paid poet, already in type for the next issue, and if you think this does not fill the bill, after you read it, then try your own hand, and we'll print anything you send in.—Editor).



Shortly after Mrs. Seabrook's return from her summer vacation, last month the folks on the Farms gave her a welcome home in the shape of an evening's reception and entertainment on the lawn in front of the big house.

Some three hundred were present. The Social Committee, which is beginning to get busy in connection with all occasions of this kind, supplied the ice cream and cake.

Stanger's orchestra furnished the music, and there were solos by Clarence Hoover, who plays the violin, and vocal numbers by the Miss Bowen, of Shiloh, the Misses Marks, and Mr. Lounsbury and his Hobo Quartette.

"A real good time was had by all", and Mrs. S. was given a right royal welcome, such as we all felt.

* * *



The Boarding House Twins

The boarding house twins, brothers Charlie and George

They can hardly be kept apart
Whenever they break bread at Queen Lilian's board,

One or the other will start.
"George, dear" says Charles, "with my baby fist

I'd love to caress your nose.
Were I as near you, as you are to me,
I'd put you into a doze".

"Remember the time, Brother Charles," says George,

"You helped me with that manure?—Well
I wish I could tie you behind a Ford
And drive you clean through—

(Balance of this contribution omitted for lack of space)—Editor.

Seabrookers All

The Carpenter, he is a jolly good sport,

I like him.
He can build a gambling house, or build a court

He is fairly good at hitting the nail on the head,
But at original ideas, he is pretty bad,
So we get an architect, if there's one to be had;

That's why I like him.

The Blacksmith, he is not such a fool.

I like him.
Though he often mistakes a horse for a mule,
When it comes to wagons, he's right there,
When you ask him for a nut, he'll show you a pair,

For he has more than one helper over there;

That's why I like him.

The Greenhouseman, he is a pretty good

skate.

I like him.

Though he will not trust to fate,
He is very sure he can grow lettuce,
And for any amount is willing to bet us
That if the heat doesn't the frost will get us;

That's why I like him.

The Machinist, he is an awful boob,

I like him.

To us Seabrookers, he is a "rube".

He is very confident he can repair any machine,

And looks down on him who is a "has been".

And vows, he will never again taste gin.

That's why I like him.

The Engineer, he is a pretty good chap.

I like him.

However, they say that he lacks pep.

But he thinks he knows it all

He even thinks he can shovel coal,

But with the firemen he isn't in it at all;

That's why I like him.

The Traffic Man, he is very busy,

I like him.

Though they say his work is easy,

However, him at work you will always find.

If he lets up a minute he will be behind.

For we have here only one of his kind;

That's why I like him.

The Timekeeper, he is always on the beat

I like him.

He needs no watch for he keeps time with his feet.

He surely does raise some dust.

And punches the ticket of Jack Frost

And work conscientiously, he says, we all must;

That's why I like him.

The Field Worker, he ranks with the best,

I like him.

About him we must not jest.

It is he, who feeds our mighty nation,

And who sees that we get a larger ration,

Therefore, we must show him our appreciation;

That's why I like him.

The Cashier, she is very, very good.

I like her.

Though she plays no part in raising the food.

But when Wednesday comes along, and you go for your pay,

You will find her there, smiling and gay,

Giving it to you, and telling you not to spend it on the way;

That's why I like her.

The SEABROOKER, he is the best of all,

I like him.

He is not one certain person at all.

Him you will see always on the go,

At all times capable of hoeing his own roe

And earning for you and for himself some "dough";

That's why I like him.

—David Lewis.