

1933

Compliments of Maine, 1933 (?)

Maine Development Commission

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"COMPLIMENTS of MAINE"

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March 21, 1928

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THE following clipping from the Marshalltown, Iowa, Republican, may show how Western people seem to regard Maine:

"Dog sled races are becoming very popular in Maine, the coldest of the frozen States of America.

"The races are run by tying a flock of dogs together and making them dash from one blizzard to another.

"It is so cold that when a dog team stops for breath the officials have to wait until spring to thaw it out.

"The only way folks in Maine can tell trees from the icicles hanging on them is that the icicles are bigger.

"When there is a snow fall only two feet deep they know spring is here.

"August is a hot month in forty-seven States, but in Maine it's just a fellow's first name.

"But we've got to hand it to Maine. The natives never get cold—they are born that way."

OUR notion is that this is envy; not illiteracy. It is an effort to counteract the trend of eastern-born people back to the land of their fathers. For this is what is happening—there is a tide of immigration to Maine; not emigration from Maine, as was formerly so depleting.

We may not attempt to reply to that of Iowa any more than Iowa would reply were we to relate how Iowa looks to us—drab, uninteresting, lonesome, feeble, thin-legged, god-forsaken in its dreariness. Iowans like it. Bully for them.

Our business is to keep on telling about Maine "as it is"—as Uncle John Crowley of Topsham used to say. The Press Herald relates that we have had to cancel so-called Winter Carnivals in Maine this winter because we have had no winter—not snow enough to skid an automobile. That is so: We have had no zero weather—while Florida has had plenty of it. We have not had a single snow-fall in this part of Maine big enough to cover a cat's back were she tied to the ground.

But then—even at that, suppose we had; winter is itself so beautiful and so gracious that we lament the warmth

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of Maine this season. Minnesota is always colder than Maine and often Iowa is a frozen zone compared with Maine and we approve it. To the north of us live millions, in great cities, teeming with happy people. Montreal and Quebec, Toronto and Ottawa, Charlottetown and Fredericton, Halifax and Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton and Victoria—all Canadian capitals; lovely cities so far to Maine's north that they call us South and dream of our apple blossoms in May and June, our running brooks and our beautiful prospect of field and hill. Yet these cities make Iowa look funny. Since 1867, they have become metropolis-cities and happy if they have suitable winters for business and pleasure.

AN ENGINEER for the Sherman Corporation who came here from Cleveland for the first time recently was told in Ohio that he would have difficulty in "getting north of Portland" except by dog teams. A traveling salesman for Mack Trucks who arrived in Lewiston a year or two ago, from Illinois, was advised to leave his wife in Boston, because as he was told, there were no hotels "north of Portland."

We overheard, as we have often related, a conversation on a sleeping-car to Chicago, wherein a Baron Munchausen-traveler was telling about being in Maine. A credulous person in the seat with him said: "I suppose there are no traveled roads at all in Maine." "O, yes," said the traveler, "there are a few, between some of the larger towns; but mostly they go by blazed trails." Maine! with its forty million dollar expenditure for good roads; its miles of cement and macadam; its roads of perfect construction far into its very lumber-cropping forests, supplying the news-print for the world. And with its trunk lines to Canada, joining the vast network of Dominion highways across new continents, higher up the latitudes! How sweetly and patiently we do treat liars!

Now, what is the truth about it. Maine is the center of the great earth's circle. In other words, in Maine is located the 45th degree of latitude—half way from north pole to equator. A stone marks the spot in the town of Perry. This makes Maine the perfect temperate zone; four perfect seasons—the only perfect four-season latitude

on earth is this 45th parallel. Here we actually have a spring—a blossoming, revivifying season, when Nature kicks off the bedclothes and rises for its shave, shower and glow of health. Out she runs—does Nature; plants and picks the dandelion and the daisy; stretches herself to the skies; lifts her ears to the robin and the bluebird, who have chosen this State for their songs of happiness.

WE HAVE a summer that dreams happily by the seashore; and lolls under perfumed trees on high hills, seeing crimson sunsets. It is an actual summer—not a hot-spell merely. Not a sere and arid season, when the earth bakes, streams dry to sandy beds, locusts swarm; boll-weevils congregate, corn-borers hold conventions and dust rises in clouds behind the cultivators. Our summer is like a lovely dew-gemmed American Beauty rose. It is fragrant, lush, proud, a queen to the garden. The salt sea winds temper the sun and the sun is so proud to be shining over Maine that it sends through this highly cleansed air nothing but its high-priced wave-lengths—waves of such unusual sort that they sweeten the corn; flavor the fruits; put tang into the apples; butter the parsnips and make even the pop-corn so happy that it pops almost at the most commonplace question. And the summer rains—why! they are distilled water; rose water; a trifle salted by sea-breezes and having that perceptible essence of iodine in them, that makes Maine folk strong; makes Iowa malaria unknown; cures the rickets, when brought here from the "corn-belt," and puts pep enough into our people so that they have been able to found empires of the west; create Kansas and Iowa; build Minneapolis; populate Ohio and found California's present day prosperity. O Man! Our summers. Nobody has lived who has not known one.

Of course nobody has ever known autumn elsewhere than in New England, especially in Maine. Autumn was created here along these latitudes and here has been perfected. October in Maine has regal qualities that commoners do not know. We don't like to talk about it; for it is too beautiful. Nobody would believe us, if we told an Iowan what Maine is like in October. An Iowan would know we took our description from the Book of Revelation. Patmos is a piker to

Maine in October. Here gather all the ancient gods of old Olympus to have their stage set for pageants. Believe us, we have 'em. Every hill puts up scenery. Every sky-blue lake hits into high with smiles and graciousness. It is where Eden is; since Eden was abolished in Mesopotamia.

Then we have a little bit of winter; pure snow; blazing noons; moons of splendor; nights hung with stars. And then spring again. That's Maine. A million people—almost; sea, shore, mountain, hill, intervale, cliff, harbor; rivers and streams without number; cities very fair; towns with shrines of history and hero; millponds and way-side taverns; lovely roads to every town and village; vistas stretching from dawn to evening sky; sunsets flushing in glory; dawns out of mists that float like fairy veils.

When we read what an Iowa newspaper says about Maine, when we hear or read what many, who do not know Maine, say or think about it, we realize the necessity of telling the world about ourselves; by advertising, by broadcasting newspaper stories, by distribution of attractive pamphlets on Maine.

To do this the Maine Development Commission wants your assistance and the assistance of every Plantation, Town and City in Maine.

An article in the town warrant is absolutely necessary in order to raise money for this purpose, and the municipal officers of every town are urged to insert such an article so that the citizens of each and every town may have an opportunity to vote upon this important question.

Form of Article for Warrant

ART.—To see what sum of money the town will vote to grant and raise to be expended and used for advertising the natural resources, advantages and attractions of the State of Maine.

Proposed Form of Vote under the Foregoing Article

Moved that the Town raise and appropriate under this article the sum of \$..... to be paid by the Town Treasurer on warrant properly drawn to the order of the Treasurer of State of Maine for the purpose of developing the resources and attractions of the State of Maine.



THE MAINE DEVELOPMENT
COMMISSION

(Your Commission)

Augusta, Maine