



HON. LUTHER MADDOCKS of Boothbay Harbor.

FROM the tidal sweep of the harbor seas to the busy village street,
 You turn your steps, in Boothbay town, to a business man's retreat,
 Whose office windows face the East and look across the bay,
 Where the smoke and steam of the factory stacks obscure the rising day.
 You hear the siren's warning call as the fleet comes in from the sea,
 Their decks afloat with the shining loot of the seiners' piracy.
 And then 'mid the steaming vats and pans, 'mid the factories toil and moil,
 They put away, as Maine sardines, these little fish, in oil.

From beginnings small, has Maddocks made this sea-wise business great;
 And with equal zest has the people served, in high affairs of state.
 In a thousand ways, with untiring zeal and with purpose firm and true,
 He has worked for the growth of the Harbor-town, as only he could do.
 You could hardly name a single line of her commerce or her trade,
 Or a feature of her civic growth, where Maddocks has not made
 A part of the life of the busy town, with a helpful heart and hand,
 And stood, in his place, before all the world, as a business man should stand.