# OUR FIRST OLD HOME DAY AT SALEM, MAINE, AUGUST SEVENTEENTH, 1904

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Our first old home day at Salem, Maine, August seventeenth, 1904 by D. C. Heath

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D. C. HEATH

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Trieste



#### SALEM, THE HABITATION OF PEACE

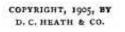
"'T is the bome of our childhood ! The beautiful spot Which memory retains when all else is forgot,"

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# OUR FIRST OLD HOME DAY At Salem, Maine

AUGUST SEVENTEENTH 1904

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# TO OLD SALEM

## By Edna Worthley Underwood

Great-grand-daughter of Albert Hayford

I know a little village in the north Whose green fields now the white spring-flowers storm In curling waves of snow-white daisy-foam, Up-beating fierce in Spring's abandonment, Till all the lonely little village streets Are flecked with fragrant foam.

I know a little village in the north From off whose rampart heights the clarion spring Flings far her yellow-throated messages And fair flower-blazoned heraldry, Till all the lonely little village streets Are sweet with minstrelsy.

I know a little village in the north Which Abram shields against the winter's storm, Bold-squaring his broad shoulders to the blast, Kind sentinel, faithful unto the trust Of guarding all the sheltered homes below Where the Quick River runs.

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### To Old Salem

I know a little village in the north Sweet all midsummer-time with scent of pine; There, checkerberries redden in the wood, By the road-side black-beaded berries grow Which other children — as I loved to do — Now string on meadow grass.

To thee, old Salem, thought turns longingly, (While sun-bright are the warm mid-August days) To Salem with its girdle of blue hills, To old schoolmates who now are gathered there, With whom, though prairie levels intervene, My spirit dwells this glad Reunion-time.

ABRANSAS CITY, KANSAS, August 1, 1904.

### PREFACE

THE matter between these covers has been put in type for the following reasons :

First, because a large number of those present on Old Home Day could not bear the speakers and were promised at the time that they should have an opportunity later of seeing in print as much of the proceedings as could easily be reproduced.

About four hundred persons responded to the invitation, and the old town house would hold but a small portion of the number present. After assembling in, and at the door of, this largest audience room in town, it was agreed that we should adjourn to the new Camp Meeting Grounds at the left of the road leading west from

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## preface

Edgar Wills' house (formerly the residence of Daniel Heath). The seats and the speakers' booth in these grounds were used for the first time at our Reunion and answered the purpose admirably. And yet there were so many present and there was so much pardonable talking in the space back of the seats, where old friends were cordially greeting old friends whom they had not seen for many years, that neither they nor those in the rear seats heard all that the speakers were saying. There being no reporter present, each one who spoke was asked to reproduce in script, as well as he could, the remarks he had made, and this book is the result.

Second, many who, because of distance, age, infirmity, or the cares of life, could not be present, lamented the fact and expressed the hope that they might have a full account of the Reunion.

This book will take our greetings to viii