

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

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649116096

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

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

D. C. HEATH

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



SALEM, THE HABITATION OF PEACE

"T is the home of our childhood! The beautiful spot
Which memory retains when all else is forgot."

OUR FIRST
OLD HOME DAY

At Salem, Maine

AUGUST SEVENTEENTH
1904

PUBLISHED BY
D. C. HEATH & COMPANY
120 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON
1905

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY
D. C. HEATH & CO.

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.

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.

ARKANSAS 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 hear 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

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