

**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 Various

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VARIOUS

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DAY AT SALEM,
MAINE, AUGUST
SEVENTEENTH, 1904**



SALEM, THE HABITATION OF PEACE.

"It 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

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1905



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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.

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.