

WEST JEFFERSON IN DAYS GONE BY

By Charlie Miller

Series 57

GLADDIS (GLADYS) JEWETT SCHALLER: She was the daughter of Dr. George F. Jewett who practiced in West Jefferson for many years. She was born June 8, 1891 and died August 31, 1947.

She wrote this poem that appeared in *The Madison Press* date unknown.

Memories of Childhood

My thoughts turn back to my childhood, And the place where I was born.

'Twas surrounded by meadows of clover, and fields of corn.

'Twas a little town on the highway, On the banks of a limpid stream,

But now, as I search thru my memory, It seems as though "twere a dream.,

In front of the church of my youth, Stands the town pump, rusty with age,(In front of the Baptist Church

And the tin cup, has seen its better days.

The opera house across the street, Was a place of wonder to me. (Village Hall)

A show in town was a special treat, In nineteen and three.

The sound of the clear ringing bell, The face of the smiling professor,

"Little Dick", whom we all loved so well. (L. C. Dick, Superintendent. I can remember him)

The school yard was grassy and shady, No cinders to wear out your shoes, (Garrette Park)

The old wooden stile that led from it, Was a landmark too precious to lose.

The little hill where we coasted, Back of the old saw mill, (Just west of the Ox Roast grounds)

Is a place that is dear to my memory, Although we took many a spill.

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The cherry trees back of dad's office, Were a temptation too great to resist,

We'd never wait for the cherries to ripen, Unless he would firmly insist.

We played on the dry goods boxes, In front of Byron Fellow's store,

But when "Bird" Clark rang the curfew, We weren't there any more.(Albert Clark long time night watch)

Across the street from our home, stood the bakery of John Kubitschack, (Kubitschack had the Star

The trips that I made to that store, Would more than fill "Santa's" pack. Hotel next to Chevron)

If we had a nickel for candy, We would spend one cent at each store,

And then put it all in one sack, And 'twould make a pound or more.

We would stroll to the old town bridge, The creek where we all loved to wade,

At the sound of the 6 o'clock bell, Home to supper, we all made a raid.

Last but not least, was our hay-mow, The place where we had our big shows,

A trapeze was hung from the rafters, Where we tried to hang by our toes.

Now, those carefree days are over, the old town is a different place.

New faces and places have changed it, But sweet memories even time can't erase.