

EDEN SCHOOL DAYS

Back to those nineties long ago,
School days fill my mem'ry;
I oftentimes think of old school pals,
Roy, Tom and Henry.

I'd like to pen your names all here,
Also my own brothers;
To fit this rhyme I mention three,
Mem'ry has the others.

Some trying games we used to play.
One was "Rough and Tumble",
But even in a snowball fight
Little did we grumble.

"Bull in the Ring," a game boys played;
Girls played "Drop the Hanky,"
Sometimes together we would play,
Neither side too cranky.

"Pom Pullaway" and "Crack the Whip,"
Such like kept us busy;
If nothing else, we'd whirl around
Just to make us dizzy.

I don't remember "Basketball!"
"Baseball" was more common,
And "Football"—Boy! We used to play
"Till it was like bombin'.

The same old woodshed was our gym,
This was where we dangled;
Our stunts were only monkeyshines,
We were not new-fangled.

We loved to ride down Phelps' hill,
How our sled went gliding!
And down the stair-rail in the hall
Head first we went sliding.

At sound of bell we all marched in,
Every one was seated;
Then on the floor a class was called,
Lessons were repeated.

We learned to figure, read and write,
Then we studied grammar;
"Attention!" would the teacher call,
If there was a clamor.

EDEN SCHOOL DAYS—Continued

We liked our teachers very well;
They were sometimes crabby,
I did not blame them very much,
We were far too gabby.

The old Inspector made his rounds;
He was always barking.
We'd rather hear a thunderstorm
Than to see him parking.

All geared to go on Arbor Day,
Boys and girls together,
To tidy up our old playground
If it was fair weather.

The same old well there in the yard
Still is flowing freely;
An iron pump replaced the wood,
It is not so squeally.

The maple trees around the yard
Seem to be some bigger;
The wire fence on metal posts,
Less decay, they figure.

There is a song my mother sang,
Here in part the lining,
I'll use it here because it blends,
Also has the rhyming.

"The old school house is altered now,
The benches are replaced,
And new ones very much the same
As penknives did deface."

"The same old bricks are in the wall,
The bell swings to and fro,
It's music just the same, dear Tom,
As forty years ago."

Old Eden is attractive still,
Always clean and tidy;
They yet have school five days a week,
Ending up on Friday.

I'd like to meet my old school pals,
Boys and girls together,
In that fair Eden bright above,
Never more to sever.