

A poem written by KATHERINE ANNA BOVEE HOWARD

*From a newspaper
Clipping (probably
The Eagle Quill)*

School-Day Memories

There stands by the side of a clear, shady pool,
A little white house, called the Eagleville school,
And there every day, as we go to and fro--
We learn of the things that we all ought to know.
I'm sure you would think we all do our best,
If you could but see the results of our test.
Our number is few, we wish there were more,
But they are gone, they have passed thru' the old schoolhouse door.

There were Della, Lucy, Alice and Jess--
Rosie, Annie, Lizzie, Rollie and Ches,
Oren, Sidney, Archie, Mary and Belle,
And so many others I cannot tell.
Roy, Leo, Bennie, Mabel and Jack,
How we wish they all would come back.
They have left us, they are gone from our ranks,
They left but the marks of their old school-day pranks.

Too soon we will pass thru' this old schoolhouse door,
Others will write of the school-days of yore.
To "consolidate" now seems to be the rule;
But our hearts will still cling to our "district school."
It has sent from its ranks teachers, fully a score,
Hurrah for the pupils of School District Four!
In day of the future, school days of the past,
We ne'er shall forget you so long as life lasts.

KATHERINE ANNA BOVEE
Eagleville School

Betty Jacob