Photographs

Photoes of trip to South Exeter 1921
Jacob S. Bragdon age 89 yrs old
Ernest J. Bragdon ,, 56 ,, ,,
W.B. Bragdon ,, 53 ,, ,,
Clifford S ,, ,, 50 ,, ,,

Volume # 1

Father passed away Aug 1922



Merry Christmas
Happy New Year

To Father — from Clifford
Dec. 25, 1921

Exeter, Maine

Forty Years After.

Snap Shots

of a flying trip by Automobile in 1921 to old haunts left behind in 1881

The Party

Jacob S. Bragdon — 89

Ernest J. " — 56

William B. " — 53

Clifford S. " — 50

The date

August 10-11, 1921.



The Automobile



The Miller Home



The Greenbush School
on a foggy morning



The Robinson District
— School —



Where Grandpa Lombard once lived — Kent's Corner



The Hill House
where we once lived



The Baptist meeting House in Hill District opp. Town Hall and Grave Yard.



School
in
Hill
District
where
we were
pupils
1878



Chamberlain
meeting House



District No. 9
rejuvenated



The Old Willow



The Old Home
in Ruins



The Titcomb Place



Where Grandma Lombard
died

Forty years ago

We've visited again, boys
The home of long ago;
The scene of childhood's fun, boys,
Though mixed with sadness, too.

The struggle oft was hard, boys,
Grim poverty and want
Kept knocking at the door, boys,
Or hurled the biting taunt.

But thanks to saintly Mother
Who toiled, and planned and prayed;
In all this world no other
Could e'er have given such aid,

And thanks to sturdy Father
Now four score years and ten;
His gift not wealth, but
rather
To make us worth while
men.

These hardships all were
vanquished,
Base creditors were foiled,
For food we never languished,
Though hard for it they
toiled.

Our eyes have seen again, boys
The little district schools
Where we were taught to read, boys
And mind the grammar's rules.

Just forty years have passed,
boys
Since on that April day
We turned our faces West,
boys
To seek a brighter way.

The Fates have been so kind,
boys,
Throughout these forty years,
We've had our share of life's
joys
Though sometimes mixed with
tears.

Now a Mayor and a Congressman,
A County Sheriff true,
An Elder and a Pedagogue
Who served as chauffeur, too.

Yes, we have seen again,
boys,
Our home of childhood's day.
The house is now a wreck,
boys,
Where once we used to play.

Methinks it gives a warning
Of what our lives might show,
Had we not turned West that
morning,
Full forty years ago.

C. S. Bragdon,

December 27, 1921.

New Rochelle, N.Y.