

174

SATURDAY NIGHT IN THE VILLAGE STORE

By Hazel Ward, 1915

Nanticoke is going to boom  
That is the word that's gone around  
The village men sat in the store  
And told what they had heard and found.  
Bill sat on the peanut barrel and Jim sat on the biscuits  
They knew Bill Davidson the Boss  
Would dust it off and whisk it.  
Jack straddled the molasses keg,  
The harness hung above.  
They told who died, who wed, who's sick  
And who had fallen in love.  
Tobacco smoke made blue the air.  
The gas light flickered dim.  
"Why this place is about to grow,"  
And so quoth farmer Tim  
"The Hydro folk will put a line  
From east to west on Main St.  
And now won't that be fine?"  
"That's nought at all," spat big fat Bill,  
"The railroad's coming through I heard them say in Jarvis  
And I know it must be true."  
Then big Wes got excited and he brought his great fist down  
"If all of this is true," he said,  
"We'd better plan the town."  
"The town hall's in the wrong place  
And we'd better have a square  
The bridge and street we'll widen  
Or we won't get anywhere,"  
"Well I don't know," said Dave and Jeff,  
"And you could see them grinnin'  
"If the place gets big and stylish  
Now where'll we put our women?"  
"There's going to be a factory  
Right where you see that shed  
Them buggies there will all be cars",  
Bill Harris up and said,  
"And we'll tear down the church sheds and  
Pull out the hitchin' posts!"  
"You've lost your heads," Dan Truckle said,  
"I hate to hear you boast."  
"Well these improvements sound real good,  
Let's build a picture show  
And then let's have some street lights  
To see just where we go,"  
"You'll have more than that,"  
said happy Tom  
You should have seen him beam.  
"Your horses, they won't work your farm  
You'll plow it by machine,"  
"Now that's enough" cried Dave and Jeff  
"Don't tell us any more,"  
"These things just happen in your heads  
When you're sitting in this store."