

4th of July at Eastport
(Author unknown)



There are always celebrations, summer, winter, spring and fall,
But July the 4th at Eastport is the grandest one of all.

It used to start the “night before” which was hilarious and wild,
And everybody went “to town” when I was but a child.

The fire crackers cracked and boomed, and horns blew in the street,
While people threw confetti over everyone they’d meet.

Then later, as things changed a lot, old home week came into play,
With lobster feeds, fish chowders, bands and ball games every day.

The night before, Old Timers’ Ball, where all old friends can meet,
Recall old times, keep up-to-date,
While dancing off their feet.

The fourth starts of the same old way with the Calithumpian parade,
Real early in the morning with some still sleeping, I’m afraid.

Later the popular penny scramble when the children push and shove,
And try to get the pennies thrown from a window up above.

The street races, some three legged, some in sacks, oh, it was fun!
Hopping, jumping, hugging, falling, until at last somebody won.

When the tonic drinking contest, and the juicy blueberry pies,
Eaten with their hands behind them, covering noses, chins and eyes.

Some years a greasy pig was let loose, to capture it was quite a chore,
The contestants looking greasier than the pig had looked before.

As you looked around the crowd, a balloon vendor’s voice you’d hear
And people were buying whips and canes to take home for a souvenir.

Then the water sports were started, people came from far and near
To Wadsworth wharf to witness the best sports of the year.

Here we watched the canoe races, high dives and the greasy pole,
With a small flag at the tip end, to walk out and get it was the goal.

They used to have a tub race, using a long pole to reach the shore,
That race had to be abandoned – there are no wooden tubs – no more.

Then, near noon, the little children had their own doll carriage show,
Or a gaily trimmed up bicycle, down through the main street they would go.

After that, the treat was hotdogs, or some other outdoor fare,
Patronizing all the street “stands”, as sweet odors filled the air.

Then came the grand civic parade that lives up to its name,
In spite of changing times it seems that parade is still the same.

And to round off this glorious day, just as the sun went down,
Our giant fireworks display was seen throughout the town.

With bursts of stars and rocket booms, and when all this was through,
A lovely lit-up replica of our own red, white and blue.

Some things are lost as time goes by, but in this we are unique,
We still do practically the same, each Eastport Old Home Week.

You may travel East or travel West, live in the South or in the North,
But if there's one drop of Eastport blood in you, you'll be home for the glorious fourth.