
WILBUR'S STORE

By Peter Aiken

Wilbur Henry Fullerton, born September 8, 1894, Dunkin, P.Q, married Doris May Smith, on July 12, 1923. Doris was born October 27, 1900, in Sutton Junction, P.Q.

Alter their marriage they moved in the house where Wilbur was born and have since lived there. They had one child, Mavis Elna, born April 8, 1924, in Dunkin.

In 1929, on June 20, Wilbur opened a general store, which he and Doris operated until October 1975. Many of you will remember this little store, he sold just about everything.



Source

- Roy, Jean-Louis. *Histoire d'une paroisse St-Cajetan, d'un village Mansonville, d'une municipalité Potton*, Les Albums souvenirs québécois, 1982, p. 107.

In the rolling hills of beauty where the banks slope down to the river shore,
 There stands a place of memory known as Wilbur's store.
 When you go there to buy something
 They greet you with a smile.

He and Doris would be so glad to see you they would ask you to sit and talk a while.
 I remember all the things they used to do to help me when I was just a kid.
 I went there to their store as many people did.
 They were always ready to help every underprivileged child.

It did not matter if you had the money or you didn't have a dime,
 They would say just buy what you want and pay some other time,
 I remember the Christmas candies they used to give away.
 I also remember all the food they used to give the sick and never accepted any pay,
 They tell you just take this to your mother or whoever might be ill.

This is the way these people were in the little store up on the hill.
 There are many kinds of beauty, like the music from the harps,
 But their kind of beauty always came from their hearts.
 I would not trade the memories I hold so dear,
 And I think you would say the same if you ever traded there.

I still hear the sleigh bells in their drive way and hear the laughter
 of the children as I saw Wilbur give them candy,
 And watch their parents smile.
 I know times were not easy for these people with great will
 To try to help their fellow man from that little store up on the hill.

The veranda caressed with flowers and the beauty of the spring
 Just passed another winter and summer has come again.
 You hear the robin sing, the fields are full of flowers,
 The snow has gone away.
 It seems so very still
 Your memories wander back to all
 The kindness bestowed upon the people, from the little store upon the hill.

When you look across the valley and you see the smoke coming from the chimney,
 As it winds it's way up towards the heaven
 Where the skies are ever blue.
 It makes me think of these people,
 Some of the best I ever knew.
 I go there to see them, not as much as I should,
 But they will always stay in my memory
 Because they were so good.

Now you look across the beauty of the valley,
 And you see the sun sinking low.
 Then comes the shadow of the evening.
 And you think of the store, the place you used to go.
 This little poem is a tribute to you and your goodwill.
 And thank you once again for all your kindness from your little store up on the hill.

Peter Aiken