

# MORETOWN HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

October 2015

Volume 1, Issue 7

**SOME "LOCAL FOLKS" POETRY**  
SPELLING AS FOUND IN ORIGINALS

"The Hermit"

Have you heard of the hermit  
folks are talking about?  
Does he still live on the Common  
or has he cut out?

It was late September  
they told of a man  
who roamed through the hills  
living off from the land.

One woman saw him  
he had an armful of wood  
The minute he saw her  
he ran as fast as he could.

Then Douglas, he saw him  
while hunting one day  
in a tree picking apples  
he saw the tree sway

The hermit, he saw him  
and took off like a streak  
then no one saw the old hermit  
for more than a week.

Then Russ and the boys  
were riding one night  
they went up by the camp  
and saw a dim light.

They opened the door  
and here's what they found  
a candle was burning  
and food scattered around.

But the hermit was gone  
he was nowhere in sight  
when the boys left the camp  
they blew out the light.

Russ drove up the road  
and when they came back  
they saw that dim light  
shining out through a crack.

They ran to the camp  
and turned the door handle  
the hermit wasn't there  
but he had relit the candle.

Along in October  
the kids were looking one night  
when they went by the camp  
and spotted his light.

There was Eugene and Punk, Sharon and Mike  
Cedric and Dennis that went up there that night

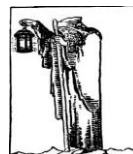
They got up by Connie's  
and saw this old man.  
There was the hermit  
when he saw them he ran.

He wore a tattered old coat  
that hung clean to his knees  
and he carried a gun  
as he ran through the trees.

We don't think he is dangerous  
although he carries a gun  
he's just an old hermit  
out having some fun.

Where is the old hermit?  
Do you think he's moved on?  
Or will he be back  
When the snow is all gone?

CR





## “Fall”

Golden-rod and asters are about all now that's left  
Except maybe a brave Dandelion, I stooped and picked so deft  
All the Daisy's and Buttercups have now all gone to bed  
Still now and then there is a pop-up where a hummer has fed  
The leaves have started falling, mostly here and there  
Tho the colors are just starting, I see most every where  
But, soon they will all be in full color, I do know  
The pine needles and the cones are falling along the path we go  
As my Sally dog and I go walking in early morn  
We see so many things that many people would only scorn  
But being a (old Vermonter) of so many-many moons  
Tis fun to scuff through the leaves that have fallen too soon  
A flock of geese have just flown o'er the field today  
That sure means that summer is over, I must say  
Now we must think of cooler days that will follow  
All the warm winds are gone and the new ones seem so hollow  
Now we know October has some of the best days around  
Gosh soon there will be so many people in and out of town  
Just a looking at the great picture Mom Nature puts on this year  
Oh yes, we all love it and each year it seems to get more dear.

asmp- 1989

## “What Makes Thanksgiving”

Should it be turkey roasted brown  
For friends and relations coming from town;  
Mashed potatoes and stuffing, gravy to please,  
Busy moms working while small children tease.  
This is the way it seems to me  
That Thanksgiving Day had ought to be.  
The silver and dishes are all in place  
On the dining room table extended in space;  
Seated for forty a few more or less  
Chair after chair to seat every guest.  
A larger table I never shall see  
Isn't this the way Thanksgiving should be.  
We were thankful to God in His heavenly place  
As each of the forty bowed heads low for Grace.  
These are the things we should remember  
As Thanksgiving comes with each November.  
This is what it seems to me  
Thanksgiving Day had ought to be.  
Now in adulthood I sorrowfully find  
We have Thanksgiving of a different kind.  
Each little family alone by themselves  
Food that is packaged straight off the shelves.  
Times are so different it's easy to see  
Is this what Thanksgiving really should be?  
The silver all matches, not a dish with a chip.  
We eat before dinner on crackers and dip;  
The table is set, buffet if you please  
Everything to get dinner over with ease.  
If only once more I really could see  
Thanksgiving dinner as it really should be.  
Each year I think, when the day has gone by,  
That isn't right, next year surely I'll try  
To plan and have the whole family around  
We'll get a big turkey to cook golden brown  
And then my children will get to see  
What Thanksgiving Day really should be.  
And as this year we spend the day  
In the lone and lonely usual way  
The lonesome feeling deep in my heart  
I wonder, what will set the day apart?  
For my children who look back and see  
Is this the way Thanksgiving should be?

Written by Eunice H. Ferris 11/17/1960 from Rollins Family Cookbook, 1995

“November”

November- the month that brings  
The end of fall.  
So many holidays and celebrations,  
So many good memories to recall.  
Veterans Day on the eleventh  
God’s Blessing to each one.  
We all thank you for the freedom that  
You have won.  
November- Harvest time is here.  
“Button-up” the doors and windows  
From the howling wind and storm.  
New friendships come to rid your stress  
As November does progress.  
November- deer are content on  
The hillside to roam,  
Until the hunters invade their home,  
Hoping antlers to see or a least  
A white flag when the deer flee.  
Maybe next time it will be a buck  
It will happen if I have luck.  
November- coming to an end,  
But not until Thanksgiving  
As all the family do descend  
Upon the bounty of the harvest.  
The squash, potatoes, onions and pumpkin pie.  
Give thanks to God whenever you  
Feel Him pass by- So goes November  
As we make way for December  
We all give Thanks for November  
The best month of the year to remember  
November.

TM-2002



“ The 1927 Flood”

In the early days of November  
Nineteen Hundred twenty-seven  
A most unusual downpour  
Was sent from out of the heaven.

Continuing thirty-six hours  
The rain in torrents fell  
Flooding many New England farms  
And many a village as well.

My tale is one of the many  
But of one little village I love  
It lies deep in the valley  
My home on the hill above.

First we heard Dow Fielder’s family  
Had been forced their home to leave  
That Bart was still within the barn  
For him we could but grieve.

For what a night it must have been  
With cattle lowing and dead  
No wonder he uttered fervent prayers  
As the rats ran round his head.

Then we heard the village people  
Were seeking higher ground  
As darkness was coming on  
And water their homes did surround.

That the bridge above the village  
They thought must surely go  
That cars were stranded upon the road  
Their motors were flooded so.

And whether our homes were high or low  
Every heart felt keenest pain  
As we thought of absent loved ones  
And listened to the rain.

When at last the morning dawned  
Through the sky was still o’ercast  
We found the waters receding  
The worst of the flood had past.

The property loss was heavy  
All human life had been spared  
Moretown people will ever be grateful  
To those whose homes they shared.

Now we thought of homes that were flooded  
But how could we aid them best  
For bridges all were missing  
And telephones having a rest.

Few could reach their nearest neighbor  
Unless they went on foot  
And then must keep their side of each stride  
Till a footbridge had been put.

Each farmer had his own problems  
With no outlet for cream or milk  
No way to get grain for his cattle  
Till many a bridge had been built.

And many a rich fertile meadow  
Lay buried 'neath tons of sand  
Some streams having cut and gullied  
New channels across the land.

But now for our little village  
With the bridges gone at either end  
The mill-house missing, Ward's mill a wreck  
With flood-wood piled high on each bend.

Mell Freeman's barn was set in the road  
The creamery wood-shed gone  
The ice-house twisted off its base  
Ernest's booth and barbershop all wrong.

Mell Freeman's shops you'll see no more  
Nor the "Old Office" on the hill  
The grain shed gone, also the barn  
But Sam Farnsworth's house stands still.

Jennie Pierce's house and barn are gone  
And the barn below there, too  
But Miss Whitney was wise and had hers  
chained  
So that house didn't go.

Birney's, Griffith's, Sid's and Frank Johnson's  
barns  
Were twisted round and about  
The bridge that spans the river here  
And the lower dam went out.

Ward Lumber Co. the heaviest loser  
Property damage, grain, and lumber and wood  
With Moretown depending on them for work  
We pray that their courage keeps good.

William Hathaway lost wood  
His barn moved some  
And George Parker's woodshed  
Toward the mill did come.

The sidewalk snow plow  
With the bridge said "adieu"  
Now during a snowstorm  
Buckley comes not in view.

And many a home was flooded  
Yet still on its foundation stood  
With everything downstairs just ruined  
Even furniture almost "no good".

With dirt in each crevice and corner  
You surely have earned a crown  
If by dint of hard labor you saved things  
And still smile your hard luck down.

Here's hoping the Red Cross stands by you  
That each friend proves a friend in need  
That springtime brings hope and rejoicing  
Is the wish of a friend indeed.

Now I'm sending this little rhyme  
For the twenty-fifth of December  
Though those who were in the flood  
Need no rhyme to make them remember.

Etta Johnson



“Autumn Thoughts”

Majestic mountains garbed  
With autumn colors so fine

Vermont in late September is  
Truly beautiful- this state of mine

The maple, birch and ash trees  
Exchange their green leaves  
For shades of red and gold

A repeat of nature’s grandeur  
Each and every Fall still’s a  
Wonder to behold.

The cool crisp mornings often  
Begin with silver frost that  
Appears like diamonds shining  
In the rising sun

Honking geese in the sky above  
Announces a southward  
Journey once again begun

Clear blue skies overhead  
Without the summer haze to  
Hide their hue

Days become shorter despite  
The winter preparations that  
Are left to do

Blessed are we by God to have  
Eyes and ears to enjoy these  
Seasonal changes all

Seems my favorite time of year  
Must truly be the Fall

Robert Wimble 9/27/1997

“Falling Leaves”

Oh but it’s almost scuffling time  
As we walk through the woods to the field  
Oh, but now there is just a little rustle  
But soon real music it will yield

In early morn while wet with dew  
Their music is soft almost a whisper  
But by mid-day bar any rain and the sun will  
shine  
If you should listen, you could hear every visitor

Then by mid-October or maybe later  
You can wade through them neigh up to you  
knee  
Then the music is true music of late fall  
Then the trees are naked, that’s what we hate  
to see

But from now till fall music is all o’re  
We will listen for that musical tune  
As we tramp each day from here to the field Oh  
yes it will come and be gone much too soon.  
asmp- 9/20/1989

“Winter in Vermont”

When it’s winter in Vermont  
And the gentle breezes blow,  
Seventy miles an hour  
And it’s fifty two below.  
You can tell that you’re in Moretown  
The snow’ up to your butt,  
When you take a breath of fresh air  
Your nostrils both freeze shut.  
The weather here is wonderful,  
I guess I’ll hang around  
I never could leave Moretown  
I’m frozen to the ground.

Recopied by Larry Conrad- Author Unknown

Hope you have enjoyed these snippets from  
some of our Moretown poets!

We welcome Sponsors! If you would like to see your name here, please let us know! It helps defray the cost of publishing the newsletter.

Joe Gabaree- South Hills Construction

Ed Blake- Three Generations Woodworking

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\$15.00 for four issues.

## For Sale

Moretown Coffee Mugs (\$20.00)- Moretown T-Shirts (\$20.00)- Moretown History Booklets (\$5.00)- Taplin School Book (\$18.00)- Moretown Poetry Book (\$12.00)

Draw Logs From Dowsville Book (\$15.00-\$30.00)

Are you doing some local research? Give us a call or drop a line, perhaps we can help!

Moretown Historical Society

- PO Box 487- Moretown VT- 05660

# Moretown

Population 1,658 at the 2010 census.

**Area:** 40.2 mi<sup>2</sup>

## Miscellaneous

The following is transcribed from a notebook found at the Moretown Historical Society. Notes taken in the 1960's by an unknown person in conversation with Beulah Evans.

Beulah Evans (Evans family came to Moretown in 1827)

In 1927 the main floor (of her house) had 18 "of water. (During the flood) they moved to Ward's ( Big House). Mr. Haylett's daughter wouldn't leave so men came with a blind horse to lead them to the Big House.

Fred Goss built the Ashley bridge.

1827 Herb Ward first settlers (Cobb Hill)

There was a fire in the Upper mill out house . Paper and stuff was thrown down. Some kids started it. Beulah saw it start but couldn't help much.

Beulah had a twin sister.

George Parker was the mail man.

Had to move quartz (cemetery) stone, it was not in the proper place at upper cemetery (Mountain View) Parents are in old cemetery.

There was a starch factory down where Schultz's live

School built five years after 1927 flood

1000 trees were given to school and planted by Mrs. Herrick's class. Across from St. Patrick's Cemetery (South Hill)