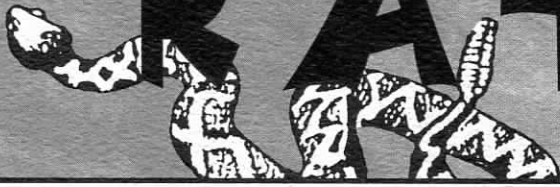


RATTLESNAKE GUTTER TRUST

THE

RATTLER



HIKING ON BRUSHY MOUNTAIN

We walked across the field, all of the 5/6 classes, 62 of us actually. We were going to hike up Brushy Mountain with Brooke Thomas as our leader.

We were studying Leverett history so we were going to see the old cellar holes. We walked out to the holes, Brooke pointing out different species of trees on the way.

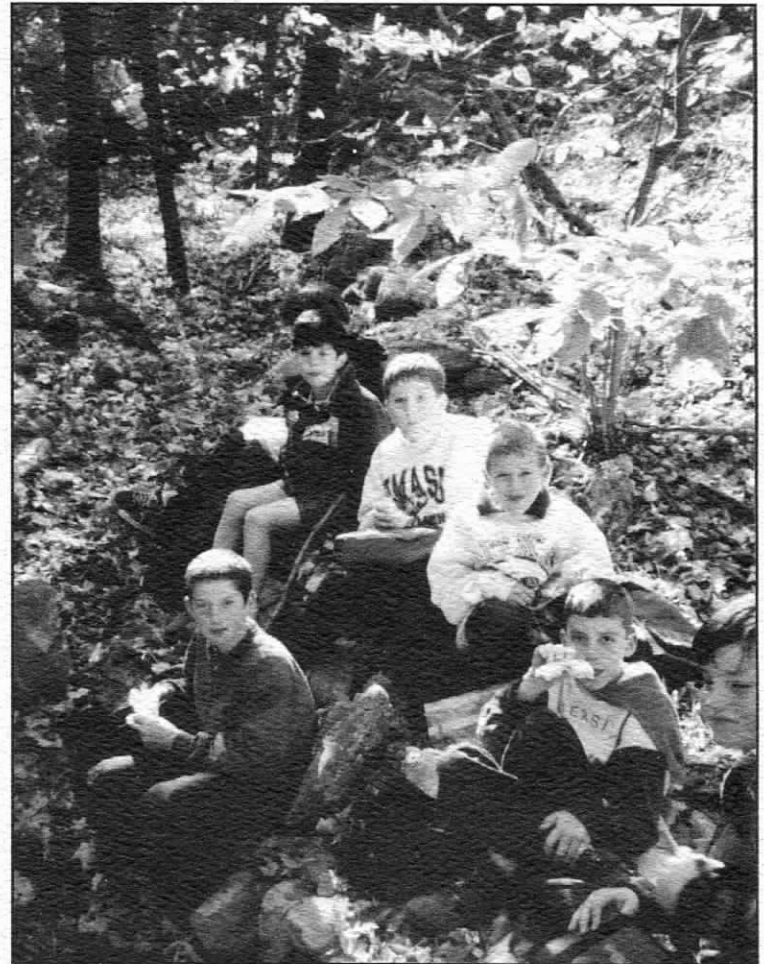
The cellar was a deep hole with stone walls and we sat down around it to hear some facts or a story about it. A down side to that is that wherever you sat down there was poison ivy.

Some kids found an old shovel that they wanted to bring back, but I don't think they did.

We hiked a little farther, then we stopped for lunch at an old mill site, I think, though there wasn't much left of it,

After we all finished our lunches, we walked down the other side of the mountain toward Rattlesnake Gutter Road. As we neared the road, finding out that we had to walk down the road to catch the bus was not exactly good news to us because we were all tired and hot. But as soon as I cracked open the Tic Tacs and almost everyone had five or six, we were all pretty happy.

We finally got to the bus and got on which was not easy because we had about twice as many people than were probably



A few of the hikers taking a break for lunch on the Metacomet-Monadnock Trail, Mountain Day, October 1996.

supposed to fit on that bus.

We chanted all the way back to school, stuff like "No school" and "No homework". I don't think any teacher gave in to that, or at least my teacher didn't.

—Nora Kelty

POETS' CORNER

A Pony

Galloping pony
alone
Your hooves sound like drums
against the sand
on a windy beach
With waves breaking at your heels
You are silver
and I can see the moonlight
gleaming
against your coat
Your tail is floating behind you
and you are beautiful!
You are fast and you are brave
But where did you come from?
Galloping pony
Alone

—*Sarah Lukens*

The Moist Wet Place

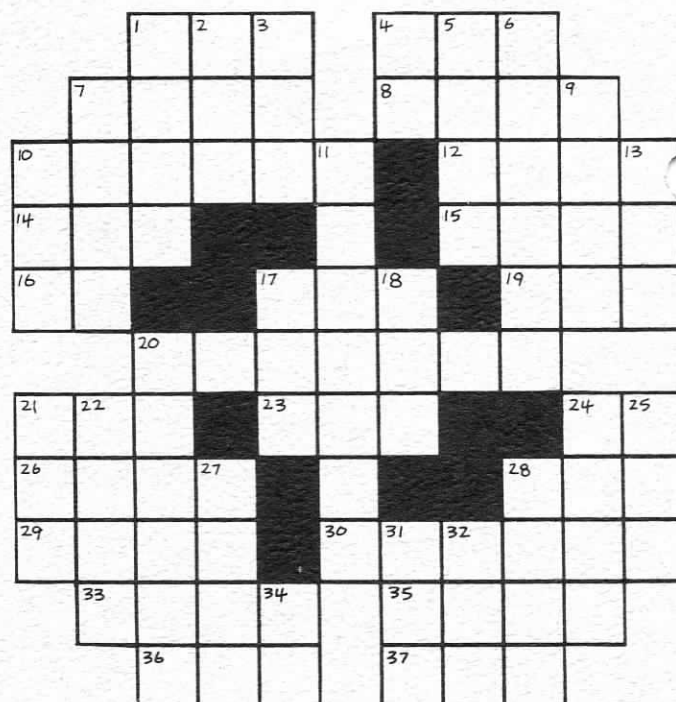
Green trees wet white water falling
Very steep place
Peaceful
Wet Wet

Gray and Blue sky
Puffy clouds
Flowing stream
It is cold and Hot
You fall on mossy rocks

Water hits you
You feel the moist
And you feel good

You see a cave WOW
You see a stream
And you take a drink
You see tall green trees
You fall in a waterfall
Then you are Wet Wet

—*James Conelly*



ACROSS

1. Night bird
4. Likely
7. Money earned for work
8. Unable to hear
10. Bright yellow songbird
12. Wings of buildings
14. This is used for tennis
15. Appeal
16. Printer's measure
17. Self
19. Big-eyed bird
20. Fork-tailed bird which often lives in cliffs
21. Part of a circle
23. ____-winged blackbird
24. Exclamation
26. Mud; dust; garbage
28. Opening
29. A person who does things
30. Obtain; tighten
33. Exact duplicate
35. Govern, as kings do
36. One who watches secretly
37. Long, skinny fish

DOWN

1. This gets the fish
2. Past
3. ____ Aviv (capital of Israel)
4. Newspaper display
5. Bird sound
7. Small songbird
9. The birds ____ south in winter
10. Number
11. Baby eagles
13. Short for Sally
17. What you hear with
18. Not young
20. Fasteners
21. Put together
22. Excited mob
24. Rabbit
25. Monkey
27. A short journey
28. Water bird
31. Sooner than; before
32. Stick used in billiards
34. Large Eastern state (abbreviation)

[Solution on page 4]

THE WORLD AROUND US PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

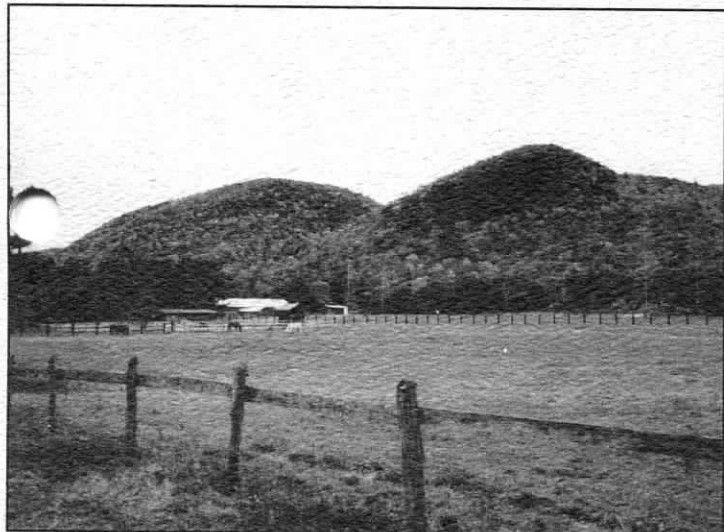


Long Plain Road

Tommy Kelley • Kindergarten



Lindsay Palmer • Grade 1



Brittany Nickerson • Grade 5/6



Leverett Pond

Jasper Adams • Grade 1



Leverett Pond

James Conelly • Grade 4



Julian Nickerson • Grade 1

THE RUMORED WITCH OF LEVERETT

If you drive along Depot Road and come from Route 63, you'll find yourself along a very short stretch of road with a package store to your left. If you drive (or walk or bike) a little bit further you'll see, or you should see, a great many cows. But these are anything but ordinary cows, these are. The Great Oreo Cows of Leverett! (If this was a play you'd hear a trumpet blowing in the background.) These cows are called the "Oreo" cows because of their unique colors. They are all black with a wide band of white that wraps around their stomachs. Every single cow is like that. I'm not sure if it's a specific breed of cow or whether it's bizarre genetic engineering, but every single cow looks exactly like the one in front of it, or in back of it, or to the side of it.

Right across the street is a cemetery. There are gravestones just like every other cemetery. When you think about it, there's nothing that extraordinary about this cemetery. But what's not in the cemetery is what's rather interesting.

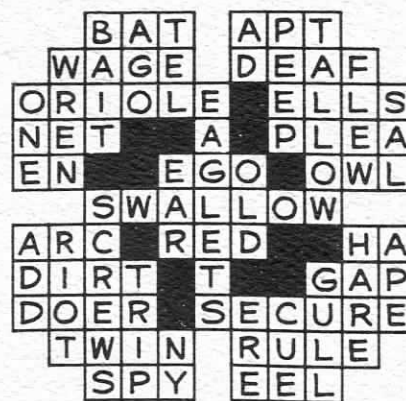
The rumor about a witch being executed and buried in Leverett is an old one, and everyone seems to have a different opinion and story. The best-known story is the one about a woman named Mrs. Glover (I don't know her first name, but I've heard everything from Hannah to Sarah to Jacoba), who died in 1900. According to the Leverett Bicentennial book, when she died over \$1000 was found sewn into her clothes and hidden around her house. The book also says that she lived either in the Osgood home or in a house right behind it. The Osgood home is the big house on Depot Road that looks like it used to be a church, although it never was. Mrs. Glover is supposedly buried some-

where in the woods right in back of Oreo cow fields, not in the cemetery, because people didn't want a "witch" buried in their traditional graveyard.

That's all that I can tell you about a witch on Depot Road, but there are also those who say that the old gravestone behind the Oreo cows is an old gravestone that came from the cemetery. The family thought it was getting too old and worn down so they bought a new one and ditched the old one in the field. That might explain why the gravestone is flat on the ground. Another story is that there were two kids who dared each other to push down the gravestone, but when they did they both got so terrified that they ran away. Personally, I'm not sure if I believe that one. No matter what story you've heard, no matter what rumor is passed around, you could always just go and...

...see for yourself.

—Ravenna D. Wilson



THE RATTLER is the LES edition of the Rattlesnake Gutter Trust's NEWSLETTER.

Anyone interested in submitting an article, a photo, a drawing, a poem, or a cartoon for a future issue should speak with a teacher or send submissions to:

THE RATTLER

Rattlesnake Gutter Trust

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