

Spring/Summer 2003

The Hometown Magazine

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The Black River JOURNAL

FROM THE HILLS OF SOMERSET AND HUNTERDON TO HISTORIC MORRIS COUNTY

**Natirar: The Ladds
and Their Estate**

**Biplanes Over
Hunterdon
County...**

**Racing Legends II:
Duct Tape and
Baling Wire**

**Take a Ride on
the Black River
& Western**

And Much More.....

**An Indomitable
Horse Named
Pickle Road...**

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WONDER

Do Tulips have two lips?
Do Dandelions roar?
Are Snapdragons descended
from ancient dinosaurs?

Do Forget-Me-Nots remember me?
Do Sunflowers shine on rainy days?
Are showy Lady Slippers worn
to dance the night away?

Do Dogwoods chase Pussy Willows?
Do Black-Eyed Susans wink?
Does a Cherokee Rose use an Indian Paintbrush
to dab the clover pink?

Alix Weisz



You Can Lead a Horse to Water...

By Ruth Hill Thomson

The old saying "you can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink" didn't apply to the horses years ago that arrived at the watering trough after a long climb up Pottersville Hill in Gladstone!

Have any of our local readers noticed this antique watering trough and the exposed pipe that brought in water from a nearby spring? My Aunt Frances (Hill) Hoffman first pointed it out to me many years ago. It's still there at the top of the hill on the way to Pottersville, although mostly covered by undergrowth now, but if you look closely (when there's not too much traffic) you can still see the old cement trough near the edge of the road.

After a long, steady climb up Pottersville Hill, the horses were more than willing to stop at the top for a much-needed drink of cool spring water.

As we "fly" up this hill in high gear in our modern cars, it's hard to imagine how the team of horses hitched to a wagon struggled with a heavy load to get to the top. It's not hard to imagine, however, that the rhythmic "clip-clop" of the horses' hooves were a much more soothing sound than the steady stream of cars that roar up the hill today!

Though it no longer slakes the thirst of weary wagon teams, the old trough is a reminder of simpler times. Fortunately it is on a piece of land now owned by the Borough of Peapack and Gladstone - hopefully it will be preserved.

THE SOURCE

The narrow stream
glimmers under brambles
a smell of moist humus
sharp on the air
in the undergrowth
a bell-like tinkle

This little drift
of water
holds promises
standing in the woods
we listen to its quiet
whispering
over wet stones

At this gentle source
of the Passaic
it is hard to imagine
in the flute-voiced water
the thundering falls
at Paterson

Maira Bailis