


Scavenger Hunt, compliments of the Derry Heritage Commission


One letter from each of the twelve answers can be fit into a final phrase that has described the town of Derry, New Hampshire, since the 1960s and 1970s.

1.

Come up the hill after going 'round,
And shed three centuries but not one pound,
While climbing one mile to the crown;
To tarry on the hallowed ground.
But ye'll find nae pastures, nae potato tillage,
Here now in historic  _ _ _ _ _


2.

From Family Danforth's rounded square,
Start heading south for two miles, where
My birth is marked by Granite State;
Since '71 on whose plates
Is served cold the starkest choice:
In warm, unconquered freeman's voice.

_ _ _ _ _  _ _ _ _ _


3.

As doctor, signed I a famous prescription
In '76, to cure tyrant's ambition.
And then sold I my house in Derry
And moved to Merr'mack to set up a ferry.
I wish I'd stayed till 1806,
When the turnpike went in and the village grew quick.

_ _ _ _ _  _ _ _ _ _


4.

Just up the pike from Thornton Square,
In 1815 a vision clear
Was manifest upon Gregg's Hill
Of learned sons and daughters dear,
By Major John and Elder James,
Long-remembered Derry names.
And sixty-six years later on
Their nephew and son, John Morrison,
Funded another building that bore
French plaques of them by the front door.

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5.

Brown Bessie's barn has long since burned,
But pastures green for which she yearned
Lay there still across the way
Much broader now than in her day,
Linking past to present in a fair way.
The old Hood place still welcomes guests,
But serves them East instead of West.

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6.

Return to 1. atop the hill—
Our first town hall remains there still.
Originally funded by Pamela Nowell,
Since 1875 it has served us so well
As voting place, fire station, jail, and library,
Grange Hall, veterans' lodge, and the Boys Club of Derry.

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7.

I'd like to say in retrospect
My birthplace suffers from neglect.
Pere Benjamin and *Dr. Newell*
Would now be sad to see their jewel,
On eighth of a moon street near the church
That I loved as much as my research.

_ _ _ _ _  _ _ _ _ _


8.

Strange guys we're named
And brothers all,
For whom the flames
Thrice claimed our hall.
At least the Episcopalians helped our search
To find a new home in their old church.

_ _ _ _  _ _ _ _ _


9.

Free with my money like Uncle Jake
(Who endowed a girls' school above Beaver Lake),
I bequeathed a bundle for a second town hall,
On the west side of things, with brand new brick walls.
Good thing, too, for just those walls stood
While all inside burned like dry firewood.
Not once, but twice, these Phoenix wings spread
Over charred ruins mocking the firemen's dread.

_ _ _ _ _  _ _ _ _ _

10.

See me meander 'neath bypass
Or near the rooms so full of class.
A poetic teacher, chicken farmer,
Whose surname cool could be right warmer,
'Twas he who brought my new fame forth
By asking thus: "'Fred, where is north?'"

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11.

The longest drive in our galaxy
Began near here in '23
And ended in a sandy crater
225,622 miles and 48 years later.

■ _ _ _ _ _

12.

I'm not the first guy to confirm it,
As earlier sung by Jim H's Kermit:
It's still not easy being green,
Even when loved by the puppet queen,
Nikki Tilroe, who was my boss,
For whom I pine, and mourn her loss.
I sit forlorn on a lonely log,
The one and only

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Letters:

Unscrambled Secret Phrase: ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■