

From Scott Norum's grandmother:

A young native American woman (princess?) was taken by a man from her community to live on the mound by Princess Creek. Because of her despair, she committed suicide. Hence, the name Princess Creek.

From Scott Norum :

It was actually our Grandmother who relayed the legend of the Indian Princess way back when. That house was open to the sky but still had an old wood stove and newspapers from the 50's lining the kitchen cabinets, back in the late 60's when we kids were trampling around these woods.

My sister Wendy and I would use that path along the herring run as a shortcut to our grandparents' house On Seymour Pond at the end of Punkhorn Road.

There was a pine grove on Punkhorn Road right where the herring run from Seymour into the west side of Hinckleys. Donald Bates junior still lives over there. One day when we were very young and gullible somebody (probably my mom and grandmom) built a whole village out of pine needles and convinced Wendy and me that the grove was populated by gnomes. My mom had a couple of landlocked acres back in that forest that my parents gave to the conservation trust about ten years ago.

Don Bates has done the same on a much larger scale and more recently with land he owned around the herring run that connects Hinckleys and Seymour.

Do you Browns remember the Hills (my grandparents)?

Cheers,

Scott