

Haunts of Hidden River

A poem by Rosemary Stapp
written October 31, 2009

Listen, my friends & you shall hear,
Of a Halloween ride that will instill fear.

It's west of the Speedway, by about 10 miles.
Folks standing in line, their faces full of smiles.

Brownsburg is the name of our town.
HAUNTS OF HIDDEN RIVER is how it goes down.

The best 5 bucks you'll ever have spent,
while thills & chills & scares will be lent.

It started as the brainchild of several guys we know,
-to hold a fundraiser to make lots of dough.

Let's decorate Brownsburg, no matter what the season.
A haunted hayride would finance our reason.

Larry Cranfill said we could use his farm,
where the sky is so dark, there is cause for alarm.

They borrowed hay wagons & soon they got busy.
Poor Phyllis Greeson of concessions was in a tizzy.

Maplehurst, Walmart, Dominos, Steak 'n' Shake, Hilligoss, too
wanted to donate & help the Boo Crew.

They gave us food for the Boo Crew to sell,
And it was delicious, of that I can tell.

This fiasco is run by all volunteers,
who'll scare you so badly, you might be in tears.

Each year they improve it, with monsters in the dark.
And now it takes place in Arbuckle Park.

If you drive through in the daytime you won't be surprised,
But riding in the darkness, you won't believe your eyes.

Sometimes scary things drop out of the trees.
Be careful you don't wet your pants – Please!

There are coffins & spiders & skeletons galore.
At the end of the ride, we know you'll want more.

Strange little things do happen out there in the dark.
Did you know they have chainsaws in Arbuckle Park?

So climb up in the wagon & sit on a hay bale.
Do you trust your wagonmaster as he drives the dark trail?

Hold on to your neighbor. Try not to scream.
It must be a nightmare 'cause its more than a dream.

We have witches and bonfires, scare stations & such.
Our job is to scare you – we scare you so much!

“We will scare the yell out of you” is our motto
We do it in a wagon, not in an auto!

In years past Jack Swalley or “Dog” drove a wagon most nights,
through hills & valleys & woods with no lights.

Dog never barked, just rode through the hill ups.
Doesn't even bark when he encountered Duwayne Phillips!

We have our 10th year of doing this fright.
So, therefore, we must be doing something right.

It takes oodles of people to put on our Halloween show,
And every single year it does nothing but grow.

It really is super how this town comes together,
to work in the woods, no matter the weather.

You all have a special warm & original touch
We value you all & we thank you so much.

