

1903

Robert Linck Folwell publishes a poem about Trappe in his book *The Mystic Atlantic City, Morro Castle and Other Poems*, [N.Y., James Stewart, Publisher, p. 101]:

To La Trappe  
Yes, I guess they're still a-sittin'  
On the boxes 'round the town;  
A-tellin' funny stories-  
Or a-walkin' up and down.

And I guess they'd still be sittin'-  
Until the Judgment day;  
If the sun kept on a-shinin'-  
And the rain would keep away.

But if the clouds will come up-  
Even in Trappe town;  
Then they'll be movin' boxes  
And a-walkin up and down.

Well, you bet, I'd like to be there-  
On a box a-sittin' down,  
Listenin' to the funny stories-  
In that happy little town.

The book also contains a poem about a couple skinny dipping in Island Creek, of which this is an excerpt (p. 64):

No bathing suit wears Charley,  
Neither does Mai;  
Tell me, why should they,  
While swimming in Island Creek Bay?