

# THE OLD PERAMBULATOR

by Robert V. Woodward, Leesport, NH 1989

Many times he walked the line between the towns,  
spotting trees and marking bounds.  
Following the footsteps of long-ago men,  
renewing the marks they made then.

He imagined how they laughed and talked,  
as along the line they walked.  
And how their chisel rang on the corner stone,  
and wondered if it sounded like his own.

He marveled at walls so straight and long,  
at fences, trees, birds and their song.  
He studied old beech trees marked with initials,  
trying to determine who were those officials.

He was getting old and his legs were gone,  
the hills were steep, the miles were long.  
He knew that he had reached the time  
for someone new to walk the line.

He had left his marks good and clear,  
for others to follow some future year.  
The records and maps in all his towns  
will clearly show the metes and bounds.

He would miss those hikes and forest sounds  
and all those old familiar bounds.  
He often sits and dreams of those times,  
when he was a perambulator walking the lines.

Robert V. Woodward

## IN MEMORIAM

**Robert V. Woodward, LLS #92**

1916 ~ 2006

Robert "Bob" Woodward passed away on Saturday, November 04, 2006 as a result of injuries sustained in a motor vehicle accident a few days before.

Bob worked as a forester with the State of New Hampshire for many years and was involved in the Blister Rust program, plotting many acres of land in both Belknap & Carroll Counties. Bob was always willing to share his knowledge and spent many hours in the local schools sharing his bug collection with the children. He always talked about how much joy this brought him and always had a story to tell about some child who struck his funny bone while visiting one of the schools. Not only did the children have questions for the "Bug Man," many of us adults were known to leave bugs in a jar on his doorstep with a note "what is it?" Many of the local surveyors, researchers, historians, etc., went to Bob to gather information or to get some good old-fashioned knowledge to help us in our research. He was always thrilled to be able to share whatever he had with us and loved to share a story or two at the same time. You could always count on being with him for at least thirty minutes to an hour even if it only took fifteen minutes to get what you came for. He enjoyed life, loved what he did, and loved people in general.



Bob was also known for his work with the different towns here in Belknap County. He walked many a mile, with many different town officials, to perambulate the town lines. He was very knowledgeable of the area and yet always hoping to learn something new.

Personally, I spent many hours with Bob and his wife, Priscilla over the years. They were wonderful people and truly lived for each other. They enjoyed golfing together and taking rides around the area to keep up on changes and development. Bob always carried a picture of Priscilla in his wallet that he would take out and show me. The picture was from when they attended Brewster Academy together and he first fell in love with her. In the past few years while Priscilla's health was failing, he would often put it to his heart and with tears in his eyes say "isn't she beautiful, she's the love of my life." It truly was a love affair started as a young couple and lasting till death they did part. Bob lost his loving wife, Priscilla, in May of this year. He leaves behind a daughter, Marilyn Twombly and her spouse Ralph, as well as grandchildren and great grandchildren. As sad as it is to see someone like Bob pass, I can only hope that he will now be reunited with his love and be at peace.

A memorial service is scheduled for Saturday, December 16, 2006 at the Wilkinson-Beane Funeral Home in Laconia, NH at 1:00 P.M.

Respectfully submitted by Georgie Johnson