

Under the Hump

SOCIETY BUSINESS

NEWS AND UPCOMING EVENTS

Next Meeting:
May 15, 7 pm, CBMS

- At the meeting, we will make plans for a possible joint meeting with other local historical societies.

Last Issue's
Mystery Photo:
Amy Douglas



Mystery Photo
or
Trivia Question?

Do you have a photo or trivia question we can feature in an upcoming newsletter? The newsletter committee is eager to hear from you! Please submit to the committee and we will place it in the next available issue. Thank you for your participation.

Our May meeting will be held on Tuesday, May 15, in the C.B.M.S. library at 7 p.m. The business meeting will include making plans for a possible joint meeting with Moretown and other valley societies. Our program entertainment will be Sergio & Sile "Making Music Together." Refreshments will be served. All are welcome. Hope to see you there!

Town Meeting 2018

The Duxbury Historical Society wishes to thank its members, citizens, and friends for all of your support at our Town Meeting. Thanks to you, the morning coffee and snacks as well as the potluck luncheon were a success. A big thanks to all the great cooks we have. We also received membership renewals and donations. Our total proceeds for the day was \$711! A special thanks to Crossett Brook Middle School for the use of their kitchen and to the custodial staff.

~Mary Welch and the food committee

Call for Submissions!

The newsletter committee is welcome to submissions and eager to hear from you! We would love for you to submit a story, poem, historical piece, photos, etc, that we could place in the newsletter for everyone to enjoy.

This is your newsletter—what would you like to see in it?

Do you have a story or poem about living in Duxbury or about a Duxbury resident who is special to you?

Did you write a poem or take photos when you made it to the top of Camel's Hump?

Do you have any historic photos of people, buildings, machinery, etc, that you would like to share?

These are just a few ideas—we welcome any and all submissions.

Please share your materials with a newsletter member (see names on back page) and we will place it in the next available issue.

Thank you in advance for your generosity!

SOCIETY BUSINESS

Archival/Preservation Committee Report

Members: Eulie Costello, Lori Morse, Bonnie Morse, Mark Morse

We continue to catalog donations, scan photos, and review/update existing documents to ensure they are properly identified and stored. The archival committee is always looking to add new items to our collection. We would happily accept any Duxbury family photos. We can scan your photos and return them to you so you would not have to part with those treasured memories. Photos of Duxbury identifiable structures (mills, homes, bridges, etc.) would also be appreciated.

Donation Artifacts/Documents

- ⇒ Vaughn family - Multiple items pertaining to Francis Vaughn.
- ⇒ Duxbury Cemetery Association - GAR flag stands.
- ⇒ Clapboards from M. W. Shurtleff mill in North Duxbury.
- ⇒ Jennifer Woolley - "Paradise Lost" book gifted to Earl Ward, a former Deacon of the South Duxbury Church.
- ⇒ Linda Devlin - Photos of Crossett Hill and State Farm.
- ⇒ Alison Magnani - 1979 Harwood Royal Tartan Yearbook.

Monetary Donations

Barb & Mo Lavanway * Vernon Turner * Brian Lindner * Tamatha Haase

A Recipe to Share

Our Society members are great cooks and we'd like to feature some of your recipes in the newsletter. If you have a recipe you'd like to share, please submit it to the newsletter committee. The recipe in this issue is courtesy of Jill Smith.

**4 Ingredient Slow Cooker Pot Roast**

3-4lbs chuck roast trimmed
1 Tbsp canola oil
12 oz can of beer
0.7 oz envelope Italian dressing mix

Brown Roast in hot oil 3-5 minutes on each side. Transfer to 6-quart slow cooker. Whisk together beer and dressing mix. Pour over roast. Cover and cook 8-10 hours on LOW or until tender. Remove roast. Skim fat from sauce and serve with roast.

“ PARADISE LOST ”

Accumulating, researching and archiving our community's past is like playing baseball; we would often play, and only occasionally would we get the big hit. "Paradise Lost" exemplifies what we always strive for, and seldom occurs.

Recently I received an e-mail from Jennifer Woolley; I believe she was from Florida. It seems years ago she had purchased an old book at a flea market entitled "Paradise Lost." This book of Satan, the tempter of mankind is in rough condition (broken spine and loose cover), but is also very legible.

Jennifer wanted to get rid of this book, except the inside page had an interesting handwritten message to a "Mr. Ward." It was dated "Duxbury, February 29th, 1856" followed with 21 signatures. I called her by telephone. She had previously read some of our newsletters that we had posted on our website so she knew we were from Vermont. I assured her this message (in the book) originated from Duxbury, Vermont. Thoughtfully, Jennifer has donated this book to our society and I have forwarded this article to the newsletter for everyone to enjoy and understand how lucky the Duxbury Historical Society is to have generous and thoughtful readers such as Jennifer.

My research on this topic revealed that Mr. Ward was Earl Ward from Ward Hill. His father Hezekiah Ward settled on the hill that still carries the family name. Earl was born in 1800, grew up on the hill, and was the first deacon of the South Duxbury Congregational Church which was built in 1855. This tribute to Mr. Ward dated February 29th, 1856, was apparently from his congregation within the community.

Many thanks to you, Jennifer, for allowing "Paradise Lost" to get "Back Home Again!!"

~Donnie Welch

Mr. Ward

*Please accept this
as a tribute of respect from*

*Clara Holman Georgiana Crosssett
Sarah Holman Cecelia Crosssett
Prussia Mitchell
Lucy Perry Eber Huntley
Dalana Huntley Charles Knapp
Louisa Crosssett Milton Graves
Mary J. Maynard Albert Phillips
Elizabeth Cross Lucius Atkins
Emma Graves Franklin Perry
Oliver Knapp Alston Huntley
Georgiana Brekwith
Oliver Brekwith*

Duxbury February 29, 1856



*S. DUXBURY: MARCH
1957*

THE VERMONT I REMEMBER

By Bonnie D. Morse

I was born in Vergennes and grew up during the 1950s in Panton, Vermont. Panton is very close to Lake Champlain and was mostly dairy farms and apple orchards in that era. Our house was at the top of a dirt road next to an apple orchard. We consumed many apples. The orchard owner crop dusted the land with his plane which was fun to watch but very noisy. My cousin, Chris, from Vergennes, would visit frequently and he always had a pocket full of Cherry Bombs. One day, Chris and I were outside when a convertible stopped right next to my house. The occupants got out and snuck into the orchard with the intent of stealing some apples. Just as the thieves were under a tree, Chris lit a string of Cherry Bombs off and scared them so much they were stumbling into each other to get back into their car. That was really funny!

I was very lucky that there were several kids in my neighborhood around the same age as me. We held many pop-up baseball games in cow pastures, using dried cow patties as the bases. Trust me, the drier the cow patties, the better. In the wintertime, we would slide down the dirt road. The main road was at the very bottom so one kid would stand there and watch for cars while we were sliding down. If no cars were coming, we would slide across the main road, otherwise, you would have to steer into the ditch as a last resort.

During the time before social welfare, each town in Vermont had an "overseer of the poor." This person was elected by the town. The poor family would live rent free in a house that belonged to the town. The family that lived in Panton had three boys, a mom, and a dad. This family did not have transportation. The boys had bikes, sleds, and skates. Everything they needed was provided for them and no one treated them differently.

Everyone knew their neighbors and many of them were your relatives anyway. If you had a problem, you could ask your neighbor for help. My father had a close friend, Henry,



Bonnie feeding the chickens, 1957.

who happened to be his distant cousin. We needed two new chimneys and Henry was there to help. My father returned the favor and helped Henry with his projects.

My father would never take time off from work; he was what you would call a "workaholic." During deer hunting season, he would only hunt on the weekends. My mother was a homemaker and a deer hunter when Father was at work. One day she went out hunting while wearing deer scent and a deer tried to attack her. Mother said she had to kill that one in order to save herself from injury or death. She brought home three good-sized deer for three seasons in a row. She hid the deer in the woods and waited for Father to come home from work so he could help bring the deer home. We don't have any pictures with my mother and her trophy deer but my father was in every picture.

My primary schooling was in two one-room school houses. The first schoolhouse I attended served grades 1 through 4 and was taught by one teacher. Two of the older children served as the teacher's helpers. The schoolhouse had a wood stove with a pan of water on top of it so if your lunch was in a Mason jar, you could put it in the water to warm it. The schoolhouse was not far from my home so I was able to walk or ride my bike. Girls had to wear dresses or skirts. Walking to school during the winter months was very cold. Luckily, my mother was a seamstress. Out of a pair of men's wool trousers, she made me a pair of slacks to wear under my dress or skirt.

The schoolhouse didn't have a flush toilet but it did have an outhouse attached so at least you didn't have to go outside to use it. If you needed to use the outhouse you had to raise your hand and show one or two fingers indicating how long you would be gone. I was always confused by this—why would anyone want to spend unnecessary time in a cold and smelly room? When the teacher nodded her head at you, you knew she was approving your trip to the outhouse. We also had the Atom bomb drills called "duck and cover" where hiding under your desk when the teacher rang the bell and how fast you were able to perform this drill would determine if you survived.

I was a 4-H member and we did cooking, crafts and sewing. Our leader was Mrs. Thurber. I have fond memories of those times.

Halloween was always fun. We biked around the neighborhood and anyone that gave me an apple got soap on a window in return. There was never a thought that we would need a chaperone. I would tell my mother where I was going and she would tell me when to be home.

One Christmas, I questioned if Santa Claus was real or not. We had an overhanging porch so my mother took a deer hoof and made deer tracks and sleigh tracks in the snow on the roof to prove to me that he was real. All of my mother's kindhearted effort was lost when my older sister spilled the beans.

For grades 5 through 6, I attended a different one-room school house. It was located in East Panton so we had to

THE VERMONT I REMEMBER

ride the bus. At least this school had a regular bathroom and finger signing was not needed. We had a traveling music teacher who played the piano while we sang along. She taught us how to waltz and square dance. There weren't enough boys for the all the girls to waltz with so I had to play the part of the boy. To this day, I still try to lead. We also had a Book Mobile that came to the school once a month—it was a library on wheels. I loved walking onto the Book Mobile and picking out a book. It was the best part of school! In 6th grade I fell out of a swing while fixing my scarf just before school ended for the year. I had a green stick fracture on four fingers and had to wear a cast which meant hot summer days and a long wait to go swimming for me. I wanted to keep the cast as a souvenir but it had an overwhelming stench.

I started going to Vergennes Union for junior high and high school. That was the first time I saw a gymnasium. The Weeks School was in operation at that time which was a facility for troubled juveniles. Many of those kids were learning alongside us and since they had the reputation of being fighters, we knew to stay clear of them and never make them cross.

During the summer of my junior and high school years, I worked with my mother cleaning summer cabins. Many summers I worked for the farmer down the road during hay season. After working in the field, we would all jump in the cold lake to cool off. From these jobs, I made money to buy school clothes and went back to school with a nice farmer tan.

For one summer I worked at Eco Champlain which was a summer camp on the lake for rich girls. The campers were only allowed to speak French. They had sailing, tennis, clay sculpturing, painting, and horseback riding lessons. I worked in the stable with my best friend Suzy and three other boys from school. We each had nine horses to tack three times a day which also included feeding the horses, polishing the English saddles, washing the bits, and mucking the stables. The riding instructor was a giant German and looked like Mr. Clean. He always wore a white shirt with tan jodhpurs, tall black boots with spurs and a crop. He would stand in the middle of the riding ring and yell instructions. It was unclear what language he was using but lucky for us he used hand gestures as well. We were given riding lessons when the campers were off doing something else. The boys and the cook lived in a separate cabin next to the stable. There were other high school girls working at the camp as waitresses and we all had rooms above the kitchen. Suzy and I had our own room because the waitresses said we smelled like horses and they didn't want us in their room. So they portioned off a room just for us. At suppertime, it was our job to serve our group by bringing the food from the kitchen to a separate building outside the kitchen door. By the time we got all the food on the table, most of it would be gone and there was nothing left for us. Once the cook found out we were raiding the kitchen at night, he would leave something out for us. It

was hard work and long hours but we had fun. Suzy and I would go for a swim after working a long hot day. It was one of my best summer jobs.

In those days, things were very different than they are now. Part of the change I think is because of the lack of family values and God's rules. Kids addressed elders as Mr. or Mrs. Suppers were eaten at the table as a family. The only person exempt from Sunday church was Father. You didn't dare act out in school because the teacher could discipline you. Our family would go camping at Little River State Park and leave the house unlocked. The news on the television was the fighting in Vietnam right there in your living room every night. We would watch the nightly news and wonder why we were still in that war. The Beatles came to America and performed on the Ed Sullivan Show. I think every teenager in America was glued to the television set that night. The next day all the boys at school had combed their hair to look like a Beatle hair style.

Panton has changed in many ways and the orchard is long gone. The two one-room school houses that I mentioned are now family homes. The small family farms are now huge multi-farm operations. Eco Champlain is now a beautiful State Park. There are only a handful of people that still live there that I remember.

I miss the lifestyle where you could play outside all day and no one checked you for ticks. You could get on a plane without everything you own including your shoes going through security. You didn't need to lock up your house and cars because people could be trusted. You could be a kid and not worry about being abducted or murdered. Unfortunately, climbing under a wooden desk isn't going to save us. We will just have to save each other.



Bonnie and her pony, Tonto, in 1959.

FOUND IN THE ARCHIVES

We speculate that the following interview was conducted by a student many years ago but their name and date is unknown.

INTERVIEW OF RALPH MORSE , born June 2, 1907

Ralph lived where the Canes do now. He said he had no work November 3, 1927 because of so much rain. It rained straight for two days.

His schooling he said , he remembered that where the school is now there used to be a stagecoach Inn where people would stop over and sleep on their way somewhere on the stagecoach. It burned and so a school house was built. When he was eight years old, in 1915, it burned too, and so everybody went back to the original schoolhouse.

He was telling of some of the people that died in the flood were: George Sherman at Arkler's Barn (where the Feed Bag is now), Mr. Boyce died with his son, Mrs. Camerdy died while trying to get to the bigger barn. There were about 7 who died from Duxbury. All the town records were washed away with the flood and at that time Mrs. Donovan was town Clerk , but for some how the records were saved too.

Where the Eastmans lived the barn got moved to the middle of the road. The doors were opened and the cars drove through the bridge until the barn was moved back where it belonged. Where the Tourin place is now there used to be a grist mill and later there was a saw mill that burned down in 1932. In 1970, heavy snow caved the roof in at their place.

The bridge at Smith's store was a wooden one and they replaced it with the iron bridge. They had just finished the iron one when the flood came and washed it away. They built a footbridge and they also attached a cable to a boat and the boat moved with the current. It was the only way to get to Waterbury and the milk and grain was transported in this manner.

Years ago there were several small schools in Duxbury: there was a school on Crossett Hill, one in South Duxbury, the old Red School, there was one in North Duxbury , and on Scrabble Hill as well as the Duxbury Corner School. There were about 25 - 30 students in each school and all the schools had eight grades all in one room.

Ralph Morse worked for the same company for 50 years -- 24 years at

FOUND IN THE ARCHIVES

Ralph Morse 's Interview (cont.)

the saw mill and 26 years at the canning factory in Waterbury. I first voted at the age of 21 and I haven't missed a Town Meeting yet. I was the Moderator of Town Meeting for 32 years and now Eric Morse's dad does it.

The first Morses settled on Scrabble Hill and then Crossett Hill. The biggest farm belonged to Jim Crossett -- it had a saw mill and a store. There were many sawmills in Duxbury - North Duxbury and Crossett Hill, and there were two on Scrabble Hill. Some of them were small but all were run by Water power.

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS IN THE ARCHIVES

Barre Man Falls From Truck's Top, Fractures Skull

DUXBURY -- James F. Davison, 27, of 10 Merchant St., Barre sustained a skull fracture and cuts to the head, face and jaw Saturday afternoon when he tumbled from the top of a pickup truck, struck the hood and then the pavement. Davison is employed at the North Montpelier woolen mill.

His condition today was reported as serious, but improving.

Davison was riding on top of the cab of the truck on Route 100B in Duxbury when the driver braked to turn into the Patterson Trailer Court. Davison was thrown onto the truck hood, and then the highway.

Ernest Grayford, 65, of Waterbury, was driving the truck, which was loaded with furniture.

Audrey Sherman, Alton Ireland Are Married

DUXBURY -- Miss Audrey Avis Sherman and Alton Carl Ireland, both of RD 2, Waterbury, were united in marriage Saturday at 2 p.m. in the Waterbury Methodist Church.

The Rev. Wesley Logan officiated at the double ring service for the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Sherman, Waterbury, and the son of Carl W. Ireland of Skowhegan, Maine, and the late Margaret Ireland.

Donna Jean Green was maid of honor and Carroll D. Green, best man. They are niece and nephew of the bride.

Miss Sherman was attired in a powder blue dress of lace over taffeta with a corsage of pink roses. Her attendant wore a navy blue dress and pink rose corsage.

After honeymooning in Maine, the couple will live in Duxbury.

Mrs. Ireland is a 1960 graduate of Waterbury High School. Her husband, a construction worker, attended schools in Maine.

Duxbury

LL Has One Loss

Gary and Michael Dalley accompanied their Little League Ball Team, "Mt. Mansfield" to play at Morrisville Monday afternoon. They won 18 to 2. So far the team has lost only one game. This team consists of boys under 13 years of age. They will play the Hyde Park team next Wednesday evening in Waterbury. Mr. and Mrs. James Dalley and family attended the game.

Another Little League consisting of older boys, the "Mt. Mansfield Babe Ruth Team," played in Northfield Monday afternoon. Dicky Patterson and Richard Atwood play on this team and they won 10 to 6 over Northfield. Richard had a triple with the bases loaded. Dicky made his first hit. This team plays in Williamstown next Wednesday afternoon.

Willis Morse, George McDonald, David Dionne and Ralph Davis were in Richmond Tuesday evening to attend the "Minor Adjustments of Bailers" schooling.

Bridal Shower Held In Duxbury For Judith Welch

DUXBURY -- A bridal shower was given Miss Judith Welch Saturday evening at the Howard Sherman home with the Misses Gladys and Connie Sherman as hostesses. A bride's cake and a chocolate butterfly cake were served with other refreshments. Miss Welch received many gifts.

Guests were from Barre, Montpelier, Waterbury, Warren, Rutland and Richmond.

Miss Welch will be married Saturday, Oct. 20, to Alvin Isham of Williston.

Mrs. Grace Cavanagh of Burlington was an overnight guest recently of the James Harvey family.

D U X B U R Y H I S T O R I C A L S O C I E T Y , I N C .
C O N T A C T I N F O R M A T I O N

President: Don Welch

Phone: 802-244-7558

E-mail: dmwelch136@yahoo.com

Vice President: Christian Magnani

Phone: 802-244-1915

E-mail: c.magnani@outlook.com

Treasurer: Mark Morse

Phone: 802-244-7080

E-mail: markmorsevt@myfairpoint.net

Secretary: Laura Titus

Phone: 802-496-6328

E-mail: lauratitus3030@yahoo.com

General Questions

Don Welch, President
318 Main St.
Duxbury, VT 05676

Newsletter

Kelly Welch

Phone: 802-244-5627

E-mail: welchkelly2014@yahoo.com

Alison Magnani

Phone: 802-244-1915

E-mail: a.magnani@outlook.com

Skip Flanders

Phone: 802-244-5529

E-mail: wtbskip@comcast.net

If you have any comments or contributions for the newsletter we would love to hear from you.

Membership

Mark Morse, Treasurer
804 VT Route 100
South Duxbury, VT 05660

Webmaster

Ken Spencer

Phone: 802-244-5680

E-mail: kenspencer197@gmail.com

www.DuxburyVT.com

**DON'T FORGET THE NEXT MEETING - MAY 15
CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL - 7 PM**

D U X B U R Y H I S T O R I C A L
S O C I E T Y , I N C .
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