

# Under the Hump

## SOCIETY BUSINESS

### NEWS AND UPCOMING EVENTS

Next Meeting:  
Sunday, August 18th,  
12:30 pm  
South Duxbury Church  
property

- Please bring a dish to share with friends and if possible, your own lawn chair.

Our next scheduled meeting will be held at the South Duxbury Church property on Sunday, August 18th at 12:30 p.m. This will be a potluck picnic so please bring a hot dish, salad, or a dessert to share. If convenient, please bring your own lawn chair. Paper products and beverages will be furnished.

After a short business meeting, we can have group tours of the entire property plus a time for photos as this will be our first homecoming.

Our society welcomes all of our community and residents of surrounding towns to join us so please come and bring your friends.

### Green Up Day

This spring's Duxbury Green Up Day was held on Saturday, May 4th and was under the direction of the Duxbury Land Trust. Audrey and Alan Quackenbush hosted and directed this community activity from the Duxbury town garage.

Our society was asked to furnish coffee and refreshments to assist and welcome those community members that actually did the roadside clean-up. We were pleased to be asked and to be a part of this much needed annual event. We hope this will help bolster the future green ups, and we also hope to be of assistance next year.

Many thanks to the Duxbury Land Trust for sponsoring this event!



### GUESS WHO?



### Flower and Plant Sale

This spring our society elected to re-start the flower and plant sale that we offered to our community in the past. It was again successful and we intend to make this an annual event for our community. The flowers and plants are supplied from Claussen's. We hope and believe this will expand and become an annual event for you and our community. This year our profit was \$382.00! During this sale we offer the finest plants and flowers, at a reduced price, a great selection, and delivery to your door is available. We thank Claussen's for this opportunity, and also you (our customer) for making this possible. Thanks, D.H.S.

### Thank You

We thank Society members Mark Morse and Christian Magnani for volunteering their time and equipment keeping the grounds at the South Duxbury Church and Sunshine Hall freshly-mowed for the second year.



## SOCIETY BUSINESS

## Archival/Preservation Committee Report

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

- Catalogued latest artifact donations.
- Currently transcribing family genealogy records with the last names that begin with 'S'. Those with last names beginning with 'A' thru 'R' are completed and available for viewing.
- We are always looking for Duxbury family photos to add to our collection. Please contact us and we can scan them in and return the original to you if you wish. Today's photo is tomorrow's history!

## Donated Artifacts/Documents/Ephemera

**[Ramona Godfrey]**

A book entitled Big Brother, which was once held in the Red School (current Benoit residence)

**[Skip Flanders]**

The book Treasure Island, which had been gifted to Rufus Preston in 1906 by his teacher Nana Lathrop. Also included is background data regarding Rufus and Nana Lathrop.

## Monetary Donations

Dave Fuka & Shelly Welch \* Audrey Quackenbush (Building Fund)

A Recipe to Share

Do you have a recipe you'd like to share? Of course you do! Please submit it to the newsletter committee and we will feature it in the next available issue.

## Maple Walnut Bars

**BASE**

1 ½ cups flour  
¼ cup firmly packed brown sugar  
¼ tsp salt  
½ cup butter

**FILLING**

¾ cup sugar  
2 Tbsp flour  
¾ cup maple syrup  
2 Tbsp butter melted  
1 tsp maple extract  
3 eggs  
1 ½ cup chopped walnuts

**GLAZE**

1 cup powdered sugar  
½ tsp maple syrup  
1-2 Tbsp milk

Heat oven to 350 degrees. Grease 13x9 inch pan. Lightly spoon flour into measuring cup, level off. In large bowl, combine all base ingredients, beat at low speed until crumbly. Press mixture in bottom of greased pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 12-14 minutes .

In small bowl, combine all filling ingredients except walnuts, beat until well combined. Stir in walnuts. Remove pan from oven, pour filling evenly over warm base. Return to oven, bake at 350 degrees for an additional 20 to 30 minutes or until filling is set. Cool 1 hour or until completely cooled.

In small bowl, combine all glaze ingredients. Blend until smooth, adding enough milk for desired drizzling consistently. Drizzle evenly over bars, cut into bars and store in refrigerator.

*Submitted by an anonymous maple-lover.*



PRESERVING HISTORY

Before:



In May 2019, Society member Mark Morse voluntarily cleaned the World War I & II monument that now sits outside the Duxbury Town Clerk's Office. This was no simple task but his efforts paid off because, as you can see from the before and after photos, the stone has new life! Thank you, Mark!

After:



## MEMORIES OF THE McDONALDS

Old McDonald Had A Farm

\* Memories of George &amp; Bernice McDonald \*

By Mark H. Morse

January 2019

My first recollections of George was when he was farming on Crossett Hill with his wife Bernice (Welch). They lived on the property currently owned by Carol Senning. It was about 1960 and I being about 7 years old, we passed this farm while riding on the school bus on my way home from elementary school. Our school bus in those days was a cargo type van which could transport maybe 15 - 20 students. I was always impressed with the neatness of his property. The house and barn were well cared for as well as his garden and the hay and crop fields. The bus never stopped at their residence and I thought it strange that this couple lived in such a large house since they had no children in school.

At this time my parents were farming on the south end of Crossett Hill on the property presently owned by Sharon Wilson. Ferd Welch's family farmed the Crossett Hill Farm which was situated about mid-way between the McDonald place and ours. These farmers all spent their summers haying and winters cutting logs, pulp, and firewood. In the spring, maple sugaring may also be added to their workload. If one farmer ran into a situation where he couldn't accomplish his work due to injury, machine breakdown, etc., the others would help them out. Of course the wives were all involved with school and community events and were well acquainted with each other as well.

My first personal contact with George was when he came to our farm on a rainy summer day to speak with my father about some issue of which I had no interest but I hung around them as they talked. We sat in the horse barn and as they talked I was intrigued by George's weathered hands. You could tell he had worked them hard and he had a thumb which at some time was severely injured as the nail was split and deformed as it had healed and always seemed odd to me. George was a pipe smoker and he quite often held the well-used pipe in his teeth even if it wasn't lit. It's odd the things that you remember or impress you as a youngster. Once the conversation had ended, George returned to his home and farm duties as did my father.

George virtually farmed alone, caring for his dairy herd and property without any other farmhands. On occasion during the summer he would hire someone to help with the haying and farm chores. It is here that I became more acquainted with George. My parents had recently sold their farm and we were now living on the north end of Crossett Hill where my grandparents had lived for many years. One summer when I was about 14, my father "volunteered" me to assist George with gathering in his hay crop during the summer school vacation. I think my father wanted to keep me busy so I wouldn't get in too much trouble with my free time. My father instructed me to do whatever George asked and I would receive some pay for my efforts. He said George would feed me lunch (Bernice was working at the Vermont State Hospital and was home to prepare lunch only on weekends), and I was to eat whatever he prepared regardless if I liked it or not. Fortunately,

George always made sure I was satisfied with his choice for lunch before he prepared it so I wouldn't be disappointed. When it came to working in the field I had experience haying with my father which included all aspects of duties with the exception of mowing and baling. I could hand rake and load the baled hay as well as drive the tractor hauling the hay to the barn. After a few days George showed me how to drive his Jeep pick-up (much to my pleasure) around the field to haul more bales. Once to the barn, I would enter the hay barn and George would unload the bales onto the elevator and I would stack the bales inside. It was always my practice to ride the hay elevator up to the hay loft and climb back down the elevator once all the hay was unloaded. On one instance I was climbing out the window to descend on the elevator and the legs kicked out at the bottom and the elevator began to fall to the ground. I turned to reach for the window to keep from falling but was unable to get a grasp, so I rode the elevator to the ground holding on to the tubular steel side rails. Once the elevator hit the ground the rails I was holding onto collapsed, bending them severely. I was fortunate it happened this way as it broke my fall and those rails buffered the impact which prevented me from breaking my wrists or arms. George of course was worried that I was injured but I assured him I was okay. He couldn't believe that those steel rails bent as they did. In a calm voice George said, "I guess you better use the ladder inside to get up in the loft from now on!" He didn't get any argument from me.

I also helped with cleaning out the cow barn each day and feeding the animals if George hadn't finished it upon my arrival. As the haying season came to an end my services were no longer required and I was left with a couple of weeks to enjoy before going back to school with a few dollars in my pocket, some of which I used to buy clothes and supplies for the school year. It was a good experience to work for someone else and I'm sure I wasn't always capable of doing everything the way George wanted or suspected but he never lost his patience with me or displayed any outward anger. The next summer my father was building an addition and I helped him during summer vacation and George hired a boy who was a bit older than me to help with the summer farming chores.

When I was about 17, during the Christmas season, George and Bernice wanted to visit their daughter Rhoda who lived in Connecticut. They had asked my brother Bill if he would take care of the farm during this time. Bill agreed and I volunteered to help. The bulk milk truck had just emptied the farm tank the day before George and Bernice had left for Connecticut. Basically, we had to feed the animals, milk the cows, clean the barn and check on the property to be sure all was okay. Since we lived nearby, Bill and I would ride snowmobiles to the farm and do the necessary chores and return. On the morning of Christmas Eve it was snowing and there were predictions of a heavy snowfall. Bill and I fired up the snow machines and headed for the McDonald farm for the morning milking. We parked the machines beside the barn and went in to do the chores. It continued to snow and blow outside and when we finished the morning's duties we exited the barn to return home. To our surprise in the 2-3 hours we had been inside, the storm had completely covered our snow



## MEMORIES OF THE McDONALDS

machines with the blowing and drifting snow. We had to dig them out before we could leave. That storm brought some of the highest snow totals and drifts in memory. Since the milk truck could not get to the farm for couple of days to pick up the milk, we were concerned we would have to dump some of the milk if the bulk truck couldn't get to the farm, which would result in a costly loss of income for George and Bernice. Two or three days after the storm ended, a bucket loader was required to clear the town road in front of the farm and the McDonald driveway and the milk was picked up without any loss.

George could not believe the situation as Bill notified him via phone while he was at Rhoda's house enjoying the holiday. He asked Bill if he would mind staying on a couple of more days so they could extend their visit with Rhoda's family. Bill informed him he would be glad to stay on and told

George to enjoy a few more days of leisure since they wouldn't be able to get home anyway due to the storm.

George was so appreciative of our efforts in keeping his farm operating while he was away. He and Bernice returned to a winter wonderland and all was well on the farmstead.

George and Bernice were well thought of by our whole family. My father, brother, and I hunted on their property, rode snow machines together, and met socially on occasion. My mother and her sister Mary (Callahan) Reagan along with Bernice would meet and travel to community and social events together.

George and Bernice will always hold a special place in my memory. My time with them helped me appreciate what it means to be an honest, hard-working member of the community. Something we all could strive to emulate.

## P O T P O U R R I

### HEALTH CURES

Prescribed by Aaron S. Chaffee  
1802-1887

- For shocks he gave gum guaiac and prickly ash bark cut in alcohol.
- For healing sores and boils he used pokeroot (poisonous in natural state).
- To settle upset stomachs, yarrow was used (a mean taste!).
- He used mullen for colds, also lobelia (he smoked mullen in his pipe; it was cheaper than tobacco).
- For canker sores he steeped gold thread, a vine. He used green osier for cankers, also steeped the bark.
- To make a person sweat he used catnip tea.
- For a spring tonic, root beer (his root beer contained checker berries, yellow birch bark).
- For cough syrup he used maple sugar.
- To ease the throat, a horehound stick.

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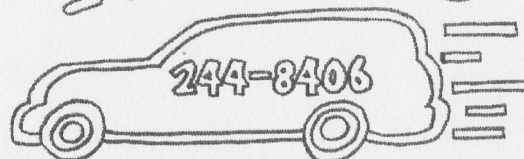
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## BUILDING A HOME IN DUXBURY

The following article is reprinted with permission from *Keene State Today*, <https://www.keene.edu/alumni/mag/>.  
The Duxbury Historical Society thanks Jane Eklund, Editor, for granting permission.

Hands on: Building a House and Living in It Too

By Jane Eklund  
Editor, *Keene State Today*

It's not a metaphor when Fred and Carol (Johnson) Collins talk about their relationship in terms of a house. The 1969 graduate designed and built their own home in South Duxbury, Vermont, two years after their wedding, and since then they've been making adjustments, additions, and changes to it to accommodate their growing and changing needs.

Building and then living long-term in a house, says Carol, "means maintaining. It's meant ripping off and adding on. The house is so much about us, and about our marriage."

Over 48 years, they've raised a son and daughter, launched home-based small businesses (wool crafts for Carol and furniture building for Fred), grazed sheep and planted fruit and vegetables on their land, and built a house across the street for Carol's parents, where her mother, 104-year-old Wanda Johnson '64, still lives.

But let's back up to the beginning. The story of the marriage dates to the 1960s, when two Vermonters, the son of a builder and the daughter of farmers, met as students at Keene State. Fred Collins was studying industrial arts education, and Carol Johnson liberal arts and English literature. The year after they graduated, they were married by Fred's grandfather, a justice of the peace.

The story of the Collins house starts in 1972, when both Fred and Carol were teaching at Harwood Union High School, just down the road from the piece of property they'd purchased. At the end of each school day, on weekends, and during the summer, they hammered and sawed and muscled beams into place, putting together the post-and-beam house they'd sketched out after doing some research and factoring in materials on hand – including timbers from a building Fred's father had dismantled.

They'd hired professionals to excavate and pour the concrete foundation, but otherwise did the work themselves, occasionally pressing into service friends and colleagues who stopped by (including the superintendent of schools and school board chair).

They moved in before the house was finished. Initially, only the upstairs bathroom was plumbed, and they'd lug their dishes up to the bathtub to wash them. That required climbing a ladder propped in a circular hole in the floor below and ceiling above, designed to accommodate a spiral staircase – which now serves as a centerpiece for the house but was still just a drawing early on.

They disagreed on some things, and made some compromises that they've managed to live with, even if neither of them was fully satisfied. Carol wanted open shelves in the kitchen; Fred wanted closed cabinets to keep off the dust.

"They do get dusty," Carol says. "But I really wanted the things of our life to be the decoration of the house."

And so they are. A wall in the living room is a patchwork of family photos. Drying cobs of corn waiting to be ground hang from a ceiling beam. Children's drawings decorate the back of a bathroom door. And everywhere are things they've made with their own hands: Fred's fine furniture; Carol's woolen blankets.

The stuff of their lives.

As they lived in the house, they corrected some mistakes. "We put a row of windows on the north side up in the peak, to light the balcony," Fred remembers. "In the winter, the heat would go up there, and the water would condense on those windows and run down the walls. So we cut the top of the house off."

They also made changes and additions. They moved the laundry room into the basement to create an office space for Carol, and later expanded and converted the garage to serve as a shop and studio for her Singing Spindle Spinnery business. A replacement garage also houses Fred's woodworking shop. A bump-out in the master bedroom provides a walk-in closet.

"Fred and I are proud of having built our own home, and we love it. Not everyone can do it, and fewer and fewer people are doing it today," says Carol. "Because we built our home ourselves, we remember the hard work and our hard-earned money that went into it. That experience makes us want to respect our home and care for it."

Fred had a long career teaching industrial arts and building trades – he qualified for the latter by documenting his work on the house – and then went on to build custom furniture. Carol left her job teaching English and creative writing to raise her family and to teach spinning and other crafts. She sells her work, along with seeds, plants, and herb teas from the garden. A tiny shop at the entrance to their driveway offers wares from Singing Spindle Spinnery.

Their lives are full and busy these days with the work of caring for Carol's mother; they are also looking after Felix, one of their two grandsons, one day a week. What does the future hold for them – and for their house? Carol likes the idea of building a smaller house on their property and using their current house as a common space for a co-housing community. Fred's not so sure.

One thing is certain, though: "When you build the house yourselves, you're never done," says Fred.

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BUILDING A HOME IN DUXBURY

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A Round House, South Duxbury, Vermont  
By Carol Johnson Collins

My father, Bob Johnson, had a serious stroke in 1990, at age 77, followed by a difficult, but successful recovery. At age 80 he fell on a Boston sidewalk, so I made a trip to visit him and my mother, Wanda, so I could sense their situation. Immediately I knew that they were not OK on their own. I needed to bring them near us so we could give them more support. That is when we talked with them about housing.

After 20 years of farming in southern Vermont, they'd bought a used bookstore in Harvard Square, Cambridge, Massachusetts, called "The Book Case." My father ran that successfully for 28 years, with help from my brother, sister-in-law, and my mom, who also taught French in regional schools. The lease for their building, owned by Harvard University, was not renewable. My 80-year-old father was ready to retire, but my mother wasn't. I encouraged them to move near us. Eventually they agreed it would be too difficult to relocate the store and approximately 30,000 books! They bought into our plan!

Having designed and built our own home in 1971-72 in South Duxbury, Vermont, we had the skills to design/build another. Playfully, my husband Fred (Keene State Class of '69) suggested a round house! I liked the idea, because when we were designing our own home, we'd considered a round house, even a silo-home. My husband liked the challenge! My parents were excited to have their home designed and built especially for them, by us.

All their needs would be met on the first floor with an attached garage. There would be a second story for a guest room, bath, and storage. Fred spent many long hours reading books, studying plans for round houses, and doing sketches before he began the formal drafting process. My parents came up every weekend to see Fred's latest drawings and discuss options, and my dad helped!

In the same period, I found land that had become available right across the road from us. I was beyond excited! My parents bought that land, including a house for my brother and sister-in-law. We hired a surveyor to divide the lot, an excavator to dig the cellar hole, and a crew to frame and pour the concrete pad. Fred was the primary builder. He hired former students to work with him on the frame. I cut hundreds of ceiling boards using our radial arm saw and polyurethaned closet shelves. Daughter Eliza straddled the peak. Working with the crane, she guided each beam into its proper position. Son Seth helped me pick up many pieces of foam from the roof job.

We moved my parents into The Round House in February of 1994. My dad loved every minute of the 18 months he was able to live there. He died November 5, 1995. My mother, Wanda Meriems Johnson (Keene State Class of 1964) is nearly 104, and with lots of help from us, lives there still!

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A P O E M . . .

The Past is Our Mother....  
Let Us Listen

a child is born.

she grows to learn.  
she learns to grow.  
she comes to know  
there's much unknown.

she makes a home  
and bears her young.  
she tries to teach,  
they'd rather run.

mother sighs  
and turns  
to watch and wait.  
years pass.

little ones grow to learn  
and learn to grow.  
they come to know  
there's much unknown.

they make a home.  
they bear their young.  
they search for help...  
but there is none.

their mother's mute...asleep.

all her answers  
buried  
deep.

Written by Carol Johnson Collins,  
August 12, 1975, commissioned  
by Alice DeLong for the Charter  
Member Signing Ceremony for  
the new Duxbury Historical  
Society.

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

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**DON'T FORGET THE NEXT MEETING - AUG. 18**  
**SOUTH DUXBURY CHURCH - 12:30 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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