

# Under the Hump

## NEWS AND UPCOMING EVENTS

- There will be no November meeting.
- We are selling holiday wreaths and having our annual bake sale. Please see this page for details.

DO YOU HAVE A PHOTO OF A PERSON OR PLACE WE CAN USE FOR A MYSTERY PHOTO? IF SO, PLEASE SUBMIT TO A NEWSLETTER COMMITTEE MEMBER TODAY! THANK YOU!

## SOCIETY BUSINESS



We hope everyone is doing well and staying healthy. Due to COVID-19 precautions, we will not have a November meeting.

\*Reminder: Memberships expire December 31, 2020. Dues for 2021 are being accepted. Please mail your dues to Mark Morse, Treasurer (see back of newsletter), which will help defray postage costs of reminders. If you did not receive a reminder via mail or email, it's because you are already paid up through at least 2021.

### Wreath Sale

Attention members and friends of the Duxbury Historical Society! It is time again to order holiday wreaths!

Our always beautiful and decorated wreaths will be available for delivery on November 7th. They are \$20 each. We will also have mailing boxes available for your convenience at \$4 each.

These wreaths make wonderful gifts. For questions or ordering, please call either Mark at 244-7080 or Donnie at 244-7558.

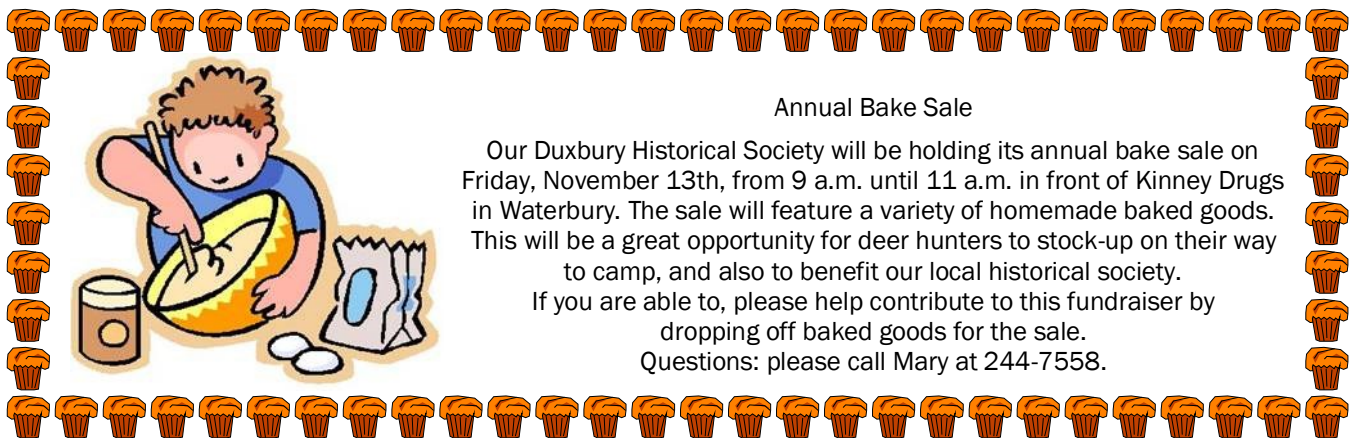


### Annual Bake Sale

Our Duxbury Historical Society will be holding its annual bake sale on Friday, November 13th, from 9 a.m. until 11 a.m. in front of Kinney Drugs in Waterbury. The sale will feature a variety of homemade baked goods. This will be a great opportunity for deer hunters to stock-up on their way to camp, and also to benefit our local historical society.

If you are able to, please help contribute to this fundraiser by dropping off baked goods for the sale.

Questions: please call Mary at 244-7558.



SOCIETY BUSINESS

Archival/Preservation Committee Report

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

- Catalogued latest artifact donations.
- Scanned several photos of the Crossett, Palmer, Huntley, and Shonio families.

Donated Artifacts/Documents/Ephemera

Mary Tuft

- ◆ Photos of the Sylvester Vigilante family & homestead in Dowsville.

Don Welch

- ◆ Newspaper Article & Photos of Don Fields & "The Pony Boys" Band
- ◆ Article written by Don relating to Frank & Anna Grow with color photo

Bob Morse

- ◆ 1933 framed photo of Demeritt Mill on Crossett Hill
- ◆ Washington County Gazetteer 1783-1889
- ◆ Two reference books on how to research your ancestry

Myra Perry

- ◆ Photo album relating to renovations, etc. of the Phillips, Landon-Hayden, and Crossett Hill cemeteries.

Monetary Donations

Connie Dolloff	*	Stephanie Koonz	*	William O'Brien
Jim & Wendy Welch	*	Mo & Barb Lavanway	*	Ed & Marjorie Gormel

A R E C I P E T O S H A R E

Cranberry Fruit Nut Bread

- 2 cups flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 ½ tsp baking powder
- 1 tsp salt
- ½ tsp baking soda
- ¾ cup orange juice
- 2 Tbs shortening
- 1 Tbs grated orange peel
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1 ½ cup fresh or frozen cranberries, coarsely chopped
- ½ cup chopped nuts

Mix together flour, sugar, baking powder, salt and baking soda in a medium mixing bowl. Stir in orange juice, shortening, orange peel and egg. Mix until well blended. Stir in cranberries and nuts. Spread evenly in a greased 9x5 inch loaf pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 55 mins or until a toothpick inserted in the center comes out clean. Cool on rack for 15 minutes. Remove from pan, cool completely. Makes 1 loaf.

FOUND IN THE ARCHIVES



**TAXI, ANYONE?**—Duxbury's John Delorme poses with his fleet that now serves Valley travel needs from a new location in the Village Square Shopping Center.

## Alpine Taxi opens in Village Square

WAITSFIELD- His bid for a location in Fayston turned down by that town's officials a short time ago, John Delorme figures his second choice of location is probably better than his first.

After two months of frustration in trying to find a place for a Valley office, Delorme's Alpine Taxi and Rental Co. has finally located in the Village Square Shopping Center.

Delorme, a Duxbury resident, now offers cab service throughout the Valley and has

his car rentals set up on the north side of the shopping center.

He had originally tried to set up his business at Ronald Biggers' Sport Shoe Repair Shop on Route 17 in Fayston, only to have his proposal turned down by the planning commission.

As a special grand opening rate, Delorme has Plymouth Volares for rent a \$10 a day and 10 cents a mile.

Along with its new Waitsfield office, Alpine Taxi still

operates in the Waterbury-Stowe area.

Delorme wants the public to know that this isn't just another car rental company.

Car rentals are available by the day, week or month. And if needed, he can work out leases for one or two years, a service which most businessmen prefer.

The company's new Waitsfield phone number is 496-3071. Outside the Valley, dial 244-8697 or 244-6300. The Waitsfield number also rings at Delorme's offices in Duxbury and Waterbury.

In the Valley, Alpine Taxi has both a limousine and taxi contract with Sugarbush Travel and the Glen Ellen tour bureau, along with other private enterprises.

Most of these contracts call for transporting patrons and guests to and from the Burlington and Montpelier airports, as well as the Waterbury Amtrak service.

In the event additional services are necessary, the company has vans and a large bus. For information concerning your travel needs, both local and long distance, call Alpine Taxi and Car Rental.

## Perry the Pelt Trader Wants Your Skin

by Alice Cowan

DUXBURY - Like any hungry hunter, I had lunch at the restaurant at the intersection of Route's 100 and 2. Like any confident hunter, I read the sign asking to buy deer pelts. And so like any successful hunter, I called Jim Perry of Stevens Branch Road in Duxbury.

Of course I was just a hungry reporter looking for interesting Waterbury people to write about. Jim Perry, local trapper and fur broker, is just that.

Obviously, right now is the prime season for deer hide purchases. Perry gets his trade by his signs and by word of mouth. Hunters bring the skins they have themselves taken from their kills. This is not always the best arrangement, though usually a necessary one. "What really bothers me," says Perry, "is that sometimes a guy kind of rough skins it; some guys don't know how to do it." This leaves the pelt in rather rugged condition but still worth the relatively small price paid to be resold as leather.

Bullet holes do not seem to matter to the buckskin manufacturers who are the chief market for the deerskin pelts. Gloves and jackets are the major end products.

"They take the hair right off," explains Perry. That reminded me of the deer pelt that my deer hunting grandfather sent my mother one Christmas. It was the bane of her housekeeping for several year thereafter. There were hairs all over the place, even immediately after

each careful vacuuming. Perry corroborated Mother's experience. "The hair is so coarse, it doesn't stay on well."

Some of the hair is useable, however. "Sometimes they take the hair from the tail and make tie-flies for fishing," reports Perry. "But you can make a lot of flies with one tail!" he hastens to add.

Perry is a pelt trader. He resells to the highest bidder, usually in either Vermont or New Hampshire. If a person wants to keep his own pelt, he would have to take it to a taxidermist.

Heads to be mounted must also go to a taxidermist. Every hide can be used but "It has to be a pretty decent buck to get" a head mounted—unless the guy is really a rank amateur and egoist.

Fox, coons, and coyotes are also part of Perry's repertoire as he traps "around Waitsfield, Duxbury, or wherever he gets the landowners permission."

These smaller animals may be necessary to keep business records positive this year as the deer season has been disappointing to date. This year on the last Saturday of the hunting season, Perry had only 35 or so pelts gathered in his storage area; last year he had had over a hundred.

Maybe next year, the kill will be up, which would make hunters and Perry happy. Hunters' wives can take satisfaction knowing now where they can quietly dispose of that proud possession husbands have deposited upon once tidy floors. My mother should have been so lucky!

The Valley Independent  
July 27, 1977

The Green Mountain Independent  
November 30, 1978



## TRAGEDY ON COUCHING LION

Research by: Brian Lindner

## TRAGEDY ON COUCHING LION

What is thought to be the first death from accident on The Long Trail occurred on May 8, 1933. A group of six members of the Dartmouth Outing Club had climbed to the huts just below the summit on a weekend trip. Sunday morning was spent on the mountain, exploring the summit and admiring the view. On the spur of the moment two of the hikers attempted the climb over the ledge on the south side of the peak, when D. W. Taylor, a Freshman, slipped and fell to the talus, rolling thence to tree-line, where he was picked up by his comrade with fractures of the skull, neck and arm. He never regained consciousness, and died in the Mary Fletcher Hospital in Burlington the following day.

The Outing Club has received permission from the Trustees of the Green Mountain Club to place a bronze tablet on the summit, partly as a memorial to this 18-year-old student, and partly as a warning to others. The Trail itself, while thrilling to the hiker, is reasonably safe for the most inexperienced; climbing cliffs is fraught with danger even to experienced climbers equipped for the work. It is hoped that it may be many years before death again takes to our Trail.

~ This document was found in the archives. Author and date unknown.

## Report on Camel's Hump Trip of May 6, 1933

Party consisting of "Farmer" Kirkham '33, Dean Lamson '35, "Rod" Ladd '36 and Denton Taylor '36, left for Camel's Hump, 85 miles away, at 1:30 P.M. Saturday, May 6, 1933. Uneventful ride to the base at Couching Lion Farm in "Farmer's" car. Arrived at 4:30 and started climbing the mountain about 5, reaching top at about 7 after wading through snow for the last  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile. Ate supper and hit the hay.

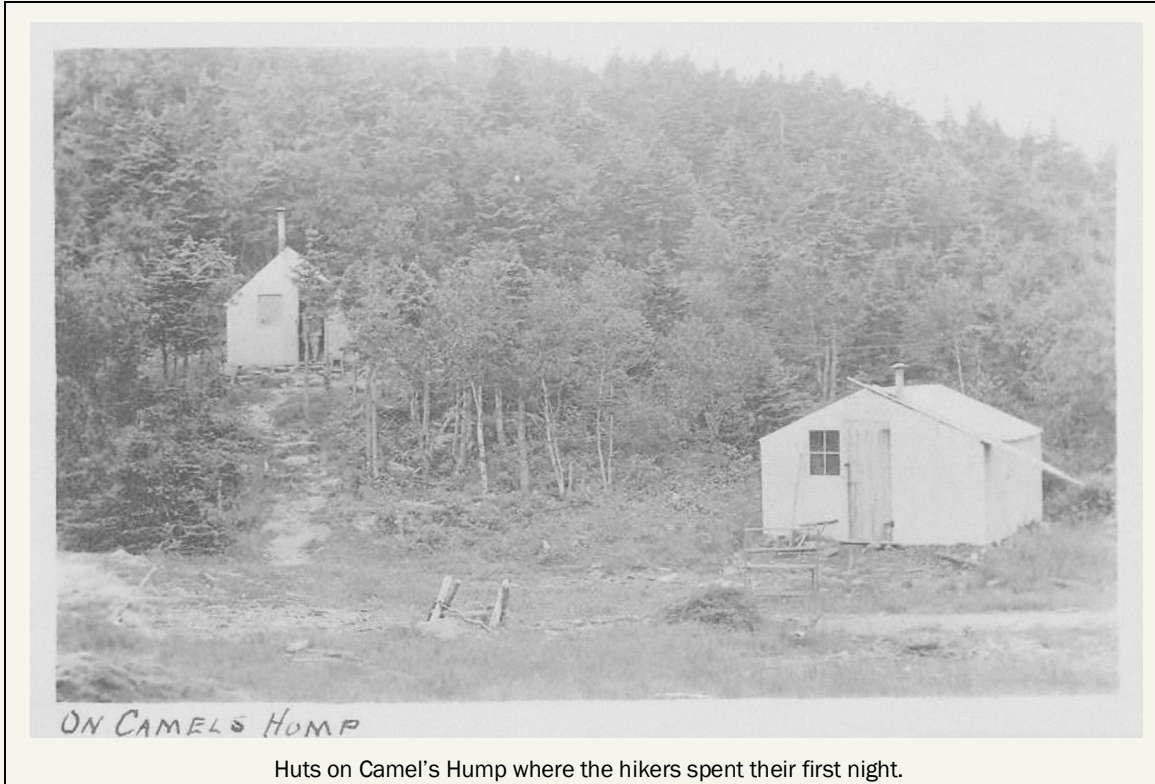
Routed out of bed at 6 by the sun, and proceeded to consume huge quantities of bacon, eggs, toast and coffee, while Farmer added to this the corn chowder left over from the night before. After breakfast (about 9 o'clock) I took Ladd, Lamson and Taylor up to the peak to show them the country and point out the most interesting sights. After this I returned to the cabin to relieve Kirkham who was tending fire, in order that he might go up to the top. I told the fellows that the sugar on snow that we were going to have would be ready soon and that I would call them. Lamson came down from the peak about half an hour later and helped me get dinner ready. A little while after this, Ladd showed up and we had some sugar on snow. After calling to Farmer and Taylor for some time, I started up the mountain looking for them. When I reached the peak, I could hear them talking and they answered my shouts telling me to go around to the base of the cliff. When I did so, I was quite surprised to see Taylor clinging to the face of the cliff, unable to move in any direction more than a few feet. He said that he had been there for about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour. Farmer had gone back to the cabin to get a rope, his hands were numb from clinging there so long, and that he was going to descend about eight feet to a slight projection where he could sit down while waiting for the rope. In doing this he lost his footing and tumbled and rolled down the cliff and over the jagged rocks at the bottom, a distance of about a hundred feet. After locating him in the deep under brush and finding that he was still breathing, I propped him up and ran back over the trail to the cabin from which Kirkham was just returning with a rope. I sent Lamson down the Forest Service trail with instructions to get help and to send them back over the Montclair Glen trail toward which we would be carrying Taylor. Ladd, Kirkham and myself returned to the base of the cliff where a stretcher was made of a blanket, blanket pins, and two small trees. Kirkham and I carried the stretcher while Ladd carried a rope, axe, and extra blanket. I sent Ladd down the trail with the extra equipment since there was little he could do to help us. Taylor fell off the cliff at 10:30 A.M. Ladd and Lamson returned with a doctor and his chauffeur. The doctor waited at the foot of the cliffs in the Glen while his chauffeur rendered us invaluable assistance in negotiating the rest of the distance to the foot of the cliff. The distance from the foot of the cliff on Camel's Hump from which Taylor fell and the foot of the cliffs overhanging Montclair Glen is about a mile and a quarter. The trail from then on was easily negotiable and I sent Ladd back down for stretcher bearers to relieve us. The relief met us about a mile from Couching Lion Farm and they carried the injured man in from there.

Lamson went in the doctor's car to the Mary Fletcher Hospital in Burlington, while Kirkham, Ladd and myself returned to the top of the mountain to get the packs. The men on the trip conducted themselves admirably and the greatest praise should go to "Farmer" Kirkham who gave invaluable assistance.

~ J. Edward Marceau, Trip Leader

Editor's Note: The '33, '35, and '36 in the first sentence refers to the year the students were to graduate from Dartmouth College.

## TRAGEDY ON COUCHING LION



Huts on Camel's Hump where the hikers spent their first night.

BURLINGTON DAILY NEWS  
MONDAY - MAY 08, 1933

### Accident Happens When Lad Becomes Dizzy and Drops 100 Ft. On Rocks

**Freshman at Hanover Was on Expedition With  
Five Other Students—Never Recovered Con-  
sciousness After Terrible Fall Yesterday  
Afternoon—Brought to Hospital**

Benton Wiss Taylor, 18, a freshman student at Dartmouth, fell from the cliff at the top of Camel's Hump yesterday afternoon and in a hundred foot drop received a fractured skull, fractured right arm and fractured neck, as well as bruises and abrasions, which resulted in his death at nine o'clock this morning at the Mary Fletcher Hospital in this city.

Young Taylor, in company with five other Dartmouth students, came to Waterbury Saturday afternoon for a mountain climbing expedition, and started the climb yesterday morning over the trail. The accident occurred about three o'clock yesterday afternoon when the hikers were coming around a cliff at the summit, popularly referred to as the "nose." Taylor complained of dizziness and said his hands were numb just before he dropped on the easterly side of the mountain, a hundred foot fall over the rocks.

The other students working in shifts carried the injured member of their party down the wild mountain. The fall had taken the boy completely away from the trail and the fellow students worked their way through one of the wildest sections of the mountain to bring him down to a road. He was then rushed to the Mary Fletcher Hospital in this city arriving here at seven o'clock. His death occurred about nine this morning. He did not regain consciousness after the accident.

The boys had arrived at Waterbury Saturday afternoon and stayed over night at the home of Professor W. S. Monroe at the foot of the trail. One of the students, whose name was not learned, accompanied the injured boy to this city, and has since gone back to Dartmouth.

Benton Taylor is the son of Dr. William D. and Florence (Wiss) Taylor of Farley Road, Short Hills, N. J. He was born at Newark, N. J., December 7, 1914. The body was taken to the Gurney Funeral home in this city and will be sent to his home at Short Hills, N. J., this evening.



## TRAGEDY ON COUCHING LION



DENTON WISS TAYLOR  
Farley Road, Short Hills, N. J.

Millburn High: Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Dramatics (4); Soccer (4); Editor Year Book, Student Council (4); Honor "M" (4); Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4).

110 Fayerweather

Hikers who were with Denton Taylor  
when he fell on Camel's Hump

Dunham Kirkham  
Born: 12/15/1909  
Died: 07/01/2002  
Age: 92  
Union, Maine

Roderick M. Ladd  
Born: 03/15/1915  
Died: 05/26/1991  
Age: 76  
Scituate, Massachusetts

Joseph Edward Marceau, Jr.  
Born: 04/20/1912  
Died: 04/07/2009  
Age: 97  
Spofford, New Hampshire

## DENTON TAYLOR KILLED IN FALL

### Local Boy Dies as Result of Plunge from Cliff In Vermont

Denton Wiss Taylor, nineteen-year-old son of Dr. and Mrs. William Denton Taylor of Farley road, Short Hills, died Monday in Burlington, Vt., from injuries received in a hundred-foot fall from a rocky cliff near the summit of Camel's Hump, Vermont's second highest mountain. He was about to complete his freshman year at Dartmouth College.

With five other students he spent Saturday night at the home of Professor W. F. Munroe at North Duxbury, at the base of the mountain. The party started the climb Sunday morning and while rounding the nose of the peak Denton became dizzy and toppled off.

Working in two shifts, his companions labored three hours to get him to the base of the peak. Dr. H. D. Hopkins of Waterbury found him to be suffering from multiple injuries and rushed him to Burlington. He did not regain consciousness. Doctors said he would have been totally blind if he had lived.

Well known in the community and one of the most popular students in last year's graduating class at the local high school, Denton was an honor student, a member of the Dramatic Club, sang in the Glee Club and was on the soccer team. He also was manager of the year book. R. John Bretnall, principal, said the school had received excellent reports of his progress at Dartmouth.

His mother, who before her marriage was Miss Florence Wiss of Newark, is a member of the Board of Education and prominent in activities of the Women's Club. Dr. Taylor is a Newark dentist.

Besides his parents the youth is survived by two brothers, Frederick, a junior in Millburn High, and William, a pupil in the elementary schools.

MONTPELIER EVENING ARGUS  
MONDAY - MAY 08, 1933

**DARTMOUTH  
STUDENT DIED  
THIS MORNING**

**Taylor Fell 100 Feet on  
Camel's Hump Sunday  
Afternoon**

Benton Taylor, Dartmouth college student who fell yesterday from the nose of Camel's Hump, died at 9 o'clock this morning at the Mary Fletcher hospital in Burlington. In addition to the many bones which were broken the boy would have been totally blind had he lived, his face having been torn and cut as a result of his plunge over the mountain side. The accident occurred about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

Taylor, whose home is Farlay road, Short Hills, N.J., went up the mountain early yesterday in company with four other Dartmouth students. They had spent Saturday night at the home of Professor Monroe at the foot of the mountain. It is about four miles from where the boy was found to the Monroe house and two shifts of men were needed to get the injured boy out.

He was attended by Dr. H. D. Hopkins of Waterbury. He has a fractured skull, fractured left wrist, broken neck, crushed chest and his face and hands are terribly lacerated.

It is understood that the boy became dizzy and lost his balance.



Door plate on the Christ Church, Short Hills, New Jersey.  
Photo by Lynne Ranieri, M-SH Historical Society



FOUND IN THE ARCHIVES

**Local family raises their own turkeys**

# Traditional bird lives up to its reputation

by David Dupont

For the past seven years Todd and Connie Seymour of South Duxbury have raised their own Thanksgiving turkeys.

And that experience has led Todd to the realization that the turkey's reputation for being stupid is well deserved.

"Turkeys are probably one of the dumbest birds you're liable to meet," Todd conceded. Marbles have to be put in the bottom of their water so they won't stick their beaks too far down and drown themselves. A turkey will also try to eat anything, Todd said, including baling twine, which they manage only to get about half down, leaving the rest trailing from their beaks.

Their temperaments can pose a problem to the farmer. Especially in the early stages of growth, their raising can be "very difficult," Todd said. "They're very susceptible to stress."

Since beginning with four birds seven years ago, the Seymours' flock has gradually increased to over 30 this year.

The Seymours save one for their turkey dinner, plus four or five for their freezer. The rest are sold to friends and family.

They get the birds two days old. Last May they had 40, but six or seven succumbed over the summer and fall.

One of the difficulties they pose, Todd explained, is that once a bird weakens, its fellows will gang up on it and eventually kill it.

"They're very cannibalistic," he said.

Todd has learned that once a bird seems to weaken it is best to slaughter it right away, regardless of its size.

Still the true test of the bird's worth comes at dinner. "Freshest birds you can get," Connie boasted.

"That's the most satisfying thing," Todd added. "Having people come the day after

Thanksgiving and say how much they loved them."

The Seymours raise "Broad Breasted Whites." The birds are bred for their large breast areas and are known for their large quantities of prime white meat.

The only setback with the turkeys is, they can't breed naturally. Through selection, the Broad Breasted Turkeys have developed such large chests that during mating the tom can't get

close enough to the hen to perform his mission.

When slaughtered in November they range in size from 22 or 23 pounds for a hen, to over 30 for a tom. The biggest bird this year was a 34 pounder.

One Thanksgiving, the Seymours own turkey proved to large for their oven and bent the cooking rack.

They will often split birds that size in half for freezing.

In the past, he would slaughter them and pluck them by hand.

It would take him and his brother-in-law two days to do 25 turkeys.

This year, he brought the turkeys up to Morrisville, where he slaughtered them and had them machine-plucked.

They have no trouble selling the birds they raise even though the price will go as high as \$1.40 a pound this year. Todd estimates

he'll spend over 80 cents per pound just in feed.

He doesn't think they really make a profit on the turkeys.

The Seymours also have 12 beef stock, a couple pigs, and rabbits.

Next year, Todd plans to get the turkeys "sexed" before he buys them, so he can make sure he gets mostly hens. And for their own protection, get them de-beaked.



**TEMPERAMENTAL TURKEYS** can be a handful, but the true test comes on the Thanksgiving dinner table. For the past seven years, Todd Seymour and his family have raised their own Thanksgiving feast and for friends and families.

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](http://www.DuxburyVT.com)**

**DON'T FORGET THE NEXT MEETING -  
NOVEMBER MEETING IS CANCELED**

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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