

Under the Hump

UPCOMING EVENTS

- Next Meeting Tuesday, November 14th, 7pm
Crossett Brook Middle School Cafeteria—Brian Lindner, Camel's Hump Crash
- Upcoming Newsletter - Crossett Hill Community
Please contribute any information you might have.

CAN YOU IDENTIFY THIS HISTORICAL SOCIETY MEMBER?



Last Issue
Judy Douglas

THE NEWSLETTER GETS A NEW MONIKER

The Historical Society put the newsletter name to a vote at the summer picnic. Although we had many great sugges-

tions for a new name, the overwhelming favorite was UNDER THE HUMP. Bob Morse submitted the suggestion and we

thank him and all the other members who made recommendations.

THE NEXT ISSUE

The next issue of UNDER THE HUMP will be about the community of Crossett Hill. Any information and photos that you have to share would be greatly appreciated. If you would be willing to write a few paragraphs that would be even better.

Many people remember the colorful characters in the community and if you would be willing to share a sketch of them or childhood memories of the daily happenings of the area it would be enlightening for the whole group.

Please consider digging through old photos or making a written contribution to the newsletter for all the members to enjoy.



GET YOUR 2007 MEMBERSHIP

Would you believe that a year has passed and it is time to renew your membership? Renewal time has come and we would save time and money for the society if the members did their renewal at the next meeting. Please fill out the form below and bring it to Mark at the November 14th meeting or mail it to him at the address on the card. Don't forget that gift season is coming and you might have someone on your list that would enjoy a membership.

DUXBURY HISTORICAL SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP

Annual Dues \$10.00

Fill out the membership information and forward your payment along with this card to :

Mark Morse, Treasurer
Duxbury Historical Society
804 Vermont Route 100
South Duxbury, VT 05660

☐ Renewal ☐ New Membership

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Telephone _____

Email _____

Would you like to receive the newsletter by:

☐ mail ☐ email ☐ both

BURIAL CUSTOMS OVER THE YEARS

Looking at the burial customs over the last 100 years they do not appear to have changed as much as one might think. In the late 1800's and early 1900's the death of a loved one would have been reported and the death certificate would be signed by the doctor and recorded with the town clerk much as it is today. In the early period a funeral practitioner might have come to your home with a casket to provide embalming services or provide them at their location and return the body to lie in repose at the family home. The body would then be transported to the cemetery for the final interment. The majority of wakes were held in the home. Around the 1950's most people didn't have a large farmhouse with wide doors and the ability to hold a casket and the guests so the practice of using a funeral parlor was more widely used.

Years ago many funeral practitioners were associated with the furniture stores. The cabinet makers were the ones that would build the caskets when they were needed. When you went to the room in the furniture store with the caskets to make your funeral arrangements the casket would have a price tag associated with it that would represent the cost of the entire service. The services at the time were very similar

and very formal occasions that did not have the personalization and variety that you would see today.

As cremation grew in popularity in urban areas more services became available in Vermont and it became more widely used in the 1970's. Previously services for Vermont families were only available in Albany, NY and Montreal. Consequently, funeral directors were not able to offer those services as easily as they can do today.

Burials in the winter months prior to the 1950's seemed to be more common place than they are in present day. Some locations had vaults that were built into a hillside but the only vault in our area is in the Hope Cemetery in Waterbury. They would break through the frost layer or start a fire on the ground to heat the frost away and proceed with the burial. About that same time the state imposed limitations on where a body could be buried and most family burial plots were a thing of the past. The space in some of the smaller cemeteries in Duxbury has been filled with only a few locations in large family plots left. Currently the Holy Cross and South Duxbury Cemeteries are the most widely used

L A N D O N - H A Y D E N C E M E T E R Y

The Landon-Hayden Cemetery is also known as the Scrabble Hill Cemetery and has a peaceful setting just off Ridley Brook Road on Scrabble Hill Road. It served the area families from the years of 1829 through 1886. The Backus, Hayden, Landon, Lewis, Morse and Sherman families used this as their final resting place.



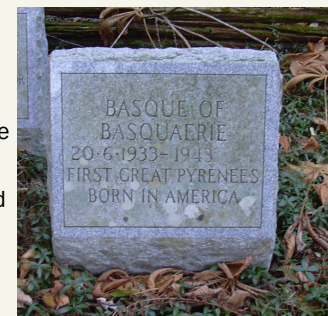
*Albert
Morse
Family*

The Morse lot is particularly telling of the heartache that one family can endure. In 1849 Albert Morse lost his 39 year old wife Eunice on August 23rd after he lost his 9 year old daughter Anna the day before. He had previously lost his four year daughter Sarah and two year old son Edgar on the 18th and 19th of August respectively. Another devastating blow was dealt when he lost another daughter Amelia on September 10th at the age of six. It is likely that a typhoid or cholera epidemic devastated this family in less than a month.

M O N R O E C E M E T E R Y

The Monroe Cemetery started as most burial grounds in Vermont did, as a family plot. Professor Will Monroe resided for many years at the base of Camel's Hump at the Callahan farm. Upon his death he was buried on the farm with his sister, Katherine and the dogs that he loved so much. The inscription on his own stone reads "Will S. Monroe, 22 March 1863—29 January 1936. Teacher, author, trail builder, companion and lover of dogs." Near him rests Scottie "the beloved Collie of Couching Lion Farm 30 April 1925—29 Oct. 1930. " Among the stars a star". Katharine's stone reads "She loved Scottie and wished to rest beside him". Nine of his dogs are buried in the little cemetery with similar gravestones marking each burial spot. His will provided for the care of the four dogs who outlived him and for their burial.

The trustees finally turned the property over to the State of Vermont, and for the lack of funds all the buildings had fallen into disrepair and are now gone. The small cemetery has remained a family plot and is often visited by tourists who visit the state park.



*First Great Pyrenees dog
to be born in America*

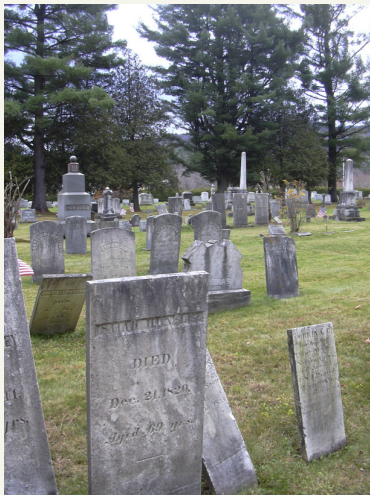
DUXBURY CORNER & HOLY CROSS CEMETERIES

The Duxbury Corner and Holy Cross Cemeteries reside in the same area of Duxbury Corner with the original entrances for both on Main Street. Those entrances have subsequently been closed and replaced by an entrance on Route 100. From the new entrance the Duxbury Corner cemetery is located in the back left corner with a border of pine trees marking its border from the Holy Cross portion on two sides. The Duxbury Corner portion is a town cemetery which started around 1800 and was utilized quite a bit until the mid 1900's. After that time the availability of lots diminished and burials were limited to a few remaining lots available and openings in existing family lots.

Traveling through the cemetery from the back corner to the border of the Holy Cross portion you see the styles of headstones change over the decades. The initial interments utilized the tablet style stones that were common in the early 1800's. Later on the stones were more substantial and more prominent stones were in the obelisk form. Some of the families that used this form were: Huntley, Gilman, Crossett, Deavitt, Somerville, Arms, Nash and Carleton. The later stones are closer in style to the ones commonly seen today. One Crossett family stone resembles a stack of logs and is probably the most unique in the cemetery.



Crossett Stone



The tablet stones of the early 1800's in the foreground with the later obelisk style in the back

About 75 years later Holy Cross also started on the Main Street side of the property and proceeded to grow toward the current entrance. This cemetery was consecrated by the Catholic Church and primarily used by the patrons of St. Andrews and St. Patrick churches. Numerous families selected large stones with the cross showing their Catholic association. There are also quite a few stones that are a large block style that was common in the 30's and 40's. The cemetery has proceeded to grow toward the tree line near the entrance and routinely serves the Waterbury, Duxbury and Moretown communities. This cemetery is maintained by the Holy Cross Association and the maintenance for the Duxbury Corner Cemetery has been donated by Bill Morse for many years.



The Ryan and Coffrin stones in the corner are of a different style than most of stones in the cemetery

FACT OR FICTION?

Lead cups were used to drink ale or whiskey. The combination would sometimes knock the imbibers out for a couple of days. Someone walking along the road would take them for dead and prepare them for burial. They were laid out on the kitchen table for a couple of days and the family would gather around and eat and drink and wait and see if they would wake up. Hence the custom of holding a wake.

England is old and small and the local folks started running out of places to bury people. So they would dig up coffins and would take the bones to a bone-house, and reuse the grave. When reopening these coffins, 1 out of 25 coffins were found to have scratch marks on the inside and they realized they had been burying people alive. So they would tie a string on the wrist of the corpse, thread it through the coffin and up through the ground and tie it to a bell. Someone would have to sit out in the graveyard all night (the graveyard shift.) to listen for the bell; thus, someone could be saved by the bell or was considered a dead ringer.

DE LONG CEMETERY

After the era of the family burial grounds on private property, small cemeteries in most hamlets throughout town were the norm for the next half century. This cemetery located south of Harwood Union High School is tucked away just off Route 100 on the south side of DeLong Road.

The current entrance is more convenient from DeLong Road to the rear of this cemetery however a long, flat fieldstone that faces Route 100 appears to have served as a step for the entrance long ago from the main highway.

This graveyard contains nearly 100 graves, is decorated with a single lilac bush in the center, and flanked by brush and trees on two sides. It was established in the 1800's with grave-stones noted from 1823 to July of 1877 when Samuel C. Turner was the last known to be buried in this graveyard. Most of the headstones contain the age of the deceased although there are a few unmarked stones. Unfortunately, there are several broken stone. The headstone for Nancy, wife of Remembrance Nash has very intricate etchings of a vine and is one of the earliest headstones in the cemetery.

This Cemetery is maintained in conjunction with the maintenance offered by the Association of the South Duxbury Cemetery.

*Epitaph on stone of 22 year old
Orsman C. Turner,*

*Son of J. & L. Turner
A brother loved fondly is taken
A kind affectionate son
And sleeping on more to awaken
A cherished and promising one*

SPRAGUE TURNER CEMETERY

This two grave cemetery is on a private property on Crossett Hill opposite the Moose Meadow Lodge. Located on a small knoll that was within a domestic apple orchard, this cemetery may have contained more than two graves according to memories of former residents of the hill.

Buried here are 21 year old George Sprague in January of 1848 along with 19 year old Ann Maria Turner in June of 1852. Her headstone indicates she was the wife of G.M.

Turner. Local early gossip of this couple related George died of a dreaded disease and she later died of a broken hear. Whether it was gossip, a myth or just rumor, we'll never know; but we can still see standing there a single surviving apple tree.

CROSSETT HILL CEMETERY

This cemetery was originally a private burial ground on land owned by Roswell and Eunice (Well) Crossett. Many of their descendants that continued to reside on the "hill" are buried within these walls. Most of this family died during the period from 1853 to 1875.

A granddaughter of Roswell and Eunice (Ann Maria) has a tombstone that reads: Ann Maria Crossett, Daughter of E. & H.L. Crossett died, ae 16 mo. "rest in peace sweet babe till the resurrection morn." She was the first child born to Edgar and Harriet Lorraine (Corse) Crossett. They farmed at the time where the Moose Meadow Lodge is currently located. This family later moved to the Enosburg area and Edgar entered the Civil War.

Roswell and Eunice spent their productive life on this farm and were buried in this cemetery which they deeded to the town in their late years. They also deeded a right-of-way to the District #7 school for the scholars and teacher to access the burial ground from the one room school that was located near the junction of the current Hayes Road. A segment of that deed read as follows: "To have and to hold the said granted premises with the privileges and so long as wood grows and water runs to the 7th school district.

At some point in time white pine trees were planted amongst the graves that grew to be tall and massively majestic as they stood over looking the rolling meadows all around the cemetery. Today they blend into the overgrown countryside and this cemetery nearly goes unnoticed.

Recently, the town and cemetery committee has installed a parking lot complete with a plaque on a rock that contains the known names of this buried here. This rock and plaque are located at the entrance to the path leading to the cemetery.

During the last summer, this same committee along with several local volunteers constructed a wooden foot bridge across a wet area to allow easy walking access from the parking lot located on Devlin Road.

SOUTH DUXBURY CEMETERY

This rather large cemetery with approximately 700 graves has served this hamlet plus Moretown and the valley area since the mid nineteenth century. Located along Route 100 and adjacent

to Harwood Union High School, many future graves sites are available.

A stone with a flag pole in the rear is in memory of veterans. Medallions mark the graves of veterans. Most of the corner markers are granite engraved with the family surname initial. Graves that reside in this area saw action in the Civil War. Some of those buried here are: Ward, Backus, Dow, Shonio, Smith, Farnsworth, Munson, Boyden, Hart, Corliss, Griffith and several from the Turner family. Many medallions mark the graves of soldier from following war.

This cemetery is very well kept by the association that owns and maintains it, a tribute to the many who comprise the past.

PHILLIPS CEMETERY

The Phillips Cemetery lot is located two miles south of the junction of routes 2 and 100, along Route 100. This is town owned, maintain and enclosed with a steel chain link fence. A pleasant addition to this cemetery is a recently installed fieldstone maker complete with a plaque indicating the name of this graveyard.

The earliest grave know is that of Edward Crossett in 1820, whose family settled this adjacent parcel south of this cemetery in the very early 1800's. This is the same family that later settled on the hill that is named after them. Veterans of the Civil War, WW 1, WW2 and the Korean conflict are buried here.

In the back are several early graves for the Clark family, believed to reside along the ridge behind the cemetery that extends currently south to Welch Road. Early local history indicated this hill was named after this family, but later took the name of Wheeler Hill.

Approximately 150 graves are in this active cemetery with additional sites available.

*Horse drawn
hearse used in
the early
1900's*



Victorian Mourning and Funeral Customs in the 1890

BEFORE THE FUNERAL:

The manner of caring for the dead is growing gradually into a closer imitation of life, and we see the dear ones now lying in that peaceful repose which gives hope to those who view them. No longer does the gruesome and chilling shroud enwrap the form. The garments worn in life have taken its place, and men and women are dressed as in life. It gives a feeling of comfort to see them thus, for it imparts a natural look which could never accompany the shroud. Flowers are strewn about the placid face, and one cannot but remember those grand lines from Bryant:

*"He wraps the drapery of his couch about him,
And lies down to pleasant dreams."*

WATCHING THE DEAD:

It is no longer the custom to watch the dead — an excellent omission, for many of those vigils were unseemly in their mirth. Some friend or relative sits up in order to give the dead any attention necessary. The preparation of the deceased is always attended to by some kindly friends who are not members of the family, and that agonizing duty is spared the afflicted ones. It is more thoughtful for someone to volunteer to remain with the family, through the long sad night hours. It makes the grief and loneliness of the house less oppressive.

CRAPE ON THE DOOR:

*"Ring the bell softly,
There's crape on the door."*

Black crape tied with white ribbon is placed upon the door or bell knob, as an indication that the dread visitor has entered the home, and borne away another prize. This should deter the caller from ringing, if it is possible to bring the attendant to the door without doing so. No one knows save those who have passed through a sorrow, how the clang of a bell, with its noisy reminder of active life, jars upon the nerves. In many houses, the hall door is left ajar, that friends may enter quietly. The kindly instincts of the heart tell them to speak softly, and be helpful and sympathetic. White crape looped with white ribbon is appropriate for a child or young person. For the aged, black crape and black ribbon are used.

PALL-BEARERS:

From six to eight pall-bearers are chosen from the immediate friends of the deceased, and near to him in age. A very young girl may be conveyed to the hearse by girls of her own age. The duty of the pall-bearers is to carry the coffin from the house to the hearse — also from the hearse to the grave. The carriage in which they ride precedes the hearse.

Thank you to Chris Palermo, John Woodruff and Bill Morse for all your help!

F O R G O T T E N S A C R E D G R O U N D S

I met Pinky in 1958, the summer of '58 to be exact. I won't tell you his last name; that would not be ethical, probably not even legal. I was a junior in high school and worked my summer school vacation in the kitchen at the Vermont State Hospital as a 'cart boy' as we were called. The cart boy job was the bottom of the barrel in the employee pecking order in the kitchen. But still a good job for a high school junior in 1958. Hell, any steady summer job for a high school kid was a good job in those days. Just about every school kid that got summer employment in the kitchen started off scrubbing pots and pans in what we called the scullery. The scullery victim/employee

and sent the food up to the ward via the elevator. The attendants or trusted patients (trusties, as they were called) working in the dining areas were always there waiting at their end of the food elevator for our arrival. The word from my boss was that if no one was there to take the food off the elevator at the other end at the ward's dining room, we were to bring it back down and load on the next hall's fare. I understood the logic of this method in later years when I worked up on the wards. It would have been a very hostile work environment to try to explain to fifty or more mental patients that there was no food to serve at meal time.



Grounds in rear of Hospital, Waterbury Vt.

dried his hands, shed his wet apron, and gladly headed out at meal time for the mental wards, pulling huge carts of food to be delivered to the numerous wards. Anything, even tugging a cart through the catacomb-like tunnels underneath the hospital complex, was better than attacking the next dirty pot or pan.

I was assigned the South Side cart run, a route which delivered food to the male wards of the hospital, out toward the Dale Building which at that time housed three halls or wards of patients and the 'B Building' which housed another two. (I might add, as a historical aside, that there were over 1,200 patients at the hospital at that time, which meant that those carts carried a lot of food.) We never entered the actual dining halls on the wards. For security reasons, I am sure, we stopped at small food elevators which descended down to the tunnel area underneath the buildings, pressed a button which sounded an alarm or buzzer in the ward's serving area,

At my stop at Dale 1, a familiar voice always greeted me. A high pitched voice and I could tell that it was an older man. His greeting was always pleasant and upbeat. It was if I was serving filet mignon at the Waldorf Astoria instead of some foul smelling concoction from the VSH kitchen. But it was always a bit of a disjointed conversation and I knew right off the bat that he was a trusty, not an employee. The communication fit me to a tee, since I'm a bit disjointed myself. I hollered up the elevator shaft one day, inquiring what his name was. "Pinky", he replied. I grew fond of Pinkie's greetings as the summer went by and marveled at his good humor in such an environment.

In the fall, I went back to my senior year of high school and figured that I'd most likely never see Pinky face to face.

I graduated from Waterbury High School in 1959 without a nickel in my pocket. I decided to work a year and try to save enough money to head to college. Work was scarce in those days and I was offered a job over at VSH once again, this time working on the wards. I could walk to work from where I lived and could live with my parents, so I took the job, figured I was lucky to get it. After a short period of time I was assigned to work on Dale 1. And finally met Pinky, face to face.

I had figured from the previous summer that Pinky was good guy. And I was 100% correct for one of the few times in my life. Pinky was, as I had guessed from his voice, old all right. I recall that he was 92 years old that summer of 1959. And demented. He talked incessantly to some invisible

F O R G O T T E N S A C R E D G R O U N D S

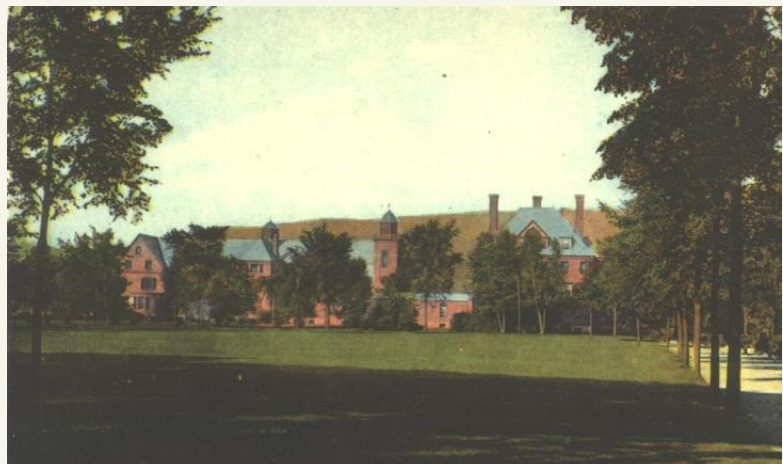
friends/animals/objects. He'd stare off into space, eyes wide in excitement and good humor, and jabber away at those unseen communicants - rather like I do now in my advancing old age. But just a great guy, a neat person to be around, and a tremendous worker. He did dishes in the dining hall's serving area. Three times a day, seven days a week, for 56 patients. I recall the number vividly, because I was responsible for a census every morning where all the patients were accounted for. Pinky absolutely refused to take a day off. Refused to take a meal off, for God's sake. He would have been crushed to have been forced to take a day off. Those kitchen dishes were his. He'd let me help him on rare occasions if we had a meal that required extra dishes, but only if there was a clear, if unspoken, understanding that there was only one boss at the dishwasher's side - Pinky.

His name was appropriate. Pinky was always pink. He was a large man with snow white hair, which was undoubtedly blond in his early years, and had deep blue eyes. He was a handsome old critter, really. He worked just about all day in the heat and humidity of Dale 1's kitchen, laboring over his beloved dishwasher. Enough to make any man pink.

Pinky's pay: two packs of cigarettes a week. But I'd sneak into the supply room on the hall and steal him an extra pack when he needed a smoke and didn't have one on his person. My boss had us figured out, but turned a blind eye to our thievery. And Pinky would barter with the other patients - he could arrange a second helping of apple pie to one of his fat buddies who just happened to have an extra pack of smokes.

Pinky was so kind and decent and such a tremendous worker that I started thinking of him in almost family terms. He was there every day, week in and week out, working at my side at meal time, pausing from time to time to break into animated conversation with his unseen friends, occasionally chuckling heartily for some reason Pinky alone understood. I was fascinated. What was going on in Pinky's world? Only Pinky knew.

Toward the end of the summer, I noted that Pinky never had any visitors. None. I asked my boss on the hall if Pinky ever had visitors. He replied that he had never seen a single soul visit Pinky. Privacy laws not being like they are now, I looked in Pinky's file one day to see when he was admitted to the hospital. The year was 1916. He had been there 45 years. Most likely had not had a visitor in the last 20 years. There were no next-of-kin listed on his file. Basically, he was a ward of the state, living out his life in that mental hospital. It was a sad realization for me, but then I would look at Pinky beside his beloved dishwashing machine and realize that he



was far, far happier than the vast majority of people I had met at this time in my life.

I started thinking about the end of Pinky's life. After all, he was 92. What became of Pinky when he died? I asked a few questions of my bosses and was surprised to hear that patients who died with no known relatives or friends surviving them were buried in a burial ground up across the railroad tracks down off the dump road in what we residents at that time called Waterbury's south end of town. My end of town, in fact, and I had never happened to stumble onto that burial ground.

My curiosity whetted, I headed up in the woods one day in search of that place. I found it without much problem. Up atop a high bank, overlooking what is now the thoroughway, on land which at time was state land. Still is, I think. Up beyond the bank, another half mile or so up the slope, the land levels off and there was a huge meadow carved out of

F O R G O T T E N S A C R E D G R O U N D S

the woods where the state grew crops - corn, potatoes and others, I'm sure. So there was an access trail to the meadow, a trail suited only for horses at that time, which the state used for agricultural and logging tasks back in those times. Off this trail, a hundred yards or so off the beaten track, in a secluded spot, was the burial ground. The state must have transported bodies up to that burial ground on a horse drawn wagon - there is no way that any wheeled vehicle other than a four-wheel drive tractor or bulldozer could have made that trek. I would bet that other patients dug the grave for the newest arrival.

I sat there for a long time that day, staring at miniscule markers and mounds, wondering how many poor souls were buried there. And thinking, "Damn, is this the way it has to end for a guy like Pinky?"

I worked summers at the VSH during my following college years at UVM. Sometimes I'd work on Dale 1 and would always check in on my friend Pinky. He looked older and more frail each summer, but he kept working that dishwasher on Dale 1. He was a huge man for his era. Stooped and round shouldered with age, but still as tall as I was, and I am 6' 1". I'd throw my arm around his shoulders and give him a hug and Pinky would smile that warm smile, his eyes would light up, and his ample belly would shake with laughter at my attempts at humor. But from afar, I'd stare at Pinky and wonder if he was going to end up in that God-forsaken boot hill up above the throughway.

But even the Pinkies of this world sometimes have a savior. Somewhere, from some place, someone steps forward to lend some dignity to their final resting place. And for those indigent, family-less, troubled souls who spent their last years at VSH, that person was Rev. Louis Logue. Fr. Logue, a Boston Irishman, came to Waterbury in the 50's, assigned to St Andrew's parish. A brash, handsome, athletic, young man and a tremendous communicator. He was also a true ecumenical man long before this became the standard for most clergymen/women; he didn't worry about designations like Catholic, Protestant, Jew, ... a good person was a good person, it was as simple as that. He did not fit the mold of the 'standard' priest of his day - far, far from it. But the people loved him and he, in turn, reciprocated that love. But that's another story

Father Logue became Chaplain at VSH after his assignment at St Andrew was completed. In this role, he became aware of the neglected burial ground up in the woods off the dump road. It must have struck him the same way it did me. These folks may be poor, sick, penniless, and without a person left in the world who gives a damn where they are disposed of after they leave this world - but they still deserve some small measure of dignity. But, unlike me, he did something about it.

Fr. Logue decided to lend some dignity and reverence to the burial ground - it became one of his missions to clean up that place - to consecrate that neglected Potter's Field. And he did just that. His final, finishing touch was to erect a monument in memory in those buried there, many of them in graves with no markers.

I was gone from the scene by the time the burial ground was resurrected by Fr. Logue and other interested volunteers. I should have done my homework better and found out some of the other civic minded folks who took part in this worthy endeavor. If I recall correctly, those other volunteers are listed on the monument. I have visited the place a few times in the last two or three decades and always left feeling much better than that first time I searched out the place. I really don't know where Pinky was laid to rest; I suspect that the burials stopped up there long before Pinky died. But it is consoling to me to know that those long-deceased, long-neglected pitiful souls on top of that bank are now in a final resting place that shows some basic level of respect.

And Pinky did not die without friends. He is indelibly, eternally etched in my memory.



Many Thanks to Steve Grace

GRAVES CEMETERY

The Graves Cemetery is located on the road to North Duxbury from Waterbury about 2 miles from the Winooski Street Bridge. It is a small cemetery with about 150 graves. It is located on a small level promontory left by glacial melt waters approximately 10,000 years ago. The soil is very fine hard packed sand without any stones making it easy to excavate square grave.

Ralph Davis a lifetime North Duxbury Resident and long time president of the Graves Cemetery association does not know how the Cemetery came to be known as the Graves Cemetery. As a boy, I thought the name "Graves Cemetery" was quite original, like naming a parking lot the Car Lot. Later in research I believe the names came from the Graves families that lived around the cemetery and may have been original owners of the land the cemetery is on. Ared Graves 1814-1895 lived in the brick farm house that Tom Merrifield lives in now and his son Arthur Graves 1863-1931 lived across the road from the Cemetery. Ared came to Waterbury with his father Luther in about 1826.



The first burial in the cemetery with a marker is Betsey Jenkins Davis who died April 27 in 1814. Betsey was the wife of Capt Benjamin Davis who came to Duxbury from Bradford, Vermont in 1792. Benjamin and Betsey settled at the mouth of Ridley Brook near the site of the present home of Irene Chapman.

Irene's mother, Alice Davis Kennedy was a fifth generation descendent of Benjamin Davis. Benjamin Davis was Duxbury's first representative to the legislature in 1794. Benjamin fought in the revolution and marched from Bradford to Saratoga at the surrender of General Johnny Burgoyne in Oct 1777. Benjamin died in Oct. 13 1830 and is buried beside his wife. There are seven generations of Benjamin Davis's descendants buried in Graves Cemetery.

The next burial in this Cemetery with a marker is Olive Towle wife of Josiah Towle who died in April 22, 1815 at 41 years of age. Josiah and his wife Olive Perry were born in Framingham Massachusetts and were early settlers in Duxbury being listed in the 1800 census. From a review of early Duxbury land records Josiah conducted many land transactions and likely set-



Olive and Josiah Towle

tled on the farm where Deb Spooner now lives. Josiah's son John sold the farm to Daniel Preston of Bolton in 1850. Josiah died in 1841 and is buried beside his wife.

The burial sites for Benjamin Davis and Josiah Towle are at the back of the cemetery leading one to believe they were probably among the first to be buried there. In addition to Davis and Towle, many early North Duxbury families are buried here including Prestons, Haydens, Durkees, Morses, Montgomeries, Graves, Conleys, Barneys, and Youngs.

Graves Cemetery is also a final resting place for another revolutionary soldier and one of North Duxbury's well known early settlers, Samuel Ridley. Samuel Ridley was born in London, England in 1752 and was pressed into service in the British Army in the revolution and later deserted and enlisted in the American forces in Maryland. He served one term of three years and then re-enlisted. He was wounded in the ankle at the battle of Camden, was in the battle of Brandywine Sept 11, 1777, Germantown Oct 4, 1777 and arrived at Monmouth, NJ at the close of battle on June 17, 1778. He married Abiah Flemming and settled at first in Richmond and then moved to Duxbury settling on the bank of Ridley Brook which bears his name near where it enters the Winooski River. Samuel died

GRAVES CEMETERY

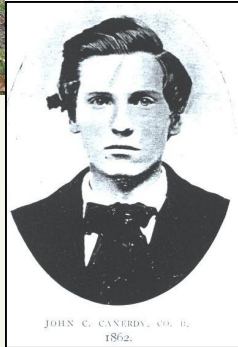
Nov 18, 1842 at the age of 90 years. His son Samuel was born 1897 in Richmond and carried on his father's business at North Duxbury operating a hotel and promoting expeditions and tourist trips up Camels Hump. Samuel the son and his wife Sally are buried in Graves Cemetery.

There are two known soldiers from the Civil War buried in the Graves Cemetery.

John C. Canerdy, born 1844 enlisted Aug 25, 1862 in Company B, Thirteenth Regiment. He died of typhoid fever at Fairfax VA Jan 20, 1863.



*John Canerdy
and his final
resting place*



John A. Durkee was born in Brookfield VT and served in Company I 9th Regiment. He was a lumberman in North Duxbury and died April 9, 1902.



*Final Resting place of
John A. Durkee*

The care and maintenance of the Graves Cemetery is overseen by the Graves Cemetery Association formed in September 1928. Original subscribers of the Association were Lena G. Goodheart, Rufus S. Preston, Ray T. Davis, Fred C. Davis, and Jennie M. Young. Another Duxbury resident Alvin T. Canerdy who died July 8, 1928, left money in his will to be used for the care of the Graves Cemetery, where his father and mother are buried. The will required that before the money could be used an Association must be formed to provide for the cemetery care.

Alvin's parents Lucius T. Canerdy and his wife Sophroina Stewart are buried in the Graves Cemetery. Alvin was an engineer for the Central Vermont Railroad out of St Albans and later operated a livery stable in Waterbury when he retired from the Railroad. Alvin and his wife Nora Barnett lived at Duxbury corner at the time of the 1927 flood. Alvin and Nora, who were 81 and 77 respectively, were forced to leave their house due to rising water in the dark of night. As they waded through the ice cold water and went up a bank behind their home, Nora was separated from Alvin, fell into the water, and was drowned. Alvin wandered all night and was found confused and semi-conscious the next morning and taken to the home of Ernest Clifton. Alvin never fully recovered and died July 8, 1928. Alvin and his wife Nora are buried in the Middlesex Center Cemetery.

Ralph Davis remembers his father Ray Davis and Uncle Rufus Preston using horses to reclaim the Graves cemetery after the association was formed to remove raspberry bushes, trees, fill sunken graves. The weight of the horses often caused them to fall into sunken graves. Some stones were moved to create the present rows. In the early years Ray Davis mowed and trimmed the cemetery after doing the farm chores.

Other Duxbury and Waterbury residents who have served the Graves Cemetery Association include, Rufus and Lula Preston, Ray and Marion Davis, Ralph and Helen Davis, Amy and Hymen Myers, Doris and Donald Flanders, Blanch Deforge, Betty Young, Jim and Charlotte Clifton, Deb Spooner. Ralph Davis is the current Association President.

The Graves Cemetery is a peaceful final resting place for Waterbury - Duxbury residents and is well maintained due to the generosity of past citizens.

*Many thanks to Skip Flanders
for all the research and efforts that went into
this article as well as his support to maintain
Graves Cemetery*

WHAT THE WATERBURY RECORD HAD TO SAY ABOUT DUXBURY

February 4, 1902

North Duxbury

D. R. Leonard returned from Fairfax last week Monday.

Mrs. Geo T. Pape was visiting in Montpelier a part of last week.

Mrs. Nancy Young an old resident of the town has been stopping at L. M. Lewis has now gone to Huntington to live with her son, J. O. Young.

Miss Jessie Morse came home Saturday from Huntington for a short visit where she is engaged teaching.

Geo Conant is working for G. P. Morse

Joseph Rushford drew a load of logs Saturday from the Stockwell job to W. R. Elliot's mill which measured 1152 ft and says it was not much of a day to draw logs either, try again boys.

Mrs. F. C. Davis who has been dangerously sick with pneumonia is reported some better.

Mrs. Mark Wrisley of Waterbury was in town Sunday visiting her sister Mrs. F. C. Davis

Master Harold Lewis has been sick several days.

South Duxbury

Miss Mrytie Butler has returned from Massachusetts.

Mrs. F. Hunt, Mrs. Matt Phillips, Mrs. Albert Phillips and Mrs. Shaw are on the sick list.

Mrs. V. D. Hills has been visiting in Middlesex.

Lewis Cota is convalescent.

A.O. Porter is chipping for Turner Bros.

Will Corliss has moved onto the Will Ward Farm.

February 28, 1902

North Duxbury

The roads have seen in bad condition for

the last few days on account of the three day storm and wind but, are now passable.

The Auditors of the town had a meeting last week Tuesday.

Clarence Brush and H.H. Bishop were in town one day last week.

Mrs. Herman Davis returned from Montpelier last Tuesday.

G. P. Morse on going to his barn in the lumber woods one morning last week found one ox of a valuable pair dead.

Timothy O'Brien a man of over eighty years of age, is seriously ill.

Mrs. F.E. Lewis is recovering from sickness of several weeks.

Dr. Bidwell was in town Sunday.

Mr. Russell Davis who has been in poor health for a long time has lately had a shock and is in critical condition.

Mrs. Michael O'Brien has been in Waterbury for the past week.



*Nellie's stone at
Duxbury Corner
Cemetery*

a niece and cousins. Mrs. Manning is having a month's vacation with pay after completing 20 years of continuous service at the Vermont State Hospital. She spent a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Lawrence Eastman before leaving for Toronto.

Mrs. Lynn Burnor is employed at the Corner IGA Store.

Paul Lewis returned from the DeGoesbriand hospital where he submitted to a tonsillectomy.

Mrs. Victoria Smith has been a patient for some time in a Burlington hospital.

Robert Sherman has been working for Murle Burno through his vacation.

Lt. Clifton Clough arrived home Thursday afternoon on a ten day leave, called here by the say news of the death of his brother, S/ Sgt. Clough on Luzon.

Latest news of Cpl. Milton Griffin, grandson of Mrs. Lester Hills, is contained in a letter received by his parent, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Griffin of St. Albans. Cpl. Griffin, a Marine is the Pacific was seriously wounded several weeks ago. He writes that he is getting along wonderfully well and expects to be returned to the States in the near future where he will be hospitalized. According to him some of "mom's good cooking" is a thing to which he is looking forward.

Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Morse returned the last of the week from Boston where he has been employed in a shipyard. He will resume his garage business here.

Contributions for the Red Cross in Duxbury amount to \$215.

The quilt made by the Red School Parent-Teacher Association for the benefit of the War Chest had been sold for \$19.65.

Merle Lumbra and Mrs. Evelyn Blaine of Springfield, Mass were guests at the home of Louis Messier Monday.

Clyde Jewitt of Montpelier was an overnight guest of Mr. & Mrs. Harold Grout Monday.

Mrs. Grace Morse, Alice and Harvey have returned to Plainfield after spending the past week at their home here.

Mrs. Marilyn Shonio of Hartford, Conn. Is spending the week with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ravlin.

Miss Mary Morse spent last week with relatives in Winooski and Burlington.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Grow were guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lynwood Austin of Stowe Sunday.

Mrs. Braman Dalley and daughter Ann, returned fro Chazy, N.Y. Sunday

Miss Jessie Davis was a visitor in Burlington Saturday.

April 26, 1945

Nellie W. Ravlin,

Reporter

Mrs. Mary Manning left Wednesday night for Toronto, where she will visit a brother-in-law, Charles Newton, whom she has never seen and also a

niece and cousins. Mrs. Manning is having a month's vacation with pay after completing 20 years of continuous service at the Vermont State Hospital. She spent a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Lawrence Eastman before leaving for Toronto.

Mrs. Lynn Burnor is employed at the Corner IGA Store.

Paul Lewis returned from the DeGoesbriand hospital where he submitted to a tonsillectomy.

Mrs. Victoria Smith has been a patient for some time in a Burlington hospital.

D U X B U R Y H I S T O R I C A L S O C I E T Y M E M B E R S H I P

President: Don Welch
Vice President: Steve Grace
Treasurer: Mark Morse
Secretary: Eulie Costello

Phone: 802-244-7558
Phone: 802-244-5941
Phone: 802-244-7080
Phone: 802-244-1742

E-mail: vtmaplemary@adelphia.net
E-mail: sgrace1022@adelphia.net
E-mail: markm@gmavt.net
E-mail: costie@madriver.com

General Questions

Don Welch, President
136 Hayes Road
Duxbury, VT 05676

Membership

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

Newsletter

Kelly Welch
5631 Vermont Route 100
Duxbury, VT 05676
802-244-5627
Email: kwelch@adelphia.net

Newsletter

Maureen Harvey
1293 River Road
Duxbury, VT 05676
802-244-8912
Email: mharvey@harveygear.com

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

DON'T FORGET THE NEXT MEETING NOVEMBER 14TH - 7PM
CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL

D U X B U R Y H I S T O R I C A L
S O C I E T Y N E W S L E T T E R
1 2 9 3 R I V E R R O A D
D U X B U R Y , V T 0 5 6 7 6

