

Under the Hump

SOCIETY BUSINESS

UPCOMING EVENTS

Next Meeting:
Sunday, August 10,
CBMS, noon

- Our annual picnic and meeting is coming up! Please bring your own lawn chair and a dish to share with your neighbors.

CAN YOU IDENTIFY THIS SOCIETY MEMBER?



Last Issue's Photo:
Shawn Perry



Our society's annual picnic and meeting will be held on Sunday, August 10th, at Crossett Brook Middle School, sharply at noon. We will be outside if the weather cooperates. Please bring your own lawn chair and a hot dish, salad, or dessert to share. Our society will supply all of the paper products and utensils.

There will be no formal program so we all can enjoy fellowship. We will have a few items of interest for everyone to discuss. Hope to see you there!



Thanks to DHS!

Our Duxbury Historical Society wishes to thank the members, friends, and neighbors who helped make the recent Waterbury High School Reunion Banquet a huge success. Your commitment, dedication and ambition was really appreciated and our teamwork was the key. Thanks again for a great job!

~ Mary Welch,
Food Committee Chair



SOCIETY BUSINESS

Archival/Preservation Committee Report

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

We are continuing to scan donated photographs and catalog items donated from within the town. Gina Bordeaux and Eileen Wood visited the committee and several of the photos they brought with them were scanned. They have many more available which need some identification before we can scan them.

Donation Artifacts/Documents

Waterbury Historical Society: file cabinet

Stephanie Koonz: four file cabinets and an antique Victrola from the Murray Farm on Ward Hill

Alan Parker: Photos of Sam Ridley Jr. and Sarah Ann Ridley, born May 28, 1826. Sarah was Sam's third daughter.

Julio Antune: photos of Erastus Wells Corse, his brother Christopher Clifton Corse, Clare Corse, and Ida Howe Corse

Helen Davis: cookbook "My Joy of Baking"

Monetary Donations

Richard Lindsley * Harold P. Grout

*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 are welcome to any and all submissions.

Please send your materials to a newsletter member (see names on back page).

If you are submitting text, a doc file via e-mail is preferred.

Thank you in advance for your generosity!

P O T P O U R R I

Vermont Homespun ~ As broadcast by "Old Squier" WDEV ~ Copyright Lloyd Squier

On Cutting Brush

Our Vermont views are simply grand,
But I can never understand
Why 'tis so many folks today
Just never look the Mountain-way.
I know if they'd just take a look
They'd see a practice now forsook,
'N-not think so much about expense,
But cut the brush along the fence.
There's dividends that they might find
If they kept bushes off the line!
It's got so now you go for miles
Without a glimpse of all the piles
Of peaks and crags and mountains green
Just plain forgot--so long unseen
That folks no longer drive that way
Like many did, just yesterday.
A sunset view that can't be seen
Might even cause a ruptured spleen
In someone who had travelled far
To see it from his motor car
Because, perhaps, he'd heard a tale
A lot, right there, might be for sale.
For sure, he won't mow this disgrace
So he can really see the place.
The gravel roads so many seek
That run close to a mountain peak
Are not the place where they will build
Until a lot of slash is killed.
It's easy just to drive right on
Until this view is mostly gone
And something else attracts his eye
That, likely, he will try to buy.
The visitors we have today
Will settle the old fashioned way
If we give them a real good chance
At views wherever they may glance.
Our own forebears built where 'twas high--
Sometimes I've really wondered, "Why?"
When broad flat land was easy found,
For sure, without no crowd around.

But now the things that folks will do
If they can buy themselves a view
Will often quite surprise the man
Who sells 'em off a piece of land.
They hire themselves an architect
And build much more than he'd expect
And when they're done he finds he's won
A prospect for another one.
But if his view's behind a veil
The first look turns out just "No Sale"--
And all because we're getting lax
Expecting that our highway tax
Will cover work we used to do
When Gramp would tell us what to do--
To show some pride in our abode
And cut the brush beside the road.
Back then to make sure this was done
We cut the brush 'fore hayin' begun,
Not after--if there was the time--
We cut the swale and that fence line
To start out with--perhaps to show
The dandy crop of hay we'd grow.
One thing this practice sure would do--
We'd pridefully preserve the view.
Too often, now, the brush stands there
And no one seems to ever care
Except the man with cash to spend
Who'd buy the piece there by the bend
Except the brush had grown so high
That all he saw was open sky.
The wall is buried deep in brash
The view is now obscured by trash.
We leave it to the Selectmen:
"If they don't do it, well, what then?
They own the land--the tax is high
Enough to cut and burn, when dry,
The brush that's standing' on town ground
In ours and all the towns around!"
We're truly a peculiar race--
We cut-off-our-nose to spite our face!

A CROSSETT HILL TALE

My Life of Crime on Crossett Hill
How It All Began—And Ended

By Steve Grace

My early childhood on Crossett Hill was almost completely isolated from the rest of the world. We lived on the last house at the top of the hill, had four or five neighbors within an approximate square mile of our house, played with those neighbors' kids, and went to Waterbury once a week on a Saturday afternoon or evening. I had a few first cousins who lived in Waterbury who visited us on rare occasions, but they were the only kids I knew in Waterbury. I didn't know any kids in North Duxbury or South Duxbury; they might as well have been living in Europe.

We had our own one room schoolhouse which was centrally located in our neighborhood. It was a tiny school, even for those days. I would guess the average total attendance for all eight grades was about a dozen kids. Aside from our own family activities, it was the central piece of the social lives for us kids and, really, for our parents as well. I never recall my parents going to any 'parties' at other neighbors' homes—maybe some of the local families did engage in such activity, but my folks did not. But they did attend all the school functions and celebrations that our teacher arranged—well, I guess I should say my Mom always attended them. It took a bit of coaxing to get my Dad away from his Irishman's shanty in the evening for a school event, I must admit.

In my little isolated world, that schoolhouse was a treasure, a sacred building, a temple. I am one of the fortunate people who really loved school; liked everything about it; my elementary teachers were heroes in my eyes. (And still are, I might add.) In the summer months, when school was closed, we would pass the school on our way to the neighbors' homes to play with our buddies, go fishing, on the way to a swimming hole, or to pick beans at one of the farms in the neighborhood. We treated it like a temple. No one ever defiled it in any way.

Then came the summer of 1950, when I had just completed my third year at Crossett Hill School and a great social upheaval befell us in our isolated world. Word spread that the 'authorities' were closing our school and we were going to attend Duxbury Corner School at the commencement of my fourth grade year. I can't say that I accepted the news with great fear or sadness. In fact, I rather thought of it as a mysterious new adventure. But there surfaced an almost instantaneous change in our image of our old, beloved school. During that summer, the grass grew up around the swings, the teeter-board, the front steps, and the outhouse. A green, rich growth around the outhouse, I noticed. The proud old building's image changed in what seemed like a heartbeat from a neighborhood treasure to an abandoned old building.

One day, in the middle of that summer school vacation period, while passing the building with my Dad in his old beat-up clunker of a vehicle, he glanced at the old schoolhouse and remarked, "Damn! A window's broken in the old building already." I followed his line of sight and, sure enough, one of the big side windows had an obviously broken pane. I wondered how that had happened, but the moment passed without any more conversation about it. I didn't think about it much; its days as a temple were over, it now was just an old building, quickly falling into disrepair. The window did not get repaired or replaced.

A few days later, I was strolling along the road with two or three of the neighborhood boys and my brother John, and at least one of the other boys—maybe more of them, maybe all of them, can't recall now—picked up a stone from the road and threw it at the building, obviously aiming for the small windows above the entrance doors. These boys were four or five years older than I was and could fling a rock with a lot more accuracy and distance than I could. It was obvious that if they continued the assault, a window was going to be broken. My brother John wanted no part of that business and told me to come along, we'd best get out of there. But this activity excited me just a bit; I wanted to stick around to see what came of it. After a few misfires by my compatriots, the target was hit, the sound of broken glass seemed remarkably loud, and I looked about in alarm to see if anyone other than us boys had witnessed the affair. Nobody within hearing distance, that was for sure. The boys laughed and were quite taken with their prowess, and I must admit that I was quite impressed as well. My brother wasn't quite as impressed, told me once again to come along home, and when I stuck around, he went home.

When John left the scene, I could see the bigger boys talking things over among themselves, looking over at me during pauses in their conversation, and they then came over to me and said something like, "Hey, Stevie, have a go at hitting one of those windows. Nobody really gives a hoot, it's just an abandoned old building now." I hesitated, I knew very well that it was the wrong thing to do, but couldn't stand to stay on the right side of the law, behave myself as my brother had. And I'd have to admit that it did not take a great deal of persuasion on the part of the big boys. I must have fired fifty stones at that old building; those windows were a challenge for a third grade arm attached to one of the skinniest third graders you could find in Washington County. But I finally hit the mark! The deed was done! The other boys were just downright effusive in their praise and congratulations. Aw...It was a sweet moment. For about 30 seconds. And then I started thinking about what would happen if my Dad found out. Exhilaration turned to despair in a heartbeat. But the deed was done. I broke no more windows, but my life of crime had started.

A CROSSETT HILL TALE

The days went by and summer vacation waned. I stayed away from the scene of the crime, but couldn't help but notice that more and more windows were being broken on a daily basis. To my surprise, my Dad never questioned me about those windows. I think he could easily surmise what was taking place, but I think he was confident that neither John nor I would be stupid enough to get involved with such mischief.

One hot, humid summer day toward the end of school vacation, my Dad assigned me the nastiest job on the farm. Since I was too young to be of any real help in the woods in his logging operation, I was often consigned to the less demanding but often nasty farmhouse chores. My assignment that fateful day: cleaning out the chicken coop. Now, anyone who has ever raised chickens knows all about that job. There is nothing in this world that smells as bad as well-rotted, hot, humid chicken crap, with too much chicken crap and too little sawdust or shavings in the mix. I was about half done that wretched job, soaked with sweat, and reeking of the smell of aged chicken crap, when my Mom showed up at the chicken coop door. She was the kindest of women, as anyone who ever met my Mom would verify, but she looked pretty upset about something. She said that someone wanted to talk to me. I didn't like what I was hearing but I dutifully followed her out of the barn—and saw a state trooper's car parked in the driveway. And Old Man Leech, the town constable sitting on the passenger side.

What a horrible feeling went through me. I knew what he was there for. It was obvious that they'd already talked to my Mom. I could tell by the disappointment in her eyes when she'd summoned me. My Mom never said a word to me, just told me to go over to the police cruiser. The state policeman looked like he was about eight feet tall, his uniform immaculate, his hat at just the right angle, a beautiful sparkling handgun in his holster, shiny badge on his breast—my God, what a formidable sight! Damn, I thought to myself, I'm in a bad fix here.

But I made one of the wisest decisions in my life at that moment. I'd better just tell the truth, suffer the wrath of the policeman and my Dad, the embarrassment and disappointment in my Mom's eyes, and get this wretched criminal chapter of my life over. The officer told me to get in the back seat. I quickly obliged. Old Man Leech, the Duxbury town constable, stared at me like a huge fat old owl. Old Man Leech was not a bad guy. He was a huge, fat dumpy looking guy who looked as dramatically out of place in his dime store police hat as the trooper looked immaculate in his spotless uniform. Old Man Leech knew me by sight and name, but had no real familiarity with me.

The minute I settled into my seat in that nice pristine cruiser, I could see the trooper draw back in what seemed like shock and look over at Old Man Leech. Old Man Leech kinda grinned at him. I was worrying, and sweating, and stinking so badly that I did not get what was going on

at first in their silent communication with each other. Then the trooper says to me, "Stevie, you know that a lot of windows have been broken over at the old school-house. You part of that deal?" "Yes" I reply and I think he was awfully damned disappointed with that truthful answer. I believe to this day that he'd much rather have heard a lie and got me out of that cruiser as quickly as possible. He then asked me, "Did you break any of those windows?" "Yes" I reply. Old Man Leech is openly grinning now. "How many did you break—can you recall?" the officer says. "One" I reply. "Only one...are you sure of that lad?" he asks. "Only one" I reply. "Throw only one rock?" he asks. "Nope. Must have thrown fifty of 'em before I could hit that window." Now Old Man Leech laughs aloud and the trooper even seems to look more amused than angry.

The trooper hurriedly tells me to get out of the car. He needs to talk to Old Man Leech. I can see them talking a bit, looking over at me sitting on the front porch, awaiting the jail sentence or whatever they have in mind for me. But they seem to be grinning at each other as much as they are talking. Then the trooper gets out of his cruiser and comes over and sits near me on the porch—not too near, I must admit. He says, "I ask you Stevie; you quite sure you broke only one window?" I tell him it's the Gods' honest truth, and it was. He looks at me and grins and says, "Well, we're going to forget about that window," but then he turns real grim-faced and says, "but don't you ever do that kind of thing again, you hear me!?" I'm beside myself with relief and I stutter and stammer that he doesn't have to concern himself with that. He dismissed me then, but first asks me, "You been cleaning your chicken coop, Stevie?" "Yes" I reply. He gets this enormous grin on his face and breaks out in a bit of laughter, and says, "Thought you might be."

He went back into my house to talk to my Mom and I awaited his return from their conversation. He came out of the house, came over to me and came as close as the smell permitted and said in what seemed like an uncommonly kind voice for such an imposing figure, "You know, Stevie, you did the wrong thing breaking that window, but you did the right thing in telling the truth." I returned to the chicken coop and at that very moment I think I had a brief understanding of how a condemned man feels when he is pardoned. We never saw each other again, but I did bump into Old Man Leech many a time before he passed on, and he never once saw me without recalling that day on Crossett Hill. He loved to tell that story and he seemed to dress it up a bit more dramatically with each retelling—the police car got cleaner, the trooper got more amused, and the stench of chicken crap got worse.

It was a day I shall always remember in a bittersweet way—and it was the day my life of crime on Crossett Hill ended.

D U X B U R Y I N T H E C I V I L W A R

Chapter XI

The Final Tally

By Mark H. Morse

The town of Duxbury is credited with supplying **80 soldiers** for the Union cause, representing 7.9% of the Duxbury population in 1860.

1860 Duxbury Population – 1009 (Population didn't reach 1000 again until the 1990's)

+++++ WAR CASUALTIES +++++

Men who died from disease: 11 (13.7%)

08/04/1861	Nathan Huntley	Typhoid Fever
08/05/1861	Truman Dow	Typhoid Fever
12/14/1861	Zalucas Ward	? Dysentery
06/19/1862	John Boyden	Typhoid Fever
01/05/1863	Carlos Turner	Typhoid Fever
01/20/1863	John Canerdy	Typhoid Fever
02/17/1863	Jasper Lyman	? Typhoid Fever
03/26/1863	Hiram Foster	Typhoid Fever
05/15/1863	George Magoon	? Typhoid Fever
08/18/1863	George Crossett	? Typhoid Fever
09/03/1863	Luther Shonio	Malaria

Men wounded in battle: 23 (28.7%)

05/23/1862	Luke Monroe Lewis	Front Royal
06/29/1862	Lawrence Burton	Savage's Station
06/29/1862	Robert Johnson	Savage's Station
06/29/1862	James Murray *	Savage's Station
06/29/1862	George Shonio	Savage's Station
06/30/1862	Dexter Boyden	White Oak Swamp
09/09/1862	Gustavus Young	Vicksburg
09/17/1862	Luke Monroe Lewis	Antietam
12/13/1862	Michael Dwyer	Fredericksburg
12/13/1862	John Roddy	Fredericksburg
12/13/1862	Theodore Wood	Fredericksburg
12/13/1862	Edwin Turner	Fredericksburg
05/03/1863	Dexter Boyden	Marye's Heights
05/03/1863	Ira Clark	Marye's Heights
05/03/1863	Arnold Shonio	Salem Heights
06/14/1863	Julius McMurphy *	Port Hudson
07/03/1863	Lester Dow	Gettysburg
11/27/1863	Henry Crossett *	Orange Grove
05/05/1864	Lucien Bruce	Wilderness
05/05/1864	Amariah Cox	Wilderness
05/05/1864	Newell Scribner *	Wilderness
06/01/1864	Nelson Beach	Cold Harbor
06/01/1864	Joseph Gilman	Cold Harbor
06/03/1864	William Elliott	Cold Harbor
09/19/1864	Ira Johnson	Winchester

* = Later died from wound(s) received

Men Killed In Action: 7 (8.7%)

07/03/1863	Joel Smith	Gettysburg
05/05/1864	Orin Gilman	Wilderness
05/05/1864	William Kelley	Wilderness
05/05/1864	Theodore Wood	Wilderness
05/12/1864	Ira Clark	Spotsylvania
05/12/1864	Luther Morse	Spotsylvania
06/01/1864	Alva Rowell	Cold Harbor

DUXBURY IN THE CIVIL WAR

TOTAL WAR CASUALTIES – DUXBURY: 41 (51.2%)

TOTAL WAR DEATHS – DUXBURY: 22 (27.5%)

PERCENT OF POPULATION LOSS – DUXBURY: 2.18%

+++++ DUXBURY TRIVIA +++++

Youngest Duxbury Enlistee: Carlos Turner – Age 16
Oldest Duxbury Enlistee: George Magoon – Age 47
Average Enlistment Age: 25
Earliest Enlistment: May 02, 1861 – Dexter Boyden
Latest Enlistment: March 16, 1865 – Eugene Norton
Desertions: 5 (2 returned to duty)
Brothers Who Served: Charles Armington & James Wilbur
Edwin & Franklin Atkins
Dexter & John Boyden
Alonzo & Lucien Bruce
Henry & George Crossett
Charles, Joseph & Orin Gilman
Luther & Tiberius Morse
Abel, Arnold, Chauncey, George, Luther Shonio

+++++ NATIONAL STATISTICS +++++

	<u>Union</u>	<u>Confederate</u>
Total Forces	1,556,678	1,082,119
Died from Disease	249,458	165,000*
Died from Battle	110,070	95,000*
Total Deaths:	350,528 (22.5%)	260,000* (24%)
Wounded	275,175 (17.6%)	100,000* (9.2%)
Total Casualties	634,703 (40.7%)	360,000* (33.2%)

Percent of American Population Loss: 2% (Not including war related civilian deaths)

* The Confederate Army did not keep accurate records of its forces, thus these numbers are estimates of their losses. The actual numbers are generally considered to be greater.

Recent studies continue to increase the total deaths on both sides from this tragic war due to the number of men who died from illness or injuries received during the conflict but died after the war had ended. The latest estimate puts the total number of war related deaths near 720,000.

The war inflicted devastation on the entire nation, not only on the soldiers physically but on their families and homesteads, especially in the south. It has taken decades to recover from these effects. Some will say the 'wounds' have still not healed for everyone. We have, however, reunited as one and have become stronger as a nation because of this conflict. We must remember that all who fought in this war were Americans. Let us hope we never become fractured again and can continue to show the world just what it means to be a free society.

God Bless America!

Sources: US Census Reports; Town of Duxbury – Vital Records; Duxbury Historical Society Archives; www.vermontcivilwar.org; National Archives and Records Administration – Washington, DC

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.

www.DuxburyVT.com

DON'T FORGET THE NEXT MEETING - AUG. 10
CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL - NOON

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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