Issue Forty

November 2015

Under the Hump

UPCOMING EVENTS

Next Meeting: Nov. 10, 7 pm, CBMS

 Memberships expire Dec. 31. Dues for 2016 will be accepted at the meeting.

Mystery Photo or Trivia Question?

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

Last Issue's Mystery Photo: Martha (Morse) Jillson



SOCIETY BUSINESS

O ur next meeting will be held on Tuesday, November 10, at 7 pm in the cafeteria of Crossett Brook Middle School. After our business meeting, the program will be a talk by Don Welch updating new information regarding the painting of "The Old Hotel" (which was outlined at our August picnic). As time allows we will have "show and tell" so please bring an artifact to explain its use and history to the crowd. Hope to see you there—with an artifact!

*Reminder: Memberships expire December 31, 2015. Dues for 2016 are being accepted. Those who can renew at the meeting are urged to do so. If you are unable to attend the meeting, please mail you dues to Mark Morse, Treasurer (see back of newsletter), which will help defray postage costs of reminders.

Activities of the Society

Members of our Society have scraped and painted the white support posts for the "Welcome to Duxbury" signs. Thank you!

Don Welch has been scheduled with Melissa Williams of Crossett Brook Middle School to speak with the students on the following two topics: (1) the history of the Vermont State Hospital Dairy Farm Complex in both Waterbury and Duxbury and (2) the Alice Meaker murder.

Annual Food Sale



We are planning on having our annual food sale in November. In past years, this sale has been a success, particularly with the deer hunters heading off to camp. Cakes, pies, cookies, breads, jams, chili, and maple baked beans are always popular. Please consider providing homemade goods to sell and/or volunteering your time at the table. More details to follow at the November meeting.

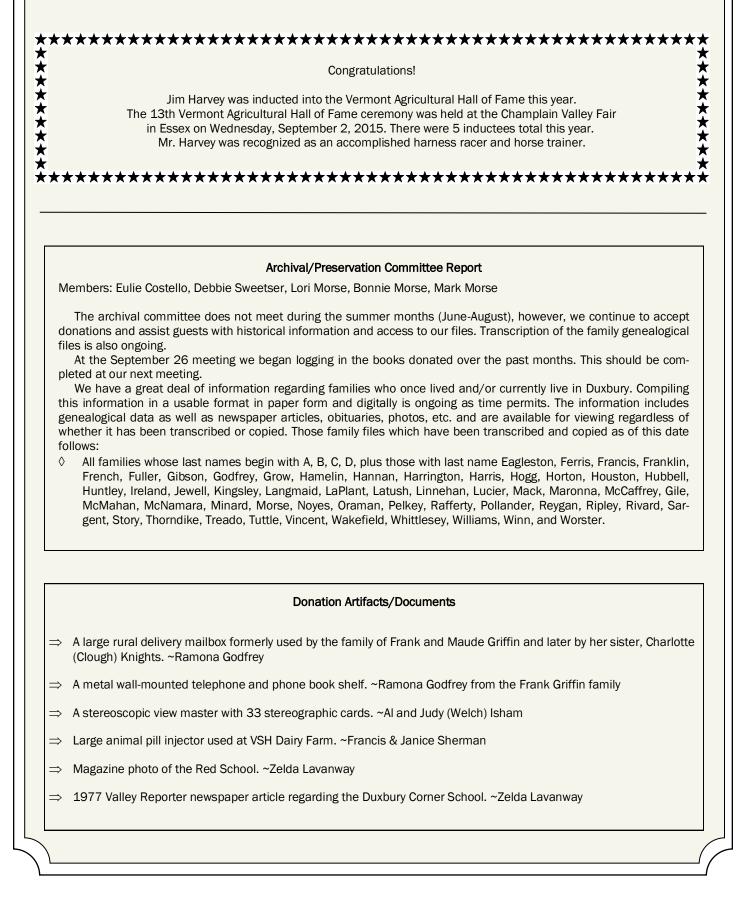


Wreath Sale

'Tis the season for wreaths! We will be selling 12-inch decorated wreaths crafted by our Society member, Lisa Ireland. The wreaths are \$15 each. If you would like a shipping box, it is an additional \$3. The wreaths will be available on November 25. To place an order, call or email Mark Morse or Don Welch (see back of newsletter for phone numbers and email addresses).

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SOCIETY BUSINESS



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SOCIETY BUSINESS

Our annual summer picnic and meeting was held on Sunday, August 9, at Crossett Brook Middle School. Following Donnie's presentation titled "Salvation of the Old Hotel Paintings," we enjoyed food and fellowship. The summer door prize was won by Breta Grace.



Eulie Costello reading the minutes from the last meeting.



Mary Ethel Welch, Justin Blackman, and Laura Titus taking a ride around the parking lot in Justin's clever invention.

On Saturday, September 19, we held a "Let's Make a Deal Yard Sale and Food Sale" outside the Duxbury Town Garage. We had a successful day thanks to Society members and the public who donated items and food to sell and who volunteered their time. The profits were \$822. Thank you to everyone for their support. Thank you to the Town of Duxbury for the use of the property.







UNDER THE HUMP Duxbury Historical Society. Inc

JOSEPH SOMERVILLE

Joseph Somerville 1829 - 1910 A Dedicated Public Servant of Duxbury & Waterbury

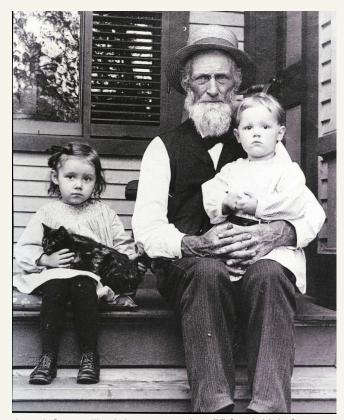
By Skip Flanders

f you lived in Duxbury or Waterbury from 1860 to 1910, you knew Joseph Somerville. Joseph was a respected and esteemed citizen and businessman and public servant of first Duxbury and later Waterbury.

Joseph's parents, Joseph Somerville and Jane Milligan, were born in Ireland and came to America shortly after 1800. Joseph was born in Fayston on September 20, 1829, the fifth of nine children.

On December 6, 1849, at the age of 20, Joseph married Marianne Turner of South Duxbury. She died August 21, 1850 at age 19 after 10 months of marriage and is buried in South Duxbury.

Distraught over the loss of his wife, Joseph went west in 1852 to seek his fortune in the California Gold Rush. Joseph traveled twice to California during the Gold Rush. Once going by ship to Nicaragua then across land to the Pacific Ocean and aboard a ship north to California. This route was about



Joseph Somerville sitting on a porch at 55 South Main St., Waterbury with grandchildren Corrinna and Kenneth Somerville.

5,000 miles and took 2 to 3 months. Another time to reach California he sailed around Cape Horn, South America. This trip by sea was 13,000 miles and took 6 to 12 months to reach California. Joseph made the trip four times.

We don't know how he did in finding gold but in 1856 he returned and purchased a farm at Duxbury Corner from Eben Corse and Mark Canerdy for the handsome price of \$7,000. In today's dollars that was the equivalent of \$200,000.

In 1858 Joseph married a second time to Corrinna Huntley, daughter of Isaiah and Paula Corse Huntley. Joseph and Corrinna had three children: Alice who married Arva H. Smith, Nathan Huntley who married Helen Eddy, and James Franklin who married Lena Fullerton.

Joseph and Corrinna resided on the farm at Duxbury Corner in the area known as Mutton Hollow. While living in Duxbury, Joseph served as Overseer of the Poor and was moderator at Town Meeting in 1871.

In 1872 Joseph semi-retired from farming and leased his farm and moved to Waterbury. Joseph bought a house from Dr. Oliver Drew on South Main Street. This house was later owned by his son, James Franklin Somerville and upon his death in 1937, the estate sold the house to Dr. Charles Harwood. It is now owned by Bob and Norma McLeod and is home to H&R Block. This is where Joseph died in 1910.



Somerville Farm in the Mutton Hollow section of Duxbury Corner, near the entrance to Crossett Brook Middle School.

UXBURY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

JOSEPH SOMERVILLE



Joseph Somerville home at 55 South Main Street purchased from Dr. Oliver Drew in 1872 and later purchased by Dr. Charles Harwood.

On moving to Waterbury, Joseph continued his business interest and public service. When the Village was incorporated in 1882, Joseph was one of the first trustees. He was also a member of the Fire Department and served as a policeman. He was active in the county political system as a republican and the Agricultural Fair in Moretown.

In 1895 Joseph leased his farm in Duxbury to the State of Vermont to be part of the State Hospital. Two years later in 1897, the State purchased the farm. For many years the farm was the site of the piggery and was located near the present entrance of Crossett Brook Middle School.

Alice Meeker, who was murdered in 1880, was living on Joseph Somerville's farm in Mutton Hollow when the murder happened. Little Alice died from strychnine poisoning when she was 8 years old and is buried ten feet from the grave of Joseph Somerville. Alice's murderer, her aunt Emeline Lucy Meeker, died by hanging on March 31, 1883, at the Windsor State Prison.

Joseph was a business partner with C.C. Warren in some ventures and invested in developing water systems in Waterbury, Waterbury Center, and Morrisville. To indicate the level of his business activities, Joseph was involved with 60 property transfer cards in Duxbury and 40 cards in Waterbury. In 1896 Joseph was number 35 on the list of the top 45 taxpayers in Waterbury. The top three people on the list were C.C. Warren, Julia Dillingham, and George Randall. Dr. Henry Janes was 5th on the list. Joseph paid \$51.00 in property taxes and C.C. Warren paid \$317 and Dr. Henry Janes paid \$140.

Another important aspect of Joseph's life that occurred in California was his membership in the masonic fraternity. Joseph joined the masons while in California during the gold



Joseph Somerville in his uniform of Mt. Zion Commandery No 9 of the Masonic fraternity. Joseph Somerville was a charter member of Winooski Lodge # 49 F&AM in 1859 when it was chartered after the anti-masonic period.

rush. In 1859, when the Masonic Lodge in Waterbury was rechartered after the anti-masonic period, he was one of the top three officers. He continued his membership in the masonic organizations until his death. The bearers at his funeral were all brother masons.

Joseph's son-in-law, Arva Smith, was a partner in the hardware store business known as Smith and Harwood located at 1 South Main Street. In 1890 he bought out the share of Harwood and the business was known as Smith and Somerville. His son, James Franklin, became a partner with his brother-in-law Arva Smith in running the store. Joseph bought the building in 1895 from C.C. Warren.

In later years, Joseph was very fond of his four grandchildren: Corrinna, Kenneth, Ollie, and James. Joseph would have been very proud of his granddaughter, Ollie, whose real name was Orillia. Ollie married Clifton O'Clair and when he died she managed the O'Clair Granite Works on North Main Street. Ollie Somerville O'Clair was the first woman Village Trustee elected in 1926 and served during the 1927 flood and recovery period in the same position Joseph occupied when the Village was incorporated in 1882.

I was fortunate to have known Ollie O'Clair as I grew up in the house next door on North Main Street. She was an educated and well-traveled business woman and very interested in public affairs.

Joseph died on March 30, 1910 and is buried in the Duxbury Corner Cemetery among his family and many of his fellow citizens whom he helped. At the Duxbury Corner Cemetery, Joseph's father and mother are buried about 40 feet

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JOSEPH SOMERVILLE



Smith and Somerville Hardware Store on 1 South Main Street.



Joseph Somerville in later years.



People inside Smith and Somerville Hardware Store. James F. Somerville is on the far right, behind the counter.

away from Joseph. His father-in-law and mother-in-law, Isaiah Huntley and Pauline Corse are buried about 30 feet away. His son, Nathan Huntley Somerville, who died in 1899 at age 29 of consumption (another name for tuberculosis) is buried next to him. Joseph's second wife, Corrinna, who died 9 years before him, is buried on the other side. His son, James Franklin Somerville, who died in 1937 of a heart attack at the Smith and Somerville Hardware Store, and wife Lena Fullerton, are buried about 10 feet away in his lot. His granddaughter, Corrinna, who died in 1949 of cancer at age 46, who married

Phillip Holway and later Les Smith is also buried in his lot.

Since Joseph is buried in Duxbury very near the first farm he purchased, I am sure he considered Duxbury his home even though he lived in Waterbury for the last 30 years of his life.

Editor's Note: This story was presented by Skip Flanders at the Memorial Day Ghost Walk. We thank Skip for submitting it to the newsletter. /ISSUE FORTY Duxbury Historical Society, Inc.

POTPOURRI

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

Getting the Christmas Tree

It's time to take that yearly spree To find the perfect Christmas tree! Of all the trips you ever take This yearly hike, you're bound to make, Is like no other I have found, For miles, you drag yourself around To look at every tree that's green, Then hunt for more you haven't seen!

This Christmas Tree must be just right; Precise, exact, as to the height, It must be full, well rounded too, No skinny thing will ever do! Repeatedly, you walk around Each one, until you know you've found The one most perfect Christmas tree Of all the spruces you can see.

It's quite a job to get one home, But easier if you're alone; For when you take the family There are so many trees to see It takes about two hours more To rate each one, and add the score, Until all hands at last agree Which one should be your Christmas tree.

Alone you do it pretty soon-With help, it takes all afternoon-The far-off ones seem perfect trees, But when you get there, Ma says, "These up here are better, don't you think?" And Junior, 'way up on the brink Of some steep cliff will holler, "Dad, there's one up here that's not so bad." Then Sis chimes in, "I don't like that, one side is altogether flat." And so it goes, while time goes on, And each tree that you look upon Is scrutinized, and then passed by, You really get to wonder why You didn't spring a big surprise, And up and buy this Christmas prize!

The game goes on—your legs are tired— Your feet are wet—your boots are mired— You're half-way lost, the lot of you, And circle like lost hunters do, 'Till suddenly a shout goes out. "That tree is perfect, just about!" Surprisingly, they all agree, And you have found your Christmas Tree!

The spruce you get's a perfect tree And each one thinks that he, or she, Was first to spot it where it grew. You know, but don't let on you do, That this so perfect Evergreen Was first of all the spruces seen— To mutely play the game clear through, Like once your Father did for You! The Tree Goes Out

The time has come, it's plain to see When we undress the Christmas Tree, And Mother is the one, I fear, Who'll do it—like she did last year— With no complaint. But all the while She'll wear a half-bewildered smile, And now the holiday is spent She'll wonder where the help all went.

The extra help that brought it in With such a hub-bub and a din Have all gone somewhere—all the boys And all the girls who made such noise The while the tree was gayly dressed, Have gone to ski with all the rest Of youngfolks in the neighborhood— To round out their vacation, good.

And Pa seems nowhere round the house— There's no one there except his spouse The day the Tree must be put out. The green is gone, or just about, And needles shed there on the floor Have piled a half-an-inch or more And Ma thinks, "This may be no fun, But I should see this job begun!"

She watched this Tree so close, for fire, When other folks would just admire That, if it's not burned down the house We earn no credit, it's the spouse. She gets the boxes from the barn Where, empty, they were kept from harm And starts, determined that she'll see The last of this dry Christmas Tree.

The artificial ice and snow Will have a special place to go— The ornaments and colored balls Must all be stored where nothing falls— The strings of pretty colored lights Must be kept safe for other nights— Each bell and boy that looked so brave Is something that she has to save!

The Tree was trimmed and then retrimmed, But now the ardor's rather dimmed It's Ma who'll have to clean the floors And see the thing gets out of doors. Each box and case is sealed up tight And single handedly, by night, She stacks 'em on the high barn shelf Alone, entirely by herself.

By supper time the job is done. And when the children—home from fun, Troop in they can't believe their eyes. They register complete surprise, Exclaim, "The Christmas Tree is out." Ma says, "t'was gone—or just about." And, rising to her tired feet, "Now wash your face—it's time to eat."

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Don't forget the next meeting - **Nov. 10** Crossett Brook Middle School - **7 pm**

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