

Under the Hump

SOCIETY BUSINESS

NEWS AND UPCOMING EVENTS

- Wreath sale is underway! Place your order now!
- Annual bake sale is Nov. 15th.
- The next meeting will be held in May of 2025. Watch for special events before then by visiting our website.

Mystery Photo or Trivia Question?

Do you have a photo or trivia question we can feature in an upcoming newsletter? Please submit to the newsletter committee and we will place it in the next available issue.

Reminder: Dues expire December 31, 2024. Dues for 2025 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 have already submitted your dues please disregard this notice. A reminder will be sent nearer the December 31st deadline.

“Let’s Make a Deal” Sale Update

Great job everyone for another successful “Let’s Make a Deal” lawn sale and bake sale! The sale was held on September 7th at the Sunshine Hall. We raised \$1,910. A big thank you to everyone involved. From baking, donating, organizing, setting-up, buying, selling, breaking-down, and everything in between, we appreciate you!

Wreath Sale

Our annual wreath sale is on again for this year! Call Mark Morse at 244-7080 or Shawn Perry at 244-6496 to reserve your order. The supply is limited! Wreaths this year will cost \$22.00 each. We will also have mailing boxes available for your convenience at \$4.00 each. Everything else will remain the same as last year.



Annual November Bake Sale



Our annual fall bake sale is scheduled for Friday, November 15th, 9 am–noon, in front of Kinney Drugs in Waterbury. Please bake your favorite cookies, muffins, brownies, donuts, pies, bread, baked beans, etc., and donate them to our sale so we can make it another successful fundraiser for the society. Thank you to all of our society members and friends that surprise us each year with their bake sale donations.

SOCIETY BUSINESS

Archival/Preservation Committee Report

Members: Lori Morse, Bonnie Morse, Mark Morse

- Updated family files with new information regarding births, deaths, marriages, etc.

Monetary Donations (as of 10/11/24)

** = In honor of Mary Spencer's dedication to DHS

*** = Bill Morse - Memory Donation

Arlie Belknap ***
 Robert Gioria ***
 Marge & Ed Gormel
 Mame McKee
 Bruce Morse ***

Eileen Morse ***
 Audrey & Alan Quackenbush
 Carol & Allan Reed ***
 Lynne Rozsa **
 Janice & Francis Sherman ***

BUILDING COMMITTEE UPDATE

During the week of October 7th, Portland Glass finished installing the storms on all eight windows of the Meeting House. Drive by if you can and check them out! They are bright and beautiful!

~~~~~

The Duxbury Historical Society sign has been ordered. We will provide photos of the sign when it is completed.



Storm window installation.

Ken Spencer photo.

## D U X B U R Y H I S T O R Y

In light of his passing earlier this year, we thought it would be fitting to include an article written by Senator Bill Doyle about Duxbury. The article was published in November 2002.

William "Bill" Doyle, May 8, 1926–August 15, 2024.

## Duxbury: A Golden Opportunity

by Senator Bill Doyle

Duxbury was one of ten towns granted in the course of one day by Benning Wentworth, the Royal Governor of New Hampshire. The charter of the town reads as follows:



*"King George the Third, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, king, defender of the faith to all persons to whom these presence shall come, greeting. Know ye, that We of our special Grace, certain Knowledge, for the due Encouragement of settling a new plantation within our said province, by and with the advice of our trusty and well-beloved Benning Wentworth, our governor and commander in chief of the province of New Hampshire."*

Under the charter each proprietor had to pay a tax for ten years to the province of New Hampshire

and "the rent of one year of Indian corn, on the 25th day of December annually if lawfully demanded." In addition "all white and other pine trees within the said township, fit for masting a Royal Navy, be carefully preserved for that use. And none cut or felled without a special license."

The township of Duxbury was 36 square miles, contained over 23,000 acres and was divided into 71 shares, one share each for the 65 proprietors, 500 acres for Wentworth, one for the support of schools, one for the county grammar school, one for the first settled minister and one for the propagation of the gospel.

Those who settled Duxbury came from Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New Hampshire and New York. Several of the New York proprietors had Dutch Knickerbocker names such as Philip Schuyler.

It was said of Governor Wentworth that "he did not slip the golden opportunity of filling his coffers. In every township granted to petitioners, 500 acres of land were reserved for the governor, without fees or charges, and he was well rewarded by petitioners for his services." It was generally understood that the governor would be granted the best 500 acres in all the towns that he granted.

Early meetings of the proprietors were held in Newark, New Jersey; Kent, Massachusetts; and other communities. The first meeting of the proprietors in Vermont was held in Bennington on March 26, 1784. The last meeting of the proprietors was held on July 26, 1798. At that meeting they decided to resurvey the townships and to raise money to pay for the survey. Other expenses included payment to Jesse Arms for four days of work at \$1.00 a day and also for five pounds of butter, one quart of rum, and 30 pounds of bread.

The most spectacular site that divides Duxbury from Huntington is Camel's Hump. The ascent to the mountain is often made from the Duxbury side. Around 1850 North Duxbury was called Ridley's Station because Samuel Ridley, Sr. was the best known person in the village. His father had operated a sawmill but the son, Sam, Jr. was interested in tourism. He built a hotel and built a carriage road to within three miles of Camel's Hump. "A bridle path completed the route to the top, where there was a guest house. In the late 1800s the trip to the top of Camel's Hump was a big

tourist attraction, and Ridley's Station in Duxbury was one of the best known stops on the Central Vermont Railroad."

In addition to Camel's Hump there are two mountains named in honor of the two heroes, Mt. Ethan Allen and Mt. Ira Allen. Another peak in Duxbury is Crossett Hill which was named for a large sawmill operator. Another peak is Monroe Mountain named for Professor Will Monroe who taught at the University of Vermont and was one of the leaders in the creation of the Long Trail which "follows the tops of the Green Mountains from Massachusetts to the Canadian Border."

There are several explanations as to how Duxbury got its name. One theory was it was a duplicate of Duxbury, England. "In old Saxon 'bury' signifies a fortification, or fortified place, and 'Dux' meaning a chieftain or leader." The other theory is the name of the town came from Duxbury, Massachusetts. That town was settled by William Brewster, Miles Standish, John Alden, and others, and was incorporated in 1637 as Duxborough.

The first settlement was made by Walter Avery and Stephen Tilden about 1786. Shortly thereafter came Benjamin Davis, John Morse, and Samuel Ridley, Sr. The first representative to the state legislature was Benjamin Davis in 1794. The first birth was that of Lucy, daughter of Jeremiah and Lucy Bryant, in 1791, the same year Vermont joined the Union. Also in 1791, Duxbury's population was 39 and by 1880 the population was 884.

In 1796, two school districts were formed. In 1888, the town had eight school districts, taught by 17 teachers, 15 of whom were women. The average weekly salary, including board, was \$4.78. School districts one, two and nine were located in North Duxbury. School districts three and four were located in East Duxbury, districts six, seven and eight were located in Central Duxbury, and school district five was on the west side of the town.

Senator Doyle can be reached at 186 Murray Road, Montpelier, VT 05602; fax: 802-828-2424; e-mail: wodoyl@adelphia.net

### Zadok Thompson on Duxbury

Zadok Thompson's *A Gazeteer of the State of Vermont* was first published in 1824. Updated in 1842, it contains a brief description of each organized town in the state. Here's some of what Zadock wrote about Duxbury:

*In 1791, there were 39 inhabitants. The south and western parts of the township are mountainous and incapable of settlement. Nearly all the inhabitants are confined to the margin of Winooski river and the northeastern parts of the township. This township is watered by Winooski river, which forms the northern boundary, by Duxbury branch, on which is a considerable settlement, and several small branches of Mad river. There are here seven saw mills. The natural bridge over Winooski river, is between this town and Waterbury, and near it are some curious caverns.*

*Statistics of 1840: Horses, 122; cattle, 1,044; sheep, 2,055; swine, 565; wheat, bu. 1,293; barley, 61; oats, 4,415; rye, 319; buckwheat, 1,049; Indian corn, 2,714; potatoes, 27,910; hay, tons, 2,289; sugar, lbs. 26,374; wool, 4,837. Population, 820.*

## LIFE ON THE FARM

## LIFE ON THE FARM ON CROSSETT HILL

By Laura (Morse) Titus

DISCLAIMER: This is my recollection of living on the farm. Others may remember things differently or have more accurate accounts. This is how I remember it.

The Morse family moved to the 365-acre farm on the southern end of Crossett Hill in September of 1954. The family consisted of Willis and Barbara Morse and their children, Marjorie, Judy, Joyce, Bill, Martha, Mark, and me. I was 9 months old at that time. There were no neighbors within sight of us. The Dupreys lived where Devlin Road is now, and the Benoits were on Route 100. I loved living on the farm because you could wander in the pastures, play in the fields and yard, and no other people besides your family were there.

One of my chores was to get the cows from the pasture for the afternoon milking. We had a great cow dog who would get the cows in the pasture once we had gone through the small wooded area from the house. You only had to tell her, "Go get them, Girl," and she would bring all of them down to me. One afternoon when I was getting the cows, I thought one was



Two photos of the Morse farm on Crossett Hill in the 1960s.

missing. I sent Girl down with the cows and went in search of the missing cow. I wandered through the pasture up by the sugar-house, then headed toward the old sugar-house and ended up back at the house without finding the cow. I was greeted with, "Where have you been? We've been looking for you." I replied that I was looking for the missing cow and was then told there was no missing cow. I had obviously miscounted. I did have times when I would wander in the pasture, exploring what was there, checking out the work horses that we had before heading back down to the house. I would carry a transistor radio with me to listen to the latest music. One time a horse tried to eat it. I don't know what he thought it was, but I made sure it was out of sight after that.

My father said I was spoiling the horses because I would bring them apples, carrots, and sugar. I loved being with them. Once I climbed on the back of one while he was lying down in the pasture. He got up, and I rode him bareback through the pasture, when he decided to trot toward the wooded area. I hollered "whoa" and pulled on his mane, but he wasn't stopping. Thank goodness he decided to stop at the salt lick, which was just before the wooded area. I dismounted quickly. My father found out about this from someone who was driving by and saw me riding the horse.

We had one horse, Dick, who was sick in the pasture. My father and the vet spent the entire night trying to keep him on his feet. If he laid down, he would die. The next morning my father broke the news to me that Dick had died. I was so sad, as he was one of the horses I spoiled.

I loved to be in the barn with the cows,

## LIFE ON THE FARM

calves, cats, and dogs. At one time we had 25 cats, three dogs, three to four pigs, one or two horses, four ducks, chickens, and 15 or more cows. I would help wean the calves from their mothers, fed hay and grain to the cows (sometimes more than they were supposed to have), cleaned out the water bowls, and brushed and curry-combed the cows in the wintertime. Sometimes I would shovel the gutters and spread sawdust. This one wasn't one of my chores, but I liked to do it. WDEV was always on in the barn, and we would hear the Trading Post, news, etc. The cows seemed to like the music. We would get large spiders in the barn, and my brother, Bill, was very good at catching the flies in his hand without killing them and feeding them to the spiders. We always let the spiders stay there as they would keep the flies away from the cows.

Sledding was a big thing to do in the winter, usually with siblings, but sometimes the Benoit boys (Lansing, Lane, and Shane) would come up. We had a long toboggan and several sleds. As there wasn't much traffic on Crossett Hill then, we would use the road as much as the fields near the house. The hills seemed so big then. We could get three or four kids on the toboggan. I remember once falling off the toboggan and being run over by the ones still on it. No injuries occurred. When we would slide in the field next to the house, there were times when the snow would get crusty, which made for some fast sledding. If you fell off, chances are you would get scraped on the crust.

When haying season was in full swing, my father or one of my brothers would be driving the tractor, and the others would be tossing hay onto the wagon. I loved riding on the wagon but wasn't strong enough to lift the bales. I did get to ride on the wagon, and that was fun.

When I was 9 or 10, I rode to the upper fields with Mark to spread manure. I was riding on the fender of the tractor. The road crew was out, and we stopped to talk with them for a minute. When we started up again, I decided to sit on the front of the spreader while the tractor was moving. My foot slipped and I fell off, landing underneath the spreader which ran over me. Mark wasn't aware of this and just kept going. Bill was in the pasture doing some work and came over to help me. I was lucky to have landed face down, and the spreader only ran over my butt. Nothing was broken, but I was scraped up a bit. My father had gone into town, but when he came back, he noticed I wasn't moving very fast. He asked me what happened, and I told him. He said, "That wasn't very smart, was it?" I replied no. He asked if I was OK, and I said I was. He had a way of pretending not to be concerned, but I knew he was.

We had a long driveway, and I would take an old broom and make a road for a toy car. There were houses made of dirt piled up with driveways. It was more fun than it sounds. This was also where Mark and I would have races. We had made up some flags and each of us would race with imaginary racers. Mark used a bike, but I hadn't learned how to ride yet, so I used a doll carriage. Mark did attempt to teach me to ride, but I wasn't good at balancing. Once I was able to coast, he said to start peddling. I did, lost control, and went head over heels over a stone wall. I didn't try that again until after we moved off the farm. I asked for a new doll carriage for Christmas one year and was told I could have one if I didn't race it. I said OK, but I think I still did.

I used to ride an old broomstick as a horse and would gallop around the driveway or up into the pasture. You used what was available, and it worked.

Milk pick-up was something I looked forward to. Stan Ripley was one of the drivers who picked up milk from the bulk tank, and I adored him. We would chat while he was getting milk. One day he was there while my father was mowing hay. My father had hit a snake with the mower and said I should take it to show to Rip (Stan's nickname). I took the snake on a pitchfork and showed it to him. Come to find out, he was petrified of snakes. My father thought that was hilarious.

My mother was a farm wife and mother. Mondays were wash days, where she used a wringer washer, and hung the clothes outside to dry. She was doing laundry for 9 people, so this would take all day. On Tuesdays she would make several loaves of bread. She was lucky if they lasted through the week, because we preferred her bread over the store-bought bread. Tuesday was also ironing day, so when I was old enough, I did some of that. On Saturdays, she made doughnuts in the morning. We couldn't wait for her to finish those. She would also make baked beans for supper with hot dogs. She was an incredible cook and could make anything out of nothing. She made this dessert called Crow's Nest, which is absolutely delicious. It is made with apples and biscuits, then served with a sweetened nutmeg milk mixture. I still have this for my birthday dessert. She took care of the garden where we grew our own vegetables. She would preserve vegetables and pickles to have all winter. She was an avid reader, and she instilled that in all her children. I remember her reading to us before we



Mark and Laura on the farm in the 1960s.

## L I F E O N T H E F A R M

went to bed. She also taught us many card games, and we enjoyed that. We still played cards with her as adults, and she taught the grandchildren how to play as well. I learned a lot from her.

My father was a farmer and did some logging up in the woods and would be gone all day. My mother always packed him a full lunch pail with sandwiches, tomatoes, fruit, and tea. Mark and I always hoped he would leave something so we could eat it when he got home. We certainly could have had anything like that by asking, but it was more fun to eat the food he didn't eat. There was one day he came back from logging and asked us to clean off the tractor. We didn't ask why, and went out to do so. There was some blood on the step of the tractor. That's when we learned that he had cut his leg with the chainsaw, but didn't come back until his normal time. I believe he had to see Dr. Harwood to get stitches.

I remember when I would have a loose tooth that was ready to come out. I was nervous about it. My father would have me sit on his lap so he could look at it, and the next thing I knew my tooth is in his hand. He was so gentle about that. I can still remember the smell of the soap on his hands.

I attended Duxbury Consolidated School from Grades 1-7. There were eight grades, with two grades in each of the four rooms in the school. There was no cafeteria or gymnasium. There was milk delivered in small cartons. My family was used to raw milk and had to learn to like the school milk. The teachers I had were Bernice Dolloff, Ruth Phillips, Anna Lamos, and David James. Nancy Tuttle was also there as an art teacher. Recess was always a treat, although Eric Largena and I would miss it sometimes at noon because we took so long to eat. In the winter, we used cardboard to slide down the "hills" behind the school. We had swings and a ballfield as well. I remember giving a younger girl pushes on the swing. I got distracted and when I turned around, I got the swing in the mouth. I was fortunate not to lose any teeth, but my upper lip was puffed up and black and blue on the inside.

David James was a young teacher/principal who taught us new games to play outside. Flag (like capture the flag) was one. He also let us hit his golf balls while waiting for the bus to come back from North Duxbury. He lost a lot of balls in the river, but he didn't seem to care. Most of the older girls had a crush on him as he was very handsome.

The school used to have nurses come in to give everyone their vaccinations/inoculations. I hated that as I didn't like needles, and I used to beg my parents not to sign the permission slip. I even tried bargaining with them, but I never won that argument. I had a few occasions when I actually fainted either before getting the shots or afterwards. That was embarrassing!

I met my best friend, Ramona Godfrey, in the fourth grade, and we have been best friends ever since. When we moved off the farm in 1966, we moved into the house that my grandparents owned on the northern end of Crossett Hill. My parents bought the house, and my grandmother and aunt lived with us. Ramona lived next door. I was so excited to be able to see her more often.

My brothers and sisters taught me a lot of things, and for the most part we got along. Being the youngest, I'm sure I was obnoxious at times, but we all managed to get along. Mark and I used to have our spats, but I think it was more because we were closer in age. I always knew that he would protect me from bullies.

## Crow's Nest

6-8 cups sliced McIntosh apples, peeled  
1 cup sugar  
1 tsp. cinnamon  
2 cups Bisquick  
2 Tbsp. sugar  
1/2 cup milk

2 cups whole milk or half and half  
3/4 cup sugar  
1 tsp. vanilla  
nutmeg to taste

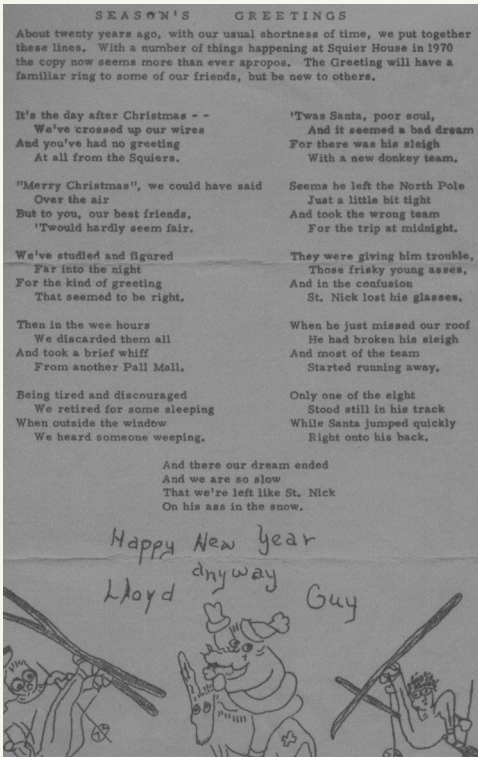
Mix apples with 1 cup sugar and 1 tsp. cinnamon. In a saucepan, combine apple mixture in 1/4 cup water and bring to a boil. Pour mixture in a 13 x 9" pan. In a bowl, mix Bisquick, 2 Tbsp. sugar, and 1/2 cup milk. Top the apples with Bisquick mixture. This may be dropped on or the biscuits may be rolled out, cut out, and placed on top of the apples. Bake at 400 degrees for 20 minutes, then decrease temperature to 350 degrees and bake until apples are done. While apple/Bisquick mixture is baking, mix 2 cups of whole milk or half and half, 3/4 cup sugar, 1 tsp. vanilla, and nutmeg in a small bowl. Set aside.

Serve by inverting each serving in a bowl and pour the milk/sugar/vanilla mixture over the apples and biscuits. You may use whipped cream instead.

Best when served warm.

P O T P O U R R I

This holiday poem was written by Lloyd and Guila Squier. The original copy was printed on red paper and was too dark to read in this newsletter. A small scan of it is shown below. The poem has been retyped here so it can be read easily.



Season's Greetings

About twenty years ago, with our usual shortness of time, we put together these lines. With a number of things happening at Squier House in 1970 the copy now seems more than ever apropos. The Greeting will have a familiar ring to some of our friends, but be new to others.

It's the day after Christmas—  
We've crossed up our wires  
And you've had no greeting  
At all from the Squiers.

'Twas Santa, poor soul,  
And it seemed a bad dream  
For there was his sleigh  
With a new donkey team.

"Merry Christmas," we could have said  
Over the air  
But to you, our best friends,  
'Twould hardly seem fair.

Seems he left the North Pole  
Just a little bit tight  
And took the wrong team  
For the trip at midnight.

We've studied and figured  
Far into the night  
For the kind of greeting  
That seemed to be right.

They were giving him trouble,  
Those frisky young asses,  
And in the confusion  
St. Nick lost his glasses.

Then in the wee hours  
We discarded them all  
And took a brief whiff  
From another Pall Mall.

When he just missed our roof  
He had broken his sleigh  
And most of the team  
Started running away.

Being tired and discouraged  
We retired for some sleeping  
When outside the window  
We heard someone weeping.

Only one of the eight  
Stood still in his track  
While Santa jumped quickly  
Right onto his back.

And there our dream ended  
And we are so slow  
That we're left like St. Nick  
On his ass in the snow.

N E W S P A P E R C L I P P I N G

This poem was written by Mrs. Paul Rogers. It is an undated newspaper clipping that has been retyped here because the original is tattered and difficult to read due to its age.

Get Well Soon

There is a man from Waterbury  
Who, for years, has helped the sick;  
I am sure that without a list  
Dr. Harwood is the one you'd pick.

Made no difference if he received our call  
At noon or 4:00 a.m.;  
You'd hardly get the phone hung up  
When the door would open and he'd walk in.

Whether it was for newborn babies,  
Childhood diseases, flu or pain;  
Young or old, cash or charge,  
He'd be there come sun, snow or rain.

He has left us for a little while  
To get some needed rest;  
I'm sure his patients all agree  
As friends and physical, he is the best.

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: Ken Spencer

Phone: 802-279-2575

E-mail: kenspencer197@gmail.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: lmtitus3030@gmail.com

**Membership**

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

**Newsletter**

Kelly Welch

Alison Magnani

Skip Flanders

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

Phone: 802-244-1915

Phone: 802-244-5529

E-mail: welchkelly2014@yahoo.com

E-mail: a.magnani@outlook.com

E-mail: wtbskip@comcast.net

**Webmaster**

Ken Spencer

Phone: 802-279-2575

E-mail: kenspencer197@gmail.com

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

**DON'T FORGET THE NEXT MEETING - MAY 2025  
LOCATION TBA**

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 .  
8 0 4   V T   R O U T E   1 0 0  
S O U T H   D U X B U R Y ,   V T  
0 5 6 6 0