

# Under the Hump

## SOCIETY BUSINESS

### UPCOMING EVENTS

Next Meeting:  
Tues., Nov. 8th, 7 pm

- Memberships expire Dec. 31. Dues for 2017 will be accepted at the meeting.

Last Issue's  
Mystery Photo:  
Charles O'Brien, Sr



CAN YOU  
IDENTIFY  
THIS  
SOCIETY  
MEMBER?



Our next meeting will be held on Tuesday, November 8th, 7 p.m., in the Crossett Brook Middle School cafeteria. During our business meeting, we will discuss and accept orders for our annual wreath sale, supplied by our Society member, Lisa Ireland. The decorated wreaths are beautifully crafted and stay fresh throughout the season. We will also discuss having our annual November food sale which has been a huge hit in past years particularly with the deer hunters heading off to camp. The society membership annual dues can be paid at this meeting for the ensuing year.

Following the business meeting, our program will be a recital of early poems written by Alice DeLong in 1975. Alice's interpretation of "how it all began" will be entertaining and enlightening, so don't miss it. See you there—hopefully with a friend!

\*Reminder: Memberships expire December 31, 2016. Dues for 2017 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.

### Summer Picnic

Our annual summer picnic and meeting was held on Sunday, August 14, at Crossett Brook Middle School. The weather was very hot so only a handful attended but we still had a good time catching up with neighbors and sampling the different foods everyone brought to share. The ice cream sundae for dessert was a satisfying treat on such a hot day. The poems by Alice DeLong and the door prize will be presented at the November meeting.

## SOCIETY BUSINESS

## Archival/Preservation Committee Report

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

- This is our first meeting since June. We filed many documents that had accumulated over the summer months.
- We also scanned in several photos provided to us from Richard Hills of his ancestors.
- Members should be aware we are always grateful to receive photos of family members to add to our digital archive. We can scan them onto our computer and return the photos back to the donor. We treat these photos as a priority so the donor will not be without their photos for an extended period.
- To date, we have scanned in over 450 photos of several families.

## Donation Artifacts/Documents

At our next meeting in November, we will be cataloging several artifact donations we have received. Once these are cataloged by the archival committee, they will appear in the upcoming newsletter denoting the item(s) and the donor.

## Monetary Donations

Connie Beyerle

A Recipe to Share

Our Society members are great cooks and we'd like to feature some of your recipes in the newsletter. If you have a recipe you'd like to share, please submit it to the newsletter committee. The recipe in this issue is courtesy of Cheryl Touchette.

*Raisin-Date Bars*

½ cup margarine or butter  
¼ cup shortening  
1 cup packed brown sugar  
1 ½ cups flour  
1 t. salt  
½ t. baking soda  
1 cup quick cooking oats



Heat oven to 400 degrees and prepare filling.

Grease a rectangular 13x9 inch pan. Mix margarine, shortening and sugar.

Stir in dry ingredients and oats. Press half the mixture in pan. Spread filling over the top. Sprinkle remaining crumbly mixture over the top. Press lightly. Bake 25 to 30 minutes or until light brown.

While warm, make your cuts.

**Filling:**

Mix 1 ½ cups seedless raisins, 1 ½ cups of chopped dates, ¼ cup sugar and 1 ½ cups water in a saucepan. Heat to boiling over low heat, stirring occasionally. Continue boiling until mixture thickens – about 10 minutes. Stir in ½ cup chopped nuts if desired.

## SOCIETY BUSINESS

### "Let's Make a Deal" Yard Sale

Thank you for all your support and hard work in making the second annual "Let's Make a Deal" yard sale such a success!!! Thanks to support from many in the community we received a lot of donations of items to sell and yummy baked goods for the food sale. The total received was \$1119!

The weather was beautiful and we want to thank all those that helped us set up the sale, worked all throughout the day and assisted with the food sale and cashiers. A tremendous thank you to Skip Flanders who allowed us to borrow tables and tents from the Wesley United Methodist Church. Thank you to Shawn Perry who worked tirelessly at the sale throughout the afternoon and to Mark Morse, George Welch, Steve Grace, and Christian Magnani for their trucks to help us pack up at the end of the sale. Thank you to Shari Welch for helping organize the food sale. Thanks to the Duxbury Town Officers for letting us use the town garage yard. We were able to pass along some items and donations were given to: The Bargain Boutique, Proud Flower, Wayward Wheels in Montpelier and Wesley United Methodist Church.

Thank you all for making this day such a pleasure...See you next year!!!  
~Mary Welch



Shari Welch preparing for the food sale.





## FROM THE ARCHIVES

An excerpt from:  
*Traveling with my Dog*  
by Harper Trois Fontaine

Chapter 22  
MY FIRST VISIT TO AMERICA

As we left at the end of April it was still cold, and I took my fur coat, but we were most surprised, on arrival at New York, to see my friend, Mrs. Wallock, in a summer dress and large sun hat: so my coat went into storage in New York until the end of our visit. Mrs. Wallock was waiting with her car at the Customs to help us through and take us to our Hotel, the Waldorf Astoria, where we were welcomed by one of the managers. We received a similar welcome each time we returned there from various journeys which took us away for a week or two. My first visit was to Mr. and Mrs. Crane, where I stayed for a few days.

Now I will describe how I came to make another visit. I have already said that in 1934 the late Professor Monroe, came over to England. He visited the quarantine kennels at Stanmore to see Kop de Careil. He loved Kop, who was really a beauty. Before leaving me, the Professor made me promise that when I went to the States I would go and visit him. So when I knew that I was going to judge over there I said to one of my friends. "What do you think, Mary, we always said we would go on a cruise and send our husbands fishing." She jumped at the idea and said she would go and see Douglas, her son who was then at Harvard College. We booked our passage on the wonderful German boat and I informed Professor Monroe that I would visit him with a friend. In his letter he had always told me that his place was very primitive, and had send me some photos of it. In his reply this time he wrote, "As we are all males, we want you only to wear trousers during your stay with us". In 1936 not many women wore trousers, so we went to Lilywhites, had some trousers made to measure, and were then ready for the visit to Professor Monroe.

When we arrived in the States, my friend's son told her that he was engaged to a young American lady who was a student at Wellesley College, a few yards from Harvard. As my friend was now unable to accompany me to visit the Professor, I told him this and he then decided to have his solicitor and his solicitor's wife to come and chaperone me. The Professor was 83 years old, but I am a French woman.

At that time I was buying my dresses and coats, at the Paris couturiers, having to visit them to see the collections for reporting on fashion to my students. For my journey to visit the Professor I wore a beautiful biscuit-colored suit made by Lucien Lelong, with a smart Paris hat. I arrived at Waterbury, the nearest station – it is in the north. A man was waiting for me and asked. "Are you the lady the Professor is expecting?" I said yes, and he took my luggage to the car. I have to laugh whenever I think of it – the car was a very old open Ford, such a contrast with the occupant in smart Paris outfit and a new set of luggage in light beige. After four miles traveling on very bad roads we arrived at the Lion Couching Mountain farm, the property of the Professor which he bought when he retired from the University. I was made very welcome by the Professor, who spoke French fluently. He had been a great writer, the living room walls were covered with books. He asked me if I would like to go to my room, and to my surprise I found there were four bedrooms but not doors, only raffia curtains. There was raffia carpeting, no gas and no electricity, only candles. My husband always told me when traveling to look first for safety in case of fire. I went to the window of my room, but there was no chance of safety: there was a mousticaire close up, with about 4" or 5" nails.

I was introduced to the solicitor and his wife, and met the two male servants of the Professor: we had a very nice dinner and excellent wines. At bedtime it turned out that one bedroom was occupied by the Professor and his four dogs – a St. Bernard, a Pyrenean, a Collie and I think an Irish Wolfhound. He called them his brothers and they always slept in his bedroom. The solicitor and his wife occupied another bedroom, the two servants another, and my room was opposite – and no room had a door. I was unable to sleep, then they all started snoring, what an orchestra, the dogs were also in it, and I can tell you, it is something to remember all those different tunes!

The next morning the Professor suggested that I visit the estate, so with my chaperone, the solicitor, we set out. The weather was glorious, as it often is in the American Springtime. First we visited the cemetery, where there were many private family burial places. I was surprised to see all the beautiful stones, of the same shape and size and engraving. One was for a St. Bernard, born year so-and-so, died year so-and-so with the date. Next was for Miss Monroe, the same stone and type of engraving: then another dog, then another human, and so on. After the cemetery, we visited a very large barn which the Professor had had divided into cubicles, each containing camp bed, box or chair, and bowl for washing, etc. I was told that many of the professor's old students would come to spend a holiday there – in that lonely countryside the accommodation was also welcome for overnight visitors. I was then taken upstairs which

## FROM THE ARCHIVES

was full of coffins of different sizes – some for human beings, some for dogs. I was told that in that part of the States they get so much snow that the roads are often blocked, and if anyone dies they must be buried on the spot.

### My visit to the Monroe Pass

In the afternoon the Professor said “You must go and see the Lion and you will have heard about the Monroe Pass, which is well-known”. I thought it would be very interesting and at that time I was a good walker, so I expected it would not be too difficult: I had been on mountain passes in Switzerland, and in the Tyrol in France and so on. But I have some unforgettable memories.

We were due to start at 8 a.m. accompanied by the Professor’s solicitor. I am sorry I did not have a photograph taken of me in trousers, linen shoes, white blouse and cardigan. I carried a bag on my back, containing sandwiches and drink: a revolver in my pocket (that mountain still has a lot of brown bears and if you go near where they have their youngsters they can be dangerous. We saw some in the distance, but they never approached us). I also had a big rope and heavy stick. So we started off. After a few yards the pass was only discernible by some white lines on the trees: you had to hold on to branches to get up and in some parts it was most difficult. We crossed a few streams and at the last arrived at the top near the Lion Down which is in mica with the sun shining on it it looked like diamonds. There we had our lunch and a good rest.

The way up was not too difficult, but when I had branches to hold on. But when I came down there was nothing to hold so I came down on my behind like the lady in the “Autumn Crocus” Play.

Then came the day of departure, as I had to be at Madison for the judging. I left before dark, as the roads in those parts are dangerous: I stopped in the lounge of the Station Hotel where the Professor had arranged for them to serve me with any food and drink I required, and to take care of my luggage. The Professor was a wonderful host, in spite of living in primitive surroundings. In the lounge of that Hotel the easy chairs were very comfortable, and suspended from the ceiling by big chains: you could sit in them and swing all day or night as you wished. At midnight I went to catch my train for New York: to the door came a big black-faced guard who took my luggage and showed me my bed. In the States men and women sleep in the same compartment: you do not see each other, but you are near enough to hold hands. There is one side of the compartment for ladies to undress and wash, the other side is for men. I shall never forget one of our great comedy actresses on the wireless telling her sister of the experiences on the night train: she said “My dear, I have never been so surprised: in the morning the man on one side of me was trying and trying to put his socks on my feet...”

I arrived in New York in the morning, having been awakened by the attendant in time to get ready. I took a car for the Waldorf Astoria, and changed by clothes, my friend was waiting for me. Early in the afternoon we took a car for Madison where we were the guests of the late Mr. and Mrs. Dodge Rockefeller. It was the day before the show and a big party for their friends and judges. Why, I do not know, but Geraldine Dodge Rockefeller became one of my greatest friends. At that Show she really made me the guest of honor. She gave me a private secretary as my steward and I sat on her right to watch the Best in Show. Anyone who has attended the Morris and Essex Show knows that it was the best in the world. What generosity was shown by Mrs. Dodge! She gave a Silver Cup for every breed: each judge has his own ring and received a souvenir. Mine is a little pocket knife with my name written on the ivory – a beauty.

The tables, chairs, and stand for the First, Second and Third dogs were all painted in yellow and blue – so were the tents, and even the plane that photographed the show. In the catalogue a photograph of each judge appeared above the breed he was judging. For the Best in Show there was a long stand, painted blue and yellow, with geraniums all along each side: it was a big stand, very high up for guests to watch the competitors. We had a most excellent lunch, with champagne everywhere. I had about a dozen Pyreneans to judge.

Professor Monroe, who bought the first puppy dog born at Mrs. Crane’s kennels, was showing – but the poor old Darling, he was walking with a stick, and was never winning anything. The sire of his dog was Ch. Urdos de Soum, the first Pyrenean imported by Mrs. Crane. As I went to a few shows, I begged the Professor to let me take the dog in the ring, and what a joy, he won best of breed.

\*\*\*Editor’s Note: This excerpt was found in the archives as a photocopy from a book with the name of the book and author name handwritten at the top of the paper. Online research suggests the name of the book and author name could be “My Travelling and My Dogs” by J. Harper Trois-Fontaines.

## THE FIDDLER IN THE WOODS

## The Fiddler in the Woods

by Carol Johnson Collins  
Dec. 21, 2004

In 1970, my husband, Fred, and I were living in Waterbury Center, Vermont, while we were both teaching full-time at the local high school (Harwood Union High School). We had decided to design and build our own home, and needed to first find land to buy before we could build the house, so on weekends and vacations, we drove around on the back roads of the towns in the outlying area of the school where we had teaching jobs that we both liked. In the area near Camel's Hump (the highest mountain in our area), high up in the hills, we saw a hand-written sign saying **For Sale** which was stuck near the dirt road, in the woods. We stopped to take a closer look. There was no other information on the sign, so we looked for a house nearby. We found the nearest driveway to the sign and followed that down to a camp-like abode, nestled in the woods.

We knocked on the door, and a friendly couple came to the door. We explained that we saw the For Sale sign and wanted to know more about the piece of land for sale. "Three hundred dollars per acre," they said. They told us how many acres were in the parcel and told us that we should feel free to walk on the land to look it over, and we thanked them.

I saw a piano behind them, on the other side of the small room that we entered. I was missing a piano. As a child growing up, my mother always made sure that our family had a piano, and in college I played on the pianos in the practice rooms near the music department...but as a newly-married couple, we didn't have money enough to own our own piano. I timidly asked "do you mind if I play on it?" The couple said "It'd be fine!" So I sat down and began playing songs from my childhood. I had barely begun when the man of the house whipped out a fiddle and played along with every song. It's important to know that I am not an accomplished musician, just someone who plays songs by ear, for the pleasure of my own family. I played folk songs from the Fireside Book of Folksongs, songs of Burl Ives, Pete Seeger, Eddie Arnold. Tunes of Irish and Scottish origin. No matter what I played, this man played not only with me, but around me. He added flourishes and trills, and harmonies that I couldn't believe. This man, who I had never seen before, I didn't even know his name, transported me to an amazingly wondrous world. I just knew this; I had never had this much fun, musically, in my whole life.

I wanted to stay there forever, but I began to feel as if maybe we were imposing on the kindness of this couple, and maybe we should excuse ourselves. Perhaps I felt Fred's discomfort? We stood up and I said that I had enjoyed myself tremendously. The fiddler said "Come on by, anytime." We realized that we had never said our names, or asked theirs. I said "We're Carol and Fred Collins," and he said "My name is Don Fields." We showed our appreciation for a time well-spent, and left, feeling as though we had experienced a dream. It couldn't be real; such warmth, such friendliness, such fine musicianship, it must have been a dream.

I never heard the name of Don Fields again until thirty-four years later. I was in my shop, preparing for the Thanksgiving Harvest Festival in Montpelier, and listening to WDEV, our local radio station, and I couldn't believe my ears. There was to be a special broadcast honoring the life and music of Don Fields. I got a chance to attend and tell a few people my story and I also bought the CD which included some of his performances from the 1930's until 1983, when he died. I was sad to learn that he had died, but I was thrilled to learn that thousands of others had been touched as I was, by Don Fields, and his passionate love of music.

P O T P O U R R I

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

*Seen In 2000 A.D.*

Back forty years folks used to say,  
"Insurance is the thing today!  
Of all the things there are to do  
There is just one sure avenue  
To building up a good estate;  
The income tax is now so great  
It never lets you get ahead  
'Till life is gone and one is dead!"

And so it seemed; and so it was,  
There were no fortunes made because  
The tax, to run the government,  
Left only small amounts, soon spent  
For what were called Necessities.  
Our "way of life" made lots of these—  
Until the part we "put away"  
No longer met the "rainy day."

Forbears for generations back  
Had always felt a certain lack  
Of comforts, and their daily life  
Was mostly filled with toil and strife.  
We vowed we'd work, and in "our day"  
Establish things a better way  
For those whose footsteps followed ours;  
Increase the wages—shorten hours....

Build up a back-log in the banks—  
So Our young folks could offer thanks  
We older ones had done our part  
To give 'em such a healthy "start."  
Folks scrimped and saved, and went without,  
And worked from dawn to dark, about—  
While costs, with wages, rose apace,  
And left us in the self-same place.

From all this change the pattern grew  
That's now so plain to all of You,  
And in the end we understood;  
Frugality is always good,  
But all the same, Security  
Against unknown exigency  
Involved for mostly every man  
A "thumping good" Insurance Plan.

The thing most practical to do—  
(It likely always will be true)  
Was figure all the needs we'd see,  
Add up and multiply by three,  
Then find a good insurance man  
And sign up for a solid plan  
That covered things—and not too low—  
That one could pay for "as you go."

You'll find it very hard to state,  
When asked that you prognosticate,  
Reliably, exactly how  
Folks live, some forty years from now.  
Of one thing, though, we're pretty sure;  
Folks' tribulations will endure—  
There'll be some old and some quite new  
To dictate what each man can do.

But Folks will likely never change.  
Their vision may have wider range,  
But all except a very few  
Will have to change their point of view.  
They'll find their goals are mostly hid,  
And labor like their forebears did,  
And Miss, by just a little bit,  
Success, and its full benefit....

Except there be for every man  
A Thumping Good Insurance Plan.

*Heaven On Earth*

The days and weeks that speed so fast  
Accelerate in Fall  
As if the color on each hill  
Is not for us at all.  
I wonder why, of all the year,  
The month so beauty blest  
So seldom lingers, races by  
As if with Destiny possessed?

The Spring is lazy, lengthening  
Each day a little more,  
With promise of the fullsome days  
Most certainly in store  
For all mankind, and Nature's pets,  
And each day augurs well  
That each surviving spark of life  
May now all fear and doubt dispell.

The Summer days, so long and full,  
So languid, warm and slow,  
Begin so early—end so late,  
We hardly see them go.  
Their fulsomeness is ours to take.  
And each man has his ways  
Of gleaning that for which he strives  
Without accounting for the days.

September comes—the crops come in—  
'Tis now that Summer ends,  
And Man and Nature's folk, alike,  
Work side by side, as friends.  
All life becomes industrious,  
Prepares for change ahead.  
And suddenly, as overnight,  
We note the entire month has sped.

We say, "But only yesterday we saw the spotted fawn"—  
But now his horns are velvety  
And time and ease are gone.  
October rushes on so fast—  
Its days become so short—  
That Nature leaves mere man arear,  
Behind, no longer in rapport.

October gives him just a glimpse  
Of glory come to earth,  
But all too soon the dusk will fall  
And leave him, as at birth,  
Without capacity to blush,  
Or glow, from day to day,  
Consigned to slowly plod along  
His unimaginative way.

Kaleidoscopic colorings—  
An aura God-endowed—  
We see as flashes from a dark  
And fearsome thunder cloud—  
We stand afar, and gaze enrapt  
At Nature's majesty,  
And miss the real significance  
Of what we now so briefly, see.

**D U X B U R Y   H I S T O R I C A L   S O C I E T Y ,   I N C .  
C O N T A C T   I N F O R M A T I O N**

President: Don Welch  
Vice President: Christian Magnani  
Treasurer: Mark Morse  
Secretary: Eulie Costello

Phone: 802-244-7558  
Phone: 802-244-1915  
Phone: 802-244-7080  
Phone: 802-244-1742

E-mail: dmwelch136@yahoo.com  
E-mail: c.magnani@outlook.com  
E-mail: markmorsevt@myfairpoint.net  
E-mail: euliej@gmail.com

**General Questions**

Don Welch, President  
318 Main St.  
Duxbury, VT 05676

**Membership**

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

**Newsletter**

Kelly Welch  
Alison Magnani  
Justin Blackman  
Skip Flanders

Phone: 802-244-5627  
Phone: 802-244-1915  
  
Phone: 802-244-5529

E-mail: welchkelly2014@yahoo.com  
E-mail: a.magnani@outlook.com  
E-mail: mail@ju5tin.com  
E-mail: wtbskip@comcast.net

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

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

**DON'T FORGET THE NEXT MEETING - Nov. 8  
CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL - 7 PM**

**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**