

# Under the Hump

## SOCIETY BUSINESS

### UPCOMING EVENTS

May 10  
meeting at CBMS,  
7 pm

- Join us at the meeting and enjoy the program following entitled "Rocky Vermont."
- Time for the plant sale! Please submit order forms to Maureen by May 15.
- Open house on June 11. See information on this page.

### Next Meeting

The May meeting and program is scheduled for Tuesday, May 10th, 7 pm, at the CBMS cafeteria. Following the business meeting, the program will be a documentary entitled "Rocky Vermont." It reveals the initial plans of a huge rural development in town, the impact this would have, and the differing opinions from its residents.

### PLANT SALE!

It is a new year and even though Mother Nature will not release her grip on winter, spring is due to arrive at some point. With spring coming it means it is time for the annual plant sale. We have been able to add several hundred dollars to a treasury each year and it would be nice to break the \$1,000 mark this year. This year we have added more perennials to the offering. The plants come from Claussen's greenhouse in the morning and are delivered to your house in the afternoon. It couldn't be any easier to get some of the best plants in the region.

Please bring your completed order forms to the May meeting and do try to solicit an order from a coworker, family member, or neighbor. Many people buy plants and it would save them a trip to the plant center and help the Historical Society at the same time. If any members have trays that hold annuals that are just taking up space in the garage, please bring them as well. We can use them again for our deliveries. The plants will be delivered on May 25th so if you are willing and able to deliver plants, please mark your calendar and sign up to help at the meeting or contact Maureen Harvey, 244-0956. All orders need to be to Maureen by May 15th.

### Open House

On Saturday, June 11, from 9 am to 3 pm, our Society will hold an open house and membership drive at the Duxbury Town Garage office. The vaults and files will be open for your viewing and inquiries. Hopefully, we will be able to satisfy your copying and scanning requests. This will be a great opportunity for you to enhance your family's files with information and photographs.

### CAN YOU IDENTIFY THIS SOCIETY MEMBER?



Last Issue's Photo:  
Christian Magnani



### Calendar Sales Update

Once again we teamed up with the Waterbury Historical Society to produce a calendar with historic photos for sale at local retail outlets. The profit from the sale was \$865 which we divided with the Waterbury Society. So many thanks to all of you that purchased a calendar. Do keep the project in mind if you come across any photos that you think might be a good addition to the calendar or just great to share with other members. Contact Skip Flanders or Maureen Harvey and they will gladly make a copy of your photo and promptly return the original.

### Cookbook Sales Update

We have currently sold 122 copies of the "Duxbury Dishes" cookbooks, for a total profit of \$570 and counting! Thanks for your support!

## SOCIETY BUSINESS

## Archival/Preservation Committee Report

Committee members: Eulie Costello, Lori Morse, Debbie Sweetser, Bonnie Morse, Mark Morse

The committee has met on 02/12/11, 03/12/11, and 04/09/11. We have been cataloging photos and placing them within protective sleeves for preservation. We are attempting to put the photos in categories by family surname regardless the subject of the photo, assuming this will be the easiest way to find them. Lori Morse places a description of the photo within the database file she has created on her laptop computer. We have used this same approach with all of the files and items we have accumulated. Once we have our own computer system we will be able to do a word search using a 'key word' to find possible matches for those seeking historical information about people, places, and items relative to Duxbury.

Mark Morse is continuing to transcribe the family genealogical records.

The archival committee will be hosting an Open House on Saturday, June 11 at the Duxbury Town Garage office for anyone interested in viewing any of the materials we have collected and catalogued. We would like to show you what we have and what we are doing with the donations we have received. You may be surprised by the number of subject files we have accumulated. We are always happy to assist people with research and are also glad to accept any items related to Duxbury and the people who live(d) here.

We have recently provided research assistance for individuals seeking information on the Callahan, Dow, and Turner families (3.5 Hours).

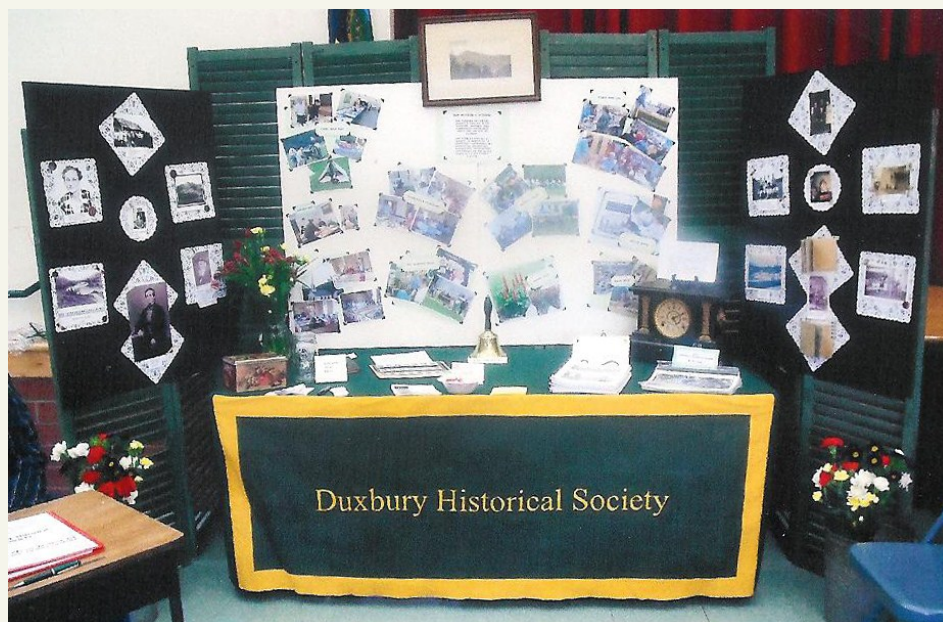
## Recently Donated Items

- Two Waterbury postcard photos—Carol Perry
- Copy of "When the Water Came to Waterbury" about the 1927 flood—JoAnn Berno
- Ruth Phillips' 1907 autograph album—James Lovely
- 1944-1945 Crossett Hill School register—Don & Mary Ethel Welch

## Monetary Donations

General:  
Jerry Paige

Newsletter Support:  
Theresa & Gordon Wood



The Home and Leisure Show 2011

We would like to thank those that contributed in any way to make our exhibit a success. Our exhibit showed the community what the Duxbury Historical Society does and is all about. We received many, many compliments. The 50/50 raffle at your DHS exhibit was won by Jodie Shippee of Duxbury. Thanks for your continued support. ~Don Welch



# SOCIETY BUSINESS



Two of our youngest Society members, Megan Perry and Sam Perry, making preparations for lunch.



Bill Morse collecting lunch money from Kym Andrews.



The lunch line.

The potluck luncheon during Town Meeting was a success. Thanks to everyone's generosity, the lunch was a good variety of delicious dishes. We served 64 people, profiting \$327. The snack bar and coffee station was enjoyed during the morning session of the meeting. The profits from the sales were \$87.

Throughout the day we sold six calendars and six people signed up as new members to the Society.

Thanks to all who donated food and their time working on this worthwhile fundraiser!



Before.



After.

Photos on this page by Myra Perry and Shawn Perry.

## MEMOIRS OF CAMEL'S HUMP

By Mary (Callahan) Reagan

For some time now, my children, nieces (Betty and Joanne), and grandchildren have been urging me to write my recollections of what it was like growing up in the shadow of Camel's Hump. The Indian name was "Ta-wah-bede-e Wadso" which means the Saddle Mountain. Apparently, it went on to the French form of the Lion Couchant. It later took on the English form Camel's Rump and finally our beloved Camel's Hump. Family friend, Professor Monroe, did not like the name Camel's Hump so he called it "Couching Lion." Our farm was only two miles by way of the old Callahan trail over the summit of the mountain. This trail is no longer used today.

Although I didn't realize it at the time, I think we had the most carefree and happiest of childhoods anyone could hope for. With the whole farm to roam about, brothers and sisters to play with and very vivid imaginations, we never lacked for things to do as you will see in the following pages.

### The Callahan Family

#### Parents:

**Frank Callahan** – Born April 3, 1880, died in 1953. Worked as a farmer and lumberman.

**Jessie Morse Callahan** – Born April 6, 1884 (with twin Josie who died at 1 year), died in 1935. Became a teacher.

#### Children:

**Katherine Ellen** – Born on April 30, 1904, died in 1950. Became a teacher. Married Edwin Hayes and had Joanne, Roger (who died in a mill accident), and Richard.

**William (Rex)** – Born on December 7, 1905, died in 1993. Worked as a lumberman in the family business. Married Judy and had Mary, Betty (who died at a young age) and Bill.

**George Francis** – Born on December 8, 1907, died in 1976. Became a carpenter and moved to Reading, MA. Married Gladys and had Barbara, Georgia, Robert, Marjorie, and Danny (who was adopted and later went to Vietnam where he died serving his country).

**Marguerite** – Born February 24, 1909, died in 1985. Became a nurse and moved to Philadelphia, PA. Married Joe Bartlett and had Mary, Joseph Jr., Barbara, and Robert.

**James (Henry)** – Born on June 11, 1911, died in 1971. Worked as a lumberman in the family business. Married Doris and had Ellen, James, Kathleen, Rebecca (who died at a young age), and Michael.

**Mary Jane** – Born on May 12, 1913. Worked as a state hospital nurse, Ward Lumber Company Store and office employee, and finally Post Master of the Moretown Post Office. Married Raymond Reagan and had Pat, Bernard, and Linda.

**Barbara Agnes** – Born on March 24, 1915, died in 2003. Became Duxbury Town Clerk. Married Willis Morse and had Marjorie, Judith, Joyce, Willis, Martha, Mark, and Laura.

**Valentina Helen (Tina)** – Born on February 14, 1917, died in 2006. Became a devoted mother and housekeeper. Married Francis Wilder and had Francis Jr., Elizabeth, Anne, and Malcolm.

**Anna Morse** – Born on June 25, 1919, died in 2005. Worked as a restaurant employee and moved to Massachusetts. Married Frank Godzik and had Jean, Frank II, and Steven.

**Timothy Edward** – Born on January 31, 1922, died in 1970. Entered the Air Force and fought in the Pacific in World War II. Later moved to New York and became a construction engineer. Married Pearl Hayes and had Tim Jr., Roaine, Roxanne, Frank, and Jerry.

**David Patrick** – Born on October 21, 1926, died in 1981. Joined the Navy for his career and went to Korea and Vietnam as tours of duty. Married Pauline and had no children.

## MEMOIRS OF CAMEL'S HUMP

Winter

My earliest memory isn't a very happy one. It was Christmas Day 1918 and I was about five years old. Someone had given us a crate of oranges, which were a rare treat back then. There was a big bowl of them on top of a chiffonier (a tall chest of drawers to you modern folks). I wanted one of those oranges so badly, and no one being nearby, I decided to snitch one. I pulled the crate over to the chiffonier and climbed up to reach for one. It tipped over and I cut a deep gash in my leg from a sharp nail that protruded from the grate. I have a very noticeable scar to this day. But I guess what I remembered the most about the episode was not how much I was hurt but of being tucked into bed beside my 83-year-old grandfather who was ill and bedridden in the next room. He passed away that following February on my sister, Marguerite's birthday. Since this was in the winter-time, it seems a good place to start down memory lane.

Winter was usually well on its way by Thanksgiving. We used to go to my grandparents (the Morse's) for dinner on that day and there was snow enough for sleighing. We were all loaded into a "pung," which was a low cart-like sled or sleigh that was pulled by one or two horses. How we loved that! It was about 2 ½ miles across the valley from our place. Aunts, uncles, and cousins would be there too and we had some great times.

We walked a mile to school and the roads were not paved as they are today. All travel was by sleigh or sled and the snowfall was much heavier and deeper than it is now. My grandfather and father helped build that school around 1896. When I attended school, there were only a dozen or so students but in earlier years there were more than that. The schoolroom was always cold and we would cluster around the big round wood-burning stove in the center of the room to keep warm and for our lessons. It was a one-room school with all eight grades. The desks could accommodate two students.

Favorite winter games at recess were playing the fox and geese, building snow forts, and having snowball fights. The last day before Christmas vacation the school had a program in the afternoon and parents could attend. My mother couldn't always come because there were little ones at home. There was a big tree decorated with strings of popcorn and red and green paper chains which we made in school. There were popcorn balls and maybe a little candy. I remember one of the neighbors would make a huge popcorn ball for my mother who loved them. On one rare occasion the Christmas program was in the evening. This was very exciting with the old schoolhouse lighted by lamps and more parents able to attend. We kids piled into the sleigh for the ride to school. Katie, my oldest sister, was driving and just at the top of the steep hill we tipped over because of the snow drifts (plows were not as frequent as today). We finally

got the sleigh back on the road and continued on the way, cold and snow-covered, but happy and excited to be out at tonight. For Valentine's Day, we made our own cards at school, made up the verses, and vied with each other to see who could make the prettiest one for the teacher.

At home during the long winter, we never lacked for things to do. There was one particular spot in the back of the house where the snow drifted and was especially deep. We would dig out good sized rooms in the snow-taller than we were. We made steps going down into the room and packed and shaped the snow into seats and tables so we had an igloo. The boys built forts and we had great snow ball fights. It was always good sliding on the big hill and we each had a sled. My brothers and some of their friends would form a chain of sleds by hooking their feet into the front of the sled behind, or "belly bunt" as it was called then, where you lay down on the sled face forward to steer the runners and hooked your feet into the sled behind you. Sometimes 8 or 10 sleds were hooked together! Marguerite and I, being the only girls old enough, would be allowed to bring up the rear. Leaving the dooryard we would slide down the big hill and about half way down the boy in front of my sister would take his toes out of her sled and she and I would end up in a snow bank while the boys went merrily on their way.

At Christmas there was a big tree and a gift or two, usually a game or book and maybe paper dolls or a doll we had to share. Checkers, jack straws, and dominoes were a favorite. Professor Will Monroe, who later bought our farm, kept us supplied with games and books through the generosity of his friends who passed them on when their children outgrew them. We all loved to read and were encouraged to do well in school by our parents.

Later on in life my father came to live with me and he told me that they never had a Christmas tree when he was growing up. His family, who had come from Ireland, made their own candles, and one of the molds was a special large one used to make the Christmas candle. It was lighted each night through Advent and placed in the window. This was an old custom and was meant to welcome any stranger who came to the door. No one was turned away because it might be the Christ Child in disguise. When Katie was born, my mother introduced the Christmas Tree into the family. As she was from a practicing Methodist family, some of her traditions became ours.

Spring

Easter was another special day with a big breakfast of ham and eggs. The boys would have a contest to see who could eat the most eggs. I remember one Easter, my oldest sister Katie was attending high school in Waterbury,



## MEMOIRS OF CAMEL'S HUMP

and brought home little yellow felt-stuffed chickens to put at each place at the table. I thought that was quite elegant.

It seems as though spring arrived earlier back then than it does now. By April, the snow would nearly be gone. Then a favorite place to play was in the big barn. Usually a buggy or sleigh was stored in some part of the barn and many imaginary trip were taken in these. There was a swing which hung from the rafters and since the barn was very high, you could propel yourself nearly to the roof. On one side there were bays filled with hay. Beams a foot wide as well as thick crossed over from the hay bins to a sort of shallow attic over the cow stable. We dared each other to walk across the beams from one side to the other. If we had ever fallen to the floor below, we would surely have been badly injured or killed. Now I often wonder how we survived the daring and foolish things we did. I don't believe our parents ever realized what we were up to.

Pretending to be rabbits or squirrels and making dens in the hay was lots of fun too. If the garden was far enough along, we would snatch baby radishes, carrots, or onions to take to our den. We pretended to be birds and would climb trees and "nest" there. The older children showed us how to make containers from birch bark for starting tomato plants and also where to find the best spruce gum. Spring was the time when hens would steal away and build nests in the nearby pasture. We would try to find the nests and gather the eggs but would always miss some and later on a hen would appear in the yard with a brood of fluffy yellow or black chicks.

Finding the first wild flowers was exciting for it meant spring was really here. There were mayflowers, violets, nose bleeds (trilliums), jack-in-the-pulpit, adder tongues and dutchman's britches (or sometimes called boys and girls). Occasionally someone would find a Lady's Slipper but they were rare and usually found deeper in the woods. My brother, Henry, nearly always won the wild-flower contest in school. We made chains and curls from dandelion stems and pulled the petals from daisies to see if we would marry a "rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, doctor, lawyer, merchant or chief." As soon as the ground was soft enough, spring plowing and planting began. How we loved to ride on the stone boat which was a wide flat wooden raft-like object drawn by a horse and used to pack down and smooth the ground after oats or grass seed was planted. As many kids as possible would jump onto provide the weight needed and ride back and forth over the field until it was smooth. We would be completely covered with dust and dirt when the job was done.

At school on May 30<sup>th</sup> (Decoration Day then or Memorial Day now) there would be a special program and everyone recited a poem or read an essay honoring those who had served or died in the wars. One of my favorite

poems was "In Flanders Fields."

In Flanders Fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders Fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders Fields.

There was an old Civil War veteran, Mr. Conley, who lived not far from us, and also veterans of the First World War. Shortly after that, school closed for the summer with a picnic on the last day of school.

### Summer

Summer seemed the best time of year. We went bare-foot all summer long and wandered all over the farm. Not far from the farm and after crossing a little brook was what was called the "Salt Lick." It was part of the pasture and there were many large flat stones, as well as larger, higher rocks. Salt for the cows was placed around the flat stones, thus the name "Salt Lick." We loved to play tag there or whatever crazy game we could dream up. A path through this place led to another favorite spot called "Chamerlin's Tent," named after a family who tented there one summer, spending their vacation hiking and working on the trails to the Hump. It was pleasant place with large pine trees, carpeted with pine needles and just over the bank was the Callahan brook. It was a great place to play house or go wading in the brook. I remember once having a family picnic there and Katie had made some fancy tarts which Dad called Tis-its. He also had nicknames for Barb, who was Stub, and Tina, who was Tiddo.

We were great at making up games. One was "Lock-lock-chain-chain-guig-en-guagin-guig-en-guagin." Chairs were lined up around the room and we each sat in one. The game was to dart into the middle of the room, pretending there was a monster of some kind ready to grab us and then dashing back to our seat and say those magic words before it could catch us. As you can see, it didn't take much to amuse us with such active imaginations as ours. Another game we made up was "Hike-take care to Lumbago." This name came about in the following way: my brother, Henry, was the cut-up of the family. He would

## MEMOIRS OF CAMEL'S HUMP

snap a rubber band at the newspaper Grandpa was reading and holding up in front of him. This made Gramp jump and glare at Henry and yell "Hike-take care." He also had some type of rheumatism called lumbago in those days. Now, lumbago sounded like a foreign country to us. So, by Gramp jumping and shouting out "Hike-take care" and the fact that he had lumbago, he inspired the creation of this new game. Using a broom handle or pole of some sort, we would vault or jump our way down the road shouting "Hike-take care" to the place we called "Lumbago." It was good exercise and lots of fun. We didn't need fancy pogo sticks, we created our own.

This also was the time of year that brought many people to climb Camel's Hump. We called them "Humpers." The ladies usually wore white tennis shoes. How we envied those white shoes! Remember, we went bare foot all summer. So, another pretend game came about. We tied strips of white rags around our feet, stole a few apples from the orchard and pretended to be hikers, our destination being a short walk up the trail through the pasture to a place we called the "row of Spruces." When I was 8 or 9, I would hike to the top of the Hump with the older kids and we picked many buckets of blueberries on the ledges. There were three tin cabins up there with crude bunks and a stove of some sort. I have stayed there overnight many times.

Hop-scotch and "rum runners" were favorite games. Because it was not far from the Canadian Border and it was the time of Prohibition in the U.S., there was a lot of illegal liquor traffic into Vermont. The federal agents at the border were the good guys and those who smuggled the illegal booze into Vermont were the "rum runners" or bad guys. So we teamed up and the good guys would try to find and "arrest" the bad guys. This was a game played after dark during summer and we ran all over the fields.

Drawing circles or "pies" in the hard-packed dirt of the yard with a two tined pitchfork led to disaster one day. Marguerite and I were making circles when she suddenly yelled there was a snake. She knew I was deathly afraid of snakes. I flung the fork and ran. Unfortunately, it landed on her foot and she had to be taken to Waterbury to the doctor which was a 12 mile trip each way by horse and wagon. So she paid dearly for that trick and I expect I was punished although I do not remember it, and wounding her was certainly not intentional.

Haying time was lots of fun, too. After the grass was cut, the boys would shake it out to dry. Katie usually did the raking with the horse rake and the boys would make it into big round "tumbles" or piles. Sometimes we were allowed to ride to the barn on top of a load of hay. One day, when everyone went in for dinner, it was discovered that Barb was missing. The hunt began and she was found asleep behind one of the tumbles. It was a favorite place to play hide and seek among the stacks of hay.

It was my chore to carry water to the workers. This was

some task as the spring was in the pasture some distance away. The water was very cold and my mother would make ginger water or "switchel" as it was called then. This was a mixture of water, vinegar, sugar, and ginger and was quite refreshing on a hot day.

I forgot to mention that Dad also had a pair of oxen named Cain and Abel. I can just barely remember them. I couldn't remember the names of the cows but Barb and Tina did and they were Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, Bess, Abe, Lady, and Star. Abe was the "gentleman" of the herd.

The older kids and grown-ups often pitched horse-shoes or played croquet in the evenings. We younger ones played "Ring-around-a-Rosie" or our other made-up game of "Going to the Pretty Lands," which meant whirling around with our eyes open until we got dizzy and the landscape became a movie panorama. Eventually, we got so dizzy we would fall down. It was also fun trying to catch fireflies (lightening bugs) after dark.

Another favorite time in summer was when Professor Monroe and some of his friends like Theron Dean and Judge Cowles of Burlington would be on the Hump. They would spend an evening with us, sometimes sleeping overnight in the hay barn. We all sat outside while they told us stories, usually scary ones. I especially remember "The Man with the Golden Arms" and another called "It Was a Dark and Stormy Night" which went on endlessly.

I loved to go pick up the mail. All the boxes were set on a big wagon wheel which was attached to a center post so that the wheel could be turned. This was about a mile from the farm in the "Hollow" or "Durkee-ville" as it was sometimes called. It was named after the family who owned the nearby lumber mill. One day when I picked up the mail, there was a package for me. It contained a beautiful doll. Marguerite had sold Cloverine salve around the neighborhood and part of her profits went to get me this doll for my birthday. I thought this was pretty nice of her because we often quarreled. She was 4 years older and I guess I was jealous of her because she was allowed to do things that I couldn't, but she always came to my rescue in a pinch.

I am ashamed to say I had a quick temper and often acted before I thought. Barb says I used to pinch her. I don't remember this but since she was the one who got pinched, I expect she knows what she is talking about. I do remember when I was older, chasing Anna up the stairs whacking her with a slipper because she refused to comb her hair before going to school. Apparently, my Mother was away and I had been left in charge.

I guess I must have been an obnoxious little kid at times because my brothers and sisters taunted me about being like "Crazy Aunt Mary," a distant relative who was in a mental hospital. They used to tell me they felt sorry for any children I might have some day. I'll let my kids judge me on that.

## MEMOIRS OF CAMEL'S HUMP

There was a little brook running from the spring and into a tub a few yards from the house. Water was carried in pails into the kitchen for household use. Wild peppermint grew along the banks of the brook and, when anyone had stomach upsets, my mother would use the leaves to make peppermint tea. It was quite tasty and soothing with milk and sugar added.

Other landmarks were Leslie's Corner where our farm joined the property of Leslie Durkee and Wilson's Corner where it joined Gramp Wilson's place. Gramp Wilson was a kindly old man who, with his wife, was our nearest neighbor. They had bought the place from the O'Neill's when they came here from the Middle West. He often came across the field to call on my folks but his wife never went anywhere. The only time we saw her was if we went there on an errand. My father had a field of potatoes near the Wilson property. When the potatoes were dug up in the fall, there were lots of small ones about the size of marbles or walnuts left in the rows. We would take a stick a couple of feet long, sharpen one end and put one of the small potatoes on it and fling the potato to see how far it would go. Unfortunately, one day Henry threw one and the stick went with it. The sharp end hit me in the chin and I still have a tiny scar to show for it.

It was exciting when the threshing crew came late in the summer. They set up their machine on the barn floor and it would separate the oats from the chaff. We kids lined up along the edges of the hay bays to watch. This crew went from farm to farm and my mother as well as the other farm wives would cook a huge dinner for them.

### Fall

When September came, I was glad to return to school. As I look back, there seemed to be more nice warm fall days than there are now. Some days at recess we would gather beechnuts in the nearby woods. I loved to take a short cut home after school, through the weeds, along the brook, crossing the fence at Leslie's Corner and on through the field to our house. My mother made her own bread and sometimes it had just come out of the oven as we arrived home from school so she would let us have a hot slice of bread and butter. What a treat that was! Often she would pinch off pieces of the dough and deep fry them. We called them "rag muffins."

When I was perhaps 8 or 9 years old, Henry and I did the janitor work at school. He took care of the fires and carried the water from a neighbor's, while I swept the floor, dusted and cleaned the erasers. We all drank the water that Henry carried over from the neighbor's out of the same dipper until one teacher taught all of us students how to make paper cups. We were paid a

very small sum for the janitor work. Once I saw a hat in the Sears catalog that I didn't think I could live without. It was a navy blue straw with a stem of bright red cherries and a ribbon. Since I never went anywhere special enough to wear a hat, I think it says a lot for my mother that I was allowed to spend the money I earned to send for that hat when I needed other things more.

My mother had taught school for a year or two before her marriage and she always wanted us to do well in our studies. My sister, Katie, became a teacher and her first job of teaching was at our school. She had two or three sisters or brothers as students and we had to call her "Miss Callahan" just as the other pupils did. We were expected to respect and obey our teachers and most everyone did. How times have changed.

My favorite teacher was Mabel (Newton) Conley and I just loved her. A few years ago I got in touch with her and visited her a couple of times in Hyde Park. She was 90 years old and had fallen and broken her hip. She used a wheel chair and walker, but her mind was just as keen as ever. She gave me some snapshots of the old schoolhouse, some of us kids on the steps as well as also some of my family which must have been taken when I was 7 or 8 years old. She died a year or two ago.

One day one of my less favorite teachers, I suppose hoping to teach us some responsibility, asked each of us to stand up in class and tell what chore we did to help out at home. In those days, there was no inside plumbing so each bedroom was provided with a certain "receptacle" for night use. Being the youngest big enough to help, I was given the lowliest task of taking care of these every morning. It had been instilled in us never to tell fibs and there was no way I was going to admit doing this shameful job. So I just sat at my desk and couldn't say a word. Finally, Marguerite came to my rescue and said in a haughty voice that I did the "chamber work." Thankfully, no one asked for details and I was always grateful to her for coming to my aid. Incidentally, she managed to use that haughty tone of voice very effectively all her life when she wanted to put someone in their place. Although we would quarrel amongst ourselves, we would stick up for each other if some outsider picked on us. I believe that is a trait that has stayed with our family all through the years.

### Epilogue

In the summer of 1924, my folks sold the farm to Professor Monroe and we moved to North Duxbury. Life changed, with a different school and new friends. Our "Camel's Hump" days were over, but my fondest memories are of growing up on the farm and the fun we had there. So ends this journal and I hope my grandchildren enjoy reading about "those good old days."



## MEMOIRS OF CAMEL'S HUMP

My children have prodded me to include the stories and poems I would recite to them when they were young.  
I am not sure who the authors were but here are some special requests.

Little Orphan Annie

Little Orphan Annie comes to our house to stay  
To wash the cups and saucers up and brush the crumbs away  
To shoo the chickens off the porch and dust the hearth and sweep  
And make the fire and bake the bread and earn her board and keep.  
And all us other children when the supper things are done,  
We gather round the kitchen fire and have the mostest fun  
A-listening to the witch tales that Annie tells about  
And the goblins will get you if you don't watch out.

Once there was a little girl who'd always laugh and grin  
And make fun of everyone and all her blood and kin  
And once when there was company and old folks was there,  
She mocked them and she shocked them and she didn't care.  
And just as she had kicked her heels and turned to run and hide,  
Two great big black things were standing by her side.  
They snatched her through the ceiling 'fore she knew what she was about  
And the goblins will get you if you don't watch out.

Once there was a little boy who wouldn't say his prayers  
And when he went to bed one night way up stairs  
His mama heard him holler and his daddy heard him bawl  
And, when they went to look for him, he wasn't there at all.  
They searched him in the rafter room and cubby hole and press  
They searched him up the chimney flue and everywhere I guess.  
And all they ever found of him was just his pants and round-about  
And the goblins will get you if you don't watch out.

And Little Orphan Annie says when the blaze is blue  
And the lampwick sputters and wind goes woo-oo-oo-oo  
And you hear the crickets quit and the moon is grey  
And the lightning bugs and dew are all quenched away  
You'd better mind your parents and your teachers fond and dear  
And cherish those who love you and dry the Orphan's tear  
And help the poor and needy ones who cluster all about  
Or the goblins will get you if you don't watch out.

Thunder Baby

Did you ever hear of the Thunder Baby,  
way up in the big blue Sky?  
You have seen his cradle maybe  
and maybe you've heard him cry.  
Most of the time he's sleeping  
wrapped up in a big white cloud.  
But when he's awake and hungry,  
he bellows awfully loud.  
And, when he's crying sometimes,  
you can hear his teardrops fall  
with a pitter, patter, patter  
against the garden wall,  
And, when he's madder than mischief,  
he rolls and growls and spits  
and kicks the clouds all forty ways  
and give the weather fits.  
Then, tears come down in bucket fulls  
and children dance for joy.  
Til the sun comes out and soundly spansks,  
her Thunder Baby Boy.

A Word

A careless word my kindle strife,  
A cruel word may wreck a life,  
A bitter word may hate instill,  
A brutal word my smite and kill,  
A gracious word may smooth the way,  
A joyous word may light the day,  
A timely word may lessen stress,  
A loving word may heal and bless.

Unnamed

Monday's child is fair of face,  
Tuesday's child is full of grace,  
Wednesday's child is loving and giving,  
Thursday's child works hard for a living,  
Friday's child is full of woe,  
Saturday's child has far to go,  
But the child that is born on the Sabbath day, is bonnie and bright and good and gay.

## DUXBURY IN THE CIVIL WAR

## Chapter II

## The Boys Answer the Call

By Mark H. Morse

Soon after Dexter Boyden became the first Duxbury man to enlist on May 02, 1861 in the Union Army, several others also added their names to the roster. On May 07, 1861 the following men enlisted and were mustered into Company "D" of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Vermont Volunteer Infantry (VVI) on June 21 to serve a 3 year commitment: Frank Atkins 21, William Braidnell 19, Truman Dow 20, Charles Gilman 21, Orin Gilman 30, Nathan Huntley 22, William Kelley 22, Edwin Turner 21, and Chauncey Shonio 30. John Roddy 24, followed on June 09. After the original request for troops under which the 1<sup>st</sup> Vermont regiment was organized it became increasingly clear to both the North and South that this war would not end in just a matter of months. Thus, Union enlistments became 3-year commitments for the most part. Most of these Duxbury men were close neighbors or relatives and had known each other since childhood. As was customary at the beginning of the war, men from the same community were assigned to serve together within a company. Later in the war as men were needed to replenish units due to casualties, the practice was less adhered to except when a draft was instituted after a request by President Lincoln that more troops were needed to aid the cause.

Franklin Atkins was living with his parents Charles & Marissa Atkins at Duxbury Corner at the time of his enlistment. He was mustered into service as a Master Sergeant. He soon contracted measles and spent a great deal of time in the hospital. He chose to leave the hospital to take part in the battle of 1<sup>st</sup> Bull Run where after laying on the ground all night he contracted a severe cold. This so debilitated him that he was eventually demoted and discharged on November 04, 1861. He did not let this deter him from serving however. After a short stay back home in Vermont he reenlisted on August 25, 1862 in Company "B", 13<sup>th</sup> VVI for a nine month hitch. Once again his stint in the infantry was shortened when he was again discharged due to disability on January 15, 1863. He had never fully recovered from the health complications from his previous enlistment. He died on March 08, 1863 from pneumonia and is buried in the Duxbury Corner cemetery. A testament to his service by several of his fellow soldiers of the 13<sup>th</sup> VVI is contained within the archival files of the Duxbury Historical Society family files.

William Braidnell's actual residence at the time of his enlistment remains a mystery. He is listed as a resident of Duxbury in his military records. He was mustered in as a Private and continued to serve well beyond his ini-

tial enlistment requirement. He was wounded in the battle of the Wilderness on May 04, 1864 and was mustered out of service on June 29, 1864. As of yet I have not located his date of death or burial location.

Truman Dow was living with the John Crossett family in Dowsville when he enlisted as a Private. Like so many men who left the comfort of their homes in the north, they soon contracted some deadly disease once they were encamped in the south. This was the case with Truman. In less than 2 months he would succumb to disease on August 05, 1861. His body was returned to Vermont and he is buried in the South Duxbury Cemetery.

Charles & Orin Gilman, the first of three brothers who served from the Gilman family, resided on Crossett Hill on what is now called the Westcott Road. Each was enlisted at the rank of Private. Charles was discharged on September 19, 1862 due to a disability he received while serving. He returned to Vermont and lived for a time in Westmore where he died in 1921. He is buried in the Lakeview cemetery in Westmore overlooking the panoramic Lake Willoughby. Orin became a fine infantryman. On October 10, 1861 he was promoted to Corporal. He continued to serve his unit well until he was struck down by a Confederate bullet at the battle of the Wilderness, Virginia on May 05, 1864. He is believed to be buried in an unmarked grave on or near the battlefield. It is possible that his unidentified body was recovered and buried with thousands of other unknowns at the National Cemetery in Fredericksburg, Virginia.

Nathan Huntley was mustered in as a Corporal. Like his comrade Truman Dow, he succumbed to disease (probably Typhoid) on August 04, 1861. His body was returned to Duxbury and he is buried in the family plot at the Duxbury Corner cemetery not far from where the family resided.

William Kelley, born in Ireland, mustered in as a Private and served with Company 'D' 2<sup>nd</sup> VVI until he was killed in action along with Orin Gilman at the battle of the Wilderness, VA on May 05, 1864. Over 1,200 Vermont casualties occurred on this one day of battle. As was the case with Orin, William's body was never identified and is buried on the battlefield or in Fredericksburg National Cemetery. I believe William is identified in the 1860 US Census with the last name of Kelty who was living with the Lyman Turner family, working as a farmhand at the time of his enlistment.

Chauncey Shonio (sometimes spelled Shonnio) was born in Canada. Chauncey's military history bears some interesting aspects. Private Shonio appears to have served honorably until January 18, 1864 when he was brought before a military tribunal and given a General Court Martial. His sentence was to serve out the remainder of his enlistment at hard labor at Dry Tortugas. He was mustered out on June 23, 1864. However, he soon

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

reenlisted on July 28 as a Private in Company 'G' 6<sup>th</sup> VVI and served until the end of the war, mustering out on June 19, 1865. He returned to live in Duxbury until his death on February 15, 1905. He is buried in the Duxbury Corner cemetery. Dry Tortugas is a group of small islands located off the coast of the Florida Keys. Fort Jefferson is located there on the island of Garden Key. The construction of Fort Jefferson began in 1846 to provide a deterrent to pirating of ships moving into the Atlantic from the Mississippi River trade. Dry Tortugas was originally named Las Tortugas by Spanish explorer Juan Ponce de Leon meaning 'The Turtles' due to the large number of sea turtles found there. Its name was changed to warn seafarers that there was no fresh water located on the islands. The fort was held by the Union Army throughout the war and was never fully constructed but the remnants of the 16 million brick structure remain a tourist destination today.

Edwin Turner was just 2 months shy of his 22<sup>nd</sup> birthday when he enlisted as a Private. He was the first of six Turner men from Duxbury who chose to enlist in the Union Army. Several other men with Turner family connections (in-laws, grandsons, etc.) also served. Edwin was raised on a farm high up on Turner Hill off what is now known as the Webster Road. Edwin seems to have been ill frequently prior to enlisting according to his family records. Once he enlisted he appears to have had no severe ailments which prevented him from going to battles with his unit. He wrote several letters home during his time in service. He writes home of being wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg in December of 1862. He was struck by musket ball in the leg "...inflicting a severe flesh wound." Fortunately, no bones were broken but he was sent home to Burlington to recuperate. Edwin did not return to combat but was transferred to the Veterans Reserve Corps in September 1863 and mustered out of service June 19, 1864 completing his enlistment requirement honorably. On Christmas day 1864 he married Martha Griffith who bore him a son Edwin Jr. on August 05, 1867. Unfortunately, Edwin never saw his newborn son as he had succumbed to tuberculosis on March 20, 1867 at age 27. His body lies in the South Duxbury cemetery along with several other family members.

John Roddy who was mustered in as a Private, served with this unit until he mustered out on June 29, 1864. He was wounded on December 13, 1862 at the battle of Fredericksburg. After the war he lived in Pitkin, Colorado, employed as a barber. He died March 06, 1899 and is buried in Ute cemetery in Aspen, CO. I can find no record of John ever residing in Duxbury but he is listed as a Duxbury resident in his military record.

\*\*\*\*\*

The 2<sup>nd</sup> Regiment of the Vermont Volunteer Infantry (VVI) served their state well during their 3-year enlistment (many of the men reenlisted), taking part in several major conflicts. Their introduction into combat was the battle at 1<sup>st</sup> Bull Run (Manassas) on July 21, 1861. They performed guard duty along the Potomac and assisted in the construction of Fort Marcy and Fort Ethan Allen.

In 1862 they took part in the Virginia peninsula campaign and saw action throughout the year at Young's Mills, Lee's Mills, Williamsburg, Golding's Farm, the Seven Days battles, Crampton's Gap, Antietam, and ended the year in Fredericksburg.

The year of 1863 saw them in combat at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg before being assigned to New York City to guard against rioting (protests against the new draft).

In May of 1864 they saw action at the Wilderness, Spotsylvania Courthouse, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg. In July they were summoned to Washington, DC to guard the city against attack from General Jubal Early's forces. They then took part in battles at Charlestown, Fisher's Hill, Winchester, and Cedar Creek. At Cedar Creek the regiment is noted for holding its position when it appeared no longer tenable, retreating only after the regiment was left alone at the front. After Cedar Creek the regiment returned to Petersburg.

In March of 1865 the 2<sup>nd</sup> took part in the charge on Petersburg and the final assault on the city on April 02. The unit pursued Lee's army following the Petersburg action and took part in the battle at Sailor's Creek where it is reported to have fired the last shot by the Sixth Corps (which they had been assigned to since the summer of 1862). The 2<sup>nd</sup>'s last act was to take part in the grand reviews of the Union Armies in Washington, DC after Lee's surrender at Appomattox effectively ended the war. The regiment returned to Burlington after the Washington ceremonies and reconnected with their lives back in the Green Mountains.

Vermont's 2<sup>nd</sup> Vermont Volunteer Infantry had a total strength of 1,858 men. During the 4-year conflict 224 men were killed or died from wounds received, 175 died from disease or non-combat causes.

\*\*\*\*

#### Sources:

- Duxbury Historical Society – Family Archives;
- [Vermontcivilwar.org](http://Vermontcivilwar.org);
- [The Union Army: A History of Military Affairs in the Loyal States 1861-65](#), (Federal Publishing Co., Madison, WI, 1908), i:108-109



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

President: Don Welch  
Vice President: Maureen Harvey  
Treasurer: Mark Morse  
Secretary: Eulie Costello

Phone: 802-244-7558  
Phone: 802-244-0956  
Phone: 802-244-7080  
Phone: 802-244-1742

E-mail: vermontmaplemary@yahoo.com  
E-mail: mharvey@harveygear.com  
E-mail: markmorsevt@myfairpoint.net  
E-mail: euliej@gmail.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**

Maureen Harvey  
Kelly Welch  
Julie Wilder  
Alison Magnani  
Justin Blackman  
Skip Flanders

Phone: 802-244-0956  
Phone: 802-244-5627  
Phone: 802-223-0006  
Phone: 802-244-1915  
Phone: 802-244-5529

E-mail: mharvey@harveygear.com  
E-mail: kjowelch@aol.com  
E-mail: huckfinnvvt@myfairpoint.net  
E-mail: a.magnani@yahoo.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 - MAY 10  
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   N E W S L E T T E R  
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

