

Under the Hump

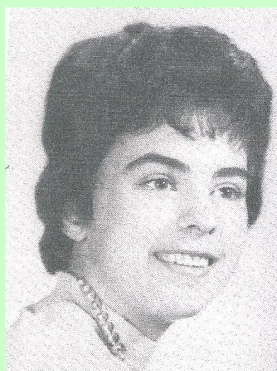
SOCIETY BUSINESS

UPCOMING EVENTS

Wednesday, Feb. 13
meeting at CBMS,
7 pm

- Please note that the meeting is on Wednesday this time. We apologize for any inconvenience.
- Annual elections will be held at the meeting.

CAN YOU IDENTIFY THIS SOCIETY MEMBER?



Last Issue's Photo:
Rodney "Stub" Sherman



The next DHS meeting is scheduled for Wednesday, February 13, 7 pm, at the CBMS cafeteria. During the business meeting we will hold our annual election of the officers and the scheduled trustees for the ensuing year.

Following the meeting, we will have "Show & Tell." This is an opportunity for anyone to bring an artifact and reveal a bit of our community's heritage. We look forward to your submissions!

250th Celebration Committee Update

Plans are still moving forward for the summer celebration of our 250th anniversary. Thanks to Willie Docto, we now have a website with all our activities listed. Please check it out at: www.duxbury250.com. If anyone has any content or pictures that can be used on the website, please contact Willie.

Thank you,
~250th Celebration Committee

The Duxbury 250th Celebration Committee hopes that you will be able to attend all events being planned for this year.

Please take a moment to jot down these confirmed dates.

Dates of note are:

January through December—photo contest

January through December—Camel's Hump Climb

June 7th—opening celebration at Crossett Brook School

June 9th—marathon at Harwood Union High School

June 16th—Bed and Breakfast garden tour

June 29th—July 4th parade in Waterbury

August 11th—Philharmonic Concert Moose Meadow Lodge

There will be other events too. Please check the celebration website: www.duxbury250.com.

If you want to volunteer, donate, or participate in any of these events, please contact us...

Stephanie Koonz, Chair
stephaniekoonz@hughes.net

SOCIETY BUSINESS

Archival/Preservation Committee Report

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

The committee has been active scanning donated photos into the digital files. Some photos are then returned to their owner if that had been requested or stored in archival sleeves within a notebook maintained on site. In upcoming meetings we will continue logging any donations and updating our current records to indicate where each item is stored. The committee and officers continue to provide assistance to individuals seeking information regarding genealogy or past events relating to Duxbury. We welcome anyone to contact a member of the archival committee or one of the officers regarding any information or access to our collection. Over 40 hours of research was provided this quarter for inquiries.

Monetary Donations

Richard Lindsley	*	Jerry Paige	*	Todd & Ames Hill	*	Kelley Taft
Richard Grace	*	Alan Young	*	Gary Winnie		

Donation Artifacts/Documents

Various newspaper (circa 1950-1960) clippings relevant to Duxbury history — Rachel Straw

Annual Food Sale Held November 17th — A Success!



Alison Magnani photo.

We would like to thank everyone who donated, baked, worked, or just stopped by to visit our food sale held in front of Kinney Drugs in Waterbury.

It was popular with the deer hunters heading off to camp with some homemade goods. We sold 1 cookbook and the food sale proceeds were \$152.50. We brought a few cookies that were left to share with everyone at the Squire House, especially our Duxbury friends: Ruth Hudon, Vaughn Sherman, and Mary Reagan.

Thanks again for your support!
~Mary Ethel Welch,
Food Committee Chair

MEMORIES OF DONNIE CHAPMAN

Memories of Donnie Chapman

By Carol Johnson Collins

Photos kindly provided by Lorie Brennan Throneburg and Kevan Hartshorn

Some written memories supplied by Kevan H., Lorie T., and Winston Rost. Thanks to all the people who shared their thoughts and memories with me, at Donnie's memorial.

I was very young when I began teaching English, Literature and Creative Writing at Harwood Union High School, in So. Duxbury, Vermont, from 1970 through 1975. Donnie Chapman was one of my students. Even though it has been forty years, I remember exactly where he sat in my classroom. I remember what he looked like and that he was tall and lean and very quiet. I remember his blond hair, neither long, nor short. It looked to me that it would be painful to him if I called on him to answer a question or to read aloud. I remember not calling on him when I could avoid it, but checking on him, visually, and noticing that he was 'with us'. I didn't sense any rebellion, just that he would rather be somewhere else. Where? I didn't know... I didn't know where he lived or anything about him. Donnie was also a student of my husband, Fred Collins, who taught woodworking at Harwood. Fred remembers him well, also.

I remember seeing his mother, Irene, at Harwood, I believe it was on parent-teacher conference night, and admiring her pure white hair. She looked interesting. I would have liked to know her better. Later, when I knew where they

lived, I admired the flowers and gardens surrounding the family home on the back side of the Winooski River, and thought that I would like a similar lifestyle.



Donnie at age 5 months.



Donnie at age 18 months.



Photo by Carol Johnson Collins.

This is a photo I took on October 20th, 2012 at Donnie's Memorial.

MEMORIES OF DONNIE CHAPMAN

One of my students, I think it was Patti Kennedy, encouraged me to invite Julie Ploetz, a poet/artist into my classroom to read her work to my students. I did invite her, we hit it off, as I was a writer, too, and we were close in age. It was not long after we met, that Julie invited me and my husband, Fred, to live in and care for their cabin on The Camel's Hump Road. She planned to travel to California to see the play that her husband, Dick, had written and was directing. We agreed to do it.

It was quite an experience for us to wake up to 40 degrees, needing to build a fire in the woodstove. I remember sitting on the toilet seat. It was so cold I thought I would die. Julie taught me how to grind the whole grain in a grinding mill, and bake the bread, and how to build and maintain the fire in the small woodstove. Though I had been raised on three Vermont farms, and Fred worked on a farm as a boy and as a young man, we had always had more conveniences. This was a different kind of life for us, but it interested me.

Dick and Julie's cabin was on The Camel's Hump Road, very near where Donnie Chapman lived with his mother, Irene. Somehow Donnie found out that Fred and I would be caring for Dick and Julie's cabin. Within a very short time after we began taking care of the cabin, there was a knock on the door one evening. It was Donnie Chapman, on foot. He came to ask us if we'd like to go tobogganing with him on Saturday, on the big sloping hill around the bend, on the River Road. "Yes!" We answered, "We'd like to."



Donnie at age 4 years.

I couldn't concentrate on his invitation, because I was so taken by his mittens. I asked if I could look at them and he slipped them off and handed one to me. I turned it in my hand, studying everything about it. I saw that they were made from the fabric of old wool plaid shirts. They were double thick for extra warmth and durability. I taught myself to sew when I was a child, and loved to sew, but I never saw anything like these mittens before. I loved the idea of finding another use for the good fabric in a handsome wool plaid shirt, that had the elbows, collar and cuffs worn out. I couldn't suppress my fascination....I asked, "Who made these mittens?" "My Mamma made them." Donnie said. I immediately was interested in meeting his mother and learning more about her sewing projects and life, but I never did. I wish I had made that effort. Recently I learned from Lorie Throneburg, a close friend of Donnie's, that Irene won blue ribbons on the pieces she entered in craft competitions.



This is Donnie in 1983, tapping a Sugar Maple tree for sugaring.



Donnie is shown with his mother, Irene K. Chapman.

MEMORIES OF DONNIE CHAPMAN

We did go tobogganing with Donnie on his special hill, and had a very nice time.

One day on our way home from teaching school, we saw Donnie shoveling at the base of Granny Beaton's steep driveway, after a hefty snow storm. He brightened up, made a huge wave and he looked like seeing us drive by was a great big high point in his day. And to this day I remember how bright and happy and expressive he was, as he was shoveling snow on that day in North Duxbury.

It was as if there were two Donnies; the one we knew at Harwood Union High School, and the one we saw on The Camel's Hump Road. I wrote a poem about Donnie, and actually gave him a copy. I never got any feedback. He never spoke about it... I always hoped it did not upset him. I was sad that after we no longer lived at Dick and Julie's cabin, we rarely got to interact with Donnie, outside the school.



Donnie is age 12, here.

For Donnie

Don...at school
you were like
a ball of twine

bound-up,
deaf-mute
and dead.

Later.....
I didn't believe I really saw you....
The day someone was shoveling Granny's driveway,
He was open-sky wide
Strong
Jumping
Willing
Red-cheeked...
Always smiling.

After tobogganing with you
on the white hill
I knew
that was the real you.

Why hide?

By Carol Johnson Collins ~ Written in Early April, 1972

MEMORIES OF DONNIE CHAPMAN

My husband, Fred, remembers that during the time we were clearing our land, to build our home, Donnie and Henry Parro helped us clear brush to build our driveway.

Recently I learned from Lorie T., that Donnie didn't complete high school, but went directly to work for Howard Berno at The Berno Sawmill off Route 100 in Duxbury. In speaking with Shane Grace recently when I was shopping at Bisbee's Hardware in Waitsfield, he knew that Donnie Chapman had passed away. Yes, he had heard about it and was sad. Immediately Shane told me that for many years Donnie had been the lead sawyer at his uncle, Howard's mill. Shane went on to say that he (Shane) used to watch Donnie, and admired him. Shane said that he learned a lot from watching him. I said that he must have had a lot of responsibility in that job, and Shane said "Yes, he did."

Donnie later worked for Doug Andrews, a South Duxbury excavator, and later still worked for Kingsbury Construction. One time I caught a glimpse of Donnie with his long pure white hair as he drove by our place on Route 100, at the wheel of a huge truck. One day as I was driving through Waterbury, I saw him walking nimbly on a very steep roof of a house on Main Street, as he worked with a crew to re-roof it.

This year (2012), at our Duxbury Town Meeting in March, a Duxbury citizen stood up to speak about the road repairs following Hurricane Irene. He spoke about how Donnie Chapman had gotten the use of some equipment to repair many washed-out driveways, roadways, embankments, culverts to allow people to get out of their homes and get to work. All of this he did on his own time. I was very impressed by what Bob Magee said about Donnie. I intended to write Donnie a letter to tell him how much the whole town appreciated his time, his caring, and his work. I thought about the poem that I gave him, and I never really knew how he felt about that. Maybe my writing to him would embarrass him? I didn't want to do that.



This one was taken in 1988 of him working at what he loved to do.

On August 11th, 2012, I made a special effort to attend the summer meeting of the Duxbury Historical Society...(I had to get someone to run my booth at a craft fair I was doing in Stowe, so I could attend). Don Welch, the President of the Hist. Soc., stood up to make some announcements and told the group that Donnie Chapman had died. He asked everyone for a moment of silence to remember Donnie. I asked the people beside me "Had I heard that correctly? That could not be my special student/friend from North Duxbury!" Yes, it was. I was so sad. I never wrote him the letter I intended to write him and I never got a chance to tell him that the precious mittens that he wore on his visit to us while we lived at the cabin inspired me to make and teach others to make new, practical, beautiful clothing from old clothing.

I was fortunate that Donnie's cousin, Kevan Hartshorn and Donnie's longtime friend, Lorie Throneberg welcomed me to share my thoughts at his memorial. I got the chance to learn more about the rest of Donnie's life. He was caring and giving to neighbors, relatives and friends, and many people cared about him. Almost everyone had stories relating to special jobs he did to help the neighbors from mowing their lawns to shoveling their snow, repairing their driveways or roads.

Winston Rost, a North Duxbury Resident recently wrote this: "He was my neighbor – technically – he has 100 acres that about my 45, but he's on River Road and I'm considered to be "on the hump". Three years ago when I started to rent some river-bottom acreage from Debbie Spooner's, Donnie was a huge help to me. He lent me his single bottom plow, showed me how to hook it up and use it. When I made a mess plowing and disking (with his disc harrows, too), he came down and cleaned it up for me. He drove down on his old Ford tractor, with his white hair and bandana and all."

Guy Hallock shared that he was really worried about Donnie, when he was ill, so he checked in on him frequently, and encouraged him to see a doctor, so he could get well. Kurt Andrews explained that as a result of Donnie working for his father, Doug, he got to know Donnie, and frequently he and Donnie helped each other with their own vehicles that always needed various repairs. Kurt and Lorie Throneburg both shared with me that Donnie not only loved his mother, Irene, but was totally devoted to her. He hired someone to come in to care for her in her later years, so that she could always stay in her own home, which meant a great deal to her.

MEMORIES OF DONNIE CHAPMAN

Ruth's son, Kevan Hartshorn, wrote the following about how Donnie helped his mother a lot, so that she could live in her own home during the last four years of her life: "She (Ruth) always loved Vt and wanted finally to move back and did so for the last 4 years of her life or so. As Lorie (Throneburg) said, Donnie became a good friend again with her then and he really made it possible for her to live independently there and did all kinds of things for her. She could never get him to take any money or things from her in return despite various efforts. She loved Donnie very much and loved talking to him and wanted to recognize his selfless contributions during the flood so she contributed a \$1000 in his name to the local Red Cross effort."

Donnie loved growing vegetables and giving them away. He loved the flowers in the gardens and took pictures of them to share with friends. I was personally touched to see all the photographs he took of blooming flowers and vegetable garden plants, because I love these things as well.

His home and the land that goes with it, meant more than money or anything else to him. He worked endlessly



Here Donnie is with his cousin, Mrs. Ruth K. Hartshorn, who he cared a lot about.

to insulate the home that he had inherited from his mother. He put a new roof on the place. He wanted it to be warm and strong.



Photo by Carol Johnson Collins.

This is a photo I took on October 20th, 2012 at Donnie's Memorial. You can see the new roof that Donnie recently put on.

MEMORIES OF DONNIE CHAPMAN



Photo by Carol Johnson Collins.

There was an amazing rainbow that bathed Donnie's house and land in a wondrous light, just as the memorial was ending. It was almost as if the earth was blessing Donnie for protecting his land.

Below is a very short piece of conversation that I recorded in my poetry journal after a conversation with Donnie on the Camel's Hump Road on April 1st of 1972.

Yep I seen ya come, I seen ya go.

(A short piece reflecting North Duxbury living)

Donnie C. "Where were ya Sunday?"

Carol C. "We went South for a family thing. We left around noon."

Donnie C. "Yep, I seen ya go."

Carol C. "I guess we came back by eight or so."

Donnie C. "Yep, I seen ya come. The day was right for tobogannin.
Too bad ya weren't here."

Carol C. "Maybe next weekend we can all go!"

Donnie C. "Sno'll be gone by then."

(1972, April 1st. at Dick and Julie's cabin.)

MEMORIES OF DONNIE CHAPMAN

Very close friends of Donnie's told me that he became very ill in the last year before his death, and he knew it. He needed medical attention. Several friends encouraged him to go to a doctor and be evaluated. He did not have medical insurance, and he was afraid that if his condition required surgery and hospitalization, in order to pay the bills, he would lose his home and land to pay the bills. He didn't want that to happen, so he purposely did not go to see any doctors. He actually gave his life, in a way, to stay there and protect his place from getting sold to strangers or developers.

Kevan Hartshorn (Donnie's cousin) has been very supportive to me in writing this piece, remembering Donnie, he wrote: "All the Kennedy's (I include Donnie) had a fiercely independent streak and were all very smart and well read and held strong opinions about politics, the environment etc. They all loved nature and loved Vermont and all were incredible generous and had soft spots for anyone in need. I consider myself very lucky to have known them (including my grandparents and Uncle Charles) – they were all a unique breed and people who gave a lot back to the world."

Let's all remember Donnie for his giving nature and goodness. We'll also never forget the gift he gave to the town of Duxbury after the storm which hit Duxbury as part of Hurricane Irene.

~By Carol Johnson Collins
Fall, 2012



This photo is the one taken after he worked all night to open up Camel's Hump Road after Hurricane Irene.

This is the last photo of Donnie, that we know of.

DUXBURY IN THE CIVIL WAR

Chapter VIII

Twenty Months and No End in Sight

By Mark H. Morse

The Union, now more confident having scored a major victory at Antietam in September 1862, albeit with extreme casualty volume, is prepared to fight on in an effort to win by outnumbering its foe with manpower and weapons. However, at Fredericksburg in December, the Union suffered a horrific loss at the hands of the Confederates. Outnumbering the Confederates by 28,000 men, the Union army 100,000 strong suffered 12,000 casualties (including Duxbury's Michael Dwyer, John Roddy, and Theodore Wood) while Lee's army sustained 5,300. The devastation witnessed at Fredericksburg during the battle by his accomplished soldiers, prompted General Lee to note: "It is well that war is so terrible, thus we should grow too fond of it."

With both armies trying to recuperate from the ravages of

war that have been endured for the twenty months since the war began, each are hopeful that the winter break will provide the necessary respite to resume with renewed vigor once spring arrives. Each side has continued to enlist new recruits during the lull in hopes that these fresh bodies will supplement the regiments of the battle-hardened veterans who will lead them into battle in the months ahead. The confederacy, outraged with the introduction of the Emancipation Proclamation which took effect on January 1st, remains steadfast in its resolve to drive the northern invaders from their soil. The war is now officially not just about States rights but also about slavery.

As the small towns in Vermont continue to deplete their valleys and hillsides of able body men to support the war effort, the following enlistees came to the call to replenish decimated regiments and to create new ones. With the implementation of the draft (conscription) during 1863 the Union army no longer had to rely only on volunteers to fill their ranks. Draftees had three options to meet the draft request: (1) he could choose to serve and enlist; (2) pay a commutation fee

DUXBURY IN THE CIVIL WAR

of approximately \$300 to cover the salary of a replacement; or (3) find a substitute willing to take his place.

Wells Corse was one of the first men drafted from Duxbury. Born in October 1842, he enlisted on July 14th, 1863 as a private assigned to Co. 'B', 2nd VT Infantry. The son of Dan & Julia Corse he worked as farm laborer and lived on Crossett Hill. He reportedly had his leg shot off during the war. He mustered out of service on 07/15/1865. He applied for an invalid pension on September 13, 1884. After returning from the war he was married and lived in Granville. His wife Mary died young and he returned to once again farm in Duxbury. He died on August 17, 1917 and is buried in the Duxbury Corner cemetery.

Henry Hutchins enlisted in Co. 'D', 2nd VT Infantry on July 29, 1863 as a substitute for Americus V. Phillips. Henry, born in Canada and a resident of Waterbury, was credited as serving for Duxbury thus satisfying the town's enlistment requirement. Fortunately, he survived the war without injury, mustering out on April 28, 1864 and returned to Waterbury where he and his wife Sarah and children continued to farm. He died on March 6, 1893 and is buried in Hope cemetery in Waterbury, VT.

William Buck enlisted on August 10, 1863. He reportedly deserted on January 25, 1865. I have been unable to find any background information on this man. I don't believe he was a Duxbury resident. There were Buck families living in Middlesex but I cannot determine if he was from there.

William Healey was one of the few enlistees who didn't join an infantry unit. At age 19 he enlisted on October 19, 1863 and mustered in on January 1, 1864 into the 3rd Vermont Light Artillery. He survived the war without major incident. He died June 6, 1907 and is buried in Duxbury. I was unable to find background information on this man other than his military record indicated his residence as Duxbury at the time of his enlistment.

Thomas Linehan (some military records show his last name spelled Linihan or Linnihan) was assigned to Co. 'D', 10th Vermont Infantry as a private after enlisting on December 3, 1863. Military records indicate his residence as Duxbury but his nearest relatives lived in Waterbury which may indicate he was originally from Waterbury but working on a residence in Duxbury at the time of his enlistment. During the battle at Monocacy, VA on July 9, 1864 he was captured and remained a prisoner until his parole on October 17, 1864. He spent several weeks in hospitals in Maryland and Vermont after being released from prison due to chronic diarrhea but served the remainder of his enlistment, mustering out on June 29, 1865.

Newell Scribner, 21-year-old son of Edward and Fidelia Scribner, and younger brother of Roswell Scribner, enlisted for 3 years as a private in Co. 'D' 2nd Vermont Infantry on December 03, 1863. Roswell had recently returned home in July after completing his enlistment with the 13th Vermont. Now his parents, farming in South Duxbury, would have to worry about another son marching off into battle. After mustering in

on December 31st, Newell saw little action until the spring campaigns of 1864 began. On May 5, 1864 at the battle of the Wilderness, Newell was mortally wounded during the vicious fighting in the burning woods. Unfortunately Newell would succumb to his injuries on July 25, 1864. He is buried in the North Fayston cemetery.

Edgar Crossett was working a farm along with his wife and 3 daughters on Crossett Hill at the time of his enlistment into Co. 'D' 10th Vermont Infantry on December 8, 1863. He was fortunate to survive the war without major incident.

Theodore Beach, another Crossett Hill resident, enlisted at age 28 in Co 'D', 10th Vermont Infantry on December 12, 1863. Born in Canada in April of 1833, he and his wife Jane and 4 children resided near the current Westcott and Hayes roads. He survived the war without major incident and returned to Duxbury. By 1870 he had married Miss Salina Gabaree (unsure of circumstances regarding his first wife) and they had more children together. Theodore died September 21, 1910 and is buried in Green Mount cemetery in Montpelier.

Louis Dupont was 19 years old when he enlisted on December 15, 1863 and assigned to Co. 'K', 5th Vermont Infantry. Although credited to the Duxbury roles, I can find no Dupont living in Duxbury during this time. His military record information is sketchy as well, showing him in the general hospital on May 6, 1864 with no indication of illness or injury. This date would coincide with the battle of Wilderness, VA so it is possible he was wounded but there is no record indicating such. There is also no indication that he completed his enlistment. Further investigation will be required to determine what his particular outcome was.

Alexander Billings, age 34, enlisted December 17, 1863 and was assigned to Co. 'D', 10th Vermont Infantry. Again, little can be found on this man. He served with his regiment during the 1864 summer campaign but his military profile indicates he deserted on September 07, 1864. There is no indication that he was returned or punished for this action. I have been unable to confirm his residence at the time of his enlistment or after the war but he is credited to the roles of Duxbury.

Frederick Southwick, age 33, re-enlisted on December 17, 1863 credited to Duxbury and was assigned to Co. 'H', 9th Vermont Infantry. He had previously served in Co. 'F', 13th Vermont Infantry serving for the town of Bolton from September 1862 until July 21, 1863. He was promoted to Corporal on October 30, 1864. He was reported to be a very good soldier and took part in all engagements that his unit had been involved in. Conflicting records indicate in June of 1865 he was transferred to Co. 'C', 9th VT Infantry while in the hospital due to illness and was mustered out on June 13. However, another record indicates he mustered out on December 1, 1865 still attached to Co. 'H'. Regardless, all indications show he served his state and country admirably. Frederick died in West Lynn, MA in March 1907.

John Durkee born on October 21, 1836 was living in Dowsville with his wife Mary (Boyden) and his two sons Leslie and Loren in 1860. The Durkee family was a well known family in Duxbury within the lumbering industry. They had multiple

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

mills in North and South Duxbury for sawing dimensional lumber and shingle making. There was even a small settlement area on the Camel's Hump road known as 'Durkeeville' where one of the mill sites existed and even a 'home store' where locals could buy dry goods and staples without making the long trip to Waterbury. John enlisted on December 19, 1863 and was assigned to Co. 'I', 9th Vermont Infantry. According to his GAR record he was a POW from November 1864 to February 1865. He also spent some time in a Hampton, VA hospital in February 1865, likely due to illness suffered from his captivity. In April of 1865 during the battle which brought about the fall of Richmond, he was somehow injured. In June of 1865 he was transferred to Co. 'I' 9th VT Infantry where he remained until he mustered out on December 1, 1865. Upon his return to Duxbury he continued in the lumbering business. John did apply for and receive an invalid's pension in 1888. A month after John's death on April 9, 1902 his wife received approval for a widow's pension. John is buried in the Graves cemetery in Duxbury.

Nelson Beach, the younger brother of Theodore Beach, was born in Canada on October 11, 1843. He resided on Crossett Hill working as a farmer. Two months after his 20th birthday he enlisted as a private in Co. 'B', 10th Vermont Infantry on December 21, 1863. Taking part in some of the fiercest fighting of the war during the spring of 1864 which included the battle of the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, and Cold Harbor where he was wounded in the leg by rifle fire on June 1st. He spent several weeks in the hospital but did remain on the roles until his discharge on June 29, 1865 due to his battle wound. He returned to Vermont, married, and continued to farm in Duxbury and Waterbury. He died on December 12, 1914 and is buried in the Hope cemetery in Waterbury.

Tiberius Morse enlisted on December 21, 1863 and was assigned to Co. 'E', 5th Vermont Infantry. Company 'E', originally formed as a unit from the southern Vermont town of Manchester early in the war, was currently on leave back in Vermont looking to refill its roster from previous losses. Tiberius, at 37 years old, was to become a member of this battle-hardened regiment. The son of Daniel & Eunice (Hobbs) Morse he resided first in North Duxbury and later farmed on Crossett Hill on what is locally known as the Phillips place (near the location of the current Moose Meadow Lodge). Surviving the war without injury, he returned home to his wife of 5 years, Betsey Marilla (Andrews), and son Lewis. He fought on the bitter spring campaign of the 1864 in such battles as the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, and Winchester among others. He mustered out on June 29, 1865 in Washington, DC. He died of heart disease on April 29, 1891. He is buried in the Phillips cemetery in Duxbury.

Luther Morse, one of the last three men to enlist in 1863, was born on December 14, 1824, the son of Daniel & Eunice (Hobbs) Morse. Enlisting alongside his brother Tiberius, he was assigned to the same company and regiment. Luther left his wife Alice Roena (Maynard) and 4 children to care for his farm on Turner Hill as he travelled to his first duty assignment at Brandy Station, VA in defense of Washington, DC. As spring 1864 arrived, the first major battle was at the Wilderness where fighting in the burning woods was devastating to both

armies. Moving on to Spotsylvania in a race to arrive before Lee's army, the fighting again became intense. During torrential rains the men fought in close proximity to each other and hand-to-hand combat was common. Many of those wounded or killed were buried in the mud as the next wave of troops entered the battle area. During the battle Luther was killed by Confederate fire. Initially reported as missing in action, he was later reported killed in action that same day, May 12, 1864. It was several weeks before Alice was notified by authorities of Luther's death, due in part to a mail delivery mix-up and the fact that Tiberius apparently was unaware of his brother's death as their unit moved on. Luther's brother Hazen assisted his brother's widow with the caring of the farm. In April 1865 Alice received \$204.11 from Washington County Probate Court for the unencumbered value (assets minus liabilities) of the farm land and possessions. However, Alice found the burden too great to raise 4 children and maintain the farm alone so she eventually sold the farm to Tiberius in 1866 after he had returned from the war. Alice left Duxbury with the children and moved to Lowell, VT to reside with her brother, Darius Maynard also a war veteran, and his family. She applied for and received a widow's pension (\$8 per month) for herself and survivor's pension (\$2 per month per child until age 16). Alice returned to the Duxbury/Waterbury area after the children were on their own, working as a housekeeper/servant for area families. Alice died in November 1904. The children also returned raising their families in the local area. Luther's body was never recovered and remains on the battlefield to this day. No official marker had ever been placed to signify his contribution to his State and Country. On May 12, 2009, exactly 145 years from the date of his death, a memorial service was held and a cenotaph was set in the Duxbury corner cemetery alongside the grave of his wife and other family members. A small amount of earth collected from the battlefield where his unit was fighting on that horrible day in 1864, was also interred at the site symbolically representing the return of Private Luther Morse to his hometown.

The list above represents all the men who enlisted in the year of 1863. Duxbury was running short of willing and able-bodied men to fill the ranks. The effects on those left at home to keep up the farms and businesses were growing evermore difficult but Duxbury did fill its quotas throughout the war. In upcoming newsletters I will highlight some of the issues surrounding the soldiers on the war front and their families back home during the turbulent year 1863.

Sources:

US Census Reports; Town of Duxbury – Vital Records; Duxbury Historical Society Archives; www.vermontcivilwar.org; Washington County Probate Court - Montpelier, VT; National Archives and Records Administration – Washington, DC

D U X B U R Y H I S T O R I C A L S O C I E T Y
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If you have any comments or contributions for the newsletter we would love to hear from you.

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DON'T FORGET THE NEXT MEETING - FEB. 13
CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL - 7 PM

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