

Under the Hump

SOCIETY BUSINESS

UPCOMING EVENTS

Next Meeting:
Nov. 11, 7 pm CBMS

- Memberships expire Dec. 31. Dues for 2015 will be accepted at the meeting.
- Our annual food sale is Nov. 15, 9 am-noon, Kinney Drugs, Waterbury.

CAN YOU IDENTIFY THIS SOCIETY MEMBER?



Last Issue's Photo:
Joyce (Morse) Gingras



The next meeting will be held on November 11, 7 pm, at CBMS. One topic of discussion will be the wreath sale.

Following the business meeting, singer Linda Radtke, joined by pianist Arthur Zorn, will perform Vermont History Through Song. Learn more about our state's history as they perform music Vermonters published and sang in their communities. A time for fellowship and refreshments will follow.

*Reminder: Memberships expire December 31, 2014. Dues for 2015 are now being accepted. Those who can renew at the meeting are urged to do so, which will help defray postage costs.

Duxbury Historical Society Food Sale

Our annual food sale will be held on Saturday, November 15, 9 am-noon, in front of Kinney Drugs, Waterbury. In past years, this sale has been a success, particularly with the deer hunters heading off to camp. Cakes, pies, cookies, breads, jams, chili, and maple baked beans are always a hit. If you are able to participate, please drop off a homemade good to sell and/or volunteer your time at the table. Stop by and have a free cup of coffee on us!



A Recipe to Share

~fill your home with the sweet aroma of gingerbread~

1/2 C butter or margarine
1/2 C brown sugar, firmly packed
1 egg
1/2 C molasses
1 1/2 C flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
3/4 teaspoon baking soda
1/2 teaspoon ginger
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 C boiling water

Beat butter and sugar until creamy. Add egg and molasses; beat well.

Mix dry ingredients thoroughly. Add to molasses mixture alternately with boiling water. Beat after each addition. Pour into greased 8x8x2-inch baking pan.

Bake at 350 °F, 35-40 minutes. Serve warm.

Yield: 6-9 servings.

SOCIETY BUSINESS

Archival/Preservation Committee Report

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

We are continuing to scan family photographs and transcribe family genealogy files.

Donation Artifacts/Documents

- ⇒ Collection of clothing worn at the 1963 bicentennial celebration. ~ Maureen Harvey
- ⇒ Collection of 250th Duxbury celebration items. ~ Stephanie Koonz
- ⇒ Several photos of the Ward Hill home of Murphy/Gale/Koonz, including some family members. ~Stephanie Koonz

*Call for Submissions!*

The newsletter committee is welcome to submissions and eager to hear from you!
We would love for you to submit a story, poem, historical piece, photos, etc,
that we could place in the newsletter for everyone to enjoy.

This is your newsletter—what would you like to see in it?

Do you have a story or poem about living in Duxbury or
about a Duxbury resident who is special to you?

Did you write a poem or take photos when you made it to the top of Camel's Hump?

Do you have any historic photos of people, buildings, machinery, etc,
that you would like to share?

These are just a few ideas—we are welcome to any and all submissions.

Please share your materials with a newsletter member (see names on back page)
and we will place it in the next available issue.

Thank you in advance for your generosity!

SUMMER PICNIC



Alison Magnani photo.



Alison Magnani photo.

Don Welch presenting a map of Vermont.



Our annual summer picnic was held on Sunday, August 10 at Crossett Brook Middle School. It was a pleasant afternoon to visit with neighbors under the shade of the canopies. We had artifacts and photos on display for everyone to discuss during and after the business meeting. The summer door prize was won by Kelly Welch.



Shawn Perry photo.

Bretha Grace and Laura Titus reviewing school photos.



Shawn Perry photo.

Shari and George Welch reviewing a document.



Shawn Perry photo.

Don Welch, Henry and Cheryl Touchette, Carol Perry, and Alison Magnani reviewing school photos.



Shawn Perry photo.

CAMEL'S HUMP STORIES

The following is an article that ran in *The Suburban List*, Essex Junction, VT, on November 1, 1962

Suburban List Columnist Tells Waterbury Historical Society
About Camel's Hump Story

Twenty-three members and 5 guests of the Waterbury Historical Society attended the fall meeting held last Wednesday evening at the Library Club rooms to hear Lyle Woodward tell of the history of Camel's Hump and of the Camel's Hump Club. The speaker was introduced by Stanley Chase, chairman of the program committee, who had prepared a set of pictures of the Camel's Hump Club's activities which he presented to the society.

Mr. Woodward traced the origin of Camel's Hump, saying that the Green Mountains are among the oldest mountains in the world, dating back some 500,000,000 years, when they were much higher than today. Climatic changes brought the glacial period when all this area was covered by a vast sheet of ice, which left a continuous waterway from the Gulf of the St. Lawrence to New York Bay, sometimes salt, as the skeleton of a whale found near Charlotte proves. At one time Lake Champlain extended to the foot of the Green Mountains. He referred to Champlain's allusion to snow on the mountains to the east in July of 1609 as an unsolved mystery, but mentioned in that connection the Vermont Life story by Sylvester Vigilante: 1816 and froze to death as proof that sometimes Camel's Hump had had snow in July. The Indian influence is evident in the Indian relics found all around the area, particularly along the rivers, and in the Indian name Winooski, for the wild onions which once grew on that river's banks. The Wabanakee Indians had a special name for the mountain: Ta-wabodi-e-wadso, or mountain to sit upon. Ira Allen in History of Vermont calls it Camel's Rump, and Zadock Thompson's Gazetteer of 1824 used the same uncomplimentary name, but he later refers to it as Camel's Hump. However, lovers of the mountain prefer the name first given by Champlain, Le Lion Couchant or Couching Lion. As evidence of the shady dealings of some of Vermont's early land speculators, one of the farms in Duxbury granted to a man living in Newark, N.J., was on top of Camel's Hump.

As early as 1860 interest began in developing the mountain as a recreation area, a bridal path being cleared and a farm house erected. On Nov. 6, 1865, an act was passed to incorporate Couching Lion Hotel and to build a public road up the mountain. The hotel on Scrabble Hill Brook operated by Mr. Ridley, was short-lived, and in 1869 was abandoned "to picnickers and porcupines" and in 1877 it was burned.

In June, 1908 a group of Waterbury men organized the Camel's Hump Club with C.C. Graves as president, Rev. F.B. Kellogg, secretary and W.B. Clark, treasurer. It was proposed to construct something permanent to be rented, the proceeds to be used in improving the road. The first building, a log cabin built by Rev. William Boicourt's Boy Scouts, was never fully completed, the materials for it being hauled in by oxen. A "tent city" was set up, however, two metal buildings erected, one for men and one for women, and in 1913 a caretaker's hut was erected, and equipped with a telephone. At various times John Graves, Frank Griffen, Arnold and Charles Morse acted as

caretakers, the last named being killed by a falling tree. The interest in the mountain as a hiker's and camper's mecca is evidenced by the fact that in 1911 1,100 persons signed the log kept at the cabin. On March 20, 1912 the first trip from Callahan's farm to the top of the mountain was recorded, and later Dr. Edwin Steele and a companion made the same trip on skis. In 1916 a section of the Long Trail was built over Camel's Hump and in 1922 the Camel's Hump Club presented its property to the New York section of the Green Mountain Club. There are five separate trails to the top of the mountain, the Callahan trail being most accessible.

Mr. Woodward referred to the stories of buried treasure on the mountain, which formed the basis for D.P. Thompson's novel, *May Martin or the Money Diggers*. In spite of various efforts by interested parties, the treasure has never been located. Joseph Battell of Middlebury donated to the State of Vermont 1,000 acres of woodland, including the summit of Camel's Hump, with the provision that if an auto road were ever built to the summit, there must be a separate road for horses.

There have been several tragedies on Camel's Hump. A Dartmouth student climbing a ledge fell and died of the injuries received. The most recent and spectacular accident was the crash of a bomber, in which five men were killed. The only survivor, found 40 hours after the crash by a party headed by Dr. Steele of Waterbury became a quadruple amputee and still corresponds with his rescuer.

Soon after the flood of 1927 Prof. Will S. Monroe came from Montclair, N.J., bought the Callahan farm at the foot of the mountain, and built a home where he lived till his death in the early 1940's. He is buried in a little cemetery at the foot of his beloved Couching Lion, with his sister and a number of his many dogs. He left his home to the State for a rest home for teachers, but funds were not available to carry out the plan, and the house has been taken down.

Mr. Woodward's talk was followed by a lively discussion period, with many stories contributed by members and guests who had camped on the mountain in the days of the Camel's Hump Club's activity or who remembered Prof. Monroe. Many stayed to examine the pictures of the mountain shelters and other exhibits on display. Gifts of pictures and other items have been received from Miss Mary Lease, a former Waterbury resident now living in New York City, including several articles of wearing apparel, a Civil War diary and discharge paper belonging to James Newton, and old Waterbury pictures. Other pictures have been given by Miss Etta Graves and the late Mrs. W.B. Clark, including one of Waterbury Orchestra, and two of the first Woman's Club in Waterbury. Roland DeCelle contributed a score card of the baseball game between Waterbury and Essex Junction on July 4, 1895 listing the players and advertising Richardson and Luce, leading clothiers and A.G. Atherton's "the place to buy your fire crackers." These will be added to the Society's rapidly growing collection of Waterbury memorabilia, and a copy of Mr. Woodward's excellent papers will be placed in the library files.

CAMEL'S HUMP STORIES

Daniel P. Thompson saw the notice of a prize offered by the New England Galaxy, published in Boston, and wrote "May Martin or the Money Diggers" in 1835. It was his first full-length tale. He won the prize, but when he got around to publishing it in a book, he couldn't hold the copyright from other book sellers since it had first been printed in a newspaper in serial form.

May Martin or the Money Diggers
by Daniel P. Thompson

The plot:

May Martin was adopted by a couple, Mr. and Mrs. Martin, who at first were good to her. (She had been born at a N.H. home under mysterious circumstances, and, finding no record of her true parentage, she eventually had been adopted.) The Martins moved to the so-called Harwood Settlement in Vermont.

May's lover, Mr. Ashley, was surveying land to settle nearby, and bade May good-bye for a trip back to his home to get funds to purchase the land. Just at the farewell, came a rider who thought that she was unseen. His horse had been ridden so hard that it dropped dead and the rider dragged it to the high bank at the road's edge and let roll down a steep bank to the brook.

Upon arrival at the Martin home, May discovered the stranger was there and had become already on easy terms with her foster parents, and gave his name as Mr. Gow. May gave no hint that she had already seen the man and under questionable circumstances. Soon Gow began to make advances towards May with the sanction of the Martins, who soon put real pressure on her to marry Gow.

Gow, a scoundrel, was organizing some neighbors into a treasure seeking party, claiming powers of discerning in the special kind of stone, the presence of treasure otherwise unseeable to human eyes. Each man in the party was to get \$100 for Gow, and it was to be given to him at just the right instant in the treasure find. All was very hush-hush, with Martin excused from the \$100-investment if he would do his part: force May to marry Gow.

Gow forged a letter to May, with Martin's compliance, stating that Ashley met a girl back home who was once his sweetheart, and that he found he loved her after all, that all was over as far as May was concerned. May's and Gow's banns were posted that Sunday without May's knowledge, the marriage to be Tuesday.

The treasure party found treasure in the meantime (in the night, since all the work was done in the dark) but it slipped out of their grasp. Gow had told them they must not be diverted from the task at hand, must not look away from the treasure when it was revealed. They did not look away, however, a ghastly figure appeared, his neck seemingly slit from ear to ear, his eyes aglow, blue flame seemed to come from his mouth. The men, except Gow, panicked, dropped the chest and hid in the nearby woods. He collected the \$100 from each since there had been some money (rusty coins) found.

May found a paper in her Bible on which she had written

her name and discovered her name had been copied several times and guessed the truth: that the letter from Ashley was forged. She guessed, too, that the real letter must be somewhere and that Gow copied the writing of her lover therefrom. She enlisted the aid of a neighbor boy, "Shrewd David," who led her that night to Gow's hideout. Here she found counterfeit coins and the dies, overheard the "ghostly one" and Gow discussing herself and saw Gow leave for the scene of digging as told above, and saw his companion attire himself in the ghostly attire that the diggers saw. The "ghost" was a former representative of Mr. Harwood, the proprietor of the land on which the Harwood Settlement was located. His name was Mr. Colvin, once respectable, turned rascal, and who told his employer that the land was worthless and had "sold" it himself.

Now Colvin was in cohorts with "Gow" to aid him to marry May since May was the granddaughter of Mr. Harwood and would receive legacies, Harwood now being dead. (The crooks were going to divide the \$500 received from the diggers and divide the legacy as well.)

May asked David to tell the sheriff, Mr. Mundle, that Gow was a horse thief, a fact she discovered from a handbill from the store. Mundle didn't tend to the matter right off. Monday morning May sent David again to the Sheriff, this time telling him not to keep her name a secret, to tell the whole story: Counterfeiting, forging of the letter, horse thief scene, all. It rained too badly, so David had to get up early the fateful Tuesday and take the tale to Mundle. The sheriff was away, returning about noon.

In the meantime Ashley had hurried homeward and fell in with a stranger, going the same road, to Harwood Settlement. The man arrived at the Harwood Settlement's little store to find great agitation. David told Ashley something that made him rush post-haste to Martin's, the stranger falling in with Ashley, and on that Tuesday.

May, having heard nothing from David till near the fateful hour of her wedding, decided to run to a recently married girl-friend's house. En route she spotted a man stalking her, who was the "Ghost!" A thundershower was coming up, but she kept on, the man following. The storm was so bad that an avalanche resulted, just before which she found a shelter under an overhanging shelf. A tree fell near wounding her stalker mortally.

May lost consciousness, awaking to Ashley's call. The "Ghost" confessed his duplicity: The land deal which meant the settlers had faulty deeds to their land, his true name, asked their forgiveness and died. Gow had been caught and handcuffed. Martin committed suicide by slitting his throat. Ashley and May were married, the stranger being her father who had married her mother while young and sowing his wild oats. (He had been with the mother-to-be who had had her baby at the stranger's house that time in N.H. He was the one who had fled, being sure no one could find either the baby's or his identity.)

Ten years later Gow returned to visit Ashley, now Judge Ashley, his wife, and two little boys. He was by then a minister, but came only to ask their forgiveness.

CAMEL'S HUMP STORIES

A Cave on Camel's Hump: The Story of Harry Backus and Wilder "Wily" Thomas

The Thomas family lived on Scrabble Hill and Harry's home was with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Woodard on Turner Hill. They were fast friends and spent days and even weeks at the home of one or the other. Their route was over the ridge in back of the Woodard lot, through the Levi Boyce place, to the Snow place, where they hit the old county road. This passed through the Old Boyden place, over the ridge and onto Scrabble Hill, ending at the old Sinnott place. It took about three hours to walk it, though the road was then passable with horse and buggy. First Harry traveled the route, then Wily, then both.

These two lads had heard the Camel's Hump treasure story, and that it was hidden in some cave around the base of Camel's Hump. Armed with ropes, they determined to find such a cave, if there be such. They clambered and crawled, they let each other down the rope where it was impossible to get a foot-hold. They spent many hours but no cave could they find. Not a true cave, that is. They found recesses which were formed by tumbling rocks coming to rest on shelves and ledges.

About 200 feet or so from the Hump's top there is a cave, Harry found. He went back into it, having a lantern for light. After a while his lantern flickered and went out. He felt it wasn't safe to go alone any further, especially without a light.

Harry and Wily were in their mid-teens, 17 or 18, when they made there excursions on and around Camel's Hump. Harry related having played croquet with Bess O'Neill who later married William Durkee and was neighbor to the Thomases.

~Harry told this to his daughter in November of 1965. Mrs. Mary (Callahan) Reagan recalls going into the cave on Camel's Hump.

As a Weather Forecaster
by Alice DeLong, 1962

Some people use the Hump as a means of telling what the weather was going to be, both in the immediate future and the next day.

I can remember my father looking at the Hump and forecasting the weather thereby and therefrom. Many are the times he went onto the front porch of our house (after we had moved from Turner Hill into the valley just south of the South Duxbury School House) and looked at the Hump, 'way up there at the head of the valley. He was remarkably accurate, too, in his forecasts.

If some of our activities were dependent on the weather, and the weather seemed reluctant to make up its mind, Dad would cast his eagle eye Humpward with the remark, "Well, what does the Hump look like," and his deductions would, perhaps, cancel or strengthen our plans, as the case might be.

I've seen hay cut or left standing; fishing trips planned or postponed; loads of hay left for the next day's carting or hustled in that night against tomorrow's threatened rain; all decided after "reading" the Camel's Hump weather report.

Dad would predict whether the coming storm, usually a thunder shower or rain squall, would come down the valley to those of us who dwelt in South Duxbury or would it spill its water on Waterbury or would it do so on the good people of Waitsfield. He watched for the first sign of snow on the Hump, and it was always announced, sometimes with resignation, sometimes in an I-told-you-so-tone. (The first meant, "Well, winter is here, and we are stuck with it"; the second meant, "I knew it was cold enough to have snow on the Hump.") Spring would come. Then he watched daily for the snow to melt from the Hump's lofty knob, saying we couldn't get any warm weather until the snow was gone up there, for he felt the winds would be cold as long as the white mantle lay on the mountain.

As a child, when imagination was part of my world, Dad told me that the thunder I heard was empty cider barrels being rolled off Camel's Hump. I don't recall that this version of the natural phenomenon placated my fear of a thunder shower!

Few people in Duxbury had, or have, the opportunity to watch Camel's Hump as did my Dad. Those on Ward Hill in the south part, when the weather was clear and crisp especially, had an excellent view. Scrabble Hill people could see it well, a profile view that is spectacular. A few South Duxbury dwellers can observe it, as did Dad, but to most Duxbury residents it is hidden behind the hills.

There is no need now for the Hump's forecast. Like so many "homespun talents," there is no longer need for such knowledge; it's so much more up-to-date to run to the radio, T.V., or other modern invention, turn a dial or dial a number and have a voice advise us very scientifically as to the weather.

P O T P O U R R I

What Makes Thanksgiving

Should it be turkey roasted brown
For friends and relation coming from town;
Mashed potatoes and stuffing; gravy to please,
Busy moms working while small children tease
This is the way it seems to me
That Thanksgiving Day had ought to be.

The silver and dishes are all in place
On the dining room table extended in space;
Seated for forty a few more or less
Chair after chair to seat every guest.
A larger table I never shall see
Isn't this the way Thanksgiving should be.

We were thankful to God in His heavenly place
As each of the forty bowed heads low for Grace.
These are the things we should remember
As Thanksgiving comes with each November.
This is what it seems to me
Thanksgiving Day had ought to be.

Now in adulthood I sorrowfully find
We have Thanksgiving of a different kind
Each little family alone by themselves
Food that is packaged straight off the store shelves.
Times are so different it's easy to see
Is this what Thanksgiving really should be?

The silver all matches, not a dish with a chip,
We eat before dinner, on crackers and dip;
The table is set, buffet if you please
Everything to get dinner over with ease.
If only once more, I really could see
Thanksgiving dinner as it really should be.

Each year I think, when the day has gone by
This isn't right, next year surely I'll try
To plan and have the whole family around
We'll get a big turkey to cook golden brown
And then my children will get to see
What Thanksgiving Day really should be.

And as this, year we spend the day
In the lone and lonely usual way.
The lonesome feeling deep in my heart
I wonder, what will set the day apart?
For my children who will look back and see
Is this the way Thanksgiving should be?

~by Eunice H. Ferris, November 17, 1960

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

The First White Frost

When we have had our first white frost,
Some folks will always say, "We've lost
Our summer, winter's next"—
But I don't need to find pretext
For liking what we now have here,
The fulsome time of all the year—
Now, Man's and Nature's work combine
To halo-ize the Summertime.

Each day there's something new to see!
The countryside will gradually
From green, take on a reddish hue
While laced with brown and yellow, too.
Until the views are not the same
And mountains, Green, belie the name.
Each tree is gay, as for a reason,
Dressed for the Marriage of the Seasons.

Excitement seems to fill the air—
Activity is everywhere—
The squirrels race to hoard away
Provisions for a colder day—
The birds we love in Summertime
Assemble, of a single mind,
Preparing for a southward flight,
Encouraged by the early night.

All Nature seems to now conform
To build protection 'gainst the storm
With knowledge sure it now impends.
These changes as the Summer ends
Are orderly—as by a plan
More puissant than those of man,
And everything that lives is led
To plan for what is just ahead.

The ferns and grasses, turned to brown,
Keep live in roots there in the ground—
Warm and leafy carpets serve small things
Which, first, will usher in the Spring—
But now the accent seems to be
Preparedness, and every tree
And bush, rose hued with adoration
Joins Nature—honoring Creation.

The white, low-lying morning fog
Has no relationship to smog—
Each valley now becomes a lake
With islands where the hilltops take
The first warm rays of rising sun,
Exultant, a new day's begun.
Beneath, the land will briefly quaff
This Fount of Life—then shrug it off.

The man who rises at the dawn
And sees white frost upon the lawn
Sees Mother Nature's warning there
With Nature's children, everywhere,
Will heed, They get no aid from elves,
They dally not, but help themselves.
All Nature seems industrious,
As if 'twould show the way—to Us!

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
136 Hayes Road
Duxbury, VT 05676

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

Membership

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

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

www.DuxburyVT.com

DON'T FORGET THE NEXT MEETING - Nov. 11
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 .
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