Under the Hump

S O C I E T Y   B U S I N E S S

U P C O M I N G   E V E N T S

Next Meeting:
Sunday, August 9,
CBMS, noon

- Our annual picnic and meeting is coming up! Please bring your own lawn chair and a dish to share with your neighbors.

O ur annual summer picnic and meeting will be held on Sunday, August 9, noon, at Crossett Brook Middle School. We will be outside if the weather permits. Please bring your own lawn chair and a hot dish, salad, or dessert to share. Beverages and paper products will be supplied by the refreshment committee.

Our program will focus on the "Salvation of the Old Hotel Paintings" by Donnie Welch. This is a story as told by the late Alice DeLong to Donnie. Please come, bring a friend, and learn about an important artifact depicting a part of Duxbury history. Hope to see you there!

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

Last Issue's Photo:
Mary Ethel Welch

Photo by Alison Magnani

Donnie Welch, Louise Welch, and Mary Ethel Welch represented our Society in Waterbury's Not Quite Independence Day parade this year.

Society Business

Archival/Preservation Committee Report

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

Nothing to report at this time.

Monetary Donations

⇒ Joseph Hammer in memory of Margery MacMillan

Donation Artifacts/Documents

⇒ Vermont History published by Vermont Historical Society, winter 1997-winter 2015. ~ Bob Morse

⇒ Vermont Genealogy book. ~ Bob Morse

⇒ New England Historical & Genealogical Register 2006-2013. ~ Bob Morse

⇒ Historical Facts and Assumptions regarding Jesse & Lucretia Arms property and the dispositions of their gravesites and gravestones. ~ Donald Welch

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!

1927 FLOOD

The following three pages contain information and photos from the 1927 flood.

Paralytic, 85, Finally Rescued

Little River, Vt. Nov. 7. (AP)— George Ravelin, 85 years old, paralyzed from the hips down, was lying today in an unlighted, unheated house that fairly dripped with the water that passed completely over it last week, and when he was found by the Red Cross his sole provisions consisted of eight potatoes.

The old man's plight was discovered last night by searchers from Waterbury, of which this isolated group of farmhouses is a part, reports had drifted in that many inhabitants of Little River district and regions farther along the Little River and the Winooski, were in terrible distress. After a survey that took all day and lasted well into the night, the Waterbury Red Cross said that Ravelin's case was entirely typical of conditions outside the villages.
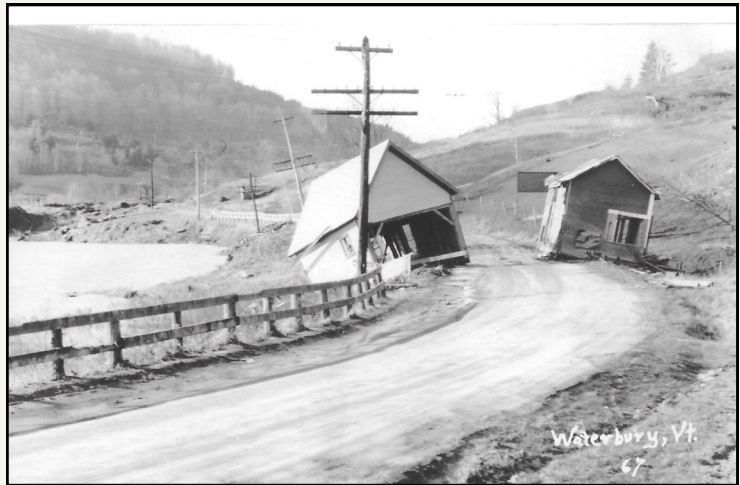
Lloyd Squier, a Waterbury newspaper man, crossed the Little River which is ordinarily a timid little stream, scarcely more than a brook which became a destructive torrent half a mile wide in a rockety flat-bottomed row boat. In the Ravelin farm house he found the old man, a daughter and her four children and a son of the aged paralytic, all cold and wet.

With no way to cook even the eight potatoes that comprised their larder and unable to get anything or anywhere to ask for help the woman and children were taken one at a time across the Little River in the boat, carried through mud knee deep up a half-mile hill and then transported by truck to Waterbury where they were given medical attention and hot food. Later they were evacuated to Stowe which is above the flood line.

But old George Ravelin with his huge farmers body and his useless legs could not be carried in the frail rowboat and he spent another night in the house, so saturated with water that pressure of a hand against the walls would squeeze out as from a sponge.

His son stayed with him and they were given quinine to ward off fever and food to increase their failing strength. Today rescuers planned another attempt to span the river with at least some temporary structure so that the old man might be carried on a stretcher to a hospital where he might have some chance of life.

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From *The Burlington Free Press*, November 8, 1927

North Main St., Route 2, Waterbury.
Near what is now Parro's Gun Shop.

Fear Safety of Cora Long

—

Warren Woman Not Reported Since The Flood

—

Was Working in Waterbury Home

—

She Is Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Long of Warren

—

Waitsfield, Nov. 15.—Much concern and fear is felt for the safety of Miss Cora Long, who was working for Mr. Heaton in Waterbury. She is missing, and at this time no word has been heard of her safety, neither had her body, up to Sunday, been found.

She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Long of Warren and was born in Fayston about 23 years ago.

****

From *The Barre Daily Times*, Barre, VT. Nov. 15, 1927

Smith's Store, Main St., Waterbury

1927 Flood

SOMETHING CONTAGIOUS ABOUT THIS ATMOSPHERE.

These are nearly all Burlingtonians who came over to set a Thanksgiving spread before the deserving people of Waterbury and who brought a huge supply of everything with them, ready to serve, even to "canned" music. Theirs was one gay, anticipatory party and enthusiasm hadn't waned on arrival.

The real "push" are, from the right, Thomas Gurney, Burlington, who had charge of arrangements, John Barry, William O'Brien and A. S. Picard, Waterbury chefs; the gaily attired lady is Miss Marjorie Luce, State Home Demonstration Leader, who after the first few days, had charge of the emergency dining hall in the Congregational Church basement. Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Chapin, of Burlington, who took charge of the catering and handled the dinner in rapid order, stand at the left of the doorway behind the host they marshalled. The rest? We don't know 'em, but we wish we did. The city papers print pictures of some "pretty" shopworn looking young people. This shows how they come in Vermont.

Photo. by courtesy of the Boston Post.

VERMONT WILL MAKE RECOVERY

Sec. Hoover Believes Flood Damage Will Have No Lasting Effect

IN INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS OF STATE

Estimates Loss As Between $25,000,000 And $30,000,000

Health Authorities Urge Use of Antiseptics and Disinfectants During Flood Crisis

OPEN NEW ROUTE TO WATERBURY

Traffic Should Go, By Way of Elmore

THIS WILL SAVE HARDWICK ROAD

Middlesex Notch Road Only For Emergency Traffic

Clippings from *The Burlington Free Press*, November 8, 1927

1927 Flood

Our Lady of the Flood
By N.F. DeGuise

For years She stood on the Altar there
Ready to welcome and answer each prayer
And never a prayer to Her went astray
She answered them all in Her Heavenly way.
Many a sad heart in trouble came,
Seeking aid in Mary's Name.

So on that night when the waters came,
Once more we pleaded in Mary's Name,
Our hearts went up in silent prayer
We placed our souls within Her care.

Not a soul was lost in our Parish that night
Again this proves Her power and might,
It proves to us Her Motherly love
Her power with God in Heaven above.

Our prayers were heard, that we know,
And here is the proof we have to show,
Mother pleading to Her Son Devine
Good Mother of yours, Good Mother of mine.

Our good Pastor's advice when all others fail
Is, come on your knees to the altar rail,
Come and visit this little shrine
Of our Blessed Mother, and our Lord Divine,
'Tis the work of God; though we don't realize
A miracle stands before our eyes.

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Once the waters receded enough so that entering St. Andrew's Church was safe, parishioners found that the statue of the Blessed Virgin had been swept from its pedestal and carried by the waters to a spot directly in front of the main altar. Some folks believed She was pleading with Her Son to stop the rising waters. Many people came to pray at the church because they believed the statue had divine powers. George Carty of Burlington burned his legs in a fire and his parents were told he would never walk again. They brought him to the church frequently to pray and two years later, he walked up to the statue and left his crutches there.

The following excerpts are from "When the Water Came to Waterbury" by Nellie Woodruff Ravlin.

"Lewis Welch and his son, Ferd, built a raft and Friday afternoon rescued Mrs. Emerick, her daughter and grandchild who were trapped in the attic of the house on the Moody farm. They had to be taken out of the attic window, over the roof of the ell part onto the raft. They were taken to the home of Mr. Welch.

Late Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Canerdy became alarmed when they found the water coming into the house. They left their home climbing the hill at the rear hoping to reach a place of safety.

It will never be known just what happened but it is conjectured that in their attempt to find a place to get over the fence at the top of the hill, Mrs. Canerdy bore too much to the right, going over the bank to her death. Her body was afterwards found on the George Rice meadow.

Mr. Canerdy was found Friday morning in the mud of the State garden near the Catholic Cemetery, drenched, half frozen and in a dazed condition. As soon as possible he was taken to the home of Ernest Clifton where he was cared for."

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The Emerick rescue took place on the River Road near the former Duxbury Community Garden. The Canerdy catastrophe happened near the Main St. junction along the Old Road up to the cemetery. The George Rice meadow is where the three Izor residences are currently. The Rice buildings were also washed down stream during the 1927 flood.
~Donnie Welch

Coolidge Deeply Distressed By Flood
———
The White House,
Washington, D.C.,
Nov. 10, 1927
Hon. John E. Weeks,
     Montpelier, Vt.
     Telegram received. Federal government and Red Cross will gladly render every possible assistance. Am informed Red Cross is on the ground and doing everything possible for relief. Army engineers have been sent to advise about repair and reconstruction work. You are no doubt in touch with them. We have all been deeply distressed.   Calvin Coolidge

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From *The Barre Daily Times*, Barre, VT.
Tuesday, November 15, 1927

Looking Back

1935

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SCHOOL DIRECTORS' REPORT

* * *

District No. 3—South Duxbury

Agnes Durett, teaching	$ 538.50
Agnes Durett, postage on library	1.11
Lucia Backus, janitor service	17.00
Lester Hills, labor and cash paid out	2.43
Bert Sherman, 20 cords wood	40.00
American Railway Express, repairs for heater	11.63
Fred Grout, labor	7.60
Mrs. Bert Sherman, cleaning school room	5.00
Total	$ 623.27

District No. 4—Red School

Ruth Phillips, teaching	$ 529.00
Ruth Phillips, postage on library	.51
Wayne Sherman, janitor	8.50
Florence Eastman, janitor	8.50
Ernest Sherman, 16 cords wood	32.00
L. S. Hills, 1 cord wood	2.00
E. R. Dalley, 2 cords wood	4.50
L. S. Hills, labor and cash paid out	10.17
Fred Grout, labor and cash paid out	7.61
Mrs. A. F. Merchant, cleaning school room	5.00
Total	$ 607.79

District No. 7—Crossett Hill School

Alice Backus, teaching	$ 567.00
Alice Backus, janitor work	16.00
Rufus Preston, labor and material	5.25
Fred Grout, labor, material and cash	25.89
Thelma Morse, carrying water	2.00
Alice Backus, labor	1.00
Demeritt Company, kindlings	4.00
F. L. Ravlin, eight cords of wood	16.00
Demeritt Company, lumber	5.21
Alice Backus, oil and postage	.40
Mrs. Edith Morse, spring	25.00

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Sidney Hills, well point	3.00
Alice Backus, oil and postage	.79
Smith & Somerville	2.50
Total	$ 674.04

District No. 9—North Duxbury

Marion Davis, teaching	$ 529.00
Marion Davis, janitor	9.00
Stella Beaton, janitor	3.00
Ada Lewis, janitor	6.00
Rufus Preston, labor and material	5.25
J. O. Young, 12 cords wood, 2 cords kindling	26.00
Demeritt Company, lumber	5.21
Warren Deforge, labor	3.00
Howard Kennedy, labor	1.50
Irene Kennedy, cleaning school room	5.00
Total	$ 592.96

District No. 1—Duxbury Corner School

Charlotte Clifton, teaching	$ 567.00
Evelyn Shontell, teaching	548.00
Timothy Callahan, janitor	51.00
A. F. Merchant, 45 cords of wood	90.00
Mark Eastman, 5½ cords of wood	11.00
L. S. Hills, labor and cash paid	2.43
Ernest Clifton, labor	4.50
Mrs. Frank Callahan, labor	19.50
Smith & Somerville, supplies	.25
Duxbury Corner Water Company, water rent	2.50
Charlotte Clifton, postage	1.02
Evelyn Shontell, postage	.80
J. L. Hammett Co., flag	4.33
L. H. Smith, brooms	1.00
Total	$1,303.33

1945-1946 tentative budget

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North Duxbury	Mrs. Marion Gibbs	Lt. St. Cert.
Red School	Miss Ruth Phillips	Lt. St. Cert.

Respectfully submitted,

LULA M. PRESTON,
MARION K. DAVIS,
G. A. MERCHANT,

School Board.

RUPERT J. SPENCER,

Superintendent of Schools.

Tentative Budget for Duxbury Schools
1945–1946

Expenditures:	
Salaries	$5200
School spuplies	200
Text Books	150
Janitors	175
Tuition	1965
Water, Fuel and Lights	465
Repairs	100
Insurance	47
School Directors	55
Superintendent and expenses	425
Miscellaneous	25
Total	$8807

POTPOURRI

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

On Auctions

I always try and seldom fail
To get to every Auction Sale,
Because the fun I get for free
Is worth more'n hard earned cash to me.
It's not too often that I'm led
To decorate the barrel-head—
I'd rather just enjoy the fun
When others' bidding has begun.

Some keep on bidding, just for pride,
And these will always "take a ride,"
They wind up paying twice the price
Of something new and really nice.
They get into some bidding race
And keep a-goin' to save their face
And when the price is up too high
Find they're the one who's made the "buy."

This pitfall catches young and old—
Most always when the thing is sold
The buyer registers surprise
While some chagrin is in his eyes
That he got suckered for the bid
That finally put on the lid.
I can't see why they bid so high
On what they don't intend to buy.

Sometimes a stranger sides down front—
He bids by nod or just a grunt—
The sale runs at a rapid pace—
The bids come in from back, some place—
The feller buys it in the end,
Content he had more cash to spend.
From where I stand I smile because
He's the only bidder that there was.

It's fun to watch the city folks
Who speak of auctions like they're jokes
When there's a lot of beat-up junk
These are the ones who always plunk
The dollars down, most every time
For stuff that wouldn't bring a dime.
They seem to have a lot of fun
And leave not knowing they've been "done."

There's those who always will be led
To drop cash on the barrel head
Who give you cause to wonder where
They got the nerve to put it there.
You know they owe most everyone
Around 'em—like they've always done.
They're always there to bid—of course
The roll they sport would choke a horse.

Most always there's a dealer too,
Who tells you what you ought to do—
He never visits, "Oh, My, No!"
And when he bids it's always low;
But when he lets his interest show
Observant folks are sure to know
A thing of value's being bid
Worth 'bout three times the price he did.

I don't know what the Auction Sale
Would ever do, except to fail,
If all the folks who like it so
Should just decide they wouldn't go.
There's seldom anything I need
And I don't buy like some, from greed.
But I'll bring home a thing or two
To pay my way—before I'm through.

The Suburban Hen
by Florence Boyce Davis

She roams about when gentle spring
    Bleak winter has been displaced,
And few indeed, there are who sing
    Of her aesthetic taste;
But I, who know her well and long,
    Would strive with feeble pen
To eulogize her in a song—
    The dear suburban hen.

Her taste for flowers is refined,
    One never quite forgets
How strong her fancy is inclined
    Toward early violets!
She dotes on tulips in the bud—
    They quite appeal to her;
Those tracks across the garden mud
    Are her insignia.

She shimmies in my shrubbery—
    Dust baths are such a treat!
She foxtrots through my fernery
    To train her nimble feet;
I shoo her forth from flowers and ferns,
    Which gives her nerves a shock,
But she forgives me and returns
    Accompanied by the flock.

She loves my pieplant, it is true,
    While yet the sprouts are red;
She is an early riser, too,
    And dines while I'm in bed.
She is not mine; I cannot stop
    Her cosmic course; but then,
My garden goes to swell the crop—
    Of that suburban hen!

DUXBURY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.
CONTACT INFORMATION

President: Don Welch   Phone: 802-244-7558   E-mail: dmwelch136@yahoo.com
Vice President: Christian Magnani   Phone: 802-244-1915   E-mail: c.magnani@outlook.com
Treasurer: Mark Morse   Phone: 802-244-7080   E-mail: markmorsevt@myfairpoint.net
Secretary: Eulie Costello   Phone: 802-244-1742   E-mail: euliej@gmail.com

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

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

Newsletter

Kelly Welch   Phone: 802-244-5627   E-mail: welchkelly2014@yahoo.com
Alison Magnani   Phone: 802-244-1915   E-mail: a.magnani@outlook.com
Justin Blackman   E-mail: mail@ju5tin.com
Skip Flanders   Phone: 802-244-5529   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

DON'T FORGET THE NEXT MEETING - AUG. 9
CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL - NOON

DUXBURY HISTORICAL
SOCIETY, INC.
804 VT ROUTE 100
SOUTH DUXBURY, VT
05660