

Cogswell

"I neither despise nor fear"
April 2002

Cogswell Courier

Published by the Cogswell Family Association

Three times a year: April, August,
& December. Deadlines for each issue:

First day of the previous month

Non-members: \$3.00 per issue.

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E-mail address: editor@cogswell.org

Subscription: Free to members

\$3.00 per issue to non-members.

Membership information: (On a
Calendar basis from January to December.)

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Cogswell Courier

Our 2001 Cogswell Odyssey by Bob and Evie Eisenhard

Our Adventure at 145 Westbury Leigh

Have you traveled to Westbury in Wiltshire to visit the Cogswell-related properties in England? If not, do plan to. We visited several in June 2001.

Located about 11 miles southeast of Bath, in Wiltshire, 145 Westbury Leigh was built by John's father Edward and his mother Alicia in 1591. It was built in the time of Queen Elizabeth I, the Tudor queen who reigned from 1558-1603. Edward was a clothier—he made and sold



This is the back garden of the Jones house and view of the back of the house.
Bob and Peter are standing at the far left of the picture

When John Cogswell and his wife Elizabeth and their children left home to come to America on the *Angel Gabriel* in 1635, they left from the house now identified as 145 Westbury Leigh. We Cogswells in America descend from this family.

wool cloth. John, too, was a clothier. He inherited much of Edward's business and his home at 145 Westbury Leigh.

As many of you know, when John and Elizabeth

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Cogswell Odyssey

(continued from page 1)

and their children packed up and left this house, they never came back. The house never again was a Cogswell house. After a time, no one knew it had ever been a Cogswell house. You have probably read in the *Courier* how this house was rescued by Peter and Mary Jones and their three children after they bought it and started to discover they had a very, very old house—now 411 years old.

In June, 2001, we visited 145 Westbury Leigh and spent a pleasant and exciting afternoon with Peter Jones. Peter gave us a wonderful extended tour of his home. Unfortunately, we did not meet Mary, who was at work. Peter is now retired from teaching what we would identify as industrial arts in the local school. He now has four other retirees working for him making parts and restoring old vintage cars. His office is in the original kitchen, complete with walk-in fireplace, a bake oven and a pot crane. This fireplace, like other parts of the house, had been covered up by previous owners. The Jones family stripped all this away and discovered a really old house.

Overall, the house is half-timbered. These timbers are exposed outside and filled with brick. Inside, Peter pointed out the large oak framing supporting this L-shaped structure with a tile roof, probably originally of Cotswold stone. The Jones's oak paneled living room/dining room has the stone fireplace on which the date 1591 was uncovered, as well as Edward and Alicia's initials and Edward's wool mark. The *Courier* has told this story in earlier issues. Along the walls

on either side are oak benches attached to the walls. Peter told us few chairs were used in Edward's day. A table would be pulled up to the benches. Perhaps only the parents had a chair to sit on.

Another paneled room has a fireplace and is used as a family room by Peter and Mary. Its old oak paneling is painted a light green and has a lovely watercolor painting of the house viewed from the back garden.

In the back wing of the house was a well and a large circular stationary "boiler"—where servants heated water and did the laundry. Do you remember the saying, "being on tenterhooks"—meaning anxious? Peter pointed out several iron tenterhooks still in the wooden wall, where Edward's and later John's workers would have hung the wool cloth to stretch it to the proper size—just so much and no more. According to the writings of Reginald Cogswell, the outside door into this room was "where spinsters would come for the wool which they would later bring back as yarn. The weavers would come there too for that same yarn which they would later bring back as cloth" (*Cogswells and Cloth in Avon Vale*). This room is now Peter's workshop where he and his workers restore old cars. Above this area, Edward would have stored wool. The attic over the top was probably servants' rooms. So you can see, in both Edward's and John's time, 145 Westbury Leigh was both a place of business and a home to shelter and raise one's family.

(Continued on page 6)

From the Secretary's Computer

By Claire Cogswell-Daigle



Hello Cousins,

Well, winter is almost behind us and we can all think spring. Has been very mild here in New England this year.

You all must have received your dues notices by now and want to thank you for your prompt reply.

Since our last Courier we have fourteen new members. We are getting close to the four hundred mark and I think that is just great.

Our reunion is in the planning stage. Dates are October 4, 5, and 6 in Marietta, Ohio.

Let's have a good turnout and make Caroline Lutz happy. More information will be out soon.

We still have some of our books left and I am sure there must be some libraries that would love to have one. How about donating one to your library?

Have a good spring and stay healthy.

Until then....

Yours truly,

*Claire Cogswell-Daigle,
Secretary*

Membership questions

Contact

Claire Cogswell-Daigle

On the internet at

secretary@cogswell.org

The Cogswell Family Association, Inc. welcomes the following members into the family:

The American School for the Deaf (Honorary)

Anne M. Raffaello

Donald Charles Cogswell

Karen M. Struve

Kristen Cogswell

Dr. Mason Holden & Family

Edward H. Hall

David H. Barber

Rosina Medd

Rose Draper

Donald B. Cogswell, Jr.

Donna Cogswell Kneeland

William Byrne

Patricia L. Vincent

William C. Cogswell, Jr.

Stanley P Thompson

Hartford, CT

Westford, MA

Anderson, IN

Marlborough, MA

Sheridan, WY

Heath, TX

Rancho San Margarita, CA

Bath, ME

Oakville, Ontario, Canada

Millington, MI

Eagan, MN

Bradford, MA

Shrewsbury, NJ

Valdosta, GA

Brevard NC

Topeka, KS

This ad was submitted by Thomas Thiel, a CFA member from Ashley, MI. It appeared in the *Clinton County Republican News* in St. Johns Michigan on September 18, 1930 on page 7.

I have a chair very much like the chair pictured. I inherited it from my parents along with the sales slip (see below). According to that, the chair is listed as a **Coxwell** chair. It was purchased in 1924. I have always thought it was an antique but now I am not sure. I always thought I "heard" it referred to as the **Cogswell** chair.

Of course, I am hoping that some knowledgeable person can supply me with more information.

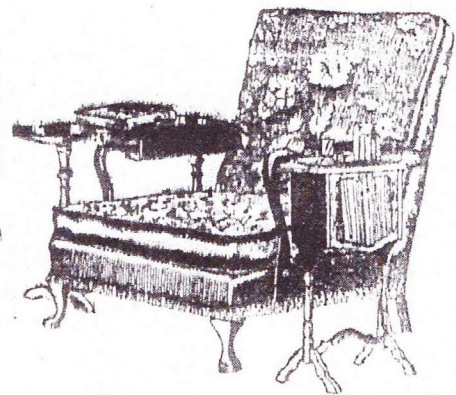
SPECIAL!

Cogswell Chairs

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WE ARE NOT CONNECTED WITH ANY OTHER CONCERN IN BOSTON.
Good Furniture
117 Causeway Street, Boston, Mass.

Sold to Mr. E. C. Button,
20 Prescott Street,
Cambridge, Mass.

DATE Dec. 5, 1924.

#B Terms-Net Spot Cash Delivered-

ALL ORDERS FOR ALL WAREHOUSE MUST BE MADE DIRECTLY TO US OR BY CHECK OR CASH

1 #615623 Cogswell Chair Wel. #3927 Cover }
Bow. Down Cush. Bal. 205 & 111111 } \$178.00

I am presently researching John Cogswell (#254), the furniture maker from Boston. (Born 1738, died 1818.) Hopefully, I will have an article ready for the August Courier. One question is, were the above chairs designed by Cogswell and copied and manufactured by others.

Mary Lieberman

A Message From Your President

. . . by Austin Cogswell

This is the beginning of my second year as president of the CFA. Attending reunions every year, learning about the rich history of Cogswells in America, and meeting so many cousins have been wonderful experiences for me. I want to thank all of the CFA officers for their unsung dedication and invaluable contributions to our Association. They, and those who served before them, have been instrumental in our continuity and growth.

Our CFA reunion in Marietta, Ohio will be October 4-6. Caroline Lutz has developed a wonderful agenda of activities and dining experiences for us. Additional information on our reunion is provided on page 18 & 19 of this newsletter.

Attending this reunion will be a homecoming for me. My father, Finley A. Cogswell, was transferred by his company to Marietta from our home in Basking Ridge, NJ when I was a freshman at Wesleyan University in Middletown

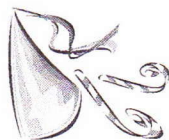
Connecticut. Dad was the new CEO of American Cyanamid's Willow Island, West Virginia plant, which is across the Ohio River from Marietta.

After my family relocated to this lovely riverside town, I decided to transfer to Denison University in Granville, Ohio. Wesleyan was all male at the time (I sure am dating myself!). Denison was co-ed with a beautiful campus on the hill above quaint little Granville. It was not a difficult decision for a nineteen-year-old male to make!

I have fond memories of Marietta. I can't wait to see how well this all-American town at the confluence of two rivers has been able to maintain its charm over the last thirty-five years. This will be our eleventh CFA reunion. I believe it is the first one in America's heartland. I urge you to begin making plans now to join us in Marietta-Ohio's oldest city.

* * * * *

Happy Birthday Pearl Kelly
103 years young



Pearl can now claim to have lived in three different centuries. She is still very active. She traveled to Tennessee from Fremont CA this past year for the wedding of her great-grandson, and her youngest great-great-grand-daughter took part in the wedding. Best wishes, Pearl, from all your Cogswell Cousins.

Our 2001 Cogswell Odyssey

(continued from page 2)

Now let us tell you of our visit to 15 Church Street in Westbury.

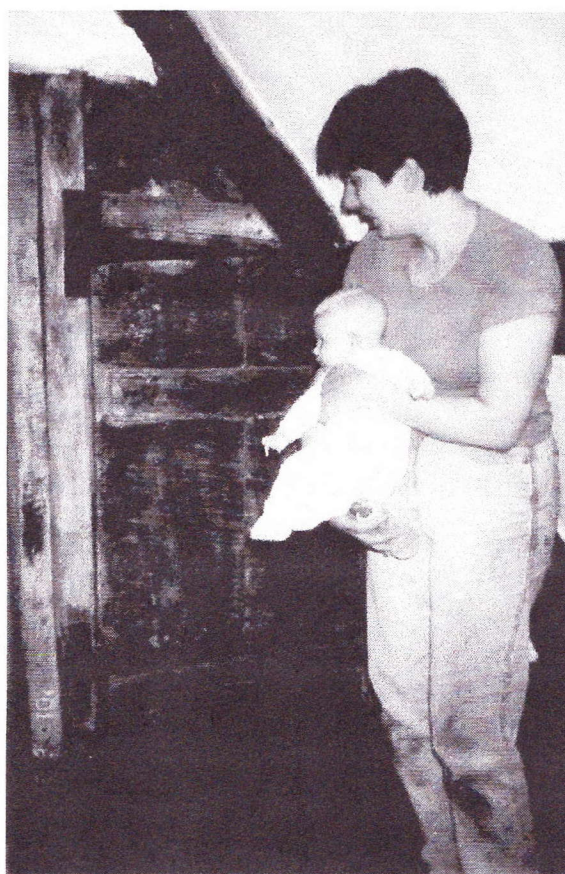
Quoting from *Descendants of John Cogswell*, "It is not far from All Saints Church. In the cloth processing days it was a workshop as well as a dwelling."

This house, previously known as "Ludbourne" and later as "Ivy House," is thought to have been owned by Edward Cogswell, John's father. Unfortunately, its records were destroyed in a fire at the office of a lawyer. It is T-shaped and very large, dating from the early 17th century, with some parts probably older. No longer is the front of the house covered with ivy. The bricks have been cleaned and re-pointed and look lovely.

Today, Alan and Jane Hunt own the house and live there with little Holly, 4 months old in June, 2001 when we knocked on their door and were graciously invited in.

After tea with Jane and Holly in the large old kitchen, they and their black kitty took us on a tour of the house. The front part is medieval with large tree-rafters showing upstairs. (One rafter had the Cogswell clothmark on it. Perhaps wool was stored there by Edward.)

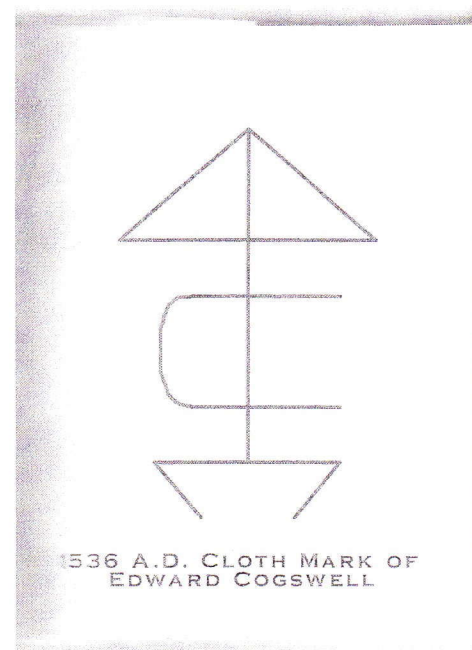
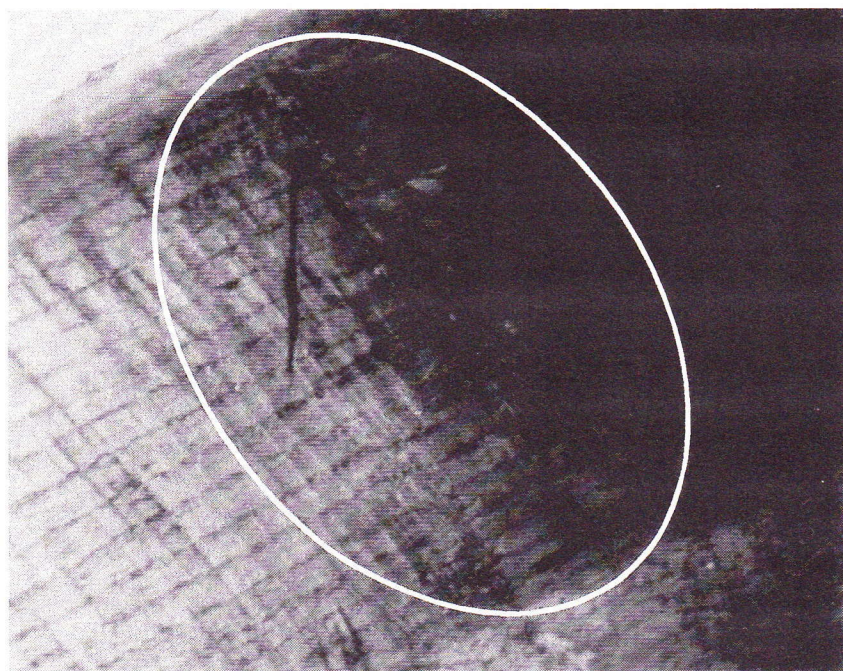
Other parts of the house are Georgian. The back section could have been used for wool processing. The Hunts are an energetic, young professional couple. They are finishing the far right of the house as a separate unit. They have finished many of the old wood floors, installed several skylights to bring in natural light, and have uncovered an inglenook type of fireplace. Alan was busily sorting out the garden as we visited.



Jane Hunt showing some of the medieval construction of the house.

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(continued from page 6)



If you look closely, you will see the Cogswell clothmark.

Highlights of My Experiences Related to Military Service in WWII.

by Howard Lyman Cogswell

During the early part of the "BIG" War (one of several touted to end all wars!), married men with children (MWC) were not called up in the draft. From late 1940 onward, my wife Bessie and I and infant son Denis were living in the first house we ever "owned," highly mortgaged, in Pasadena, CA. Beginning in early 1942, I was a substitute U.S. mail carrier, occasionally assigned also to clerk duties in the Pasadena post offices. My hobby of bird-study also continued; and I had met other bird-watchers from across the USA who were in California as a result of war-related dislocations. Although minuscule by comparison with the nearly 15,000 names listed in 2001 as members of the American Birding Association, the fact that others near and far had similar interests influenced my life during military service considerably.

When the draft finally got down to the MWC category and I appeared for the induction physical exam in January 1944, I chose the Navy as my preferred service because it would more likely give me a chance to see various parts of the world. Most of March that year was spent at the Recruit Training Center, San Diego, where absolutely NO time was available to individual recruits to do anything on their own. I served once as target handler in a shooting range north of the city. That was as close as I got to ever being trained in the use of fire-arms in the four weeks of recruit training. The interviewer who went over my background before I was assigned to duty seemed impressed that I had completed two full years of college-level science and math courses, and so wrote "definitely recommend for Aerology School." That would have been in Pensacola, FL, with training to become a meteorologist. Sounded great!

However, after my being in sick-bay for three days, an urgent call for help at the Fleet Records Office (FRO) in San Francisco came in, and

my post-office experience flagged me right away. So, it was off with others by train to the "City by the Bay" with several periods on sidings during the 30+ hours we were aboard. Troop trains had "priority," they always said! The FRO was the directory service center for the entire Pacific Theater of Naval Operations, where addresses of every person assigned in it were kept on file cards and updated from "change" lists received daily. Address changes were made by marking-out old ones and entering new ones manually on these cards at 30 or so desks that filled a large open room, with supervisors walking up and down ostensibly to insure that it was done correctly. [It often wasn't]. We were transferred daily, standing in open-bed trucks to the FRO on Brannan Street from makeshift barracks in the made-over third floor of a business building on lower Market Street.

It was the bed-bug-riddled condition of the latter that was a shock to those of us just out of recruit training, with its emphasis on constant cleaning and polishing. Complaints to higher levels of command got nowhere until a group of us conferred a second time directly with the WAVE Captain in charge of the FRO -- this time prepared with a bottle containing several of the offending critters captured the previous night! All the bedding was promptly taken out and aired and the wooden bunks sprayed, but it was insufficient to cure the problem. Those who had some other place to sleep in the area were then permitted to do so, as long as we showed up daily for our duty. I stayed with friends in Berkeley for a short time, and then Bessie came with Denis (then just under 4 years old) and looked for housing. After several days checking with the S.F. Housing Authority (a war-time agency) without success, she went to work for them as custodian in the Candlestick Point apartments with rent of one unit as part of her pay. I commuted by a long trolley trip to the FRO.

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Highlights of Military Service *(continued from page 8)*

The operations there were often frustrating, however, and I was among those who volunteered for training in the V-mail unit to escape them. V-mail, for all those born after the late 1930s, was a system of guaranteeing delivery of one-page letters addressed to overseas troops by sending only 16-mm film negatives of the letters, printing reduced-size positives at the other end, then notifying the sending station to destroy the originals. It avoided much of the potential loss of mail in ships or aircraft that were damaged or lost by enemy action, and was a product of the Recordak division of Eastman Kodak.

Soon after the week or so of training in the V-mail lab at San Francisco, we who had taken it were listed for possible transfer to duty elsewhere, but we hoped it would be in the USA. For me the call came on May 21, 1944, to report to Treasure Island in San Francisco Bay for transfer overseas, with all my gear in a big sea-bag. So the heart-wrenching good-bye was done at the Candlestick apartment that morning; and then again the next two mornings because my name had not been called to go to any ship. On the 24th, however, it was, and about eight of us assigned to the Pearl Harbor V-mail unit were taken out to the central bay in a small boat and brought alongside a destroyer that slowed down but did not stop. We threw our bags aboard and then stepped on the low part of the deck, and we were on the way. We had no bunk assigned, though, as the ship was carrying other passengers as well as a full crew.

Bessie returned home and found a new job that she held to the war's end with a firm that sliced and checked quartz crystals for radio tuners. She also took others with her in a car-pool, while Denis was in extended-day nursery school.

The waters just outside the Golden Gate are often some of the roughest in the North Pacific. So, I was at the railing for a reverse alimentary condition, but also to see birds. There were thousands of Seabirds, especially

near the Farallon Islands, as well as several albatrosses and a mass some five miles long of their smaller relatives, shearwaters -- none of which I had ever seen alive. I slept right there on deck, and the next day my *mal de mer* was gone. By the third day, we were in smooth, deep-blue tropical waters with the scattered cumulus clouds of the trade wind overhead -- a very peaceful setting. Subsequently I wrote of these experiences in an article in *Audubon Magazine* (v.46:359-362, Nov-Dec.1944). Nearer Oahu, a plane appeared towing a target, at which the gun crew on the destroyer fired numerous shells, and I learned to appreciate the complexity of that task from a constantly moving and often rolling deck gun. Late that day, we "passengers" disembarked in Honolulu harbor.

Although for the next 11 months my duty was in the Pearl Harbor V-mail Lab, most of those assigned there were housed in barracks at Aiea, well outside the Navy Yard's gate. There were no guards at Aiea, so we were free to go anywhere on the island without a pass during daytime (passes were required to be away from military units over-night). For most of my stint at Pearl my duty hours were from 5 pm. to 11:30 pm. only (we had to leave the Yard then to get to "mid-night chow" before it closed at 12). It was the easiest "job" of my life. Travel about the island by hitch-hiking was easy for service personnel, and by bus in town. Residents knowledgeable about the island's birds were eager to help interested servicemen, and I got such help by phone within the first weeks from several persons. Later on I was even treated to a luncheon of taro and salad served personally (in bare feet) by Dr. George Munro, the dean of mid-1900s Hawaiian ornithologists in his home in the edge of the mountain forest above Honolulu.

(Another bird-watching sailor, Harold Cantlin from Illinois, and I also connected early with Miss Grenville Hatch, a Honolulu

(Continued on page 16)



The CFA has been notified that **Sean Rooney** died in the World Trade Center on September 11, 2001. He was born on February 15, 1951. His father was Charles Cass Rooney, who died in Buffalo NY in 1995. His mother is Rosemary Aurricchio Rooney.

Edith Mabel Sampson (Chapman) Smith Hall was born April 3, 1914 in Huntley MT and died November 5, 2001 in Rosemead CA. Edith and her daughter C. J. Castagnaro have been active members of the CFA.

There will be a Memorial Gathering at her home, 1118 Walnut Grove Avenue, Rosemead, CA (626) 280-2087 on **April 27, 2002**.

Memorial gifts may be made to The Nature Conservancy.

William C. Cogswell (1918-2002) Born in New York, NY Bill Cogswell began a 21-year career in the U.S. Army in 1936, retiring in 1957. He came to Brevard County, FL in 1967 from Washington, D.C., where he had been involved with the Polaris Program. He became affiliated with the Apollo Program after moving to Florida.

After retiring from Kennedy Space Center in 1973, he moved to England where he attended graduate school at the University of Reading and completed his Master's degree in European History. He was an Adjunct Professor at Rollins College, Patrick AFB branch, after returning to the States.

He belonged to more than 15 civic organizations. He was a loving husband, father, grandfather and a proud American. He is survived by his wife of 59 years, Janet; and his children, Carolyn (Joaquin), William, Jr. (Patricia). Burial was in Arlington National Cemetery. Donations may be made to the American Kidney Fund, 1610 Executive Blvd., Suite 1010, Rockville, MD 20852 or to the charity of your choice.

Joan Cogswell Cooper Holden Born on Nov. 1, 1929, in Baton Rouge, LA, she died at 9:15 p.m. Thursday, Nov. 15, 2001, at her home. Interment was in Roselawn Memorial Park. She is survived by her husband, Dr. Alfred M. Holden; two daughters, Lyn Holden Jones and Jane Holden Butler; a son, Dr. Mason Holden; and three grandchildren, Lauren Holden, Emily Holden and Dustin Williams.

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Memoriam

(continued from page 10)

Joan graduated from University High. School in 1946 and attended Louisiana State University, where she was a member of Kappa Delta sorority. She was a member of the First Presbyterian Church, The Study Club, founded in 1908, Baton Rouge Art League and the Daughters of the American Revolution. She was one of the original docents at the LSU Rural Life Museum.

Memorials may be made to the LSU Foundation, Friends of the Libraries, Room 295, Middleton Library, Baton Rouge, LA 70803 or to LSU Rural Life Museum, P.O. Box 80498, Baton Rouge, LA 70803.

Stanley P. Thompson has informed us of the death of his mother **Carabelle H. Thompson**. She died Oct. 17, 2001.

His address is 3735 SW Cobblestone Pl., Topeka KS 66610.

Ed Cavin, a descendant of Sarah Cogswell and John Cavin, has informed us that the Cogswell Family Association has lost a great lady, his mother, **Marion Cavin**. She passed away on Tuesday, March 12, 2002 at 2 pm. She had contributed all the information about the Cavin branch of the family to the Cogswell Family book, receiving a special mention at the beginning of the book.

She opened up a lot of interesting things for his family by researching their history, and he is grateful to the CFA for their recognition of her contributions. She herself was not a Cogswell descendant, but that did not slow her interest in this family and its history.

A New Cogswell Descendant

Marie C Shingler, of Little Valley, NY wishes to announce the birth of her grandson

Jack Ryan Weimer

on December 3, 2001 In Olean New York.

His parents are Mary Shingler and Ryan Weimer, who were married in Allentown, New York on April 15, 2000.

Canadian Connections by Malcolm Cogswell



In Canada (as in some other countries), there is a special project to prepare a 3 volume "History of the Book in Canada," and there is a Cogswell connection.

Jean (Ellis) Cogswell (wife of Malcolm) got hooked on it at its first conference held in Ottawa a few years ago. At the conference a number of people gave papers on various aspects of the history of books and publishing in Canada. So when the second conference was held in Toronto, she decided to attend. Someone made the comment that all the papers were describing what men had done - very little on women. Now Jean had long been a member of the Women's Institute (homemakers' clubs - an educational organization of rural women) as well as being a trained librarian, and knew that the Women's Institute had set up a number of libraries in various places. She mentioned that to someone, who said to her "You should write a paper on that!"

The third conference was held in Montreal, and Jean only attended half of it, because there were two other conferences on at the same time - the perils of having the conference close to home. However, some time after that conference, Jean contacted one of the important people of the project with the idea, and it was warmly received. Her name and subject were passed on to the organizer of a regional conference in Regina, Saskatchewan. Within 24 hours she had been asked to write the paper and to present it there.

There was a lot of soul searching - and other searching as well, and help from provincial Women's Institute personnel, but in March 2001 Jean flew to Regina and actually presented her paper on the contribution of the

Woman's Institute to Prairie Print Culture - subtitled "Help! I have to give a presentation!" It was very well received. One comment was "You certainly know a lot about the prairies for an Easterner!"

The final conference was held in Vancouver in November. It took some more soul searching - after September 11th - but Jean finally decided to fly out to attend that one as well. So she attended all the conferences (except for half the one closest to home).

Her paper is supposed to be posted on the internet, but they're being very slow about it (or have it posted without telling us in a place we have not found). But there is information for anyone interested.

For information on the project as a whole, go to <http://www.hbic.library.utoronto.ca/>

For the abstract of Jean's paper go to: <http://prod.library.utoronto.ca/hbic/abstractsp.htm#2e>

THE ABSTRACT

Libraries "For Home And Country" Or: "Help! I Have to Give a Presentation!" by Jean Cogswell

Rural and farm women in Alberta were the first to organize Women's Institutes outside Ontario (1909). The first Women's Institute in the world was founded in Stoney Creek, Ontario, February 19, 1897, at the suggestion of Mrs. Adelaide Hoodless, a social reformer for domestic science education for women. Its function was to serve as a "rural university" for women, many of whom had little education and led isolated lives with few resources for development of their abilities.

(continued on page. 20)

George Washington and the Cogswell Tavern . . .

Inside the Tap Room at Cogswell Tavern, Gen. George Washington paced the oak floors, a bowl of milk in hand, too agitated over the news of Benedict Arnold's treason to even sit down for an early morning breakfast.

In bounds Spike, a yellow Labrador retriever, followed by Walter Pickett Jr., snapping a visitor's imagination from Sept. 24, 1780 back to the present.

"This was the public room. In those days they didn't allow women in here," said Pickett, a Superior Court judge and owner of the New Preston house where Washington

stopped on occasion during his Connecticut journeys as commander of the Continental Army during the American Revolution.

Historians differ as to precisely where Washington was when he heard word of Gen. Arnold's attempt to turn West Point

over to the British but, according to Pickett's ancestors, he learned shortly before stopping by the tavern for breakfast that autumn morning. Washington was bound for his headquarters in New Windsor across the Hudson River from Peekskill, N.Y.

Pickett is a descendant of Maj. William Cogswell [DJC 222], who ran the tavern. Maj. Cogswell was the first selectman after the parishes of Judea and New Preston were incorporated Jan. 7, 1779 as a town and named after the revered general.

The white two-story house on Christian Street was built in 1756 and has remained in the family ever since.

Although Washington didn't keep a diary from June 1775 to May 1781, his visits are documented in the histories of several local towns. Washington is said to have stopped at Cogswell Tavern four times, and may have slept there overnight on May 18, 1781 during a trip from New Windsor to Wethersfield. The fact that he stopped there for breakfast on his way back on May 25 is recorded in Washington's own hand-

writing in his diary, which he had by then resumed writing.

"Breakfast at Squire Cogswell's—dined at Col. Vandebury's and reached Headquarters about sunset where I found letters from Gen'l's Schuyler and Clinton full of uncertain information."

Historical accounts

differ, but Washington is said to have made four extensive trips through Connecticut and two or three shorter ones.

The journeys, by coach or horseback, took him into all eight of the state's counties and about half of its 169 towns, according to a booklet published by the state's tercentenary commission in 1933.

In his "Ridgefield in Review," Sylvio A. Bedini



The News-Times/David W. Harpole

Among other local places, George Washington stopped at this New Preston house when it was an inn. The general mentioned the inn, today a private home, in his diary.

(Continued on page 15)

This and That

Canadian Conference

For anyone who has ancestors (probably not Cogswell ancestors) in the province of Quebec, Canada, The Quebec Family History Society is celebrating its 25th anniversary by holding an international conference on Family History in Quebec May 31st, June 1st and 2nd at McGill University in Montreal. All in English, but some French genealogical experts will be there as well.

Information can be found at the following website:

www.cam.org/~qfhs/index/html

or someone interested can e-mail

roots2000@canada.com or write the Q. F. H. S. at P. O. Box 1026, Pointe Claire, Quebec, H9S 4H9.

Malcolm Cogswell

The following informative item was provided by June (EDWARDS) Cogswell, wife of Past CFA President Keith [10554] Cogswell:

Milton [5845] COGSWELL Col. USA. was born on 4 Dec 1825 in Noblesville, Ind. He died on 20 Nov 1882. From *Nothing Like It In The World*, by Stephen E. Ambrose, page 363: "A battalion of soldiers from the 21st Infantry Regiment under Major Milton Cogswell were there [at Promontory, Utah, when the golden spike was driven, connecting the trans-continental railroad]. The soldiers had come in by train and were headed for the Presidio of San Francisco, which surely must make the 21st the first army unit to cross the continent by rail."

* * * * *

No Chicago Meats

We buy all our meats from the Cleveland Provision Company, and they come to us in perfect condition. Their slaughter houses, packing houses and refrigerating service are the most cleanly and sanitary in the country....If this were not so, we would not be selling their meat. As to how we care for these meats after they reach us, a personal call and investigation is the best possible proof we can give you. No other meat dealer within a good many miles...can show you the same facilities for the proper care and preservation of his stock....

COGSWELL'S MARKET, Colonnade
(*The Chautauquan Daily* [NY], June 29, 1906)

For Sale

An 1884 copy of E. O. Jameson's *The Cogswells in America*

Alexander Cogswell from Fredericton, New Brunswick wishes to sell his copy of Jameson. If anyone is interested they may contact him at his e-mail address: alexc57@hotmail.com. There were only 500 copies of this book ever published so this may be a rare opportunity to acquire an original.

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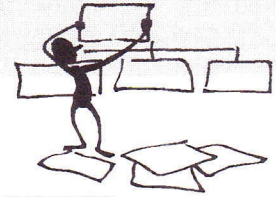
From the Editor's Den

. . .by Mary Lieberman

This month I would like to give some credit where credit is due. I would like to formally thank my husband, Hal, for all the work he has done for me on the Courier. Especially this past year when my energy level wasn't quite up to par. He proofreads all my copy at least twice. Let me tell you he is a tough task master, and that is a rather tedious job. He also comes up with various articles to fit whatever space needs filling. This past year he has done all the mailing. Even that job is more complicated than one might imagine. It usually takes a couple of days. I think this is really becoming a two-person job for future reference. Thanks, Hal.

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Deadline

JULY 1

George Washington and the Cogswell Tavern *(Continued from page 13)*

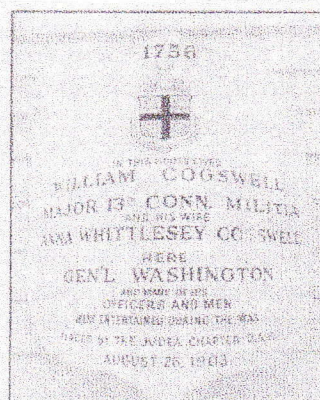
wrote that Washington stopped at a tavern in Ridgebury on Sept. 19, 1780, en route to Hartford to meet with Count de Rochambeau and other French officers on the 20th to enlist their aid in the Continental Army. The tavern was about 200 yards north of Ridgebury Congregational Church.

On this trip Washington was accompanied by his secretary, Alexander Hamilton, Gen. Henry Knox and the Marquis de Lafayette, as well as a small entourage. Washington and Lafayette are said to have slept a short distance south of the church. It was Washington's a precaution against enemy attack.

According to the Bedini book, Washington and Lafayette are said to have slept a short distance south of the practice to lodge away from his party as tack. The rest of the group stayed at the large oak tree in the Gaylordsville section. According to the Bedini book, Washington and Lafayette are said to have slept a short distance south of the practice to lodge away from his party as tack. The rest of the group stayed at the large oak tree in the Gaylordsville section. The oak, which was American Revolution early this century, old.

Washington ran into a little trouble while en route to Providence, R.I. As he spanning the gorge at Bulls Bridge in Kent, the horse became frightened by the springy planks, jumped

Kent's historian, Emily Hopson, who found the incident in a book on Washington written by James T. Flexner. It is said he paid an inflated price of \$215 to have the horse disposed of and to acquire another.



Plaque affixed to the house

ington and his entourage continued. At noon he held council under a tree north of the oak in March 1781. He had at his house across the street. The oak, which was American Revolution early this century, old.

north of the oak in March 1781 led his horse over a crude bridge. Kent, the horse became frightened by the springy planks, jumped

(From an article by Janice Corcoran in *The News-Times*, Danbury, CT, Feb. 17, 1991)

Highlights of Military Service *(continued from page 9)*

librarian who had banded many seabirds before the war curtailed her trips to offshore islets, and through her and Unoyo Kojima with the Honolulu Audubon Society. We went on the society's monthly field trips, which had been resumed after the island was felt to be secure from further enemy attacks. Miss Kojima was also active in the Hawaii Trail and Mountain Club, which held a group hike every week-end, and I went with them many times -- just had to be back in Navy territory by 5 pm. The time I spent on Oahu resulted in another article in *Audubon Magazine*, "Rainbow Island" (Sep-Oct 1945, pp. 273-278). After the war I continued contact with Grenville and Unoyo. Bessie and I visited Grenville after she retired to a fine senior home in southern California, and saw Unoyo in 1971 when we visited Honolulu again. She was a U.S. citizen and completed two stints in the U.S. Army following the war, serving in her capacity of translator for at least 4 or 5 languages. Her parents and two brothers had gone back in Fall 1941 for a visit to Japan, where the boys were immediately drafted. But I never had the nerve to question Unoyo about her family's outcome. They lived in Hiroshima!

In early 1945 at the Pearl Harbor V-mail lab so many men were assigned to duty (about 1/3 Californians, 1/3 Texans, and 1/3 others) that we spent considerable time arguing about which state was "better" -- CA or TX? Those who came from KY or NY just didn't have a chance. But this lab was also a training place for those who would set up and operate V-mail units at forward bases, so my turn came in April 1945 to help fulfill that function. I don't remember just when I was advanced to the rating of Specialist (Photographer) (V-mail) 3rd class, but it wasn't until my next station that I went on up to 2nd class.

That station was OKINAWA, a southern island of Japan itself. We were not told where we were headed, but had a rifle issued to us. I never fired it, even in practice, but it was evidence that we were moving to a forward base.

The trip from Pearl Harbor was a twenty-five day voyage beginning Apr. 27, during which most of us never left the ship. I watched for birds most of each day. At first others aboard were scornful when I answered "birds" to their question of what I was looking for with my binocular. However, after a couple of weeks of boredom, some shifted to "What birds are they?" or "Aren't they all just sea-gulls?" Of course, there are no gulls normally found in the central parts of the North Pacific. Our ship was a made-over freighter with bunks five-high in the hold, so closely spaced the man below got bumped when the one above turned over. The course took us first to Eniwetok Atoll (May 6-7), then to Ulithi Atoll (May 12-15), then in slower convoy to Okinawa. It was on this last leg that we got a feeling for the danger in a wartime sea, when a floating mine was spotted by a ship's lookout. Soon a convoy patrol vessel came up to "remove" it with gunfire, making a dent in the ocean surface at least 30 feet deep and only 10 times that distance from our ship. We arrived in the east anchorage of Okinawa late on May 21 and were transferred at night by LCVP around the southern end of the island (still enemy land then) to a landing in an LCI at the mouth of the Bisha Gawa on the west side.

Two or three of our station crew preceded us, landing with the second-echelon of troops. They selected the site for the V-mail station and had begun its preparation. Two big tents next to the ruins of a bombed-out sugar mill was to be the lab itself, and we set up housing tents accommodating four cots each, with the required mosquito netting, on nearby higher ground overlooking the river. Recordak machines, developer tanks and chemicals, film spools, and other equipment were unloaded, and within two days, the station was in operation. Navy V-mail arriving before this had been held in the main Okinawa Campaign post office, which was aboard a ship at anchor and highly vulnerable to Kamikaze attacks so frequent at night, though I don't believe it actually ever took such a strike.

On land, for at least two months, there was usually at least one enemy aircraft overhead at night, Okinawa being within easy range of small fighter-bombers from Kyushu, the southern "main" island of Japan. We built foxholes for shelter from such attacks, but sometimes also succumbed to temptation and stood watching the spectacular fireworks as anti-aircraft batteries near us came into action. I still have a three-inch piece of shrapnel that plopped into the mud next to me one night as I ran a bit late to my dugout and "capped" foxhole. Slowly I learned that friendly fire can cause just as much injury as enemy action, except for an actual bomb hit to one's near vicinity—which never came. Nor did we ever meet anyone at night who didn't know our passwords, although we stood guard every night until the whole island was secure.

The local population of Okinawans had already been moved out from our vicinity and most other military operations areas. Later on I traveled across the island several times and up the west coast to north of Nago, where rules were less enforced about contact with Okinawans (considered "enemies" although they had different customs and language than found in Japan proper). It was on a trip there with Mark Graydon of Cleveland OH that we got into conversation with the guard at a U.S. military outpost and three boys about 8 years old who were hanging around. The guard referred to the boys as "gooks" and pointed to the brownish skin of their shirtless torso as evidence. When Mark indicated that he sort of agreed, one boy pulled up Mark's T-shirt and pointed to a well-tanned belly while saying "You gook too!" We all appreciated the young man's spunk.

Non-fraternization rules still applied officially throughout the war, but we had the capability of developing and printing photos, so a few of the treasures in my overseas album are of Okinawan dancers in elaborate costumes and big headdresses that we made for another sailor who was assigned to maintain order in one of the villages into which the native people were crammed. There was also their custom

("peculiar" to us Americans) of putting their dead in concrete-topped tombs set into hillsides and going back much later [we were told] to place the bones in urns. Since the occupying Japanese soldiers had in many cases holed up in those tombs, they were cleared by the first echelon U.S. Marines with flame throwers

Yes, I would like to have learned more about the Okinawans while I played a small part in the military operations on their island. I did continue looking at the birds on Okinawa, little studied previously by anyone. Back in the U.S. later, with reference libraries available, I wrote a summary account of them that was published as "Summer Observations of Birds on Okinawa, Ryukyu Islands" (*The Condor* 50:16-25), my first paper in a refereed journal other than brief notes. Other sailors in my unit sometimes referred to me as "feather funny," in part because of my attention to birds and partly because I became the unit's *de-facto* yeoman (I was the only one who could touch-type) after the man with that rating was sent home because he had sufficient behavioral problems to be classed as officially "funny."

Exploring the broad intertidal areas of the coral reefs which surround most of Okinawa was also my first exposure to such spectacular animals as long-spined sea-urchins, varied starfish, sea-cucumbers up to 3 feet extended length, and numerous types of snails including the cowries so prized for necklaces. These were significant factors in my ultimate return to college to become a zoologist, toward which the G.I. Bill of Rights also contributed much of the cost.

Okinawa was obviously being planned as a major staging position for the invasion of Japan. Many thousands of tons of supplies and thousands of pieces of equipment were already accumulated there, and a new longer runway airport was under construction in the middle of the island, when "THE" bombs were dropped that finally ended the war quickly.

On Oct. 11, our camp on the Bisha Gawa was in the path of the eye of the third typhoon of

(continued on page 20)

Reunion Agenda

Marietta, Ohio

October 4th through October 6th, 2002

Friday, October 4th

- 1:00 P.M. -
6:00 Registration
Reunion Headquarters - Hotel Lafayette, 101 Front Street
- 2:00 P.M. Board of Directors Meeting
Hotel Lafayette - Reunion Hospitality Room
- 6:00 P.M. Dinner - your choice of area restaurants
- 8:00 P.M. Choices:
1. Visiting and sharing with your Cogswell relatives (bring pictures and memorabilia)
2. Showboat Becky Thatcher - Live Theater

Saturday, October 5th

- 9:30 A.M. or
11:00 A.M. Trolley Tour of Marietta - Narrated tour provides an overview of the historic architecture and sites of Marietta...Ohio's oldest city
- 12:00 P.M. Lunch - your choice of area restaurants
- 2:00 P.M. Valley Gem Sternwheeler - Fall foliage tour on the Ohio and Muskingum Rivers
- 6:00 P.M. Cocktail Hour/Cash Bar - Marietta Country Club, 705 Pike Street
- 6:30 P.M. Group Photograph
- 7:00 P.M. Buffet Dinner and Program - Local Historian

Sunday, October 6th

- 10:30 A.M. Walking tour of Marietta College Campus
- 12:00 P.M. Catered Lunch - Betsey Mills Club, 300 Fourth Street
- 2:00 P.M. Tour of "The Castle" Gothic revival castle built in 1856

Hotel Information

Hotel Lafayette – Historic hotel where all reunion events will be held
101 Front Street, Marietta, Ohio 45750
800-331-9336
www.lafayettehotel.com
(20 rooms reserved for CFA – group #179937 for discounted rate)

Hampton Inn

177 Exit 1
508 Pike Street, Marietta, Ohio 45750
(40 rooms reserved for CFA – code #CFR for discounted rate)
800-459-9004 – direct for group rate or 740-373-5353

Holiday Inn

701 Pike Street, Marietta, Ohio 45750
800-HOLIDAY

Knights Inn

506 Pike Street, Marietta, Ohio 45750
800-526-5947 or 740-373-7373

Super 8

46 Acme Street, Marietta, Ohio 45750
800-800-8000

Best Western Marietta

279 Muskingum Dr. Marietta, Ohio 45750
800-528-1234

Days Inn

Rt. 1, Box 39, Williamstown, WV 26187
800-329-7466

Econo Lodge of Marietta

702 Pike Street, Marietta, Ohio 45750
800-446-6900

Comfort Inn

700 Pike Street, Marietta, Ohio 45750
740-374-8190

Bed and Breakfast Inns

The Buckley House

332 Front Street, Marietta, Ohio 45750
888-282-5540 or 740-373-3080

The House on Harmar Hill

300 Bellevue Street, Marietta, Ohio, 45470
877-941-5451 or 740-374-5451

Highlights of Military Service *(continued from page 17)*

the season to hit Okinawa, and I remember watching swallows still foraging close to the ground when the wind was so strong I could not really stand upright. We retreated that night to a riveted I-beam machine shop that had been built next to our unit. By dawn the V-mail tents were gone or in shreds; but the unit luckily had already been ordered closed, and our C.O. Ensign (a former Recordak employee) had gone. After an emergency breakfast the next morning, the petty officer still in charge grouped us together and we drove to the airport where planes were coming in to take out the casualties of the big wind. These included many from ships that had been blown ashore from the anchorage, plus from several military hospitals with quonset huts that had been built on ridge-tops -- a type of site that natives could have told them was crazy to use. Many Okinawan villages were in ravines where they survive big winds well. At the airport, we were told that despite our unit having travel orders, we were low priority in view of the many casualties. But as the hours rolled by, few of them showed up, since many roads from the interior were impassable. So, with ambulance planes available, and others due to arrive, we were told to get on one headed for Guam, and off we went, seated on the fold-down bunks with nurses as flight attendants. Such luxury! and for just ordinary non-com sailors.

On Guam for about a month, we were "marking time" and doing a little work while we waited for our turn to be shipped home. This was at the Joint Communications Agency in the north-central part of the island, next to which was a patch of dense forest that brought me some interesting birds. It was also, a bit later, the place from which about a dozen Japanese came out and surrendered after they found in U.S. troops' garbage the Life Magazine pictures of the September 1945 surrender ceremony in Tokyo Bay.

Finally about Nov. 10 my turn came, and the cruise to San Francisco was on a "baby flat-top" aircraft carrier which had the hangar deck converted to hold well-spaced, four-tier bunks. All parts of the ship were open to us except the bridge. Our course was detoured to the north to avoid bad weather near Midway, and the ship's position at noon each day was posted. That also told us the war was over! We had both turkey and ham for Thanksgiving dinner on that ship, arriving at Alameda Naval Air Station on the 25th. After again going through Treasure Island, and spending a few days in barracks under the Bay Bridge on nearby Yerba Buena Island, the final "goodbye" to the Navy came on Dec. 11 and our family of three was at last reunited.

Abstract by Jean Cogswell *(Continued from page 13)*

The lack of libraries in isolated rural areas of the prairies made it difficult for women to consult reference materials for their presentations. Local branches of the W.I. in Alberta and Manitoba and Homemakers' Clubs in Saskatchewan established libraries in rural areas. Prairie Women's Institutes supported library work in many ways and in Alberta and Manitoba their work directly led to the establishment of Public Libraries Acts in these provinces.

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Incorporated Massachusetts
February 17, 1989**

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Founder**

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