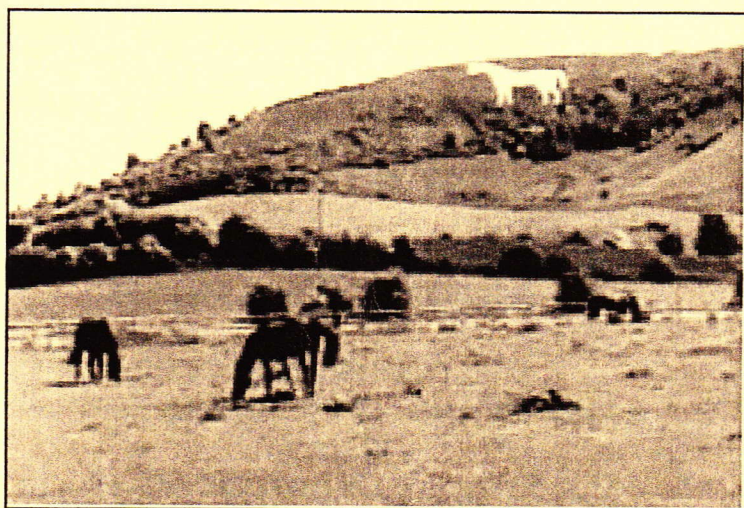


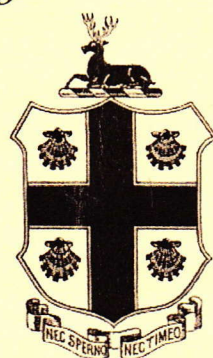
The Cogswell Courier



Westbury White Horse

"I neither despise nor fear"

April 2006





Cogswell Courier

**April, 2006,
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From left: Robbie Giardino, Brett Fleishman, Slade Cogswell, Justin Bradshaw and Mike Hovey from Vale, Colorado, were off on an adventure to South America, destination Huilo Huilo, Patagonia, Chile, where they own a piece of property near a private nature preserve in one of the world's only "temperate" (meaning it has seasons) rain forests. They left Vail, Colorado, on September 1st and by November 1st had reached Panama City. By the time they arrived, it was summer in Patagonia, which meant the group would have a year's worth of summer weather. But, Cogswell said, there's a glacier nearby that has year-round skiing. They plan to set up a tourist resort – in the same time zone as Colorado. They refer to their adventure as the Great Boondoggle.

Slade's Bio (as posted on web-site): Slade Cogswell grew up in Vail, Colorado, and spent his college years at Colgate before finishing in 2005. If there was a river nearby, you would probably have found him on it. His day job made him paddle rafts in the beautiful mountains of Colorado and when he was not yelling at customers he moonlighted as a stripper. Kayaking, climbing, golfing, hockey and anything with really tight spandex is really his thing.

Slade Cogswell Tells of His Journey

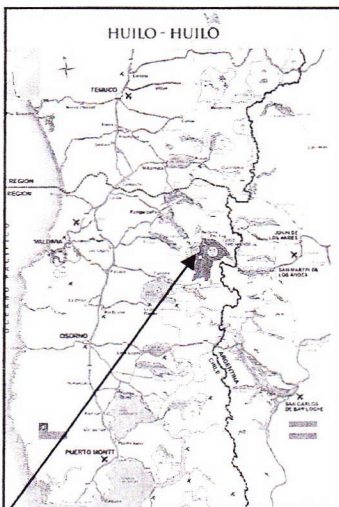


Sept. 6, 2005: These first few days the group has been doing a lot of bonding and a little soul searching. We have had a lot of time preparing the Pinzgauer (a four-wheel-drive vehicle formerly owned by the Swiss Army) and our gear but, as we get closer to the border, we have taken time to remind ourselves of our reasons for coming on this adventure.

This is a few lines from an entry from the first day. We are now moving out of the canyon lands near Moab. Watching the sun set on this first night, I can't help but think of the Native Americans that originally discovered this land. I imagine them riding the plains as explorers, respecting all of Mother Nature's wonders. The Native Americans epitomized the spirit of the Boondoggle and on this first day I feel their presence on our journey.

I also think of all the sunsets to come. I am excited to see the sunsets in all the different climates and places we have to go. There is a saying by a Buddhist monk that says, "The breeze at dusk has secrets to tell you." I think I understand him now more than ever. I have time to look around now. I feel reborn this first night as we drive the long straight open roads and the sun drops over the horizon. Slade.

(Mikey Hovey tells us, "We got stuck the other night and it took us 5½ hours to dig the Pinz out. It became especially difficult when the shovel broke and the jack also broke and Justin got stung by a scorpion. It was a mess. I mean, Brett even broke one of his precious chop sticks.")



Destination: 540 miles south of Santiago, Chile

Sept. 28, 2005: So I like to think that this trip we have come to know as the Great Boondoggle is firing on all cylinders. We are deep in the heart of Mexico, very close to the border of Guatemala and Central

America. We have had minimal injuries. Justin got bit by a scorpion and I have six wasp bites and 732 mosquito bites. Ouch! Now 733. We pranced down the Baja eating fish tacos, drinking beer and surfing every day. It was a good life.

Before we left the Baja, we became friends with a guy surfing, and he said we could stay at his ranch in Todos Santos, on the southern tip of Baja. That was a great little town. We were up all night celebrating the Baja Independence Day, dancing in the town square, and his ranch was incredible. We awoke in the morning to the sounds of the jungle and walked around picking and eating fresh mangos, grapefruit, avocados, oranges and limes from the trees. It was a special place to say good-bye to Baja before heading for the mainland.

Our first test came quickly when we realized we missed the public ferry, so we bought tickets on a Mexican freight ship packed with cargo and semis. It was cool, though, as we stayed with the car and all our goods. While on this long overnight voyage, our dog Braven got a bad cut that definitely needed stitches. So, six yelps later and a lot of teamwork, Braven was healed and we all learned a little bit about sewing. The next day we got him to a vet and they said we had done a great job. Now that it's weeks later, I know we did, because the cut is healed.





Anyway, we hopped our way down the mainland, stopping in several cool little places, our favorite being the little surf town, Sayulita. We almost immediately started to meet the locals and spent three days. The locals brought us surfing in those secret little spots. One night we made chili rejanos (?) at a Mexican kid Eric's house.

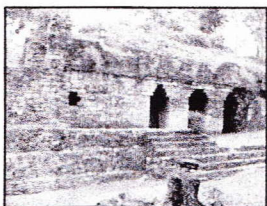
From there, we made our way into southern Mexico. The climate changed dramatically to jungle-like humid vegetation. Poverty exists everywhere, reminding us how fortunate we are to be able to have all that we do. I guess awareness is the first step. The

military checkpoints continue to run smoothly but our car does stand out, although most people do not think we are Americans and we do get smiles at every turn. We are all very excited about the rest of the adventure and we are confident that we will continue to have good fortune everywhere we go.

It is hard to explain, but our group beams of good energy and it is contagious to everyone we encounter. I am more confident now than ever that this trip will be a success, for my own personal growth and the wellbeing of everyone in the group. Slade

Oct. 24, 2005: It has been some time and over five countries since I let anyone know where we are. Despite popular belief, this is not because we are locked away in some Central American prison or because we were kidnapped by a Honduran guerilla unit that is training us to help them fight the oppressive and corrupt government. Actually, we are having just the opposite experience. Everyone that we met and every border we cross has gone without a hitch. We have not paid one single bribe, we have not been pulled over and we have not been robbed. The people of every country are proud and generous to show off their lands. I am still aware that dangers exist for reckless, unaware travelers, but I want everyone to know the beauty we have seen, the experiences we have had and the people we have met.

When I last wrote, we were leaving Chiapas, Mexico, and heading into Guatemala. At the same time, hurricane Stan was on our trail. At the border of Guatemala, we joined an amazing caravan, made up of two Australians and a New Zealander in a jeep and two other Americans in a suburban. Their Spanish was rough, so we helped them cross and headed into the Guatemalan mountains. The changes in life style could be seen at once. The poverty was no worse than in Chiapas, Mexico, which doesn't say much but the roads proved to be much worse, the busses a little more full and the people a little more smiley. After one day at Guatemala's Lake Atitlan with never ceasing rains, all three cars thought it was time to get out of this area. The roads had almost all flooded and, as well, landslides and large boulders were on the roads on our way to higher ground. We found a few days later that the town we left was trapped and buried by an enormous landslide that made world news. Fortunately, we were safe in a little traveler's town that we shall always remember, Antigua. That town could not have been a better place to be stuck. It was rich with culture, churches, world travelers and a good pub or two. It was a bit of a traveler's haven and a place we felt fortunate to be stuck for a week. Antigua opened my eyes to the world and the traveler's spirit, not because of the town, but because of the people we met and the stories we heard. At one point, I was at an Irish pub with an Australian bar keep in Guatemala, talking with an Asian kid from New Zealand. The funny thing is, we don't meet many Americans. We think they are all afraid to let loose. The last night, we sat at a table with Australians, Englishmen, Irish, Guatemalans, a gay Nicaraguan, a New Zealander, a Scottish girl; all of them were chanting, "Don't go, Colorado." Needless to say, it was hard to leave, but the roads had cleared and more adventures lay ahead. Every one of these people had something to tell us and we all learned a lot of the traveler's spirit. We also now have friends from all over the world willing to help us around if we ever cross their paths again.



From Guatemala, we started to move south into Honduras to the ancient ruins of Copan. These ancient Mayan ruins were immediate therapy for having had to say good-bye to all our new friends. We were there in the morning and had the park to ourselves. The ruins themselves had the power to bring tears to my eyes, but the setting of this site is where I found myself lost. We were in a tropical jungle. The sky was gray without rain, with a thick fog of mist. The trees of the forest were unquestionably the profits of this place. A few of the largest had rooted themselves some 500 years before on the top or sides of the attempted civilization, rightfully reclaiming their land. They had grown so large in mass that their roots had displaced the rocks that Mayans had taken the time to ever so tediously stack. The base of these mystical trees covered as much ground as twenty humans standing uncomfortably close together. The trees moved high above the jungle floor leaving the ideal light to shine through for the other life below. The whole site was a jazz concert in which every rhythm placed on purpose or by some spontaneous movement contributed to the whole. Every shrub, bug, moss, drop of mist, blade of grass, ray of light, bird, monkey, and the Davine trees are co-dependant in the rift. It was an unforgettable morning.

From Honduras, we headed into Nicaragua... Don't tell any of your friends about Nicaragua because it is just itching to develop, but it is just perfect the way it is. Spent a week here and felt we finally got to know Central America. The first nights were spent in Granada, which had some amazing hostels and a fun atmosphere, but we

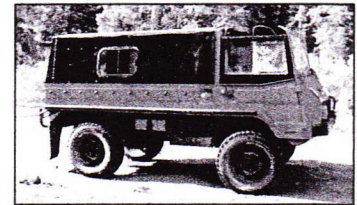
were anxious to get off the "gringo trail." The first escape we found was a place called the "monkey hut," a hostel-like place we had to ourselves inside the mouth of a volcano. Inside this inactive volcano was the most amazing and beautiful lake. The lake, which the natives believed had spiritual powers, was crystal clear, warm, and fresh and had incredible royal blue water. I can't do the place justice but I will say you should come and check it out.

From the lagoon, we took a chicken bus, a chicken boat, stood in the back of an old truck full of people and sat on bags of rice before we got to an island in the middle of Lake Nicaragua. (Why we were not in the car is another story for another day but, while we were doing Nicaragua, Justin was down in Costa Rica with the car.) Island Omatepeca was formed by two volcanoes, an active one and a dormant one, that both rise almost 5000 feet from the lake's edge to the summit. On a clear day, the active one could be seen smoking and with lava spouting from its innards. The island had little developed for tourism and was inhabited mostly by farmers and natives who lived off the extremely potent soil. We found a grass hut to stay in for a couple of dollars a night. The family across the street took us in the first night when they noticed us walking the streets looking for a place to get some food. They cooked for us most of our meals and their son led our hike to the top of the inactive volcano, which proved to be one of the most demanding hikes I have ever been on. Granted, I have never hiked in a jungle behind a twenty-year-old with a machete, with some kind of jungle wart growing on my soaked feet.

The family really opened our eyes. The mother had twelve kids and a few granddaughters all living under one roof with four chickens, two roosters, two pigs, a few dogs and a cat. Our guide of only 20 years already had an eight-month-old baby and a fourteen-year-old girlfriend. The dinner scene was unforgettable. All of us sitting around with the kids shyly approaching to ask us questions or just watch us try to talk with the mother. The fourteen-year-old was breast feeding her kid at the head of the table. Once in a while, the pigs or the dogs would hit your chair asking for food. It's hard to explain it all but they are a family I will not forget and an experience I can not really relate.

I think I am done. We are in northern Costa Rica now. Much love. Slade.

(Brett Fleishman tells us. "The protocol for crossing borders is a two team system. Justin and Mikey usually go take care of the paper work, while Slade, Robbie and I fight off the beggars and thieves at the car. Yesterday, we were in process at the Honduras, Nicaragua, border and all was going smooth as usual. Robbie had not been feeling well, so he laid in the Pinz moaning in stomach pain and Slade and I stood outside to guard our belongings strapped to the outside. Slade decided to check on the other two as I agreed to stay with the car. While I was standing there, a young boy, not more than eight years old and waist high, approached me with an open hand. "No tengo nadie," I told the boy and gave him my best gringo smile. The boy smiled back and then lifted up his worn coca cola soccer shirt to reveal the handle of a pistol sticking out of his pants. Immediately, I felt sad for the kid. Fear was not an issue due to the size of the poor kid. He pulled the gun from his pants and pointed it at me. It was a toy cap gun painted to look real. I did my best to explain in broken Spanish the importance of paz, peace, and pushed the gun out of my direction. Slade came walking back about this time to see an eight-year-old boy pointing a pistol at me. He yelled and scared the boy away. A few minutes later, after I had explained the situation to the other guys, we called the boy back over and gave him more stern words about peace. We then paid him to throw his gun in the dumpster, which he did with a smile. We hopped in the car, tossed him and his friends a couple of bananas we had bought for lunch and crossed into Nicaragua. My guess is that kid ate his banana with a huge toothless smile and then went and dug his gun out of the trash.")



The Pinzgauer

Slade Cogswell grew up in Vail, Colorado, the son of John G. (DJC 10585) and Patrice Cogswell, who own "The Squash Blossom" jewelry stores in Vail and Colorado Springs. He has a sister, Parke Cogswell. He attended Mountain Vail School, where he was an "all-stater" in soccer in 2000, and received the Alumni Scholarship in 2001. He attended Colgate University, Hamilton, N.Y., studying economics and art and playing rugby. In 2003, he was a member of the Colgate group of "Democracy Matters" going to Albany to encourage lawmakers to pass fair funding in a Clean Elections Bill. In 2004, for one of his courses, he did a project and made a presentation on Tibet and its conflict with China over its independence. In 2005, as part of an "Issues in Recent Art" course, students were required to place a piece of their art somewhere outside the normal display space. Slade chose a 4-foot by 3-foot oil painting, a realistic portrayal of a crying Liberian woman whose husband was killed in that African nation's civil war and got permission to hang it in a classroom used for political science classes. He chose that venue because an exploration of the consequences of civil war seemed to fit a political science environment. However, a professor who uses that classroom objected and asked that it be removed because he felt it was too distracting to students and not an appropriate setting. Nevertheless, that final year Slade earned the Dean's Award for academic excellence. During the summers, he worked as a whitewater rafting guide for Timberline Tours. (Slade says, "That's all correct, but kinda random events.")

To be continued. For updates, go to www.thegreatboondoggle.com Destination: <http://www.huilohuilo.cl/>

~ The Cogswell Temperance Pledge ~

We, the Undersigned, Now Joined Together with the
Subscribing Members of the Association Dedicated to the
Cause of Temperance as Promoted by *Dr. Henry D. Cogswell*,
And calling ourselves The Cogswell Temperance Society,

Duly Impressed with a Sense of the Innumerable Tribulations
And the Physical and Moral Evils Arising from IN-Temperance,

Believing that the Use of Intoxicating Liquor
As a Beverage, is not only Needless, but also Hurtful
To the Social, Civil, and Spiritual Interests of Humanity,

Believing that the Use of all Intoxicating Liquors,
Both as a Beverage, and when Mingled with Food,
Is Injurious to the Body and the Mind,

Viewing Drunkenness as Thoroughly Reprehensible,

And Recognizing Clean, Clear, Cool *Water*, Fresh and Pure,
As the Most Salutary and Legitimate Drink for All:
Men, Women, and Children,

Do Hereby Solemnly Pledge Ourselves to Abstain
From the Use, as Beverages, of all Intoxicating Liquors,
Of all Distilled, Fermented, and Malt Liquors,
Including Cider, Beer, and Wine,
And Pledge also not to Use them
Unnecessarily in Domestic Cookery,
Or Traffic in them, and that in all Suitable Ways,
We will Discountenance their Use in the Community,

Except . . . as a Medicine Prescribed by a Competent Physician as a
Curative, or as a Preventative Health Measure; or, for Religious
Purposes; or, on Special Days —such as The Fourth of July when we
Celebrate Our Independence and The Birth of Our Great Nation.

This 22nd Day of October 2005

This temperance pledge was handed out to all those who attended the dedication of the Dr. Henry Cogswell fountain in Rockville, Connecticut, on October 22nd, 2005. Those who read the pledge noticed that it does have some exceptions at the bottom, making it a little easier to honor the pledge.

A number of those present indicated that they would not sign the pledge.

The mayor of Rockville-Vernon said that, while she welcomed the return of the statue, its presence would not change the availability of beverage alcohol in the town. She also noted that while the water was running in the fountain, it should not be drunk.



Young Cogswell Runner



Ten year old Coleman Cogswell of McCool Junction, Nebraska, served as student manager for the McCool cross country team, but went beyond his duties to work out with the team. "It was fun running and working out with the team," said Coleman. "When we started running with them, they didn't tell us to get lost; they encouraged us and even started pushing us later on." With another student manager, he would run the course at meets with the junior varsity competitors, even beating some of them. When he asked to be entered in a meet to compete with children his own age, his parents, Curtis and Lisa Cogswell, thought it was a great idea. On Nov. 6th, 2005, he ran in the USATF Nebraska Association Junior Olympic Cross Country Championships in Omaha, finishing fourth in a three kilometer run with a time of 12:53 in the Bantam Boys division. This qualified him for the Region VIII event in Madison, Wis., on Nov. 19th against boys from Minnesota, Iowa, North and South Dakota and Wisconsin. Here he finished fifth with a time of 12:26:13. That advanced him to the National Championships in Smithfield, R.I., Dec. 10th. The high school team organized a pep rally and gave him a little care package with Skittles in it. On the 9th, a blizzard dumped almost a foot of snow on the track, but the snow ended during the night and snow clearing crews cleared the course. Coleman finished the course in 12:59:80 – seventeenth out of 246 ten year olds.

Medals were given for the first 25 finishers. "We just like running," Coleman said. "Running with your parents and friends is a good time for us. Competing against other runners is a good time for us too."

Cogswell Hall Re-opens



Renovations are complete and Cogswell Hall at the Indiana University of Pennsylvania has reopened. (Its proposed appearance is at left.) At 7:45 a.m. on Jan. 17th, 2006, a private ribbon-cutting ceremony was held before the start of the first

classes in the new building. A grand opening in the form of a concert and rededication, open to the public, was held in March. The building was named in honor of Hamlin E. Cogswell, his wife Dorothy Cogswell and their daughter Edna Allan Cogswell.

Hamlin Cogswell (right, DJC 6138; 1852-1922) was a composer and music teacher, teaching in Brooklyn, Scranton, Tunkhannock (all Pa.), Binghamton and Elmira, N.Y., Mansfield and Syracuse. He organized or led bands and directed choirs. Wherever he lived, music seemed to flourish. In 1906, he became director of the music department at the Indiana (Pa.) Normal School, which became the university in 1965. The music department was very small but Mr. Cogswell added courses, requirements and teachers, restructured the curriculum and made it into a Conservatory of Music. He spent his summers teaching music at Cornell University and at Chautauqua Summer School of Music. His final move was to Washington, D.C., where he was in charge of music in public schools, conductor of the Washington Oratoria and of the Washington Symphony Orchestra, leader of the Home Defense League Regimental Band and president of the music section of the National Educational Association. Following his death, the flags of the city of Washington were ordered at half mast, a memorial service was held at Bolling Field and a memorial concert was given by musicians of the city.



His wife, Dorothy (Tewksbury) Cogswell (left,) was a private instructor in State Normal School, Mansfield, Pa. and a teacher of voice culture and history of music during their stay at the Indiana Normal School. She composed the Alma Mater still used by the Indiana University of Pennsylvania. (Hamlin Cogswell wrote the Indiana State Normal School's fight song.)



Their daughter (right, DJC 7656, 1884-1959) was a graduate of the Conservatory of Music, State Normal School, Mansfield, Pa., studied piano and organ under various teachers and taught these instruments at the Indiana Normal School before marrying Clarence Wendell Otis and moving to Fairfield, Ct., and later to Fort Lauderdale, Fla.



A contact at the Indiana University of Pennsylvania tells us that the music department started out in John Sutton Hall and was allotted eight rooms for practice and teaching. By the time Hamlin Cogswell came (1906,) the new wing was added to John Sutton Hall (built in 1903,) specifically to house a new cafeteria (on the first floor) and the music department on the second and third floors. Hamlin Cogswell spent his tenure teaching in Thomas Sutton Hall and the building remained until 1979, when it was demolished to make room for the new Library. Cogswell Hall was built, completed and opened for students and teachers in 1960.



Last summer, a "Cogswell Farewell" jazz funeral was held to mark the closing of the building for renovations. The event was organized and sponsored by the IUP Music Department and was held in true New Orleans style with many bringing their umbrellas for shade under the hot sun. The jazz procession then began with music faculty leading Indiana residents and students through the Oak Grove to Cogswell Hall. Olive Fornear noted, "I came in 1929 as a college freshman and graduated in 1933." Cogswell Hall was only six years old at the time she began teaching at IU of P.

Dragon Boat Racing – by David A. Cogswell

I was born on 1st August, 1930, in Birmingham, England, christened David Anthony Cogswell, and was raised by my father, Sidney Cogswell, the youngest son of Edwin Cogswell, who was one of three brothers who migrated to Birmingham from Trowbridge, Wiltshire, our ancestral home. I spent my first sixteen years in Birmingham, except for two school years, 1940–1942 when I was evacuated to south Wales and Devon to escape the German bombings.

Looking back, it was probably living during World War II that implanted the desire to join the British Army, which I did in 1947 as a Boy Soldier. I left in 1955, having reached the rank of Staff Sergeant, to marry Audrey, my wife, and we settled in her home village of Northend in South Warwickshire. After a short time working in the automobile industry, I left to join the Civil Service with Ministry of Defence at a nearby Army Base.

In 1978, a serving Army Warrant Officer, Mike Haslam, came to work in my office and we immediately became friends. Mike had just been appointed Director of the 1981 World Canoe Racing Championships that were to be held in Nottingham, England. At the National Water Sports Centre. Learning of my financial and committee experience, (I was Chairman of our Parish Council and Treasurer of the Village Hall Committee for 30 years) he asked me if I would be interested in joining him on his organising committee for the Championships which had now been named "Canoe '81". I readily accepted and so started a long friendship with Mike.

Whilst organising Canoe '81, we looked for additional non-canoeing attractions and activities to supplement the racing programme and we learnt of some craft called Dragon Boats lying in London that had been imported by the Hong Kong Tourist Association for a "Hong Kong in Hyde Park" event staged earlier. They agreed to us borrowing the boats. Their presence and use during the Championships were a great success.

Shortly after the Championships, Mike was posted to Germany but we kept in touch with each other. Meanwhile, I continued my work with Canoeing, helping to organise National and International Canoe Events at Nottingham. When Mike returned to the UK in 1985, he said that, in view of the success of Dragon Boating during Canoe '81, he was going to try to introduce the sport to the UK and would I like to join him again. Thus the British Dragon Boat Club was formed with me as its treasurer. It became an instant success. The only downside to the venture was the boats. They were made of teak and were very heavy. They required crane lifts in order to transport them and put them into the water. But a colleague of ours, Chris Hare, a boat builder, came to the rescue and suggested that he could manufacture a replica in fibreglass, which should be much lighter. He also suggested making it in two halves, thus making it transportable on a trailer towed by a car.

The sport gathered pace and other groups wanted to form their own clubs so in 1987, the British Dragon Boat Racing Association was formed as a federation of all UK Dragon Boat Clubs.

In the mid 1970's, Hong Kong, where Dragon Boating was a Festival sport, began inviting overseas crews to their international races. First, the Pacific Rim countries travelled to Hong Kong and eventually, an invitation arrived at our door and we arranged to send a representative crew with the assistance of Cathay Pacific Airlines. Taking part in the Hong Kong races in Victoria Harbour certainly opened our eyes to the technicalities of Dragon Boat racing!

Mike, together with some like-minded enthusiasts, looked at ways and means of forming an International Dragon Boat Federation and to put Dragon Boat Racing on an international footing. Thus, the IDBF was formed with the object of standardising equipment, racing rules, regulations and officials. In 1995, the first World Dragon Boat Championships were held in Yuyang, China. Unfortunately I was unable to go as I was contracted to organise Dragon Boating in the UK Corporate Games, an offshoot of the World Corporate Games that we had assisted with previously.

With the success of Yuyang, a programme of Championships was introduced with World Championships for National Teams every other year and a World Championship for Club Crews in the intervening years. So far, World Championships have been held at Yuyang, Hong Kong, Nottingham, UK, Philadelphia, USA, Poznan, Poland, Shanghai, China and Berlin, Germany. World Club Crew Championships have been held in Wellington, New Zealand, Cape Town, South Africa, and Rome, Italy. During this time, both the Asian and European Dragon Boat Federations have been formed and they too hold their own International and Club Crew

Championships. I am currently a Member of the EDBF Board representing the Member Countries. Further events are planned for Toronto, Canada (2006), Prague, Czech Republic (2006), Welland, Canada (2007), Sydney, Australia (2007), Penang, Malaysia (2008) and Moscow (2009). We are always searching and encouraging new countries to take up Dragon Boating and several are in the process of forming Dragon Boat Associations in Africa, Asia, Europe and the Americas.

In 1998, I was appointed IDBF Treasurer to replace the existing Treasurer who had resigned and in 1999, I was formally elected Treasurer in my own right, a position I have held since.

We are engaged at the present time in fighting off a case of high-jacking of the sport by the International Canoe Federation who see the large numbers engaged in Dragon Boating as an asset to their sport, but recognition by International and World Sports bodies should nullify this and ensure our independence. Dragon Boating is a huge sport number-wise. For instance, there are thought to be 50 million Dragon Boaters in China alone! It is both an energetic, attractive and social sport. We always make the analogy that there is the equivalent of two soccer teams in one boat and in a race there are as many paddlers racing as in a whole Soccer League Competition!

Dragon Boating started in China over two and a half thousand years ago. It started as a memorial to Qu Yuan who was a minister in the Chinese Kingdom of Chu in the fourth century B.C. He was greatly loved by the people but the King thought him foolish and had him expelled from his high position in the court. It is said that corrupt government officials played a part in his expulsion.

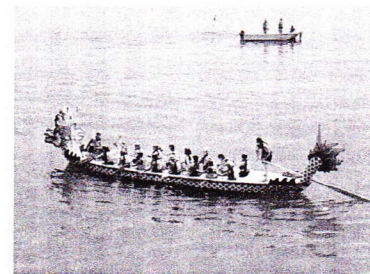
Unhappy and dejected, Qu Yuan wandered the countryside writing poetry about his love for the country and its people. Later, unable to bear his sorrow, or perhaps as a final protest against the corrupt government, Qu Yuan committed suicide by throwing himself into the Mi Lo River.

Legend has it that local fishermen raced out in their boats to try and save him but failed. To prevent his body from being eaten by fish, they beat the waters furiously with their paddles and threw rice dumplings, wrapped in silk, into the river as a sacrifice to his spirit.

Throughout China today, the death of Qu Yuan is commemorated each year on the fifth day of the fifth lunar month by the Tuen Ng (Dragon Boat) Festival. The ancient legend of local fishermen racing out to save Qu Yuan is re-enacted in the form of exciting Dragon Boat Races.

Around Southern Asia there are many similar craft to the Dragon Boat but, instead of having a dragon's head and tail, they carry swan's heads or snakes on their prows.

For some years, breast cancer survivors have taken up the sport as it has been found to be beneficial to their recovery and health. In Berlin, at this years Congress, we agreed to the formation of a Breast Cancer Foundation in Dragon Boating and they will hold their own Championships in various parts of the world in the future.



Pictures: (left to right)

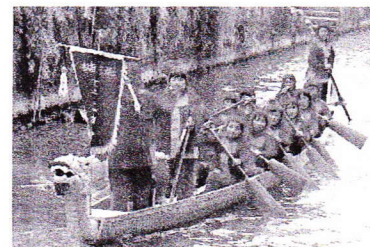
Boston, 2004

"Three Hour Tour" sponsored by the Manitoba Child Care Association, 2002 (used by permission of MCCA)

Oregon, 2003

China, 2005 (bottom)

David's e-mail address is DACOGSWELL@aol.com



Jaimie Cogswell, accident survivor



COTTONWOOD HEIGHTS, SALT LAKE CITY — The tire marks have faded to the point that the average onlooker couldn't distinguish them from others on the road. But to three families here, the marks stand out clear as day. Same for the chips in the concrete curb.

The marks have remained since Aug. 10, 1995, when a 16-year-old unlicensed boy, Laramie Huntzinger, driving drunk sped through the residential neighborhood along Hollow Mill Drive, missed a turn, jumped the curb, ran down three of his Brighton High School classmates who were walking along the sidewalk and crashed through a fence.

Left in the car's path of destruction were two girls who were killed instantly and 16-year-old Jaimie Cogswell, who was left with permanent injuries. The tragic accident shook the normally quiet neighborhood and received high media attention.

The families of the girls live just a few streets away from each other and from the accident site. They still regularly drive or jog past that area during their normal daily travels, noting that it only makes it worse to avoid it. Don Cogswell sees the chips in the curb where Hollow Mill Road and Benecia Drive meet, and he and his family "know what caused it."

Don Cogswell, who lives the closest of the three families to the accident scene, said he can still see the path of the car that severely injured his daughter and killed two of her friends.

Looking at Jaimie Cogswell today, however, it's impossible to see any obvious physical scars. Now 26, Cogswell is upbeat as she talks about how her life is going well. She smiles frequently and any permanent physical damage she suffered is not noticeable to someone who didn't already know about it. For the better part of three years following the accident, however, she was in and out of doctors' offices and surgeries. Today, she has an artificial joint in her jaw and had a major nerve removed from her face.

"I don't have full motion of my jaw and I can't raise my right eyebrow. It looks like a lazy eye," she said. She has received a bachelor's degree from the University of Utah and works as a technician at the University of Utah's Neuropsychiatric Unit while working on her master's degree.

It was a short while ago that Jaimie said she realized that the tragedy's 10-year anniversary was coming up. She said the accident is always at the back of her mind but it is like people who go to church — God is always in the back of their minds but comes to the forefront on Sundays or Christmas.

Jaimie, who recently received a Peg Connolly Scholarship from the American Therapeutic Recreation Association as well as the Catherine Moon Hickman Scholarship, lives in downtown Salt Lake City now, in part because it's closer to work and school, but also in part because if she decides to go to a club she can just walk home after. As one might expect, the accident has left her with strong opinions on drinking and driving.

If she is at a club and sees someone who has had too much to drink and is about to drive home, Cogswell says she'll vocally announce her displeasure and tell that person what happened to her.

"I bring it up. I throw a fit when I see people about to drive," she said.

Unfortunately, there are still those who apparently don't see the seriousness of the problem of drinking and driving or what happened that night.

In 2001, Cogswell was at a party where some men wanted to call one of their friends and invite him over. That friend was one of the two passengers in Huntzinger's car the night of the accident. The men did not know at the time that Cogswell was one of the girls hit.

"I turned ghost white. And they said, 'You're not still upset over that Brighton incident, are you?'" she said.

Today, Cogswell said she is not angry at the driver. "Anger is so exhausting," she said. "I feel for him more than being angry. He's probably having a rough time."

She has not spoken to him since the accident and has no desire to today.

Cogswell said she will probably spend the anniversary just hanging out with her close friend Becca Splain. They'll both know what day it is but, "We won't even talk about (the accident)."

Becca, who was also a close friend of one of the girls killed, took Jaimie to school every day after the accident and was always there for anything she needed.

"She's my savior," said Jaimie, fighting back tears while recounting her friend's kindness.

On January 2nd, 2006, Laramie Huntzinger was arrested in Mohave Co., Arizona, and charged with driving while intoxicated. Jaimie Cogswell can hardly believe it. "He swore ten years ago he would never drink and drive again," she said. She had wanted to believe that he was rehabilitated but admitted the latest allegations were not surprising. "I don't care if he drinks," she said. "He just shouldn't drive."

Jaimie and Mary Phillips, the mother of one of the girls killed, both of whom work with people battling substance abuse, plan to write to the judge to tell him of the accident ten years ago, requesting that Huntzinger serve some prison time. Mrs. Phillips plans to attend the court hearing but Jaimie Cogswell will not go. "He's taken up too much of my life and thoughts as it is," she said.

Credit: Story: Pat Reavy, *Deseret Morning News*; Photo: courtesy Jaimie Cogswell

A Clockwork Cogswell

John Schoffstall tells a tale out of the Clockwork Worlds, where the planets, sun and moon orbit the earth on epicyclic gears of brass and steel, where the sun is a globe of polished brass, the moon a sphere of battered silver and the earth itself a vast spinning mechanism of innumerable gears, cogs, cams, chains, pistons, levers and ratchets, ever moving, ever working, ever clanking and whirring and tap-tap-tapping with sound. A clockwork dragon troubled a certain town and the Mayor decided the clockwork dragon must die! He chose the Turkish Chess-playing Automaton, **Wheelhart Cogswell**, the tinker, who knew more about clockwork than any other in that town, the Gypsy Fortune Teller who sat in a glass booth all day and read her cards, the Dancing Prussian Grenadier and his lady partner and, finally, a troop of tin soldiers.

"Who will mind my tinkery?" **Cogswell** complained. "Since my good-for-nothing apprentice, Rur, ran off, I'm dreadfully short-handed."

"Well, if you hadn't whacked him on the noggin with a spanner quite so much, he mightn't have run away," the Turk told him. **Cogswell** grumbled but agreed to lock his tinkery and join the dragon hunters.

After a blessing from the Mechanical Bishop, who has prayed to Horologus, god of Mainsprings, and Embrocatia, Goddess of Lubrication, ("They said they'd get back to me,") and a fortune from the Gypsy Fortune Teller, which read: *Amor vincit omni*, the dragon hunting party sallied forth.

For days they marched over hills of whimsically painted porcelain, through fields of aluminum wheat and brazen corn and through the passes of the rugged Cast-Iron Mountains. At night the Prussian Grenadier and his lady waltzed to the strains of the tin soldiers' band, while the Turk and **Wheelhart Cogswell** plotted the dragon's downfall. The Turk wanted to pour salt water on it to rust the working parts and freeze the dragon immobile, but **Cogswell** thought its clockwork might be of brass, nickel, or stainless steel, and favored trying to set it afire. In order to fly, its skin, scales, and structural parts might be of a flammable metal such as magnesium or beryllium. With the right igniting compound, they could set the entire dragon ablaze. But either stratagem required a close approach to the dragon and this was a weakness, for if she saw them coming the game was up. They crossed the Quicksilver Sea, hiring a captain and his ship. Six days from port, a glittering island of rock crystal appeared and they saw the dragon land there; they knew they had found their quarry. **Cogswell**, immersed in silvery surf until his head was almost covered, had a brief glimpse of the dragon's back and saw what he needed to see. Meanwhile, the tin soldiers discovered the dragon's cave.

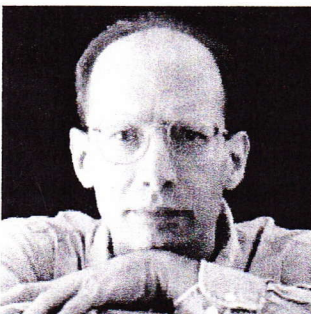
The following morning the Turk challenged the dragon to a chess match, the Gypsy Fortune Teller told her fortune (All Tragedies are finished by a death, all Comedies are ended by a marriage) and the dancing Prussian Grenadier and his lady danced the minuet with her but this did not help, except that with the dragon distracted, **Cogswell** was able to slip into her cave and steal a steel wind-up key that allowed the dragon to keep moving.

But who winds the key? It turns out to be **Cogswell**'s ex-apprentice, Rur, who appears next morning riding the dragon, which he had created as a revenge on **Cogswell** and the town for the sorry treatment he had received. And when he discovered their perfidy, he had made her self-winding!

"Self-winding?" said the dragon. "Then I have no need of you, little mechanical man. I shall go my own way in freedom, dragons being notoriously selfish." And saying that, she bucked her immense frame with such violence that Rur was thrown off, his body spinning helplessly high into the sky, only to fall onto the crystalline rocks hundreds of feet below with a crash and a rattle.

Rur refused to be rebuilt and died but **Cogswell** took his parts and created a beautiful egg, which hatched into another dragon just when the dragon next approached the town. For the two dragons, it was love at first sight and they mated and flew off together, which solved the problem.

Or did it? For a better telling of the story and the hint of problems to come, read the full story which you can find at <http://www.forteanbureau.com/sept2004/Schoffstall/index.html>



John Schoffstall's biography (I found three of them: (1) I used to love to hang around the spaceport, and watch the great spaceliners doppler in from Earth and Mars and the outer planets. I bought forged ID, lied about my age, and shipped out on the 'Queen of Tranquillitatis' when I was 16. (2) The child of a forbidden union between a Tibetan princess and a British spy, John Schoffstall was born in 1937 in the cabin of a DC-8 as it fled over the Himalayas. The delivery was completed by a Chinese shamaness midwife; she and John were the only ones surviving the plane's crash. (3) John Schoffstall's earliest memories are of being raised in an underground bunker guarded by heavily-armed Marines, who always seemed terrified of him.) is as imaginative as the story but this John Schoffstall is a Doctor in the Philadelphia area. He is shown here.

Cogswells in the News



Joy Cogswell is one of three directors of a 90 voice choir which leads worship several times a year at Snyder Memorial Baptist Church. Twenty members of this group were invited to present an ensemble selection at the 2005 International Church Music Festival in Bern, Switzerland. Eleven singers from this group

were selected as members of the 2005 North Carolina Baptist Allstate Choir. This spring performance (April 2nd, 2005), the climax of their 2005-2006 season, came at the end of their annual mini-tour and featured a wide variety of musical styles.

Senior Brian Cogswell was named football king at Wyalusing High School, Bradford Co., Pa. at the school's Homecoming pep rally on Friday, Oct. 7th, 2005. Students raised \$5,630.00 for the Bossier High School in Louisiana, a school hit by Hurricane Katrina, and made their principal keep his promise that they could shave his head.

Australia: Oct. 13th, 2005: Crown Advocate Richard Cogswell will represent the Government of New South Wales in an appeal to the High Court against a reduced jail sentence for a gang rapist after the Court of Criminal Appeal further reduced his jail term (previously reduced from 55 to 46 years), finding the original sentence was excessive and his crimes did not fall into the worst category of rapes.

Dorothy Cogswell heads religious education at the St. Mary's Catholic Church in Suffolk, Va. The sanctuary and fellowship hall was burglarized and set on fire in early October, 2005. Repairs may take months, but church is being held at a funeral home.



Barry Cogswell, a towering inferno of yocks, played Angelica Bianca, a big, flaming transvestite, in *The Rover* at the East Hall Theatre, Seattle, ending Saturday, Oct. 29th, 2005. Barry is part of a troupe called Ghost Light Theatricals. The picture is titled "Cogswell Camps in the Ghost Light." Credit: Patrick Sevedra.

Fulton County, Pennsylvania, Nov. 2005: With no candidates listed on the Valley-Hi Borough ballot for Borough positions, write-in candidates Howard J. Cogswell (R) and James M. Martini (D) both received five votes for Borough Councilman. Margaret Cogswell (R) had three write-ins for Election Inspector.

Nov. 18th, 2005: Kaela Cogswell of Smith Middle School won second place in the essay competition at the North Carolina State Fair.

Dec. 2nd, 2005: Michael Cogswell, Director of the Louis Armstrong Archives, received from Jack Bradley "the world's foremost collection of Armstrong memorabilia." The collection includes many Armstrong LPs and 78s and photos of Louis, which capture a more candid side, including very rare 16mm films. For more information about the Louis Armstrong House, go to www.louisarmstronghouse.org. The Web site for the Archives is www.satchmo.net

Dec. 5, 2005: Authors D. Ryan Stephens, Christopher Diggins, Jonathan Turkanis and Jeff Cogswell say few of the books, tutorials and reference works on C++ present practical advice on real-world problems. Their new book, *C++ Cookbook*, has practical C++ programming examples.



Craig Purkey, a former University of Washington administrator, came out of retirement last week to help lead Henry Cogswell College. There is no search yet planned for a new president. The college hopes to reinvigorate its partnership with Boeing and seek new community ties. Cogswell has historical links to Boeing, which commissioned the college 27 years ago for evening engineering classes for its employees.

Wildlife educator Anthony Cogswell used songs, games and a puppet show to give youngsters insight on what makes amphibians, reptiles and invertebrates unique in the natural world on Saturdays, Feb. 4th, 11th, and 18th, 2006, from 1:00 p.m. to 3:00 p.m. at Cranberry Lake Preserve in North White Plains, N.Y.

Feb. 5, 2006, Shreveport, La.: Michael Cogswell, a senior at Evangel Christian Academy, son of Don and Teresa Cogswell, was named the recipient of an achievement award to Southern Arkansas University, Magnolia, Ark.

Feb. 7, 2006: Keith Cogswell of Danville was reappointed to the Arkansas Motor Vehicle Commission. Cogswell, the president of Cogswell Motors Inc., will serve until Jan. 14, 2013.

This and That

What's Happening in Westbury



Steve Aberle forwarded a news item from the Wiltshire Standard (UK) which tells of a 140-million-year-old prehistoric reptile unearthed in the clay quarry at Westbury. It is a metriorhynchid crocodile, a marine creature that inhabited the seas around Westbury during the Upper Jurassic period. It is believed to have been 15 to 20 feet long and was unearthed by paleontologist Simon Carpenter (left) at Lafarge Cement UK's Westbury Works. Only a few of these creatures have been discovered in the UK. A crocodile skull was unearthed in the same quarry in 1991, but this find includes quite a bit of the body. The fossil has been removed for cleaning and the surrounding area is to be excavated.

Cogswells use Invisible Fence



This picture is of Evan and Sissy Cogswell of Port Williams, N.S. Sissy was brought home by Evan's mom, Dr. Kim Barkhouse-Cogswell, DVM. Sissy's previous owners didn't want her anymore because she was a roamer who wouldn't stay home. But things are going well, thanks to an invisible fence. "Sissy is not the same dog that she was only a few short months ago. She used to bolt for the door at any opportunity and if she did get out, she would not come back. Now that she has the freedom of the yard at the house as well as the added bonus of the family farm down the road, Sissy is relaxed, calm, comes when called and, best of all, safe," says Bob Cogswell (DJC 9682), Evan's father.

Does Anyone Remember the Movie Enter Arsene Lupin (1944)?

In this movie, Arsene Lupin (Charles Korvin) is an expert jewel thief from France who, while aboard the Paris-Constantinople express train, notices that Stacie (Ella Raines), a beautiful, rich but naive woman from England, is traveling with a large and valuable emerald. Lupin steals the gem, but he becomes so infatuated with Stacie that he reroutes himself to Great Britain in order to return it to her. However, while in the process of doing so, he discovers that her cousin Bessie (Gale Sondergaard) is planning to murder Stacie in order to claim her inheritance. Lupin is determined to intervene to save Stacie's life, but doing so puts him at risk of being captured by Ganimard (J. Carroll Naish).

All of this would be of little interest, except that one of the characters is Inspector Cogswell, played by Charles La Torre. (1894-1990.) He's not important enough to be mentioned in the synopsis but he is important enough for the actor to get a credit.

Cogswells in Space

The following Cogswell names went on microchips on a mission into space: Alan D. Cogswell, Andrew Cogswell, Charles D. Cogswell, David L Cogswell, Eric Cogswell, Eric K. Cogswell, Grace G. Cogswell, Heide A C Cogswell, Joshua Cogswell, Justin Cogswell, Karen Cogswell, Norman H. Cogswell, Richard L. Cogswell, Sonya E Cogswell and Suzanne Cogswell.

This mission, Stardust, was the first U.S. space mission dedicated solely to the exploration of a comet, and the first robotic mission designed to return extraterrestrial material from outside the orbit of the Moon. Launched on February 7, 1999, its primary mission was to collect dust and carbon-based samples during its encounter with Comet Wild 2. A scheduled rendezvous took place in January, 2004, after nearly four years of space travel. The Stardust spacecraft brought back samples of interstellar dust, including recently discovered dust streaming into our Solar System from the direction of Sagittarius. These materials are believed to consist of ancient pre-solar interstellar grains and nebular condensates, which include remnants from the formation of the Solar System. Analysis of such fascinating celestial specks is expected to yield important insights into the evolution of the Sun, its planets and possibly even the origin of life itself.

Cogswell Neighbors in Ipswich

REV. NATHANIEL ROGERS

We have no record of interaction between the Cogswell and the Rogers families other than John Cogswell (DJC 26) being summoned into court along with Nathaniel, Samuel and Ezekiel Rogers for disturbing the peace. (See Quartermaster John Perkins, December, 2005.) But the Cogswell family did go to church – John Cogswell was admitted a freeman in 1636, something allowed only to respectable members of a Christian church – and Rev. Nathaniel Rogers was their minister from 1637 until his death in 1655. So there must have been interaction, although perhaps not of the kind that gets recorded. So it is worth knowing about this clergyman.

Nathaniel Rogers was the second son of John Rogers, minister of Dedham, but probably not a descendant of John Rogers the martyr, burned at the stake February 4th, 1555. He was born while his father was settled at Haverhill in 1598. He was educated at the Grammar School in Dedham until he was nearly fourteen years old and then he was admitted to Emanuel College in Cambridge, where he was eminent both as a scholar and a Christian.

From his youth, he was used to religious exercises, but one morning before he had attended his usual devotions, he went riding. His horse stumbled and gave him a bruising, bloody and dangerous fall, which made him consider his omission so much that for the rest of his life, he was careful to omit nothing of his daily duties.

He began his ministerial course as chaplain to a person of high rank. He afterwards became curate to Dr. Barkham at Bocking, in Essex, and conformed with the requisitions of the Established Church, although there he adopted decidedly Puritan views. On one occasion, when Dr. Barkham saw that Mr. Rogers did not put on his surplice at the funeral of a noted person, he privately told him to seek some other place of employment. Having served at Bocking four or five years, he was called to Assington, in Suffolk, where he preached five years more. As he could not dutifully subscribe to "the Articles of Visitation" and as a storm of persecution was about to overtake him, he concluded that he should flee to New England. He was encouraged to do this by his friend, Mr. Thomas Hooker, who was later another prominent clergyman in New England.

He had married Margaret, daughter of Mr. Robert Crane, of Coggeshall.

After a long passage (the ships which came with Mr. Rogers were twenty four weeks in the voyage) he arrived at Boston on November 17th, 1636. The beer leaked out a month before their arrival so that they were forced to drink stinking water (and very little of that) mixed with sack or vinegar and their other provisions were very short and bad. He was invited to settle at Dorchester, but as those who came with him could not be accommodated there, he chose to go with them to Ipswich. Here he was ordained pastor, Feb. 20th, 1638.

In 1637 he was a member of the synod that met in Cambridge to settle the Antinomian controversy.

The General Court allowed him, on September 6th, to take the oath of freeman before two magistrates in Ipswich. He was long subject to occasional turns of dejected spirits and of spitting blood. Bestowing great care on whatever of his composition was to come before the public, since his physician advised him not to transcribe his sermons while his health was so precarious, none have come down to us. He was known to have kept a diary but, at his request, two of his friends cast it into the fire, where it was entirely consumed. He did leave a manuscript, in Latin, in favor of congregational church government.

He became excessively attached to tobacco but resolutely gave it up before his death, because he found that it had made him a slave to its use. Almost exhausted with infirmities, Mr. Rogers was taken with an influenza, which prevailed through the country. Thus attacked, he gradually failed. He died in the afternoon of July 3rd, 1655, aged 57. His wife, Margaret, died January 23rd, 1656.

Their children were a daughter, Mary, baptized at Coggeshall on February 8th, 1628; John, baptised at Coggeshall, Essex, on January 23rd, 1630 and four sons: Nathaniel, Samuel, Timothy and Ezekiel, born in Ipswich, Massachusetts.

He is described by his son-in-law, William Hubbard: "He had eminent learning, singular piety and holy zeal. His auditory were his Epistle, seen and read of all that knew them."

Secretary's Page

The sympathy of the Cogswell Family Association goes to our secretary and her family.



Ernest Joseph Daigle Sr. 1929 – 2006

Ernest (Ernie) Daigle, Sr., passed away peacefully at his home, surrounded by his loving family, February 25th, 2006. Ernest is a lifetime resident of Ware, born December 11, 1929. The beloved son of the late Victor and Beatrice (Poirrer) Daigle, he is survived by his wife of 53 years, Claire (Cogswell) Daigle. He is also survived by his seven children: Ernest Daigle, Jr., of Chicopee, his wife, Patricia (Delimat) and his children, John and Diana; Douglas Daigle of Ware and his children, Laura (Daigle) Laboy and Ariel Harper; Bruce Daigle of Gilbertville, his wife, Linda (Brooks,) and his children Jessica (Daigle) Clouse and Lisa Daigle; Michelle (Daigle) Auclair of Ware, her husband, Steven, and her children Daniel Daigle and Jennifer (Hoisington) Stevens; Mark Daigle of Ware, his wife, Connie (DeSantis), and his children, Ian and Evan; Michael Daigle of Palmer, his wife, Bernie (Banyo), and son Scott; Pamela (Daigle) Cappel of Pleasanton, Ca., her husband, Robert, and daughters, Elizabeth and Rebecca. He leaves his loving great-grandchildren: Eric Laboy, Nicole Laboy, Katleyn Laboy and Corey Clouse and his godchildren, Robert Cappel of Pleasanton, Ca., Robert Lagimoniére of Ware, Carol Anne (Komins) Alberino of Medford and Rebecca Cappel of Pleasanton, Ca.

Ernest graduated in 1947 from Ware High School. After graduation, he entered the Navy, serving in Japan and China. He was discharged as a Korean War Veteran in 1951. Ernest came back to work at Gervais Buick in Ware for 13 years; he then moved to Fontaine Brothers in Chicopee. He retired in 1994 from Della Construction of Enfield, Ct. Upon retiring, he worked for All Saints Parish.

Ernest was a long time member and past president of the Ware Lion's Club. He was also a member of the Ware Camera Club. He most recently was on the Board of Directors of the Cogswell Family Association, Inc. He was a member of the Mount Carmel Parish and presently of All Saints Parish.

Donations in his memory can be sent to All Saints Parrish, 17 North Street, Ware, MA, 01082 or Baystate Visiting Nurse Association & Hospice, 50 Maple Street, PO Box 9058, Springfield, MA, 01102-9058.

Welcome to the Cogswell Family Association, Inc.

Cornelia Montgomery, Warwick, MA

Eric Cogswell, Toronto, ON, Canada

Deaths for 2005 & 2006

Robert A Young, Canton, OH: June 29th, 2005

Evelyn Louise Cogswell, Marietta, OH: Dec. 10th, 2005 (sister of Caroline Lutz)

Paul E. Cogswell, Anderson, IN: Dec. 12th, 2005

John A. "Jack" Cogswell, Ludlow, KY: Dec. 24th, 2005 (not CFA)

William Reynolds Cogswell, Manning, SC: Feb. 11th, 2006 (not CFA)

Ernest Daigle, Sr., Ware, MA: Feb. 25th, 2006 (husband of Claire Cogswell Daigle)

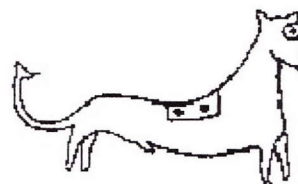
From the Editor's Desk



Shortly after the December Courier was put in the mail, something occurred to me. As editor, I have a "Google Alert" which lets me know every time the word "Cogswell" appears in the news and as the occasional story (see pages 1-3). That gives me items for Cogswells in the News and Cogswells in Sports. But many Cogswell descendants have other names. There is no way I can check up on them. For that, I need to rely on Family Association members. Will you do your part? If you know of a Cogswell descendant in the news, or in sports, would you please let me know? Three ways to contact me are listed on the inside front cover.

About the Cover of This Issue

Did John Cogswell see the white horse on the cover? A white horse is cut out of the turf on the chalky upper slopes near Westbury, Wiltshire, England. Its history is an issue of some debate, in particular, with regard to Westbury, which is the oldest of Wiltshire's horses. The site is known to have been restored in 1778 but the date of the original work remains largely a matter of conjecture. Many believe the initial carving was made to commemorate Alfred's victory over the Danes at the Battle of Ethandune in 878. However, historians can not even agree whether this battle took place in the immediate vicinity. There has been a white horse on the site for at least three hundred years or so. The earliest mention of it is in "Further Observations on the White Horse and other Antiquities in Berkshire" by the Reverend Francis Wise, published in 1742. He relates that he was told by local people that it had first been cut in the memory of persons still living or who had recently died, which suggests a date in the late sixteen hundreds. So probably John Cogswell and his family did not see it. That horse was very different in design to the present one and is perhaps Saxon or earlier in appearance. However, it could well have been a deliberate "mock-Saxon" pseudo-antique folly; there are no earlier references to a horse on the site. Wise published an illustration of the horse, showing a squat animal with head facing right, carrying a saddle and having a tail curving upwards. This strange animal is illustrated here.



Angel Gabriel – The Elusive English Galleon



Warren C. Riess

Four hundred seventy years last August, the *Angel Gabriel* was shipwrecked in a hurricane off Pemaquid, Massachusetts (now Maine).

What became of the *Angel Gabriel*? Nautical archeologist, Warren C. Riess of Bristol, spent a good portion of 20 years searching for the wreck that may still be somewhere off the coast of Pemaquid. A fascinating account of the *Angel Gabriel* and his search for it was written by Riess in 2001, "*Angel Gabriel: The Elusive English Galleon*." He suggests that the ship was originally named *Starre*, then renamed *Jason* by Sir Walter Raleigh. The *Jason* was part of Raleigh's fleet on his second trip to Guyana in 1617. In 1627, the *Angel Gabriel* was attacked by three Spanish ships near Calais, France. It was also requisitioned in 1631 by the Spanish to sail to South America to protect their colonies from the Dutch. Those who have visited the *Mayflower II* in Plymouth, Mass., will be interested to know that the *Angel Gabriel* was about 18 feet longer.

Riess' book on the *Angel Gabriel* is still available for \$15.75, sales tax included. Add on \$3.00 for shipping for the first book; \$1.00 for each additional book. Priority shipping is \$2.00 each for additional books and for shipments outside of the United States, send \$3.00 per book in U.S. funds.

Checks should be made payable to 1797 House, 1797 Bristol Road, Bristol, ME 04539.

Visit the Courier blog at <http://spaces.msn.com/cogswellcourier/>

Cogswell Family Association Reunion
September 9, 10 and 11, 2006

REGISTRATION FORM

Buena Vista is 150 miles from the Denver airport and about 110 miles from the Colorado Springs airport. Room rates are between \$75-\$130 per night double occupancy. A detailed package will be mailed to all who register and another mailing with more information will be mailed soon to all members.

Name: _____

Address: _____

Telephone: (_____) _____ E-Mail: _____

Descendants of John Cogswell number (or list Cogswell ancestors) _____

Others in the group:

- | | |
|----------|----------------|
| 1. _____ | Relation _____ |
| 2. _____ | Relation _____ |
| 3. _____ | Relation _____ |
| 4. _____ | Relation _____ |

If you, or anyone in the group, has special needs, please give details: _____

If available, please give your number in *Descendants of John Cogswell* _____
or list your Cogswell or Cogswell descendant ancestors back as far as you can.

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. (you) _____ | 2. (parent) _____ |
| 3. (grandparent) _____ | 4. _____ |
| 5. _____ | 6. _____ |
| 7. _____ | 8. _____ |

Other information that will help organizers: _____

Send to: John M. Cogswell, PO Box 1420, Buena Vista, CO 81211

Please indicate: REGISTRATION – COGSWELL FAMILY REUNION

(This page is mostly blank so that you can tear it out and send it in as your registration.)

A cocktail party is to be held Sept. 9th.

A dinner party (with speaker) is scheduled for Sept. 10th.

Buena Vista is known for rafting (but the river is low) and trout fishing.

Historical sites and art galleries are available.

Hiking and horseback riding are available.



Canadian Connection



Dr. Charles Cogswell (DJC 3735) was, in his day, one of the best known Cogswells in Nova Scotia, certainly in Halifax. The son of Hon. Henry Hezekiah Cogswell (lawyer, banker, politician) and Isabella Ellis, he was born in Halifax in 1813. He received his B.A. from the University of Kings College in Windsor, N. S. He enrolled in the medical program at Edinburgh University in 1832 and received the M.D. degree in 1836. In that same year, he was awarded the prize of the Harveian Society of London for his paper entitled "The Physiological Action and Medicinal Properties of Iodine and Its Compounds." This essay was later published as a book which, for many years, was considered the authoritative work on iodine.

Dr. Cogswell furthered his studies in hospitals in London and Paris before returning to Halifax in 1838, where he established a practice on Argyle Street. His card, published in Halifax newspapers, stated "that he had visited many of the principal medical centers in Europe and the United States." His card also advertised that he sold drugs and medicines. He devoted his time and talents to advancing the profession, promoting the construction of hospitals, engaging in local politics and to various works of charity. He also published numerous journal articles.

In 1839, he advertised that he had established medicinal vapour baths in Halifax to promote personal hygiene, since many citizens were without bathing facilities. During the smallpox epidemic of 1841, he was appointed a Health Warden for Halifax and a member of the Central Board of Health. He was a member of the Central Board of Education and, in 1844, became first secretary of the newly established Halifax Medical Society. Dr. Cogswell was also the first medical practitioner to run for office on the Halifax City Council. While he was an Alderman, he chaired the committee which oversaw the establishment of the Halifax City Hospital in 1860. After its construction, however, City Council found that they could not afford to operate it. It took seven years before an agreement on financing could be worked out between city and province and the hospital opened.

Dr. Cogswell married Frances Goodrich on September 2, 1848. They had no children.

In 1857, he constructed a wooden schoolhouse on his own property at the head of the Arm (part of Halifax Harbour) and daily prayer and scripture reading were introduced to the students. The first religious services were conducted by Presbyterians. However, Dr. Cogswell was anxious that services in the Anglican (Episcopal) Order should be introduced. In August, 1862, the first service at what would be Saint James was conducted by the Rev. R. F. Uniacke of Saint George's Church. In 1884, he deeded the property to the Parish of Saint Mark's, Halifax, to hold title as long as the school was kept in repair and Anglican services were conducted.

Among his other initiatives and accomplishments, Cogswell donated the money for the granite fence around the square at City Hall and he contributed to the design for the Crest of the City of Halifax. He also founded the Charles Cogswell Harbour Rowing Championship Trust. (See August, 2005, *Courier*.) He also provided a prize for cricket for Nova Scotia teams. Two teams competed for this prize in 1879 at Kings College.

In 1864, Dr. Cogswell left Nova Scotia with his wife to take up residency in London, England, where he became a consulting physician. In looking over his books before leaving, he found a good many that appeared suitable for forming the foundation of a medical library in Halifax and left them for that purpose. It was his vision that this collection would be part of a medical college, and that the collection would also be a resource for medical practitioners in the Province of Nova Scotia. In 1868, Dalhousie Faculty of Medicine was established and classes began at the original site of Dalhousie College on the Grand Parade, where Halifax City Hall now stands. In 1873, financial pressures forced the Faculty of Medicine to close. In 1875, the same professors opened the Halifax Medical College in a new building on College St. This was later returned to Dalhousie University. On his death, Dr. Cogswell left a bequest to that library of both money and more books. This library later became the Cogswell Memorial Library. He also provided funds in his will for the library at his Alma Mater, Kings College.

In later life, he devoted his spare time to the study of art, literature and philosophy. He died in England January 2nd, 1892.

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Incorporated Massachusetts
February 17, 1989

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