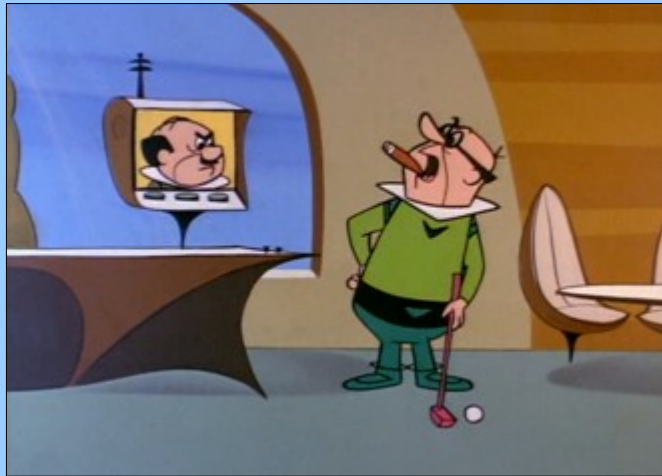
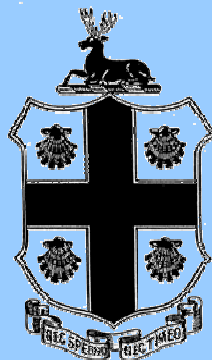


The Cogswell Courier



Cogswells in Fiction

*"I neither despise
nor fear"
April 2012*





Cogswell Courier

April 2012,

Volume 23, Issue 1

The mission of the Cogswell Family Association is to perpetuate the memory, history and genealogy of the Cogswell family with particular emphasis on descendants of John and Elizabeth Cogswell who arrived in America in 1635. This mission is accomplished by collecting, preserving, recording and publishing family documentation, memorabilia and memorials, as well as promoting friendship, understanding, mutual assistance and collaborative research across the membership.

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Evan Cogswell's Ice Fort – fiction by Irving L. Beman

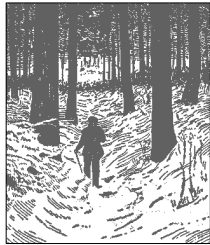
In the early days of Northern Ohio, when settlers were few and far between, Evan Cogswell, a Welsh lad of sixteen years, found his way thither and began his career as a laborer, receiving at first but two dollars a month in addition to his board and "home-made" clothing. He possessed an intelligent, energetic mind in a sound and vigorous body, and had acquired in his native parish the elements of an education in both Welsh and English.

His first term of service was with a border farmer on the banks of a stream called Grand River, in Ashtabula County. It was rather crude farming, however, consisting mostly of felling trees, cutting wood and saw-logs, burning brush, and digging out stumps, the axe and pick-axe finding more use than ordinary farm implements.

Seven miles down the river, and on the opposite bank, lived the nearest neighbors, among them a blacksmith who in his trade served the whole country for twenty miles around. One especial part of his business was the repairing of axes, called in that day "jumping," or "upsetting."

In midwinter Evan's employer left a couple of axes with the blacksmith for repairs, the job to be done within a week. At this time the weather was what is termed "settled," with deep snow, and good "slipping" along the few wildwood roads.

But three or four days later, there came a "January thaw." Rain and a warmer temperature melted away much of the snow, the little river was swelled to a great torrent, breaking up the ice and carrying it down stream, and the roads became almost impassable. When the week was up and the farmer wanted the axes, it was not possible for the horse to travel, and after waiting vainly for a day or two for a turn in the weather, Evan was posted off on foot to obtain the needed implements.



Delighting in the change and excitement of such a trip, the boy started before noon, expecting to reach home again ere dark, as it was not considered quite safe to journey far by night on account of the wolves.

Three miles below, at a narrow place in the river, was the bridge, consisting of three very long tree-trunks reaching parallel from bank to bank, and covered with hewn plank. When Evan arrived here he found that this bridge had been swept away. But pushing on down stream among the thickets, about half a mile below, he came upon an immense ice-jam, stretching across the stream and piled many feet high. Upon this he at once resolved to make his way over to the road on the other side, for he was already wearied threading the underbrush. Grand River, which is a narrow but deep and violent stream, ran roaring and plunging beneath the masses of ice as if enraged at being so obstructed; but the lad picked his path in safety and soon stood on the opposite bank.

Away he hurried now to the blacksmith's, so as to complete his errand and return by this precarious crossing before dark.

But the smith had neglected his duty and Evan had to wait an hour or more for the axes. At length they were done, and with one tied at each end of a strong cord and this hung about his neck, he was off on the homeward trip. To aid his walking, he procured from the thicket a stout cane. He had hardly gone two miles when the duskiess gathering in the woods denoted the nearness of night; yet as the moon was riding high, he pushed on without fear.

But as he was skirting a wind-fall of trees, he came suddenly upon two or three wolves apparently emerging from their daytime hiding place for a hunting expedition. Evan was considerably startled; but as they ran off into the woods as if afraid of him, he took courage in the hope that they would not molest him. In a few minutes, however, they set up that dismal howling by which they summon their mates and enlarge their numbers; and Evan discovered by the sounds that they were following him cautiously at no great distance.

Frequent responses were also heard from more distant points in the woods and from across the river. By this time it was becoming quite dark, the moonlight penetrating the forest only along the roadway and in occasional patches among the trees on either side. The rushing river was not far away, but above its roar arose every instant the threatening howl of a wolf. Finally, just as he reached the ice-bridge, the howling became still, a sign that their numbers emboldened them to

enter in earnest on the pursuit. The species of wolf once so common in the central States, and making the early farmers so much trouble, were peculiar in this respect; they were great cowards singly, and would trail the heels of a traveler howling for recruits, and not daring to begin the attack until they had collected a force that insured success; then they became fierce and bold, and more to be dreaded than any other animal of the wilderness. And at this point, when they considered their numbers equal to the occasion, the howling ceased.

Evan had been told of this, and when the silence began, he knew its meaning, and his heart shuddered at the prospect. His only hope lay in the possibility that they might not dare to follow him across the ice-bridge. But this hope vanished as he approached the other shore, and saw by the moonlight several of the gaunt creatures awaiting him on that side. What should he do? No doubt they would soon muster boldness to follow him upon the ice, and then his fate would be sealed in a moment.

In the emergency he thought of the axes, and taking them from his neck, cut the cord, and thrust his walking-stick into one as a helve, resolved to defend himself to the last.

At this instant he espied among the thick, upheaved ice-cakes two great fragments leaning against each other in such a way as to form a roof with something like a small room underneath. Here he saw his only chance. Springing within, he used the axe to chip off other fragments with which to close up the entrance, and almost quicker than it can be told, had thus constructed a sort of fort, which he believed would withstand the attack of the wolves. At nightfall the weather had become colder, and he knew that in a few minutes the damp pieces of ice would be firmly cemented together.

Hardly had he lifted the last piece to its place, when the pack came rushing about him, snapping and snarling, but at first not testing the strength of his intrenchment. When soon they began to spring against it, and snap at the corners of ice, the frost had done its work, and they could not loosen his hastily built wall.

Through narrow crevices he could look out at them, and at one time counted sixteen grouped together in council. As the cold increased he had to keep in motion in order not to freeze, and any extra action on his part increased the fierceness of the wolves. At times they would gather in a circle around him, and after sniffing at him eagerly, set up a doleful howling, as if deploring the excellent supper they had lost.

Ere long one of them found an opening at a corner large enough to admit its head; but Evan was on the alert, and gave it such a blow with the axe as to cause its death. Soon another tried the same thing, and met with the same reception, withdrawing and whirling around several times, and then dropping dead with a broken skull.

One smaller than the rest attempting to enter, and receiving the fatal blow, crawled, in its dying agony, completely into the enclosure, and lay dead at Evan's feet. Of this he was not sorry, as his feet were bitterly cold, and the warm carcass of the animal served to relieve them.

In the course of the night six wolves were killed as they sought to creep into his fortress, and several others so seriously hacked as to send them to the woods again; and, however correct the notion that when on the hunt they devour their fallen comrades, in this case they did no such thing, as in the morning the six dead bodies lay about on the ice, and Evan had the profitable privilege of taking off their skins.

Toward morning, as the change of weather continued, and the waters of the river began to diminish, there was suddenly a prodigious crack and crash of the ice-bridge, and the whole mass settled several inches. At this the wolves took alarm, and in an instant fled. Perhaps they might have returned had not the crackling of the ice been repeated frequently.

At length Evan became alarmed for his safety, lest the ice should break up in the current, and bringing his axe to bear, soon burst his way out and fled to the shore. But not seeing the ice crumble, he ventured back to obtain the other axe, and then hastened home to his employer.

During the day he skinned the wolves, and within a fortnight pocketed the bounty money, amounting in all to about one hundred and fifty dollars. With this money he made the first payment on a large farm, which he long lived to cultivate and enjoy, and under the sod of which he found a quiet grave.



The Town Where No One Got Off

A Ray Bradbury story



Cogswell, a writer, is taking a train and chatting with a salesman, who despises the countryside that they're passing through. When Cogswell speaks in defense of small town people, insisting that they know each other and nobody is afraid, the salesman insists that he's a bleeding-heart liberal. He dares Cogswell to get off at the next train station and put his claims to the test. When Cogswell hesitates, the salesman calls him a coward. The writer asks what's at the next station and the conductor warns him that no one gets off in the town of Alton. Cogswell grabs his luggage, pays the conductor for his ticket and gets off as the train stops.

At the station, Cogswell tries to talk with the clerk but the man all but ignores him. The writer finally finds a place to store his luggage and walks into town, going past an old man dozing in a chair. However, as Cogswell leaves, the old man gets up and follows him.

Cogswell walks through the town but everyone ignores him. When he tries to buy a bottle of pop from a machine at the general store, it jams and the store owner tells him to stop banging on it. She regards him suspiciously and then goes back inside. Cogswell continues on and finally notices the old man following him. He goes to a house advertising a room for rent but the girl out front runs inside and her mother refuses to sell Cogswell a room, claiming it's already been taken.

Cogswell goes back to the general store and asks when the train stops. The customers reluctantly tell him that it only stops when they light a flare on the tracks, because no one ever gets on or off the train in Alton. Cogswell gives up trying to make conversation and goes outside and sees the old man across the street looking at knives in a hardware store window. As Cogswell goes over, the old man ducks into an alleyway. Cogswell walks down the street to the police station but discovers that the door is locked and the building is closed.



As Cogswell goes down the street, he finds the old man waiting for him ahead. They meet and the old man says he's been waiting for Cogswell for 20 years but is still surprised to see him. Cogswell is puzzled and the old man admits he's been waiting for someone like Cogswell, a stranger arriving in town. They walk and the old man explains that he retired twenty years ago and has been waiting at the train station for something. He didn't know exactly what it was until he saw Cogswell arrive. He then asks if Cogswell has ever hated someone. Cogswell admits he has and the old man talks about how people hide their hate instead of acting on it. As an old man, he's had decades to store up his hate.

The pair comes to an old building and the old man invites Cogswell in for a drink. They go into the basement and the old man describes how the pressure of all his nightmares make him consider grabbing an axe and killing someone. As they drink together from a bottle, the old man explains that the best way to kill someone is to make it look like an accident. That way, no one would ever suspect the killer of having deliberately murdered someone. Twenty years ago, he got the idea of waiting at the station until a complete stranger arrived. The stranger would know no one and no one would know the stranger. The old man could then kill the stranger in perfect anonymity and commit the perfect murder.

The old man starts to reach into his pocket but Cogswell speaks up and says that they're the same. He claims he had a similar idea: he'd get off the train in a town where no one knew him, find a complete stranger, and shoot him dead with no one the wiser. Then he'd get back onto the train and leave. Cogswell reaches into his pocket for what might be a gun. The old man pauses, and Cogswell pauses. After a few seconds, the old man wonders out loud how he can be sure Cogswell has a gun. Cogswell points out that he can't be sure. The old man wonders if Cogswell is bluffing.

Later, the train pulls up on the tracks when someone sets off a flare. Cogswell gets on board, unharmed. As the train pulls out, Cogswell looks out and sees the old man on the platform... waiting.

Cogswell Cogs in "The Jetsons"



Mr. Spacely's closest (and apparently only) competitor is Spencer Cogswell, the distributor of "Cogswell Cogs." and the one person he actually hates. It was revealed Spacely and Cogswell have been competing with each other since back in the days when they attended the same business school together and competed to be the top student of their class. Spencer Cogswell (voiced by Daws Butler), early 50s, is Spacely's big competitor. He owns Cogswell's Cosmic Cogs company and causes a lot of trouble for Spacely and George Jetson. To a lesser extent, Cogswell is another of the series' antagonists. He and Spacely are always finding ways to bring each other's businesses down. Cogswell has often tried to steal Spacely's ideas and make them his own to gain an advantage (only for it to backfire on both bosses). He's also not above firing his employees when any little thing goes wrong.

Mr. Cogswell's first name of "Spencer" is revealed in the 1980s version of The Jetsons. But there is some confusion here. Spacely has a competitor, H. G. Cogswell, owner of the rival company Cogswell Cogs. In another place, W.C. Cogswell is listed as the owner of Cogswell Cogs.

Mr. Cogswell seems to be the money-maker, but George Jetson has such loyalty to that miser Mr. Spacely.

H.G. Cogswell is the owner and president of Cogswell Cogs, a formidable competitor to Spacely's Sprockets, which is in turn George Jetson's employer. One of the humorous elements of the show, or so the writers would like to think, is that they never explain what a sprocket or cog is, or why they're such big business and apparently interchangeable (seeing as the two presidents fight over the same accounts and employees in just about every episode).

Here's a sample of dialogue:

Mr. Spacely: Jetson, there's a leak around here, and I want it stopped.

George Jetson: Yes, sir. I know a very good plumber: Mr. Skywrench.

*Mr. Spacely: An *industrial* leak, you molecule brain! And don't play innocent with me, Jetson. I have my suspicions where that leak is coming from, and it's you!*

George Jetson: Me?

Mr. Spacely: How else can I explain Cogswell stealing every major project I come up with right from under my nose?

George Jetson: Well, I... I... I...

Mr. Spacely: Darn right it's you, you, you!

George Jetson: But sir...

Mr. Spacely: I spent a fortune romancing General Blackhole just to get that secret contract to the Interstellar Lunar Probe. Nobody else knew it existed, but are they using Spacely Sprockets? No! They're using Cogswell Cogs!

George Jetson: How do you suppose Mr. Cogswell got wind of it, Mr. Spacely?

Mr. Spacely: From a windbag like you, Jetson!

R.U.D.I.: No, no...

Mr. Spacely: [to R.U.D.I.] I told you to butt out!

[R.U.D.I. tunes out]

Mr. Spacely: Cogswell's beaten me out of every one of my secret projects, from the Lunar Probe to the Humphrey Bogart Lookalike sprocket for the nostalgia buffs.

George Jetson: Uh, what can we do, boss?

Mr. Spacely: Not me, you, Jetson! You want to clear your name? Then find out how Cogswell's getting his information.

*George Jetson: [gasp] You mean, *spy*? Are you suggesting I spy on him, Mr. Spacely?*

Mr. Spacely: Either that or you're fired.

George Jetson: Spying isn't a bad suggestion when you put it that way, sir.

Mr. Spacely: Good.

In two places I found a note: spacely-sprockets.com and cogswell-cogs.com have merged and are now divisions of Maryland Metrics.

Howard Cogswell called Hanna Babera years ago to ask them how they got the Cogswell name for this show and after they asked the creators he was told they don't remember.

By Clara Cogswell Ingham - (Published by Frances E. Gotshall, Portland, Copyright 1909)

"Mamma, Mamma, tell us all about Seattle and the fleet."

"Yes, my children, I have a good story for you about sixteen bears."

"Live bears, Mamma?"

"Yes, my child, and I have their pictures, sent to you by a great man."

"You must have seen lots of the great man, Mamma," said the sun-kissed daughter with the golden hair.

"No, not much, my daughter but may see more. He has asked to take care of you all at the Alaskan Fair. So teach your tongue more courtesy if you will have even greater than Royalty for nursery maid." For she had spoken sharply to baby sister.

"But let us get back to the story. There were sixteen bears from Aberdeen."

"What's Aberdeen, Mamma?"

"Aberdeen, my son, is the place where bears come from. But if you will listen as you go through life you will know all things."

First get the pictures of the bears. You see there are sixteen and each has his name on a collar around his neck. He is named for a great battleship and is to be its mascot. This tiny one with head bowed down is Connecticut. That is a big name for so small a bear, but he will grow to it. First let us go back to the bears' real baby hood. Now we will close our eyes and try to see just how they lived when they were with their mothers. You must look so far beyond the streets, away past all the houses and all the hills, clear back to the very edge where you see the sky. There my children, your eyes can look no further, but your thought goes on and on until it carries you to the very center of the great woods, and there you find the baby bears, happy before man came.

Now let us look well and see what makes little bears happy. First of all they are just like little boys and girls they must have a mamma. They must have milk, and have the dirt washed off their faces, not with soap and water but by their mother's great red, rough tongue, and have their hair combed, also by her tongue, for they must be clean and warm or they can't be well. And that is like children, too.

You might think that a little bear would be lots harder to keep clean than a little boy, but he is not one-tenth the trouble. Little bears play with little brothers and sisters and grow cross and quarrel sometimes that is another thing in which they resemble you.

Well, let us look for little Connecticut in his first home. Here we find him in a cave-like place shut away from the wind and sun. He has such a nice warm bed in which to sleep. We find him first with his eyes shut tight like a new baby kitten. But he grows rapidly and soon is large enough to crawl out of the den and play in the warm sun shine. He is such a fine little bear, so black and soft, and oh, so happy until man comes. The trees look so big and everything just suits him, even the little stream of water close by where he goes to fish, not with hook and line, but with his paw which he slips quickly in, sometimes catching one, sometimes not. He has much to learn at bear school and it is such fun to learn. But here comes man with dog and gun. The dogs smell out the tracks of the helpless mother, they chase her and force her on until she is near her home, then man shoots her down, and seeks out and finds her den and drags Connecticut and his brother out. They bite and scratch and cry and whine but it does not help one little bit. Man chucks them into a sack and now we must bring our thoughts back out through the trees and past the hills, clear to the heart of big noisy Seattle. And now we can see with our eyes again.

Here they come, all sixteen, each led by a chain so none can .escape. Some play along like little dogs, others are tired and drag their feet, but they must walk. For the cry goes up: "The bears are coming! Here come the bears!" Hip, hip, hurrah and three cheers for the bears from Aberdeen, Hurrah for the men from Aberdeen!"

"Look again at the pictures. See this little bear. I mean this one right here. He was about the size of. Cotton cat. You see his name? It is Vermont. Well he grew so tired that the man picked him up and hung him across his arm just as you do a Teddy bear. They all pass by, and we have to go

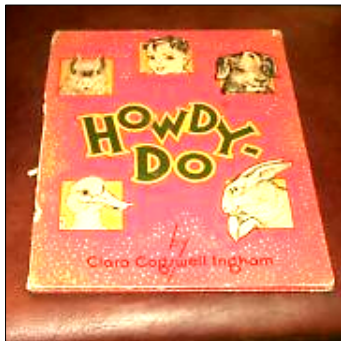
back to thoughts if we are to have any more of the story. What we think for our little bear over here with his head still down, Connecticut, is his name you know, we will think for all the other bears.

After his long walk is ended, he is taken in a boat out to the great battle ship and there lives for the rest of his life. There is not much more to tell. Mamma does not like to think of his life chained down, spoiled, robbed of all that bears hold dear. Now look close at the pictures, and we will read the names of the bears. You must learn them all then you will know the names of all the battleships. That is a fine thing to know. It is more fun to learn the names of bears than ships."

NEW JERSEY, CONNECTICUT, VERMONT, GEORGIA, RHODE ISLAND, MINNESOTA, MAINE, ALABAMA, KEARSARGE, KANSAS, LOUISIANA, NEW JERSEY, VIRGINIA, OHIO, MISSOURI, ILLINOIS, KENTUCKY, GEORGIA

Class of 1887

Mrs. Clara Cogswell Ingham, '87, author and leader in women's club work in Oregon, died in 1946 at her home in Portland. Besides organizing the first parent-teacher group in the state, Mrs. Ingham was active in the State Women's Press Club, the National League of Western Writers, the National League of American Penwomen, the Portland Verse Weavers, the Portland Federation of Women's Organizations and the State Federation of Women's Clubs. She was also active in W.C.T.U. work, helped organize the children's farm home and held membership in the Oregon Pioneer's Association. Mrs. Ingham published many children's books and stories as well as poetry.



List of books:

Girl of the Oregon Wood (1946)
Howdy-do (1941)
Now I am Seventy (1939)
The Mascot Bears (1933- could be earlier editions)
A Howdy Do Clara Cogswell Ingham signed children's book, 1941, was recently offered for sale on E-Bay.



Jokes

Doctor, Doctor, I keep thinking I'm invisible. Who said that?

Doctor, Doctor, My little boy has just swallowed a roll of film! Hmmm...Let's hope nothing develops.

Doctor, Doctor, I can't get to sleep. Sit on the edge of the bed and you'll soon drop off.

Doctor, Doctor, I've lost my memory! When did this happen? When did what happen?

Doctor, Doctor, I feel like a pack of cards. I'll deal with you later.

Doctor, Doctor, my son has swallowed my pen, What should I do? Use a pencil 'till I get there.

A 92-year old man went to the doctor to get a physical. A few days later, the doctor saw the man walking down the street with a gorgeous young lady on his arm. At his follow up visit, the doctor said to the man, "You're really doing great, aren't you?"

The man replied, "Just doing what you said, Doctor, 'Get a hot mama and be cheerful.' "

"But I didn't say that," the doctor exclaimed. "I said, 'You've got a heart murmur, be careful!'"

Definition of Bravery:

True bravery is arriving home in a swagger after a very late night out with the boys.... Then...being assaulted by your wife with a broom, and still having the guts to ask... "Are you cleaning or were you flying somewhere?"

Cogswells in Sports

Quarterback Tyler Cogswell

Quarterback Tyler Cogswell of Parkland, Florida, attends American Heritage High School in Plantation, class of 2013. He is 6' 3.5" tall and weighs 201 lbs. Tyler is pretty athletic for a big guy. In recent trials, he did a broad jump of 7' 4", a seated medball 19' 0", a vertical jump of 21.50" and several other tests. Cogswell has all the physical talent to be among the best in South Florida. He has been receiving attention recently.

I was unable to find a report of the first football game in which he played this fall, but it was a win for the Patriots, his team. Not so the second game September 9th. The Patriots were led by junior quarterback Tyler Cogswell, who threw for 244 yards with 21 completions of 33 attempts. Cogswell ended with two touchdown passes, the first a 6-yard strike to fellow junior wide-out Tyler Carmona. However, the final score was Jacksonville Bolles 28, American Heritage 17.



On September 17th, QB Tyler Cogswell threw two touchdowns in the first quarter to give Plantation American Heritage an early lead in the Patriots' 24-17 victory over Lake Highland. On September 23rd, Tyler Cogswell threw for 127 yards on six completions and three touchdowns in a 40-0 win over Martin County. In total, quarterback Tyler Cogswell has thrown for 560 yards and eight touchdowns while leading American Heritage to a 3-1 record.

On September 30th, Tyler Cogswell connected with Tyler Carmona for a 33-yard touchdown in third quarter to break a scoreless stalemate for the host Patriots. The final score: American Heritage 13, Sebring 3.

Tyler Cogswell's arm staked American Heritage to a 35-6 lead before Hallandale staged a frantic fourth-quarter rally that fell short as the Patriots held on for the 35-29 victory on October 6th. Cogswell finished 8 of 12 for 196 yards, including four touchdown passes.

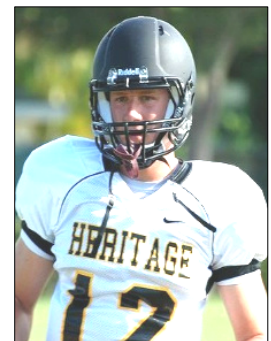
Tyler Cogswell threw three touchdown passes and ran for another to lead the American Heritage Patriots to a 42-0 victory over Pompano Beach October 21st.

Tyler Cogswell took an unofficial visit to Penn State the last weekend in October for the Nittany Lions' game with Illinois.

Junior quarterback Tyler Cogswell shook off an early fumble to throw for 292 yards and three touchdowns October 28th in a 35-10 victory over Cardinal Gibbons. Cogswell didn't let his early mistake get to him though, as he picked apart the Gibbons defense with ease for a first-quarter strike to McKenzie, and again for a 47-yard score in the second quarter to Carmona. He finished the night completing 17 of his 19 passes.

6-foot-5 junior QB Tyler Cogswell has thrown 21 touchdown passes for a 9-1 Plantation (Florida) American Heritage team that enters the playoffs this week (Nov. 14th). With his size and arm strength, it's no surprise that Cogswell is drawing attention from college programs all over the country.

Miami Jackson finished American Heritage's playoff hopes after scoring three touchdowns in the General's 35-18 victory in the Region 4-5A quarterfinal on November 18th. American Heritage (9-2) was led by junior quarterback Tyler Cogswell's 224 yards passing on 16 of 37 passing. Cogswell was able to connect with tight end Tyler Carmona on two touchdown throws.



Tyler Cogswell received his first scholarship offer (from Central Michigan) in January, 2012, and also discussed the U.S. Army Combine - a three-day event, which is the first opportunity for the nation's top underclassmen to demonstrate their physical talent and compete against one another amongst high school and college football's top scouting organizations as well as the U.S. Army All-American Bowl Selection Committee. Tyler is hoping to add a scholarship offer from Arkansas, while Penn State and Florida Atlantic appear to be on the verge of offering. He is drawing interest from Alabama, Arizona, Nebraska, SMU, Ole Miss, Duke, Georgia and others. He is planning to major in engineering.

Adventure in Russia

Miss Mary van Renssalaer Cogswell, plump blonde Manhattan socialite, accompanied by tall brunette Mrs. Mabel Satterlee Ingalls, niece of John Pierpont Morgan, entered Soviet Russia last month without a visa. Last week she got out of Bolshevikland without even a passport, sold to Hearst papers the romping diary of her exploits, then spilled her story all over again to every correspondent who would listen. Young men-about-Manhattan sighed. They know "Molly" Cogswell. Actually, they sympathized with Bolshevik males who were unable to withstand her high, burbling, husky wheedle.

Miss Cogswell and her "Mabel" (Mrs. Ingalls) were in Berlin when a party of 99 U. S. notables passed through en route to Moscow on a tour arranged by the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce. Next day, socialite Cogswell and Morgan-niece Ingalls decided that they wanted to tour Russia too, hopped onto a sleeping car to catch up and join the U. S. party.

Russian frontier guards discovered that chubby Molly Cogswell had no Russian visa on her passport. She, resourceful, wept slightly (to the huge embarrassment of stalwart Mabel Ingalls) and timidly proffered her visiting card. The frontier guards relented.

Two weeks of the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce tour was as much as adventurous Miss Cogswell and loyal Mrs. Ingalls could stand. Having startled fellow passengers and many a Volga boatman by appearing on the hot deck of a river steamer in lounging pajamas, they left the party at Tiflis in the Caucasus, announced their intention of climbing Mount Ararat "to look for traces of Noah's Ark."

A fortnight passed. Early last week, Molly and Mabel turned up in Moscow, penniless, disheveled and wearing borrowed clothing. With quiet dignity, Morgan-niece Ingalls remained in the background. Said Molly Cogswell: "The Russian and Persian government wouldn't let us climb Mount Ararat, so we had to turn back. At Kutais, we hired a motor bus for \$75.00. It was too expensive for us so we picked up passengers and collected \$38.00 in fares. We charged extra for all bundles though the Caucasians kicked. One young man said he had heart failure and wanted to ride on the front seat, but Mabel and I chucked him out.

"We crossed the Ossetian Road on horseback. My dear, have you ever ridden in a Caucasian saddle? It's got a ridge as sharp as a roof. I had a pair of camel's hair breeches — have you ever worn camel's hair pants?

"At Kutais we were arrested as British spies for taking photographs and spent two hours in jail. That night, we slept on the floor of a schoolhouse. We only had five blankets. Mabel had one, the Armenian guide had one, and I had three. It was hard on Mabel.

"At Vladikavkas, we wangled tickets on the railroad to Moscow. There were 13 of us in the car, including a Russian general. We thought he was a porter and tipped him for getting us tea. My dear, how could we tell? All he had on was a pair of pants and an openwork undershirt.

"At five o'clock in the morning, Mabel was asleep, and I went out to take a walk on a station platform. Someone stole my pocket book with all my money, my passport, two crystal bracelets and some samples of window curtains that my mother wanted me to buy in Italy.

"I don't mind about the passport—I hope they keep me here for months, and I don't mind about the money, but I wept all yesterday for my bracelets, not for their value but because I liked them so much."

Passport or no passport, dismayed Soviet officials would not risk keeping Miss Mary van Renssalaer Cogswell in Russia. They bundled her out but permitted Morgan-niece Ingalls to stay. (Monday, Aug. 26th, 1929)

Readers' Page: Corrections, Queries and More Information

Few comments or corrections were received for the December, 2011, Courier, except someone asked permission to copy information about some of the Cogswells in the American Revolution. To which your editor replied that the information came from the internet, and he was not sure he had any right to include it but had decided for a small publication like ours, it was probably all right.

Birthday: Edward E. Cogswell

December Courier, page 8: Our former Vice-President Edward Everett Cogswell's birthday was March 23rd, not May 23rd. ("Mar." was probably misread as "May.")

Wrong Father

John Cogswell (December Courier, page 2) may have been DJC 1018 (not 557) and the son of Benjamin, although a descendant, Mrs. Robert Bittner, believes not but was definitely not Nathaniel. The war record remains the same.

Documentary Proof Sought

Bill LeForestier writes: John Wood married Eliza (Elizabeth) Cogswell (1807-1841) (DJC 1295), daughter of Wade Cogswell (1769) and Hanna Baker (1790-1814) on Nov. 14th, 1836, in East Windsor, Conn. I believe her uncle, Rev. Jonathan Cogswell, performed the ceremony, and the records indicate that they lived in Greenfield, New York. We found that Eliza was a school teacher in West Greenfield, New York, just outside of Saratoga Springs, New York. We also know that she was Col. John Wood's second wife and had a child named Nathaniel. Nathaniel was born in Troy, New York, about 1838 and died in Gloversville, New York, about 1878. We are trying to directly connect Nathaniel Wood to his mother, but we cannot find any documentation that connects the two. We have searched death records in Troy, New York, and obits in the local paper to see if we could find any mention of her death but did not. We know she had a sister who married Abby Twycoss from Maine, but the family died out so we were unable to get info from that family. We have letters that prove Nathaniel corresponded with Eliza's sister in Maine, so we know that Eliza was his mother. Nathaniel did serve in the Civil War, but his records do not mention his mother by name. If you know something of this, please contact Bill at leforestierw@aol.com.

Cogswells Who Have Been Prisoners of War

Lt. Moses Cogswell (DJC 332) was in the naval service for nearly the whole period of the Revolution and served as a privateer, was once captured and held as a prisoner of war in Halifax, Nova Scotia. He was released and returned to his home in New England.

Alanson Cogswell (DJC 7092) was a soldier in the War of 1812 and taken prisoner on December 19th, 1813. He died a prisoner of war, March 5th, 1814, in Quebec, Canada.

Colonel Milton Cogswell (DJC 5845) was captured October 21st, 1861, during the Civil War (Battle of Bull's Bluff) and remained a prisoner of war until exchanged in September, 1862.

Ransler Cogswell, Company K of the 36th Wisconsin Infantry in the Civil War, Musician, was also a prisoner of war. (See Courier, April, 2010.)

John Cogswell was held in the Japanese Changi POW camp, Singapore, during World War II. He may have been Australian or British.

Kirch John Cogswell was a veteran of World War II. He was a pilot, shot down on Feb. 20th, 1944, and was a prisoner of war held at Stalag Luft I in Barth, Germany, where he was in the North 1 section, Barrack 7, Room 3.

Charles G. Cogswell and Robert Whitney Cogswell (See Courier, April, 2005) were both missing in action; Charles in World War II on March 11th, 1944, and Robert in the Korean War on Oct. 23rd, 1951. Both were in the Air Force. They may have been prisoners of war or may have been merely missing in action and presumably killed.

Cogswells in the News

A snowstorm that began October 25th dumped 11.5 inches of wet snow on Longmont, Colorado. It tore limbs from trees and downed power lines. Lineman Terry Cogswell started working with crews to restore power at 1 a.m. Wednesday (26th). He wrapped up the day at 3:30 p.m. Wednesday and slept for about an hour before he returned to work at 8:30 that night. At 2 p.m. Thursday (27th), he and his crew were still untangling limbs from power lines. An estimated 200 households throughout the city remained without power Friday morning. When all the power is back on, Cogswell said, he'll "breathe a sigh of relief and joy."

Courtney Cogswell of Cambridge ran the Ing New York City Marathon, Nov. 6th, 2011, in a time of 4 hours, 46 minutes and 2 seconds.

C. J. Cogswell, who owns the Sew and Vac Center, is one of the fifteen new co-owners who invested \$10,000.00 each in RiverRun Bookstore, which will remain open and relocate at the beginning of the year in Portsmouth, N. H. An avid reader of non-fiction and history, Cogswell said a bookstore serves a vital function in any community. Cogswell says that his investment isn't about maximizing profit. "Big box stores are killing us, even me, I know my business is a dying breed, so the better that we as small business people can take care of each other, I think that's the best way to start."



Jordan Cogswell was no. 2 in line at Best Buy in Big Flats, N.Y., on Black Friday, Nov. 25th, hoping for a 42-inch TV and a Lenovo laptop for \$179.00. "I pulled in at 8:30 a.m., and I said 'Wow, there's somebody (Brooks Bellinger) here that's even crazier than me,'" Cogswell said. "Turns out we knew each other from high school." Cogswell brought along a propane heater and let other people in line warm their toes with it. It was almost like a tailgate party.

In November, Darcy Cogswell and Jami Cogswell received Honors with Distinction for the first quarter in grade 12 at East Catholic High School, Manchester, Conn. Kyle Cogswell received High Honors in grade 11 and Falynn Cogswell received Honors in grade 9 at Shawsheen Valley Technical High School, Billerica, Mass.

Junior Will Cogswell is being counted on to fill an important role for the Marietta, Ohio, Tiger wrestlers this winter. He is making the move down to 182 pounds after wrestling at 215 a year ago. At 215 pounds, he posted a record of 24-17 but should fare much better after developing more muscle through off season workouts.



December 12th, Miranda Cogswell, Chatham, N. J., was honored for her work with the New Parent Welcome Committee. Cogswell came up with the idea for a committee to welcome new parents and students after she moved to Chatham 16 years ago with a kindergartener and a pre-K student in the middle of the school year. Though her own children graduated, she continues as the committee's chair.

Frank McLaughlin, Billerica Police Officer Stephen Cogswell (see April, 2011, Courier) and Eileen Conway brought Jerry Paine to shore after his canoe capsized in 36 degree Nuttings Lake the afternoon of Dec. 2nd. McLaughlin dove in after him. He was joined by Billerica Police Officer Stephen Cogswell. Conway threw life vests to the three, but when they fell short, she dove into the water to bring them to McLaughlin, Cogswell and Paine. Cogswell will be nominated for the Thomas Strunk Award, named after Billerica Patrolman Thomas E. Strunk, who was killed by a drunk driver in 1985.

Mary E. Cogswell, Dr PH, a senior scientist in the Division for Heart Disease and Stroke Prevention in the CDC's National Center for Chronic Disease Prevention and Health Promotion, co-wrote a study, which says we should lower our sodium intake by about a quarter teaspoon of salt each day. Sodium consumption is directly related to hypertension, which is a primary risk factor for heart disease, stroke and other cardiovascular diseases. Daily sodium consumption among participants in one study was 3,266 milligrams, well above the suggested level of 2,300 milligrams.

Champlain College student Laura Cogswell, a resident of Northborough, Mass., played a part recently in helping to create a new Irish job initiative called "Hireland" while studying abroad at Champlain College's Dublin (Ireland) campus. The idea, first formulated in spring, 2011, was launched this past January and is more than halfway to its goal of encouraging businesses in Ireland to hire 5,000 workers. Cogswell, majoring in Mass Communication, was a part of Hireland co-founder Lucy Masterson's non-profit marketing class at Champlain College, Dublin, and worked with her and fellow classmates to brainstorm ideas for the initial launch. Like many other students involved, she gained first-hand experience working on the creation of a grassroots non-profit.

On Feb. 25th, freshman Branden Cogswell (Ballston Lake, N.Y.) added a pair of hits and scored twice. In the bottom of the fourth, Cogswell led off with a single, moved to second on a single and scored one out later on a groundout. In the sixth inning, Cogswell was hit by a pitch and two players walked to load the bases. One out later, a double to right-center cleared the bases and stretched the UVa Cavaliers' lead to the final score: 7-1.

This and That

First Cogswell to complete Full Ironman Race



Jeremy Cogswell of Cedar Park, Texas, registered in the Ford Ironman Arizona, Tempe, November 20th, 2011, his 41st birthday. With bib 1898, he completed the 2.4 mile swim in 1 hour, 20 minutes and 52 seconds. Transition from swim to bike took 9 minutes and 26 seconds. The 112 mile bike ride took 6 hours, 58 minutes and 18 seconds. Transition from bike to run took 5 minutes and 25 seconds. The 26.2 mile run took 5 hours, 9 minutes and 43 seconds, so his total time was 13 hours, 43 minutes and 44 seconds. This gave him a rank of 1,622 and made him the first Cogswell to complete such a race. 2,565 people entered the race 2,441 finished it. Completion times ran from 7:59:38 to 18:58:30. Congratulations, Jeremy!

Civil War Non-Combatant

Mexico, Mo., 1861 – John Cogswell was riding into town on a distinctive horse 15 hands high with a white mane and tail, when it was taken by force by soldiers from the 16th Illinois Infantry. The regiment was becoming notorious for theft, and their commander, Col. Robert Smith, had already been warned by Brig. Gen. Stephen Hurlbut that his men were to give receipts for everything they take and “take nothing you do not want.”

Phone Call recipient

Just before noon on June 17th, 1929, E. R. Cogswell, one of the representatives of Intra State Telephone Company, with special headphones to their ears, received the very first telephone call between the Galesburg (Illinois) Club and a European country.



Cogswell Pepper Box

Originally developed in London in the mid 1800's, this six-shot percussion pistol was not technically a revolver, since the multiple barrels and receiver rotated together. This replica gun has a mechanically revolving barrel with working action and wood grips. Though this replica pistol saw limited action in the Civil War, it was likely more commonly used in saloons of the frontier underneath a poker table.

Recently Offered on E-Bay



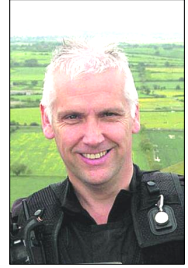
Vintage Cogswell B. S. Co. Union Pride Straight Razor Box; it's in fair condition as noted in photos, and one end of box will not close. The box reads "Cogswell B.S. Co., Lexington, KY, Made in Germany, Union Pride." Also a Photo identified as Harriet M. Cogswell



Westbury, Wiltshire, News



Teams of Wiltshire coppers got their boots on for the annual fundraising match in memory of Westbury PC Mike Johnson (right). A team from Wiltshire Police's E Division, drawing from the county outside Swindon, took on the Armed Response Group (ARG) at Westbury United's ground. PC Johnson died of a heart attack, aged 46, after collapsing while jogging to work in August, 2009. He was a keen footballer and had played for both teams. The annual event raised £340, which will be split between the British Heart Foundation and creating a Mike Johnson memorial. PC Johnson's children, Alex



(left, shorter person) and Alice, were there to present the trophy to PC Mark Field from the Armed Response Group after the challenge match.

Wiltshire West Scouts have leased a clearing in Roundwood, near Westbury, as an outdoor activity and camping site for more than 40 years but, following the death of the owner in 2009, the wood is to be sold. The Scouts have been invited to buy it and have raised more than £110,000 towards the target of £173,000, including £16,000 from their own resources. If their bid is successful, they will set up the Roundwood Youth Activity Association to run the site and hope schools and organized youth groups will use it for social, education and sport activities. The Scouts got within £10,000 of their target of £173,000, but unfortunately the family then decided not to sell.



Westbury's disabled Josselin Tilley (see Courier, April, 2008, and 2011) will be getting a new lightweight wheelchair after £1,400 was raised at a music night. The five-year-old, who has a rare genetic condition, has outgrown her old wheelchair, which was funded with £2,045 from an appeal in 2008. A music night with live bands, a silent auction with a signed David Luiz Chelsea shirt and a raffle, was held at the White Horse Country Park in November. Mum Karen, 31, said: "The normal chairs are bulky and too heavy for her to move, so we order special lightweight ones from Germany. Her old chair is just too small for her now, and we are hoping

to give it to someone else who can use it." She has recently undergone an operation to install a bone-anchored hearing aid, which her family hoped would enable her to hear by Christmas. When it was first switched on, she just went quiet. The doctor said she had heard something, and you could see that she had. She seems to be getting on well with it and she's happy to have it switched on all day.

Elliott Vowles was devastated when he woke to find the birthday presents he had received in September were missing from his home in The Spur. Juliet Hunt, 47, Westbury, appealed through the Wiltshire Times to get the blue X-Rated Hustle bike and customized JD Bug scooter returned, as she could not afford to replace them. While her appeal did not turn up the stolen goods and the thief remains at large, generous local people got together to replace Elliott's presents in time for Christmas. Joanne Benford, other staff and customers at Westbury Leigh's Deano's Plaice, raised the money for the new scooter. Elliott was able to unwrap the scooter on Christmas Day and received the bike, bought with the help of donations from friends and relatives, the next day at home with his father, Shane Vowles. Shown: Elliott Vowles, with mum, Juliet Hunt, shows off his new scooter courtesy of chip shop owner Dave Lodge.



Dot Whitehead, who has been managing the Wiltshire Air Ambulance Shop since it was set up 14 years ago and, before that, spent around 21 years managing Westbury's Red Cross shop, was chosen as the person who had the most impact on life in Westbury during 2011.

Pauline Sloper, 37, and husband Darren, of Westbury Leigh, have been trying for a baby for seven years. She said when IVF treatment failed in 2007, they began to believe it would never happen. But, at 8.24 p.m. on February 12th, she gave birth to a healthy baby boy. She has spent 19 years looking after other people's children but had none of her own until now.

From the Secretary's Desk

Hi, everyone –

The CFA Officer and Board of Director meetings are now meeting about once a month. We are also using email more than we used to, so I have been maintaining a distribution list that utilizes all of the known email addresses. So, if yours changes, please let me know.



The CFA webmaster has been able to add a PayPal function to our website, so a member can renew their membership online. A new member can join the association there too. We are also going to start adding pictures to these pages to add some color to what you see there.

The CFA Facebook page continues to get a lot of visitors, and they have been sharing information. However, there are many people in our association who don't participate in Facebook. However, since it is what the youth of today are using, we are attempting to adapt as best we can.

We are still looking for more participation from our membership. I'd appreciate anyone that would like to participate as a member of the Board of Directors. You can participate in the monthly Officer and Board of Director meeting as a member; but this doesn't give you the opportunity to vote. It may give you an opportunity to share thoughts about the things on which we are working.

Finally, we are looking for a place to house our historical artifacts. For years we have looked for a place we can use as a small Cogswell Family Museum, but we don't know where it could be or who would maintain it. If you have any ideas, I would be interested in hearing them.

Have a great day! I just want you to know that we are trying to make the association better, and anyone that would like to help is welcome!

Ed Cogswell (of Snohomish, Wash.) (CFA Secretary)

Welcome to New Members

Caroline Welling Van Deusen, Columbus, Ohio

Morgan E. Cogswell, Ottawa, Ontario

Alexander S. Cogswell, Toronto, Ontario

Births

Kanden Jude Calais, son of Chelsie Cogswell and Kade Calais, born Jan. 4th, in Breaux Bridge, La.

Deaths

Stephen Michael Cogswell, 63, Lawton, Oklahoma, died Oct. 16th, 2011

Joyce D. Cogswell, wife of Lyle Cogswell, 73, Montpelier, Ohio, died Nov. 13th, 2011

Martha Getz Cogswell, 63, Colorado Springs, Colorado, died November 22nd, 2011

Janet Lee Cogswell, 57, daughter of LeRoy Allen Cogswell, Delta, Colorado, died Jan. 7th.

Leonard L. Burns, 90, son of Rufus L. and Sallie (Cogswell) Burns, Joaquin, Texas, died Jan. 19th.

Bettylou Cogswell, 87, of Newhall, California, died January 27th.

To become a member, or renew: fill out the blanks below; attach your check and mail this form to:
Cogswell Family Association, Office of the Secretary, 21321 107th Ave., SE, Snohomish, WA, USA, 98296-7140 Please make all checks payable to: **Treasurer, Cogswell Family Association**

Contact Information:

First Name: _____ Middle Initial: ____ Last Name: _____

Street Address: _____ Apt/Suite: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Postal Code: _____

Country: _____

Email Address: _____ Phone Number: _____

Membership: New member \$10.00 _____ single renewal \$20.00 _____ family renewal \$30.00 _____

Birthday _____ Wedding Anniversary _____

Your important immediate family dates:

Family Member _____ birthday _____

Family Member _____ birthday _____

Additional Comment _____

From the Editor's Desk

My computer gave me a scare in January. I was trying to send an e-mail when it restarted without my telling it to do so. I finished sending the e-mail, but then my wife noticed a smell of burning, and the computer went dead and would not restart. I was afraid I had lost all my files but, fortunately, it was just the power source that burned, and it was able to be replaced. To my relief, all my files were intact. Most of the April Courier was stored in the files and, while I had printed out several of them, I would have lost most of the pictures.



About the Cover of This Issue

The April, 2012, Courier specializes in fictional Cogswells. A one-page summary, "A Clockwork Cogswell," was printed in the April, 2006, Courier. It was based on "Clockwork Dragons Must Die" by John Schoffstall. The story is no longer on the internet, but I have the whole thing on my computer (five pages – too long to reprint in full), which I can send to anyone for the cost of postage. Or you can get it from him directly – e-mail john.schoffstall@pobox.com or write to him at 4 Cottonwood Dr., Glen Mills, PA, 19342-1308. The December, 2004, Courier also mentioned a Zane Grey story about a baseball player (a Cogswell) for the Philadelphia Quakers. This one was 5½ pages long – and is still on the internet at <http://www.readbookonline.net/readOnLine/1766>. Or I can send a copy for the price of postage. Of course the best known fictional Cogswell is owner of Cogswell Cogs on the Jetsons (see page 4 – and the cover picture), but there is also a summary of a Ray Bradbury story (page 3) and a whole short story by Irving L. Brown (pages 1 and 2.)

Update on Branden Cogswell

Branden Cogswell (see December, 2009, Courier) will be joining the Wisconsin Woodchucks after he completes his freshman year at the University of Virginia Cavaliers. Cogswell will look to be an anchor of a team that not only has the 8th ranked recruiting class in the country according to Baseball America, but is also coming off a season where he earned a number one seed in the College World Series, where the team lost to the eventual National Champions, South Carolina Gamecocks. Cogswell, a 44th round pick of the Toronto Blue Jays, will play infield for the Cavaliers this spring. Originally from Ballston Lake, N.Y., Cogswell was a decorated high school player. He batted an even .500 with 10 home runs his senior year, a season where he was named to his third New York State Sportswriters Association All-Star Team and was named conference player of the year.

Half Marathon Runners

Not many Cogswells have been running during the winter, but Andria Cogswell, (DJC 9686) 48, of Columbia, Missouri, ran the Half Marathon of the Run with Donna, the National Marathon to Fight Breast Cancer, in Jacksonville Beach, Florida, February 12th, with a time of 2 hours, 18 minutes and 42 seconds. On February 19th, 2012, Grant Cogswell, 31, of Tacoma, Washington, ran the Austin Half Marathon in 2 hours, 25 minutes and 5 seconds, and Theresa Cogswell-Morales, 39, of Pflugerville, Texas, ran the same race in 3 hours, 1 minute and 54 seconds.

Joke

She was in the bathroom, putting on her makeup, under the watchful eyes of her young granddaughter, as she'd done many times before. After she applied her lipstick and started to leave, the little one said, "But Grandma, you forgot to kiss the toilet paper good-bye!" I will probably never put lipstick on again without thinking about kissing the toilet paper good-bye...



Canadian Connection

New England Planter Hezekiah Cogswell

The Cogswells in America has a long section, probably written by John Edmund Cogswell, before the description of Hezekiah Cogswell. A shortened version is in *Descendants of John Cogswell*. But there is not a lot about his life. I went searching to see what more I could find.

Hezekiah Cogswell was born in Saybrook, Connecticut, the son of Samuel (Jr.) and Ann (née Mason) (Denison) Cogswell, in 1709. He married Susanna Bailey about 1730. Of her parents, we know only that her mother was still living in 1760. We have the list of Hezekiah's children: Daniel, Ezra, Aaron, Oliver, Sarah, Christina, Naomi, Ann, Diademia, Martha and Mason. We are told that, when most of the family were leaving for Nova Scotia, the grandmother (Mrs. Bailey – Hezekiah's parents were both dead) did not want the youngest, Mason, to leave her and told him to hide, but when the ship could wait no longer, Hezekiah called in a commanding voice: "Mason!" and the boy, brought up to instant obedience, replied: "Sir!" and was found.

The departure for Nova Scotia was 1760. (1761 was the date on Hezekiah's land grant.) They came at Government expense, and each family could bring up to two tons of livestock, tools, building materials and household goods. They were promised one bushel of grain per family per month for a year or until the first harvest. A flotilla of 22 ships sailed from Connecticut up the Bay of Fundy and into Minas Basin bound for Cornwallis and Horton on the north and south sides of the Cornwallis River. They arrived June 4th, 1760. Hezekiah and his family disembarked at Town Plot, Cornwallis, although Ann and Diademia refused to leave the ship and returned to New England.

Some of the richer settlers (probably not Hezekiah) had their homes taken apart, shipped to Cornwallis and reassembled. A few moved into Acadian homes that had not been destroyed. Most had to build new homes. The first two years were difficult with poor crops, and the settlers depended on grain from the government to supplement what they grew. Land grants were officially made on July 21st, 1761. Hezekiah Cogswell received his then, although in the records his name was spelled Hezekiah Cogshall. The lot was located near Upper Dyke Bridge on Canard Street.

Hezekiah was a religious man and, like others, missed having the services of a minister. Rev. Beniah Phipps was the first Congregationalist minister in Cornwallis. He was sent by the Association of Connecticut ministers, probably about 1765. He was accepted on trial for a year, and then became the regular minister. Feeling against him grew strong, and he had to withdraw by 1776, and in 1778 left to return to New England. A strong supporter of the American Revolution, his unpopularity probably turned Cornwallis against it. He sold his house, for which the deed was in his name, but it had been given for the use of whoever was the minister. The congregation tried in vain to get the money for its sale. He married three Cogswell children: Mason, Christina (both the same day) and Oliver. In 1767 or 1768, a church was built at Chipman's Corner where the Acadian church had stood, and where both Acadians and Planters buried their dead. The church was a large, two storey wooden structure with a high pulpit. It stood until 1874.

In 1776, Henry Alline became a traveling preacher of the New Light movement in Nova Scotia. People flocked to hear him in churches, barns and fields any day of the week. Oliver Cogswell may have been a convert, as were many in the Cornwallis Congregational Church. (After the death of Alline, most of these converts became Baptists.) In November, 1778, Rev. Jonathan Scott from Chebogue Church, Yarmouth County, visited the enfeebled church, spending the winter. He returned to his former church, but the Cornwallis people pressed him to come back as their minister, causing hard feelings at Chebogue. In 1779, Hezekiah Cogswell was one of those who signed a letter of apology to the people of Chebogue Church for any hard feelings this had caused. Before 1785, the problem of getting ministers from the USA led the people to apply to the Glasgow Associate Synod of the Secession Church of Scotland for a minister. In 1785, Rev. Hugh Graham was sent to serve the Cornwallis church. Hezekiah Cogswell became an elder in the Presbyterian Church, where the people insisted on singing Isaac Watt's hymns as well as Psalms. His son, Aaron, also joined this church. In 1784, Mason Cogswell is listed as one of those who subscribed (£2) toward the building of a parsonage for the vicar of the Church of England at Cornwallis.

Hezekiah Cogswell died about 1806 at age 97. Mrs. Cogswell survived her husband and died at about age 90. If a stone marked their graves, it is now gone.

Andy Cogswell's Daughter, Cadence



Andy Cogswell is from Lansing, Michigan. He married Marci Fetzer. He gives the anniversary date as December 22nd, 2005, but she says they were married August 28th, 2009. They have three daughters. The oldest is Cadence Ann, about six years old (wearing glasses). Then there is Kennedy Renee. The youngest is Keira Lynn, born September 15th, 2010.

Andy is in the army with the rank of specialist. He was deployed to Iraq for fifteen months, returning March 7th, 2009. He has also been deployed in Afghanistan. He is shown (below) kissing his oldest daughter for the first time in fifteen months at Green Ramp on Pope Air Force Base on his return from Iraq.

He is currently stationed in Hawaii with the 57th Military Police Company, 8th MP Brigade, at Schofield Barracks, but lives with his family in Wahiawa, Hawaii.

Cadence was sadly stricken with Growth Hormone Deficiency and Septo Optic Dysplasia, which are

causing her to go blind. She is blind in her right eye, and the doctors are predicting that she will likely have no vision this time next year. The Cogswells wanted to make as many memories as they could while Cadence still has some sight left. They requested to fly back home to Georgia to see their family and to go to Disneyland, which has been a longtime dream for Cadence. The request was made on the Operation Once in a Lifetime website.



American Airlines got on board to pay for the entire family's flights from Hawaii to Los Angeles. Jonathan Jaxson, a Hollywood publicist turned TV/radio personality, paid for hotel accommodations for 5 days/4 nights at a Disneyland resort. Three days of fun at Disneyland are going to come true, thanks to LeAnn Rimes (with family, right), who will also be spending one of the days at the park with Cadence and her family, along with LeAnn's husband, Eddie Cibrian. The whole family left for Disneyland March 11th.



Some Australian Cogswells

Stanley Thomas James Cogswell was born in Richmond, Surrey, England, on October 17th, 1886. He emigrated to Australia and joined the Royal Australian Navy and served through WW I on HMAS Australia as a Petty Officer.

His son, Lloyd Stanley, was born on August 5th, 1918 at Jervis Bay Naval Establishment just south of Sydney in NSW. He had an elder brother, Vernon, who graduated from Sydney University in Architecture but unfortunately died at the age of 23.

After WW II service in the RAAF and three year's post war service in Papua New Guinea searching for missing allied air service personnel and aircraft, Lloyd married Joan Griffin in 1948 and had three children: Lawrence Vernon (1950), Anthony Charles (1953) and Leonie Jane (1956).

Lloyd trained as an industrial chemist but, being an independent soul, he started his own trading company in 1953 trading vegetable oils, oilseeds and nuts. His involvement in the food industry led him to interests in the agriculture sector owning a beef cattle and row cropping property in Queensland for about 15 years. This business took him all over the world – even in retirement he and Joan travelled overseas extensively. He passed away November 29th, 2010. His wife still lives at Blackheath in the mountains west of Sydney, their home since 1979.

Lloyd was always checking the telephone book for another Cogswell every time he travelled to a new city. While visiting Singapore back in the 60's, he noticed a John Cogswell in the book and made contact. It turned out that John had been a guest of the Japanese in Changi POW camp, Singapore during the war. They swapped stories, kept in touch for many years and shared some family tree information along the way.



Anthony (left) married Philomena and moved from Sydney to the rural town of Forbes (about 400 kilometers west of Sydney) in 1979 to follow his interest in agriculture. They have three children: Belinda (33), Patrick (30) and Andrew (27). Both the boys, after attending school in Sydney, went into other careers before returning to the grains industry, Lachlan Commodities Pty. Ltd.

Andrew (right) works for the family business as export/trading manager, a position he has held since June, 2008. He attended Bedgeerabong Public School where, in 1994, he was first among the seniors in the high jump and the 800 meter race.



Patrick lives and works in Melbourne as a wheat trader. Belinda lives and works in Sydney as an investment banker (currently looking for a job that doesn't require her soul!).

In 1993, they started Lachlan Commodities P/L (Australia's largest maize exporter – that's corn in North America). Until June, 2011, Tony was President of the Maize Association of Australia. They had niche markets for a number of crops far in excess of our production capacity. The business has been good over the last 18 years, and they have developed a grower support base across two states and regular customers in Australia, New Zealand, Japan, Korea and Taiwan. Their children benefited from growing up on a farm and seem to have inherited a Cogswell sense of adventure.

On April 26th, 2011, Tony Cogswell said this season could see a resurgence in the popularity of the summer crop. Mr. Cogswell said the region had been developing into a popular area for maize growth before the drought. In 2001 the Lachlan area grew about 23,000 tonnes of maize. "In the late 1990's, this area really started developing a growing base," Mr. Cogswell said. "The drought held that back." When production fell in the area, losing some buyers, Mr. Cogswell said markets had to start looking somewhere else for their product. Australian corn has some benefits internationally, with no genetically modified varieties available. "We're one of the few countries that are still GM-free and Asian countries are asking for GM-free maize," Tony said.

Lawrence's son, Vernon, has made numerous trips to the USA for the US grain harvest as a contract harvest operator, and his daughter, Pip, lives and works in London. Leonie's son, Mathew, works as a chef in London and has married an English girl (Sally) in August this year. Tony's daughter insisted that he accompany her on holiday to Antarctica last January for a kayaking good time.

Cogswell Family Association

Incorporated Massachusetts, February 17, 1989

Founder & First President - Cyril Gray Cogswell

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First Class

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