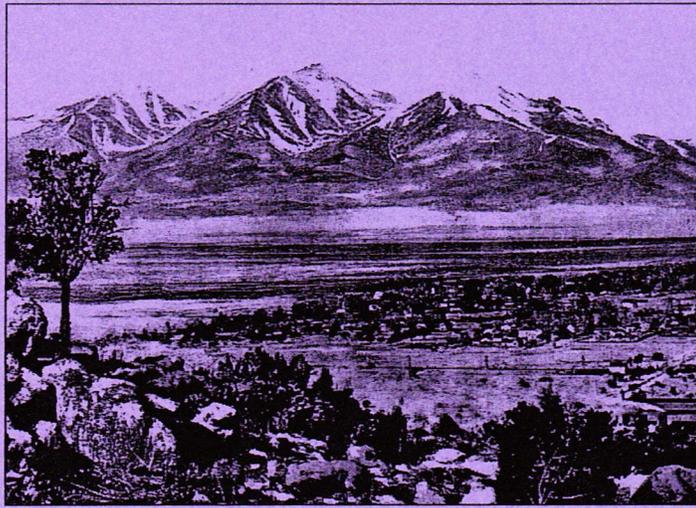


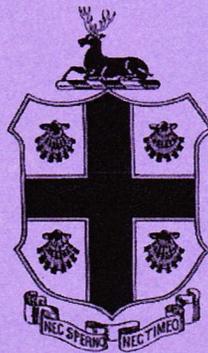
# The Cogswell Courier



**Buena Vista - reunion site**

*"I neither despise nor fear"*

*August 2006*





# Cogswell Courier

**August, 2006,  
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## Slade Cogswell Tells of His Journey

Slade Cogswell (son of John G. Cogswell [DJC 10585]), four friends and a dog, Braven, traveled from Vail, Colorado, to Huilo Huilo, Patagonia, Chile. There they are setting up a tourist resort near a private nature reserve with all kinds of sports opportunities. (There's year round skiing on a glacier.) In the last issue of the Courier, we heard about the trip from Vail to Costa Rica. Here's what happened on the rest of the journey.



Nov. 21, 2005. So, the last time I wrote, I believe I was in Southern Costa Rica, surfing on the Osla Peninsula. That was a very special stop. Costa Rica has shockingly beautiful jungles, beaches and wildlife. Our car had taken quite a beating driving down so far in the rain and thick humidity, so everything we owned was starting to grow a life of its own. Luckily, Justin's friends (and now ours too), KC and Cindy, had a wonderful home at the end of the peninsula where we took shelter for the week. We spent our days surfing, long breaks to ourselves, cleaning and fixing the car and reading (it was here that I started my love affair with Tom Robbins). It also turned out to be the perfect place to get into a car accident. Actually, it was less of an accident and more of getting run off of a very narrow road. After useless attempts at getting the car back on the road, we sent one of the pigs that was witnessing the whole thing to call AAA. Brett went too

and I am still not sure who contacted the help but they rolled up with some serious artillery – a large backhoe and an even larger tractor. Our car gathered a crowd: farmers on horseback, 12 cattle, the five pigs, a pickup truck full of natives (meaning twenty to thirty) and the tractor workers. With the help of everyone we freed the car, paid the tractor workers each twenty dollars (even after they refused money), put the windshield back in and continued on our way.

The next significant stop was Bocas del Torro, Panama. Bocas is an island on the Caribbean side that treated us all too well. It was my first experience of Caribbean life, islander life, and it was magical. Bocas is a series of islands off the Panama mainland just across the border from Costa Rica. The main island of Bocas had established hostels, some restaurants and bars. We stayed at an amazing hostel by the name of Mondo Taitu. It was started by Dan, Daniel and Dave, some American guys who loved the islands and meeting people. The hostel had amazing people, a contagious spirit, great energy, art and quotes all over the walls, and here we made numerous friends, some of which are still with us now. Using this as our base, we took day trips to many of the surrounding islands. Each island had long sprawling white sand beaches, jungle interiors, red frogs, cattle, monkeys, a few sprawling native villages, locals in hand carved canoes with hand made paddles, docks and homes built right over the dancing waterfronts, mangrove bushes, roosters, mud trails, crystal clear water, lakes and smiling children with dirty feet – an innocence, a pureness, a simple happy paradise and a few games of dominoes.

From Bocas we had made too many friends to leave so took them with us. We left with two Canadian girls, Tessa and Emily, and a kiwi, Dan (of the Maori people), into Panama City to try and start the shipping process. There are no roads through the Darien Gap of Southern Panama, so we had to ship our car from Panama City to Guayaquil, Ecuador. We hit Panama City on their longest holiday weekend and the very next week Bush was in town, so all offices were closed for a lot of our visit. This made trying to get our car on a boat long and hard but very educational.



To steal a line from a classic novel, *A Tale of Two Cities*, Panama City "was the best of times, it was the worst of times." It was a Halloween party dressed as Maori tribesmen (tattooed faces and all); it was a cold impersonal hostel. It was amazing people, some of the most open minded and good spirited travelers we had met; it was dangerous impoverished streets. It was Samy's parents showing us incredible graciousness and good times; it was waiting to get our car on a boat for two weeks. It was hours spent walking around Ray's Supermarket planning dinner and trying free samples; it was tedious work organizing the shipping. It was a great bar named Unplugged with the best music of all time; it was a center of world commerce and the epitome of capitalism.

Mostly, it is a city: we are not good in these infectious concrete jungles, but it was a place we all grew up a lot and I came to love it and I always remember it.

Finally, two weeks later, we had our car crated up on a boat to Ecuador, sharing a crate with Pablo, our revolutionary friend. Pablo is a one of a kind Argentinean revolutionary with an amazing mustache,

goatee, and a long skinny mullet. We have been traveling with him for some time now. He saved our tails throughout the shipping process as his language skills and Argentinean stubbornness frighten any dock yard criminals (these are some of the hundreds of your friends who try to rip you off in port towns). With his limited language but profound persona, he has taught us all a lot as well.

From there, our plans to backpack through Columbia fell through due to lack of time and we headed for Ecuador to find our car and embark on the next big stage of our trip, South America. We flew into Quito. The city, nestled 9000 feet high, winds its way through steep mountain valleys. It was a spectacular sight to see how urban sprawl was forced to evolve to the environment rather than the usual other way around. We spent our time there tracking down a sweet Ecuadorian lady, Cecelia. She had lived with Brett until he was five and Tina had contacted her just before we arrived. Cecelia's family was amazing. They took us into their home and on tours of the city and, in return, we took them into our hearts. Cecelia, her four sisters and a few other close relatives all live in a tiny compound just out of the city. We spent a Sunday afternoon with them. On Sundays, all the family from around the area comes to say "Hi," have lunch and tell stories to these old ladies. It was great to witness the true sense of family evident in South American culture.

The beauty of that family is evidence that in every place you will find good people. Quito also had incredible problems with poverty, crime and corruption. The majority of people we met there had been mugged or robbed in some way. It was awakening to see poverty congested in the limited space of a city. Quito was one of the poorest cities I have ever come across. It is just one of thousands of cities in this world where rule is not set by government but by a struggle to survive. The sights, sounds and smells of the city sit vivid in my mind. They will forever remind me how much of the world lives. It leaves me asking if there is another way to live. These people have no choices. They have no freedom. When these people were indigenous, they knew a good way to live. They knew how to grow, plant, fish, dance, write, sing and put a roof over their heads. Now, many of them feel abandoned and scared. Life cannot proceed in this manner. I think I/we are witnessing a revolution.

Away from there, we headed out of the hills toward the coast to the surf town of Montinita to do a little surfing while we waited for our car, Pablo, and Dan (the kiwi) to catch up. Getting our car out of Guayaquil took two days, which is a reported record time (again thanks to Pablo). In the mean time, we were cheering



on the soccer club at the local stadium. Our first South American game had everything we could have asked for except a goal. The 0 - 0 tie had four dollar jerseys of the home team so we were part of the pack, which, at a South American soccer game, is a necessity. It had fireworks, confetti, huge drums, over 40,000 people in yellow, oversize flags, flying beers, bleachers on fire, irate police, the smell of cut grass and drunken piss, large beers for a dollar and empanadas for only fifty cents.

After we got our car out, we hit the road and just crossed into Peru. The spirit of the group is high and we are all excited to be on the move again. Much love. Slade.

(Mikey Hovey developed medical problems in Panama City, so he left the group and flew ahead to Cuzco, Peru, where he volunteered with a group teaching children whose parents could not afford regular school and preparing them for school later, until the group arrived. In fact, he stayed a few more weeks and went back to the States for Christmas. By November 30<sup>th</sup>, the group had reached Puerto Chicama and met a friend, "Jesus," who found them a place to stay. There, Slade and one of his friends paddled into the ocean to try "the longest wave in the world," which was described as frigid.)

(Justin Bradshaw informs us that he and Robbie Giardino drove ahead of the others to arrive at Neltume, Chile, for business reasons. Slade and Brett Fleishman went to Bolivia before rejoining the group. Slade, Brett and Robbie celebrated the New Year in Bariloche, Argentina. In Chile, the group is working on developing tourism in an area that has only known forestry as its way of life.)

January 30, 2006 So I slacked off a bit and never quite got around to relating the adventures past, and now the stories are too many and too involved to make anyone sit through.



I did make it to the Boondoggle's final destination, a small town in southern Chile known as Neltume. I have been here for about a month and plan to spend at least one more embracing *the simple life*. The town is one of those one horse, 20 chickens, eight pigs, 13 sheep (well, 12 after Brett and J's birthday celebration / slaughter), too many



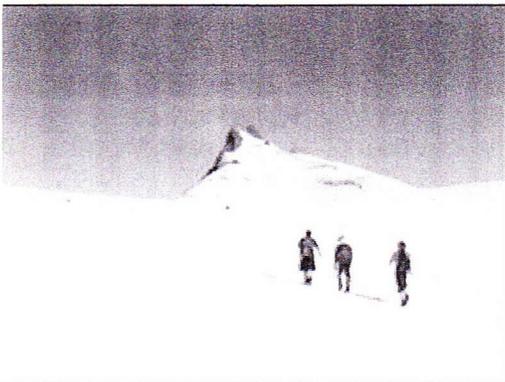
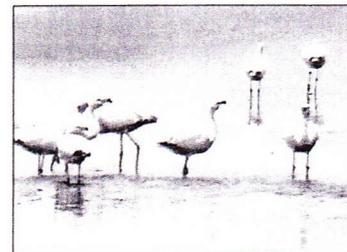
dogs to count, 3 incredible rivers, and one large snow capped volcano. Justin, Ian, Eric, and Robbie bought some land on the Fuy River. It is a beautiful plot of land, with a swim hole, fishing hole and conveniently placed at the take out for the famous upper Fuy kayaking section (a section that includes a 30 foot waterfall). I have yet to run it as I am waiting patiently for the level to drop and my nerves to grow but you can expect some photos of that drop in the next email. Patrick, Kyle, Brandon, Brian, Todd... I think we need to plan a kayak trip back here one year. I have down on the ground work for an incredible trip. Anyway, currently I spend my days playing on another section of river. I am guiding and safety kayaking class 4 trips down the lower Fuy. It is an incredible section. The river has more water then anything around Colorado. It is crystal clear, blue or green depending on the day and angle of the sun. From the



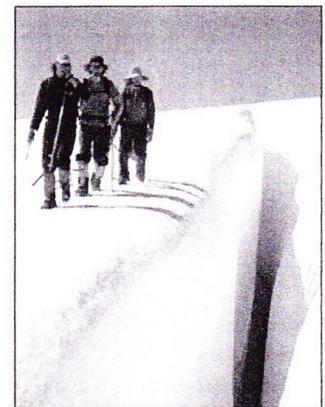
surface, I can see each enormous round boulder resting sometimes 20 or 30 feet below the bubbling surface. The river carves the whole valley into two halves. On one side is the towering snow capped volcano and on the other are jagged peaks tall and true and, unlike American peaks, typically unaware of human existence. It's such a powerful space I often find myself overwhelmed and giggling out load. You might think this would confuse my Chilean clients but they are such a happy friendly people they tend to giggle alongside myself.

The days I am not on the river I am embracing what I have come to know as the simple life. I use my construction and art knowledge (notice I did not say skills) to help build the boys' house. I read. I fish. I cook. Brett, Kristin, Evan (a friend I knew in Copenhagen who works on the river with me) rent a separate house (20 dollars per person a month) two doors down from the boys on the same river. It is a cute house. We have running water, a wood burning stove, but no bathroom. We do have an outhouse and a river to shower and clean our clothing. There is one market in town that has such limited options it requires a creative cook to change the meals each night. The townspeople notice eight gringos. We volunteer time for the boomboros (fire department) and teaching locals English. Maybe it is because they are such giving people or because they think we are a novelty, but the locals could not be friendlier, and a few people have even offered days to help us build. The kids like to play barefoot soccer each night. All in all, Neltume is a wonderful reality and a life style that offers lessons that I never quite expected. For now, I am happy here.

I would love to relate many of my travel stories but South America had too many to relate. Since I last wrote, Mikey, Brett and I got invited on a week-long spiritual retreat with a shaman and a few indigenous people in direct decent from the Incas. I missed my train to Machu Picchu and, in a desperate attempt to hike, we got sent back by a group of angry protesters. I drove for three days across the salt plains of southern Bolivia. This area has the most surreal landscapes. Any attempt to describe it would fill an email. Desert of salt and pink flamingo filled lagoons of various colors - let's just say I was one melting clock and an elephant on stilts from walking around inside a Dali. I went full moon sandboarding in the sand dunes of northern Chile. A local invited me to join him on his commercial fishing boat when I was staying in an adorable Chilean fishing village. I ate nine crab empanadas there too. I spent Christmas eating the world's best steak and wine, touring in Mendoza, Argentina. I spent New Year's in Bariloche, a ski village in southern Argentina, Patagonia. Now I live in Neltume. And, in a month or so, with some replenished funds and a new energy, I hope to finish the voyage south and get to the southern tip of Chile.



Editor's note: Apparently, Slade and his friends got to do some hiking on the glacier nearby as he sent these pictures but no written text. Pictures also show Slade and his friends on a mountain top, a fishing trip with a horse pulling the boat into and out of the sea, pelicans, penguins, a lamb barbeque, a wine tasting and some beautiful rainbows near the waterfall (which the picture above shows that he did run.)



## William Cogswell - Artist

William F. Cogswell (1819-1903, DJC 3955) was born in Fabius, New York, in 1819. He resided in many cities across the East Coast before settling in California. He worked in a color factory in Buffalo before moving to New York City. Although self taught, he became a professional painter and painted portraits of three Presidents: Lincoln, Grant (right – it hangs in the Senate Wing of the United States Capitol) and McKinley. In 1849, the year of the Gold Rush, he visited California but soon returned to New York City. Over twenty-five years he worked in New York City, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville (Kentucky), St. Louis and Washington, D.C.



The portrait of Ulysses S. Grant depicts its subject in a realistically informal pose, slightly slumped and with his coat unbuttoned. The portrait in military dress is probably not a wholly metaphorical choice, since the achievements of General Grant are quite a different thing from those of President Grant. The warrior theme is emphasized by the smoky background and a wispy red lower foreground that could be fire.



William Cogswell is also known for painting General Philip H. Sheridan (left), King Kalakua (right) and Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii and nine California governors, including Peter Burnett, the first governor of California. He also painted at least one Oregon governor, Theodore Geer. Other notable subjects were Mr. & Mrs. Mark Hopkins and Mr. & Mrs. Leland Stanford.



There may be two Lincoln paintings. William Cogswell was commissioned by Congress to paint the Lincoln portrait for the White House. For many years it was in the White House collection and hung in the National Museum of American Art. It shows Lincoln standing with his right hand resting on the arm of a chair and with something (I couldn't identify what) in his left hand. However, on February 12<sup>th</sup>, 2004, the Lincoln College Museum in Lincoln, Illinois, unveiled a recently acquired original 1865 William Cogswell oil canvas portrait of Abraham Lincoln. It had been donated by Louis Starr of Springville, New York, who purchased it about 10 years earlier from an art dealer in Buffalo.

Other paintings are interesting as well. In the reading room of the Mabel Tainter Memorial there is a portrait of Mabel Tainter. This portrait was created after Mabel's death. Her younger sister, Fanny, posed in Mabel's dress and the face was created from earlier photographs and

paintings. An interesting mistake: Mabel was not married, but her sister was.

Cogswell forgot and painted in the wedding ring.

Here are two unidentified paintings by William Cogswell.

They are reproduced here with the permission of askART.

**NOTE:** Information on this page comes from the Internet and its accuracy cannot be guaranteed.



# Brian Cogswell and His Radical Hydraulic Marine Jet

Your editor is grateful to CFA Member Thomas R. Thiell who sent a newspaper article (although the return address was Ms. Netta Thiell of the same address) which he said I could use courtesy of (his cousin?) Halbert Jerry (DJC 9988) Cogswell and his wife Luella (Vincent). The article, from the Clinton County Republican News, St. Johns, Michigan, January 29<sup>th</sup>, 1948, is about Halbert's uncle, Brian A. Cogswell (DJC 8497) (1905-1985). (And this *isn't* on the Internet.)

Brian Cogswell, in 1937, owned a pleasure cruiser but it wouldn't go fast enough for its 200 horsepower motor. He added a second 200 horsepower motor but only gained about 3 miles per hour in speed. That made him angry, so he did some investigating. He found out two things.

(1) The problem was "cavitation" – the turning propeller pushes water to the sides, causing a lower pressure behind it, which causes gases in the water to bubble (like beer) causing a partial vacuum, which holds back the forward motion. Propellers can not be turned in water more than about 500 revolutions a minute before cavitation sets in. The faster the propeller turns, the less work it does and the slower the craft goes. Cavitation also causes a loud noise, although Brian was not concerned about that.

(2) There had been practically no change in the method of propelling a boat through water for 75 years. Boats were still propelled the way they were at the time of Custer's last stand.

To solve the problem, Brian Cogswell decided to put the propeller in a sleeve, with the ends and sides of the blades flat. He tried both a stationary sleeve and a rotating one, and found he could do away with friction caused by the shaft by removing it and turning the whole sleeve, the propeller being driven by the tips of the blades instead of the shaft. (The sleeve is enclosed in an outside casing.) The water cannot fly off the ends of the blades because of the sleeve and cavitation does not occur.

By 1947, it was ready for testing and tests were conducted at a pump manufacturing company at Battle Creek, Michigan. These tests showed that the "jet pump" could be operated at speeds up to four times as fast as conventional propeller-type pumps without reaching the cavitation point. The jet pumped 235 gallons of water per minute at a speed of 2,500 revolutions per minute. On dry land, this allowed a 12-foot head (height straight up) of water from a four-inch outlet. Brian Cogswell, the inventor, was convinced it could do even more. He suggested that a ship as large as the Queen Mary could, by using this jet, be able to cross the Atlantic in "not more than a day," compared to the three days it then took. And it could be used to pump anything liquid, particularly explosive liquids, because of the removal of friction. He also suggested it could be used for sewage disposal or water plants where high pressure is needed.

At the time of the newspaper article, War Department engineers had approved the jet pump and were expected to make a grant of money for further development, and several prominent manufacturers were interested in obtaining patent rights for the invention.

The story does not say how fast Brian's boat would go with this radical hydraulic marine jet – or even if he had been able to have one ready to install on his boat by then.

## Here's a Bit of the *History of Jet Propulsion from the Internet*

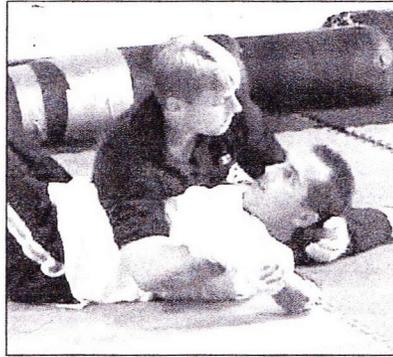
Jet propulsion is the driving forward of a body by means of a jet or gas fluid. The idea dates back to the 1st century AD when Hero of Alexandria built an engine called the aeolipile. He mounted a hollow metal globe with projecting tubes between two pipes so it could spin. Steam entered the globe through the pipes. As it escaped through the bent tubes, the jets of steam spun the globe.

Sir Isaac Newton designed a jet propelled carriage called Newton's Wagon. A water-filled sphere was heated by fire, creating steam. A large nozzle projected back from the sphere. As the steam escaped from the nozzle, it propelled the wagon forward.

Attempts to develop hydraulic jet propulsion for ships were made by British and Swedish engineers as early as the 1920's. In such a system, water is inducted at the forward end of the ship, passed through high-pressure pumps and then exhausted at the stern through one or more nozzles that produce high-speed water jet. Both highly efficient pumps and high speeds are required to make hydraulic jets competitive with other means of ship propulsion. Although water-jet propulsion has not proved successful for large vessels, it is currently employed in some high-speed boats and pleasure craft.

## Cogswells in Sports

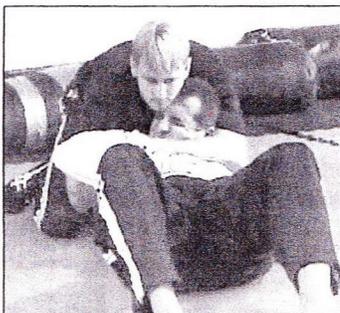
Bill Cogswell (he's the blond guy in the pictures) runs a school and teaches "Progressive Groundfighting Concepts" in Virginia Beach, Va. (Actually, there are two schools – the other where his business partner/friend teaches in Buffalo, N.Y.)



William Kent Cogswell, Jr., was born in Weymouth, Mass., in 1967. After he finished Rockland High School, he began to study martial arts, starting with Kenpo, then to Kick Boxing and then focused on the wrestling based martial arts such as Judo, Brazilian Jiu-Jitsu and Sombo. Sombo is better known as "Sambo" with an "a" instead of an "o" but the group where he did his study changed the spelling many years ago to have the "o". Bill was once told they did that in order to avoid any racial type inflections using the "a." He trained with the United States Sombo Association and received his Black Belt in Sombo from Lance Campbell who, at the time, was President of the USSA. He remained in Southern Massachusetts until 2004 when he moved to Virginia Beach.

His sport, "Sombo," is based on a Russian military style of fighting that is taught to Russian special forces and elite military groups. Sombo is composed of two different types of training and taught the same way. The first type is "Sport Sombo," which is very similar to Judo except with not as many rule restrictions. "Sport Sombo" is sort of a combination of Judo and amateur wrestling with joint locks and chokes thrown in the mix. The second type is "Combat Sombo" and this involves both jacket training and no jacket training and also has self-defense techniques within its structure. In other words, "Combat Sombo" is designed for realistic self-defense, not sport. Combat Sombo has grappling techniques, striking techniques, joint locks, chokes, strangles and gouging techniques, all designed to help you defend yourself in a realistic encounter.

In the pictures on this page (taken by his wife, Jenny) Bill is shown with students. Some were taken on September 12, 2004, when Bill led a Submission Wrestling Workshop for the Bakbakan WHQ, Lodi, New Jersey. Bill and Jenny Cogswell have been married for 13 years and have four children: Christopher Charles, age 13; Kianna Marie, age 10; Kaisee Lynn, age 8 and Tristan age 6.



## *Cogswell Mountain, Gilmanton, N.H.*



You can't read it in the picture, but the sign says it is Cogswell Farm and the date over the door is 1779. That might seem to make it the home of Gen. Thomas Cogswell (*DJC* 324, 1746-1810), a commissioned officer in the Revolutionary War who led a company in the Battle of Bunker Hill and was present at the siege of Boston. When peace was declared, he settled on a farm in Gilmanton, N.H. However, our Secretary, Claire Cogswell-Daigle, says that her ancestor lived there. That is Hon. Thomas Cogswell (*DJC* 879, 1798-1868), who settled on the farm of the former General Joseph Badger, Sr., and became one of the largest landowners (1,000 acres) in Gilmanton, N.H. He was a nephew of Gen. Thomas Cogswell, since his father, who was also a soldier in the Revolution and later became a doctor, was a brother, but lived in Atkinson, N.H., well to the south. A third Cogswell also lived in Gilmanton at least for a time. William Cogswell (*DJC* 874, 1787-1850), an older brother of the younger Thomas, a clergyman, in 1844 became President of the Gilmanton Theological Seminary. He was also Editor of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*.

Just to the right of the house is Secord Road which leads back to Cogswell Mountain. The mountain was probably named for one of these Cogswells – but which one? Probably not William, who lived there only six years. Perhaps the younger Thomas, as it was probably on his land.

It's not a very high mountain but it has two peaks. We walked to the top of one of them. The present owners are John Allen, a semi-retired Episcopal priest, his wife, Ursula, and their son Frank. (Another family owns a 190-acre wood lot on the mountain. They have put it under a conservation easement so that it cannot be developed except as a woodlot.) Frank already owned a 220-acre lot that included one of the peaks when he was invited to view another 104 acres that were in danger of being divided up for the greatest financial gain. He told his parents about it.

Ursula Allen was born in Germany. "I grew up in a countryside which has been cultivated and tamed for more than a thousand years but came to love the wilder beauty of New England," she says. The lot included a beaver pond and Ursula longed to "own" one – which was impossible in Germany. They, together with the Forest Society, bought the land and gave a conservation easement, so the town of Gilmanton is the only possible developer and, not owning the land, cannot develop it.

Today, the land is used mainly for educational and conservation purposes. Student Chet Tasse oversaw the construction of an observation deck over part of the pond as his Eagle Scout project. With the help of J. R. Stockwell, a professional builder and husband of one of the teachers, they built a very fine deck, which they dragged across the ice and assembled in the winter of 2003-04. Now, people can watch the beaver, various species of ducks, Canada geese and successive generations of herons who nest on the pond's standing dead trees. A group of students created some rock and tree branch art along a nature trail (see picture). Vermont sculptor and furniture maker, Mark Ragonese, through an "artist-in-residence" program, helped students create benches, archways and sculptures from natural materials such as rocks and tree branches and place the art along the Allen property nature trail. Mary Fougere, Gilmanton Elementary's science teacher, applied and received a grant to establish a program bringing the Audubon Society in to work with students and teachers on a weekly basis. Two days a week, Megan Sommers, Program Naturalist from the Prescott Farm Audubon Center, helps teachers enrich their educational programs with hands-on learning – sometimes in the classroom but often outside on the Allen property. A spring visitor watched as the sky flooded with hundreds of birds.... hawks, kestrels, coopers and redtails to name a few. Birds that sometimes preyed on each other flew in harmony, some higher up, some just above the tree line, all headed toward their summer grounds.



It is good to know that Cogswell Mountain is appreciated by so many people.



## Mildred Cogswell Manogue

April 18, 1908 - April 13, 2005

My grandma was a remarkable woman. She graduated from college in 1927, when very few women attended. At left is her graduation photo. She wore knickers. And she loved hats. She lived all of her life in Wisconsin, as Millie Cogswell, third of four daughters (Margaret, Doris, Mildred and Jessie) of Allan J. Cogswell, who owned a creamery in Whitewater, Wis., and Edith Lyle (Bauerman) Cogswell, until she married my grandfather, Darrell (Dude) Manogue, in 1932. They had five children, all living in southern Wisconsin except one son who died about 1990. Darrell Manogue died in the mid seventies and the last few years of her life Mildred went back to using the Cogswell name.

I realize as I sit to write this that to say she had a profound influence on me is an understatement. She was a teacher and she taught me to read when I was in kindergarten. I got hooked a couple years later when she introduced me to Anne of Green Gables by L.M. Montgomery. The series of books was my Grandma's favorite and quickly became mine. I later became a teacher, following both Anne and Grandma. And yes, we all have red hair.

It didn't bother her a bit that I dressed differently than all the kids in high school and had strange friends. Now, looking back on the photos, I see that she likely had the same attitude as a teen. She has always been very supportive of both me and my sister. After my father's death in 1992, we became even closer. After losing her youngest

child, even though he was 53, we weren't sure how she'd survive. She showed her usual spunk and has done very well. Even last week she was scolding the nuns in the home she has been in for the last 2 years. Here she is last fall (2004) with Lily.

Everyone should be so lucky as to have such a kindred spirit in their lives. I'm grateful.

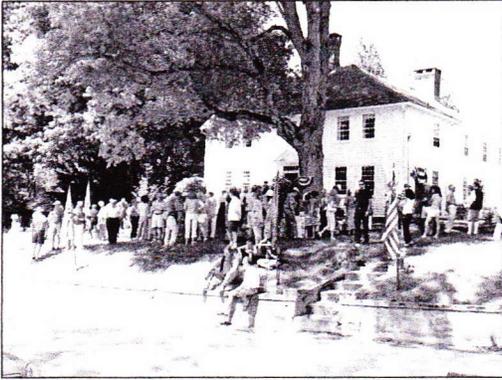
I now live with my husband, John MacDonald, in West Hartford, Ct, where the American School for the Deaf is. They house a museum full of Cogswell stuff. My 5-year old is Elizabeth Cogswell. She enjoys telling people that the statue of Alice is one of her relatives.



- Dawn Manogue

(Editor's note: Mildred Cogswell Manogue was a Cogswell Family Association member until about 2003. Her parents, Allen J. Cogswell and Edith Lyle Bauerman, are not listed in *Descendants of John Cogswell*. The above article [with added information here] was posted by Dawn in her blog on the Internet, along with the pictures.)

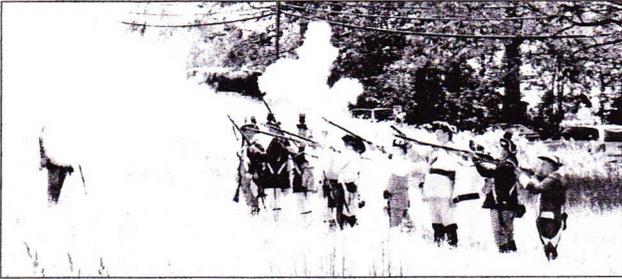
## Cogswell Tavern Celebration



How does one celebrate 250 years of hospitality? You throw a party, of course! On Sunday, May 28, 2006, friends and townspeople joined the family to commemorate the 250<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Cogswell house/tavern and the family's continuous ownership. In a special ceremony, a tree was planted to start the next 250 years of history for the house.

Revolutionary re-enactors thrilled the crowd with a demonstration of marching and musketry in a field where General Washington's troops once camped. In addition, there were plenty of other Colonial activities. On the lawn, children made toys of years ago, watched a spinner spin wool and explored a small replica camp set up by the 5<sup>th</sup> Connecticut

Regiment and the Connecticut Militia groups. Many people enjoyed the opportunity to tour the historic house, led by members of the family, many of whom were in period dress. In the barn, people listened to Colonial music, learned to reel dance and decorated cookies with patriotic colors. There was also a display of some of



the Cogswell papers that have been donated to the Gunn Museum in Washington, Conn. (These include correspondence, account books, land deeds, wills, business records, church records, voting records, school records and personal items from throughout the house's long history).



The house is still owned by direct descendants of Major William Cogswell who built the house in 1756. There were 17 members of this family present. Seen (left) are: Dick Lee, a descendant of William Sterling Cogswell, a grandson of Major William; one of the re-enactors, Walt Beeman, another descendant, and, also attending, Peg Simons, another descendant and an active member and board member of the Cogswell Family Association.



Cogswell Tavern, in New Preston, Connecticut, is a private family residence. William Cogswell

moved to New Preston, Conn., in 1745 with his family from Preston, Conn. His father, Edward, had purchased the 33<sup>rd</sup> lot in the south tier of the North Purchase of New Milford. In 1756, Edward conveyed two parcels of land to his son, William, on one of which he built Cogswell Tavern. William was about 22 years old when he built the house. In 1762, he married Anna Whittlesey. They had 10 children.

William was a First Selectman, a member of the Committee of Correspondence, a Justice of the Peace, Major in the State Militia and Captain in the army of the Revolution.

By the time William died in 1784, he had acquired over 2,000 acres of land, owned a country store, an iron foundry, a saw and grist mill, a potashery, a distillery, a malt-house and a tavern (the present house).

Family lore tells us that George Washington stopped at Cogswell Tavern three times during his travels through New England. In his diary notation of May 25<sup>th</sup>, 1781, he states, "Breakfasted at Squire Cogswell's." Family tradition also holds that it was while en route to New Preston General Washington was told of the treachery of Benedict Arnold. He was so upset that "he couldn't sit and paced the room holding a bowl of warm milk".

It is also family lore that this house was used as a sanctuary for runaway slaves as part of the "Underground Railway". Happy Birthday to a grand old house!

Story is by Sally Woodroffe; pictures courtesy of Sally (Mrs. Dick) Lee.

## Cogswells in the News

February 11<sup>th</sup>, 2006. Edward Cogswell, Jr., 63, of Macon, Ga., was shopping when a gunman approached his minivan in a parking lot, threatened his 60-year-old friend who quickly got out of the car, leaving Cogswell's dog, Peppy, in the car. Another man joined the gunman driving off, with Peppy barking loudly. Twelve hours later, police found the minivan less than a mile from the store but no sign of Peppy. The dog is almost a year old, female, and of mixed breed – probably rat terrier and dachshund – weighing about 20 pounds. Edward, who did not sleep much the following week, was offering a reward for Peppy's return.

**CANADA:** Cogswell descendant Edward B. (Ned) Chase, QC, (DJC 8311) is Acting President of the Kings County Bar (N. S.) for 2005/6. He is presently the Chair of the Canadian Bar Association, Nova Scotia Elder Law Section, a member of the Executive of the CBA National Elder Law Section and Chairman of the Kings County Children's Foundation.



This wooden bear was carved from the trunk of an old pine tree in February in Twin Falls, Idaho, by Filer chain saw artist, Gary Cogswell. He took about six hours and hammered two large black marbles into the wood that serve as eyes. He has been sculpting bears since he learned chain saw carving about six years ago. Most of his bears share cartoon-like facial features and big round bellies - but the character of the wood makes each one unique. A woodcutter by day, Cogswell also carves smaller 1-foot-high bears as well.

Susan Cogswell, Connecticut Insurance Commissioner, was one of the 14 commissioners on the Terrorism Insurance Implementation Working Group, which met March 29, 2006, in New York City. On April 12<sup>th</sup>, she entered hospital for surgery for a non-cancerous tumor, and was released April 17<sup>th</sup> from St. Francis Hospital and Medical Center to recuperate at home.

There's been a spike in graffiti over February and March in Longmont, Colorado. Michelle Cogswell is one of two city inspectors charged with ensuring that graffiti gets cleaned up. Cogswell relies on letters, warnings and even Boy Scout groups to help get graffiti removed.

April 6, 2006: John H. Cogswell, Vice-Chairman; Needham Board of Selectmen, (and Treasurer of the CFA) gave 125<sup>th</sup> salutations at the town of Wellesley's celebration of its 125<sup>th</sup> birthday.

Saturday, April 8<sup>th</sup>: The national anthem was sung by junior Adam Cogswell to start a Walk for Hope at Whitworth College, Spokane, Wash.

New South Wales (**Australia**), March/April 2006: Crown Advocate Richard Cogswell, SC, has been involved in at least two cases keeping sex offenders in prison: in one, arguing against the appeal of a life sentence; in the other, obtaining an order to keep a dangerous offender in prison past the end of his sentence while a new bill (April 3<sup>rd</sup>) for that purpose is tested in court.

Boone County Conner High School students Ty Braunwart and Mickey Cogswell took gold in the debate team category at the State Skills USA Leadership and Skills Conference in April in Louisville, Kentucky. They now qualify for the national competition, in Kansas City in June.

Lisa Cogswell (mother of Coleman Cogswell – April Courier) is among the organizers of a youth track meet held in McCool Junction, Nebraska, May 6<sup>th</sup>. The competition was for students aged 7 to 14.

The sixth annual Erik Cogswell Memorial Conference on Bipolar Disorder was held on May 5 at Faro Gardens, Hampton Falls, N.H. Six years ago, Erik Cogswell committed suicide in Durham, N.H., as a result of his suffering from bipolar disorder. His friends and family, Karin and Ed Cogswell, established the Erik Cogswell Memorial Fund at Seacoast Mental Health Center in his memory.

May 11<sup>th</sup>: Christopher Cogswell, 36, of Hanson, Mass., was one of 16 people who were named Carnegie Heroes by the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission. On October 21<sup>st</sup>, 2004, he pulled Wilton Wetter, 37, from his car after it went over an embankment and exploded. Both survived.



May 25<sup>th</sup>: Arnold Cogswell (DJC 7119), who has been on the Albany (NY) Medical Center's Board of Directors for more than 50 years, received an honorary Doctor of Science degree from the medical college during the ceremonies at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center in Saratoga Springs.

June 19<sup>th</sup>: Restoring the Cogswell Memorial Fountain in Central Park earned the Rockville Downtown Association an award, given by the Connecticut Main Street Center at a ceremony in New London. The award recognizes the organization for excellence in administering a public improvements project. Restoration projects like the Cogswell Fountain are important tools in helping to preserve local history for future generations and visitors. (See April Courier.)

**New Zealand:** Lawyer Paul Cogswell is offering to answer questions online from owners of leaky homes. Free legal information for readers' questions will be very valuable.

**Canada:** May 30: Rusagonis, N.B., resident Linda Cogswell is furious because Canada Post has cancelled delivery of mail to her rural mail box at the end of her driveway, citing poor road conditions and unsafe mail boxes. That means she must drive 20 km. (12½ miles) to get her mail in Fredericton. Linda says residents should have been consulted first and many would have found large mailboxes installed by Canada Post acceptable. Delivery may resume if the boxes can be made acceptable but a study had just been commissioned to determine a new definition of a safe mailbox, so that could take some time.

## *This and That*

### **2005 Laurel Award Recipient: Dr. Eric Cogswell (DJC 9726)**

Born in the Annapolis Valley, N.S., he received his B.Sc. and M.D. at Dalhousie University and received post-graduate education in Halifax and Toronto. Dr. Cogswell commenced Internal Medicine practice in Grand Falls, Newfoundland, moving to Joseph Brant Hospital (JBH) in Burlington, Ontario, in 1969. He also provided services in Grimsby and Milton, until full-time internists arrived in those communities. He served as President of the JBH Medical Staff and on most hospital committees. He was the Co-Chair of the committee establishing the Rehabilitation Department at JBH and later served as its chairman. Dr. Cogswell established the area's first cardiac treadmill exercise testing in 1979. As an assistant professor at McMaster, he was involved in the clinical teaching of family practice residents for many years. After thirty-five years in active practice, Dr. Cogswell retired in 2004 to devote more time to sailing.

### ***Prevent False Alarms***



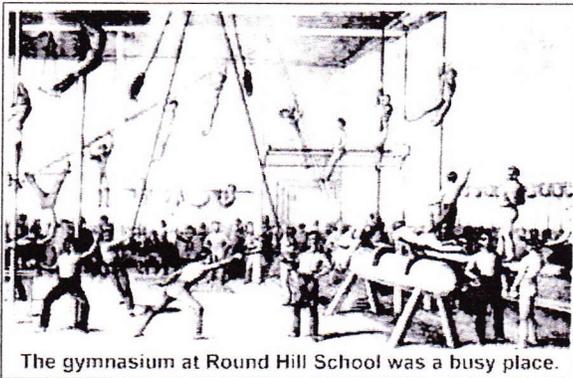
James Byerly Cogswell is not a commissioned police officer but a civilian professional, although he wears a police uniform most days. That is, his job doesn't command high pay for high risk. He administers the alarm reduction program for the Leawood, Kansas City, Mo., Police Department, working with local, national and international organizations to find and promote ways to prevent false alarms from fire and intruder alarms in people's homes. He also manages the Property and Evidence function and is responsible for taking in and safeguarding any and all property found by Leawood police officers and any evidence that is being held for criminal cases. That can be anything from a pack of cigarettes taken from a minor to DNA evidence or body parts from a murder scene. In addition, he runs the Municipal Court Security, teaches

people about installing child safety seats in their vehicles and does other little jobs.

He has been with the Leawood Police Department for ten years and, prior to that, was with The Springfield/Greene County Emergency Communications Center in Springfield, Missouri.

Jim traces his ancestors through John R. Cogswell (1920-1993, born in Md.), James B. Cogswell (1883-1939 born in Hudson, Wis.), James Cogswell (1854-1907, born in Washington County, Minn.), Theodore Cogswell (1818-1890, born in Washington County N.Y.), James Cogswell (1781-1873, born in Wayne County Mich.) to Benjamin Cogswell (1755-? born in Vermont). (His grandfather changed the spelling, dropping one "g" when he got a passport in the 1920's to go to Mexico to work as a mining engineer.) He has a copy of Jameson's *The Cogswells in America* but has not been able to connect himself to it.

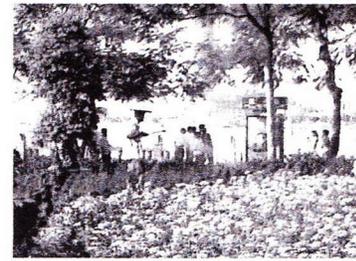
### ***Round Hill School Exhibit***



An exhibit will be open March 31 through Dec. 22., 2006, at 46 Bridge St., Northampton, (Mass.) featuring the Round Hill School, founded in 1823 by George Bancroft, who went on to be the U.S. Secretary of the Navy and Joseph Green Cogswell (DJC 775). It closed in 1834. The school, for boys ages 9-14, had some shocking ideas about how to educate boys: that physical education should be an integral part of the day (they had the first gymnasium in the United States) and that it was important to learn French, Italian or German. The school failed because Bancroft left and Cogswell became burned out.

***Henry Cogswell College in Everett, Wash., is closing.*** President Bill Pickens says it's losing money because of declining enrollment. From 220 students two years ago, it was projected to have 156 this fall. The college offered degree programs in electrical engineering, mechanical engineering, digital arts, computer science and business. It has ten full-time faculty and 25 part-time employees. Henry Cogswell College is operated by the San Diego-based Foundation for Education Achievement. Nancy Desmond, Associate Dean and Registrar, confirms that the closing will happen September 1<sup>st</sup>. School officials have begun talks with other schools, including Columbia College in Marysville, to find a place for Cogswell students to continue their studies, said Pickens. "We will be doing our best to place students in other programs," he said.

## *Ed Cogswell in China*



My name is Ed Cogswell. I have worked as an aircraft electrician for the Boeing Company in Seattle, Washington, since 1980. I have participated in testing many planes the company has developed. In 1990, I was promoted to "test airplane maintenance crew manager." We take an uncertified airplane and install an instrumentation system on it. Flight test engineering designs the installations but the flight maintenance crew installs and maintains them. Installations must be done within the budget and in time for the plane's flight testing schedule. Since testing occurs in a wide variety of environments and conditions, once the plane is ready, we must travel around the world if necessary. We have spent a lot of time in the North Atlantic, Europe, Asia, Australia, Southern California and Montana. It has been an interesting career.

Last fall, the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers went on strike just as Boeing was starting an interesting new marketing strategy. Older Boeing 747's were still safe to fly, but starting to show their age, and not as efficient as newer airplanes. Airlines want new airplanes to save costs, but what to do with the older ones? Boeing has been working on a plan to convert older 747 passenger airplanes into cargo airplanes. This will generate extra income for the airline, which it can use to buy newer and more efficient passenger airplanes. Of course, the conversion must be done in a place that can provide the experience and labor at a moderate cost. Boeing found what they needed in the People's Republic of China. China has lagged behind the rest of the industrial world but they are now interested in catching up. So agreements were made to accomplish this conversion at Xiamen (Fujian Province). The first airplane was already undergoing conversion when the IAM labor strike started in September, 2005.

As a manager, I was not on strike. When I heard that people were going to Xiamen, I volunteered. Boarding the plane in Seattle on September 11 (9/11), I wondered what was ahead for me. I had been recertified with all my airplane electrical certifications back in Seattle and I am a licensed FAA Airframe and Powerplant Mechanic. My apprehensions were, rather, that I spoke no Chinese (Mandarin is spoken in Xiamen) and had concerns about living in a Communist society. Of course, this unknown is what had persuaded me to volunteer for this assignment in the first place!

The taxi ride from the airport to the hotel was very "educational." I had never seen such chaos on the road! Bicyclists and pedestrians were everywhere and they crossed the street whenever they wanted. The cab drivers did not feel obligated to yield. These pedestrians were on their own. I noticed that a four-lane road soon had five or six lanes of traffic! Cars would be heading directly toward each other, yet they communicated well enough to know who would yield in the battle for position. I saw few accidents.

I found the Chinese people polite and gracious. In fact, they have been isolated from the Western world so long that they were very curious about us Americans. Young children waved at us on the street. We would hear elementary school children singing songs in English. Walking the streets, we were impressed with their shops and shopping malls. At first, I was concerned that we might be robbed in the various taxicab rides or that we would fall victim to pick pockets on the street. However, this is a Communist government and I learned that they deal with crime swiftly. During my month there, I was never a victim of any crime.

The most curious part of this visit was that I spoke no Chinese and few Chinese spoke any English. Yet, most of the restaurants had menus with both Mandarin and English on each line. I could point to what I'd like in English and they would see what I was pointing at in Chinese. My hotel, which hired only people who could speak English, would hand us cards that listed the popular sights to visit. Again, I would see the title in English and show it to the driver in Chinese. Surprisingly enough, this worked out quite well.

At work, most Chinese could not speak English. It was quite a challenge trying to communicate at first. They all tried very hard to help me with whatever I needed, yet most communication was sign and body language. It wasn't until a few days later that I realized that they could all read and write English. This is a requirement of the Aircraft Repair Station there. Yet it was never a requirement to learn how to speak it.

Over a month's time, I experienced many things in Xiamen, which I don't have space to share in this article. I feel fortunate, though, that I was able to experience the world of the people in the People's Republic of China. During recent years, the United States has started to develop an economic relationship with China. As time goes by, I think we will see more of this. This is a country with vast resources and labor. It is a country that will become more and more of an international economic and technological force.



## ***From the Secretary's Desk***

*Hello, Cousins:*

*I am back at my desk and doing fairly well.*

*My home email has changed and is now [jewel321@comcast.net](mailto:jewel321@comcast.net)*

*I wish to "Thank" all who sent cards and kind words to me at the time I needed them the most.*

*Most of the dues are paid for this year but a reminder will go out the first of the month.*

*Reunion is coming up in September and we haven't heard a lot about it. What's going on, John?*

*We are still growing slowly but we are edging up to a four hundred and fifty membership count.*

*Have a good summer.*

*Your Secretary,  
Claire*

## ***Cogswell Deaths, 2006***

*George Ralston Cogswell, Austin, Texas, died January 9<sup>th</sup>, 2006*

*Robert "Bob" Cogswell\*, Gladwin, Michigan, died Feb. 21<sup>st</sup>, 2006*

*Kenneth Cogswell, Grayling, Michigan, died Feb. 22<sup>nd</sup>, 2006*

*Lorain T. (Brann) Cogswell, Monmouth, Illinois, March 21<sup>st</sup>, 2006*

*Lucy M. (Tomaso) Cogswell, Walpole, Mass., April 11<sup>th</sup>, 2006*

*Donald Edward Cogswell\*\*, Milford, Conn., died April 13<sup>th</sup>, 2006*

*Alice Rhea Lutz, Rancho Palos Verdes, California +*

*Roger Wesly Peters, Salt Lake City, Utah +*

*Leanora Doran, Yardley, Pennsylvania +*

*Pamela J. Cogswell, (Mrs. P. Shields), Dover, N. H., died Monday, June 5, 2006*

*Howard Cogswell, Hayward, California, died June 8<sup>th</sup>, 2006 +*

*John Landreth Dake, husband of Ruth Cogswell, Marietta, Ohio, died June 20<sup>th</sup>, 2006*

*(+ CFA member; \* son; \*\* father)*

## ***Welcome to the Cogswell Association the following new members.***

*Peggy LaChapelle, Ocean Park, Washington*

*Julie Rogers Clifford, Hilton Head Island, South Carolina*

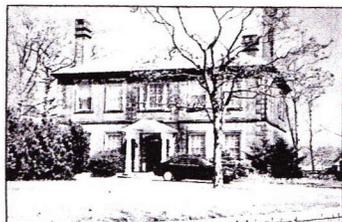
*David Peters, Park City, Utah*

*In the beginning the world was without form, and void. And God said, "Let there be light." And God separated the light from the dark - and did two loads of laundry.*

## From the Editor's Desk

Last Christmas, your editor received a gift of a new chair from his wife and son. So, instead of a cartoon editor pictured on this page, you get an actual photo this time. That's not an odd bald spot – my wife just didn't think to get me to comb my hair before taking the picture. And I'm looking at the wallpaper on the computer – a picture of someone skiing on our local ski hill. (I don't ski but have been up to the top in the lift to see the fall colors.) I've now changed the wallpaper to show Cogswell's Grant in Essex but I didn't have the picture in time for the April issue.

In addition to the much better chair, I must give tribute to my wife who proof reads the entire Courier and shares with me sticking on the address labels and the stamps. Without her, it would be a very big job.



In May, we attended the 50<sup>th</sup> reunion of my graduating class at Mount Allison University in Sackville, N.B. The program included meeting the President at Cranewood (left), the childhood home of Ruth Crane, who married Edward Cogswell (*DJC 3767*) and



lived at what is now Marshlands Inn (right). Edward's sister, Mary (*DJC 3761*), was married to Joseph Allison, a brother of Charles Allison, whose large grant helped found the University. Charles, Joseph and Edward were business partners.

## About the Cover of this Issue

When I got the idea of putting a picture on the cover of the Courier, I didn't think about how hard it might be to find suitable pictures. However, after four pictures, I was hard pressed to think of something for the next issue. My search for symbols and seals came up pretty much empty, but I did find a picture of Buena Vista, Colorado – the site of our reunion next month. Or I could use a picture from one of the stories inside. If anyone has any ideas for cover pictures, as well as stories for inside, I'd be pleased to hear about them.

## Ralph Waldo Emerson Property Conserved

Many thanks to Barbara Sachs who sent a clipping from the Rock River (Ill.) Times, informing us that Jack and Colleen Holmbeck have donated their 25-acre Bear Lake property to the West Wisconsin Land Trust to prevent development of 1,400 feet of shore on the lake. Ralph Waldo Emerson (*DJC 2281*), owned the land (part of 129 acres) from 1856 until his death in 1882, having bought it as an investment in "the West." The 43 acre lake has two permanent residences and no cottages, making it one of the least developed lakes in the region.

## More on Cogswells on the Computer Chip in Space

CFA member Dr. David Cogswell (*DJC 9725*) writes, "Eric is my brother and we named our son after him so Eric Karl is our son. Eric K. put our family names on the space craft computer chip that was mentioned in the last Courier." David L Cogswell, Eric Cogswell, Eric K. Cogswell, Heide A. C. Cogswell, Karen Cogswell, Sonya E. Cogswell and Suzanne Cogswell are members of that family – father, uncle, mother and four children.

## In the December Issue

Of course, the December issue will have reports of the Colorado Reunion, but also watch for a couple of Cogswell tattoo artists – one in New York, the other in Germany. (They're both American.) The Canadian Connection will probably be a story about Mason Cogswell (who came to Nova Scotia from Connecticut with his family when he was 10 years old.)



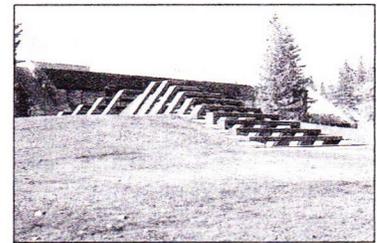
## Canadian Connection



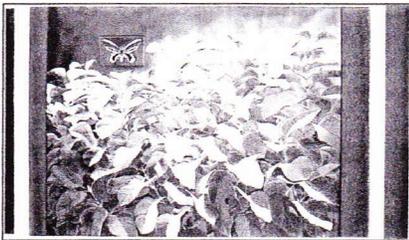
British Columbia's artist Barry Cogswell is probably not a descendant of John Cogswell. He was born in London, England, in 1939, where he received an Intermediate Diploma in Fine Art from the Hammersmith School of Art in 1962. Two years later, he received a National Diploma of Design in Pottery. He spent a year traveling in North Africa and around the Mediterranean, then four years as a partner in the company Cogswell Carruthers Design Associates, where he was designer and producer of ceramic products. In 1969, he emigrated to Canada where he set up his own company as sole proprietor of Just Fine Design in North Vancouver. He became a Canadian citizen in 1979.

He supplemented his income as a sculptor and a post-secondary art teacher and administrator. In 1975, he became an Instructor of drawing, sculpture and ceramics at the Studio Art Department of Capilano College in North Vancouver, where he remained until he retired from teaching in 2004. In 1998, he took a 6-month sabbatical to study plant structures in Malaysia.

During the seventies and early eighties, he had some success as a sculptor and had two one-person exhibitions at the Vancouver Art Gallery during the 1970s. In 1983, he was invited to exhibit in Stuttgart, Germany, in an exhibition showcasing contemporary trends in Canadian installation art. For personal reasons he then quit exhibiting and began developing work which, for him, more accurately reflected the realities of the world at the end of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. He found a way of combining his horror at the insanity of the human destruction of the natural environment with his desire to return to the discipline of painting.



'Structured Dolmen 2' 1979



'Queen Alexandria's Birdwing' 2004

When he began exhibiting again, he chose to paint details of the canopy of the tropical rain-forest with renderings of assumed museum specimens of highly threatened Birdwing Butterfly species from the area of New Guinea, among the largest in the world. "Suddenly there seemed a very valid reason to paint; to paint a subject that I care deeply about – to paint for myself... not for exhibitions... not for recognition, for myself alone," he said. The paintings make little reference to the current trends in contemporary art. Instead, "...they have been dealing, on a very

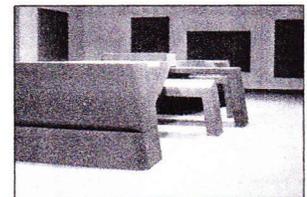
personal level, with my deeply heartfelt frustration at the worldwide habitat destruction and resultant loss of animal and plant species." He has recently realized that he can use his paintings to benefit the environment by contributing part of the proceeds of any sales to, or by having benefits for, such groups as the David Suzuki Foundation and other wildlife organizations.

These paintings were also part of his next two exhibitions, both titled *A Delicate Balance*, at the Pendulum Gallery, Vancouver, (October 7<sup>th</sup> to 21<sup>st</sup>, 2001) and The Mildred Erb Gallery, Nelson Museum, Nelson, B.C. (June 30<sup>th</sup> to July 31<sup>st</sup>, 2004). The latter gallery said of the exhibit, "Collectively, his paintings reflect humankind and its role as caretakers of the environment and poses questions of self, while constructing authentic and vibrant images of the unique butterfly."

Although retired from teaching, he did not retire from art and had an exhibition titled *Inheritance/remnants* at the Ferry Building Gallery, West Vancouver, in April and May of this year, and has another, as yet untitled, scheduled for August and September at the Sugar and Sugar Gallery, Vancouver.

Public collections of his paintings are held by Vancouver General Hospital, the Canada Council Art Bank, the Federal Government of Canada, the cities of Vancouver, West Vancouver and North Vancouver and the Banff Center for the Arts.

Single Column 1977



For more information, go to [www.barrycogswell.com](http://www.barrycogswell.com)

## Cogswell Polytechnical College Founders' Day, 2006



**Cogswell**  
Polytechnical College

More than 150 Alumni, Faculty, Staff and Friends of Cogswell met at the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco on March 18<sup>th</sup> to celebrate Cogswell's 118<sup>th</sup> Founders' Day.

On a picture perfect day – with the sun shining and a view of sail boats in the harbor – guests enjoyed an hors d'oeuvres and beverage reception in the Fairmont's elegant Gold Room. Many alumni remember the Gold Room as the site of special dances and other events during Cogswell's long history in San Francisco.

Memorabilia, photo displays and the artwork of current students filled the room and became conversation pieces. Cogswell also took this opportunity to honor several of our distinguished alumni.

**Grace Mitchell Kennealy and Marion Cronin Van Noorden**, class of 1929, received the award for Alumni from a San Francisco campus. **Grace and Marion** embody the Cogswell spirit. Cogswell's excellent reputation helped them find good jobs after graduation when jobs were hard to come by. And Cogswell also helped form friendships that have lasted a lifetime.

This dynamic duo actively and enthusiastically participated in Cogswell life. **Marion** played basketball, served as Associated Girls Students President, was the office assistant for the Dean of Girls and a charming hostess for the football luncheon and 3A Tea. **Grace** was a star athlete in baseball and basketball, served on numerous committees and was class secretary during her junior year. **Grace** also founded the Daughters of Jazz – a group of eight young ladies who met every two weeks to play bridge – that kept them in touch for decades.

**Roger Rose**, class of 1996, received the award for Alumni from a Silicon Valley campus. Roger received a B. A. in Computer & Video Imaging. He graduated Summa Cum Laude and was Valedictorian. "Roger is a true emissary for the College," said former faculty, Tim Harrington. "For the Roadshow program, he originally served as technical assistant and demo person but quickly developed into the primary speaker."

Prior to graduation, **Roger** was hired by Pixar where he has worked as an animator for the past 12 years. He has been involved with **Toy Story**, **A Bug's Life**, **Toy Story 2**, **Monsters, Inc.**, **Finding Nemo** and is just finishing up work on the soon-to-be-released, **Cars**. Over the years, Roger has assisted Cogswell by serving on our industry-based Advisory Board.

Founders' Day was a wonderful opportunity to catch up with old friends and make new ones. Please plan to join us next year! To see more photos, visit [www.cogswell.edu](http://www.cogswell.edu) and the Events Photo Photo Album in the Alumni Section.



Dr. Chester Haskell, Cogswell College President, addresses the guests.

## Cogswell Neighbors in Ipswich

### *The Burnham Brothers*

When the Cogswell family came to America on the Angel Gabriel, three nephews of Captain Andrews were also on board. They were sons of his sister Mary (Andrews) Burnham. John was age 17, Thomas, age 12, and Robert, age 11 when they left England. We do not know whether it was intended to be a pleasure trip or whether they were bent on seeking their fortune in the New World. The wreck of the Angel Gabriel stranded them and their uncle in America and they all settled in Ipswich, probably getting there on the barque arranged by John Cogswell. Among the belongings saved from the wreck was a chest belonging to the boys.

Note that in 1635, William Cogswell was 16, just a year younger than John Burnham. John was 13, just a year older than Thomas Burnham. We do not have definite information but, with the closeness of age, they were probably friends. When they settled, it was in Chebacco (the part of Ipswich that became Essex) where the Cogswells also lived – John Cogswell being the third settler in that hamlet.

On July 20<sup>th</sup>, 1736, a trader, John Oldham, was murdered by the Pequot Indians and the governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony organized a military force to punish them. Leading the force was John Mason, whose granddaughter married Samuel Cogswell (*DJC* 134). Although organized in August, 1736, the first (and only) battle of the Pequot War did not occur until May 26<sup>th</sup>, 1637. The intervening time was probably spent in training. Among the soldiers were John Burnham, now 19, and Robert Burnham, now 14. (Apparently the Cogswell boys were not in that force – at least, we have no mention of them being in it.) The Indian forts were burned and about 500 men, women, and children were killed. The survivors fled in small groups but most were later killed (some by the Mohawks) or captured. Those captured were made slaves, some sold in the West Indies.

In 1639, Ipswich granted John Burnham land for his service as a soldier in that expedition. He became deacon of the church at Chebacco and was thereafter known as Deacon John Burnham. His wife's name was Mary and they had four children: John, Josiah, Anna and Elizabeth. He became owner of a large tract of land lying on the east side of what is now known as Haskell's Creek. He died on that farm on Nov. 5<sup>th</sup>, 1694.

Robert Burnham went to Boston at the age of twenty and, while there, became one of the company who purchased the town of Dover, New Hampshire, to which place he removed and erected his 'Garrison House' at Oyster River. He married Frances Hill. Their children: Robert, died at age 16, Samuel, died 19, Elizabeth, Jeremiah and Robert. Robert died June 13<sup>th</sup>, 1691, at the home of his brother Thomas, in Chebacco.

Thomas Burnham became Lieutenant, was Deputy to the General Court, was Selectman, was on town committees and was a saw-mill and land owner. He was again involved with the military in the Indian warfare in 1643. His wife's name is given as Mary Lawrence, or as Mary, step-daughter of John Tuttle. Their children: Thomas, Abigail, John, Ruth, James, Joseph, Mary, Nathaniel, Johanah, Sarah and Esther. He died in 1694 aged 71 years.

Two brothers were left in England: Edward, who was older than any of those who came, and Benjamin (born 1621). Benjamin eventually went to Madras, India, where he lived from 1660-1684. He amassed a great fortune in real estate, including 150 acres which included a part of Burnham Road [which is now Regent Street, London], Burnham Beach Cottage and Burnham Wood. When Benjamin died in London, England, about 1691, his will of June 8, 1685, stated that everything would go to his 3 brothers in America. The oldest brother, Edward, who had stayed in England, was quite upset and fought the will in courts. After a long battle in the courts of England, the British Crown confiscated the entire estate, as they were noted for such practice in those days, and the Burnhams never regained the estate, although some American Burnhams went to England to try.

The Burnhams trace their ancestry to Walter Le Veutre, who came to England in 1066 with William of Normandy, was made a lord in 1080 and received the Saxon village of Burnham, County of Norfolk, as a part of his estate. After the Conquest, he assumed the name of Walter de Burnham after the manor and the estate continued to be held by his descendants until after 1700. The ancient seat, "Burnham Beeches," is mentioned in one of Tennyson's poems.

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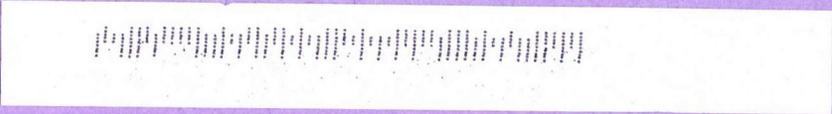
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