

# The Cogswell Courier



Alice Cogswell Statue

*“I neither despise nor fear”*

*August 2013*





## Cogswell Courier

**August 2013,  
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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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Send queries, news, stories, pictures, suggestions to:

Malcolm Cogswell, Editor

66 North Main St., Sutton, QC, J0E 2K0 Canada

E-mail address: **malcolmcogswell@hotmail.com**

Telephone (450) 538-0295

Membership information

(on a calendar basis from January to December)

Write to:

Edward R. Cogswell

214 140th St NW, Tulalip, WA 98271-8105

E-mail address: **ercogswell@frontier.com**

Send genealogical information or enquiries to:

Historian: Eloise ("Elli") Gassert

5902 618 Fourth Avenue, Lady Lake, FL 32159

E-mail: **memaw24427@aol.com**

Historical Database keeper: Roger Bohn

28 Ross St., Batavia NY 14020 e-mail: **rbohn49@gmail.com**

Web Sites

Cogswell Family Association: **http://www.cogswell.org**

Cogswell Courier Blog: **http://cogswellcourierblog.wordpress.com/**

CFA Facebook:

**www.facebook.com/group.php?gid=113661535340209&v=info**



## Brad Cogswell and his Vietnam Adventure

March 7<sup>th</sup>. Depart San Francisco: Vietnam, Philippines, Indonesia and Thailand.

March 9<sup>th</sup>. At Hong Kong airport after 14-hour flight from SFO. Bulkhead seat led to eight hours of sleep. Gooooood morning, Vietnam!

March 10<sup>th</sup>. I arrived in Saigon after 18 hours of travel. Motorbikes crowd the street in unbelievable numbers. Check into Saigon Youth Hostel, meet two girls from Colorado, Kaylee and Hentley, and set out to tour Reunification Palace, the site of the end of the Vietnam War when a North Vietnamese Army tank crashed through its gates (1975). Went out for dinner with five others and had traditional Pho for the first time. Pham Ngu Lao turns into an outdoor bar at night with people sitting around enjoying \$0.75 beers.

March 11<sup>th</sup>. I woke up early to join a tour of the Cu Chi Tunnels, a 250-km network of underground rooms and passages, which headquartered the Viet Cong's guerrilla force. Tunnels were booby-trapped to protect them from American forces and Viet Cong would stay underground for months at a time while fighting. I crawled around the tunnels, which were not built for someone 6'5", and also shot an AK47. Back at Saigon, I visited the War Remnants Museum, which paints a very different picture of the "American War" through photos and stories of some of the atrocities that American troops committed. The "Agent Orange" exhibit was particularly horrific. Leaving Saigon today for the Mekong Delta. Planning to rent motorcycle for three days to explore the area.

March 12<sup>th</sup>. Met Lisa my first night in Saigon, and discussed embarking on a motorbike tour of the Mekong Delta in the south without the typical accompaniment of a guide. We set off via public bus to a town called Ben Tre, along with Lisa's friend, Jen. Only foreigners on the bus – had hilarious time letting older woman listen to my music. Arrived at Ben Tre, and found ourselves on a tour of the Mekong waters with local guide, Lan. Incredible glimpse into life on the river – coconut plantations, coconut candy, fishing, pig farms, carpentry, etc. Boat ride back into Ben Tre at dusk spent looking up at the stars. We had dinner with the crew from the boat, which had grown to six.

March 13<sup>th</sup>. We rented motorbikes in the morning. Met up with one of the older guys on the boat from last night, Bob, who was going on a five day motorbike tour with Lan, the guide. Bob had invited us to join him on the first day of the tour. Drove along Vietnamese back roads, both paved and dirt, as we followed Lan through the heart of rural Mekong. People didn't see many foreigners and seemed thrilled, yelling and waving as we went by. Also forced to use six ferries as we made our way south across the tributaries. Made our way into Soc Tran, which gave us our first glimpse of the amazing green rice paddies just as sun was setting. Food is amazing in the Mekong.

March 14<sup>th</sup>. Said goodbye to Lan and Bob with nothing but our good looks and a map to get to Vinh Long, our destination for the night. Set off through more rice paddies. Even more remote than the day before; road has turned into a sidewalk flanked on both sides by either rice paddies or Mekong river. Lunch in Ke Sach, after which we were supposed to go north to find a ferry to take us across to Tra On. Got completely lost for four hours; finally thought we were on the right track when we came out of a clearing and found our same lunch spot in Ke Sach. Backtracked to a major highway, and sped farther north, ended up in Can Tho for the night. Being lost is no fun, but when you're lost with good company with incredible scenery, it makes it a lot better.

March 15<sup>th</sup>. Made it to Vinh Long in the morning, and plotted a course by back roads back to Ben Tre. Jen crashed into a tree; no lasting injuries though. Got sent in the wrong direction after following a tributary we weren't supposed to, but quickly realized it and changed course. Passing through small villages along the way; again everyone thinking our small caravan was hilarious. Somehow managed to find the right ferries and made it back to Ben Tre as darkness fell. Lisa and I went for dinner and beers to celebrate the end of the adventure.

March 16<sup>th</sup>. Public bus in the morning back to Saigon (3 hours). Rested during the day, then took a bus north to the beach side town of Mui Ne at night (5 hours). Paid a little more than usual for my own



bungalow on the beach (\$12.00). Mui Ne is known for fresh fish, and had an incredible dinner of grilled snapper.



March 17<sup>th</sup>. Crossfit (picture) workout in the morning. Set off on a tour in the afternoon, and met three girls traveling together – Juliet (Holland), Amy and Zoey (England). Visited natural springs set amidst red sandstone walls, the fishing village of Mui Ne, white sand dunes, and watched the sun set perched atop an expanse of red sand dunes. The girls had an extra bed in their room, and offered a place to stay. Ended up at a fresh fish barbecue with them, and sampled some of the day's catch, including crocodile, squid, shrimp and scallops. Also witnessed the process of preparing a live cobra to eat, including milking the venom and removing the

still-beating heart to be eaten as an appetizer.

March 18<sup>th</sup>. Left the girls in the morning, and boarded a bus heading into the mountain town of Dalat. Mountainous winding road bordered by lush green forests, waterfalls and farms terraced on top of one another. French inspired architecture – tall, narrow buildings that reminded me of San Francisco in the way they sat crushed up against each other on the hilly streets. Lunch in the market in the center of the city, and then explored the market (read: got lost) for a couple hours. The Dalat market is different from others I've been to, due to the volume and variety of the produce and meats available. For example, the first time I've seen blackberries, strawberries and artichokes. Crossfit back at the hotel and dinner at the market again.

March 19<sup>th</sup>. Researched how to trek up Lang Biang mountain without a guide, went to the market to pack a day's worth of supplies, and found a public bus to take me to the base of the park. Lang Biang mountain is the tallest peak in the province at 2,200 meters tall. The trek is about 6.5 km., beginning in the hills of the local farmers and ending in a 1.2 km. climb and ridiculously vertical ascent. The views during the trek were incredible, and once I reached the summit, I sat down and grabbed lunch overlooking the forest and surrounding mountains. Should have brought more water than I did... Got back to Dalat, and went to "Crazy House," a house built by Dang Viet Nga to reflect the fusion of nature and architecture (think Dr. Seuss).

March 20<sup>th</sup>. Boarded a bus (6 hours) from Dalat to Nha Trang, a city on the eastern coast known for the beautiful beaches and fun nightlife. Three friends from Canada that I had met in Saigon – Sydney, Chelsea and Adriana, let me know they were also in Nha Trang, I checked into their hostel. Went out to the beach after checking in to find beautiful white sand and clear blue water set against several islands in the distance. The only thing taking away from the view was the huge "Vin Pearl" sign on one of the islands symbolizing the location of Vietnam's Disneyland. Dinner was followed by a night at the backpacker hot spot, "Why Not?", featuring 35,000 dong (\$1.50) cocktail "buckets," foosball, pool table, dance floor and outdoor patio.

March 21<sup>st</sup>. Cocktail buckets are great, except for the fact they are mixed with Vietnamese moonshine, which my body didn't particularly like the next morning. Woke up to a fidgety stomach, decided best plan to recover would be to visit the Thap Ba Hot Springs for a relaxing natural mud bath. Went with the Canadian girls, and spent a couple hours going from bath to warm hot springs to massaging outdoor shower to resort-like pool. It was relaxing, but almost more comical than anything else. Got in a Crossfit workout on the beach afterwards, and had dinner at a small Russian restaurant. Had a couple beers at The Red Apple and Oasis, but called it an early night.

March 22<sup>nd</sup>. Boarded a "junk cruiser" (think hundred-year-old fishing boat) with the Canadians and twenty other backpackers (easy to find as the captain hand-picked the passengers by yelling "young people here!"). First stop was an unimpressive aquarium, modeled as a pirate ship, housing a few species of local fish, sharks and turtles. Canadians dropped my camera in the water. Snorkeling afterwards, but the real fun started on the boat after lunch, when "Vietnam's Best Boy Band" got everyone singing and dancing to songs from their respective countries. Then, the captain set up a floating bar in the middle of the ocean, and we all jumped in and listened to music and drank rice wine. Another beach followed, and by then everyone on the boat had gotten to know each other pretty well. Met up with several of them for dinner, cards on the beach, and stops at Oasis and Why Not for dancing.



March 23<sup>rd</sup>. Quiet day because I was getting on an overnight bus in the evening headed to Hoi An. The bus was the first "sleeping bus" I've ever been on, and while my compartment was small, I was able to

sleep just fine. That being said, the 11-hour ride was sketchy as we would stop in the middle of nowhere to meet covered trucks and load and unload cargo into the bus' luggage compartment. Felt like we were enabling the Vietnamese drug trade – thought it was wise not to ask questions.

March 24<sup>th</sup>. Arrived in Hoi An around 7:00 a.m. Walked for another hour and a half – hot, frustrated, and getting accosted by touts until I finally found a place in the heart of Old Town for about \$16.00. Went off exploring and to grab lunch and found Hoi An extremely charming – the town is driven by its hundreds of tailors and custom fabric shops, but the small shops are all done in French inspired architecture and are dark yellow in color. They surround a river, which runs through the heart of Old Town. Lunch and a beer on the river, then spent a couple hours researching which tailor to visit for custom suits (decided on Kimmy's). Met up with Laura and Kate, two American girls I had met in Nha Trang, and a friend of theirs, Shannon, also from U.S. Beers on the river (\$0.25!) followed by pool playing at the aptly named "Cheap Fun Bar".

March 25<sup>th</sup>. Rented motorbikes with Laura, Kate and Shannon, and drove out to the coast for a beach day. We were fortunate, because at night it was a full moon and the city of Hoi An comes alive with a lantern party on the river. Old Town was completely packed and the bridge and streetlights beside the river were lit up in incredible color. Hundreds of floating lanterns slowly made their way down the river, each one carrying its own wish. Lisa, Jen (both from my earlier Mekong Delta trip, recently arrived in Hoi An) and I got a boat to take us out in the river where we floated out several of our own lanterns in the water.

March 26<sup>th</sup>. Met up with Shannon in the morning to do our own walking tour of Old Town. After breakfast on the river and one of my suit fittings at Kimmy's, we rented motorbikes and went to explore Marble Mountain, a collection of five huge marble outcrops topped with their own pagodas. The largest, Thuy Son, had several natural caves with both Buddhist and Hindu sanctuaries inside built completely out of the marble. Shannon's hotel had a swimming pool so we hung out there for awhile afterwards to beat the heat. Dinner at a place called White Rose, which specializes in a Hoi An wonton dish by the same name. Had a drink on the river, and randomly met up with some of the crew from the Nha Trang boat trip.

March 27<sup>th</sup>. Last day in Hoi An; woke up and had my last suit fitting at Kimmy's (they turned out fantastic). Decided to rent a motorbike again for the 130 km. trip north up to Hue via Hai Van Pass, once known as Vietnam's most dangerous road. Views from the pass were incredible – the small road cutting through the side of the mountain overlooking dense jungle and the ocean. At the top of the pass was a bullet scarred French Fort, later used as a bunker by the South Vietnamese and U.S. armies and as the division between North and South Vietnam. Lunch on a bridge overlooking the ocean, and then tried to get through the remaining part of Highway 1 as quickly as possible (that part was not very fun). Checked into Hue Backpacker's Hostel and crashed.

March 28<sup>th</sup>. Day of planning in the hostel. Walked around town, but other than that spent time working out the next couple of weeks. Boarded an overnight bus to Ninh Binh around 6:00 p.m.

March 29<sup>th</sup>. Arrived in Ninh Binh around 5:00 a.m. in the rain. My guesthouse wasn't open yet, so I fell asleep for a bit on their porch. Met two Italians, Roberto and his girlfriend, Mia, at breakfast, and we decided to explore the Tam Coc caves together. Tam Coc (meaning "three caves") is a two km. stretch of the Ngo Dong River amongst towering limestone cliffs, rice paddies and underground caves. Rented motorbikes, and we headed for the pier. Hired a boat and driver, and we set off in the river with the driver paddling with her feet (as is customary). Drove to Bich Dong pagoda (temple) after, and explored the temple (not entirely impressive) but after climbing a set of limestone rocks at the top, we had an amazing view of the surrounding countryside. Lunch of goat meat served with rice paper and mint leaves, then Crossfit back at the guesthouse. Had banana eel soup for dinner and split a small bottle of vodka with a Finnish guy I met at the restaurant.

March 30<sup>th</sup>. Took a public bus in the morning to Hanoi, and had to deal with the drivers trying to scam me and then getting thrown off the bus. Arrived and found my way to Hanoi Backpacker's Hostel, an awesome hostel with a bar downstairs and great lounge upstairs. Went out that night with Alex and Faye, two English girls in my dorm, and a Swedish guy, Ansii. It was Ansii's birthday, and we had a blast celebrating with him and a bunch of local Vietnamese that we met. Flashback to high school prom as there was a dance podium we found at one of the later clubs and all of us made our way up there at some point (patented shoulder shrug, of course).

Brad continued on through Indonesia, the Philippines and Thailand, where he was still to be found in June, but that part of his travels was recorded only on twitter and Facebook, which are very brief and does not carry the flavor of the places he visited. Brad lives in Newport Beach, California.



## Cogswell Family Reunion in Cleveland

The Cogswell family gathered at the Doubletree by Hilton Hotel in Cleveland on June 20<sup>th</sup>, in a meet and greet room, and signed up for sight-seeing events, which were to fill the daytime hours of the next two days. Many visited the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and the NFL Hall of fame, while others visited the Cleveland Botanical Gardens, the Cleveland Museum of Art, the Great Lakes Science Center and other attractions.



Friday evening we had a banquet supplied by the hotel, and we had three speakers: (1) Ethel Horvath told us about how artist William Cogswell had won a competition to paint a portrait of Abraham Lincoln, and how he had painted several of them, as well as many officials (including Ulysses S. Grant) and the royal family of Hawaii. She also told us that three Cogswell descendants were present in the house when Abraham Lincoln died: Elizabeth (Cogswell) Dixon, her sister Mary (Cogswell) Kinney and Mary's daughter Constance. (2) Caroline Van Deusen told us of how Cogswell Hall was founded in Cleveland by the Women's Christian Temperance Union under the leadership of Helen (Gee) Cogswell, wife of Benjamin S. Cogswell, as a place where friendless girls could receive the training needed to become useful citizens. The focus has changed several times: to senior women, to mentally handicapped persons, but the hall is still in operation. She also told of the discovery of a painting of Lincoln by William Cogswell in the basement, which now hangs in the hall. (3) Squire Bin Forever, (right) aged 398, was the third speaker. He spoke of knowing John Cogswell and his family, and of the importance of families.



On Saturday morning, about 10 members gathered for breakfast at which Dennis Cogswell carried on where Squire Bin Forever had left off, promoting a book he is writing – "Families Are Forever." After another day of sightseeing, the CFA Annual meeting was held at Cogswell Hall, (below) followed by supper with



some of the residents, a tour of the building and then ice cream served by the Cogswell family to the family and residents. Sunday morning was reserved only for check out and departure.

The following letter was received from the Director of Cogswell Hall:

"Thank you so much for coming to Cogswell Hall and serving ice cream for the



residents. I have heard from many of them this morning how much they enjoyed themselves. You helped to make their day very special. I hope you found Cleveland to be a great place to visit. As a transplant I can most assuredly state it is a great place to live. You are all welcome to come again. It was great having time to talk to you and learn more about you, your families, and the Cogswell history. I am sure we will stay in touch through our newsletters and such.

Diana M. Cyganovich, Executive Director, Cogswell Hall, Inc."

## Families Are Forever: Cogswell Courier Edition

Hello. I am Squire Bin Forever. Originality from England, I now hail from Williamsburg, Virginia. I am an adopted member of Nancy and Dennis Cogswell's family. The latter were especially involved in the writing of the first book of the trilogy, *Families Are Forever: Communication*, which will be published in early August 2013. As I am touring America from my present Williamsburg base, I am one of 44,000 Cogswells in the Cogswell data base.

My age is three hundred and seventy-six years, give or take a few. As Dennis and Nancy are my adopted parents, I share Dennis's lineage that goes back to John Cogswell in England. I have visited my family home there. I identify most closely with Ipswich, Massachusetts. Ipswich was the first plantation made under the authority of the Massachusetts Bay colony. A major factor in its founding was the fear of the French encroachment in the area north of Boston. Governor John Winthrop noted his concern in his journals. In the early spring of 1663, he sent his son John Winthrop, Jr., and a small group to establish an outpost in an area of marshland called Agawam. Renamed Ipswich, the town grew rapidly during the Great Migration, and within then years there were about eight hundred inhabitants.

As this is all past, it is important and enjoyable but cannot be felt nor will it have the impact as will things NOW and in the future. It thus is time to move to excerpts from Dr. Dennis Cogswell's new book, "*Families Are Forever: Communication*."



### Families Are Forever!

#### Introduction: Communication in Families: Chapter One

*Anyone who has never made a mistake has never tried anything new.* Dr. Albert Einstein  
*I wake up every morning and grab the morning paper. Then I look at the obituary page. If my name is not on it, I get up.* Benjamin Franklin

This book is about you. It has to be. You are always in a family, and that doesn't change. You are born into a family of origin until emancipated around age eighteen. Then you automatically become a member of an extended family that lasts until you leave this earth, and perhaps longer. We are writing about you. We will share what has been shared by many ordinary persons in ordinary families.

To support you in your normal and typical American family, many experts have been directly consulted or their works read. Each chapter ends with a bibliography for that chapter. Some of the chapters have specific book lists that pertain specifically to the suggestions offered. It all comes together where readers are offered recipes rather than technical jargon, and well-grounded, researched data and recipes are presented in a very enjoyable and engaging style.... My grandfather, Claude, always told me to follow the rule, "Keep your recipes separate even if they both end up at the same meal."

As this book is about you, here is a sample of the questions that you have already asked us.

I am fifty-four, and my adult kids are finishing up college and onto their own lives. I still do things for them, but the time with them keeps getting reduced, and I certainly don't get anything back from them. I seem to have a lot of friends who enjoy my company, but only when I ask them; they never call me and ask me to do anything with them. I think I am happily married, going on 37 years, but my husband is very busy with work, his golf and bowling leagues. What can I do to feel better about myself?

***Actually, we would want you to set a goal of making life better for yourself first. You need to continue helping others, but only when you have negotiated something you want back from what you give. You will still do a lot of helping others but from a position of negotiation rather than 100% giving. All three books have much for you. In this book, the chapter on assertive communication will be of interest to you. It is now "ok", if not necessary, for you to begin sentences with the pronoun "I". That will feel funny at first.***

I am a thirty eight-year-old mother with twin twenty-year-old community college freshmen. They are living at home until they can transfer to four year colleges in their sophomore years. We have always been a close family, but having two live-at-home college students is a real challenge to that unity. We have conflict that we haven't had before, and my husband runs from any controversy, even when I talk to him alone about it. He goes to the upstairs den and watches TV or down to the basement to make tie flies for fishing. I need his support and parenting help. What do I do?

***Your husband is going to his 'Cave' to get away from the arguments; read the second chapter of this book to get a handle on that. Then read Chapter One: The Family Recipe that talks about extended families. Extended families are the foci of all the books, so all will have information for you. Also, remember feeling is always involved. If your sons happen to be taking an Intro to Psychology college class, they might be interested in these books as well.***

Communicating well is important to all family members; Book One offers many insights to family communication. Here is one from Chapter Four for your enjoyment and deep thinking:

#### Basic Communication Tools: 'Shoulds' and 'Buts' and More Questioning Chapter Four

*I can't imagine a God who rewards and punishes the objects of his creation and is but a reflection of human frailty. Never do anything against conscience even if the state demands it.* Dr. Albert Einstein

#### **The Last Word: Not What You Think Nor When!**

All family members engage in conversation. There are many secrets about what and how things are said, and it is time to share one of the secrets; that is, about "The Last Word." A family drama often begins with a minor argument. People

argue all the time. Often one person stays the course and keeps arguing, discussing or collecting information, no matter what is not stated nor whether someone is winning or losing. It is quite common for one person to suddenly proclaim: "You're impossible. You always want the last word!" They then often get quiet, have emotional time, or quickly move away.

The real one in control is actually the person who complained! Who gets the last word depends on the listener, not the speaker. This is important, as most arguments in families are about control and positioning and not about the subject seemingly being discussed.

The person claiming the other person always gets the last word allows that to happen by stopping speaking. If they didn't become quiet, but said something else, they then temporarily would have the last word.

John Bearister: "I'm tired of listening to you, you like to argue too much and you always, always, get the last word. Well, I'm done. I am not saying one more thing."

David Bearister says nothing as he is stunned. Who actually got the last word?

In this case, it was actually John Bearister, although he stated just the opposite..... What if this happened? After John Barrister's frustration and false accusing statement, David Bearister simply said: "You're right."

Who got the last word then?

And if John Bearister responded: 'I know I am right!' Who got the last word then?

A good counter by either person is not to feel or speak about the subject of debate, but to say: "Wow, you are really angry." Then they have the last word. "Probably. Maybe."

Another way to end it is to decide together who gets the last word and then stick by that agreement. However, that is easily violated. By agreement, John Bearister gets the last word, makes a final statement, and David Bearister says: "Good, its over."

A better way is to agree for both to count together out loud to five at the same time, and then both move away to other places. Families would be better off if all knew about "The Last Word" and could decide to play or not.

#### Tick Tock. The Clock Rules

##### Chapter Eight

*"The only purpose for time is so that everything doesn't happen at once. Time is an Illusion."* Dr. Albert Einstein  
"Hickory, dickory, dock. The mouse ran up the clock. The clock struck one. The mouse ran down. Hickory, dickory, dock."

This poem likely originated in the United States in 1774. It has never been used other than for what it was designed, a way to teach young children about the concept of time. What seems attractive to young children, perhaps your grandchildren, is the repetition of sound in the first and fifth lines. It is not as attractive to adults, who prefer a more complex repetition of sound such as is found in the adult's favorite: "A peck of pickled peppers...."

#### The Clock Rules

Westerners live under the rules of a twenty four hour clock. There are four main rules, and they are absolute. They are:

**Time Rule # One:** *All people have twenty four hours in each day.* Total. Period. This is a great equalizer, as it applies to all persons. We know this, and yet have wished to do something about it, whether the day is great or horrible. "Oh, what a wonderful time; I wish it would never end!" "Oh, how boring today is; please hurry up and end so I can go on holiday." This rule is ignored by people who try and do too much, or who complain about all that other's do.

**Time Rule # Two:** *Twenty four hours will go by no matter what you will do or will not do.* A lot of people do not comprehend this. They have goals they want to accomplish, and yet they spend their time wishing or list making rather than achieving what they want. The definition of a procrastinator is someone who is always late or who never finishes things. Achieving is important to humans who don't use time well enough to achieve what they want.

**Time Rule # Three:** *The Past is gone and will not come back. The Future is yet to come but will. Now is here, focus on it!* So many parents, when they are with their grown kids, are in their physical presence, but their minds are away back at work. They are thinking: "If I had only gotten that inventory report done ..." or "If I had only gotten those reports typed, I would be in better shape for Monday." With this, the person moves back and forth between the past and the future, but is not in the middle time, the present time or Now. They miss out on what is going on right at the moment.

**Time Rule # 4:** *Everyone, in every moment of time, has to be somewhere.* Somewhere may be either a real place such as in church or Fun Park or an imaginary, virtual place, i.e., Harry Potter's world. Rather than be in a real "somewhere," people are often lost in a memory, not observing who is in the same room with them, inside their head listening to voices from their past order them to follow some rule, or fantasizing about the future. How many times have you been caught "daydreaming," or been in a group where it was obvious that someone else was doing just that? Doing that in the company of others hurts relationships as your companion(s) feel left out.

These rules get passed on from generation to generation through the way we structure our time when with our offspring. We pass it on when we raise our children to be the same way that we were. With all that teaching, it would be very difficult for our adult children to change their patterns. If you want to influence their finding new ways of dealing with their time, instead of directly talking about this subject, take the approach that it is now time for them to add something to their life. Follow the truism: when the student is ready, the teacher will appear." Be that teacher. Set your goal to help an adult offspring to be more aware, more spiritual and more contemplative, and model or demonstrate a "learning recipe" that you yourself follow.

## Adam Cogswell of Kentucky

Adam John Cogswell was born in 1985. He is related to Luke Cogswell, 23 years old, Mason, Mich., Alicia Cogswell, 23 years old, Mason, Mich., Elizabeth Cogswell Lock, 52 years old, Haslett, Mich., Sally Vrooman Jones, 53 years old, Mason, Mich. and John Howard Cogswell, 54 years old, Haslett, Mich. He lived in Mason, Mich., and attended Mason High School, Class of 2004. He did a Technological Internship from August to September, 2004, at Parker Hannifin Corporation in Manson. He then moved to Lansing, MI., where he attended Lansing Community College from 2004 to 2007 with a Major in Computer Networking. He received the Director's Award '04 for demonstrated best work ethic. He worked with the Society for Academic Emergency Medicine in Lansing, at the Michigan State University, Lansing, from March, 2005, to May, 2007, as Help Desk Specialist and Database Administrator. He also worked with the Mid-Michigan Medical Management in Mason, from October 2003 – May 2007 as a Network Administrator.

Adam currently lives in Elsmere, Kentucky, although his hometown is given as Florence, Kentucky – 5 miles away. He has been involved in mixed martial arts and has had three fights.

He won the first Oct. 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2010, by a unanimous decision after three rounds against William Davidson in the Kentucky Fighting Challenge.

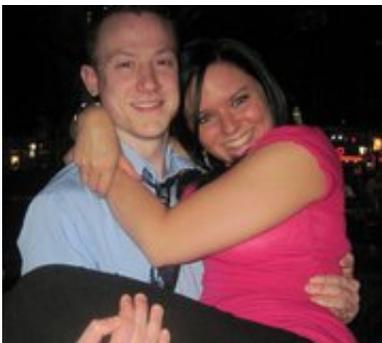


In his second match, February 26<sup>th</sup>, 2011, Jon Christian (kicking) and Adam Cogswell (back to camera) went the distance in the first fight of the night, and battled each other to a majority draw. Christian was taken down immediately, as his kick was caught by Cogswell at the start of the fight. Christian did a good job of stymieing Cogswell's offense but was unable to work back to his feet for the rest of the round. Christian did look for an armbar as the first round came to a close, but he could not get the finish, and Cogswell broke free as the round ended. A point was deducted from Cogswell in the second round for an illegal up-kick, which probably

cost Cogswell the fight. Cogswell's corner did not like the call, and thought that the kick was legal. Cogswell went for an anaconda choke and a triangle choke in this round, and also took Christian's back and landed several solid shots from the back as he tried to flatten Christian. The point deduction turned a 10-9 round for Cogswell into a 9-9 round. Jon Christian came alive in the final round, scoring on the feet with kicks and then on the ground with punches from the full mount. Christian worked a rear naked choke as time expired to clinch the round. The decision was announced as a majority decision victory for Jon Christian, but Angela Robertson from the KBWA walked over moments later to let us know that the announcement was incorrect, and that the fight had been scored a majority draw.

The third fight, June 25<sup>th</sup>, 2011, was a loss to Charles Stanford at the MMA Big Show: Royal Blood (Pro/Am). The referee stopped the fight at 2:50 in round 2 and declared a TKO from Strikes. Adam is 5 feet, 11 inches tall, and weighs 150 lbs.

The picture at left is of an Adam Cogswell who is the correct



age and location (although I can't find the picture again.) The picture at right is of an Adam Cogswell, but no age or address was given. There is also an Adam Cogswell who likes cigars, but appears to be a different one.



Woo Thomason (Eugenia Cogswell McCuen [DJC 9963])

### Tells of Her Marriage



July 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1961 was my 20<sup>th</sup> birthday. It was memorable, with a debutant sailing, waterskiing and picnic party at Lake Harwell and later a cocktail party. A friend called and asked if I would like to have a blind date at 9:00 p.m. with her date and a friend. Bill would be the oldest man I had dated. Bill's perspective began with my eight year old sister greeting him at the front door, "When Woo gets married, I get a trip to Disneyland!" We went to the Amvets on Court Street, a virtual speakeasy. Then, surprise, surprise, he kissed me goodnight on the first date – not usually done in those days.

In September, I returned to Mary Baldwin College in Virginia, and we wrote letters. These are tied by ribbons in the attic. Bill drove up for my graduation and, instead of driving home with my parents, I went with him. We talked a lot, and with no interstates, it was a long way home. Over the summer, romance blossomed, and for my 21<sup>st</sup> birthday he gave me a gold charm bracelet with all his awards on it. Mother told me he was serious and I could not be flirty and treat him casually like I did the others in my life. I began talking about going to Boston with friends to work. That must have done the trick and made him more serious.

At one point in late summer Bill says he asked me to marry him. He never mentioned it again. According to Bill "I thought we had an agreement." One afternoon about two months later, I came home to find my parents and Bill giddy under the big oak tree in the back. He had formally asked my father for my hand in marriage. They were celebrating. Later, Bill presented me with an engagement ring that he had been saving to buy. He still had two weeks of military reserve duty to finish, and he was in military intelligence. Bill was assigned to Fort Bragg in North Carolina during the Cuban Missile Crisis. At a Citadel party at my home, General Mark Clark and staff told Bill to kiss me goodbye because we were going to war with the Russians. Frightening indeed to me since my father believed in only three-month engagements. He said any longer only got you in trouble.

January 12<sup>th</sup>, 1963, was a bright, sunny, warm day. Traditionally, in colonial South Carolina, January has been the wedding month. It was after the harvest, hunting and the holidays. My two sisters and I were all married in January. To make it special, mother had the invitations to the Greenville guests handwritten on engraved notecards. The invitations to out of town guests and announcements were by the venerable firm of Charleston, Walker, Evans and Cogswell. The wedding would be the most formal at noon with a home reception. Tradition: SOMETHING OLD – the wedding veil my mother and other family members wore; SOMETHING NEW – a diamond brooch, a gift from the groom; SOMETHING BORROWED – my wedding dress was my cousin's; SOMETHING BLUE – a garter and FOR LUCK – a silver dime with my birthdate in the toe of my shoe. At the entrance to the church, my father looked at me and said, "This is for life – if you are not ready to make that commitment, we can turn around and get in the waiting car outside." I told him I was ready and we proceeded down the aisle.

Grace Church had a magnificent window with Christ welcoming us and the sun streaming in was glorious. My mother said "Happy is the bride the sun shines on." Bill immediately hit it off with Tom Roberts who was Rector and had been an IBM salesman prior to going into the priesthood. This relationship soon made it easy for him to become an Episcopalian. Baptists make the best Episcopalians. At the reception, we toasted with silver goblets that had been used by the family in many weddings. After throwing the bouquet and the garter, we left for the Greenville-Spartanburg International Airport for our honeymoon in New Orleans. Off we were for our new life together.

We moved six times, including twice back to Greenville, but always found an Episcopal or Anglican church home and lived active lives within the various churches. A major factor, I believe, in a successful marriage is placing family atop the priority list and becoming friends and life partners, developing complete trust and always communicating.

Our first son, William, Jr., was born in Greenville. We were blessed when we lived in Jacksonville, where our second son, David, was born. Bedford Village, N.Y., was home for fourteen years, London for three and Columbus for seven. As a common interest, we both enjoy travel and have been in eighty or more countries and territories.

In marriage, after God, your spouse should always come first even before children, career and hobbies. Your spouse will be with you after all else has passed. Moving away from friends and family can strengthen a marriage because it causes you to rely on each other and become independent. We always saved 10% before taxes and never missed it. Also, share 10% and you will receive more than you give.

An anniversary of marriage ceremony was performed on January 5<sup>th</sup>, 2013, followed by a luncheon. We took pictures at Reedy River Falls, and flew on to celebrate our actual anniversary January 12<sup>th</sup>, 2013, at Victoria Falls, Zimbabwe before a cruise along the South African coast.

## ***Readers' Page: Corrections, Queries and More Information***

William R. Cogswell of Deland, Florida, appreciated news (December Courier) about his grandfather's house at 69 East Avenue, Attica, N. Y. He also sent a copy of material that had been sent to his father by his grandfather about the time of his birth in 1929. It states that the new baby is "12<sup>th</sup> in direct line from Robert and Alicia Cogswell, *married in Dilton Church about 1570*. The register of the Westbury Church gives the date of burial of Robert Cogswell as June 7, 1581. They were the grandparents of John Cogswell who came to America in 1635." Following the list of the twelve generations is this statement: "There were many Cogswells connected with the Church at Westbury. *The Church was built in 1066 after the Conquest. A new church edifice was erected in 1315 during the reign of Edward II.*" (The material does not give the source of the italicized information.)

### ***Don't Publish Internet Speculation***

Steve Aberle wrote: As you know, for years now, I have been lobbying for publishing only accurate historical information about the Cogswell family. It behoves the CFA to present only well-researched genealogy, and is a great disservice to the family to print mere speculation. The Internet is replete with misinformation, so giving unsubstantiated guesswork any shred of credibility (except in a debunking) is most objectionable. In this light, I was saddened to see the "Some Information or Misinformation" piece at the bottom of page 9 of the April Courier. The earliest Westbury Parish Register begins in 1556, so baptismata, nuptia and sepultura information needs to be found in some other type of record. If those records existed, information about them would be widely available in researching guides. Without source citations to back them up, all entries of events prior to 1556 should be completely disregarded as fiction. Yes, I know you used the word "imagination" in the disclaimer on the first line, but I've seen that people can and do pick up the older dates and insert them into genealogy applications as facts.

Personally, I find that websites which report precise dates such as "November 30<sup>th</sup>, 1510," to be quite useful ... as an indicator to not trust any other information contained on that website. Just to be clear, I appreciate your dedication and efforts on publishing the Courier, and I only take issue with passing along bogus genealogical material harvested from the Internet.

### ***Sebastian Cogswell comments***

Thanks for the Cogswell Courier from April. It was nice to see my bio included, thanks. I am not sure how we fit in with the Cogswell Family Association. We are probably more closely related to the Cogswells remaining in England. My father immigrated to Canada in the 60's, and his brother's and sister's families are still in the UK. However, you may want to check him out as he has some interesting stuff, and is in the process of writing a book. [www.barrycogswell.com](http://www.barrycogswell.com)

### ***Update – Branden Cogswell***



The University of Virginia baseball team is 22-2 and ranked 11th in the nation, and sophomore Branden Cogswell is doing it all for the Cavaliers. Cogswell, from Ballston Lake (Shenendehowa), is leading off, and leads the team with a .402 average (35 for 87). He has five doubles and three triples, 12 RBIs and a team-high 30 runs scored. He's walked 23 times, has been hit by a pitch three times and has struck out just eight times. He also leads the team in stolen bases with 10. At shortstop, he has made five errors on 93 chances (.946). Branden missed six weeks because of a fractured finger.



Cogswell broke the middle finger on his right hand (throwing hand) May 4<sup>th</sup> in practice, and underwent surgery to repair the break. Cogswell had started all 47 games for the Cavaliers. He ranks among the ACC leaders in several offensive categories. He recently was named to the watch list for the 2013 Wallace Award, which is presented to the nation's top shortstop, and was later nominated for the award. Fourteen players are in the running for the award, which recognizes the nation's top shortstop, and was presented during the College Baseball Hall of Fame's Night of Champions on June 29<sup>th</sup> in Lubbock, Texas. (Freshman Alex Bregman of Albuquerque, N.M. was the winner.) Cogswell missed Virginia's final 15 games after breaking a finger on his right hand. He was available for Game 2, June 10<sup>th</sup>, but ultimately was not used by Cavaliers coach Brian O'Connor. He made his summer debut for the Harwich Mariners of the Cape Cod League Tuesday night, playing second base and hitting sixth in the line-up. He singled in his first at bat with the team, and finished the game 1 for 3. (Harwich lost Tuesday's game 7-1 to the Bourne Braves.)

## Cogswells in the News

The Gardner Edgerton School District selected Leah Cogswell, 7<sup>th</sup> grade math teacher at Wheatridge Middle School as one of two teachers of the year. Each year, the Kansas State Department of Education looks for one outstanding teacher to become its Teacher of the Year. Each school district is given the opportunity to nominate one elementary and one secondary teacher. Leah Cogswell has taught in the secondary level for seven years. She is the Grade Level Professional Learning Committee Chair, member of the Building Level Positive Behaviour Support Leadership Team and School Enhancement Team.



Kyle Cogswell was recently named a senior of the month for February at Shawsheen Valley Technical High School. Cogswell, a Billerica resident, keeps busy both in and out of the classroom. A drafting student ranked in the top 10 of his class academically, Cogswell has been an honor-roll student for four years at Shawsheen, was honored with a John and Abigail Adams Scholarship this year, and also received a citizenship award last year. Cogswell has also been an active volunteer, joining a Teen Dating Violence Awareness group and participating in the Boston Rape Crisis Center's Walk for Change charity event. Cogswell, who has maintained a grade-point average of 3.93, plans on attending college in the fall.

The replica of the Dr. Henry Daniel Cogswell Fountain, a sculpture with historic significance located in Rockville's Central Park, has been removed for "inspection" at the request of Mayor George F. Apel. The statue experienced isolated damage, rusting and several stress fractures since its installation as part of the renovation and beautification of Central Park in Rockville in 2004. Among the damage is the missing right hand of Cogswell. Apel has requested an inspection and engineering survey on the piece to determine "the overall durability and cost of upkeep for the sculpture."

Dozens of young anglers in town have been waiting with "baited" breath for Mill Pond to be stocked once again with hundreds of trout for the annual George Cogswell Memorial Fishing Derby. On Saturday, April 6<sup>th</sup>, their vigil was over, and they started casting their lines and hoping for success. Several years ago, the derby was named in honor of the late George Cogswell, who was a New Canaan police officer for more than 50 years. "George was involved in the derby from the beginning," Mose Saccary said. "Everybody knew him, he was really a good guy and well liked. He was a police officer and then the dog warden, which earned him the nickname 'Deputy Dog.'"



Hunter Cogswell, 11, recently brought an AR-15 rifle and a white flag with black lettering, which read: "Come and Take It" to a rally to protest the repeal of New Hampshire's "Stand Your Ground" law at the State House in Concord, New Hampshire. "I believe in gun rights. It's our constitutional right," said Cogswell, who added that his gun was not loaded. However, there are no laws or proposed laws that will be coming after Cogswell's assault weapon. It's already legal for the boy to carry his AR-15.



Coleman Cogswell from McCool Junction (Nebraska) ran sixth in open 1600 with a time of 4:38.56 in the Class C boys May 18<sup>th</sup> at State. Three sport standout Coleman Cogswell, a McCool Mustang (basketball) senior, was named the York News-Times Athlete of the Year May 20<sup>th</sup>. This past season Coleman competed in cross country where he finished 11<sup>th</sup> in Class D; in basketball his work ethic and leadership off the court was a huge reason the McCool Mustangs had such a successful season. Coleman averaged 12.5 points a game, shot 42 per cent from the field, hit 28 3-point shots and averaged 4.5 rebounds a game. He qualified in both the 1600 and 3200 meter finals at the Nebraska State Track and Field Meet. Having just graduated from McCool Junction High School on May 11<sup>th</sup>, Coleman has his sights set on attending Concordia University in Seward. He plans to keep training all summer, and that will include running and getting himself on a weight lifting program.



Jake Cogswell (left) acquired his Associate Degree from the local junior college in Salt Lake City prior to receiving his official High School Diploma on June 4<sup>th</sup>. Needless to say, he's been a busy guy, along with acquiring his Eagle Scout Award also this May.

David Cogswell, a resident of Houston, was awarded Dean's List Honours for academic achievement during the spring 2013 semester at St. Mary's College of Maryland.

Lloyd Cogswell (right) of Baxter's Harbour, N. S., led the survivors' lap June 21<sup>st</sup> at the Kentville Relay for Life. Cogswell said it's great to see the level of support shown to those stricken with the disease at the Canadian Cancer Society fundraiser. "The biggest healer in the world is love and support," he said.



## This and That

### *Mason Fitch Cogswell*



Mason Fitch Cogswell (September 28<sup>th</sup>, 1761, Canterbury, Connecticut – December 10<sup>th</sup>, 1830, Hartford, Connecticut) was adopted by Samuel Huntington, President of the Continental Congress and Governor of Connecticut, and was graduated valedictorian at Yale in 1780. He studied medicine with his brother James at the soldiers' hospital in New York City during the American Revolution, and eventually became one of the best known surgeons in the country. He was the first in the United States to remove a cataract from the eye and to tie the carotid artery (1803). Mainly through his influence, the first permanent school for the deaf in North America was founded in Hartford, and his daughter, Alice, was its first pupil. He was also a founder of the Retreat for the Insane in the same city.

### Marathon Runners

Meghan Cogswell, age 34, ran the Big Sur International Marathon, Carmel, Calif., in 3 hours, 9 minutes and 34 seconds on April 28<sup>th</sup>. Susan Cogswell, age 64, ran the Big Sur International Half Marathon in one hour, 57 minutes and two seconds on April 28<sup>th</sup>. Ruth Cogswell, Arlington Heights, Ill., age 38, ran the Wisconsin Marathon, Kenosha, Wis., May 4<sup>th</sup>, in 3 hours 51 minutes 15 seconds.

### Cogswell Solves Bird Watchers' Problem



One of the problems with wildlife video photography is that you can get close to the animal with a telescopic video lens, but what about the sound? It's still far, far away. Jerald Cogswell came up with a solution. He created a sonic telescope to grab sound and bring it as close to the user as the visual image. Biologists can also use this MEMS microphone to listen to insects and burrowing animals. The microphone can take the sound and match it to the proximity of the image.



### Bronze Dog Stolen

During the night of Monday, June 3<sup>rd</sup>, the centerpiece of artist Marianne Caroselli's bronze fountain "Wash Day" was stolen from in front of the Cogswell Gallery, 223 Gore Creek Dr. in Vail Village, Colorado. The entire sculpture is valued at \$24,000. There was no damage to the remainder of the sculpture. The bronze dog is approximately 24 inches in height and weighs approximately 150 pounds. Shown is a photo detail of the bronze golden retriever in the wash tub (left in picture) and after the theft (right). A reward for information leading to the recovery of

the sculpture was being offered by Cogswell Gallery. The sculpture was located in the Gore Creek riverbed June 18<sup>th</sup>.

## Westbury, Wiltshire, News

The Old Oak Inn in Westbury has been demolished - demolition started on October 31<sup>st</sup> last year. However, during a brief inspection of the derelict pub by Dorothy Treasure of Wiltshire Building Records, it was discovered that the building could date back even further than was originally thought. Wiltshire and Swindon History Centre archivist Steve Hobbs, who lives in Westbury, said: "We now believe that the ceiling beams suggest the building dated back to the 15<sup>th</sup> century, but this will be confirmed after tests are carried out." If the date is confirmed, the inn may have been visited by John Cogswell, or by his father, Edward, or grandfather, Robert.



Children from Year 3 of Bitham Brook Primary School decorated the hall ready for the 38 visitors from Château du Loir, Westbury's twin town, who visited Westbury at the weekend for a celebration dinner and to see the local sights. As well as decorating the hall, the pupils enjoyed some French games and food from the country. Modern Foreign Language Co-ordinator Dianne Ross said: "We wanted to get pupils more involved in the culture of France in the lead-up to the visit of people from the twin town."

Fiona Price, who lives in Westbury and runs her own catering company, smashed her personal best with a superb run in the Virgin London Marathon on Sunday with a time of 3 hours, 7 minutes and 48 seconds. Her husband, Sean, was equally pleased with his debut time of 4 hours, 19 minutes and 28 seconds.

Runners from Frome, Devizes, Corsham and Westbury joined members of the public as they ran, jogged and walked along the Kennet and Avon canal to Avoncliff and back to pay their respects to the victims of the Boston Marathon bombings a week after the tragic event. Runners, their friends, relatives and spectators gathered at 6.50 p.m. for a one-minute silence to remember the three people killed and 183 others who were injured.



Jonathon Le Galloudec, 32, a former lance corporal in 4<sup>th</sup> Battalion Rifles, has no feeling in his lower legs after he was shot in the spine in Iraq six years ago. From Westbury, Wilts, he was told he would spend the rest of his life in a wheelchair, but walked out of hospital five months after being shot, and has since climbed Kilimanjaro and tackled Mount Everest (right). He was on the British team at the Warrior Games, a



Paralympics-style event in the U.S. for members of the Armed Forces. He achieved a personal best while competing in the U.S. Warrior Games, after words of encouragement from Prince Harry (who is a Cogswell descendant). Mr. Le Galloudec, who lives with his wife Elizabeth, said: "It was fantastic to meet Prince Harry; he was a genuine and great bloke, and it meant a lot for him to cheer us on."



Alfie Waker, eight-year-old Westbury fundraiser, made a 35-mile cycle ride from the Wadworth Brewery in Devizes to HorseWorld in Bristol. He raised more than £1,000 in sponsorship for the South West equine welfare charity. The eight-year-old was delighted to see best friend Tom, a retired Wadworth shire horse taken in by HorseWorld after getting arthritis in his shoulders. He did his first sponsored cycle on behalf of HorseWorld in 2011. HorseWorld rescues horses, ponies and

donkeys from neglect, mistreatment and abandonment before rehabilitating and re-homing them. There was also a surprise party at HorseWorld when he finished.

Heart disease sufferer Tyler Wood, whose family was told he only had a year to live last August, has a new lease of life after receiving a transplant. The 10-year-old, of Primmers Close, Westbury, was diagnosed with Arrhythmogenic Right Ventricular Cardiomyopathy, a disorder where damaged heart muscle is gradually replaced by scar tissue and fat. His only hope of survival was a heart transplant and he spent 15 weeks at Bristol Children's Hospital waiting for a suitable donor. When one was found he had a six-hour operation at Great Ormond Street Hospital, and returned home just in time for Christmas. Now Tyler is preparing to compete in the Transplant Games in Sheffield in August. He is shown with his parents and older brother, James.



Westbury teenager, Owen Hunter (left), brought home the 750 Motorclub Saxmax series title with two race victories in the final round of the season September 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup>. The 16-year-old won his first race at Donington Park, Leicestershire, in 14:55.37 minutes and the second outing in 15:05.72. Wiltshire College student Hunter celebrated his win in honor of Paul Constant, a close friend of his, his father, Dave, and mechanic Simon Hawkins, who died in a motorcycle accident in 2010.

## *From the Secretary's Desk*

Hi, everyone! I hope things are going well for you this year. I see that the economy is turning around, and that makes us all feel better.

As you know, we just completed our first reunion in quite a while. I found it very enjoyable flying into Cleveland and meeting some of you. We saw some sights together, had a delicious dinner, and learned some history of the Cogswells in Cleveland, Ohio. We really need to get together more than we have done over the past few years. It is that social relationship amongst family members that helps develop a good bond. We talked at the annual meeting about trying to schedule annual reunions in different areas of the country. We just had one in central U.S.A., and now we should consider the southeast or the southwest. There was also talk about Malcolm hosting a reunion next year in Quebec, as it is the remembrance of a Cogswell who gave his life for the cause during the War of 1812. We'll talk more about this as time goes on.



We continue to talk about how we need to get the young Cogswells involved in the Association. Some of us think it would be best to make the CFA webpage more interactive, with message boards, You Tube videos and a virtual Cogswell Museum. We'll see what happens. We are also getting the blog cranked back up. I tried that for a while, but I didn't stick with it. Dennis Cogswell, a new Board Director, will be helping me get this going again. So, keep an eye on this new development.

Thanks for being a member of the Cogswell Family Association, and I'll talk to you again soon!

Ed Cogswell  
Secretary, Cogswell Family Association

## *Births*

Townsend Bowen and Baxter McLendon Marshall, twins, born March 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2013, to David and Cordes LaSerrier (McLendon) Marshall (DJC 11771.) Beaufort, Missouri.

Cameron Mitchell, son of Taylor and Ann (Cogswell) Mitchell, born March or April 2013  
Davis Mathis Ramseur, son of Douglas and Lauren Cogswell Ramseur, May 15<sup>th</sup>, 2013, Norfolk, Va.

## *Marriages*

Melissa Guy and Tylor Cogswell, Montpelier, Ohio, Feb. 16<sup>th</sup>, 2013

## *Deaths*

Lloyd J. Cogswell, 58, died March 7<sup>th</sup>, 2013, Muskegon, Michigan  
Maxine Elizabeth (Cogswell) Becker, 101, died March 20<sup>th</sup>, 2013, Sioux Falls, South Dakota  
Robert Cogswell, 86, died April 4<sup>th</sup>, 2013, at Nashua, Massachusetts  
Annabelle Cogswell, 81, died April 14<sup>th</sup>, 2013, wife of Lester Cogswell, Evanston, Nova Scotia  
Sandra (Sandy) Jean Cogswell, 52, died April 21<sup>st</sup>, 2013, Grand Rapids, Michigan  
Joan B. Cogswell, 81, died May 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2013, widow of Richard Cogswell, Rockford, Illinois  
Duane Franklyn Cogswell, 86, died May 6<sup>th</sup>, 2013, Wooster, Ohio  
Phyllis J. (Cogswell) Leverton, 86, died May 24<sup>th</sup>, 2013, Bradeton, Florida  
Beatrice (Cogswell) Krogel, 85, died Friday, May 24<sup>th</sup>, 2013  
Marjorie Cogswell, 88, died May 30<sup>th</sup>, 2013, Alpena, Michigan  
William Poole "Bill" Thomason died Saturday, June 15<sup>th</sup>, 2013, and his wife  
Eugenia (Cogswell) McCuen "Woo" Thomason died Monday, June 17<sup>th</sup>, 2013, Greenville, S.C.  
Joyce Enid, widow of Herbie Cogswell, a grandmother, died June 15<sup>th</sup>, 2013, Ohaupo, New Zealand  
Andrew Horace Cogswell, 62, died June 27<sup>th</sup>, 2013, Berwick, Nova Scotia  
Alice Andrews Van Horn, 90, daughter of Leonard Cogswell Andrews, died June 27<sup>th</sup>, Big Flats, N. Y.  
Howard James Cogswell, Sr., 78, died Friday, June 28<sup>th</sup>, 2013, Carington Park, Ohio.

## *From the Editor's Desk*

My printer went haywire in April. It started when a piece of paper tore while I was printing a page. I got most of it out, but when I tried to reprint the page, it informed me I still had a paper jam. I finally found the paper, and with tweezers I got it out. But the next time I went to print a page, there was a white line down the middle of the page, and on much of the page, the words were double printed making it almost impossible to read. I took it to the repairman, who couldn't see anything wrong, and tried all the maintenance he could think of without any of it making a difference. He worked on it for at least four hours, and called the company, who couldn't suggest anything that worked. I had to buy a new printer, because for the company to look at it would cost only about \$5.00 less than a new one. My wife and my son gave it to me as an early birthday present. There were troubles with the new printer also. Printing was fine, but I couldn't get it to scan a picture – I always got a message saying it wasn't connected, but I knew it was. Finally, a neighbour came in and showed me how to do it, so I won't have to get someone to scan pictures and e-mail them to me.



### *About the Cover of this Issue*

This month, the cover shows a close-up view of the statue of Alice Cogswell and her teacher, Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. Alice (DJC 2066, 1805-1830) is perhaps the most famous Cogswell in the history of the family, certainly the most famous girl. There is a short item about her father on page 11 (This and That.) Alice shared the name of an aunt who had died at age 22, thirty-three years before she was born.

### *Families are forever*

Pages four and five are a somewhat abbreviated version of what came to me as a 3½ page article. It was a hard decision whether or not to print it, because after the first little bit, it has very little to do with Cogswells, other than the author being a Cogswell. However, there were two pages available, so I decided to cut it somewhat. I hope Dennis is not too upset with me for the cuts.

If you have any questions about *Families are Forever*, contact the author, Dennis Cogswell, at [dcogswel@radford.edu](mailto:dcogswel@radford.edu), or look on the extensive website for the book [www.thefamilyforever.com](http://www.thefamilyforever.com). It is there twenty-four seven, while we others don't know where we are, will be, or what time it is.

### *Murphy's Law of Genealogy*

When at last, after much hard work, you have solved the mystery you have been working on for two years, your aunt says, "I could have told you that."

Your grandmother's maiden name that you have searched for four years was on a letter in a box in the attic all the time. The will you need is in the safe on board the Titanic.

Copies of old newspapers have holes occurring only on the surnames.

John, son of Thomas, the immigrant whom your relatives claim as the family progenitor, died on board ship at age 10.

Your great-grandfather's newspaper obituary states that he died leaving no issue of record.

The relative who had all the family photographs gave them all to her daughter who has no interest in genealogy and no inclination to share.

The town clerk to whom you wrote for the information sends you a long handwritten letter, which is totally illegible.

None of the pictures in your recently deceased grandmother's photo album have names written on them.

Ink fades and paper deteriorates at a rate inversely proportional to the value of the data recorded. The 37 volume, sixteen thousand page history of your county of origin isn't indexed.

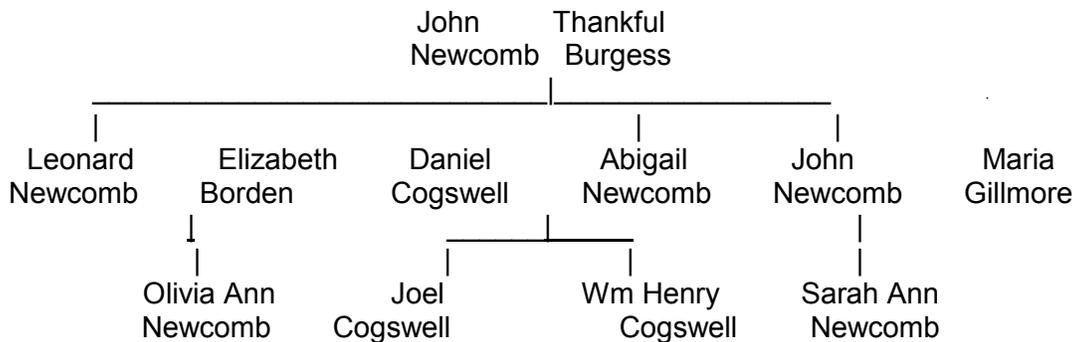
# Canadian Connection



## Limited Choice

In the early years of the settlement of Nova Scotia, the population was small, and there was therefore not a large variety of women from which a man could choose a wife. Since most families came as single families, that did not prove a problem for the first generation. Daniel Cogswell, son of Aaron and Susanna (Edgerton) Cogswell, was of the first generation to be born in Nova Scotia. He married Abigail Newcomb, daughter of John and Thankful (Burgess) Newcomb, who was also in the first generation to be born here. Before their marriage, they were unrelated.

That was not true for the second generation. Among the eleven children of Daniel and Abigail, three married Newcombs. Their daughter, Abigail (not shown below), married Obadiah Newcomb who, after her death married Harriet Newcomb – some kind of a cousin. Joel Cogswell married Olivia Ann Newcomb – a first cousin, and William Henry Cogswell married Sarah Ann Newcomb – his first cousin, the two women being first cousins also. Of their eight other children, one daughter, the youngest, did not marry, but the other seven found spouses who were not related to them in any way.



Joel Cogswell had a son, Leonard Cogswell, and William Henry Cogswell had a son Clayton Cathcart Cogswell. They were first cousins through their fathers and second cousins through their mothers. It might be interesting to know how many genes they shared. One can estimate that brothers and sisters share about half their genes and first cousins about a quarter of theirs. Second cousins would share about one eighth of theirs, so one could guess that Leonard and Clayton shared about three eighths of their genetic material.



Pictured are William Henry and Sarah Ann (Newcomb) Cogswell, with two grandsons, William Henry Cogswell (Clayton's son) and William Henry Cogswell Harris in the white shirt.

Apart from their parents, dates of birth, marriage and death and the names of their children, nothing is known about Daniel and Abigail (Newcomb) Cogswell. However, Daniel bought a new farm on Belcher Street in what is now Port Williams.

The same is true of Joel and Olivia Ann (Newcomb) Cogswell. It is known that he and William Henry divided their father's farm, Joel taking the western part and William Henry taking the eastern part.

An old family Bible belonging to William Henry Cogswell exists. In it, the dates of birth were used to correct information in Jameson's *Cogswells in America* when a new book, *Descendants of John Cogswell* was published in 1998. In either book, nothing but parents, dates and children are listed.

When William Henry Cogswell (the boy in the picture) died in 1972, his part of the farm was sold to Clinton Cogswell, a grandson of Leonard, so the farm is again one.

## Ryan Cogswell Comments on the Bombing of the Boston Marathon



Memorial outside the scene of the Boston Marathon own pastor, among others, led a powerful multi-faith prayer service. Then on Friday, the gravity of the events came to affect me most profoundly.

Thursday night there was a shootout between Boston police and the two suspects in the bombings. Earlier, an MIT police officer had been tragically killed as he sat in his patrol car. One of the suspects died in the shootout, the other escaped and was at large all day Friday. The city shut down. All citizens of Boston were asked to stay inside so that a massive manhunt could unfold.

I stayed inside all day, not feeling threatened but feeling helpless. It is frustrating when the most helpful thing to do is to do nothing. I have never watched more news than I did that day. It's different when there is 24-hour coverage of your own city. Among the suite of varied emotions was a powerful joy. It occurred to me just how much of a joy it was merely to be alive.

In the Jewish tradition, there is a song commonly sung at Passover called Dayenu. Dayenu (דַּיֵּנוּ) is a Hebrew word essentially meaning "it would have been enough." It would have been enough, the song says, if God had only delivered us from Egypt. This sentiment occurred to me last Friday as I sat safely hunkered in my apartment with my sister and my friends nearby. It would have been enough, God, if you had just let me live.



But God does so much more than what is enough. God blesses us beyond our ability to comprehend. After tragedy, God holds us as we rebuild. God allows us to gather in the Holy name and find comfort. God allows us to forgive and move on while still being touched. When Jesus rose from the tomb, the scars left by His ordeal were still visible, a testament to what he had endured. Our pain will fade, but our wounds can remain. And God will affirm them and make us stronger.

In the face of tragedy, may all mourning be accompanied by hope for what God will do, and by joy for what God is doing. May our overpowering emotions remind us of the depth with which human beings are capable of feeling. And may we celebrate life, allowing ourselves to be reminded that it would have been enough merely to live.

Let's not forget the achievements of the marathon winners!

Kristen A. Cogswell, age 41, of Shorewood, Wis., ran this Boston Marathon in 4 hours and 7 seconds. Officer Steven Cogswell was one of six Billerica., Mass., police officers honored, before a Town Meeting, for their assistance during the Boston Marathon bombings and subsequent search for the suspects.



Ryan Cogswell comes from Guilderland, New York, the son of Walter Kingman Cogswell, Jr., and the grandson of W.K. Cogswell, Sr., and is a student at Harvard Divinity School, where he is Event Manager/Bartender on the Student Event Services team at Harvard University. He was formerly Alternative Worship Leader at Lynnwood Reformed Church, Schenectady, New York, where he developed and led a weekly alternative worship service, preached, provided music and constructed liturgy.

## Our Cousin, Tennessee Williams



Thomas Lanier Williams was born in Columbus, Mississippi, on March 26, 1911, the first son and second child of Cornelius Coffin and Edwina Dakin Williams. His mother, the daughter of a minister, was of genteel upbringing, while his father, a shoe salesman, came from a prestigious Tennessee family, which included the state's first governor and first senator. The family lived for several years in Clarksdale, Mississippi, before moving to St. Louis in 1918. At the age of 16, he encountered his first brush with the publishing world when he won third prize and received \$5.00 for an essay, "Can a Good Wife Be a Good Sport?" in *Smart Set*. A year later, he published "The Vengeance of Nitocris" in *Weird Tales*. In 1929, he entered the University of Missouri. His success there was dubious, and in 1931 he began work for a St. Louis shoe company. It was six years later when his first play, *Cairo, Shanghai, Bombay*, was produced in Memphis, in many respects, the true beginning of his literary and stage career.

Building upon the experience he gained with his first production, Williams had two of his plays, *Candles to the Sun* and *The Fugitive Kind*, produced by Mummies of St. Louis in 1937. After a brief encounter with enrollment at Washington University, St. Louis, he entered the University of Iowa and graduated in 1938. As the Second World War loomed over the horizon, Williams found a bit of fame when he won the Group Theater prize of \$100.00 for *American Blues* and received a \$1,000.00 grant from the Authors' League of America in 1939. *Battle of Angels* was produced in Boston a year later. Near the close of the war in 1944, what many consider his finest play, *The Glass Menagerie*, had a very successful run in Chicago, and a year later burst its way onto Broadway. Containing autobiographical elements from both his days in St. Louis as well as from his family's past in Mississippi, the play won the New York Drama Critics' Circle Award as the best play of the season. Williams, at the age of 34, had etched an indelible mark among the public and among his peers.

Following the critical acclaim over *The Glass Menagerie*, over the next eight years he found homes for *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Summer and Smoke*, *A Rose Tattoo* and *Camino Real* on Broadway. Although his reputation on Broadway continued to zenith, particularly upon receiving his first Pulitzer Prize in 1948 for *Streetcar*, Williams reached a larger world-wide public in 1950 when *The Glass Menagerie* and again in 1951 when *A Streetcar Named Desire* were made into motion pictures. Williams had now achieved a fame few playwrights of his day could equal.

Over the next thirty years, dividing his time between homes in Key West, New Orleans and New York, his reputation continued to grow, and he saw many more of his works produced on Broadway and made into films, including such works as *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* (for which he earned a second Pulitzer Prize in 1955), *Orpheus Descending* and *Night of the Iguana*. There is little doubt that as a playwright, fiction writer, poet and essayist, Williams helped transform the contemporary idea of the Southern literature. However, as a Southerner, he not only helped to pave the way for other writers, but also helped the South find a strong voice in those auspices where before it had only been a whisper. Williams died on February 24<sup>th</sup>, 1983, at Hotel Elysée in New York City.

John Cogswell (DJC 1) and Elizabeth Thomson

William Cogswell (DJC 4) and Susanna Hawkes

William Cogswell (DJC 19) and Martha Emerson

Edward Cogswell (DJC 81) and Hannah Browne

Emerson Cogswell (DJC 221) and Mary Miles

Patience Cogswell (DJC 603) and Rufus M. Morgan

Rhoda Campbell Morgan (DJC 2458) and John Williams

Thomas Lanier Williams and Isabel Coffin

Cornelius Coffin Williams and Edwina Dakin

Thomas Lanier "Tennessee" Williams (1911-1983), playwright

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concogs@earthlink.net (412) 741-1657		misc_sanders@charter.net (508) 278-9889		jjbohn@gmail.com (615) 521-6937	

**2<sup>nd</sup> Vice President: Prescott Cogswell, San Clemente, CA, [prescogswell@cox.net](mailto:prescogswell@cox.net)**



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<b>Virginia E. Bohn</b> 205 Union Street Schenectady, NY 12305-1405 <a href="mailto:ginbohn@yahoo.com">ginbohn@yahoo.com</a>	<b>Prescott Cogswell</b> 304 Poco Paseo San Clemente CA 92672 <a href="mailto:prescogswell@cox.net">prescogswell@cox.net</a>	<b>Edward R Cogswell, Jr.</b> 21321 107 <sup>th</sup> Ave. SE Snohomish WA 98290 <a href="mailto:ercogswell@wavecable.com">ercogswell@wavecable.com</a>
<b>Matthew Cogswell</b> 1307 SW 25TH Street Cape Coral, FL 33914 <a href="mailto:foam2005@aol.com">foam2005@aol.com</a>	<b>Edmond Cogswell</b> 2556 Fox Circle Walnut Creek, CA 94596 <a href="mailto:ecogswell2@att.net">ecogswell2@att.net</a>	<b>Tim Sanders</b> 38 Country Road Uxbridge, MA 01569 <a href="mailto:misc_sanders@charter.net">misc_sanders@charter.net</a>
<b>Caroline Welling VanDeusen</b> 1182 Parkway Drive Columbus, OH 43212 <a href="mailto:lincolnfriends@gmail.com">lincolnfriends@gmail.com</a>	<b>Denis L. Cogswell</b> 8914 Puerto Del Rio Dr, - Unit 501 Cape Canaveral, FL <a href="mailto:dlcogswell@pobox.com">dlcogswell@pobox.com</a>	<b>Dennis R. Cogswell</b> 108 Haven Drive Radford, VA 24142-3811 <a href="mailto:dcogswel@radford.edu">dcogswel@radford.edu</a>

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