

JEWETT FAMILY OF AMERICA



Our Star
Robert H. Jewett
Story, page 5

2007 QUARTERLY NO. 1

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	Editor of Publications	
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Alan D. Jewett (508) 888-7155		PO Box 486, East Sandwich, MA 02537
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Dorothy Jewett Stitt (Editor of Publications, Emeritus) (610) 252-6944		110 Upper Shawnee Ave, Easton PA 18042

(The number in parentheses is the term expiration year)

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Dues, Membership, Address Changes

John P. Jewett
65 Hamilton Circle
Marlborough, MA 01752
JEWETTS@COMCAST.NET

Family additions, corrections, births, marriages and deaths, please forward to:

Lee Jewett Petry
Jewett Family Historian
209 Marchmont Rd.
Knoxville, TN 37923
JFAPETRY@NXS.NET

Information for future newsletters:

Linda Davison Remley
Newsletter Editor
10746 Marclif Road
Conifer, CO 80433-7735
(303) 838-5260
DMRLDR@ATT.NET

Very Important!!

With the new year, it is time for membership dues. \$15.00 for a single member or \$25.00 for a family membership is very reasonable for the benefits. For genealogists, where can you get more information for free than from the Jewett Family with little or no effort? And then there is being a member of a wonderful family, the Jewetts. Please send your renewals to:
John P. Jewett, Secretary/Treasurer
65 Hamilton Circle
Marlborough, MA 01752

From the Editor's Desk

Greetings from snowy Colorado!

David and I have used more fuel for our snow blower and tractor in December and January than in the last three years. We officially have 110" of snow since December 20, 2006.

There is a new section in the newsletter with this edition. I hope many of you will submit your biography to be included in a future edition. Perhaps the younger generation would like to contribute an article. You may either e-mail it or send it via USPS. Please include a picture. Perhaps yourself, your family or your home.

Telephone numbers for the board and officers have been added with this issue. Please check to make sure I have included the correct information.

Linda

Contemplations of your President

It seems like I am often talking about the weather in these messages and this one will be no different. It has been unseasonably cold for the last week (it is 12.7° as I write this at 8:30 AM) after being unseasonably warm for the preceding months. Depending on your viewpoint, we have been blessed with virtually no snow this year in the Boston area as opposed to those in Colorado, the Midwest, and upstate New York.

The winter in New England is a time for indoor activities. At our age, Claire & I do more thinking about what we are going to do than actually doing it. This year we decided to tackle (actually hire someone to tackle) a couple of jobs that have been nagging us for several years. We have been in our Medway, MA house since 1973. It is a quality built house but things do wear out and the carpet was no exception – it was worn thin in places and generally had lost much of its appearance. Fortunately there were hard wood floors underneath and after moving all the furniture and removing the carpeting, they were found to be in such good condition that we won't even put scatter rugs down at least for now. We also completely redid our primary bathroom in January. The contractor was here about two weeks and it was an interesting experience to have variable use of the bathroom during this process. Fortunately they were able to let us have partial use of it most nights. We look forward to making some other renovations in the near future.

I know our membership is of varying ages but I encourage all of you to embrace the new technology that is available to us. I know it can seem daunting, but it really is much easier than it looks to use these new tools. One I am particularly impressed by is the GPS (Global Positioning System). There is no longer ANY excuse for getting lost. About a year ago I purchased a portable GPS, which is designed for operation in a motor vehicle. For those of you not familiar with it, a GPS communicates with satellites in orbit around the earth. It determines its location and displays it on an electronic map containing ALL the streets in the US. It can be instructed to guide you, using voice and maps, to virtually anywhere. After a little experimentation, I had it up and running and used it to confirm the best route to and from work as well as to see my location at all times. I was able to really try it out when I made a business trip to Texas where I landed at DFW and had to drive to Paris – about a 3-hour drive. I had never been to Texas before but the GPS guided me well. The only caution is to look at a map first so you have a general idea of where you are going and what lane you need to be in on the highway – changing several lanes during rush hour is not a fun situation. I just purchased a new Subaru that has a navigation system in it so Claire is now the caretaker of the portable GPS - she had a lesson on using it last night. My Dad died 10 years ago but he would have loved to use this technology. Although he was 80 years old, he was proficient with his PC and used it often.

In my last letter, I asked for suggestions on how to persuade members to pay dues / publication fees, to encourage the growth of the JFA and especially to promote the organization to younger people. I haven't had any response - I hope people are reading these letters. So please, if any of you have any ideas or suggestions, I would love to hear them.

Toujours le même,



Robert H. Jewett Autobiography

My parents were Albert Frederic Jewett, a Fruit and Produce Commission merchant in New York City, and Annie Winifred (Davis) Jewett, whose family hailed from Massachusetts with a connection to the Langley's of Nova Scotia. My grandfather, Dr. Frederic Albert Jewett, delivered me at home in Flatbush, Brooklyn on September 23, 1914. On his way to visit mother and me, while crossing an adjacent lot, he saw a thistle growing, picked it up and said "Bobby Burns was a good man, we'll name him Robert."

Dad and Mother decided to move from Brooklyn to Hollis, Queens in 1920 and that became their home for the rest of their lives. At the time of our move, there were four boys in our family. The oldest was Frederic Davis, age 16, then came Albert Longley, 14, Lincoln Hale, 12 and Robert Howard, 6, otherwise known as "Little Runt" which also became the name of our first sailboat, an 8 foot sailing dinghy. Not too many years after our move to Hollis, Dad purchased the empty lot next door and, with it, eventually came a two story, two car garage that housed Halloween dances in the fall and had a billiard room upstairs, a tennis court at the rear of our property which became a launching pad for fireworks on the Fourth of July, and a handball backboard for practice. I recall a 4th of July when one rocket, instead of making a spectacular run aloft, turned horizontal, went down the block, around the corner and ended up under the deck of a neighbor's house. On Christmas day Mother always invited, among others, Uncle George Jewett who had fought in the Civil War, had his horse shot out from under him, and was jailed in the infamous Andersonville Prison.

My earliest school memories include my first day in school at P.S. 35 when I cried so hard my oldest brother, Fred, had to come and take me back home. Another grade school memory is being sent to my homeroom teacher with a note explaining some variation from good conduct. I can still see Miss Adams' face and hear her voice when she looked up at me saying "Why, Robert!" My years at Jamaica High School were uneventful. My Greek professor was quite upset when he heard that, although accepted at Amherst, I was unable to attend for lack of funds. My Dad had put my three older brothers through college but when my turn came, the Great Depression intervened.

My first job was as a runner in Wall Street at the princely sum of \$48 a month, but this lasted only a year due to necessary cutbacks. Not long after that a neighbor offered me a job at an A & P bakery in the Bronx, which resulted in the longest commute I have ever experienced. Although I became quite good at tossing rolls of dough into pans the flour in the bakery affected my weak eye and I transferred to a warehouse, which involved an occasional unloading of a banana-filled freight car while keeping an eye out for tarantulas. My next job was at the Gertz liquor store in Jamaica, initially keeping the store shelves stocked with wine and liquor, eventually becoming a salesman. During the three years I spent with Gertz I decided I wanted to get into air transportation, specifically with American Airlines. American was a tough company to join and, although I had good contacts and interviews, none of these bore fruit. My brother, Fred, came to the rescue and got me an interview with the soon-to-be manager of American's LaGuardia Field Station. I can still hear the rich melodious voice of his assistant manager saying, "Mr. Jewett, can you come to work next Monday?" Monday being the opening day at LaGuardia Field, December 1, 1939. I began work as a baggage agent and had an uneventful first day as LaGuardia was socked in with zero visibility and ceiling and no plane movements in or out until our DC3, the Night Owl, left at 11:00 p.m. My first vacation with American came the next year when I took my mother to California.

Mother and I booked an apartment on the beach at Santa Monica and Mother contacted Edyth Underhill, who soon visited with her daughter, Betty, an artist employed by Walt Disney. The next day Betty invited me to a beach party at Laguna, some 50 miles south, with her two brothers and their intendeds. That was followed by an invite for a meatloaf dinner at Betty's family home. When my mother and I departed from Burbank, the only airport serving Los Angeles at that time, Betty came to see us off and kissed me goodbye. The memory of that kiss stayed with me all the way home and in my

second letter to Betty I informed her that I had fallen in love. Her response was to invite me back in the spring so she could show me Sequoia and Yosemite National Parks. On the way back from Yosemite I proposed to Betty and, before I left for New York, she accepted. The marriage date was September 27, 1939, in Hollis, Queens rather than California due to economic constraints. I regretted not having Betty's father and her two brothers present at our wedding but the same financial considerations dictated otherwise. Betty and I spent our three-day honeymoon in East Hampton. When we were married we had physically been in each other's company for only two weeks, which had been spread out over an eight-month period. Our marriage, however, lasted 59 years, ending after Betty's long downhill slide toward ill health, with her death on January 11, 2001. She is buried with other family members in Green River, a little country cemetery in East Hampton. The nearest neighbor, with a huge boulder marking his grave, is the artist, Jackson Pollock. Betty, also an artist, loved to paint owls and other birds on stones collected from the bay beaches and also was a fine portrait artist.

I feel there were two occasions when Fate affected my life. The first occurred when my dad had the misfortune of losing his mother at five days of age, thus never really knowing his true mother's love and care. His father married again, several years later, and that second marriage proved to be the connection between the Jewett family and my future wife's Underhill family. Thus, my father's tragic loss became my blessed gain. The second occasion was my entry into the armed forces. Back in the 1920s I had serious eye problems – iritis and conjunctivitis – which kept me out of school for a full session and impaired sight in my right eye. The military wanted me to be a tail-gunner on a bomber, not the healthiest occupation, with a low survival rate, but the same eye that kept me out of school also kept me from being a tail-gunner. Instead, I was able to become a Link Trainer instructor, using the same trainer that American used to train company pilots on instrument procedures (flying by instruments only, without any reference to outside visual objects). I was assigned to Reno Army Air Force Base to train pilots on instrument procedures when flying Curtis C46's over the Hump in the China-Burma-India theater.

After signing on with American as a baggage agent, I gradually moved up, first as a load agent making up the load distribution for departing airplanes, then a departure agent. My military service took me from the ticket counter at the time Betty and I were celebrating the arrival, just one month prior, of our first daughter, Barbara. I was fortunate in being able to find a small cabin in Reno, Nevada, where I was stationed, so that Betty and Barbara could join me, and that is where Susan was born. After the war we returned to New York and I went back to my ticket counter supervisor job with three years added seniority. An usher at my wedding was in charge of American's Charter Control office and he persuaded me to join his group. I spent the rest of my years with American in that office, eventually becoming Manager of Charter Sales.

Early in my employment at American's Charter Control office I learned through a friend of 30-odd Levitt Cape Cod houses being built in Albertson (which preceded Levitt's large developments built elsewhere on Long Island). We picked our favorite location at the end of a dead-end street next to a nursery and got listed as possible buyers. Betty phoned me at the office one day to say she had a letter from Mr. Levitt announcing the houses were up for sale (\$6,990 with \$500 down, \$39 monthly carrying charges) and that he had sent out 50 letters for the 30-odd houses, first-come, first-serve. The AA Credit Union loaned me the \$500, my boss gave me the afternoon off, and I sped home, picked up Betty and hurried off to their office. Arriving in time, we were able to get the house we wanted, the second one sold of the several thousand yet to come at Carle Place and Levittown.

In Albertson we celebrated the birth of our third daughter, Cynthia. Our daughters chose varied careers. Barbara became Treasurer of her husband Bruce Harris' Long Island firm, Dover Findings; Susan spent her career at the Smithsonian's Natural History Museum, becoming Manager of the world's largest preserved-fish research collection; and Cynthia, residing in Texas with her husband, Tom Corkery, was a skilled fashion illustrator in the days before photography had such an impact on the fashion-ad business.

Eventually, Betty and I could claim four grandchildren, Tim and Michelle Harris, Scott and Brad Corkery and two great grandchildren on the Harris side, Sean and Emma Glennon.

In the early 1950s, through my brother, Lincoln, I learned of some land for sale in East Hampton, eight tenths of an acre adjoining his property. I was interested and that became the site of our summer cottage and future retirement home. Using plans for a sleeping-balcony cottage, I built the cottage myself, including digging a small cesspool and driving a well for drinking water. Fortunately, a neighbor, appropriately named Mr. Wood, had just torn down two apartment houses in the Bronx and had the wood stored just six miles from my property. Aside from new cedar siding, this was the source of all the wood used in the cottage. I located an outlet for rusty nails in Flushing which, when driven into the undressed lumber, resulted in a very solid house. I found a stairway from a one hundred year old house in the village and, by reversing risers and steps, was able to use it for balcony access. Our three girls slept in bunk beds on the balcony while Betty and I had a small bedroom on the ground floor under the balcony. Betty and I became so attached to East Hampton; we knew it would become our retirement home, a development that came about in 1975. Our \$6,990 Levitt house sold for \$70,000, most of which went into putting a \$50,000 two-story addition to our former \$2,000 sleeping-balcony cottage.

The sleeping-balcony cottage proved to be a wonderful vacation spot for Betty and our three girls and for me on weekends and when I used vacation time (American generously allowed me six weeks vacation). What vacation time I didn't spend in East Hampton we would use to take the whole family to California to visit Betty's folks. We traveled "space available" and generally had no problem finding five empty seats.

I have been a sailor for most of my life starting with an 8 foot sailing dinghy, then a trimaran, sailing canoes, an 18 foot day-sailer, a 20 foot Pennant cabin sloop and, finally, a McCurdy & Rhodes 24 foot cabin sloop. While still a very young man I made one sailing canoe trip from Huntington to Crane Neck, Port Jefferson, detouring via Fort Salonga in a rain shower so I could take the mast down, turn the canoe over to form a rain shelter and, when the rain stopped, to get on my way again. I found an old shack on the beach at Crane Neck and slept on the front deck. The next morning I headed home aiming for Eaton's Point, taking advantage of a lovely breeze and never dreaming that a future daughter named Barbara and her husband, Bruce Harris, would someday have a home on that low strip of land off my port bow called Asharoken.

During the 20-foot cabin sloop period, Betty and I used to go for moonlight sails. I remember calling my friend, Mary Graf, and saying "Mary, there is a full moon tonight" to which her answer was "Mr. Jewett, you are a devil! Can you wait until my father comes to baby-sit?" One such night Mary and Axel Graf joined Betty and me on our Pennant sloop, Bounty II. We sailed over to Cedar Point off Shelter Island where Mary and I jumped overboard for a swim. On the way home we detoured by the Silver Seahorse in Three Mile Harbor where Mary and I danced barefoot before finally calling it a night. Sad to relate, one night at Christmastime, Mary had visited her sister and, on the way home via the parkway, drove head-on into a concrete bridge abutment and was instantly killed, a possible epileptic episode.

When I acquired my 24 foot sloop, I called Axel Graf, told him of my purchase and that its name would be "Moon Girl" in memory of Mary and would he like to join me on the initial sail from Northport to Three Mile Harbor. The answer was "You bet I would!" I took delivery of "Moon Girl" at Northport marina and we spent most of the day readying her for departure. We finally left at 11:00 p.m., had a bit of trouble finding the channel at night, but finally rounded Eaton's Neck heading for Port Jefferson where we anchored just inside the harbor. I think we both were asleep before we hit the bunk beds. We sailed along Long Island's north shore all the next day, rounding Orient Point lighthouse about 8:00 p.m. There was a full moon and we sailed down its path all the eight miles to Three Mile Harbor. Incredible!

I also had a 14-foot Hobie Cat named “Skittery.” The Hobie Cat provided me with the most fun, especially after I learned how to prevent capsizing. I made it a practice each October to sail alone around Shelter Island, starting at and returning to the entrance of Three Mile Harbor, racing my own best time from previous years. On one such trip, in a brisk southwest breeze, I memorized my various courses, later measuring them on a nautical chart and determining I had sailed 33 miles in 3 hours, 20 minutes, for an average of 16 mph. On the final run from Greenport to Three Mile Harbor, I was heeling moderately with my starboard pontoon out of the water when four ducks flew across my path, close to and at masthead height. I felt we were five flying objects.

Luckily for me Betty adapted well to our occasional short boat cruises. One such cruise took us up the Connecticut River as far north as a cove beyond the Haddam Opera House. Another took us to the America Cup preliminary trials off Newport getting close to the contenders, something the Coast Guard would not permit on race dates.

For a good part of our married years, Betty and I were one of six couples that would meet once a month for dinner with the host couple providing the entrees and Betty, by unanimous consent, bringing butterscotch or apple pie. In the summertime we would spend a weekend at Henry and Pat Hill’s place on Shelter Island, at Helen and George Nagle’s summer home on Sammy’s Beach or at our cottage on Three Mile Harbor.

Betty and I enjoyed traveling by air and by cruise ship. We took two trips to Portugal, a country we loved, a cruise from Montreal to San Diego with a stopover in Philadelphia, a city I had never visited, and a cruise from Vancouver up the inside passage to Alaska stopping at the capitol, Juneau. Our final cruise was a round trip from Grand Bahama to Grenada in an older ship that had been used to service lighthouses in Great Britain. It was a very relaxed and casual affair with no formal dress. At the Captain’s morning briefing, one woman asked him if she could gamble at the next port. His reply, “Madam, this whole trip is a gamble!”

I’ve often said “singing and sailing are what have kept me alive” and I would have to give the major credit to singing. Starting as a boy soprano and becoming a tenor at St. Gabriel’s Episcopal Church in Hollis, I settled for baritone (or fallen tenor) during my retirement years. I’ve sung in two cathedrals, in the U.S. and England, 14 different churches, 4 choral societies in NY and the Berkshires, and as the captain in Gilbert and Sullivan’s “Pinafore,” the reviewer of which stated, accurately I’m afraid, that there were some flat notes.

Betty’s passing was a great loss to our family. She took such pleasure in her flower and vegetable gardens, her artwork and sharing her favorite swimming hole with her friend, Mary Ann Siegfried. With Betty gone, my otherwise lonely existence has been brightened with visits and TLC from my three very concerned and protective daughters and the companionship of my roomer, Elisa Dragotto, the soprano soloist in our St. Luke’s Church choir who has just left my home after four and a half years. Other very close friends in East Hampton include Mary Ann Siegfried, Loring Bolger, and Dina Vamvakis. I could not sign off without mentioning Vanessa Brown, Elisa’s sister, my spiritual counselor and pen pal extraordinaire in Elmira, NY, to whom I feel very close.

I am grateful for the many years my family and I have had the companionship and sharing of mutual interests with my brother, Lincoln, now gone, his wife, Olive, and their children and grandchildren whose homes are next door, all of us forming a family complex in an area about two hundred feet square. If my final years (92 and still counting) are still blessed with my daughters’ love and support and with friends like those mentioned above, it helps somewhat in easing the pain of losing Betty.

After awhile, crocodile,
Bob Jewett (me)

Queries

Marion Emmons, a member from Moosup, CT would be interested in purchasing any items family members have for sale. If a member would like to be in touch with Marion, please contact the editor and that information will be available. Marion suggested a section in the newsletter to advertise Jewett Family Memorabilia. If there is enough interest, it will be added.

Marianne Meth (e-mail: asmgmeth@Adelphia.net)

needs information regarding Benjamin N. Jewett, born 1809 in New Hampshire. He married Mary Ann Riley in Brookline, Norfolk, MA, 5 November 1837. Their children: Mary Josephine, born about 1843, Benjamin Francis, born, 28 April 1846, died 1881 and William Edward, born 1846, died 1848. Can anyone help Marianne?

Lee Petry, Historian received a query from Jessie Elliott regarding **Opal H. Jewett**. She passed away Sunday, 5 November 2006. The notice was in the Wichita, Kansas Eagle. Husband Edward and son, Ernie Woods, predeceased her. Memorials were to Calvary Baptist Church in Derby, Kansas and the VFW in Wichita, Kansas.

From **Lee Petry, Historian**: “ I think it is time we research when *Jowet* became *Jewett* in America. What kind of original documents are available in Rowley, MA? There should be quite a few signed in the early days of the Village. Should we start with the Rowley Historical Society?” You may contact Lee Petry directly or through this editor with suggestions.

FYI

Intriguing! Follow up to a version of Edward Jewett’s (1) Estate, from his will from 1816.

Source: This transcript has been taken directly from the registered copy held at the Borthwick Institute in York (England) and is almost identical to that published by Hazen in 1940 (New England Historical & Genealogical Registrar, 1940, vol. 94, pages 99-107). There are many differences to the transcript published by F. C. Jewett (Frederic Clarke Jewett) who compiled volumes I and II of the “History and Genealogy of the Jewetts of America”, but the only significant one is the spelling of the name. F.C. Jewett uses “Jewett” though there is no doubt that in the actual will it is “Jowet”. Why F.C. Jewett should persist with this obvious, and apparently, deliberate error is not clear.

*York Registry, Act Book
Pontefract, 1615*

Addition to the information regarding **Marion Miller Tubbs**, Obituaries, 2006, Quarterly 4, page 65. The line is Freeman Jewett (8092) and Lydia Jewett. Their daughter, Lillian A. Jewett married Lewis Miller. Their daughter was Marion Miller Tubbs. The information is in the 1930 Norwich, New London, CT census. Lillian A. Jewett is in the Norwich, New London, CT 1910 census with her parents, Freeman and Lydia.

Sarah Jewett King writes: My grandson Stephen King (18338) graduated from Basic Fire Rescue Training, November 22, 2006, Miami Dade, FL Fire Department. He joins his cousin, Captain Allester Jewett (18270) with that department. Brother, Timothy King (18,337) is a Miami City Fireman.

Please note the correction on page 2. In the Directors for Life section: It is now Theodore V. Hermann and not Theodore V. Jewett. This has been listed incorrectly for several years. Thank you, Ted for bringing this to the attention of this Editor.

Kudos

To Marion R. Emmons for her donation!

Dear Mrs. Emmons,

Thank you for your kind donation to the library of the General Society of the Mayflower Descendants, volumes 3&4 The "History and Genealogy of the Jewetts of America" by Theodore Victor Hermann. We truly appreciate your gift and Thank you again, for your thoughtfulness and continued support of the Mayflower Society's library. Without patrons such as yourself our little library would be a much poorer receptacle of works on our ancestor and I know that our many visitors each year will truly benefit from your generosity of spirit.

Sincerely, with all our regards and wishes,

Paul S. Bumpus, Librarian

General Society of Mayflower Descendants

Lee Petry, Historian suggested a donation be made to Mt. Jewett Heritage Park, Mt. Jewett, PA. The following was received from Dick Danielson, President, Mt. Jewett Borough Council.

Heritage Park represents a combination of spectacular beauty, fond memories, and an attraction for area residents and tourists as they venture the Route 6 scenic corridor. As we continue to revitalize, we are reminded that there can be a bright future in Mt Jewett. We sincerely thank those who have contributed.

Tom Jewett (12666) donated a copy of his book "George Anson Jewett (10069/11173): Pioneering Iowa Entrepreneur". To the Jewett Family. He is writing a book about George Enoch Jewett (10064/11165).

Births

Blake Marshall Jewett, son of Sara Lyn (Dyk) and Matthew David Jewett (23498) was born 11 January 2007 in Grand Rapids, MI.

Te'A Li Thompson, adopted daughter of Douglas Edward (23446) and Lydia Thompson was born 15 February 2005. Douglas is the son of Carol Jean Jewett (23415) and Dennis Thompson of Wichita Falls, TX. Douglas and Lydia live and work in Okinawa, Japan. The government employs Douglas. You may view pictures and history of Te'A at the below listed site. www.babyjellybeans.com/web/do/site?ID=3892. The password is *TEA*.

Isabella Grace Rupp, was born 31 July 2006 in Marshall, MI. She is the daughter of Christien James and Jennifer Maria Jewett Rupp. Jennifer's Jewett line is Kenneth Wheeler Jewett (17274) grandfather (deceased) She is the daughter of Don C. Jewett.

Marriage

Michael James Gorbail (20867) and Kerry Ann Danburg were united in marriage 12 July 2006. The nuptials were held in San Bernadino County, CA. Kerry is the daughter of Michael and Mary (Romesburg) Danburg. Kerry was born, 20 September 1981.

In Sympathy

Patricia Olliff Jewett passed away 29 December 2006 in Orange Park, FL after a long illness. He was born in Miami, Florida, October 10, 1930. She attended Miami Senior High School. Patricia and her former husband, Fred McGilvray founded Fred McGilvray, Inc., mechanical contractors in 1965. She retired to Middleburg, FL where she and husband James Jewett (18230) raised Shetland and Australian Sheepdogs. They were active on the AKC show circuit. Her husband survives her. Her sons, Michael, Timothy, daughter, Kathleen survive her. Stepsons, Jeff and Frank, also survive Patricia. Her sister Betty O. Rice resides in Miami, FL.

*Florida Times Union
Jacksonville, FL
January 3, 2007*

H. Lucretia Jewett age 92, died December 12, 2006 at New London, CT. Miss Jewett was born on the family farm in East Haddam, CT, September 14, 1914. She was the daughter of Carlton and Edith (Cone) Jewett. Lucretia devoted much of her life caring for her invalid parents. The family is truly grateful for her devotion. Lucretia was a member of Davidson Chapter Order of the Eastern Star. She served on the board of directors of the Old Lyme Visiting Nurses Association. Numerous nieces and nephews and two sisters-in-law, Marian I. Jewett and Doris R. Jewett, survive her. Her parents, two brothers, Hamilton C. and Charles S. Jewett and sister, Catharine Cole, predeceased Lucretia.

*Hartford Courant
Hartford, CT
December 15, 2006*

Edward C. Ellsworth, Sr., (17842) Woodstock, CT, passed away 22 November 2006. He was formerly from Pomfret, CT. Edward was the son of the late Howard S. and Thera (Howe) Ellsworth. Edward was born in Willimantic, CT, August 27, 1918. He graduated from Vermont Technical College in Randolph, VT. He was a farm manager in Rhode Island and Goshen, NY before buying his own farms in Brooklyn, Hampton and Pomfret. He was active in 4-H. Edward served on several agricultural boards and committees. He was a Deacon in the Abington Congregational Church. He was an active member of numerous clubs and organizations, winning many awards. Edward married Katherine Postemski of Hampton in 1941. She died in 1982. Edward married Charlotte Amidon Farquhar in 1983. She predeceased him in 2004. Charlotte and Edward traveled extensively. Edward leaves three sons, Edward E. Jr., Gerald F. and James K. A stepson survives him, Elias F. Farquhar, Jr. Three brothers and a sister survive, Harold, Howard and Robert and Marion Scott. His brother, Walter predeceased him. Numerous grandchildren, great grandchildren, nieces and nephews survive.

*Norwich Bulletin
Norwich, CT
November 28, 2006*

DAR Descendants of 665, Thomas Jewett

665 Thomas Jewett (1736-1812) m. Eunice Slafter (1731-1825)

1386 Samuel Jewett (1761-1830) m. Lucy Hungerford (1773-1838)

2793 Charles C. Jewett (1810) 1880 m. Catherine Charlotte Scovell (1836-1883)

DAR 27708 4848 Ada Anna Jewett (1847-1907) m. William E. Jones (1847-1917)

1388 Eunice Jewett (1764-1851) m. Solomon Wright (1763-1837)

2800 Pliny Wright (1789-1864) m. Finette Wadsworth (?-?)

4884 Charles Wright (1819-1848) m. Martha Bradley (?-?)

DAR 33013 daughter: Mary Frances Wright (1840-?) m. William H. Frear (?-?)

4887 Solomon Wright (1837-1912) m. Mary Angelie Brimmer (1843-1895)

7388 Solomon Wright, Jr. (1865-1953) m. Ida Reamer Pearce (1869-1921)

DAR 495879 daughter: Dorothy Pearce Wright (1894-1968) m. Francis Earle (1887-1948)

daughter: Elizabeth Earle (1920-) m. John Allison Lockwood (1916-1998)

DAR 816080 daughter: Nancy Lockwood (1947-) m. Luke Vincent Lauretano (1934-)

DAR 816530 daughter: Wendy Lockwood (1949-) m Michael Anthony Zuppio (1948-)

DAR 816531 daughter: Elizabeth Lockwood (1953-) m Allen Michael Tordini (1953-)

DAR 15040 2807 Elvira Wright (1808-?) m. Hinkley Williams (1806-1888)

4904 Clarinda Boardman Williams (1836-?) m. Lucius Manlius Boltwood (?-?)

DAR 18631 daughter: Fanny Haskins Boltwood (1870-?)

1389 Tryphena Jewett (1767-1843) m. Abraham Dunning (1765-1842)

2813 Abraham Dunning Jr. (1798-1841) m. Louisa McEving (?-?)

4946 Abra-Eliza Dunning (?-?) m. Daniel Foss Sargent (?-?)

DAR 29425 daughter: Gertrude Abra Sargent (?-?) m/ Charles William Jones (?-?)

DAR 35779 daughter: Clara Dunning Sargent (?-?) m. John Clarkston (?-?)

1393 Erastus Jewett (1775-1819) m. Rachel Morgan (1779-1859)

2834 Eunice Jewett (1803-?) m. Joseph Keyes (?-?)

5014 Samuel Brown Keyes (1835-1903) m. Mary Emilia Fuller (?-?)

DAR 17402 7528 Annie Mabelle Keyes (1870-?)

DAR 26276 7529 Ida Maude Keyes (1873-1898) m. Emory C. Shailer (1873-1903)

DAR 26377 7530 Ethelwyn Keyes (1875-?) m. George Marshall (1867-?)

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The following information is in the supplemental files and not included in the Jewett Family 1995 volumes

6051. Charles Sumner Jewett died 18 February 1910. Charles and his wife lived at the Jewett Homestead at Clover Hill in the Town of East Haddam and Lyme. He was a farmer. He represented the Town of East Haddam in the General Assembly in 1891, etc.

8651. Carleton Fosdick Jewett b. May 2 1868. m. Edith L. Cone of Bashan District, East Haddam, September 5, 1907. Resided in Old Lyme.
 Hamilton Cone Jewett b. August 6, 1908 m. Marian A. Ingalls of Old Lyme August 4, 1934
 Ellis Hamilton Jewett served in Europe during World War II

 Charles Jewett b. August 27, 1912 m. Doris Reynolds of Hamburg, July 30, 1939
 Patricia b. May 9, 1943
 Lynn b. July 5, 1945

 Lucretia b. September 14, 1914

 Catherine b. July 2, 1922 m. Harry R. Cole, Jr. July 9, 1943
 Karen b. June 29, 1949
 Kevin b. June 5, 1952

 Helen b. December 11, 1891 m. September 5, 1911 Rev. Ray L. Harding. They reside at Ashlawn Farm (dairy farm) in Old Lyme
 James Ely b. April 11, 1915 m. Margaret Sterling May 5, 1950. Farmers and reside on Bill Hill
 Charles b. July 13, 1916 graduated from Yale Law School
 Daphne b. February 10, 1918 m. Gerald Otis Dahlke of Wauwatosa, WI June 5, 1946.
 He served in the 10th Mountain Division in Italy during World War II
 Diane b. June 5, 1950
 Glenn b. May 5, 1951

 Gertrude b. October 2, 1921

NOTE: 8651 is listed in volume II as Carleton F. Jewett. His son, Charles S. Jewett spelled it *Carleton Jewett* in his membership application. It is listed above and in Social Security records as *Carleton*.

Information taken from the Stark Family Association Yearbook, 1951-52
 Submitted by
 Lee Jewett Petry, Historian

Marshall Mount Jewett (4766)

Marshall Mount Jewett. A resume of the life of Mr. Jewett shows that he is a representative type of western man thoroughly imbued with the spirit of western push and enterprise. He led the adventurous life of a frontiersman, and has experienced not only the usual hardship of the pioneer, but during early days was often in the greatest danger from the Indians of the plains and from the pro-slavery men, whose hatred he aroused by his open espousal of the free-state movement. Much of his time was spent on the plains between Leavenworth, Kansas and Denver, and, including the trips made in wagons, he rode across the country forty-six times. Sometimes when alone, and sometimes, when with others, he was attacked by the red men, and more than once he was wounded by their arrows and narrowly escaped with this life. He has lived and braved the hardships of a frontier existence until he has seen the old method of transportation by ox-teams replaced by the swift steam cars; he has seen the Indians gradually drifting further westward and before the approaching wave of immigration and civilization; he has seen the country dotted over with ranch houses and herds of cattle and sheep replace those of buffalo and deer. The smoke from factories rises where once he could discern only the campfires of Indians or white immigrants. In all of the wonderful transformation that has been wrought he has borne a part, and, as a pioneer, his name deserves to be perpetuated in the annals of the west.

In a very early day the Jewett family was established in Rowley, Mass., and later generations founded Jewett City, Conn. One of the named, Charles Jewett, was a very prominent temperance worker and wrote many works upon that subject. Eleazer (2778) a brother of Charles was born at Jewett City, and became a pioneer manufacturer of cut nails, operating a large plant at Norwich, Conn., and employing several hundred men. He was employed by the government of Portugal to superintend the erection of mills, but lost his health while in that country and died shortly after his return home, in 1839. His wife, Mrs. Mary Ann (Russell) Mount, was a daughter of Captain Laban Russell, of Rye, New York, and a descendant of early settlers of Nantucket, Mass.

The subject of this sketch was born in Jewett City, Conn., 23 October 1831. When eight years of age his mother took him to Rye, NY, his father having died recently. Afterward he was given a home with his grandmother, but at the age of fourteen he went to Olney, Ill., and from that time he was practically self-supporting. He was employed as clerk in a store and later became a partner of his brother-in-law, Henry Spring. Wishing to try his fortune in the new west, he came to Leavenworth, Kansas, 20 October 1855, in the company of James L. Byers, bringing a stock of groceries and hardware from St. Louis. The firm of Byers & Jewett opened a store in Leavenworth, which they carried on until 1857, and then turned their attention to the real estate business.

The first trip across the plains that Mr. Jewett made was in October 1858, when he formed a company of six men and traveled to the point where Denver now stands. Building a cabin, the men spent the winter on Cherry Creek. He was captain of the company, which consisted beside himself, of Richard E. Whitsett, General William H.H. Larimer of Pittsburgh, PA, William H.H. Larimer, Jr., of Kansas City, Charles Lawrence and his nephew, Fulsom Darsett. They were among the first white men to build a cabin on the present site of Denver, and they laid out and incorporated the town of Denver, Mr. Jewett becoming the owner of a share in the company. Indians were numerous and the remoteness of the few white men from others made their situation not a little dangerous. In the spring of 1859 Mr. Jewett left the party and traveled, on horseback, seven hundred miles to Leavenworth, making the distance in twenty-two days. In May of the same year he returned to Colorado with a freighting outfit, loaded with provisions and merchandise, and arrived safely in Denver, where he sold his goods, wagons and horses. Buying fresh horses he rode back to Leavenworth. In the fall of 1859 he went back to Denver, with an outfit of eighteen wagons, loaded with

merchandise and provisions, which he sold to prospectors, realizing a handsome sum. Returning to Leavenworth the third time on horseback, he spent the winter there and in the spring of 1860 went across the plains with twenty-six wagons and three hundred and twelve oxen. Afterward he followed the freighting between the Missouri River and Colorado, Salt Lake, Santa Fe and other points. During the Civil War he was employed by the government in providing provisions for the western forts. In the winter of 1863-64 he killed sixteen hundred and thirty-seven head of buffalo on the plains of northwestern Kansas; and the skins of these he sold in Leavenworth.

As has already been intimated, Mr. Jewett had frequent encounters with the Indians and was wounded several times. The most troublesome were the Kiowa, Cheyenne and Sioux. During 1865, while riding from Valverde to Leavenworth, alone, he was attacked by seventeen Indians known as "dog" soldiers, and he had a hard fight with them, but made his escape. When on a return trip from the west, with one hundred and four wagons and only forty-one men, he was attacked in the Platte River bottom by Indians and was corralled for several hours, but finally drove the red men away. An Indian shot him in the arm, but he had the satisfaction of killing the one that wounded him. In 1869 he settled down to farm life in Leavenworth County and afterward engaged in stock raising. In 1896 he bought a farm near Leavenworth from John W. Loar, and upon the one hundred and sixty acres comprising this place he has since made his home, engaged in general farming and stock raising. In the summer of 1898 his residence was destroyed by fire.

In 1865 Mr. Jewett made the trip across the plains from Valverde to Leavenworth and here married Sarah Burr, a sister of H.S. and E. Burr. She died in 1897, leaving two sons, Edmond R. and Harry S. During the border warfare days Mr. Jewett was an outspoken Union man. In 1857 he was one of the party who captured the Kickapoo cannon at Kickapoo which had been stolen by the pro-slavery party from the government arsenal at Liberty. He was with John Brown in his camp at Tabor, Iowa. So pronounced was he in his defense of the free state movement cause that he brought upon himself the enmity of those of different views and at one time a reward was offered for his scalp by the pro slavery party. In spite of all these, and other dangers, he continued his fearless defense of principles he believed to be right. He has always been a man of patriotic character, progressive and public spirited motives, and has cherished a warm affection for the country where the active years of his life have been passed.

*Article taken from the
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