
The Kindred Spirit

Vol 15, No. 2

Spring 2015

110th
MEETING



ANNUAL
REUNION

From the President

I have always enjoyed watching television's, "Antiques Roadshow," but had never met anyone who had appeared on the popular program until my son, Stephen, was filmed with a depression-era WPA poster he had purchased at a junk shop. I thought his "cousins" might be interested in how Stephen wound up on the show and asked if he would submit an article for the "Kindred Spirit" and it appears in this issue.

If you will allow me a moment of parental pride, I'll mention that Stephen and his wife, Kate, live in Montgomery, Alabama where Stephen, an attorney and policy analyst, works for the Arise Citizen's Policy Project, a non-profit organization dedicated to issues such as curtailing the payday loan industry with its excessive interest rates that victimize poor citizens who can least afford continued debt. In March, Stephen received a call from Washington and was asked if he would be interested in meeting with a "high government official" about payday loans. Stephen said he would and later learned the government official was none other than President Obama who would be giving a speech on the subject in Birmingham and he wanted to meet beforehand with Stephen and a few other individuals who were fighting the payday loan industry.

Stephen's meeting with the President is another story for another time. I mention it to show that we all have family members whose experiences could be shared with cousins in the "Kindred Spirit." We are fortunate to have a wonderful editor, Bob Barlow, who has stayed on to produce the newsletter with the provision that we continue to provide him with articles. Bob is assisted by a talented co-editor, Linda Brooks, whose excellent ability to research Stetson stories is found in this issue. Bob and Linda would welcome your contributions. What to write about? As board member Emilie Green mentions, in 2017 we will commemorate the 100th anniversary of the United States entering WWI. Perhaps you had a grandfather or great uncle who fought in the war to end all wars. And it has been 50 years since this country started operations in Vietnam. Many women served there as nurses and their stories need to be told in addition to those of the Stetson men who were in that difficult war. Kenneth Stetson, a Marine from Longmont, CO, made the ultimate sacrifice in Vietnam and his name is on the Memorial in Washington, DC. Ken died on Feb 17, 1968 at the age of 22. If any of his relatives can provide more information about this brave young man, we would be honored to share it with Stetsons in the "Kindred Spirit."

The huge piles of snow we had in New England last winter have long been gone so that we can look forward to a beautiful Sunday, August 16 for our annual meeting with lots of sunshine, lobsters and Stetson fellowship. Details about the annual meeting are found in this issue to include an event that will take place Saturday afternoon when the Samuel "Drummer" Stetson House in Hanover, built around 1694 and on the National Register of Historic Places, will be open for tours as well as the cemetery across the street that has a number of Stetson graves. That evening our archivist, Beverly Colton-Cochrane, will give a talk about John B. Stetson's summer home in Deland, Florida. A friend recently gave me a book, "Hats Off to John Stetson" by Mary Christian and even though it was written for younger readers, I enjoyed learning about the famous hat maker and look forward to hearing about his home in Florida.

On Sunday, in addition to a delicious meal, hearing about our scholarship winners, renewing friendships with cousins from all over while enjoying the beautiful view of the North River, there will be a chance to purchase a copy of Book Five of the Stetson genealogy series which is hot off the presses (more about the book in this issue.) A debt of thanks goes out to Historian Barbara Merrick and others who helped make the publication of this book possible which will be on sale at the pavilion along with other Stetson merchandise and "free stuff" to be given away like old editions of the "Kindred Spirit" and other items found by our archivist as she organized the Stetson Kindred headquarters. The annual meeting at the Shrine in Norwell is always an event Stetsons won't want to miss. Hope to see you there.

2014-15 Officers and Board of Directors

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2015 Annual Meeting and Reunion

The Stetson Weekend begins on **Saturday, the 15th** with a **Visit to the Stetson House in Hanover at 514 Hanover Street and then the Hanover Center Cemetery** between 2 PM and 4 PM. We will spend about an hour at the Stetson House and another hour at the cemetery which is across the street.

At 5:30 PM, Members will gather at the Hanover Phoenix Masonic Lodge at 133 Broadway in Hanover for a delicious catered buffet, followed at 6:30 by our speaker, Stetson Archivist Beverly Colton-Cochrane who will speak about John Batterson Stetson's winter home, "The Stetson Mansion" in Deland, Florida.

At \$19 PP, (incl. Tax/Tip), the Buffet consists of:

Crisp Caesar Salad with Garlicky Croutons
 Sautéed Chicken & Mushroom Marsala (which we all loved two years ago)
 Wild Mushroom & Sundried Tomato Risotto
 Grilled Medley of Lime-Tarragon Vegetables with Balsamic Drizzle
 Dinner Rolls & Butter
 Home-Baked Chocolate Chip Cookies
 Iced Display of Iced Tea & Lemonade

On Sunday morning, the 16th, we'll start out with coffee and pastries at the Pavilion at 9:00 AM. Registration and welcoming continue until 10:00 when we'll have kid's games available. Then at 11:00 we'll have the annual group photo in front of the Pavilion, and then at 11:15 the call of "Clam Chowder Time" is sounded, followed by the Clambake at 12:00. The Annual

Meeting is set for 1:30 – or as soon as the lunch is over.

And who could pass up that Clambake for \$35??

Catered by the **Family Crest Catering**, the meal will include: **1 1/4 lb. Boiled Lobster**, Steamed Clams with Drawn Butter Corn-on-the-Cob, Red Bliss Potato Salad, Homemade Cole Slaw, Corn Bread & Butter, and Strawberry Shortcake with Homemade Whipped Cream for dessert.

And all for only **\$35.00 per Person (incl. tax & tip)!**

Substitute Chicken Breast for Lobster for **\$28.00**

Add 6 oz. Boneless Breast of BBQ Chicken \$ 5.00

Add Another Lobster! for \$11.00

Kid's Meal: Clam Chowder, Hot Dog, Cheeseburger, Corn on the Cob for \$13.00

Vegetarian Meal: Grilled Vegetable Scampi with Penne Pasta \$13.00

We hope that you will be one of our relatives or guests who are attending the **110th** Reunion.



Your dinner reservations must be received by August 9th!!!!

Cornet Robert Stetson Descendants

Book Five

Book Five has now been printed and is ready for distribution. Like Volume Four, it is 480 pages long, including an extensive index of 93 pages showing 930 names, making it easy to follow your own lines. Some of the surnames with the most given names include: Adams, Allen, Bailey, Barker, Barstow, Bates, Brooks, Brown, Carpenter, Carr, Chase, Cobbett, Corthell, Damon, Durand, Estes, Farrar, Gardner, Hall, Hatch, Jackson, Jacobs, Johnson, Jordan, Josselyn, Lincoln, Loring, Morrical, Morse, Munro, Pool, Pulsifer, Robinson, Rogers, Russell, Smith, Sprague, Sproul, Stetson, Studley, Sylvester, Thomas, Tilden, Tribou, Turner, Whiting, Witherell, Woodward, and Young. Of course there are many other names, as well. Cost for this remains the same as Book Four -- \$35 for the book and \$10 for postage. Pick it up at the Reunion for \$35 and save postage!

The “Call” to the Annual Meeting

The “Call” will be sent out in July, along with a reservation form for the Reunion, directions to the Kindred site, and a copy of the official Minutes of the 2014 Annual Meeting to be voted on at the 2015 Meeting. This will be sent by “snail mail” to all Members which will allow you to check your mailing label to see whether you are current for 2015.

In Memoriam

LEAH E. (STETSON) MINER died in Augusta, ME on April 27, 2015. Wife of the late Harold Miner, and mother of Paul, Neill, Alan, and David Miner, and aunt of our former Treasurer, Rev. Bob Stetson.

WILLIAM B. “WILD BILL” MULLIN, JR died in Hanson, MA on May 18, 2015 at age 78. Son of the late William M. and Ruth (Gardner) Mullin, father of William, III, John, Charles, and Bert Mullin. Bill attended all of the Stetson Reunions, and enjoyed arriving in antique cars.

TELL THAT TO THE MARINES!

As the centenary for WWI approaches (6 April 1917-6 Apr. 2017), we would like to publish a few stories of Stetsons who served during this war. If you have any interesting letters, stories or photos of a Stetson ancestor who was “over there” or even stateside, we’d like to begin collecting them now for our archives with a view to featuring some of them in future newsletters.

NO GIRLS ALLOWED!

No, we’re not trying to exclude the ladies but we’re wondering if any of you men bearing the Stetson surname have had the Y-DNA testing done through FamilyTree DNA??

(www.familytreedna.com) as there is already a Stetson group on this site. However, you cannot access the group if you have not had the testing done. Are any of you members of this Stetson group? The Y chromosome is passed almost unchanged from father to son which is why women and males bearing a surname other than Stetson cannot take this test to find out about their Stetson male ancestors. If you have taken the test, we’d love to hear from you if you would be comfortable about sharing your results. At the very least, we’d like to confirm that the Cornet was a member of the R1b haplogroup like most European males. Eventually, if enough Stetson males descending from the different sons were to take this test, we could build a genetic profile that might allow men (and by extension their families), who have had a paper trail go cold, prove their descent scientifically. Of course, we do realize there is a risk and that some named Stetson might just find that they are Stetson in name only and a few men might discover that they are Stetsons even though they do not bear the family name! Depending on the number of results, we might just be searching for someone who has the expertise to construct the Stetson DNA profile for each of his sons. “What about Eunice?” you may ask. If there was an unbroken female line from Eunice, we’d be able to construct a DNA profile for the Cornet’s wife, Honor Tucker. However, we don’t believe that Eunice had any direct female descendants.

Our WPA Poster Makes the Roadshow

by Stephen Stetson

Do you ever see those signs at a construction site letting you know that your tax dollars are helping to fund the project? If you take one of those signs and save it for 80 years, it might be worth something someday.

My wife and I were heading back to Montgomery after a nice weekend near one of Alabama’s great natural treasures, DeSoto Falls. We decided to swing through nearby Fort Payne, a declining textile town that once produced many of the world’s socks.

As an avid comic book collector, we frequently visit junk and antique shops for potentially-overlooked super-heroes. So we were excited to see that one of the only shops open on an otherwise sleepy Sunday morning was a secondhand store called “The Ol’ Buzzard.”

It turns out the shop was named after the proprietor, who as we approached was in front of the store attempting to wrangle an enormous Steinway piano from the bed of a pickup. My Southern manners kicked in immediately and I offered to help. After we got the astonishingly heavy instrument into his shop, The Buzzard offered us a discount on anything we found.

Although there were no comics to be seen, I got a few old records and my wife purchased a WPA poster for a mere \$10. It was patriotic and dirty, a sort of “men at work” sign from what we knew to be one of the federal government’s greatest initiatives. Although government spending is unpopular with many of our Alabama neighbors, we are in the camp that values the power of well-spent tax money.

The typography was particularly cool, and we framed the poster and hung it to complement our World War 2 propaganda posters. But we were puzzled by a number stenciled on the bottom of the poster. Research revealed that it was a job number from the New Deal worksite where the poster once hung. The National Archives helpfully filled in gaps left after extensive online searching: The poster had hung in Fitchburg, Massachusetts in a courthouse renovation project. The feds kicked in some money, the city and state paid the rest. Evidently, the opening scene in the popular 1961 movie, *By Love Possessed* (starring Lana Turner) features Fitchburg’s courthouse. But by that time, the fragile government “men at work” poster was long gone. How it ended up preserved and in Alabama, nobody knew.

We were selected from the lottery when Antiques Roadshow came to Birmingham in June, and since we each could bring two items for appraisal, we decided to bring the poster.

Not everyone that attends Roadshow is selected for filming, but the rarity of the poster was sufficient to draw the producers’ attention. The expert in posters had never seen one like it, and could only determine that two or three others were still in existence. We felt better about our inability to find more about such posters when we were researching online – there simply weren’t any. Those that exist are in museums. One has never sold on the private market. The Roadshow appraiser said if offered at auction, a conservative estimate of the value of our WPA sign is between \$2000 and \$3000 but we have decided to keep it.

Go WEST, young man! Stetson Pioneers in California

By John McNeill

When John Walter Stetson departed Kingston, MA for California sometime in the 1860s, he likely had no idea of what he was about to start in terms of Stetson history, but the flood of pioneers who dared to go west had one thing in common. They brought with them a spirit and venturing quality that has persisted since.

We know little of his first years here, except that he landed in San Francisco, probably on a sailing ship, and one beautiful summer day he, at age 27, married Bessie Ruffner, age 20, of Sonoma, California, the daughter of another pioneer family. John had established a busy drayage company near the San Francisco waterfront, and prospered, hauling the vast shipments arriving to this frantically busy port to provide for the exploding population of the recent gold rush. His last home still stands on Washington Street in the lovely Pacific Heights area. For any man who would work, there was opportunity to be fulfilled. John and Bessie had four children, the youngest of which was my grandmother, Elizabeth Marie Stetson, born in 1887. Grandma Elizabeth was a proper lady of social standing in San Francisco who treasured her friends and activities in the city, and the company she enjoyed with her sister Florence (Lady Flo) who had married into the Spreckels/Rosekrans clan. She married a young electrical engineer and contractor, Paul C Butte, who had a family business in the city. Paul and his company thrived, with his inventions resulting in numerous patents, until the Great Depression. It is reported that he was the creator of the lighting system for the Golden Gate Bridge, using sulfur lamps in a complex design to create that world known night necklace of golden lights. The real reason

for the color, though, was that amber lighting cut through the prevailing fog of the Bay for visibility and safety, unlike white light. That choice prevails today in auto 'fog lamps'.

Paul and Elizabeth had three daughters, the eldest being Barbara Stetson Butte, my



Elizabeth Stetson Butte 1887 - 1952

mother, a red haired, left handed, quick-witted tomboy with strong will, born in 1914. Mother Elizabeth and this daughter debated for all their years over proper conduct for a lady in San Francisco. Fortunately, Elizabeth was in her own quiet way the equal of her daughter and saw that the best schooling available was attended, and Barbara's more antic qualities were somewhat subdued. However, upon reaching the age of 18, with the Depression in full roar, Barbara determined to depart San Francisco to see the world. She booked passage to China on a steamer with money she had saved secretly, and went adventuring, as she used to put it. First to Hong Kong, where she met "a lovely gentleman", then to Canton (now Guangzhou) and on to Shanghai, to see the fabulous Bund and the well-established English town. The 'lovely gentleman' turned out to be somewhat less so, and was

promptly released in Shanghai with little fanfare, and a few tears in private. Recalling the original plan, Barbara picked up her spirits and proceeded to Ceylon (now Sri Lanka) to see the sights and tea plantations. By now the newness of Asia was flagging, and money was low, so she just booked passage once again, and arrived in Manila to visit Uncle George Butte, who was vice governor and associate justice of the Philippine Islands Supreme Court. Uncle George saw that this young lady was soon enroute to San Francisco.

On her return, Barbara found the Depression still in full control, so got a job, eventually saved enough to buy a used 1932 Ford Phaeton (named Betsy) and proceeded with her usual verve to get on with life, dealing with the hardships of the era with what she called 'New England wisdom', as in use it up, make it do, and a few other homilies she recalled from her then gone grandfather. Life went on, but the spirit prevailed, parties were still fun, and she met the most charming man, Rod McNeill, a young banker who eventually talked her into marriage, although he was two years her junior. They rented a little flat in the avenues west of the city, and soon I came along, followed in



John W. Stetson 1845 - 1923



Bessie Ruffner Stetson

13 months by my sister Elizabeth. A difficult life became a bit more so but there were still lots of friends, laughter, and an improving world. Rod served in the Merchant Marine as a Purser, employing his banking skills, then on return from the service decided to become a building contractor in Honolulu, correctly gauging that there would be ample opportunities there with all the servicemen settling after the war.

After a couple of more moves, we finally ended up back in San Francisco again, as Barbara, like her mother, insisted on the children getting a good education, manners, and solid work ethic, all in the Yankee way, she said. I guess, when you are red-headed, left handed and small of stature, something makes you strong beyond the physical. That quality was to be severely tested.

About the time she turned 40, with two pre-teen children, Barbara was diagnosed with breast cancer, and underwent a radical surgery (the treatment of the time) which totally exhausted her and required extensive rehab. Over the following years, her indomitable spirit and belief in the ability to overcome anything by will and hard work carried her through further forms of the dread disease, laughing all the way. She used to, in dealing with skin cancer, talk about receiving a facelift one small step at a time, and go to the doctor every time something new appeared, telling him to, "fix this now." Barbara played tennis with a nasty drop shot and cross angles, but only doubles after age 75, and felt she had to give up her retired polo horse (a gift from a friend) at 82, after he threw her on a trail ride. She loved, in later years, playing dominoes with her friends, crushing them at any opportunity. Finally, in her 93rd year, the cancer became a blood type, and won the 50 year battle as she passed quietly one night at home. This glorious lady, Barbara Stetson McNeill, who we (and she) enjoyed calling 'left headed and red handed' left us some extraordinary memories, and taught all her children and grandchildren the principles by which she had lived - a lifelong gift.

Today, the family of which Barbara was an elemental leader continues, and in many ways carries out those principles, always remembering the Stetson heritage and her very special way of turning it into practical ways of living. On Sunday, May 24, 2015, we attended the baptism of Elizabeth Grace Collins, age one, who has red hair and shows an intent and controlled spirit. We can hardly wait for the next few years to go by to see just how much of her great grandmother may have been passed on.



Barbara Stetson McNeill
...with her grandchildren on her 90th!

The Kindred Spirit is pleased to present this article as the first of a regular feature titled 'Stetson Profiles' which will publish the submittals of Kindred members.

The articles will be the work of submitting members, aided by the Editor, describing interesting tales of Stetson Kindred over the years. If you would like to suggest an article, please just write a draft or outline of the story, and send it to the Editor. We will work with you to develop a good article with selected photos.



Capt. Parker Jones Hall, Master Mariner “The Lone Skipper” by Manley H. Grant

Island just before returning to Duxbury for the last time.



*The following article originally appeared in the September 10, 1974 *Maine Sunday Telegram* and was republished in the *Duxbury Clipper*, May 8, 1975.

“Would an old sea captain with plenty of savvy eat a whole pie, paper plate and all?” According to some members of the Rebekah Lodge at Stockton Springs, ME, Capt. Parker Hall accomplished that amazing feat before their very eyes.

Many stories have been written about Capt. Parker Jones Hall, the colorful character known along the New England coast as “The Lone Skipper.” He was born along the south shore of Massachusetts (Marshfield) and, although he was not a down-easter by birth, he spent most of his later years on the Maine coast (1940 Census-Stockton Springs). When he wasn’t sailing, he lived in a little house near the beach at Sandy Point (ME).

Old-time acquaintances along Penobscot Bay thought the old sea dog was about to “swallow the anchor” when he took off for his native Massachusetts, but they were fooled again. Instead of retiring, he bought the beautiful little schooner *Alice S. Wentworth* from Capt. Zeb Tilton at Vineyard Haven. According to newspaper accounts of the day, Capt. Hall put into Boston where an anti-submarine patrol was being maintained. Parker went booming up the channel in the *Wentworth* with a magnificent disregard for the frantic signals coming from the patrol vessels of the Navy and Coast Guard. He hove-to only when he reached an anchorage that suited him.

Apparently the Captain realized that he was slowly “running out of steam”, because he called on Capt. Freeman Closson to help sail the *Wentworth* to Maine. Not long afterward, he returned to Massachusetts, and we never saw him again.

Among those who did see Parker Hall again were Winsor White, John Cutler and Laurel Freeman, who recall the summer afternoon in 1948 when Winsor White brought a craggy stranger to our (Manley Grant’s) house. That day, Winsor had found Hall sitting on a fence near the Cable House at the corner of Washington and St. George streets (in Duxbury), and he invited Hall to stay with him at his home on Cove Street until the retired sea captain found a room on Bay Road. Hall died a few weeks later, soon after visiting cemetery superintendent Laurel Freeman to pick out his final resting place in Mayflower Cemetery.

A few days before his death, Hall had gone to Assinippi to order a tombstone from F. M. Barnicoat. Etched with a ship, the stone reads:

Parker Jones Hall
Master Mariner
June 16, 1862
Aug. 25, 1948
Owner and Master of
16 Other Schooners

Knowing the end was near, Parker Hall wanted to return to his home port. When he died in Rockland at the age of 86, his official residence was 18 Beale Place, Scituate, where from time to time he had lived with his brother, Samuel. According to a prevalent account, Hall had been in the Sailor’s Home on Long

Of medium height, Hall was so broad shouldered he had to turn sideways when going down the companionway. Even during his life, old salts marveled at his ability to sail large schooners single-handed. Why did he sail alone? According to one account, he had shot a man out of the rigging. Other seafarers said he was too ornery to get along with a crew. Hall told Grant the real story after returning from a trip to Duxbury and Scituate.

“Why have you always sailed alone, Captain?” asked Grant.

It was some time before he replied to my question, but the answer finally came. He said that as a younger man, he was captain of the *Robert P. King*, a schooner somewhat larger than the *George Gress*. After discharging his cargo at a New England port, he went to the company office to pick up his freight money in cash. As soon as he stepped back onboard the vessel, his three crewmen jumped him, intending to get the cash, which was a sizeable sum for those times.

“At first I tried to reason with the men” said Hall, “but it was evident that they meant business.” As the would-be robbers circled around him, the Captain picked up an axe which was lying atop the cabin. When the three men closed in, the captain started swinging away. After he clipped two of them with the blunt end of the axe, they had had enough and the two jumped ashore. But the third was determined to get that cash, so he kept swinging madly with his bare fists. When the Captain landed a solid blow, the third crewman went overboard. “No one saw him around those parts again,” Hall said.

As a result of the fracas, the captain found himself in Court, but he entered a plea of self-defense, and the case was dismissed with the stipulation that he could not command a crew for several years.

After going to Maine, Hall sailed the *George Gress*, a former Hudson River bricker of 64 tons. The heavy old coaster was in bad shape when Hall took her over, so he spent a lot of time and money getting her shipshape. For a few years, Capt. Hall sailed the *Gress* for an absent owner. Finally he became the owner but under rather unusual circumstances.

During the Prohibition days of the late 1920’s and early ‘30’s, Hall succumbed to the temptation to make an easy dollar. One year the Maine Coast Guard, operating on the Penobscot from

Rockland to Bangor, put the *George Gress* under surveillance for several weeks. One day, spying the schooner sailing upriver toward Bangor, officers aboard the Coast Guard boat wondered why the *Gress* was “so down at the head.” They knew Hall and figured he wouldn’t do anything illegal, but they had a job to do, so they boarded the schooner and looked around.

The old skipper was standing by the rail when the Coast Guard boat drew up alongside. Whenever Hall became excited or disturbed, he stuttered profusely. “C-c-come aboard,” he said to the officer who was first on board, “Anything wrong?”

“Just checking,” the Coast Guardsman replied. “By the way, what kind of cargo are you carrying?”

“Just laths,” replied Hall.

“Mind if we take a look down into the cargo hold?”

“N-n-no, go right ahead,” Hall stuttered.

When the hatch covers were lifted, the officer saw what appeared to be a good load of laths, just as Capt. Hall had said. But after removing two or three layers of laths, the government men found what they had suspected there might be, a hold filled with cases of fine liquor.

“N-n-now how in tarnation did that stuff get aboard my vessel?” Hall mused. “Someone must-a played a t-t-trick on me!”

During the hearing, the skipper maintained he didn’t know there was liquor aboard his craft. When the judge asked, “How can an intelligent man like you try to make us believe a yarn like this?” Hall responded “Well, your Honor, if I knew a better one, I’d-uh-uh tell it!”

And he did, because when the *Gress* went on the auction block, a friend, acting on behalf of Capt. Hall, purchased the schooner at a bargain price. Hall quickly became the new owner, and the first thing he did was change the vessel’s homeport to Sandy Point, ME.

The *Gress* and her colorful Captain became better known on the Maine coast during the next decade as he ferried cargoes of bricks, lumber, coal and laths. When coastal business was quiet, the Captain took out sailing parties by the day.

According to Grant, square dancing was one of Hall’s pleasures, and he rarely ever missed the Friday night dances held at the Sandy Point Community Hall. Local folks said they enjoyed his sea-going yarns, flavored with salty phrases. One evening he spied a strange lady across the hall. Turning to his young friend he said, “Uh-uh-I’d like to dance with that one. Take a look at her stern and see where she hails from, Herbie.”

Once, when asked whether he had ever been married, Hall quipped “Well, yes, I married a gal once, rigged her in good clothes fore and aft, and then she l-l-left me!”

Leaving one to imagine that perhaps “good clothes” to Capt. Hall may have meant something a bit more nautical, such as “draped in a clean canvas foresail with a spinnaker shawl for color.”

About Parker Jones Hall

Parker Jones Hall⁹ (*George H.*⁸, *Harvey*⁷, *Betsey Church*⁶, *John, Jr.*⁵, *Mary*⁴, *Samuel*³, *Eunice (Stetson) Rogers*², *Cornet Robert*¹) was born in Marshfield Hills, MA 16 June 1862, the son and first child of George H. and his second wife, Ardelia E. (Ripley) Hall. Although Parker had three older half-siblings, it appears they were raised by their Hall grandparents after his

father married Ardelia in 1860. Parker was to eventually have two younger brothers, Frank and Samuel, with whom he kept in touch during his lifetime, taking one week off a year from his maritime sojourns to visit with them in Plymouth and Scituate.

At the time of Parker’s birth, shipbuilding was still one of the biggest industries in the area, and the Stetsons and Halls were two of the more well-known names associated with vessel construction. Being born in sight of the ocean must have been a strong magnet for Parker, who achieved the pinnacle of a maritime career as a Captain and Master Mariner. His brothers also took to the trade, working as joiners and carpenters on the landlubber side of the business.

As a lone pilot of as many as 16 schooners over his lifetime, Parker was a mariner who embodied the caricature of the salty old seadog, delivering goods up and down the major ocean highways of the eastern seaboard. He may have slipped a bit of hooch into the cargo from time to time, but to his credit he survived hundreds of maritime voyages to eventually retire on dry land.

As he said, Parker did marry once. Katherine Sheridan Boyle, daughter of John and Margaret (Farley) Boyle, was 31 years old when she married Parker Hall in Randolph on March 17, 1905. Katherine evidently had second thoughts quite early on, as the 1910 census does not show an address for them. They had no children.



The Alice S. Wentworth, Captained by Parker

We need a Secretary!

Your Board of Directors is in dire need of a secretary to record the Minutes of each meeting. Since the resignation of Pam Morrissey, we have been without one. Are any of our local members willing to volunteer to fill this vacancy? Please contact Judy, Rick, or me if you are available.

Stetson Kindred of America Inc.

**P.O. Box 31
Norwell Ma. 02061-0031**

First Class

Page 8

The Kindred Spirit

Spring 2015

Please renew my Membership in the Stetson Kindred of America, Inc. at level indicated below. (Check your mailing label).
Anyone who has not submitted the documentation required to support his/her lineal descent will be carried as an Associate Member.
Life Members may want to contribute to the Special Funds listed below.

<u>Categories</u>	<u>Description</u>	<u>Dues</u> (Revised 12/2003)
Senior	Confirmed Lineal Descendant 18 & over	\$ 10.00 _____
Junior	Confirmed Lineal Descendant 17 & under	\$ 5.00 _____
Family	Confirmed Lineal Descendant & Spouse	\$ 15.00 _____
Contributing	Confirmed Lineal Descendant & Spouse	\$ 25.00 _____
Sustaining	Confirmed Lineal Descendant & Spouse	\$ 50.00 _____
Life	Confirmed Lineal Descendant	\$ 250.00 _____
Associate	Non-Lineal Descendant or Lineage not yet proven But has an interest in the Kindred Association	\$ 10.00 _____

Special Fund Donations

Scholarship	\$ _____	Modbury	\$ _____
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