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# *The Kindred Spirit*

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## **From the President**

I'm writing this as the Blizzard of 2015 rages outside. With some 30 inches of snow on the ground, I'm tempted to grab a shovel and start clearing the sidewalk but the wind is blowing so strong that as soon as one section is cleared, it would quickly be covered by drifting snow. At times like this I wonder how Cornet Robert and his family would have coped when hit by a nor'easter? Guess they would simply toss an extra log on the fire. Our ancestors would not have to worry about the power going off and they would not be instructed to move cars so plows could get through or warned by emergency officials not to ride their horses or sleighs on the highways. Things were simpler back then.

It is always enjoyable when I can learn about Stetsons who have played a role in historic events. In the Fall issue of the "Kindred Spirit" I was fascinated to read Linda Brooks' excellent article about Jesse Stetson and the Underground Railroad as well as Ginny Staples' piece on her great grandpa, John Magoun Stetson, a Union soldier who was captured in 1863 and held for a brief time as a prisoner during the Civil War. Reading their stories reminded me that I had some writings my father did when he served in the Coast Guard during WWII. I asked Bob Barlow, editor of the "Kindred Spirit," if he thought cousins might be interested in reading what it was like to sail to Greenland through sub-infested waters and he told me to send it in. You will find my father's account in this issue.

When I received my February issue of the American Legion Magazine the other day, I was amazed to see the name of the cutter my father sailed on, the *Comanche*, mentioned in an article about the Four Chaplains who went down with the ship after giving their life vests to others when their troop ship, the *USS Dorchester*, was torpedoed by a German sub in Feb, 1943. The *Comanche* was one of the escorts for the convoy and even though 675 lives were lost that day, some men were rescued including 93 soldiers and sailors pulled from the 34-degree water by the crew of the *Comanche*, exactly one year before it carried my father to Greenland over those same waters.

Bob Barlow is looking for a cousin who would like to assist him as editor of the "Kindred Spirit." If interested, you can contact Bob at [rsbconstable@aol.com](mailto:rsbconstable@aol.com). And if you have a "Stetson story" you would like to share with your cousins, feel free to send it to Bob. You do not have to feature a Stetson who was involved with the military, but simply someone, it could even be yourself, who has done something you think might be of interest to your cousins.

I'll close on a sad note as we recently learned of the death of Lewis Stetson Allen (obit in this issue.) Lewis, the great grandson of John B. Stetson, the creator of the Stetson hat, was a former board member of the Stetson Kindred. Our past treasurer, Rev. Bob Stetson, said that "Lewis was the main advisor to me and he provided the investment advice that got us to where we are today." And Bill Stetson, who also served on the board with Lewis, said he was a "very accomplished man but more importantly, was a decent, caring and generous human being." Very nice tributes to a cousin who will be missed.

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## In Memoriam

GLORIA DOROTHY GAVETT GOERES BOUCHARD of Columbia, SC died 14 Jan 2015 at age 86. The widow of Richard Valentine (Val) Goeres, she is survived by her husband Richard William Bouchard and her children, SKOA Member Rachael Goeres, and Richard, David and Daniel Goeres and Ruth Pico. Born Oct 13, 1928 in Milwaukee, WI to Verona (née Reinhold) & Harold Stetson Gavett. A lifelong Lutheran, she was baptized, confirmed and married at Holy Ghost Lutheran Church in Milwaukee.

**Lewis Stetson Allen**, 76, died on January 7th, 2015 in Hamilton, MA. He was born 22 March 1941 in Philadelphia. Son of Elizabeth Shindler Stetson and Frederick Virgoe Allen. A great grandson of John Batterson Stetson, creator of the Stetson hat and Elizabeth, Countess Santa Eulalia.



Mr. Allen attended Chestnut Hill Academy and graduated from Germantown Academy. He graduated from the University of Pennsylvania and served in the Army and National Guard of Penn. and New York.

After spending several years at the John B. Stetson Company, a family business, where he became Vice President for Marketing, he left to become a banker with First National City Bank in New York which eventually

became Citicorp. While there he became an Executive Vice President of the Industrial Credit division and twice ran the large asset leasing business. He was a prominent financier of ships and aircraft. After 14 years he left to found his own investment banking business Hunter Garrett Nicholas Incorporated that specialized in corporate finance. He also founded several other businesses including Brown Shipley and Stetson, an investment banking partnership with Brown Shipley Ltd. of London for which he was Chairman.

Mr. Allen retired from banking in 1989 and, since then, has been a full-time volunteer as a management consultant to twelve charities in four countries. Most recently he served on the Board of Directors of the St. George's Society of New York, Historic Royal Palaces in London and was the current Chairman of The British Society in Boston.

Mr. Allen was awarded the Freeman of The City of London. He was an Officer of The Most Venerable Order of the Hospital of Saint John of Jerusalem for which he had been Chairman of the Boston Region, a Forefather Member of Swedish Colonial Society, and a member of The Welcome Society, The Welsh Society, Mayflower Descendants, Society of Colonial Wars, Society of the Cincinnati and the St. Nicholas Society of New York. He was also a member of the Racquet and Tennis Club of New York, The Racquet Club of Philadelphia, Squadron A, the United States Cavalry Association and previously a member of the Aviation Country Club of Philadelphia.

**Lewis was a LIFE Member and served as a Member of the Stetson Kindred Board of Directors. His knowledge and guidance in governance were greatly appreciated and his business acumen will be greatly missed by the Kindred.**

He is survived by his beloved partner Jennifer Griffin, their dog Maddie, his son, Hunter Brooke and wife Kayla and two granddaughters, Victoria and Bailey, his son Garrett Stevens-Manning and a grandson, Britton Stetson, his son Nicholas McArthur as well as his daughter Elizabeth Helen Lewis Stetson. He is also survived by his brothers Frederick and Stephen and sister Elizabeth Brooke Rankin.

## A Stetson is Sent to Greenland

By Rick Stetson

The following is an excerpt from "notes", as he called them, written by my father, Coast Guard Lieutenant F. Winslow Stetson, Jr. as he was transported to Greenland during the winter of 1944 for duty while his wife, Currie, remained on Long Island expecting the couple's first child. He was one of many Stetsons who took part in World War II as part of our "greatest generation." Their willingness to serve their country far from home during a time of war continues to this day.

**09 Feb 1944** Let's see if I can give you a word picture of the place where this is being written. I am on a boat lying at anchor in a harbor off the Maine coast. It is winter time and this morning when I went on deck it was very cold, -3 below zero in fact, a wet penetrating cold which nipped my nose and fingers. Fog was coming off the water like steam from a kettle, and it was hard to see the other boats anchored nearby. But I did not stay outside long and I warmed up quickly when I went below.

The name of the boat (ship, if you prefer) is the *Northland*, and she is a big powerful cutter, well acquainted with ice flows of the north. She is painted mostly white, but has a zig zag light blue pattern so that from a distance it is hard to tell if she is one ship or two. Nor is it easy to tell which way she is headed.

I am writing at a little desk in my stateroom, squeezed in between a small closet and two bunks. It is very crowded, warm and snug. I sleep in the top bunk, in a bed that hangs by chains from the ceiling. The bed has a low rail along its side so that I won't fall out when the ship rolls.

**10 Feb 44** There is a slow, easy roll to the *Northland* as this is being written. Today has been a perfect winter's day on the North Atlantic, quite unusual for this time of year. Around noon it was quite balmy in the sun and if the water were bluer it might be a peacetime cruise in the Gulf Stream. Those making their first wartime cruise realized sharply earlier this evening that it wasn't just for fun when general quarters sounded. I ran to my stateroom, put on my old skiing windbreaker, a lambskin coat, lifebelt and went topside. My station is on the main deck forward -- damage control officer. The alert turned out to be a friendly fishing schooner who was probably startled to see us as we came bearing down on him.

Earlier today we passed three destroyers close aboard, steaming out at full speed on a firing run. I wished I could paint them, catching the action as they tore past -- white water lifting their old gray bows, smoothing out amidships and then churning off their buried sterns into a long, troubled wake. A stiff breeze and their own speed made their flags stand out in brave fashion.

**13 Feb 44** This packet really rolls when the sea makes up. For two days we have been sticking our nose into a moderate gale, 35 knots, or #77 on the Beaufort wind scale which you enter on the ship's log. The rolling verges on being pleasant, sort of like the coming to rest swoop of a suspension ride at an amusement park. You do get a little annoyed at the tendency of chairs, books, papers and yourself to take off and sail across a room on a particularly bad roll, but you tie your chair to a table or stanchion, books you can prop away, and when you yourself start to float off there is always something you can make a grab at and hang on. Very quickly you get in the habit when sitting down to take your feet off the deck and push against a stanchion to keep yourself in the chair and in place.

It's the unexpected fore and aft pitching that gives you an up in the elevator feeling -- all of a sudden what little food may be in your stomach is hanging up at the top of a pitch, you and your stomach are dropping very quickly out from under your food. This stretches the stomach and should make room for more food, only it does not seem to work that way with me. I'm not alone, I might add -- you'd think this ship were a floating hospital. But it's now 15:00, I've kept a cup of black coffee down for twenty minutes and I guess I am on my way to eating again.

**15 Feb 44** (Now on the cutter *Comanche*)

It's rolling so that I will not be able to write much tonight. We're beating our way up the Newfoundland coast and I've never been on a boat that goes so far over on her beams. Strangely enough it is more comfortable on the *Comanche* than the *Northland* or else I'm getting used to it. In a little while I shall discover with interest whether I can stay in my bunk. One slight matter that naval architects might take into consideration -- when a ship rolls all the water goes flying out of the toilets. Something ought to be done.

**16 Feb 44** Along about two o'clock this afternoon we were beating our way into St. John's harbor when "dah dah dit" came over the ship's sound system. That's the call for general quarters. I rushed into my stateroom, put on my windbreaker, the cumbersome kapok life preserver with the red flashlight (a real safety device) pinned onto it, and rushed on deck. The crew were whisking the ice-covered canvas gun covers off the guns, and officers were checking the fuse settings on depth charges and "K" guns, and in less than two minutes the ship was fully manned topsides at battle stations. I went up on the bridge and watched the captain and the sound officer conn the ship. The *Comanche* was like a terrier after a rat and we zigzagged back and forth over a good piece of water. The original sound contact, I'm told, was good and clear which might have meant a submarine, a whale or even a pocket of water of different temperature. You never know in anti-submarine warfare just what you might have picked up. After a while, nothing further being picked up, we steamed in through the nets and into a bleak and wind swept port.

**18 Feb 44** One change in our winter routine is the switch to red lights in the wardroom. As we get farther north the captain wants as little eye-adaptation time as possible in case the officers have to rush topside.

Last night we went through an ice field. I listened to the flows banging against the hull and was tempted to get up on the bridge. But then I figured I would see plenty of ice soon, so I turned over and went to sleep. This ice had drifted down from the Labrador Coast.

**19 Feb 44** My second Saturday at sea finds me propped up on a stool on the bridge of the *Comanche*. The vessel we are escorting has just been blotted out of sight by a sudden snow squall. Somewhere up ahead the *Northland* is leading the way.

Terrific seas are running which makes it difficult to write. On the bulkhead behind the helmsman there is a dial which registers the amount the ship rolls off the vertical -- right now 48 degrees to port, 44 degrees to starboard. Every so often a huge wave catches our hull just right and we are carried along as if on a surfboard, with the bow sliding off, kerplunk, and the wave building up like a slate-blue, white streaked hill in front of us. Looking aft, the stern of the *Comanche* seems very small in relation to the huge waves. But her hull lines are good and surprisingly few waves sweep over the stern. See page 4

**20 Feb 44** The sun is out for a change and it's comforting to see it again. A short while ago I climbed up to the flying bridge and then up to the searchlight platform about 45' above the water. Every time the ship rolls you hang on for dear life and go swinging through the air over and over until the decks below are buried in white water. Then up and back down on the other side. It's a nice, gentle swing and real good fun. A little while ago I saw a log floating by. You wonder what it is doing way out in the middle of the North Atlantic-- how it got here and came from.

It is now after supper and most of us are sitting around the wardroom. One day or night is very much like another at sea. I don't even have watches to stand to break the monotony of eating, sleeping and reading. Right now, however, we have Dinah Shore on the radio Victrola singing "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," and that is a welcome change...They just put on "You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To." That's the record that almost causes a mutiny on board the ship every time it's played.

**22 Feb 44** This has been a day! After lunch I went up to the bridge. The sun was shining on smooth blue water with only an occasional white cap showing. It was unbelievable that it was the same water we had been tossing around in for so long. After a while the captain came up on the bridge and held some practice drills. Sounded general quarters and had the #1 and #2 guns (3" 50's) fire at a simulated target 2000 yards abeam. Then he had the various 20 mm's fire at the splash thrown up by the 3 inch shells. Next he pretended there was a fire forward and hose lines were laid out. Two men playing a hose off the starboard bow lost their footing when the ship rolled, the stream shot up in the air and was carried by the wind and wound up in my face which was hanging over the wing of the bridge -- taking it all in, as it were. Finally, they held abandon ship drill. By that time I had gone into the chart room and was reading "Arctic Pilot" put out by the British Hydrographic Office, when the hail, "Land Ho", brought me back on the bridge.

My first sight of my future home -- of how many long months? Well, there she was -- one snow-covered hunk of rock looming up on the horizon called Cape Desolation. Whoever named that particular piece of coastline knew what he was doing.

About that time the sound operator began to report a contact, giving ranges. The captain paced the bridge twice, cool and unhurried. Then he stuck his head inside the sound shack and said, "Really sounds pretty good?" The answer was snapped back, "1300 yards." The captain's hand stole up towards the general quarters signal switch, hesitated a moment, then pulled it two long, one short. Boy oh boy, this is it.

Things started popping pretty fast and it is hard at such times to keep an accurate, chronological record. Such a record is kept, incidentally, by one of the sailors whose job it is to record courses, bearings, times, etc. in a running log. The two naval officers and myself who were just passengers aboard the *Comanche* were assigned no watch quarters and station. So I grabbed a pair of binoculars and tried to be everywhere at once.

I remember how quickly the reports "manned and ready" came into the bridge. The exec was on the phone talking to fire control and the various gun stations saying, "This is real, this is real." I popped into the sound shack and watched the most experienced sound operator on board take over. The contacts were coming in sharp and clear, and faster as the range closed. The assistant sound operator was standing by with his stopwatch, fingers

crossed, saying, "Man, I've waited nine months for this." Range seven zero, zero, bearing zero two zero, bow cut on, no Doppler." I rushed back on to the bridge. "Steer zero two zero. Increase speed to one three five." "Aye, aye sir." Orders given and acknowledged in a smooth fashion, no wasted motion, a well-organized attack team tracking down an Unter See Boot..... 500 yards.....400 yards..... "Fire standard pattern"..... nothing happens for a few seconds and then "wham" and a giant geyser spouts off the stern. The ship bucks a little, then another geyser, then another. We now have come hard right and are cutting back. "Stand by port K guns." "Fire." A sharp crack and a black can with a handle leisurely lobs out from the side of the ship. Then another one. Next two on the starboard side.

"Gun one load armor piercing shells. All lookouts on your toes." We are coming back again. A navy officer says looks like a slick forward. I rushed to the wings and stared as we passed hard by. I did not see any traces of oil- it looked like air bubbles. Probably the U boat had blown her tanks.

Came back inside the bridge in time to hear the sound operator reporting contacts. "Very well, secure number one gun, rig mousetraps." The contacts are coming in sharp and clear. A perfect setup -- just like they give sound operators when they first go to school. Too easy to be true. Something must be wrong. We look up. Christ, there's our convoy. The 4000 ton *Norwegian* coming along fat, dumb and happy holding a course that will pass right over where the U boat lies submerged. Give him a signal-deploy, deploy. Sound a whistle, the siren. Get him the hell out of there. "500 yards, 450, 400 yards- time to fire captain. Shall I fire?" There's our damn convoy- with all the water in the Atlantic, she's occupying the one spot we needed. "Secure." We'd have blown her sky high.

What a heartbreak. What rotten luck. I've read everything I could get hold of on anti-submarine warfare, but this was a new one for the book. We cruised around and around looking for that sub but we never regained contact. I made two suggestions, one of which the captain put into effect, so I feel that I've sort of paid for my passage. It has taken quite a while to write about our two attack runs, but in actual time they happened very quickly.

We are now proceeding up the mouth of a very large fjord. We have picked up our convoy again, which after spoiling our hunting, scurried over the horizon like an old woman with her skirt on fire. Didn't know that old coal burner had that speed in her. Just before dinner I went up for a look around. Off our beam was my first growler. A growler is a small iceberg which has broken off a glacier and is floating out to sea. Not much ice shows on the surface, but there's a lot below and it's well not to come too close. I was surprised to see how gleaming white it looked against the blue background. Off our stern was a snowstorm which chased us. A little later it caught us and visibility was reduced to about 100 feet.

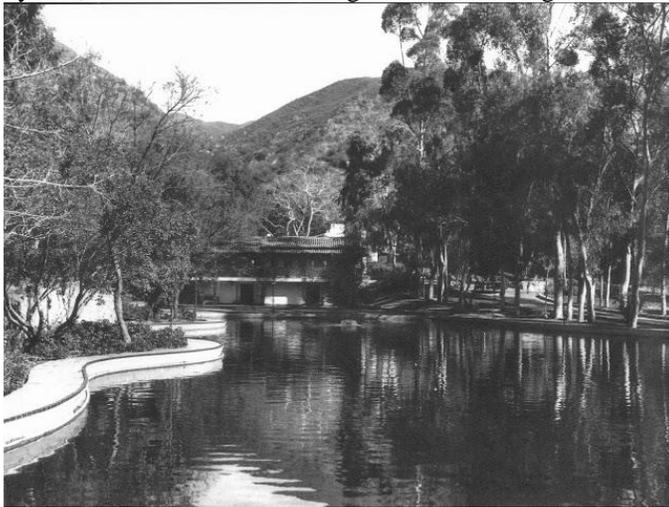
Before I turn in tonight, I'm going up for one last look around. We'll anchor tonight in Kungnait Bay -- means we'll all sleep well. What an introduction this has been to Greenland. If only it could keep up on such an exciting plane the days, would whisk by in no time -- until I'd be coming home to my loved ones.

Good night all.

### Stetson Ranch Park: A Legacy to Nature

by Linda Brooks

Tucked away in a northern corner of the San Fernando Hills of California is a modest, 29-acre park overlooking the town of Sylmar, a suburb of the greater Los Angeles area.



Known today as Stetson Ranch Park, most area residents are unaware it was once part of the sprawling and opulent 300-acre estate of George Henry Stetson, now reclaimed by nature following a series of natural disasters, and then given over to public use.



### George Henry Stetson and Sybilla Doan

George Henry Stetson (1-8-1-2-6-4-1+7-4) was born in Elkins Park, Philadelphia, PA July 20, 1887, the fourth and youngest child of John Batterson Stetson, the fabulously successful and wealthy entrepreneur who invented the fiber process that created the still-revered Stetson felt hat. His mother was John B. Stetson's third wife, Sarah Elizabeth "Libby" Shindler, a native of Orleans, IN and daughter of Benoni and Mary (Walker) Shindler. Henry shared the household with an older brother,

John B. Jr., born in 1884. A second brother, Benjamin, born about 1885 died when George was only 4 years old.

Like his father before him, Henry had three marriages. His first wife and the mother of his two children, Elizabeth and Anne, was Helen Brooke Lewis. Helen was born in Media, PA, the daughter of John Howard and Ida Longmire (Brooke) Lewis. Sometime in the 1920's Henry and Helen went their separate ways, and in 1928 George married Lucretia Matilda Haughman of Lancaster, PA, daughter of Charles F. and Kate E. (Liphart) Haughman. Lucretia died June 3, 1939. Henry married again about 1947 Sybilla Doan who was born in Philadelphia in 1903, the daughter of Clarence and Susan (Lauser) Doan. In their later years, Henry and Sybilla lived in the affluent Woodland Hills area of Los Angeles, where he died in 1983.

It is not known for certain whether Henry was financially successful in his own right, or whether he inherited his great wealth from his father who died in 1906. Possibly a good bit of both. Henry's 1919 passport application gives his occupation as "capitalist", a definition that perhaps carried great respect in the early 1900's, but which is generally burdened with more negative connotations today. His 1921 passport tells us he was in the "mining business", and on both occasions he was travelling to Mexico. Post-WWI, the mining industry was experiencing a huge boom, creating significant wealth for those lucky enough to get into the business early in its development. A 1932 trip to Panama attests to Henry's continued involvement in business matters with central American companies. Passport photos show a slim, distinguished gentleman in his prime with dark brown hair, a ruddy complexion, mustache and eyes framed with dark, round glasses. A businessman to be sure.

About the time of his second marriage to Lucretia Haughman, Henry purchased a 300-acre citrus ranch in the San Fernando foothills. There he built a large Spanish-style home and established an exquisite estate which he named Rancho Sombrero, a fitting tribute to his father's hatter legacy blended with a nod to local Hispanic culture. Estate amenities included a large swimming pool and citrus grove, as well as out-buildings surrounded by lush gardens and landscaping. A multi-bay garage housed several period automobiles, mostly late 1920's model Lincolns and a couple of Ford Model A roadsters. "It was absolutely fabulous, one of the most fantastic places I've ever seen," said Roy Richardson, a former San Fernando city councilman who grew up on the ranch, which his father managed. Richardson said Stetson's wife Lucretia encouraged her husband to enlarge the estate and beautify it with expensive furnishings. "I think she was attempting to make it a small version of the Hearst castle. Every piece was custom-made."<sup>1</sup>

As beautiful as it was, however, Rancho Sombrero would never mature to achieve the status of tourist attraction. The majesty of the hills and canyons that attracted Henry to the area and led him to build his dream home there, would also hold within them the latent energy that would cause its destruction.

Over several decades, the unstable geology of the San Fernando hills wreaked havoc on Rancho Sombrero. The first salvo was a mud and rock slide in 1963, which caused considerable damage to the property. Within the next few years the Ranch was sold to the local Church of Latter Day Saints (Mormons). By 1971, the house was being rented by a Mormon family and trails used by the Boy Scouts for outings. However, at 6:00 a.m. on February 9 of that same year, an *See Page 6*

earthquake measuring 6.6 on the Richter scale shook Sylmar and the Los Angeles area for a full minute, rendering what was left of the Stetson house un-livable. Buildings collapsed in the town below the hills, more mudslides ensued, and 62 people died. Many more were injured. To date, it was considered the worst earthquake ever recorded in the Los Angeles area.

Lying fallow for many years in its natural state, the remaining acreage was repurposed around 1979 and named Stetson Ranch Park. Over the years, the extension and rerouting of the Foothill Freeway (I-210) claimed several acres of the property, and a sizeable portion of the 300 acres in the northeast corner of the property was sold to a developer, giving birth to the Oakridge Mobile Home Park where the orange groves once thrived. Oakridge, however, was not your average mobile home park. It was a gated community of 600 luxury modular homes, offering upscale amenities with exquisite mountain views to its residents for several years before disaster struck once more.

On November 14, 2008, someone noticed a fire on Sayre Street in Sylmar. Fueled by the Santa Ana winds, the fire burned for 6 days before it was finally extinguished, scorching over 11,000 acres and rendering 480 out of the 600 homes in Oakridge to piles of smoking ash. The fire caused extensive damage to five area parks, including Stetson Ranch Park. Amazingly, there were no casualties among the residents of Oakridge. Not to be discouraged, Oakridge has been rebuilt and is once again an active and vibrant community. What remains today of George Henry Stetson's once opulent estate is 29 acres of land in the town of Sylmar, used exclusively as hiking and horse trails. More often it serves as a launching point for adjacent Wilson Canyon and the Saddletree Ranch Trailhead, offering stunning views of the San Gabriels, Hollywood Hills, and several other adjacent mountain ranges.

In 1990, the local equestrian community requested new hitching rails, water spigots, electrical outlets and signage prohibiting use of the trails by bicycles and motorbikes. Since then, a riding arena has been added to accommodate occasional horse competitions and shows. Local equestrian groups like Equestrian Trails, Inc., continue to network with other community organizations to maintain the trails, fencing and limited infrastructure. The most recent renovations and repairs were completed in February 2013.

Because it is geared to horse riders and is not easy to find, some Sylmar residents have never heard of Stetson Ranch Park, a small rural park sitting at the edge of an urban community. Very few know about the man for whom the park is named. "We've had a lot of changes in this community," said one Sylmar resident who serves on the city's Equine Advisory Committee. "There are only a few people who understand the history of the area. It's lost in the mists of time. But it's a very unique part of the San Fernando Valley."<sup>12</sup> Today, Stetson Ranch Park is run by the LA Dept. of Recreation & Parks. Although the park is unstaffed, it continues to be a peaceful area for hikers and equestrians alike. Visitor amenities include parking for cars and horse trailers, restrooms and picnic tables. Located at the intersection of Glenoaks Blvd and the Foothill Freeway in Sylmar, it is open to the public from dawn to dusk.

References: LA Dept. of Recreation & Parks website; *The Descendants of Cornet Robert Stetson*, V4, pgs 360-61, 363-4, published by The Stetson Kindred of America, Norwell, MA, 2008. <sup>12</sup> Article: *Horseback Outback: No Frills Park Could Use a Few, Riders Say*, in *LA Times*, 22 Jan 1990 by Phil Sneiderman.

## Frank Fosdick Weston, Cranberry Grower

by Linda Brooks

Not too many years ago, it was difficult to be born in Plymouth County and not be related to the Stetsons. And so it was with Frank Weston, who managed to come of age at just the right time to become the most prominent of cranberry growers in the town of Carver.

Frank Fosdick Weston<sup>10</sup> (*Seneca*<sup>9</sup>, *Dura Thomas*<sup>8</sup>, *Olive*<sup>7</sup>, *Benjamin*<sup>6</sup>, *Lydia*<sup>5</sup>, *Mary*<sup>4</sup>, *Samuel*<sup>3</sup>, *Eunice (Stetson) Rogers*<sup>2</sup>, *Cornet Robert*<sup>1</sup>) was born in Middleborough, MA in February 1880, the only child of Seneca and Polly (Atwood) Weston. Although best known as a cranberry grower, Frank also worked as a surveyor and Superintendent of Highways for the town of Carver. Near the end of his life, he acquired some construction equipment, taking on some small projects along that line.

In 1906, Frank married Florence B. Vaughan of Carver, whose family was also involved in cranberry growing. They had four sons: Homer, Roger, Winston and Myron, all born in an ancient structure on France Street at a place historically known as Pope's Point, where once was located a bog iron foundry.

In the 1700-1800's, Carver was best known for its iron ore industry. Pope's Point Furnace and other furnaces processed iron ores from the abundant swamplands to provide raw material for manufacturing. However, as the market for iron ore declined in the late 1800's, the furnaces were slowly abandoned and Carver's prominence as a bustling industrial community was fading along with it.

Had it not been for the foresight of Frank's father, Seneca, Carver might be known as "that swampland" up to this day. But Seneca saw the potential for a new industry in Carver, one that would make optimal use of the many natural streams, rivers, bogs, ponds and swamplands of the predominantly watery landscape that was Carver--cranberry growing.

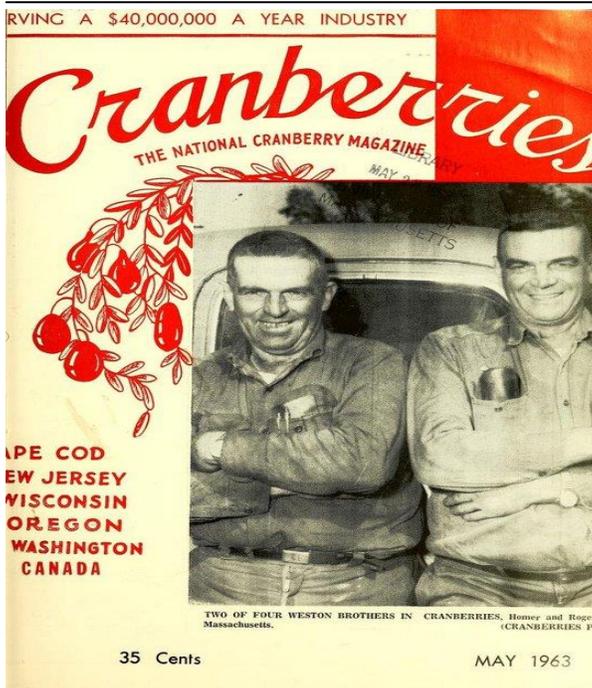
Sometime in the 1870's, the first cranberry bogs started appearing in Carver, and by 1900, Carver was producing one-fifth of all the cranberries grown in the US. Taking over the business from his father, Frank continued to nurture and grow the business to include hundreds of acres under cultivation, and by the 1940's the Carver cranberry harvest was considered to be the largest in the world.

When Frank died in 1945, his four sons took over the business, becoming third generation owners and operators of Weston Brothers Cranberries & Construction, LLD. Although combining construction with cranberry growing might seem like an odd combination of businesses, much of the construction work involved building new bogs, rebuilding and repairing established bogs, and making improvements to the landscape that preserved the natural topography and optimized conditions for cranberry growing.

Although the youngest of Frank's sons, Myron, passed away in 2012, the legacy of Weston Brothers Cranberries continues to be carried on by the next generation of Westons, and still remains a major business in town.

See picture on Page 7.

Ref: *The National Cranberry Magazine*, May 1963: Article: Four Weston Boys of Carver, MA all in Cranberry-growing, Bog Construction.



Two of Four Weston Brothers

### *Calling All Scholars!*



Another year is upon us and a new Scholarship season will start on **March 1**. The Scholarship Committee awards 2-3 scholarships a year to students of any age who are enrolled full-time in a program of higher education, demonstrate academic achievement and financial need, and meet the eligibility requirements. (See website for details)

The amount of each scholarship varies depending on available funds, but awards are usually in the area of \$250-\$500 per recipient. Awards in 2014 were for \$400 each, and we expect that to be about the same for 2015.

This year, the deadline for submitting Scholarship applications is **June 1**. However, applicants have until June 30 to provide all supporting documentation (such as references and transcripts). Please follow all instructions carefully. Applicants must use the proper form which can be found on the SKOA website at [thestetsonkindred.wordpress.com](http://thestetsonkindred.wordpress.com). If you would like one mailed to you, call or e-mail one of the Committee members listed below, using "Scholarship Application Request" in the subject line. All eligibility and application requirements can also be found on the website or can be mailed to you with your application request.

Selected recipients will be notified by the Scholarship Committee in early August, and the awards announced at the Annual Meeting of the Membership at The Homestead, Stetson Shrine Lane, Norwell on the third Sunday in August.

**If you have any questions or wish to have an application form mailed to you, please contact:**

Judy Grecco at [judy216@verizon.net](mailto:judy216@verizon.net), or call 781-826-2450,  
Linda Brooks at [lbrooks46@yahoo.com](mailto:lbrooks46@yahoo.com), or call 540-972-9640

### Minutes of Board Meeting October 22, 2014

Board Members Present: Rick Stetson, Judy Grecco, Tom King, Emilie Green, Bob Barlow, Barbara Gingras, and Committee Members: Beau Dyer, Barbara Merrick, and Visitor: David DeGhetto

The meeting opened at 5:30. David DeGhetto of the Norwell Historical Commission reported on the Sergeant Samuel Stetson House which will be moved close to the entrance of the new Norwell cemetery. The house will be placed on a foundation, have a full basement, bath and small kitchen. He would like to see the Stetson Kindred involved with the house and perhaps finance a room to hold Stetson mementos or by the sale of bricks to Kindred members. Mr. DeGhetto then told of a log cabin house constructed in 1930 located at 165 Norwell Avenue that has to be moved. He said the house could be purchased for \$1.00, disassembled and moved to the Stetson Shrine where it could help provide security for the property. Rick Stetson told Mr. DeGhetto the SKOA has formed a building study committee which would look into his proposals and provide the board with a recommendation.

**Secretary's Report:** Minutes of the 6/30/2014 meeting approved.

**Treasurer's Report:** Audit Report FY 2014, 10/19/14 Peter Folger Stetson was provided with a copy of the Merrill Lynch Annual Statement for the fiscal year ending June 30, 2014, copies of the 12 monthly Merrill-Lynch Statements for July 2013 - June 2014, and copies of the manual check register 3/19/13 - 8/16/14. The auditor was not able to compile a report for the full year because he did not have complete information, but from the material he was given, it looks as if the Kindred increased its net worth during the previous year.

**Building and Grounds:** Beau reported the Shrine looks good as does the road being built in the new cemetery next door.

**2014 Annual Meeting:** Rick Stetson thanked the board for their work in making the annual meeting a success. There was some concern about the quality of the food served at the Saturday evening event. Bob Barlow has spoken to the caterer about the food and asked they offer the meal served the previous year, which was much better.

**Newsletter:** Bob Barlow said the next edition of the newsletter is ready to be sent to the printer. Rick Stetson will stamp and mail out

**Website:** Rick Stetson will ask Tim Stetson webmaster to remove the date for the 2014 annual meeting and replace it with the date for 2015 which will be on August 16.

**Old Business:** None

**New Business:** Rick Stetson named the committee appointed to study Beau's proposal to build a house at the Stetson Shrine: Bill Stetson, chair; Linda Brooks, Paul Cavicchi, Barbara Merrick, Fred T. Stetson, LaVerne Stetson. The committee will meet with Beau and after studying the pros and cons of building a house on Stetson property, will make a recommendation to the board of directors. Judy read an email from Pam Morrissey saying that she has resigned from the board of directors. Rick Stetson said that meant there were 9 directors and the By-Laws call for 11 members. Rick asked the board to look for an additional cousin who might be willing to join the board. Concern was expressed over board members who do not attend meetings on a regular basis. It was suggested that a by-law be voted on at the next annual meeting that a board member who misses three consecutive board meetings be asked to resign, unless there was a medical reason for missing. There was discussion about the 2014 Annual Meeting. The boat cruise on the North River was an enjoyable event and it was decided to do it again, this time traveling the opposite direction up past the Stetson shrine, if the tides would allow. The Saturday evening event with a speaker at the Masonic hall went well and board members were asked to come up with a recommendation for a speaker. Emilie Green suggested a microphone be provided for the speaker. A discussion was held concerning the reprinting of Stetson Genealogy Book Three. It was decided that since the book is on line, it would not be reprinted at this time.

**Adjourn:** A motion was made by Barbara Gingras to adjourn at 7:05.

# Stetson Kindred of America, Inc.

P.O. Box 31

Norwell Ma. 02061-0031

## First Class

Page 8

*The Kindred Spirit*

Winter 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	\$ _____
Building & Grounds	\$ _____	Publications	\$ _____

Please make total (Tax Deductible) **Dues and Special Fund Donations** payable to: **Stetson Kindred of America, Inc.**

Name \_\_\_\_\_ **IMPORTANT** Member number from mailing label \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_ Mail to: Stetson Kindred of America, Inc.

City \_\_\_\_\_ P.O. Box 31

Telephone (\_\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_ Norwell, MA 02061

E-mail \_\_\_\_\_ @ \_\_\_\_\_