

THE WESTCOTT FAMILY QUARTERLY

Issued Quarterly-March, June, September, December--noting activities, of the Society of Stukely Westcott Descendants; mailed free to members, to non-members 50¢ yearly. Secretary: Mrs. Ralph D. Trismen, 457 The Fenway, River Edge, N.J.

MARCH 1955

"Know Your Kindred Better"

Vol. XXII No. 85

CHAPTER NEWS---Northern New York Chapter No. 4 - Historian, Lulu Fowler writes "that she had a letter from their President and she will try to have a reunion of the Northern New York Chapter in the summer."

Was glad to note your national meeting will be held in 1956 at Poultney, Vermont. Vermont is such a pretty state. I visited a cousin in Rutland, Vermont in 1946. My only visit to the state but enjoyed every minute I was there. It is a real "Westcott" state. I have several cousins there but likely will not be able to attend as my health is not as good as it might be.

Hope you all have a wonderful time, anyhow.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Lulu Fowler, Hastings, New York

NEW MEMBER---Happy Times with us!

A-34 - Mr. Absalom S. Wescoat, 615 Pacific Street,
Atlantic City, New Jersey

BIRTH---Congratulations!

Linnea Jean McPherson, born August 30, 1954, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. James McPherson, Jr. of 67 Halsey Drive, Old Greenwich, Connecticut. Linnea Jean is the grandniece of Mrs. Ira J. Emery, of East Cleveland, Ohio, our former President. Linnea is also granddaughter of our members, Mr. & Mrs. James McPherson, Sr., of Rock Island, Illinois.

DEATHS---Our Deepest Sympathy!

Mrs. Elizabeth (Westcott) Cook, 82, widow of the late Francis W. Cook, former well known Spring City druggist, died Tuesday afternoon December 17, 1954 at her home, 33 N. Main Street, Spring City, Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Cook was born in Glassboro, New Jersey, a daughter of

DEATH---(Continued)

the late Josiah and Hannah (Tyler) Westcott. She resided for the past 65 years in Spring City and was a member of the Nazarene Church, Royersford, Pennsylvania.

Surviving are two children, Russell W. Cook, Phoenixville, R. D. #1, and Edith V. Cook at home; two grandchildren, five great-grandchildren, two sisters, Mrs. George Green, Wildwood, New Jersey and Mrs. Robert Forrest, Bala-Cynwyd, and one brother Arthur Westcott, 226 Yost Avenue, Spring City, Pennsylvania.

Mr. Earl Revoir, passed away on Christmas Day, 1954. He was the husband of Ida (Westcott) Revoir, daughter of Herbert Westcott, line of Shubal Westcott of Sackett's Harbor, New York.

LETTER FROM ELIZABETH WESCOTT---February 15, 1955.

"Once again I didn't receive any bill for dues. I enjoyed reading the last Quarterly. It must keep you real busy getting it all together.

I have been busy with my D. A. R. Chapter. This year I took over the office of registrar. This work I like very much. I have been the treasurer for a number of years and I am continuing with that office.

Here is some news from our branch of the family.

On February 21st my father and mother will celebrate their 57TH wedding anniversary (Mr. & Mrs. Clarence H. Wescott).

My nephew Ensign, George F. Frederick will leave for the Far East in March. He is in charge of the engine room on an L. S. T. He graduated last June with high honors in Electrical Engineering from Princeton. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Raymond E. Frederick, Sr. (Edna Wescott Frederick).

Mr. & Mrs. Raymond E. Frederick Jr., have two children. Donna Lynn, born October 5, 1951 and Raymond E. Frederick III, born March 10, 1954. Both born at East Orange, New Jersey.

Did you know that Mrs. Edna Wescott Houghton (Mrs. Harry B.) has been laid up for over a year from effects of a broken hip? She was visiting her son, Wescott Houghton of Fairfield, Connecticut when she fell and broke her hip. I visited her while she was in the hospital at Bridgeport. She flew to Memphis, Tennessee when able and is with her daughter at 4210 Grandview Road, Memphis, 11, Tennessee.

Hope you have been lucky enough to avoid the colds and flu that are going around. So far I have been just fine.

With kindest regards, I am,

Sincerely yours, Elizabeth M. Wescott."

Note - On behalf of our Society, I wish to convey the best of wishes to Elizabeth's mother and father on their 57th Wedding Anniversary.

LETTER FROM ELIZABETH WESCOTT---(Continued)

Also - on behalf of our Society, I wish to extend our heartfelt sympathy to our former member, Mrs. Edna W. Houghton who had the misfortune of breaking her hip last year.

LETTER FROM ETTA SCHUMACHER---At Christmas time your Secretary received a note to the effect that Mrs. Schumacher's husband had been quite ill. Mr. & Mrs. B. F. Schumacher live in Ann Arbor, Michigan. I know all of us wish that Mr. Schumacher is on the road to health.

Etta enclosed the following item about her son, by her 1st marriage. Item titled "Had Hand in Nixon Visit To Fiesta", John W. Loos, Commodore in the Reserve Coast Guard Auxiliary, recently helped entertain Vice-President Richard Nixon at the Annual Fisherman's Fiesta staged on the Pacific Coast.

The Coast Guard Auxiliary under Loos' command, had the job of guarding the boats and seeing that things ran smoothly.

THE BUSY LIFE OF DR. CYNTHIA WESTCOTT---"The Plant Doctor" *Personnel*

Her Christmas Letter of December 1954.

"Greetings! Nine years ago I sent a mimeographed Christmas letter because I was working so frantically on THE GARDENER'S BUG BOOK, I could not write the usual personal notes. I learned that winter to say "No" to everything and to stick to my chair and typewriter and reference sources from 6 A. M. to midnight. This mimeographed letter is sent for exactly the same reason. I am under contract to Doubleday to entirely revise, rewrite and deliver the NEW GARDENER'S BUG BOOK by March.

It isn't humanly possible to do this for I no longer know how to say "No". I am still teaching my weekly fall class, Keeping Plants Healthy, at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden and I am guest editor, for the Garden, of their spring issue of PLANTS & GARDENS, which will be a handbook of pests. Incidentally, I am learning that it is a lot harder, and takes far more time, to solicit and edit articles than to write them. I am writing an Appendix for that hardy perennial, THE PLANT DOCTOR, first out in 1937, last revised in 1950, and now due for another printing. I am doing a rose story for Popular Gardening and one on southern troubles for Miss Gardener.

I thought I was refusing lecture dates for this winter but find myself promised for a January weekend at Ambler School of Horticulture, a trip to St. Louis in February and one to Charleston, West Virginia in early March, as well as various local dates. I have traded Directors meetings, changing over from American Horticultural Council to the American Rose Society. The task that gives me most satisfaction is being president of the North Jersey Rose Society, which has grown to more than 200 members since we organized on a very snowy day last January.

THE BUSY LIFE OF DR. CYNTHIA WESTCOTT---(Continued)

Personal

Right after that meeting the Ford and I started South. The first day was terrible - fog so thick on the Turnpike you couldn't even see the taillight of a truck right in front. Then there was a pleasant day lecturing at Chevy Chase, and another awful day of snow and ice when we thankfully turned in at a motel after accomplishing 60 miles in 5 hours. The next day we got safely to Raleigh, with loud clanking of broken chain links and having passed scores of highway trucks and wreckers, as well as regular traffic, stuck on the roadsides. The rest of the winter was fine: a perfect week at Charleston, including the meeting of the American Camellia Society, a talk to the Summerville Camellia Society, one to the Jacksonville Rose Society and all too brief visits with the Nobles at Jacksonville, the Trismens at Winter Park, the McKeons at my beloved Spring Hill, Alabama, and a fabulous two days with the Crumps at Holly Bluff on-the-Jordan. The latter is near Bay St. Louis, Missouri, and is one of the beautiful gardens opened to the public, featuring magnificent hollies as well as azaleas. While I was there a man from HOLIDAY spent a whole day (very cold) taking pictures of a pretty girl in a bathing suit. The result was in the June magazine but I never did learn whether the girl got pneumonia.

A day in New Orleans with Camilla Bradley Truax, one in Baton Rouge looking at rose experiments, and then I was in Houston for a weekend with garden editor Marguerite Palmer. Monday morning I talked on roses to the Houston Judges Council, drove 200 miles to Corpus Christi and visited rose gardens by flashlight, after a Mexican dinner. Tuesday I collected specimens all morning, taught class all afternoon and gave a public lecture in the evening. Another class Wednesday morning, then 200 miles to Austin and another public lecture. I was invited to another Mexican dinner first but by that time I was too tired for anything but tea and toast. A quick trip to Oklahoma got me there Friday in time to visit the famous municipal rose garden before talking at the dinner meeting of the Tulsa Men's Rose Club. My delightful hosts, the Cunninghams, managed to provide rest as well as entertainment before the Garden Center lecture Monday evening, and the Norman Rose Society on Tuesday. Although only about a hundred miles apart Tulsa impressed me as being somewhat eastern in atmosphere and Norman decidedly western.

Driving East I could not see the Ozarks for dust storms and I got through the Smokies near Asheville a day before the route was closed on account of snow. A lecture and a Plant Clinic at Winston-Salem, a talk to the Durham Rose Society, and then home to complete revising ANYONE CAN GROW ROSES, which I had been working on intermittently during the trip. The new edition came out in August. The trouble with garden books is that they are out-of-date before they ever get into print, but at least my books reflect what I learn in winter wanderings.

Regular garden work started at the end of March - 53 gardens to doctor weekly, including my own and the Montclair Garden Center

THE BUSY LIFE OF DR. CYNTHIA WESTCOTT---(Continued)

Personal

with more lectures interpolated, including a trip to Columbus, Ohio for the Wellesley Club, one to Lake Forest, Illinois and Kingwood Center, Mansfield, Ohio, a luncheon with Wellesley-in-Westchester, and various dates in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. In July I drove 300 miles in time for an afternoon talk on the Eastern Shore of Virginia. It was my first chance to see crape myrtle in bloom for other southern visits have been in winter.

This fall I had to talk in Williamsport, Pennsylvania the day after hurricane Hazel swept through. I had to clear away limbs before I could get out of my driveway and had hard work to find gasoline in the Poconos because there was no power for pumps. When I was paged at the hotel soon after arrival I said I supposed they were worried for fear I could not get through. "Oh, no," was the reply, "we just wanted you to come to the meeting place early and have your picture taken." They had more faith in me than I have.

ROSE DAY in June had Mr. and Mrs. Edwin De T. Bechtel as guests of honor and about 500 visitors for the usual punch and cookies. The party was repeated, with fewer numbers, when the Penn-Jersey District of the American Rose Society met in Montclair October 1-3. There were various garden tours, including an all-day bus trip on Sunday to clients' gardens near Short Hills and Summit, with Henry, my versatile garden assistant, catering a box lunch on Mrs. Averett's beautiful estate in Chatham. I was really proud of all those fall roses and told the visitors I would give a dollar to anyone who could find a single black spot in any garden. I did not have to fork up, but I could not have offered that for a few gardens around Nyack where rainy weather, plus taking time off to go to the A. R. S. meeting in Syracuse, meant too long an interval between sprays and consequent disease.

I am going home to Massachusetts as usual for Christmas but the rest of the time I shall be sitting right here at the typewriter. I'll be thinking of you individually even though this is a collective letter. And I'll be enjoying hyacinths, narcissus and tulips on my windowsill, forced from bulbs Professor van Slogteren sent from Holland. They are the easiest house plants!

A very MERRY CHRISTMAS and a joyous NEW YEAR,

Cynthia Westcott."

Note - The Trismens mentioned in paragraph #4 are the Aunt and Uncle of Ralph D. Trismen, your Secretary's husband.

ENDLESS HOURS OF HARD WORK BUILD A RAILROAD WONDERLAND---

from "Bergen Evening Record" December 27, 1954

Father And Son Work To Create A City In Their River Edge Basement

Ralph Trismen of 457 The Fenway has found the way to keep busy at home, when he's there, without resorting to endless hours of television.

ENDLESS HOURS OF HARD WORK BUILD A RAILROAD WONDERLAND---
(Continued)

To relax from the complexities of his insurance business and the time he puts in with the Volunteer Ambulance Corps, of which he is president here, Trismen spends most of his free nights tinkering with and operating electric trains.

His 12 year old son, Bruce, his wife, Eleanor, and Trismen closets themselves in the basement on many nights to enjoy a hobby that has taken most of the family's free time for the past five years.

There on an 'L'-shaped worktable, an area of 160 square feet, Trismen and his son have erected an electric train playland on which they operate 10 sets of intricate scale model trains on more than 250 feet of track.

The trains, some of which are collector's items, twist their way out of a specially constructed railroad yard, which itself contains seven sidings, and continue through a small city, suburbs, stations, intersections and bridges.

Seated at a control panel, complicated-looking enough to guide an airplane, either Trismen or young Bruce directs operations. The panel controls each set of trains, switches halting certain trains while others continue, loading and unloading, coupling of cars and engines, whistles and track switches.

Mrs. Trismen just watches. Although she never has learned to operate the trainland, she gets almost as much delight out of watching as her husband and son do working it.

"I'm just worried about being forced out of the basement altogether," she says, laughingly. "Just 5 years ago this was a small platform, set up for a little fun. Now it takes up most of the basement, and I think a new gleam in their eyes means I'm going to lose my clothes drying corner next."

Beneath the huge table a myriad of wires, almost 2,000 feet of it, carries the power for every one of the trains, tracks and city connections. Wires under the train table and the telegraph poles on the set itself, baffle everyone but Trismen and Bruce who say they know what it's all about. They should, as they were the only two who put it there. The siding platforms in the smaller railroad yard alone took 500 feet of wire, Trismen says.

According to the two conductors, the system is as safe as the most modern in actual use. "We have our wrecks from time to time," Trismen said, "but as a rule she runs as smooth as a whistle."

"One of the more serious wrecks took place here about a year ago." Trismen walked to one corner of the platform and pointed to a small stretch of single track. "Every train on this thing has to pass over this curve," he said. "We call it dead man's curve."

"A friend of ours was taking moving pictures of the set in operation when the train came around the curve, jumped the track, and the cars all went rolling into town. It looks awfully real on film."

"Yes," Mrs. Trismen said excitedly, "and once we had a 4-train pile-up at that very corner."

 ENDLESS HOURS OF HARD WORK BUILD A RAILROAD WONDERLAND---
 (Continued)

Young Bruce spends most of his time and money on the set. During the summer he spends many hours mowing lawns to raise money for the hobby he shares with his parents. Not too long ago he joined forces with a young neighbor, Arthur Rank, also 12 years old, and formed a company known as the Trismen-Rank Landscapers. Together they mow lawns, trim hedges and earn money. Bruce's fortune always finds its way to the basement.

Trismen said the hobby has cost him close to \$2,000 at least. "There always is something new that you want to add and each time you find it too hard to resist. I just couldn't even begin to compute the hours we've spent down here at work. We're down here so much we had a telephone extension put down here, too."

 EARLY WESTCOTT HISTORY---Continued from December Quarterly

"Daniel Westcott was born September 29, 1643, in Wethersfield, Connecticut, and was taken by his parents in 1645 to Fairfield, Connecticut. About 1660 he went with his brother John to Stamford, Connecticut, where he married Abigail, daughter of Samuel and Elizabeth (Hull) Gaylord. In 1670 he was made a freeman of Connecticut, September 22, 1676, a grant of land was voted to him (Sergeant Daniel Westcott) for his services in the Indian Wars. In the same year, 1676, he was chosen selectman of the town and held the position for five years. From 1691 to 1694 he was a member of the Legislature for five, half-year terms. In 1692 his female house servant was complainant in a witchcraft case and both Daniel and his wife were witnesses. In his testimony he stated (September 15, 1692) he was about 49 years old. In 1696 he sold his lands in Stamford and was one of a company of settlers that went from Fairfield, Connecticut to Cohansey, then to Salem County, New Jersey. As in Connecticut, Daniel Westcott became a man of prominence; he and John Chatfield being the first Justice of the Township. He was a Presbyterian and one of the founders of the Fairfield, New Jersey Church of that denomination.

His children, Daniel, Samuel, Ebeneger, James, Abigail and Mary Westcott of Fairfield, New Jersey and their posterity were instrumental in promoting the religious, social and commercial prosperity of this neighborhood and of many other localities.

A large monument in the cemetery of the Presbyterian Church of Fairfield, New Jersey has this inscription.

"Richard Westcott of England, settled in America 1639, died 1651. A founder of Wethersfield and Fairfield, Connecticut. His son, Daniel Westcott, Stamford, Connecticut migrated to Fairfield Township, New Jersey and died 1702."

--- E N D ---

LIST OF ACTIVE MEMBERS---(Continued)

<u>NAME</u>	<u>ADDRESS</u>
Mrs. Wells S. Baker,	R. D. #1, Buskirk, N. Y.
Mrs. Mabel W. Bishop,	106 Clinton Place, Utica, N.Y.
Mr. & Mrs. John F. Clark,	71 Downer Street, Baldwinsville, N.Y.
Miss Florence Earll Clarke,	603 West 139th St., New York 31, N.Y.
Miss Ethel G. Clarke,	603 West 139th St., New York 31, N.Y.
Mr. & Mrs. Carlton J. Cook,	17 Morgan St., Binghamton, N. Y.
Mrs. R. D. Corbett,	219 South 2nd Ave., Mt. Vernon, N.Y.
Mr. & Mrs. Chester W. DeMond,	24 Soundview Circle, White Plains, N. Y.
Mr. & Mrs. William C. Driver	Larchmont Acres, Larchmont, N. Y.
Mr. & Mrs. Samuel Dorfler,	213 Plymouth Court, Brightwaters, N. Y.
Miss Melayn Dorfler,	213 Plymouth Court, Brightwaters, N. Y.
Mrs. Alfred R. Ellis,	Chittenango, N. Y.
DDS. & Mrs. Roy L. Erlenback,	Chittenango, N. Y.
Mrs. Albert Fowler,	Hastings, N. Y. Oswego County
Mr. & Mrs. William K. France,	9 Richmond Ave., Oneonta, N. Y.

REMINDERS TO MEMBERS!

1. Please send your dues directly to the Treasurer, Mrs. Alice W. Marroquin, 47 Davis Avenue, Hackensack, New Jersey.
2. Send items for Quarterly and Scrapbook to Secretary.
3. Kindly fill in any new or old data on Westcott Family Data slip.

HAPPY EASTER SEASON!!