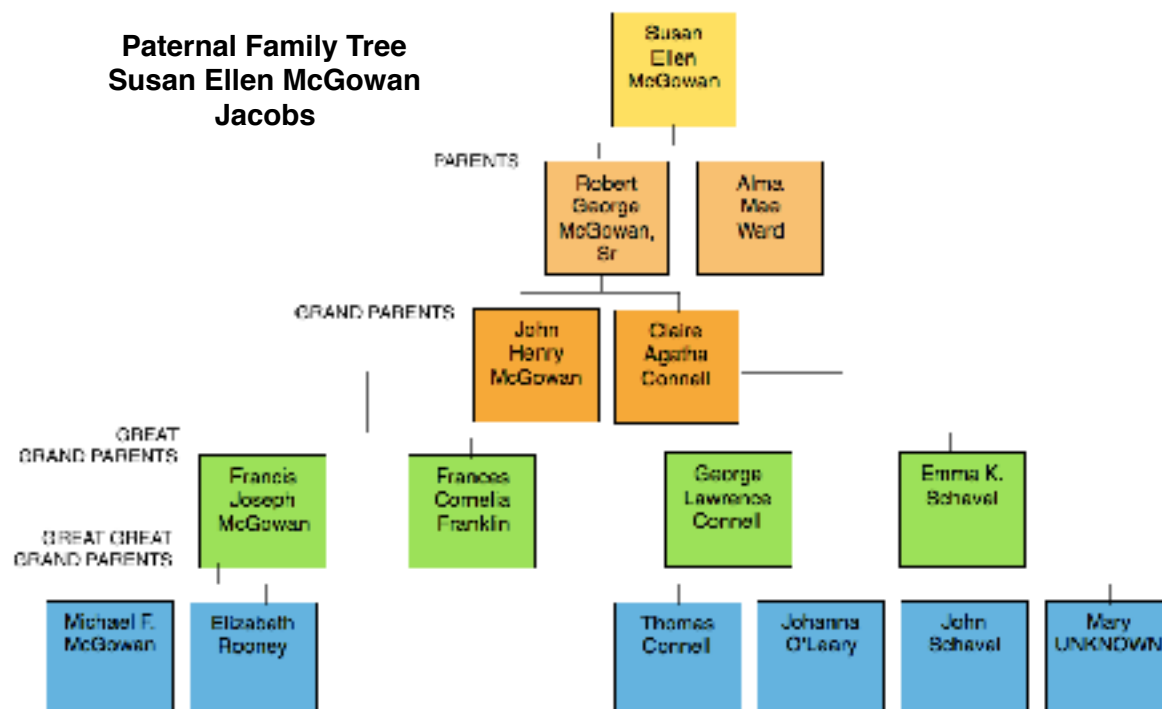


Patrilineal Genealogy of Susan Ellen Jacobs (nee McGowan)

As Told By Her Father, Robert George McGowan, Sr., c. 2006

Introduction

This patrilineal genealogy of Susan Ellen Jacobs (nee McGowan) begins with a narrative written by her father, Robert ("Bob") George McGowan, Sr., in about 2006. This narrative, and the introductory letter written by him, are presented here, unchanged, and in its entirety. Additional family tree information, which is the result of research conducted by Susan's husband, Richard D. Jacobs, and twin sister, Sally Lynn Rasmussen, is appended separately to Bob's narrative.



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Dear Sue, Sal, Peg, and Rob,

Throughout my entire life, my family has been a source of strength and great joy to me. Perhaps because I was geographically separated from all my relatives, save my parents, I treasured my times with them all the more. And perhaps my lifelong quirk of vividly remembering happy occasions to the exclusion of unpleasant ones has enhanced my joy of family.

I never had a hero or a role model while an adolescent. Rather, I admired specific attributes of various relatives and hoped that I might have that particular strength that each held when I became an adult — for example, my father's brilliance in business, my mother's moral strength and love of life, my Uncle Jimmy's fascinating and productive use of leisure time, my maternal grandfather's integrity, etc.

In order to preserve these memories, I put together an album of family highlights and some great photos. If you can derive a fraction of the pleasure these memories have brought to me, then I'll deem this project a success.

Love, from your Pop
(About 2006)

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The McGowans

Michael F. McGowan and Elizabeth Rooney

My great grandfather, Michael F McGowan, immigrated to the United States around 1848 from Ireland, an agricultural company poor in riches but rich in hard-working family-oriented traditions. Michael, being a sea captain and skilled at making deals, landed the very lucrative contract of disposing New York City's garbage at sea — the contract that made him a very wealthy man. He and his wife, Agnes had five boys and three girls and lived on the very prestigious Park Avenue in Manhattan. Some years later, their offspring would be listed in the prestigious “400 Blue Club” — the so-called “cream of society” in the country.

Michael McGowan's (b. abt. 1828, d. February 25 1901) will confirms his year of death. A death certificate for Michael F. McGowan sets his date of death to February 25, 1901; he died of pneumonia at 73 years of age, having been in the US for 60 years. Michael was married and living at 71 Clarkson Street, in NYC, at the time of his death. His death certificate says that although Michael was born in Ireland, his parents were born in Scotland. Their names are not given. Michael's will and estate probate is well documented. He also is documented in the New York marriage license of his son, Thomas Henry McGowan to Ida Jane Craft, on June 24, 1880. Michael's wife was documented as Elizabeth Rooney, not Agnes. Perhaps Agnes was her middle name, though this is speculation. Michael and Elizabeth McGowan are listed in the 1855 New York State Census of Manhattan, NYC. He is listed to be a “boatman” — someone who operates a boat or a ship. Michael and Elizabeth also are documented in the 1860 US Census of New York City, New York. Other family members enumerated in this census include daughters Mary, 13 years old, Elizabeth, 8 years old, Margaret, 7 years old and sons, Patrick, 12 years old and Thomas, 2 years old. In the 1870 US Census, Michael McGowan is listed as a Sea Captain. Children listed in that census include Mary, 22, Elizabeth, 18, Margaret, 14, Thomas, 12, and Frank J., 5. The death of a Michael F. McGowan is documented in Manhattan, New York City, New York, for February 28, 1901. We do not know if this is a different Michael F. McGowan, as he is living in a tenement and his occupation is “Speculator”, not mariner or boatman. Interestingly, Francis Cornelia Franklin came to the United States from France on December 16, 1881, the ship having departed from Liverpool, England, on November 18, 1881. She was 7 years old at the time. She resided with a resident in New York City for 2 days until Michael McGowan picked her up to bring her to her foster family, the Hayes. She married Michael McGowan's son, Frank Joseph McGowan, on April 7, 1896! Nothing more is known about Michael McGowan or Elizabeth Rooney, at this time (March 2016).

Frank Joseph McGowan and Frances Cornelia Franklin

One of their sons was my grandfather, Frank J. (McGowan), born in 1873. Frank was a stylist for the American Woolen Company, which was the number one textile company until it went bankrupt in the 1930s. A stylist was the expert who translated the end-market's needs into raw materials and manufacturing specs required to produce goods that met the needs. Frank was an ambitious man, however, and not content with just one career. He had decided to start his own textile company, and in 1909, he did just that while maintaining his job at American Woolen. He found an idle mill in Waterville, Maine, and with money furnished by a German textile firm, purchased it. He talked his brother, Tom (born 1858), into heading up the company and hired an outstanding textile man named Matt Barrows away from American Woolen to run the mill, thus starting the Wyandotte Worsted Company. Later, his son, Jack (Grandpop), and Tom's sons, Eddie, and Arthur, would join the company, which grew to seven large mills throughout New England, and later the South. All would become extremely wealthy from one of the most professionally-run companies in the nation.

Not content with the success of the Wyandotte, Frank quit his job at the American Woolen Company to start another company for marketing foreign textiles. He borrowed again from his German friends, putting his Wyandotte stock up as collateral. But before his new company could be firmly established, the worldwide Great Depression hit, which followed the “Roaring 20s”, costing Frank his Wyandotte stock and his company. He probably would have bounced back, but he contracted food poisoning and died in 1932.

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My mother described her father-in-law as a very nice man, warm, outgoing, optimistic, fair-minded, and very bright, with an aristocratic air. His wife was a wonderful, handsome, French orphaned lady name Francis (1874 – 1959). She visited us once in Waterville when I was 12. She taught me how to knit. She could sit and braid oval rugs as fast as a machine. I never saw her without her needles. My father adored his mother and supported her in grand style from the time of his father's death until she died.

Frank and Francis had three children; Frank Jr., Francis, and John H, my Pop. Frank Jr., (1897 – 1971), was chief surgeon at New York City Hospital, a teaching hospital of Columbia University. He was brilliant, innovative, and highly respected by his peers. Frank Jr. served as an Army Colonel during World War II. He successfully removed the malignant tumor from my mother's spine in 1943, and two days later, operated on me for an elongated appendix that was obstructing. As an uncle, he was warm, very friendly, with a face that was creased from smiling so much and at the same time, he exuded strength and competence.

Frank J. McGowan, (b. July 1, 1873, d. August 23, 1932) is listed in the 1900 US Census of Manhattan, New York, New York. He was born on July 1, 1873, and was 26 years old at the time. Frank's father was born in Ireland and his mother was born in Scotland. His wife, Frances ("Fanny"), born in June 4, 1874, was 25. Frank and "Fanny" were married on April 7, 1896, in New York, New York, according to NY Marriage Registration listings. Fanny was born in France, but her father was born in England and her mother was born in France, according to the census. She immigrated to the United States in 1883. The couple had two children in 1900; Frank J., Jr., born August 1897, and "Fanny", born November 1899. Frank J. was a salesman for dry goods. The family was renting their home at the time.

The 1910 US Census of Manhattan, New York, New York, shows Frank, now 35 years old, living on Broadway with his wife, "Fannie", his son, Francis J., his daughter, Frances, and son, John Henry McGowan, who is 7 years old. Frank's occupations was listed as "woolen goods". The family was renting their home at the time.

The 1915 New York State Census lists Frank J. McGowan, now 41 years old, as a "woolen merchant". Son, Frank, Jr., was 17 years old and attending college. Daughter, Fanny, was 15 years old and was also attending "college". John H. was 12 years old and attending school.

Frank's World War I Draft Registration Card states that his full name is Frank Joseph McGowan and that he was born on July 1, 1873. His occupation was listed as a traveling salesman and "textile man", employed by the American Woolen Company, at 220 4th Avenue, New York, New York. The couple was living on 3605 Broadway, NYC, at this time. At the time of his draft registration, Frank had brown eyes, gray hair, and was of medium height and slender build.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Frank J. McGowan". The signature is written in a cursive style with some loops and flourishes. It is positioned above a faint, horizontal line.

His signature:

The 1930 US Census of New York, New York lists Frank McGowan as an importer of dry goods. His wife, Fannie, is keeping house, while daughter Fannie is working as a secretary at an engineer's club. This census states that Francis immigrated to the United States in 1888 and that both her parents also were born in France, but the 1900 US Census says her father was born in England, and her date of immigration is given as 1883. Clerical errors are common in the US Census.

Frank Joseph McGowan died on August 23, 1932, in Manhattan, New York, New York. His wife, Francis Cornelia Franklin died in Manhattan, New York City, New York in 1959, although a more specific date of birth or death is not available at this time.

American Woolen Company was established in 1899, by Michael Wood, a textile mill owner in Massachusetts. By the 1920s, it owned 60 woolen mills across New England. The company arose in the era of corporate trusts. Overproduction and financial issues resulted considerable trouble for the textile industry by the 1920s. The "Roaring 20's" was a time of exuberant financial prosperity and growth, fueled by unbridled speculation and debt spending. The Wyandotte Worsted Company arose in this environment. When the stock market crashed in October 1920, the Great Depression resulted, lasting over a decade. Many businesses failed during this difficult time.

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Francis McGowan, (b. November 26, 1899 – d. January 12, 1975). She and her husband, **Arthur Graef**, used to vacation at our camp on Snow Pond. She was warm, caring, and very bright– Phi Beta Kappa. She loved her baby brother, Jack (John Henry McGowan, Sr.), and showed it in her very proper way. Uncle Arthur was a New York lawyer who specialized in managing estate investments. He was a wonderfully joyous and friendly man, with a great sense of humor. One Maine visit, he asked one of my Pop's business partners who managed their lumber company if he could furnish Uncle Arthur with crates for the apples he produced on his Connecticut farm. Sensing that Arthur was trying to take advantage of him, Pop's partner mailed Uncle Arthur a crate that was in 40 pieces, with a blueprint on how to put it together. Not to be outdone, Arthur painstakingly assembled the crate, filled it with manure, and mailed it back to Maine, C.O.D.. Pop's partner, sensing a dirty trick, refused to pick it up. Railway express rules called for all unclaimed packages to be auctioned off unopened at the end of one year! I had many fun times with uncle Arthur, swimming and target shooting with our 22's.

Francis E. McGowan, daughter of Frank Joseph McGowan and Frances Cornelia Franklin, married Arthur W. Graef in Manhattan, New York City, New York, on September 16, 1930. The 1900 and 1910 US Census say his father was Charles F.W. Graef; his mother was named Carrie. Walter's World War I draft registration card says that he is a lawyer living on Broadway, in NYC. His registration said he had brown eyes and hair and a slender build. According to his World War II draft registration card, Arthur Walter Graef was born on January 18, 1894, in NYC. The Social Security Index records his death as taking place in January 1978, in NYC.

John Henry ("Jack") McGowan

Jack McGowan, born March 23, 1903. After high school, my Pop spent a year as a radio operator on an ocean liner in the Atlantic, after which he attended N.Y.U. for a year. Finally deciding he would follow into his father's footsteps, not his grandfather's, Pop transferred to Philadelphia Textile School, graduating with honors three years later. He was hired by American Woolen and put into their management training program. Two years later, he was fired in retaliation for his father quitting them to start his own company! Out of a job, and newly married to my mother, his father stepped in and persuaded his older brother, Tom, to give 22-year-old Jack a job at the Wyandotte Mill in Waterville. As the Wyandotte was about to embark on a huge expansion program, Tom agreed. Seven years later, his father now dead, supporting three children and wife at the bottom of the depression in 1932, Pop had a mountain to climb. He reacted by working harder, longer, and smarter than anyone in the company. He was a man of incredible self-discipline and rose quickly during the 30's. While red ink and bankruptcy were the order of the decade, the Wyandotte under McGowan management thrived. Pop's knowledge garnered from Philadelphia Textile and American Woolen, coupled with his and Norma's talents, played no small role in that accomplishment. By 1940, and for the next 28 years until his retirement at 65, Pop, as President, finished out the McGowan's Wyandotte Worst Company's 60-year record of profits. He then oversaw the sale of the company and retired.

At the end of the 30's, with his position at Wyandotte firmly established, Pop picked up where his father left off. Business was his vocation as well as his avocation; it was his whole life. His only other passion was knowledge. Every night at 6 o'clock sharp, we'd have dinner. Afterwards, he would retire to the living room with his coat and tie still intact and would sit correctly for four hours in his wingback chair, reading nonfiction books covering the full spectrum of subjects. It was never his habit to have a cocktail before dinner, reserving that for company or parties. Reading was serious business, starting each day reading from the New York Times and the Wall Street Journal and ending with nonfiction books, with an occasional novel thrown in. So, by the early 40's, Pop began to put his business genius to work. He developed a seemingly simple strategy for building a successful company. He would find a man who had excellent knowledge of his business, but for a lack of capital, organizational skills, or just inability to think

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big, who had not maximized the potential of his business. Pop would make this man an equal partner and put him on salary while supplying the company with capital and professional top management. With this format, Waterville Development, a land development and housing building company, was formed. They built hundreds of homes, peaking out with the return of service men from World War II. Augusta Lumber Company, a wholesale and retail lumber company, grew to be the largest in the state of Maine. Pop also owned a rural telephone company, a bakery, a white faced Hereford primary breeding operation, one of the nation's largest and most profitable poultry companies, a staple of professional boxers, backed some musical groups (in spite of being tone deaf!), and was the largest stockholder of the biggest bank in Waterville. After he retired from the Wyandotte at 65, he concentrated on banking, spearheading a move to consolidate banking in Maine, which culminated with the merger with Fleet Financial, the 11th largest banking system in the US. They were so impressed by my Pop that they appointed him to their board of directors and kept him on the board until he was 85, even though they had a mandatory retirement age for the directors of 65!

Throughout his life, Pop lived by rules. You don't live to eat, you eat to live. Every single morning of his life he had the exact same breakfast; a half grapefruit, cup of black coffee, one slice dry toast, butter on the side. If you butter cold toast, it won't melt and you can spread a thumbnail amount on the toast. He ate a very light lunch at work, which I never had occasion to witness, but I believe it would be sliced turkey and lettuce on dry bread with plain iced tea or black coffee. Dinner would consist of steak, prime rib, or lamb chops, with mashed potatoes, string beans or fresh peas in season, a tossed salad. He would never clean his plate, usually eating about half of what everyone else ate. He never ate dessert or any other foods.

Pop not only didn't play any sports or games, but he didn't participate as a spectator either. He didn't enjoy music or the arts, he had no hobbies, and was certainly no Mr. Fix-It, and he never took a vacation in his life. Our large household staff normally didn't cover our summer camp too. We had just one live in maid. And on her day off, contrary to his usual role as head of household, Pop occasionally helped cook and always helped to clear and wash dishes. At camp we had two large vegetable gardens and Pop would always help husk the corn or shuck the peas, much to my delight.

When Pop was home, the atmosphere at the dinner table was always formal. Under the Oriental rug, at the foot of my father's chair, was a button which Pop would unobtrusively depress to summon service. If there was a ham, turkey, leg of Lamb, or prime rib, Pop carved and served. After the main part of the meal was consumed, he would moderate a discussion concerning the activities of each one of us that day by calling on us individually to report. Then he would emcee a general discussion of local, national, and world events of the day. He was a master at getting each person to talk. If you had nothing to say, you were subtly urged to read up on current events and devote more time to planning your day's activities ... ergo ... each day should contain a mix of constructive as well as leisure activities! He had a quick wit, a good sense of humor, but seldom expressed his own views, succeeding in this objective to get others to talk.

He was highly respected and liked by virtually all in Waterville. He was eminently fair as an employer in his many businesses, employing around 2500 people in the greater Waterville area, and thousands more throughout the eastern States. Always working quietly behind-the-scenes (he shunned publicity), he was instrumental in the selection and election for appointment of many mayors, governors, judges, US senators, and one Presidential candidate.

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He set high standards for himself and expected the same from his children. If you got in serious trouble, however, he never said a word. Instead he quietly and efficiently took whatever action was necessary to mitigate the situation, including using his considerable influence and or money. He believed that the time for talk was before one got into trouble; the time for action was after.

He never, at any time, raised his voice or spanked any of us; a change in his tone was sufficient. In his younger days, he didn't seem to know how to relate to children, acting like he was in a hurry for them to grow up so that he could talk to them. He was so bright and logical that one's own thoughts seemed trivial by comparison — that is, on those rare occasions when he expressed his opinion on anything. However, he never tried to make anyone's ideas look insignificant.

True to his Irish heritage, he believed strongly in family, education, owning property, not being in debt to anyone. Consequently, he owned a couple million dollars worth of property in Maine and Florida, all purchased with cash. If anyone ever did anything for him, he found a way to give back more than he received. In the tradition of the McGowan family, he was an aristocrat in a city that had no aristocracy. Our 23-room Waterville home had bathrooms and an intercom in every bathroom and a staff of five until we children grew up. The staff consisted of an R.N. (due to Terry's many bouts of pneumonia), a cook, upstairs maid, downstairs maid, and a chauffeur. Yard chores for both house and camp were handled by the Wyandotte yard crew. In those days, we had long runways on very large, heavy floats for the two camps, plus large motor and sailboats, which required the Wyandotte crews to set up in the lake in the Spring and remove and store in the Winter. Pop lacked for little, but like most wealthy people in Maine, was never ostentatious in his material possessions — ours wasn't the biggest, his car was an "Olds '98, not a "Caddy", our boats were slower than most, *etc.*

By the time Pop had reached 80, he had mellowed greatly. He had been a frequent sitter for his grandson, Matt (David's son) and they had a wonderful, "palsy" relationship. At the age of 95+, his mind was still sharp and he still cleared the table and collected the trash at the Sunday family picnics camp!

John Henry McGowan, Sr. was born on May 2, 1903, in New York, New York, to Frank J. McGowan and Frances C. Franklin. In the 1910 US Census, he is only 7 years old, living with his family on Broadway, in Manhattan, NYC. His older brother is Francis J., age 12, and his older sister, Frances E., age 10, reside with him. The 1920 US Census, Jack is living with his parents and family on Broadway, in Manhattan, NYC. He is 16 years old. Jack married Claire Agatha Connell in April 1925. By the time of the 1930 US Census, Jack and Claire Agatha Connell lived on Pleasant Street, in Waterville, Maine. He is the Superintendent of the Wyandotte Worsted Company, although he is only 27 years old. His oldest son, John H., Jr. ("Johnny") is a little over 2 years old; Robert G. is 10 months old. The household had one female servant boarder, named Edith Toppan. The 1940 US Census shows 44 year old Jack, living with his wife, Claire, and his two sons. The couple's daughter, Teresa K., age 1, is now listed with the family. A household maid, named Rita Michaud is living with the family. Jack's annual income is listed to be in excess of \$50,000 in this census enumeration - quite a tidy income for the depths of the Great Depression. His occupation is listed as a "agent" of a textile mill. Jack and Claire divorced in 1948, with Jack marrying Bertha Mary Karrin ("Mary") on October 28, 1948. Bertha Mary was married and widowed earlier and had a daughter named Rosemary. David James was born to Jack and Mary on April 17, 1950. Later, Claire married EB Denton. Jack died on March 10, 1999, while undergoing a routine endoscopy in Sarasota, Florida. Mary died on September 12, 2010. Jack and Mary were buried in Pine Grove, Cemetery, in Waterville, Maine. Claire Agatha died May 5, 1991, and is buried in Gate of Heaven Cemetery, in Hawthorn, New York.

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John H. McGowan, Sr.



Claire Agatha Connell,
Age abt. 38



Claire Agatha Connell,
Age 16



John H. McGowan, Sr.



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John H. McGowan, Sr.
Mary McGowan



John H. McGowan, Sr.
Claire Agatha McGowan



Right - Robert G. McGowan, Sr.,
Claire Agatha McGowan,
Left, Center - Teresa McGowan
Left - Unknown Child

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John H. McGowan, Sr.



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Aunt Fannie



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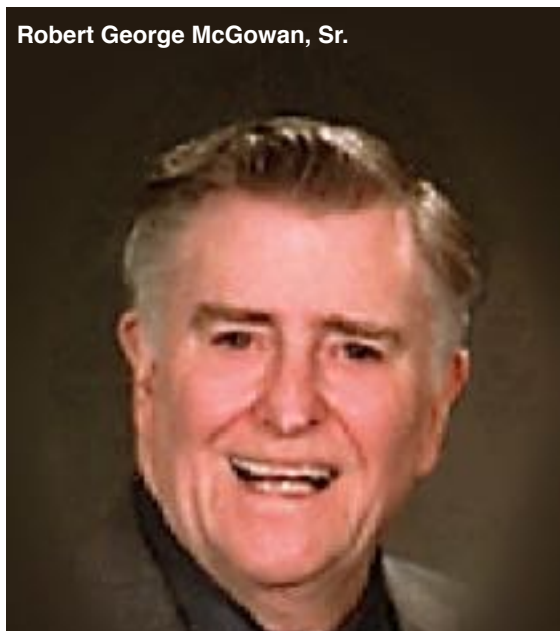


John H. McGowan, Jr.
"Johnny"



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The Connells

John Schavel - (b. April 1834, Bohemia - d. January 17, 1928), father of my maternal grandmother. He was a musician in Austria. He was First Coronet in the Royal orchestra under Emperor Franz Josef. His brother was Second Coronet. He moved to New York city sometime after 1870, and at that point, played Coronet in the John Philip Sousa society band.

Mary Schavel - (b. December 1842, Austria - d. November 10, 1928, Bronx, NYC), mother of my maternal grandmother—she took up dressmaking in this country and ran a small business. She owned three 3-family houses, which she rented out. While Mary was visiting relatives on a farm in Iowa, she gave birth to her daughter, which she named Emma, who became my grandmother.

The 1870 US Census lists John and Mary Schavel for New York City. John is a musician and Mary is a dressmaker. A son, named Vensel, born about 1866 and a daughter, named Mary, 2 years old, are living with the couple. Both children were born in New York. The 1900 US Census and the 1905 New York State Census shows John and Mary Schavel living on Jackson Avenue in the Bronx, New York. Apparently, the couple was married in about 1865, having immigrated to the US in 1866 (1900 US Census). John became a naturalized US citizen on October 14, 1879 (NY State Court of Common Pleas document). The 1900 US Census census says that both John and Mary were born in Austria. Their 25 year old daughter, Lucy, is living with them and is working as a telephone operator. She was born in the US. Their 23 year old son, Peter, is also living with the couple and is an accountant. George L. Connell, son-in-law of the couple, has already married their daughter, Emma Schavel, and is living next door to the family in the Bronx. George was working as a “clerk”. The 1900 US Census records John and Marry living on Jackson Avenue, in the Bronx, NY. This enumeration lists son Emile (b. November 1873), daughter Emily (b. February 1878), Lucy (b. October 1879), and son Peter (b. December 1881). All the children were born in New York City, except Emily, who was born in Iowa. John’s recorded occupation was “musician”. The 1917 New York City Directory lists Johan and Mary as still living on Jackson Avenue. John Schavel died on January 17, 1928, in NYC. Mary died in the Bronx in November 1828.

Emma Schavel - (b. February 1878 - d.1951). Emma graduated from Hunter College in New York City in the late 1800s, and was teaching school when she met her husband to be, George L Connell. Emma’s brother, Pete, developed Luna Park, a famous and very popular amusement park. Another brother designed the Tiffany lamp. Her cousin, Virginia, almost 6 feet tall, was a Ziegfield Follies girl. She had twin sisters. My grandmother was a very refined and cultured lady, sweet, and soft spoken, yet authoritative. If she disapproved of my behavior, she would raise her eyebrows and make a soft, brisk noise to her nose – It was very effective! She always bought the books for presents, frequently biographies of successful people. When I was 13, I was “confirmed” and she chose the Apostle Andrew’s name for me. She later told me that ever since I was a little boy, she felt I had the potential to go far in business and she wanted me named after Andrew Carnegie — quite the schemer, my grandmother! Her quiet strength and obvious love for me was always a great source of strength to me.

The 1905 New York State Census shows Emily (“Emma”), now married, living with George L. Connell on Jackson Avenue in the Bronx, New York. Emma’s parent, John and Mary, and her siblings, are living near by. By 1910, the couple had two daughters, Georgeanna, 4 years old and Claire Agatha, 3 years old. George’s occupation is listed a Customs Inspector. In 1910, the couple is still living on Jackson Avenue in the Bronx, New York, but John and Mary Schavel are not listed as living nearby any longer.

George L Connell, (b. July 7, 1880 – d. January 27, 1947). As a youth, I thought my maternal grandfather was one of the most powerful men in the country. During World War II, German spies sabotaged the SS Normandie, the largest and fastest ship afloat, by burning it in New York Harbor. Sitting in the back seat with my grandfather, his chauffeur drove us down to the docks to view the smoldering Normandy, lying on its side, when suddenly our car was surrounded by military police. Our driver merely flashed the official badge of the Director of the US Customs Service and we were immediately allowed into the restricted area!

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The SS Normandie was an ocean liner built in France, entering service in 1935, as the fastest and largest passenger ship afloat. During World War II, after France surrendered to the Nazis, in 1940, the ship was seized by US authorities at New York, and renamed the USS Lafayette. On February 9, 1942, the ship caught fire in New York while it was being converted to a troop transport ship for the war effort. The ship capsized and came to rest on her port side, settling in the mud of the Hudson River, at Pier 88, on 49th Street. Great plumes of black smoke could be seen coming from the burning ship throughout New York City, drawing a huge crowd. Following the disaster, there were persistent rumors that the SS Normandie was sabotaged by German agents operating in New York and New Jersey. A thorough investigation for the FBI concluded that the fire was caused by sparks from a welding torch that was being used during the ship's conversion. The fate of SS Normandie did cause the US to round up a number of suspected spies and criminals and to tighten security in its ports.

Granddaddy had risen from modest beginnings in Troy, New York (called Lansingburg in 1880) to one of the most powerful positions in the United States. He ran an organization that controlled all people, ships, planes, and cargo entering or leaving the US. Both in the city of New York and nationally, he was a powerful political figure in the 30's and 40's. Once, my grandmother related to him that her butcher was distraught because two Jewish refugees children, who had arrived at Ellis Island in New York Harbor en route to live with him (their uncle), were being shipped back to Nazi Germany because the quota on Jewish refugees had been met! After escaping the horrible fate that was befalling all Jews in Germany, they were being sent back to certain death. Without any hesitation, Granddaddy picked up the phone and ordered the US Customs Service boat to pick up the children (about eight years old), much to my Mother's and Georgie's delight!

Granddaddy died from a heart attack at age 64. Since he was a member of the Saint Patrick's Cathedral, with his own pew with a gold nameplate, his funeral was conducted there by the New York Cardinal. In attendance were the governor, mayor, commissioner of police, in and many state and federal civil service and political dignitaries. Before the service started, 10,000 uniformed US Customs, Coast Guard, police, and firemen marched past Saint Patrick's Cathedral in honor of Granddaddy. After the service, the procession of cars that made the drive to Gate of Heaven, in White Plains, New York, for the burial, went on for hours.

Although my grandfather was a fairly serious man, he had a warm heart and was sentimental. One time at the movies, watching an Andy Hardy film starring Mickey Rooney, Granddaddy started to cry when Judge Stone (Andy's father) was very ill and Andy was praying for his father not to die. It was only after I whispered to him "Granddaddy, don't cry. Nobody ever dies in an Andy Hardy movie" that he was able to compose himself. He almost always made time to play all sorts of games with me and regardless of my age, he tried hard to beat me as badly as he could. This brought out the competitiveness in me so I really enjoyed his company.

During mothers and Georgie's upbringing, they lived in a house in the Bronx, New York. Shortly after they were married and moved out, Granddaddy and Grandma moved to downtown Manhattan to live in the Vanderbilt Hotel. Each day, his chauffeur would pick him up at the hotel and drive him to his office in the Battery, in the heart of the worlds largest shipping port. As I lived much of my youth in New York with my grandparents, I visited the US customs office on a few occasions. It was neat, having such an important grandfather

George Lawrence Connell was born July 7, 1880, in Lansingburg, New York, to **Thomas Connell** and **Johanna O'Leary**. Information from Clare Agatha Connell, their grand daughters, asserts that Thomas was born in County Clare, Ireland. Johanna O'Leary was born in County Tipperary, Ireland. Also, Thomas was a Civil War veteran. An 1880 US Census of New York City, New York identifies a Thomas Connell, who is married to Johanna Connell. If this is George's father, Thomas was born in 1842, while Johanna was born in 1840 (she is about 2 year older than Thomas). There is a Civil War enlistment for a Thomas Connell from New York City, born in 1842, for July 1, 1863. This date range and demographics matches what is known about Thomas at this time.

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A passenger manifest for the Cosmo, a cruise ship departing NYC for San Juan, Puerto Rico, in March 1930, lists George Lawrence and Emma Katherine Connell. From this manifest, we learn that Emma was born in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The couple was living on 1634 Popham Avenue, in the Bronx, at the time. George Lawrence Connell is reported as the President of the National Customs Service Association in the Saturday, January 25, 1930, edition of *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle* newspaper. This article reports George Connell sending a telegram to President Hoover to affirm the integrity and ability of a Colonel Foran, as Controller of Customs. Apparently, Colonel Foran's fitness for office was being questioned because of his use of alcohol during the time of national prohibition. The NYC Death Index records George Connell's date of death as January 27, 1941. He died at 66 years of age in Manhattan, NY. An obituary from the New York Times, January 28, 1947, said George L. Connell was the Deputy Surveyor of Customs for the Port of New York, since 1932 and formerly, for 20 years, President of the National Customs Service Association. George Lawrence Connell was buried at Gate of Heaven Cemetery, in Hawthorne, Westchester County, New York.

"Georgie" (Georgeanna, b. July 19, 1905 – d. November 9, 1991), and **"Jimmy,"** (James Walsh, b. November 11, 1902 – November 1968). My aunt and uncle were one of the brightest spots of my life. They were teachers in the New York public school system and as such, were well paid with a good retirement program and had summers off! Each year, around June 23rd, I would wait anxiously by the camp road, straining to hear their trusty Nash car turn off the pond road onto the gravel camp road. They always arrived several hours after the time they said, adding to my anxiety. They had no children of their own and loved Johnny, Terry, and me as if we were their own.

Georgie was a very warm and outgoing person who bent over backwards to make everyone feel important. She was very bright, well read, a great conversationalist, cultured, loved the arts, having season tickets to the Met, and was deeply religious. She, Jimmy, and Jimmy's Jesuit brother, Bill, went on a pilgrimage to the holy land 8 or 10 times over the years. Like her mother, Georgie was very refined, always speaking in a soft gentle voice.

My Uncle Jimmy was a blessing from God to me. With my father away much of the time and unable to relate to children when he was around, I really needed two fathers and I spent a great deal of each summer with Jimmy. As Johnny preferred going off by himself and Terry preferred the company of mother, the maid, or me, I pretty much had Jimmy to myself most of the time. Jimmy was a professional artist; he painted in water colors and oils, he sculpted, whittled, built model motorboats, sailboats, and airplanes that actually worked! He was a finish carpenter, electrician, plumber, mechanic and Swiss watch repair expert. In short, there was nothing that Uncle Jimmy couldn't repair or build, and all the time he was engaged in one of these activities, he would sing a huge repertoire of songs. He possessed a great knowledge of wildlife. He would draw, paint, or whittle birds and animals from memory. He would imitate most of the native birds so accurately that he frequently engaged them in bird language conversations. He knew the feeding and nesting habits of all the creatures around the camp, including pests, and how to get rid of them with finality. He was a superb athlete— Golden glove boxer, baseball pitcher at Fordham University, and later, in semipro baseball, and excelled in the dashes in track. He had no fat on his body, just muscle, and could wiggle or move every part of his body, including his ears, making a quarter jump up-and-down and flip over when he placed it on his stomach with Jimmy lying on his back. He had a wonderful Irish tenor voice, and knew the verses to many, many Irish songs.

This strong, vigorous man always spoke softly, with the hint of a grin on his face. As I spent the better part of each summer day with Jimmy, over the years I learn how to take care of a house inside and out, its appliances, a car, boat, grounds and roads. I learned that with patience and perseverance I could repair just about anything. Most of all, I learned how to enjoy my home and my life without a lot of money or outside entertainment or stimulation. Before

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Jimmy died of lung cancer in 1968, he told Georgie that he wanted me to have the camp because I knew how to care for it as well as love it.

Claire Agatha Connell, (b. September 26, 1906 – d. May 5, 1991). My mother. She graduated from Mount St. Ursula Academy and attended new Rochelle College, where she majored in education. Mother was a multifaceted person who started out life as a tomboy and protector of her older sister. One time, a boy was trying to get fresh with Georgie and mother launched a haymaker, which knocked him down a flight of stairs! Later, when she was 19, she fell in love with a handsome, extremely intelligent 22-year-old sophisticate named Jack McGowan. On an impulse, they got married by a justice of the peace late in 1925, followed by a church wedding in April 1926 in New York City. From October 20, 1927, until February 1932, Johnny, Bobby, and Terry were born. They lived in an upstairs apartment, then a rented house, and finally in 1936 or 1937, Pop paid cash for 23-room house, complete with a full staff of servants, all in Waterville, Maine. At the same time, during the early 1930s, mother checked out property at several of the Belgrade Lakes, finally choosing property on Snow Pond, mostly because of the beautiful sandy beach and the graduated depth of the water, which was ideal for children. Then they built a main camp and a separate building for sleeping quarters for the children and the maid in 1932 or '33.

Mother was a beautiful woman in every way – physically, spiritually, and character-wise. She had natural beauty, using very little makeup, if any at all. She wore clothes well, as an energetic and athletic person does. She had a beautiful singing voice and played our Steinway grand piano every day and most of the night at parties. She had the sheet music to just about every popular song and could sight read beautifully.

In Summers at our camp, Mother had an opportunity to show her many talents. She taught me how to swim, drive a car well enough that I had my license when I turned 15, fish, shoot her 25–20 rifle, and split kindling for our wood stove. In town, she taught me how to sew, iron shirts, pressed pants, clean and vacuum, and cook.

During World War II, mother enlisted in a branch of the Army reserves called the “motor pool.” She was rapidly promoted to Captain. She taught men how to repair, maintain, and drive their fleet of trucks. Some feat for a 5'2" woman!

My mother was loved by all who knew her— partly because she treated everyone with respect — but mostly because she gave so much of herself to so many people in so many ways. She would meet friends regularly in downtown Waterville for lunch and lots of conversation. One cold winter day, she saw a boy of about 12 selling newspapers without a hat or coat on. He was shivering! Without a second thought, she took him by the hand and waltzed him into a clothing store where she purchased an entire winter outfit, which she had him change into before returning to the corner to sell his papers. Two days later, back downtown for lunch, she saw the boy wearing his old skimpy outfit and asked him how come. He said his father told him those new clothes were too nice for work and he would have to save them for church! Mother led the boy back into the store, bought another more serviceable outfit, then drove the boy to his home to have a talk with his father. Although mother did not know these people, she diplomatically, but firmly, let the father know that he was not to send his boy out in the winter again without the warm clothes that she had purchased. From then on, Waterville had a warm newsboy who thought my mother was his very own fairy godmother!

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Incidents like that were just a routine part of her every day life — as well as saving my neck. One day, she received a phone call from the Principal of my grammar school saying, “Your son, Bobby, ripped up a picket fence from a neighbor lady’s lawn, ignored her demand that he put it back, and ran off with it. He needs to be severely disciplined.” Mother immediately replied to the Principal that “Bobby is not a bad boy. There must be more to this incident. I will investigate and get back to you.” This was the first of many incidents my activist mother came to my rescue, including the expulsions from Camp Idlewild, at age 10, and Phillips Exeter Academy summer school, at age 14, both of which she got overturned by getting the whole story out. But back to the grammar school incident. I was walking to school (third-grade) when I saw five 6th-graders attack my brother. Since I knew Johnny wouldn’t run away and I was too small to help fight them, I frantically ran around looking for an equalizer, preferably a big stick. Desperate because I couldn’t find anything with snow on the ground, I ripped up the only object available — a wobbly 12-inch high and 6-foot long section of fence. I ran screaming into the street after those boys, half dragging, half waving my ridiculous weapon. And much to my amazement, they stopped fighting my brother. I had saved the day! And immediately, I returned to the lady’s house and replaced her fence, a little worse for the wear.

My mother’s belief in me and her readiness to stand up to anyone on my behalf was probably the single most important gift I ever received. She gave me an inner confidence that enabled me to withstand criticism and rejection from other quarters.

My mother was a natural teacher. She read to us every single night when we were young — always stories with a moral. She had rules and standards for every situation in life, And at the same time, allowed us the freedom of coming and going that could lead to trouble if we didn’t learn from her teachings. Later, when I became a parent, I learned to really appreciate and envy her gift. Leadership came so naturally to her that I never felt I was being preached to. She was the strongest and most loving person I’ve ever known.

John H McGowan, Jr, 1927 - 2007. My older brother, by 19 months, was my protector when we were kids. He always sat between Pop and me at the dinner table, letting me sit closer to mother, and if I was being scolded too harshly, he would find away to divert attention away from me. We played well together at camp mostly in the lake. Johnny had a terrific imagination and made up interesting games to play in the water. For the most part, however, we had our separate friends and each did our own thing. Johnny loved to read and listen to classical music. He became quite good at the piano, especially compared to me.

When I was 13, Johnny entered Phillips Exeter Academy, where he excelled at track. Track was a three season sport, with cross country in the fall, short distances and short sprints indoors for Winter track, and 100 yards up to 1 mile on a quarter mile closed cinder track in the Spring. Johnny was elected Captain for all three sports during his last two years Exeter. He was one of the best at cross-country in New England, which encompassed a large number of top schools for athletics. In Winter track, he broke the 600 yard junior varsity school record and was outstanding at the 1000 yard run at the varsity level. In the spring, Johnny was Exeter’s number-1 miler, but he wasn’t shabby at the quarter and half mile. It was a thrill to watch Johnny run. He had powerful legs and his stride was a thing of beauty - very energy efficient; all effort was directed toward forward motion.

After Exeter, Johnny entered Harvard, which was interrupted by a 17 month stint in the US Army, one year of which was spent as part of the occupational forces of Japan. While

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Johnny was in Japan, our parents got divorced. When Johnny returned from the army, he was so upset about the situation with our parents that he wouldn't accept tuition help from Pop, and since he was living with Mother, he used the GI Bill to go to Colby College, in Waterville, Maine. Within a short time, he mended fences with Pop, and with his financial help, got his own apartment and graduated from Colby with a BA in philosophy, studied journalism and creative writing at Boston University, then spent 3 1/2 years more at Columbia University, studying philosophy. During his time at Columbia, he met a French lady named Gertrude (she was called "Jerbe"), who had two school age children. In 1954, Johnny and Gertrude got married. In order to support his new family, with summer camp and college tuition, Johnny quit Columbia to enter the business world. For the next 7 1/2 years, he worked for Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company, Colgate-Palmolive, and General Foods, as a computer systems manager. With the children through school and the realization that he wanted out of the business world, Johnny went back to Columbia, once again with the financial backing from Pop. Over the next 2 1/2 years, he completed his residence and all written exams for his PhD in philosophy. Johnny has always underestimated his own cerebral capabilities—his IQ is up in the genius level—and I believe this led to his postponing his dissertation, the only step left unfulfilled for his PhD. If dissertations in philosophy were judged objectively, I'm sure Johnny would have submitted his, but they are not. Whenever we are judged, not for our knowledge, but rather on someone's opinion of the efficacy of our original thinking, we've moved into the subjective and this can produce unpredictable results.

After Columbia, Johnny launched his teaching career which lasted 25 years, teaching math and philosophy in high school, a prep school, and three colleges. He then retired in 1991 to become a writer, which has always been one of his greatest loves and an area in which he possesses considerable talent.

Teresa K Heavey. (1932 -). My kid sister by two and three-quarter years. Although Terry and I have been separated geographically for much of our lives, there's always been a real closeness between us. When she was really young, I would reluctantly play dolls with her in town and at camp I'd make up games we could play. Our camp was pretty isolated, so most of the time we had only each other to play with. Johnny loved nature and usually was off in the woods or at the swamp by himself.

When Terry was around six years old, she was extremely thin and sickly. She contracted pneumonia numerous times and this was before antibiotics were available. At the family doctor's insistence, Mother took Terry to Florida every winter until she went away to Tenacre, in Wellesley, Massachusetts. Terry continued spending part of each winter in Florida, however, and is still doing it.

Since she was in grammar school, Terry has enjoyed writing. Many a night she would get under her covers with a pad of paper, a pencil, and a flashlight, and write into the wee hours of the morning. She was by no means a loner, however. She always had a raft of friends who spanned the social spectrum. I suspect some of her friends helped her to fulfill a lifelong need to help people.

Terry was shipped off to boarding school at a younger age than Johnny or me. She went to the Ivy League's finest – Tenacre — for grades 7 and 8, Dana Hall for grades 9 through 12, Brown University for a BA, with a major in English, Boston college for a masters degree, and Harvard University (Radcliffe College) to study publishing.

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Terry was an avid and accomplished skier and spent many winter weekends at the best New England ski resorts, where she eventually met Jack, who was incredibly skillful on the slopes. Before marrying Jack Heavey at age 27, Terry worked as a writer for Little Brown Publishing Company, and then as an editor for the TV Guide.

Terry is proficient at everything she does. She's an excellent swimmer, snow skier, actress, writer, mother, hostess, and matriarch of our family. She is very intelligent, and like my brother, possesses an outstanding memory. Terry is very disciplined and organized about her life, and consequently accomplishes, routinely, what it would take two average people to handle. She puts our whole family's welfare before her own needs, which qualifies her as a candidate for sainthood, but it has taken a toll on her health a time or two. If any of us, family or friend, ever needed help, we couldn't find a more formidable champion than Terry.

Robert G McGowan, (1929 – 2013, written in about 2006). My early childhood was a happy one. I was always full of energy and optimism — a true eager beaver, I couldn't wait for each day to begin. Punishing me was very easy for my Mother — just make me sit still for five minutes; that was real torture and I am sure it seldom happened. I made friends effortlessly and always had lots of them. My great enthusiasm and high energy sometimes resulted in minor mishaps that incurred the ire of my father. My report cards always had troublesome marks for deportment, until under pressure from Pop, I finally raised the grade to "inclined to mischief". I sincerely never understood why they thought I was troublesome and it was years later that I realized it was because I was always asking for clarification of anything that wasn't clear to me. When you have 30 students to a grammar school class, the teacher doesn't have time for individual instruction. I was also prone to goofy accidents, like the time I smacked the bottom of the ketchup bottle and it sprayed all over uncle Jimmy's Sunday suit. And when playing softball in our yard, it would always be the ball I threw that broke the neighbors window! And at night, when we were supposed to be sleeping, Johnny would make me laugh and my laugh was always loud enough to get me into trouble. As a balance to my father's disappointment in me, my Grandmother Connell adored me, partly because of my impishness, as I learned years later. My Mother was my champion, always in my corner, and Uncle Jimmy was my friend, teacher, and my second father every summer. The demonstrated love of those three, coupled with the decided plus of belonging to the most respected and richest family in town, endowed me with great inner strength and independence.

Almost 3 years before my parents divorced, I entered Phillips Exeter Academy, the number-one rated school in the nation scholastically. Before Johnny and me, other McGowans had attended Exeter, but none made it to graduation. I became a campus hero by excelling at the 50 and 100 yard freestyle on the varsity swimming team, being ranked All American in 1946 and 1947. In addition to an education unequalled anywhere, Exeter exceed at developing character and understanding. I entered as a boy and left four years later as a competent and confident young man who would spend the rest of his life thirsting for knowledge, this being the greatest gift Exeter had to offer. The only less-than-happy memory I have of Exeter was that none of my family ever saw me swim or graduate.

In June 1947, I entered Bowdoin College, in Brunswick Maine, an all male, Ivy League, small college with an excellent scholastic rating. In addition to starting college in the Summer, I elected to take six major courses, instead of the required four, so that I could graduate in 2 1/2 years and start making money. At the same time, I was the star swimmer on the varsity team, breaking the school records at the 50 and 100 yards in my freshman year! I also joined the glee

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club and played contract bridge in tournaments all over Maine. I was having a great time when, without warning, Bowdoin raised the grade point requirement, resulting in a suspension of one year. I was in shock and Pop was angry! When I asked him to let me transfer to a fine small college in Ohio that wanted me for my swimming capability, he replied that it was time that I went to work. His decision would narrow my career opportunities for the rest of my life. That same year, when Johnny was ousted from Colby College, in Waterville, Pop persuaded the President of the college to reenroll Johnny the very next September. Incidentally, Johnny didn't let Pop down; he got straight A's from then on and graduated with honors.

Pop put me to work in the yard crew of his Waterville mill, loading freight cars and other cerebral challenges. At this time, Pop was remarried to Mary, Mary was pregnant with David, and Rosemary was nine years old. I was made to feel unwelcome, both at work and at home, so I quit both. I went to work for a Wyandotte competitor, the Deering Millekin Corporation, the largest textile company in the world at the time. After almost a year on the 11 PM to 7 AM shift, I caught the attention of the General Manager by getting a part-time job at a drugstore, where I happened to see this Mr. Brandt buying a Sunday paper. I talked my drugstore boss into allowing me to man the register where Mr. Brandt got his paper, and when he came in each Sunday, I would call him by name and give him a big smile until he finally asked me if he knew me. I told him "No, but I knew him", because I worked in his mill on the night shift and only worked in the drugstore to supplement my income. Within a month, I was on my way down South to industrial engineering school, all expenses paid by Deering Milliken. Over the next three years, I completed courses in time-and-motion studies, work simplification, plant layout, workloads, incentive pay, cost accounting, and statistical quality control. I became the youngest department manager that Deering Milliken ever had and I was on my way.

As the textile industry in Maine had seen it's best days and the poultry industry was new and booming, I switched careers just before my 24th birthday. With my industrial engineering background, I was commonplace in textiles, but in the poultry industry, I was the only one in the country. This gave me a decided advantage and I used my knowledge to bring the Fort Halifax Packing Company up out of financial difficulties to become a highly respected and very profitable company, employing 1400 people and producing 1.2 percent of the nation's frying chickens, by the time I was 28. At that time, I was the plant General Manager, responsible for processing, distribution, and sales, and being paid a percent of the profits, in addition to my salary. Life was good. I owned my own home, had four wonderful children, a wife, the world's most wonderful dog (Pepper), and a brand-new dream car in the garage. It was a five minute drive to work, a four minute drive to my country club, and a 14-minute drive to camp. But four years later, on October 1, 1961, my bubble burst. My company had been sold to Ralston Purina Company, in St. Louis. I was devastated. They offered me, realistically, no options. I could stay where I was, but the profit sharing, which was two-thirds of my income, would be eliminated and my job might be eliminated if they centralized management and run it from St. Louis. Or, I could move to St. Louis and be in charge of all the plants in the country. I discussed it with Alma and we both decided that the move would at least offer us the possibility of financial security for the whole family and we reluctantly made the move.

I discovered that I was the first Northern, Irish Catholic ever hired by the company and that my chances for becoming a top executive were slim-to-none. With that, I resolved to become the first Irish Catholic Vice President in Purina's history. I really had no choice; we couldn't raise a large family in a large city on what they were paying me. I worked so hard, so long, and so smart, I wound up with my own company plane assigned to me by 1964, and for

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the next seven years, I was the only executive in the entire company to have his own plane. The other executives had to share the company fleet. Granted, my plane was the least fancy in the fleet, but it was manned by two pilots on all flights and it took me wherever I wanted to go. During this period, I was granted several US and foreign patents for equipment and processes that made millions for Purina.

Early in my career at Purina, I was honored by being appointed by the company President to the "Think Tank", consisting of the six of the brightest executives in the company, to work on the most serious problems and opportunities facing the company. Within a couple of years, all six of us became vice presidents. As wonderful as it was for me to achieve what I did again such odds and outright animosity from some of the more prejudiced individuals, I much would have preferred staying in Waterville, guiding Fort Halifax to even greater heights, while enjoying my family with the simpler but wonderful Maine life.

Ten years to the day, on October 1, 1971, Ralston Purina announced the end of the human food business, and shortly after that, announced the sale of the animal feed business, leaving the company a producer of batteries and pet food only. With impeccable references from Purina to the World Bank, I launched a new career as a consultant, which I plied from late 1971 until 1984, when I started a house cleaning business in St. Louis. Our company, called "Angels At Work", had grown to be one of the most highly respected, profitable, and the fourth largest of 118 companies operating in the greater St. Louis area. Best of all, I was having the best time of my life, working hard, playing hard (golf, league bowling, and working out at the Nautilus gym), summering at my camp in Maine, and visiting friends and relatives.

Robert George McGowan, Sr. ("Bob") was only 10 months old when he was listed in the 1930 US Census of Waterville, Maine. His family was living on Pleasant Street. His Father, John H., was only 27 years old, while his Mother, Claire, was 23 years old. Bob's older brother was 2 years 5 months old. John was recorded as the Superintendent of a Woolen Mill. The family home was valued at \$5500, a significant investment for 1930. In the 1940 US Census, Bob was 10 years old and was enrolled in 4th grade. His younger sister, Teresa, was 8 years old and was in 1st grade. The February 18, 1949 edition of the *Portland Press Herald* lists Bob as a member of Bowdoin's 400-yard relay swimming team. Other newspaper articles about the Bowdoin swimming team mention that Bob was an All American Swimmer. His Bowdoin College obituary mentioned that he also was a member of the Zeta Psi fraternity. Bob met Alma when she was at Colby College. The registry for Maine Marriages records his marriage to Alma Mae Ward in Maine on August 19, 1950. Bob and Alma ended up having four children. Their first born, twins Susan Ellen and Sally Lynn, were born on November 9, 1951. Their third daughter, Margaret Anne, was born April 23, 1953. Son, Robert George, Jr., was born December 29, 1955. All their children were born in Waterville, Maine. When Bob and his family relocated to St. Louis, to work for Ralston Purina, their home was at 47 Auburndale Drive, in West St. Louis County. About 10 years later, when the Ralston Purina job folded, Bob began consulting for the World Bank. His position there took him to countries all over the world, including Iran and several countries in South America. One of Bob's dreams was to start his own business. After all his daughters married in 1973, Bob began a restaurant near Olive Street Road and Woodsmill Road, called "Plaza Seven". It was during this time that Bob and Alma divorced. About the same time, Bob met Sally Osborn, his second wife, who was performing as a singer in his restaurant. Unfortunately, the restaurant did not succeed and had to be closed by 1979. Thereafter, he took a position as Director of Production and Engineering, at Pfizer Genetics Company, but in 1980, accepted a job in Massachusetts as Vice President of Operations at Capeway Foods, Inc.. After several years in New England, Bob returned to St. Louis, where he as Sally started his home cleaning business, "Angels At Work". This business was a commercial success that continued until Bob retired. Bob and Sally frequently visited the family camp at Snow Pond, in the Summers. They also loved to go to the Lake of the Ozarks, in Missouri. Bob died on February 26, 2013, in South St. Louis County, after a short illness. He and his second wife returned from a Caribbean Cruise about a week before his death. He developed a cough and fatigue that quickly progressed into an overwhelming pneumonia and sepsis. He died shortly after being taken to the hospital. He was buried in Sunset Memorial Park Cemetery, in Afton, Missouri.

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Thomas Connell



Johanna O'Leary



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Claire Agatha Connell



Georgeanna Connell



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George Connell, with daughters Claire & Georgeanna



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RALSTON PURINA CO. named Robert G. McGowan and E. J. Cordes to division vice presidents. McGowan is director of processing, production and broiler marketing for the Checker-board Farms division of the company's agricultural products group. Cordes is general manager of the soybean division of the agricultural products group.



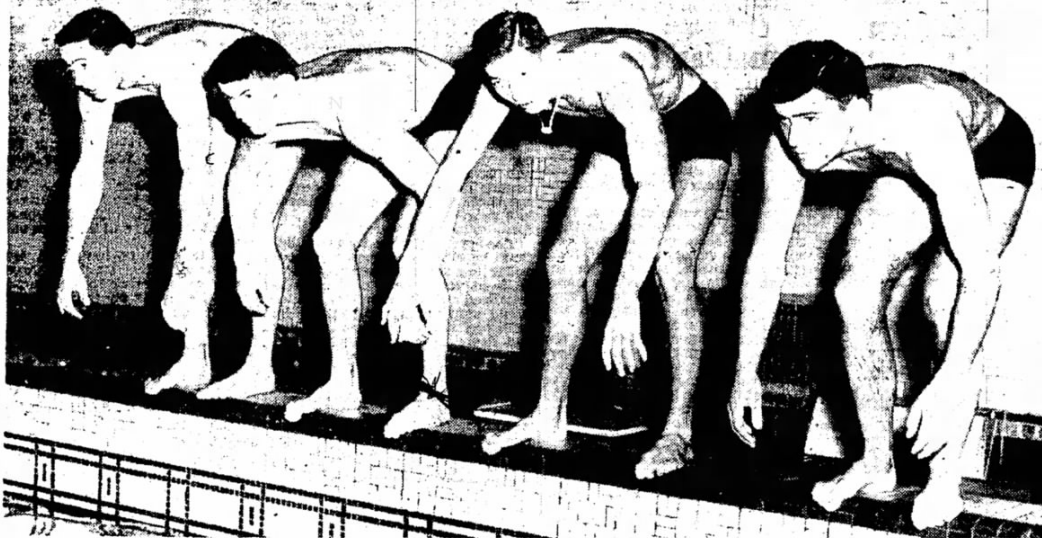
R. G. McGowan



E. J. Cordes



C. R. Bozek



RECORD-EYEING RELAYISTS—Bowdoin's crack 400-yard free-style relay team which will go after the college record in its next meet, Saturday, with Boston University and which figures to show well in the New England swim championships at Amherst March 11-12. Left to right, Douglas R. Hill '50, South Portland,

best sprinter since Bud White; John A. Mitchell '50, Haynesville; Peter O. Grant '49, Lewiston; Robert G. McGowan '51, Waterville. An All-Maine team in more ways than one. The Polar Bears will be in fast company at the New Englands, with Williams a top-heavy favorite for the team title.

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Bowdoin College Obituary

ROBERT G. MCGOWAN '51

Robert G. McGowan '51 died February 26, 2013, in St. Louis. He was born in Waterville, on May 17, 1929, and prepared for college at Phillips Exeter Academy. He attended Bowdoin from 1947 to 1949, where he was a member of Zeta Psi fraternity and an All-American swimmer.

He served as vice president of Ralston Purina and World Bank and was a successful business owner. He is survived by his wife, Sally Osborn McGowan; daughters Sue Jacobs, Sally Rasmussen, and Margaret Letts; son Robert McGowan Jr.; stepdaughter Kim Conner; sisters Terry McGowan Heavey and Rosemary Phillips; brother David McGowan; eleven grandchildren; and seventeen great-grandchildren. He was predeceased by his first wife, Alma Mae Ward McGowan, and by his brother, John McGowan Jr.

Capeway Foods Inc., West Bridgewater, Mass., has named **Robert G. McGowan** vice president of operations there. McGowan was director of production and engineering for Pfizer Genetics Co. here.



R. McDermott



J. L. Rector



R. G. McGowan

Bowdoin Mermen In Amherst Meet

(Special Dispatch)

Brunswick, March 11.—Bowdoin College's swimming team, which completed its first undefeated season in dual competition since 1937, will enter the New England intercollegiate swimming meet at Amherst, Mass., Saturday handicapped by the loss of six team members temporarily concentrating on studies.

Because of this drop in strength the Polar Bear mermen, previously rated strong challengers to favored Williams College, skidded to an outside contender role. Lost are George Erswell, Bill Ingraham, Bill McGowan, Wallis Brown Loomer and Colwell.

Erswell was expected to produce points in the distances, while McGowan made the freestyle relay team a powerful four-some. Ingraham, from Cape Elizabeth, swam anchor on a crack medley relay team and was a strong choice in the individual medley event. The versatile Ingraham had been entered in six of the ten events.

Swimming Coach Bob Miller has been juggling his weakened forces, and has a few possible first placers. Doug Hill of South Portland, who has developed into one of New England's top sprinters in his first year at the water sport, is given an excellent chance in 50-yard and 100-yard freestyle competition. Co-captains Tony Soltysiak, breaststroker, and Leonard Gath, diver, should be in the thick of battling in their specialties. Soltysiak also will attempt the individual medley swim, while Gath is a possibility in the diving.

Other Bowdoin swimmers who may break into the scoring column are Emerson Zeitler of Bath in the 220 and 440 freestyle grinds, Pete Grant and John Mitchell in the dashes, and Dave Williams in the backstroke.

Patrilineal Genealogy of Susan Ellen Jacobs (nee McGowan)

As Told By Her Father, Robert George McGowan, Sr., c. 2006

Fight on Foran Tests Hoover's Stand for Law

Jersey Dry League's
Counsel Quotes Letter
—Pratt Probe Pushed

Through G. Rowland Munroe, counsel for the Anti-Saloon League of New Jersey, that organization stated today that its charges against Col. Arthur F. Doran, Controller of Customs here, were primarily an effort "to determine whether President Hoover meant what he said about Federal officials who flout the law."

Munroe quoted from a letter he said the President sent to Fred E. Britten, secretary of the Florida Republican Committee, in which the President is credited with having made that statement.

"A man such as Colonel Foran, not in sympathy with the politics of the Administration, should have had the grace not to seek a reappointment," said the Dry League lawyer. "I do not think the statement in the letter to Mr. Britten was an idle gesture on the President's part, and this fight will bring it out."

Meanwhile the inferences concerning Herbert L. Pratt and the \$25,000 worth of champagne said to have been found in his home were not further developed here. The investigation is continuing, U. S. Attorney Tuttle insisted.

Colonel Foran returned to New York, but he refused any further comment on the case. He said that "it would be unbecoming" for a man whose reappointment is now before the President to make comment. The President will have to decide the case before Jan. 31. Both of the New Jersey Senators strongly favor Foran.

George L. Connell, president of the National Customs Service Association, sent a telegram to President Hoover yesterday asking him to reappoint the Controller. Connell said that the entire Customs Service was confident of Colonel Foran's integrity and ability.

Customs Men Map Drive to End Smuggling

CHICAGO, Sept. 3—(AP)—Repeal has not stopped liquor smuggling, delegates attending the eighth annual convention of the National Customs Service association said here today.

Means of drying up the dwindling trickle of contraband liquor from Canada and Mexico were chief subjects of discussion by the delegates.

"There is a much smaller amount of smuggling than one would suppose," said George L. Connell, New York, president of the association. "However, as long as the revenue and tax in this country are so high there will be some."

Patrilineal Genealogy of Susan Ellen Jacobs (nee McGowan)

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John H. McGowan Jr.

Obituary

ST. LOUIS -- John H. McGowan Jr., formerly of Waterville, Maine, died on Feb. 22, 2007, after a long illness at St. Anthony's Hospital in St. Louis.

He was born at the former Sisters Hospital in Waterville on Oct. 23, 1927. He was the son of the late John H. McGowan, president of Wyandotte Worsted Company and Claire C. Denton. He attended Exeter Academy in New Hampshire, where he was captain of the track team. He then attended Harvard College before he was drafted into the Army to serve during World War II in Japan. After the war he resumed his studies at Colby College, graduating in 1950.

Moving to New York City he became the computer program manager for General Foods. Anxious to get back to the academic life, he attended the Ph.D. program in philosophy at Columbia University in New York City. He taught philosophy and logic at Colby College, Bliss College and the University of Northern Illinois. Later he switched to mathematics and in 1970 he joined the Maine public school system where he taught calculus at Biddeford High School. In 1991 he retired to Waterville where he remained until 2003 when he went to St. Louis to live with his brother, Robert McGowan. He spent most summers throughout his life at his beloved camp at Snow Pond.

He leaves two sisters, Terry McGowan Heavey of Chatham, Mass., and Rosemary McGowan Phillips of Bronxville, N.Y., and Jupiter, Fla. He leaves two brothers, Robert G. McGowan of St. Louis and David J. McGowan of Waterville, Maine; and his stepmother, Mary McGowan. In addition he leaves several nieces and nephews.

A Mass of Christian burial will be celebrated at Sacred Heart Church at a date to be announced and the private burial will follow in June at Pine Grove Cemetery.

Arrangements are by Redington Funeral Home.



CONNELL.—George L., Deputy Surveyor of United States Customs Service, New York City, on Jan. 27, beloved husband of Emma T. Savel, father of Georgeanna Walsh and Claire McGowan. Notice of funeral later.

Patrilineal Genealogy of Susan Ellen Jacobs (nee McGowan)

As Told By Her Father, Robert George McGowan, Sr., c. 2006



OFFICE OF THE TOWN CLERK
TOWN OF ARLINGTON
MASSACHUSETTS

ABSTRACT OF RECORD OF MARRIAGE

Robert George McGowan and
Alma Mae Ward were
married in Arlington, Massachusetts
on August 19, 1950

I hereby certify the above to be a true abstract from the Records of
Marriages in the Office of the Town Clerk of Arlington, Massachusetts.

ATTEST:

Ann M. Powers
Town Clerk

Family Name		Given Name or Names	
SCHAVEL		JOHN	
Title and Location of Court			
COMMON PLEAS COURT, NEW YORK COUNTY.			
Date of Naturalization	Volume and Page	Page No.	Copy of Record No.
OCT. 14, 1879	495	-	75
Address of Naturalized Person			
423 E. 5 ST. N.Y.C.			
Occupation	Birth Date or Age	Former Nationality	
MUSICIAN		AUSTRIAN	
Port of Arrival in the United States	Date of Arrival		
Names, Addresses and Occupations of Witnesses to Naturalization			
1	P. BERLINGHOFF 185 LUDLOW ST. N.Y.C.		
2			

Patrilineal Genealogy of Susan Ellen Jacobs (nee McGowan)

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New York Marriages, 1686-1980 for - Thomas Henry McGowan

Groom's Name:	Thomas Henry McGowan
Groom's Birth Date:	1857
Groom's Birthplace:	
Groom's Age:	23
Bride's Name:	Ida Jane Craft
Bride's Birth Date:	1859
Bride's Birthplace:	
Bride's Age:	21
Marriage Date:	24 Jun 1880
Marriage Place:	New York City, New York
Groom's Father's Name:	M. F. McGowan
Groom's Mother's Name:	Elizabeth Rooney
Bride's Father's Name:	John S. Craft
Bride's Mother's Name:	Josephine Lorton
Groom's Race:	
Groom's Marital Status:	
Groom's Previous Wife's Name:	
Bride's Race:	
Bride's Marital Status:	
Bride's Previous Husband's Name:	
Indexing Project (Batch) Number:	<u>101227-4</u>
System Origin:	New_York-ODM
Source Film Number:	1562442
Reference Number:	

Patrilineal Genealogy of Susan Ellen Jacobs (nee McGowan)

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THOMAS H. M'GOWAN JR.

Thomas H. McGowan Jr. of 129 Soundview Avenue in White Plains, N. Y., treasurer and a director of the Wyandotte Worsted Company here at 40 East Thirty-fourth Street, died on Sunday in the New York Hospital. His age was 63.

Born in New York, a son of Thomas H. and Ida Jane Craft McGowan, Mr. McGowan had lived in White Plains for the last thirty-five years. He entered the woolen goods business in 1909 and was one of the early executives of the Wyandotte Worsted Company. He was a member of the Westchester Hills Golf Club of White Plains and the Elks.

Surviving are his widow, Mrs. Mary O'Donnell McGowan; six sons, Thomas H. 3d, Arthur, John, William F., Edwin F. and Richard McGowan, all of White Plains; two daughters, Mrs. J. E. Powell of Chevy Chase, Md., and Mrs. Robert Wallace of White Plains; two sisters, Miss Blanche J. McGowan of White Plains and Mrs. Bessie Denner of New York, and two brothers, Edwin W. of Wellesley, Mass., and Arthur C. McGowan of White Plains.

Another son, Lieut. Robert L. McGowan of the Army Air Forces, was killed while piloting a bomber over Rumania on April 15, 1944.

ARTHUR M'GOWAN, TEXTILE MAN, DIES

President and Treasurer of
Wyandotte Worsted Served
as White Plains Banker

Special To The New York Times

WHITE PLAINS, Nov. 23.—ARTHUR C. McGOWAN, 67, 180 Soundview Avenue, president and treasurer of the Wyandotte Worsted Company, 1071 Avenue of the Americas, New York, died today in White Plains Hospital after an illness of four months. He was 64 years old.

In 1912 Mr. McGowan joined the New York sales department of the Wyandotte company, which had been founded three years earlier by his late father, Thomas H. McGowan, in Waterville, Me. A director for the last thirty-three years, he became secretary in 1923, treasurer in 1943 and president six years ago.

At his death, Mr. McGowan was vice president and a director of the Stoney-Mushaw Company, a chemical concern, and of its research subsidiary, the Lyndhurst Chemical Corporation, both of Lyndhurst, N. J.

He was formerly president and a director of the Peoples National Bank and Trust Company of White Plains, now the National Bank of Westchester, and treasurer and a director of the Great Eastern Fire Insurance Company here.

Active in White Plains and New York charities, Mr. McGowan was an honorary trustee of White Plains Hospital and formerly a trustee of St. Bernard's Roman Catholic Church here.

Mr. McGowan, who was born in New York, served with the 167th Regiment of the Twenty-seventh (Yankee) Division on the Mexican border in 1916.

In World War I he was a company commander and brigade staff officer of the Twenty-eighth (Koyssime) Division in France.

His clubs included the Westchester Country, Westchester Hills Golf, Skytop, Union League, and National Republican.

Surviving are his widow, Mrs. Irene D. McCabe McGowan; a son, Arthur Jr. of Scarsdale; a sister, Mrs. Bessie Denner of New York, and a grandson.

NY Times (1857 - Current Ed) 13 July 1926 - NY, NY

PETER J. SAVEL DEAD.

Treasurer of the Luna Amusement Co. Ill for a Long Time.

Peter J. Savel, Treasurer of the Luna Amusement Company and the Chicago Elevated Advertising Company, died yesterday, after a lingering illness, at the home of his mother, Mrs. Mary Savel, 1,068 Jackson Avenue, the Bronx.

Mr. Savel was born in this city on December 11, 1881, attended the public schools, and graduated from New York University. He became a public accountant and for the last twelve years had been with the Barron G. Collier interests.

About eighteen months ago Mr. Savel suffered a slight stroke of paralysis, from which he never recovered fully. He made his last visit to Luna Park two weeks ago in a wheel chair. Since then he had been confined to bed. Besides his mother he leaves four sisters and two brothers.

Funeral services, a mass of requiem, will be held at 10 A. M. tomorrow in St. Augustin's Roman Catholic Church, Franklin Avenue and East 167th Street. Interment will be in St. Ray-

As Told By Her Father, Robert George McGowan, Sr., c. 2006

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REGISTRATION CARD

3196

George Lawrence Connell

105 Horne St. New York

31 July 1880

U.S. CITIZEN

U.S. Government

George Lawrence Connell

REGISTRAR'S REPORT

31-2-12-C

DESCRIPTION OF REGISTERANT

HEIGHT			BUILD			EYES	HAIR
Tot	Stature	Weight	Build	Complexion			
5' 10"	175	160	Medium	Light	Blue	Light	

105 Horne St. New York

31 July 1880

U.S. CITIZEN

U.S. Government

George Lawrence Connell

McGOWAN—Frank J., on Aug. 23, after short illness, beloved husband of Fannie E. McGowan and father of Dr. Frank J., Jr.; John H. McGowan and Frances E. Graef. Funeral on Thursday, Aug. 25. Requiem Mass at the Church of St. Vincent Ferrer at 10 A. M. Interment at Gate of Heaven Cemetery, Pleasantville, N. Y.

As Told By Her Father, Robert George McGowan, Sr., c. 2006

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As Told By Her Father, Robert George McGowan, Sr., c. 2006

ROBERT GEORGE MCGOWAN Sr.

ST. LOUIS, Mo. — Robert George McGowan Sr. died of pneumonia in St. Louis, Mo., on Feb. 26, 2013, at age 83 years.

In 1962, Robert and his family moved from Waterville, Maine, to St. Louis, where he became vice president for Ralston Purina poultry division.

He is survived by his wife, Sally; his four children, Susan, Sally, Peg, and Rob; and numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

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As Told By Her Father, Robert George McGowan, Sr., c. 2006

CITY OF NEW YORK. STATE OF NEW YORK. No. of Certificate, 6365

CERTIFICATE AND RECORD OF DEATH

Michael V. McGowan

I hereby certify that I attended deceased from *February 23rd 1901* to *February 25th 1901* that I last saw him alive on the *25th* day of *February*, that he died on the *25th* day of *February*, about *1.00* o'clock *A.M.* or *P.M.*, and that to best of my knowledge and belief, the cause of his death was as hereunder written. (If under one year old, state how fed.)

Lobar Pneumonia. Faecal Impaction

SEE RULES ON THE OTHER SIDE

Witness my hand this *25th* day of *Feb* *1901*

Place of Burial, *Calvary* (SIGNATURE), *Fred L. Neays M.D.*

Date of Burial, *Feb 28 1901*

Undertaker, *James J. Neays* RESIDENCE, *New York Hospital*

Residence, *309 Broadway St*

Name of Deceased	Date of Birth	Full Name	Age, in years, months, and days	Color	Single, Married or Widowed	Occupation	Birthplace	How long in U.S. if foreign born	How long resident in City of New York	Father's Name	Father's Birthplace	Mother's Name	Mother's Birthplace	Place of Birth	Last place of Residence	Place of Burial	Interment	Direct cause of Death	Indirect cause of Death
<i>Michael V. McGowan</i>	<i>February 25th 1901</i>	<i>Michael V. McGowan</i>	<i>73 years</i>	<i>White</i>	<i>Married</i>	<i>Speculator</i>	<i>Ireland</i>	<i>60 years</i>	<i>60 years</i>	<i>Unknown</i>	<i>Scotland</i>	<i>Unknown</i>	<i>Scotland</i>	<i>New York Hospital</i>	<i>71 Broadway St</i>	<i>Calvary</i>	<i>Cement</i>	<i>as above</i>	<i>as above</i>

NO NOTULABLE CERTIFICATE WILL BE RECEIVED.

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Patrilineal Genealogy of Susan Ellen Jacobs (nee McGowan)

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[illegible]

Debra S. R. Jones

[illegible]

A. S. Delany