

## INTRODUCTION

### JAYNE FAMILY TREE

compiled by Edward (Mike) Jayne

09-13-2007

This genealogy is specifically intended for use by all the descendants of Edward Stanley Jayne II--known as Ed (1911-1965), and Katharine Higgins Jayne--known as Pat (1913-2003). Ed and Pat were married for five years, from 1933 until 1938, producing three sons, Edward Stanley Jayne III--known as Mike (b. 1934), Alfred Kirke Jayne--known as Al among friends (b. 1936), and Peter Van Wyck Jayne--known as Pete (b. 1937). My two brothers and I as well as our children and grandchildren as descendants of everybody discussed here unless otherwise indicated.

It should also be emphasized here that this genealogy is comprehensive in only three lines--of the Jayne, Watson, and Ellsworth families--but it also includes useful information relevant to the Burnham, Rose and Oakes families, and it suggests links that can be followed up in several other lines as well.

My sources include correspondence, charts, obituaries, and conversations additional to two excellent family genealogies:

Harriet Ellsworth Siebert's Ancestors and Descendants of Chief Justice Oliver Ellsworth and his wife, Abigail Wolcott (Christmas, 1940).

Jessie Palmer Williams's Jonas W. Watson: Ancestry and Descendants (November, 1950).

A third genealogy, upon "Jayne Family History," has also been useful, though it unfortunately lacks a cover and some of its text, and it fails to indicate its author beyond identifying the author's mother as having been Eva Jayne Dull. I have been informed since that its author was Lillian Jayne Dull, undoubtedly the daughter of Eva.

The nationalities can be mentioned here in the genetic heritage of the Jayne family with the marriage of Ed and Pat? As far as I can determine by subtracting various sources from the predominantly English stock on both sides of the family, the percentages may be estimated for my brothers and me--

approximately 25/32 English (about 4/5 more or less)

1/8 Dutch (or more)

1/32 Irish (or more)

1/32 Mohawk Indian (or less)

1/32 Jewish (more or less)

The Dutch component primarily derives from Ed's paternal grandmother, Johanna Fischer, whose parents migrated to the United States from Holland in the mid-nineteenth century. In the Jayne family line there is also a Theodorus Van Wyck, so a sixty-fourth can be added to the Dutch total, tipping it a bit higher (perhaps 9/64).

I'm told the Fischer line (through the father of Johanna) might also be of Jewish ancestry, as might Julius Kirke Rose on the Higgins side of the family. In both instances, the names are possibly Jewish. Significantly, the documentation of the family trees bears no reference whatsoever to previous ancestors for the Rose line in England and the Fischer line in Holland. This has been the case with many individuals who abandon Judaism upon reaching the United States, so it seems appropriate to mention such a possibility. While visiting London in 1973, I was able to telephone an individual having the name of Julius Rose in the telephone directory to ask if this was a Jewish name. He replied in a heavy accent that he himself was certainly Jewish but that he knew of others with the same name who were not.

The Mohawk component of our family background derives from Imogene Oakes, the maternal grandmother of Pat. Her father Alexander Oakes, who died of dysentery during the Civil War, was perhaps a so-called half-breed, perhaps a quarter or eighth native American. The percentages used above are based on the assumption that he was fifty percent Indian, but it was probably less. The Irish component derives from the family of Matilda O'Neal, the wife of Edward Watson (1792-1854), as well as the Getty line that preceded the earliest Higgins generations mentioned here. There might be a good deal more Irish stock elsewhere in our family background as well.

And finally the British and French input. Jonas Watson arrived in America from Protestant Ireland as late as the early 1840s, but most ancestors from England in the Jayne and Ellsworth lines arrived in America during the seventeenth centuries, at least a half dozen of them in the year 1630. And not to be omitted, there is a very slight trace of French ancestry through English royalty as well as the earliest Jayne line. William Jayne invented the surname Jayne as a variation of his birth name, de Jeanne, which was first brought to England in 1154 by Guido de Jeanne, a French general who escorted Henry II to help install him as King of England. As many as thirty generations separate us from Guido, so his genetic input is very slight (more or less divided by two to the power of thirty). And of course the same goes for the Watson and Woodhull lines that can be traced back to King Edward III, thus to William the Conqueror, who came from a French background. Again, however, this genetic input is infinitesimal. Most of our ancestors were undoubtedly good Christians who lived modest and decent lives.

## **1. ED and PAT JAYNE and their three sons: MIKE, KIRKE & PETER.**

Ed was the single child in a respectable family. His father, Edward Stanley Jayne--known as Stan (1888-1965), was a treasurer of National Life Insurance of Vermont, the president of the biggest local bank in Montpelier, and a president of the Montpelier Country Club. His mother, Hazel Burnham, died relatively young in 1942, and afterwards Stan married a golf instructor whose first name was Dot. Beginning in high school Ed played the saxophone and led a small jazz group that played at New England resort hotels during the summer. Ed attended Williams College for three years before meeting Pat, who was a charter freshman at Bennington College. The two married and soon had their first son, Mike (myself), probably the very first biological accident resulting from the proximity between Williams and Bennington Colleges. I was followed in quick succession by Kirke and Peter. As Ed's and mom's private joke, I was called Mike instead of Ed, since it identified me with my great-grandfather on mom's side of the family, Edward Michael Watson, rather than my paternal grandfather Edward Stanley Jayne I.

Through a neighbor of Pat's family, Ed obtained a position as a computer salesman in New York City. Then came a divorce and his quick remarriage with Eleanor, who soon had her first son, Johnny, quickly followed by Jeff. When World War II began, Ed enlisted in the marines and became a staff sergeant in New Guinea. He was not involved in combat but acquired a couple of exotic tropical diseases that couldn't be cured. After the war Eleanor divorced him for somebody else and he went to New York City and fell in with Claire, also a World War II veteran. The two of them lived in extremely modest circumstances on their veteran's disability benefits supplemented by monthly allotments from my grandfather. When Claire and Stan both died in 1965, Stan's second wife, Dot, cut off Ed's allotments, and he could no longer afford his hotel room. He then took to the streets, probably as a panhandler. On December 7, 2005, at the age of 53, his frozen body was found half buried in snow on a street corner. There was supposedly a gash on his head, so he might have been assaulted and left to die, but it didn't really matter.

Pat (henceforth described as mom) was the second of three children in a talented but somewhat eccentric family. Her father Alfred--called Popop by his children and grandchildren (1884-1961), was quite successful for a while in advertising, and in 1932 the extended family spent long, on a 4-acre estate at Pear Tree Point overlooking Long Island Sound in Darien, Connecticut. Popop's wife, Mabel Watson (1888-1965)--called Lala within the family, was about 5'4" in height and weighed about 185 pound, perhaps 30 pounds more than Popop, who was always skinny. Highly energetic, Lala played a dominant but benign role in the household, always respectful of Popop and willing to impose his slightest wish as law. Popop was the decider and Lala the enforcer. As far as I could tell, Lala and Popop owned the estate, since nobody else occupied it at any other time of the year. But they were only renters, as I learned to my dismay at about the age of seven.

In high school mom (far more attractive than Lala) had many boyfriends, played the mandolin at parties, and served as goalie in field hockey. She could drop-kick the ball far enough that national rules were changed to banish the practice. Mom decided to become an architect, so she enrolled as a charter freshman in Bennington College during its first year of operation.

However, she became disappointed with its courses in architecture that exclusively emphasized historic appreciation. When Frank Lloyd Wright visited campus to deliver a lecture, she asked him during the question and answer period afterwards if such history courses weren't a waste of time for students who wanted to become architects. He vigorously agreed, and she felt vindicated in her decision to leave Bennington. At about the same time she fell into a relationship with Ed, and they married once she became pregnant with me. Mom and Ed thereupon left college and moved among a variety of Connecticut towns--Bridgeport, Fairfield, Cos Cob, and Easton--from which Ed could commute to work in New York City. I myself mostly remember the extended periods spent at Pear Tree Point, usually without Ed's presence.

After her divorce from Ed in 1938, mom returned to Pear Tree Point, spending winters in Glenbrook in a two-story house on the other side of town. In 1941 she took my brothers and me to Clearwater, Florida, for a year. Toward evening on the road to Tampa, our Greyhound bus broke down next to Clearwater's beach, and we were forced to spend the night in a cheap beachfront motel. We liked what we saw and removed our luggage from the bus before it resumed its trip the next morning. We never regretted the decision, first living over a garage across the street from the beach and later in a mainland bungalow with a tin roof. When World War II began, mom brought us back to Pear Tree Point, where she could commute to work as a riveter at Vought Sikorsky in Bridgeport, later as a clerk at Laminated Shim in Stamford, closer to home.

In 1947 mom suddenly took my brothers and me back to Florida, this time pulling a 28-foot trailer down the coastal road on the east side of the state. Once again we settled down at the site where we first stopped, the Rabbit Patch Trailer Park, approximately twenty miles north of Daytona Beach and just across the road from empty, endless white beach with ocean waves as far as we could see either north or south. After a year at Rabbit Patch, mom just as suddenly took us cross country to the Naval Ordnance Testing Station in China Lake, California, located in the Mojave Desert, where she found employment as a computer operator in the base's payroll department. To bluff her way into the job, she drew upon her knowledge of computers a decade earlier while helping Ed study to become a computer salesman. Once hired, she quickly learned the necessary procedures and later actually wrote a booklet explaining them for the benefit of others at the facility. My brothers and I had no idea at the time that the atomic bombs for both Hiroshima and Nagasaki had been produced there just a few years earlier. Later mom told us she actually slept now and again on large crates containing bomb components.

In 1950 mom suddenly took my brothers and me back to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where her father, Popop had obtained a position as the Director of Public Relations for Collins Radio. She pooled money with Lala and Popop to buy a house for living together again as an extended family. Then she accepted a position at Silas Mason (also a nuclear facility) in Middletown, Iowa, ten miles west of Burlington, a hundred miles southeast of Cedar Rapids. Mom commuted to Cedar Rapids on weekends, leaving us to be surrogate-parented by our grandparents for the rest of the week. During the spring semester of my junior year in Cedar Rapids, I fell in love with Sylvia Salisbury (1936-2006), a strikingly intelligent sophomore at my high school (she knew she did not have the highest IQ at school, since the principal had told her parents that her brother did). At lunch time we actually read Nietzsche aloud and discussed the Dostoevsky novels we were reading at the same time.

When school ended, my brothers joined mom in her small dilapidated trailer in Middletown, while I went east to spend the summer with my Uncle Kirke and Aunt Vera in Chevy Chase, an upper middle-class suburb of Washington, D.C. (as did both both my brothers Kirke and Pete in later years). Meanwhile, Sylvia moved with her family to California, and Lala and Popop sold our Cedar Rapids house to return to the apartment building where they had lived in the first place. At the end of summer I joined mom and my brothers in Middletown, and because of my addition to the family we were qualified to move into a World War II barracks building with peeling paint that had been renovated to include four elongated apartments, each of them the length of the building. The large shower room at the end of the building served as our bathroom.

During my senior year at Burlington High School, ten miles from Middleton, I ran back and forth from home to Burlington so often with my friend Warren Knight that I joined the track team and was able to take second place in state competition for the half mile. My second girl friend, Lindsay Cooper, again a high school sophomore, was also of beneficial influence on my personal philosophy. We never touched or kissed each other but endlessly debated religion and politics while seated in her gorgeous southern-mansion sunroom overlooking the Mississippi River from the cliffs above. She was a Christian socialist and I an atheistic Republican.

Sylvia kept writing passionate letters asking me to join her as a student in Berkeley the following year, since she was skipping her senior year of high school. Warren also wanted to escape to California, so Warren and I traveled to Richmond, just north of Berkeley, to attend Contra Costa Junior College during the year needed to obtain California residency and thereby avoid out-of-state tuition. Meanwhile, mom moved to Boulder, Colorado, then brought Kirke and Pete to Alameda, California, in order to unite the family again. She first worked in the payroll department for PIE, then for the Berkeley School District. Upon her retirement she moved into a trailer park in San Leandro, south of Oakland, where she died in 2003 at the age of 90.

Sylvia's father, Winfield, had been the director of research at Collins Radio. As the public relations director of Collins, my grandfather considered Winfield to have been a totally irresponsible influence in the company. Nevertheless, his background in nuclear engineering was sufficient for him to have been invited to Livermore to serve directly under Edward Teller in the development of the H-bomb. Winfield had already played a useful role during the thirties in the construction of the Berkeley cyclotron to produce fissionable levels of nuclear energy. He had also designed and installed radar bombsights on both the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombs to detonate at the best altitude for maximizing their destructive impact, and he initiated research in laser-directed weaponry as well as laser ("death-ray") weapons that remain classified even today. Something of a Dr. Strangelove type in physics, Winfield was a moderate Democrat in politics who was enthusiastic about Roosevelt's vision of a better America. He was also a generous and thoughtful father-in-law figure.

At Contra Costa Junior College I majored in philosophy and psychology. To support myself I worked at a local cannery and a small local hotel. The next year I was able to transfer to the University of California. Sylvia and I married with our first son Michael (b. 1954), soon followed by Eric (b. 1955). Sylvia was forced to drop out of college, but I was able to continue

taking classes with the help of Winfield, who contributed to the support of Sylvia and our boys the money he could save in taxes by claiming them as dependents. I supplemented this amount by working sixteen hours per week at the university library and during the summer full-time at a cannery, then Cutter's Laboratory.

At both Contra Costa and Berkeley I encountered a large variety of bright and articulate fellow students--most notably Hank Bers, Reuel Amdur, and Woody Stanley, but also Sylvia's brother, Field, as well as Gerard Abel, Grover Krantz, and Reginald Bjornstad, all of whom effectively challenged my rigid Taft-Republican assumptions acquired from my grandfather. For a while Berkeley Trotskyists sought to recruit me, but I became mostly apolitical with progressive assumptions somewhat to the left of the Democratic Party.

In 1957, I graduated from Berkeley with roughly a B-plus grade point average and a B.A. in English that was almost useless at the time on the job market except in teaching. After a couple months of fruitless job hunting, I was hired as a clerk for tabulating stocks and bonds on the financial page of the San Francisco Chronicle. Here I spent three years for a rock-bottom salary of \$58 per week for tabulating stocks and bonds on the financial page. The job bored me, and I found I had little in common with fellow employees beyond Sidney P. Allen, the financial editor, who took a paternal liking for me. His advice in a nutshell, which I cannot forget, was that what goes up has somehow gotta come down again.

Sylvia and I kept moving from one cheap apartment to the next in Berkeley, increasingly dissatisfied with our economic situation. However, I was obviously unmarketable in the business world and Sylvia refused to accept my going on to graduate school for a graduate degree that would permit me to teach. In 1959 she divorced me and quickly fell in with more eligible suitors, finally marrying Jack Myers, who had just been accepted on a tenure-track appointment in chemistry at Yale. I myself continued to flounder around for the better part of a year, then fell in love with Elaine Anderson, a sophomore in English at Berkeley and the daughter of a small Central Valley grape farmer. Elaine dropped out of college, and we married in 1960. With both of us employed on campus, I myself in a part-time job, I was finally able to enroll in graduate school in the field of English.

My most influential professor at the time was Josephine Miles, who emphasized a micro-analytical critique of poetry that sometimes verged on statistics, but I also took courses from such professors as Muscatine, Bronson, and Tuveson. In 1962, I obtained an M.A. with a "strong" recommendation to continue my studies toward a Ph.D., but, as Elaine and I had planned since the beginning, I instead left Berkeley to become a junior college instructor. Also as planned, we had our first daughter, Kristin, in 1963, and our second, Jennifer, in 1965. I taught three years at three separate junior colleges followed by three years at Humboldt State University, where I became, among other things, what might be described as a radical presence on campus--a faculty advisor for both the VDC and the SDS as well as a Peace and Freedom candidate for local office.

I was energized by my experience as a teacher, which turned out to be at least as educational as having been a student. However, it became obvious that without a Ph.D. and lots of publications I couldn't remain in a teaching position at the university level, which I found

more satisfying than my earlier experience at junior colleges. So in 1968 I took Elaine and our two daughters east to obtain a Ph.D. from S.U.N.Y. at Buffalo, which has the reputation of being the most innovative English program in the nation in the realm of critical theory. For Elaine the transcontinental trip in our Volkswagen was the first time she had ever traveled east as far as Nevada, much less across the entire continent beyond.

Fortunately, S.U.N.Y.'s English Department chairman, Albert Cook, had been one of my most influential Berkeley professors during my undergraduate years (in fact it was he who had convinced me to become an English major), so my acceptance to the Buffalo program with an adequate academic stipend was without any difficulty. In effect I transferred from Berkeley's respectable English Department, which was fully on par with Yale and Harvard, to the Buffalo department, which alone at the time among American universities encouraged the pursuit of a variety of critical methodologies, including the Marxist and Freudian approaches that primarily interested me.

At S.U.N.Y. I became acquainted with the eminent psychoanalytic critic Norman Holland, with Robert Hass, later a poet laureate, and with J.M. Coetzee, who later won the Nobel Prize in fiction--also with Lucien Goldman and Robert Weiman, the two leading Marxist critics outside the United States, who visited campus as speakers. My critique of Foucault's just-translated book, *Madness and Civilization* was offensive to Foucault himself, who was associated with the department at the time as a visiting professor, but others in the department took pleasure in my critique. My more inclusive assessment of Roland Barthes was quickly accepted for publication by *The Partisan Review* (finally to be published years later by *The Minnesota Review*), and my dissertation upon affective theories of criticism included a long introductory chapter upon I.A. Richards that Richards himself praised as the best explanation of his theories he had seen.

My dissertation committee included both Lionel Abel and Leslie Fiedler, two outstanding critics of the so-called New York School. Fiedler was "the joke of the profession," according to Tuveson, one of my Berkeley professors, whose limbs twitched so visibly while he spoke these words that I knew I had to work with Fiedler sooner or later. Which I did. As for Abel, his analysis verged on paranoid brilliance. Jean Paul Sartre once described him as the brightest man in New York City, and Albert Camus upped the ante by describing him as the brightest man in America. Both Fiedler and Abel became friends as well as professors.

In 1969 my two sons, Michael and Eric, joined us in Buffalo, and they soon fell in with the local SDS chapter with energetic enthusiasm. They were constantly in trouble with school officials and ethnic gangs because of their prankish leftist commitment. As much as anything to get them out of Buffalo as soon as possible, I completed my Ph.D. in 1970, receiving, I was told, the quickest such degree in the history of the department.

Thereafter I taught at seven colleges and universities, including the Universities of Massachusetts and Minnesota, and, abroad, the Universities of Freiburg, Munich, and Santa Catarina, the latter in Florianopolis, Brazil. My explication of Frost's "Mending Wall." published in *College English*, harnessed the micro-analytic interpretive facility of Josephine Miles to help clarify the issue of homophobic denial emphasized by Fiedler. In support of my approach, I

explored other literary texts and proposed theories of paranoia, homosexuality, and homophobia relevant to literary form. All of this seems to have played a major role in my rapid mobility from one English department to the next. Also a factor, I suspect, was my radical politics, which I made no effort to disguise. The only explanation I ever received were two unfortunate epithets from separate sources when I was denied tenure at the University of Massachusetts: "abrasive" and "overbold." Once too immature, I had become too assertive, too willing to fly in the teeth of professional decency.

The last half of my career, of approximately nineteen years, was spent at Western Michigan University (WMU) in Kalamazoo, Michigan, before I retired with a full professorship at the beginning of 2000. My academic career at WMU was undistinguished aside from my graduate seminars in literary criticism and my freshman introductory lectures in western literary tradition. However, I do take pride in my writings at the time, including one book under my own name, *Negative Poetics* as well as a half dozen or so theoretical articles. On the whole my critical approach may be described as having been "deceptionist," based on the assumption that the single most important function of literary experience is its effective distortion of the truth. It doesn't use lies to tell the truth; instead, it parades various truths to convey more basic lies. My website, [edwardjayne.com](http://edwardjayne.com) includes over sixty articles, revised chapters, and various internet pieces upon a large variety of subjects, nineteen of which deal with literary criticism. What is typical of all of these is that I have taken my arguments to the limit, leaving to others the task of toning them down and integrating them with more orthodox approaches.

Once our two daughters left for college (the Boston Museum Art School and the Rhode Island School of Design), Elaine returned to college, obtaining a BA in anthropology at WMU and then MAs in both anthropology and library science at the University of Michigan. In 1996 she became a reference librarian at WMU and a couple years later the director of instruction for the WMU library, where she developed the influential Searchpath library education program, variations of which have been adopted across the nation.

Elaine retired in 2006, and the two of us continue to occupy our modest cape-style house in Kalamazoo that we bought in 1983. Here we are swallowed up in our library of something over 5,000 hardbacks additional to five radios, three computers, cable TV, 250 videos, six clocks, two excellent pencil sharpeners, an adequate CD collection of classical chamber music from Bach to Shostakovich, three subscriptions (*The Nation*, *The Progressive*, and *The New Yorker*), and *The New York Times* seven days per week, not to mention too many house plants. Most of our walls without book shelving are cluttered with our daughters' art, family photographs, and Breughel reproductions.

My two brothers would be offended by almost anything I write about them. Suffice it to say, each of them has taken an entirely different tack in life. Kirke, for example, became an active participant of the Hells Angels during its formative years, and then, at the suggestion of police officers he came to know during negotiations at Angels Camp and other such events, he switched to become a police officer and finally a police sergeant in Alameda, California. He retired in the early nineties to join his wife Cathy in running a small horse ranch in Texas, where he has become seriously involved in bicycle racing.

Pete, my youngest brother, joined the air force and spent several years in Europe before returning to California and joining the Sheriff's Department in Sacramento. He was injured in the line of duty, his police car having been hit by a car driven by individuals trying to escape from the scene of a crime. As a result he retired from police work and took a B.A. at Sacramento State College in law enforcement. He later spent a couple decades as Assistant Director of Security for Aerojet General Corporation. He retired in 2000 and now lives next to a golf course in Grass Valley. Today he plays golf and helps his wife, Claire, in training and displaying show dogs.

My two brothers and I obviously have different philosophies of life. This seems best illustrated by our respective opinions about politics that differentiate our thinking, indeed our personalities. Pete has remained a dyed-in-the-wool Republican, Kirke has become a libertarian who inevitably votes Republican, and I have become an independent "progressive" who almost as inevitably votes Democratic. I remain conservative regarding such issues as Affirmative Action and capital punishment for serial killers. However, I hold progressive views concerning birth control, gun control, the nationalization of health care, and our nation's current foreign policy, as demonstrated by my articles critical of the Bush agenda in the Iraq section of my website. My current heroes include Amy Goodman and Venezuela's president Chavez, and my current villains include Bush and Cheney. On all these issues my brothers energetically take the opposite stance.

The Jayne family's second generation after mom and Ed includes all the grandchildren by my two brothers and me, including seven children related by blood as well as four others who are related by adoption. As already indicated, I myself had two sons (Michael and Eric) by my first wife, Sylvia (later known as Hermia), and later two daughters (Kristin and Jennifer) by Elaine. Kirke had a daughter (Bobbi) and a son (Kirke) by his first wife, Rita, but no blood children by either of his two later wives. He adopted Rita's older daughter (Bonny), and he later adopted a son (Shane) by his third wife, Cathy. Finally, Pete had a son (Scott) by his first wife, Mickey, and none by his second wife, Claire, but he adopted two sons from her earlier marriage (Vince and Stephen).

The third generation is slightly larger, including fourteen grandchildren and with future additions unlikely except perhaps for the family of Scott, Pete's only genetic son. My older son, Michael, had by his first wife Thea (sometimes called Hadge) two daughters and a son-- respectively Amelia (called Mia), Marcella (called Marcy), and Max. By his wife Carol, Eric had a daughter, Cassandra (called Cassie) and a son, Cody. My older daughter, Kristin, had by her husband, Doug Frazier, two daughters, respectively Zoë and Liza, and Jenny had by her husband Pete (or Piet) Ansel two sons, respectively Dominic and Lucas. Meanwhile, Kirke's two children, "Little" Kirke with his wife Edy, and Bobby with her significant other, Mike, are without children. On the other hand, Pete's son Scott has had four sons and a daughter. These include Brandon, Steven, Ian, and Armand among the boys, and a daughter Aubrey by his wife Corry in his latest marriage. All four of the boys have been adopted by their foster fathers, and their surnames have been changed. Corry remains a Jayne.

## 2. the JAYNE BURNHAM line

The Jayne family tree on record began with a twelfth century French general, Guido de Jeanne, who escorted Henry II to England to become king of England. Guido was rewarded with knighthood by Henry and bestowed with the manor of Kirkling in Cambridgeshire. Born in 1618, William De Jeanne, the son of Henry de Jeanne, became a dissenter and Presbyterian preacher in the ranks of Cromwell's army. When Charles II was restored to the throne and began persecuting dissenters, William changed his name to Jayne and in 1675 escaped to America, where he first lived near Boston for a couple of months, then in New Haven, Connecticut, and later in Setauket, Long Island. He worked as a cooper making casks and barrels, but the large size of his house would suggest he did so in a managerial capacity. In 1675, William, married Anna Biggs (1653-1692), the daughter of Thomas Biggs (1622-1704). William and Anna had seven sons and one daughter, and William later married Mehitable Jenkins, by whom he had one more son. He died in 1714 at the age of ninety-six and was buried in Setauket, where his gravestone can be seen today.

William's first son by Anna, William II (1684-1756), had two wives. By his first wife, Elizabeth Woodhull (1688-1742), the daughter of Richard Woodhull (1620-1690) and Deborah Crew, he seems to have had seven children. His second wife, Anna Sterling (1684-1729?), bore one child, Joseph (1730-1795), the direct ancestor of my particular line.

There is little or no information about William Jayne's later descendants' lives and activities until the end of the nineteenth century except that most of them seem to have lived on Long Island. However, the ten generations of the Jayne family are on record and relatively easy to submit to memory:

William (1618-1714) William (1684-1756)

Joseph (1734-1797) Joseph (1763-1839)

Theodorus Van Wyck (1794-1869)

Charles (1823-1891) Charles (1864-1936)

Edward (1888-1965) Edward (1911-1956) Edward (b. 1934)

plus Kirke (b. 1936) and Peter (b. 1938)

In other words, the sequence consists of William-William, Joseph-Joseph, Van Wyck, Charles-Charles, and Edward-Edward-Edward plus Kirke and Peter.

The wives also left behind no family records to speak of. The first Joseph's wife was Abigail Gerard, and the second Joseph's wife was Sarah Van Wyck, obviously of Dutch extraction. Theodorus' wife was Lavinia Filer (1796-1867); the first Charles' wife was Deborah Ann Burling (1826-1886); and the second Charles' wife was Johanna Fischer (1870-1961), also

of Dutch extraction. The first Edward's wives were Hazel Burnham (1888-1942) and Dorothy Averill (called Dot), the daughter of Harley Averill, a merchant of Barre, Vermont. I have little record of Dot's family, while the records I possess of Hazel, listed below, were researched by one of my students over two decades ago. As already indicated, the second Edward's wives were Katharine Higgins Jayne and Eleanor (??). Of these there is ample information about the Higgins line, but none about Eleanor's line.

Hazel Burnham seems to have descended from a line of farmers and factory workers (described as mechanics) over at least a couple of generations in upper Vermont and New York State on the opposite side of Lake Champlain. Her father, Milo Burnham (b. 1857), a mechanic, was the son of Oscar Burnham and Jane Morse. Hazel's mother, Marcella G. Lane Ellsworth Burnham (1853-196), who died of uremia at the age of 53 (a year younger than Hazel when she died), was the daughter of Willis Lane (1810-1883), a farmer, who was the son of Joseph and Priscilla Lane. Willis's wife, Laura Cutler Lane (1814-1896), was the daughter of Jacob and Betsy Watts Cutler. No further information about their personal lives has come into my possession.

The first Charles in the Jayne line served as a chaplain at Sing Sing Prison. His son, the second Charles, married Johanna Fischer, the daughter of a Dutch couple (possibly but not necessarily Jewish) who had immigrated to the United States to run a small prison factory at Sing Sing. Charles and Johanna moved to North Adams, Massachusetts, where Charles owned and operated a grocery store, perhaps the only one in town. They had five children, but only one of them, Edward Stanley Jayne ("Stan"), their eldest, had any children--a single son, Edward Stanley Jayne II--called Ed. Stan met and married Hazel in Montpelier, Vermont, where he had come to serve as Assistant to the State Treasurer. Later he became one of the assistant treasurers of the National Life Insurance Company, and still later he became President of the Montpelier Savings Bank and Trust Company as well as a president of the Montpelier Country Club.

Stan was a competent athlete in his youth, most notably when playing catcher on an amateur baseball team. He was also ambitious in his work, at least until Hazel suddenly died in 1942, and he helped to subsidize the education of all his siblings, several of them at Williams College. He did the same with his erratic son, Edward Stanley Jayne II ("Ed"), who happens to have been my father. Moreover, Stan paid for the support of Ed's five children by his two divorced wives. After Ed's departure from mom, Stan rather than Ed paid regular allotments to mom for the support of my two brothers and me until she obtained employment in defense industries beginning in 1942. Stan also did the same for Eleanor, Ed's second wife, toward the support of her two sons, Johnny and Jeff.

When Ed returned from World War II, Stan supplemented government disability allotment payments to Ed until his own death in 1965, whereupon Dot, Stan's second wife, terminated the arrangement as already indicated. During my last visit with Stan and Dot just a few months before his death, I asked Stan what caused Ed's irresponsibility in his opinion. He paused a moment and then replied he thought it was mostly because of Ed's jazz connections in his late teens. I suspect Stan might have been right. Jazz was the enemy. Still is.

### 3. the ELLSWORTH ROSE HIGGINS line

The family tree of Alfred Higgins ("Popop"), the father of Katharine ("Pat") Higgins and thus the grandfather of her children, Edward Stanley ("Mike"), Kirke, and Peter Jayne, can be traced back through the Rose and Ellsworth lines to numerous colonists who arrived in America during the early seventeenth century. Among early ancestors of the Ellsworth line, Matthew Grant, John Lovejoy, Thomas Minor and Henry Wolcott came to America in 1630, John Leavitt and Christopher Osgood in 1634, Edward Gilman in 1638, George Abbott in 1642, and Josias Ellsworth in 1645.

The most distinguished ancestor in this line was Oliver Ellsworth (1745-1807), a successful Hartford lawyer and judge who became a delegate at the 1787 Constitutional Convention. Ellsworth first proposed as a motion before the Convention the use of "United States" as the official name of our nation, and he joined with Sherman in promoting the Connecticut Compromise that imposed a bicameral legislature with large and small states dominant in separate chambers. This saved the Convention from dissolving because of disagreements between these two factions. The support of Georgia and the two Carolinas was needed to gain the majority to impose this compromise, so Ellsworth actually gave two speeches before the convention supportive of slavery though he had none of his own. He was later elected by the Convention as a whole to serve among the five members of the Committee of Detail who drafted the initial version of the Constitution. His substantial role in compiling the first draft would be indicated by careful scrutiny of his participation in debate in the Convention as a whole during the weeks that followed, having spoken up more than anybody else except Madison and Gouverneur Morris during his final days at the Convention. Probably because of business obligations, he left the Convention a couple of weeks before the signing of the Constitution, so he is not included among those who signed it.

Elected to the first Congress in 1789, Ellsworth became the Senate's de facto majority leader and drafted and imposed as its first order of business the acceptance of the 1789 Judiciary Act that provided the federal Supreme Court with the authority to reverse state supreme court decisions. This alone gave the federal government its effective sovereignty over state governments. To help offset this enlargement of federal power, Ellsworth sponsored and guided to its acceptance the Bill of Rights Madison had successfully sponsored in the House of Representatives. Ellsworth later served as the second Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and he led a delegation to France to negotiate a peace treaty with Napoleon before retiring from government because of bad health resulting from the trip.

Ellsworth's son, Henry Leavitt Ellsworth (1791-1858), became the first Commissioner of Patents and played a central role in creating the Department of Agriculture. He encouraged Samuel Morse's invention of the telegraph, and his daughter Annie suggested to Morse the first sentence used on the telegraph, "What hath God wrought." The most controversial of Henry's accomplishments was in having accepted President Jackson's appointment to direct the 1832 transfer of the Cherokee tribe from Georgia to Oklahoma, the so-called "Trail of Tears," during which some 4,000 Indians died. Toward the end of his life Henry Leavitt became extremely wealthy through speculation in Indian lands that were later confiscated in the Indiana territory.

However, none of his money was bequeathed to his family. He was more or less kidnapped just before he died by a nephew who taught at Yale University, and his will was later found to have been changed to divert his entire estate exclusively to Yale University. Litigation lasted for years, but Yale finally won, of course in Connecticut courts.

In his introduction to *A Tour on the Prairies* (1834), Washington Irving praised Henry Leavitt Ellsworth's "innate simplicity and benevolence of heart," and the family tree, *Ancestors of Chief Justice Oliver Ellsworth*, described him as "a genial and affable man, of fine character, great public spirit and vision, with a deep love for humanity."

Almost three decades earlier, Henry Leavitt's son, Edward, had withdrawn from Yale University to accompany his father on his journey west in 1832 to supervise the Cherokee transfer to Oklahoma. In Arkansas Edward met and married Jane McCamy, the daughter of a local judge. Jane was in her mid-teens at the time. The two moved to Indiana, where Edward suddenly died of a fever in 1837 at the age of twenty, leaving his widow with two small children, Henry and Ellen Augusta. Amy brought the children to live with her father-in-law, Henry Leavitt Ellsworth, in Washington D.C. There she met and married her second husband, Elias Beard, a successful entrepreneur in a variety of ventures. Together they sailed to San Francisco and settled in Mission San Jose in 1849 to farm and market vegetables on a large scale.

Ellen Augusta (1838-1913) seems to have had a personality conflict with her stepfather. In 1855 she therefore escaped her parents at the age of 17 by marrying a successful San Francisco lawyer, Julius Kirke Rose (1820-1902), over twice her age. Rose owned 5000 acres on which grapes could be grown for the purpose of making wine, and he seems to have founded the Buena Vista Winery and played a brief but pivotal role in launching the California wine industry. He had been born and raised in Sherburn, New York, the son of Rufus Rose and Deborah Hatch. Rufus Rose's family background is uncertain (possibly Jewish), but the Hatch family line can be traced back to Falmouth and Martha's Vinyard during the seventeenth century.

During his twenties Julius was a writer for the *New York Herald* while studying to become a lawyer. Once admitted to the bar, he joined the California Gold Rush and wrote of his trip to San Francisco via the Panama isthmus in a series of sketches for the *New York Herald* that attracted much attention at the time. After his marriage to Ellen, he probably lost his grape holdings in one of San Francisco's financial panics during the Gold Rush. He spent a couple years in Connecticut, ending in 1859, in the futile effort to nullify the last will and testament of Henry Leavitt.

In 1862 Julius and Ellen moved to Saginaw, Michigan, where he marketed lumber, served as president of a gas company and was connected with the old Genesee Avenue Bridge Company. He was also contracted to build a road north toward a ferry to Northern Michigan at the Straits of Mackinac, but he seems to have subcontracted the task to others. In later life he and Ellen separated, probably because of incessant quarreling. He remained in Saginaw until his death in 1902, whereas she moved on to Buffalo, New York, where she died in 1913. Reputedly a friend of Ralph Ingersoll, the famous atheist and Republican orator, Julius was supposedly knowledgeable in many areas. He was said to have taught mathematics while in California.

Blanche Rose (1857-1936), the second daughter of Ellen and Julius, taught piano and performed in many recitals. Her first important suitor seems to have been her half-brother Ralph Sidney Smith (1853-1887), the natural son of Julius Kirke Rose by Mrs. Eugene Walker. Born two years before Julius married Ellen Augusta, Ralph later fell in love with Blanche despite their sibling relationship, and his correspondence suggests his strong attachment to her just months before she married Samuel Gaty Higgins. Ralph later married Nellie Smith once Blanche had married Samuel Higgins. As the respected editor of the San Mateo Times-Gazette almost a decade later, he was shot and killed by an irate reader, Dr. Llewellyn Powell, for having devoted space in the newspaper to the seemingly trivial news that he had unfairly included the cost of water in the rent he charged one of his tenants. For what it is worth, Dr. Powell was acquitted on the plea of temporary insanity, and Smith's wife Nellie replaced him as the editor of the Times-Gazette.

In 1880 Blanche married Samuel Gaty Higgins (1856-1901), the son of John Alfred Higgins, in turn the son of James Higgins and grandson of Thomas Higgins from Ireland. John Alfred had served in the Civil War as a homeopathic doctor at the battles of Pea Ridge, Shiloh, Champion Hill, and Vicksburg. After the war he became a carpenter. Nancy Mitchell, John Alfred's wife, was the daughter of Ambrose Mitchell, a village doctor in Illinois.

Abraham Lincoln was apparently a family friend, and John Alfred was said to have attended his wedding as a young child. As explained by Blanche's oldest daughter, Ellen Rose Dickey (Aunt Nellie), in a letter of March 28, 1954: "Lincoln married a first cousin of my great grandmother." The connection was through Julia Getty, the wife of James Higgins and daughter of James (or Robert Todd) Getty, who was in turn the son of James Getty of Gettysburg and Mary Todd, a cousin of Mary Todd Lincoln. On the Getty side of the family, James Getty was the son of Isabella and Samuel Getty, the latter from a family that had emigrated from Donegal, Ireland, in 1740.

Born in Illinois, Samuel Higgins began his career as a laborer and farm hand, but during his spare time engaged in studies that eventually led to his attendance at law school in Michigan University. Ultimately he opened a law firm and real estate office of his own in Saginaw, Michigan, where he played a central role in bringing several major industries to town. He suddenly died of pernicious anemia in 1901 at the age of 46. As much as anybody he had organized the acquisition of all these enterprises, but his partners deprived his widow and their three children, Ellen, Alfred, and May, of his appropriate share of profits for the most recent acquisition.

In 1929 May's husband, Leslie Allington, who was somehow connected with Wall Street, was said to have invested Blanche's remaining savings in the stock market without consulting the rest of the family. The crash that followed forced her to become dependent on the support of her children until she died in 1936. My mother remembered her as a rigid old maid who tried to teach her to play the piano by whacking her fingers with a ruler whenever she made a mistake.

Alfred Kirke Higgins (1884-1961), called Popop by his grandchildren, myself included (in fact I was supposed to have created the name), studied violin during his youth and once rode horseback into a small town with some friends, all of them shooting their revolvers in the air. He

had planned to attend the University of Michigan, but when his father died he was forced to work as the supervisor of a small crew of foresters in northern Michigan. There he met his wife, Mabel Watson, his future wife, through one of her brothers, who was also employed in the region at the time.

One day Alfred ridiculed an inept magazine ad with fellow workers, then on a dare sketched out what he felt was a better ad. Also on a dare, he took the ad to a nearby agency and was hired on the spot. He worked in advertising in Toledo, then Philadelphia, and finally New York City. He actually invented Elsie the Cow and later won a national award for a full-page ad that showed a bullet hole in a helmet, suggesting that the soldier wearing it might have lived if he had a better pair of glasses.

In Philadelphia, Alfred and his two principal assistants by the names of Young and Rubicam decided to start agencies of their own on Madison Avenue. Their choice was to split up, with Young and Rubicam starting their own partnership (which later became one of the largest and most prestigious agencies on Madison Avenue) while Alfred went into partnership with somebody else whom he later found to be dishonest. His agency folded within a year or two, so he swallowed his pride and took a position subordinate to his former assistants with the understanding that he might later be given a full partnership. However, they decided against his promotion because of his alcoholism and womanizing, so his career effectively came to an end in the field of advertising. His services would have cost more than other agencies were willing to pay, given his personal difficulties at the time. After being unemployed for a year or so, he joined Collins Radio of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to close out his career as a public relations director. Because of my typing skills, I myself was able to substitute as his secretary for a week's duration during the summer of 1950.

Alfred (always Popop in my memories) was an excellent shot with the rifle, kept his basement full of carpentry equipment, sang opera with his son Kirke, played opera as loud as possible on his 78 rpm phonograph with huge custom-built speakers, and played adequate golf until he lost his temper and threw all his clubs into a pond on a golf course. An avid Republican, he was especially fond of his second daughter, Pat, whom he kept in experimental schools and then sent to the new experimental college at Bennington. As my live-in grandfather for about a decade, Popop remains in my memory as having been almost incessantly irritable, devoting most of his attention to newspapers and evening news broadcasts hostile to Roosevelt--by Pegler, Kaltenborn, and all the rest.

Popop's older sister, Ellen Rose Dickey (1881--ca. 1958--called "Aunt Nellie") also deserves mention. Aunt Nellie had obtained a college degree in nutrition, and for a while she hosted a regular Chicago radio program dealing with nutrition issues. This might have been the first radio production in which an American woman played such a role on a regular basis. Later in Jersey City she participated in sit-com program with episodes five days per week. She married Roy Dickey and had a son, Dan Dickey, who grew up to become a successful artist and later taught art at San Diego State University. When Dan was still a boy, Nellie suddenly eloped to Oregon to live with a lesbian friend for a year or so. Nobody in the family seems to have been aware of this until after her death, when I was given her diary that chronicled the first and only year of her gay honeymoon.

When Nellie returned to New York City she first lived in Greenwich Village, then on 71st St. a block or two from Central Park in an apartment full of tattered books and spiritualist artifacts. She supported herself as a numerologist able to predict her clients' futures--often, she claimed, with remarkable success. Her most beneficial advice was to Mayor William O'Dwyer to depart for Mexico just days before he was indicted for malfeasance. Aunt Nellie also wrote several plays to demonstrate the validity of supernatural phenomena, none of which was ever performed despite the best effort of her agent (who actually wore spats when I saw him).

Aunt Nellie was a frequent visitor to Pear Tree Point, where all the children were admonished to be respectful while she read aloud her packet of correspondence from interesting friends across the nation. Her brother-in-law, Leslie Allington, thought Aunt Nellie was insane, but when an ambulance was sent to Lala and Popop's house (perhaps earlier than Pear Tree Point) to take her into custody, Lala helped her to escape through a back window. I visited her several times in New York City, and I can still remember her somber insistence about the inevitability of cataclysmic destruction. The word was cataclysm, and I never forgot it.

#### **4. the WATSON OAKES line**

The family tree of Mabel Watson ("Lala"), the mother of Katharine ("Pat") Jayne and the grandmother of her children, Edward Stanley ("Mike") Jayne, Kirke ("Al"), and Peter Jayne can be traced all the way back to Charles Martel (688-741). Martel's grandson was Charlemagne, a distant forbear of William the Conqueror, who invaded England in 1066. All British royalty since then have been descendents of William the Conqueror, hence of his ancestors Charlemagne and Charles Martel, and of course this connection also applies to all descendents of British royalty, the Jayne family's Watson line included.

At least four lines of descent among Watson ancestors can be traced to William the Conqueror, one of which included both King Edward III (1312-1377) and his son John of Gaunt (1340-1399), the latter having also played a substantial role in the governance of England during the fourteenth century. John supported the early Protestant movement led by John Wyclif and the Lollards, and was the benefactor and brother-in-law of the poet Chaucer. According to some accounts, he dallied with Chaucer's wife, Philippa as well as our ancestor Catherine Swinford, mother of Joan Beaufort and great-grandmother of the Duke of York.

Our family line through Edward III was linked with the cause of the York faction pitted against the Lancasters during the War of the Roses. The son of John of Gaunt, Richard of Conisburgh was executed in 1415 for treason (a plot to assassinate Henry V), and his son, Richard, the 3rd Duke of York (1412-1460), was involved in incessant conflict that led to the reign of his two sons, King Edward IV and King Richard the III, the latter supposedly England's most evil ruler in its entire history. Both these kings were great uncles in our family line, since their older sister, Lady Anne (1429-1476), was our ancestor, the wife of Sir Thomas St. Leger, whom Richard III had executed for treason in 1483. When the Lancaster faction came to power after having killed Richard at Bosworth field in 1485, there was no effort by Henry VII or Henry

VIII to exterminate Lady Anne's family line, as was being done with others in the York faction. Leger seems to have been considered a worthy martyr at the time, and his single child by Anne was female, also called Anne, so the family posed no threat whatsoever to the future Tudor dynasty.

To resolve the War of the Roses, which had lasted three decades, Henry VII married Princess Elizabeth, Edward IV's daughter and therefore Lady Anne's niece (whom Richard III had wanted to marry despite having been her uncle). As a result, the illustrious Queen Elizabeth, Princess Elizabeth's granddaughter by her son Henry VIII, was a third cousin of Lady Anne's descendents. All my grandchildren are consequently third cousins seventeenth-remove of the illustrious Queen Elizabeth.

Lady Anne's single child, Anne St. Leger, married Sir George Manners, and after three generations in the Manners line, four generations in the Wrey line, and a single generation in the Cole line, Elizabeth Cole (1712-1770) married Hon. Bysshe Molesworth M.P. (d. 1779). Their daughter Florence Molesworth married the Rev. Thomas Colclough, D.D. (pronounced "cokely,"--1712-1770) of the County Kildare. Thomas was the son of Henrietta Vesey and Caesar Colclough, M.P. (b. 1694), who bore a remarkable reputation throughout his region in Ireland for his audacity and athletic prowess. Caesar was a descendent of Elenor and Anthony Colclough, Knt. (d. 1584), and his wife Elenor the daughter of Sir Dudley Bagonel. Earlier ancestors can supposedly be traced to an ancient Milesian line of Irish forbears said to have emigrated from Spain before the time of Christ.

Thomas and Florence Colclough's daughter, Harriet (1769-1832), married Lt. Col. Jonas Watson (1748-98), from a family with a long military background. Two of his forbears were also identified as Jonas Watson. The first died in 1663, and the second, his grandson, was killed in 1741 at the age of 78 in the battle of Cartegena, where he served as chief bombardier. Jonas himself fought with valor for the British cause at Bunker Hill at the beginning of the American Revolution. For his bravery he was rewarded with the promotion to Governor of the Fort of Niagara. In 1795 Jonas sold out his Commission and moved to property awarded him for his service in Cork, Ireland, but he was killed during the 1798 Irish rebellion. He led an advance on horseback across a bridge and into a patch of woods where his group was quickly ambushed. He received so many wounds that his body could only be identified by his clothes. Harriet and the seven children remained in Ireland, moving to Mount Anna, then Wexford, Dublin, and finally Limerick.

Edward Watson (1792-1854), the fifth child, attended a Preparatory Military School in London followed by advanced studies at a military school described as College. He graduated in time to participate in 1808 in the Peninsular War in Spain and Portugal against Napoleon. He later told of his experience in a relatively short "autobiography," much or all of which is included in the monograph *Jonas Watson: Lake Superior Pioneers. Ancestry and Descendents*, compiled by Jessie Palmer in 1950. Unfortunately, Edward's account is too heavily larded with pieties to be of much interest to the casual reader. In 1812/13 Edward married Matilda M. O'Neal, obviously of Irish stock, and they had a family of eight. After the war Edward went into business

in Ireland. During the late 1840s his correspondence reflected the level of poverty experienced throughout Ireland during the potato famine.

Jonas Watson (1815-1875), the second of Edward and Matilda's children, got into a fist-fight at the age of 15 and knocked out his opponent. Afraid that he had killed his opponent, he fled to become a cabin boy for two years. Upon returning, he found that his victim had fully recovered, so no charges had been pressed against him. Nevertheless he migrated to Canada in 1842, three years before the Potato Famine. He served in the Canadian army for two years, and in 1838, at the age of 23, he married Emily Wood (1821-1891). Not quite 17 at the time, Emily came from a long American background, with ancestors all the way back to Jonas Wood, who had arrived in America in 1630. Jonas and Emily Watson lived for a while in Cleveland, then moved to Marquette, Michigan, in the spring of 1855, six years after the town had been established. After working in a general merchandising business owned by J.M. Pendill, Jonas acquired the store in 1864 and renamed it J.W. Watson and Son. It remained under his name until it was sold in 1876, soon after his death.

Edward Michael Watson (1840-1906), the second of Jonas' eight children who survived infancy, fought in the Civil War as a Captain of the 9th Michigan Cavalry. He was wounded twice, and was captured at the battle of Bull Run when his horse was shot from under him. He was actually forced on his honor to walk countless miles behind confederate lines to an exchange center for trading captured union and confederate troops. After the war he returned to Marquette to join in partnership in his father's business.

In 1870, Edward Michael Watson married Imogene Oakes (1852-1932), the daughter of Alexander Oakes (1818-1862), an employee in the general store who died of disease (probably dysentery) while serving as a union soldier in Kentucky. Alexander seems to have been partly Native American, probably of the Mohawk tribe, and his wife, Jane Beardsley, might have been a descendent of Pocahontas. Too many false claims about Pocahontas's family tree have been made for one to assert this possibility with any confidence, but it can be mentioned at least as a family legend. Imogene, who had been brought to Marquette at the age of seven, was kept as a servant in the Watson household as a favor to Oakes while he served in the Civil War. A full decade later, in 1870, Edward Michael married her upon her becoming pregnant. Almost everybody felt the union was a blessing, since Imogene turned out to be an excellent wife, energetic and generous to a fault. The large household of children she and Edward kept was said to be joyous, and they were proud of the size of their personal library ("21 bushels of books").

Edward's sister Caroline (1864-1945), married Ernest Rankin and thereafter became a successful children's novelist under the name Caroline Rankin. Many of her novels featured children based on the family experience of her own four children and the eight children of Edward and Imogene. The buoyant fat girl who kept recurring in her novels was modeled after her niece Mabel (my grandmother Lala), and one of Caroline's later novels, *Gypsy Nan*, depicted her grandniece, Katharine (or Pat), none other than my mother, but as a compromise the character went under the name of my aunt Nancy.

Edward's second youngest daughter, Mabel (1888-1965), the tubby child in Caroline Rankin's novels, performed in amateur comedies starting in her teens and was highly energetic in

everything she did. Rebounding from an unsuccessful romance, she met her future husband, Alfred Higgins, exactly when he was rebounding from his own unsuccessful romance. The two married on Jan. 16, 1911. When Alfred went into advertising, they spent a couple of years in Toledo, Ohio, then Philadelphia, and finally in the suburbs of New York City--first in Scarsdale, New York, and later in Darien, Connecticut. By 1932, they were able to rent a large brown-shingle mansion on a run-down four-acre estate toward the end of Pear Tree Point. It was situated on a slope overlooking Darien's harbor and town beach at the edge of the Long Island Sound. I lived here off and on from my birth in 1934 until about the age of eight or nine.

Called Lala by everybody in the household (I myself had invented the name when a baby), Mabel cooked and cared for a large group of family and non-family members that included at least seven adults and six children. She was an excellent family chef as well as a talented sculptress and teacher of sculpture, and a self-taught pianist able to pound out vigorous chords on the piano to accompany family songfests after dinner. Additionally, she wrote a regular society column for the local newspaper, and sold Olga Frocks (corsets mostly) by appointment at the houses of wealthy neighbors. And she persisted in submitting stories and cartoons to *New Yorker*, none of which was accepted. After she and Alfred moved to Cedar Rapids in the late forties, she wrote a series of competent human-interest stories for the *Cedar Rapids Gazette*.

Lala actually believed in God (which she pronounced as "gawd"), but fully tolerated mom's agnosticism and my own atheism probably since the day I was born. Without exception she loved all of her grandchildren with unusual intensity. I still remember her having read to us and taken us with her when she bought groceries, sold Olga Frocks, or picked up Popop at the railroad station at the end of the day. For their final years Lala and Popop returned to Groton Long Point, Connecticut, where she died in 1965.

Lala and Popop had three children, Nancy, Katharine ("Pat"), and Kirke. Pat's story is already summarized in the Introduction, but Nancy and Kirke's stories may be briefly recounted here. Nancy (1911-1997) attended the Pratt Institute School of Art and Design in New York City, living at the time with her aunt Jessie Williams in Greenwich Village. Despite (or perhaps because of) her many bohemian friendships she chose to marry Hank Norwood (1907-1993), a skilled carpenter who emphasized the necessity of prudence in human affairs. The Norwood family, including two daughters Chicke and Duffy, lived with the rest of us at Pear Tree Point. Less than a year older than I, Duffy was my best friend until the age of six, and I planned to marry her when I grew up. Nancy had a marvelous sense of humor and was especially generous with me. She reminded me several times in later years that I had once laughed and laughed at the word purple.

When Hank received a small but large enough inheritance from the sale of Coney Island property, the two settled in a couple of colonial Connecticut farmhouses to engage in gentleman farming. For a while they raised horses as well as ducks and chickens. At the age of 16, I spent a wonderful summer with them. They finally migrated to Florida, and in later years Nancy worked as a nurse at various hospitals, specializing in the care of terminal patients. She explained to me that she was absolutely confident that the very moment they died, they were suddenly alive and well in heaven.

Their older daughter, Nancy (called "Chickie," 1932-2006), married Ralph Hurlbutt (b. 1930), the owner of a Connecticut dairy farm. They sold it to buy a Maine dairy farm, and later moved to Florida, where the family lives today. Chickie and Ralph had six children: Jerry, Jessie, Jenie, James, Joshua, and Jasmin. Nancy and Hank's younger daughter, Barbara (called Duffy, b. 1933), married Mickey Marquardt (b. 1931), partner in a small Connecticut family trucking company, and they have had two children, William (b. 1955) and Patricia (called "Patty," b. 1957). Like all the rest, Duffy and Micky later moved to Florida.

Lala and Popop's third child, Kirke Higgins (1922-2006), never completed high school, but led a quite interesting life. He was sufficiently athletic to have swum almost the complete width of the Long Island Sound (ten miles or so) and to have participated in a single professional boxing match, in which he was supposedly knocked out at the opening bell. As the story goes, he hitched up his pants, winked at his lovely cousin in the audience, and woke up on his back. He also had serious aspirations to become an opera singer and starred in at least one amateur opera production. He served in the Marines during World War II, working as an air traffic controller because of his excellent voice. He married Vera Michael (b. cir. 1920), the daughter of a successful lawyer born in Russia who had been friendly with Franklin Delano Roosevelt at Columbia law school and later became an active international lawyer. Vera graduated from Barnard by the time she was twenty and was able to support herself as a fashion model at the time. She served as Time reporter, then as the White House correspondent for Newsweek, and then wrote a syndicated column of her own for a couple of years. She was part of the ABC team covering the Truman and Eisenhower presidential conventions, and she helped to start the TV production, "Press Conference."

After returning to civilian life from the marines, Kirke was reduced to selling encyclopedias and vacuum cleaners from door to door and serving as a ticket agent at the Washington airport. Through Vera's connections he was also a frequent guest at embassy receptions, later once or twice crossing paths with fellow guests while selling them tickets at the airport. The marriage predictably ended in divorce. Kirke later married his second wife, Crosby, and the two lived together near the Chatham beach at Cape Cod's elbow until his death in 2006. Kirke's son by Vera, Michael ("Higgie") Higgins (b. 1945) served as a helicopter pilot in Vietnam, winning the Purple Heart and Distinguished Flying Cross. After returning from the war he became a stock trader, then an investment representative. He married Louise Kennedy, a registered nurse who worked in the emergency, cardiac, and cancer wards at the Johns Hopkins Hospital as well as having served at several other hospitals. The two have a daughter, Kelli, born in 1985.

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