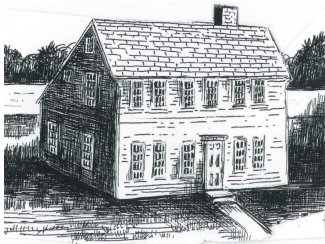


Edmund Rice (1638) Association Newsletter

2808 Superior Drive, Livermore, CA 94550

Vol. 98, No. 3, Fall 2025



Deacon Edmund Rice Homestead
Wayland, MA 1643 – 1912

The Edmund Rice Association publishes the newsletter four times a year: 1) Winter, 2) Spring, 3) Summer, and 4) Fall. The summer newsletter is devoted to the annual September Reunion and includes a description of the program and registration information. The other three newsletters include information of more general interest to our members. We invite all cousins to submit their genealogical information, newsletter corrections, items of interest, family articles and pictures, obituaries and queries. Send them to the newsletter editor: at editor@edmund-rice.org

President's Column



Greetings, Cousins!

Everyone knows the famous advice of Horace Greeley, especially in its short four-word form, though less so in the longer form ("Go west, young man, and grow up with the country!") Greeley was undoubtedly not the first to enunciate this advice, but it is now closely associated with him in the popular mind. Indeed, that advice and its precursors were widely followed from the beginning of English settlement in North America. Edmund Rice, in particular, followed the pattern throughout -- moving first from Suffolk to Hertfordshire before taking the giant leap across the Atlantic and then continuing to move westward from Watertown to what is now Wayland and then Sudbury and finally Marlborough. It is worth noting that, over the centuries, the very meaning of "west" adapted to changing demographics -- in Edmund's time, Connecticut was part of the West; later, a stretch of land in what is now Ohio was denoted as the Western Reserve of Connecticut; more generally, the entire area between the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers became known as the

Northwest Territory (still memorialized in the name of Northwestern University in Illinois); in the end, the West ran up against a limit at the Pacific Ocean.

The family of Stephen Rice covered in Michael Rice's presentation at the 2025 reunion serves as another example of westward movement. Stephen himself lived and died in Conway, Massachusetts, but his sons Harvey and Henry settled in Cleveland, Ohio, and Henry proceeded further, to Carson City, Nevada, while some of Harvey's children leapfrogged all the way to California.

Another way of looking at this movement is by the collective benchmarks of statehood. The northern tier is most relevant for Rice descendants, since Edmund started the ball rolling in New England: Massachusetts 1788, Ohio 1803, Indiana 1816, Michigan 1837, Iowa 1846, Nevada 1864, and Washington 1889. A similar progression can be noted in the South: Virginia 1788, Tennessee 1796, Louisiana 1812, Arkansas 1836, Arizona 1912. Obviously, these pathways were complicated by political and military considerations that created exceptions to the arbitrary monotonic lists given here, such as West Virginia, which was created as fallout from the Civil War; Texas and California, which came as spoils of the Mexican War; Utah, which was held up by controversy over polygamy; and Oklahoma, which had been restricted as Indian Territory.

One question you might ask is why this westward expansion occurred. The glib answer is simply that the settlement began on the eastern margin of the continent and had nowhere to go but west. There is an element of truth in that, but the main answer is land. Certainly, Edmund Rice pursued land within his own lifetime, in both England and America, and farming remained the primary occupation in this country for a long time. Of course, that's not the only explanation, since the flow of population was redirected occasionally by mineral discoveries (gold, silver, oil). In the end, the answer is complicated, like all answers.

~ John Chandler

Edmund Rice (1638) Association Newsletter

Send your articles, newsletter corrections,
member news, your children or grandchildren's
births, obituaries, family items of interest and any
queries to the newsletter editor:
email: editor@edmund-rice.org
Deadline for Winter issue 2025 is January 30, 2026.

Membership

The Edmund Rice (1638) Association, Inc. is governed
by a Board of Directors, of at least five members, elected
at the annual reunion and meeting, usually held on a
weekend in September.

Descendants of Edmund Rice were holding reunions as
early as 1851, but it was not until 1912 that the
Association was formed, and officers elected.
Incorporation under Massachusetts law took place in
1934.

Membership is open to anyone who claims to be a lineal
descendant of Edmund Rice. Rigorous proof is not
required, and many members have been able to ascertain
their pedigree only after access to the books and files of
other members. Spouses are also eligible for
membership.

Annual dues, payable *September 1*, are:
Initial dues.....\$ 20.00
Renewals:
 Under 80 years of age.....\$ 20.00
 Age 80 and above.....\$ 10.00
Life membership.....\$300.00
(single payment)

Checks Payable to: EDMUND RICE (1638) ASSN.,
INC.

**Membership Mailing Address and Address
Corrections:**

Kathleen H. Bond
31 Billings Rd
No. Stonington, CT 06359
membership@edmund-rice.org

IMPORTANT: Please notify Kathleen Bond of email
address changes to continue to receive notices of when
the latest newsletter is posted to the ERA website.

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Website:

www.edmund-rice.org

Social Media:



Like us on Facebook, at
Edmund Rice (1638) Association
Follow us on Twitter **@EdmundRice1638**

Contact us:
info@edmund-rice.org

Editor's Column

Hello cousins!

I want to introduce myself as the new Edmund Rice
Association newsletter editor. I am a retired
Environmental Scientist, and I worked primarily
studying the impacts of transportation fuels.

The author of the "Shark Story" Written in (1902 or
1903) included in this issue of the newsletter was my
grandfather, George Arthur Rice. In the last
newsletter's Tales of Our Ancestors, there is a story
of a cyclone that struck George A Rice's family.
Five-year-old George Arthur was thrown down a well
and rescued by his father, George Eldon Rice.

The Shark Story was told many times as grandfather
was sitting, smoking his pipe. He had a lot of chest
hair and was often shirtless from working in his
orange grove. As he gestured, embers would fly out
of his pipe and cause small brush fires on his chest,
which he beat out while continuing with his story.

~ David W Rice

2025- 2026 Officers

President & Historian & DNA Project, John F. Chandler

183 Prospect Hill Road, Harvard, MA 01451
john.chandler@alum.mit.edu

Vice President & Webmaster, Brian C. Rice

11 E. 36th St. #1001, New York, NY 10016
bchar.rice@hotmail.com

Vice President for Arrangements, Carleton Procter

P.O. Box 576, Brattleboro, VT 05302-0576
csptoo@gmail.com

Treasurer & Book Custodian, Michael A. Rice

201 Old Post Road, Wakefield, RI 02879
rice@uri.edu

Recording Secretary & Membership, Kathleen H. Bond

31 Billings Road
No. Stonington, CT 06359
khbond007@gmail.com

2025 - 2026 Directors

Guy Gettle, blastandfire@aol.com

Kevin Mullen, kevinbrianmullen@yahoo.com

David W. Rice, troutfly3@comcast.net

Doyle L. Rice, doylerice7@gmail.com

Timothy L. Sanford, timothy.l.sanford@sympatico.ca

Newsletter Editor, David W. Rice,
editor@edmund-rice.org

Directors Emeritus

Ruth M. Brown

George King

Beth McAleer

ERA Past Presidents

1912-1913	Eustace Bond Rice	1952-1953	John A. Bigelow	1976	Seaver M. Rice
1913-1920	Nellie Rice Fiske	1954	Sturgis C. Rice	1977-1978	Henry E. Rice, Jr.
1921-1922	H. Eugene Rice	1955	Charles W. Rice	1979-1980	C. Whiting Rice
1923-1924	John E. Rice	1956-1957	Edgar W. Rice	1981-1982	William H. Drury
1925-1928	Harry C. Rice	1958-1959	Stanley I. Rice	1983	Patricia P. MacFarland
1929-1930	Clarence E. Rice	1960	Donald H. Whittemore	1984-1985	Janice R. Parmenter
1930-1931	John A. Bigelow	1961-1963	Frederick R. Rice	1986-1987	Margaret S. Rice
1932-1934	Russell J. Rice	1964-1965	William H. Hoefler	1988-1989	Alex W. Snow
1935-1936	Daniel H. Rice	1966-1967	Ray Lowther Ellis	1990-1993	John S. Bates
1937-1939	Elsie Hawes Smith	1968	Edgar W. Rice	1994	Alex W. Snow
1940-1941	Sturgis C. Rice	1969	Erwin R. McLaughlin*	1995-1997	Frederick H. Rice
1942-1945	Arthur P. Rice	1969	Jeneve M. Melvin	1998-2006	Dr. Robert V. Rice
1946-1947	Everett E. Rice	1970-1973	Col. Allen F. Rice	2007-present	John Chandler
1948-1949	Ralph E. Rice	1974	Margaret E. Allen		
1950-1951	Ralston F. Rice	1975	Charles W. Rice		

*Note: Died in office

EDMUND RICE (1638) ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

Published winter, spring, summer and fall by the Edmund Rice (1638) Association

The Edmund Rice (1638) Association, 183 Prospect Hill Road, Harvard, MA 01451 was established in 1851 and incorporated in 1934 to encourage antiquarian, genealogical, and historical research concerning the ancestors and descendants of Edmund Rice who settled in Sudbury, Massachusetts in 1638, and to promote fellowship among its members and friends.

The Association is an educational, non-profit organization recognized under section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code.

2025 Edmund Rice (1638) Association Annual Reunion

REUNION SUMMARY

September 26-27, 2025 (Friday and Saturday)

Friday, September 26 – Bus Tour

This year, the annual reunion was held at the historic Wayside Inn, also known as the Red Horse Tavern. The kickoff event was the now-traditional bus tour on Friday afternoon, led by John Chandler. We set out in a roomy motor coach from the parking lot of the Wayside Inn shortly after 1 pm.

Much of the tour pivoted on the historic Boston Post Road, which was in fact the road providing the traffic to support the existence of a tavern. Many of the milestones erected to mark this route still exist, and we noted these as we passed. Historically, rail travel competed with roads, and we drove past two former railroad stations now downsized and converted to mercantile use. We also crossed the Massachusetts Central Rail Trail, which has repurposed rail easements as hiking paths. Another feature of infrastructure that we encountered at several points along the way was the Weston Aqueduct, built in 1903 to carry water from Framingham to Weston.



We visited the site of Edmund's second homestead ("by the spring"). The original house continued in the Rice family and was the site of many family reunions over the years, but it burned down in 1912. However, the "never-ending" spring is still there and is now included in the Great Meadows National Wildlife Refuge. There are several modern houses in the vicinity, and we found a construction project underway converting what had been a falling-down barn (as observed on previous visits) into a dwelling house.

The property owner was there at work on the project and proved to be friendly. He took some time to talk to us about the project and mentioned that the new structure was entirely based on the old barn footprint. After leaving the home site, we viewed the marker erected just off the main road in 1913 by the ERA (there are photos of the marker on our Facebook pages).

We passed through Wayland center and noted some 19th-century Rice-related homes there on the way to the North Cemetery. Unfortunately, the bus was too ungainly to turn into the cemetery, or even into the parking area across the street, and so we skipped the photo-op at the cenotaph erected there by the ERA. At least those of us with sharp eyes and window seats were able to see the marker as we drove past. Again, photos from past visits can be seen on Facebook and in past newsletters.

Continuing to Sudbury, we encountered two 18th-century parsonages formerly occupied by Rice in-laws. The second of these is now the home of the Sudbury Historical Society, and we stopped there to



tour their museum and to explore the four cemeteries just across the street. Among the exhibits at the museum was a musket belonging to Ezekiel Rice (1742-1835). (More than 200 of the people in the ERA database are buried there.) After

reboarding the bus we were able to view one more 18th-century Rice house before turning back to reach the Wayside Inn by our 5 o'clock deadline.

At the Wayside Inn we gathered in the upstairs ballroom for a social hour and then a delicious sit-down dinner. For the record, 8 diners chose the schrod entree, while 13 chose roast beef. At 7:30, the

Board of Directors retired to the Hobgoblin Room for an hour-and-a-half meeting, while the others remained to socialize.

Saturday, September 27 – Annual Meeting

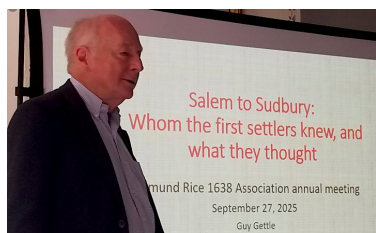
Here follows a draft of the minutes of the Saturday meeting of the Edmund Rice (1638) Association Annual Meeting at the Wayside Inn, Sudbury, MA, September 27, 2025.

About 8 am, members of the ERA began to gather in the Wayside Inn ballroom for continental breakfast and setting up the projection system for the upcoming talks. The original plan had called for broadcasting the meeting via Zoom, but technical difficulties interfered. Apologies to those who wished to attend remotely but were unable to do so.

At 9:05, President John Chandler opened the morning session and welcomed those in attendance. Immediately after that he gave a talk on the intersection between the ERA family database and the Rice DNA project, analyzing in detail an automatically generated chart showing the known lines of descent from Edmund to the DNA project participants.

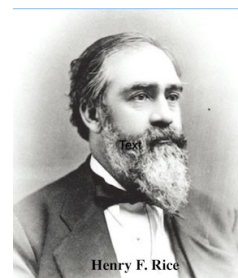
Meanwhile, across the way from the Inn, the annual Colonial Faire was taking place, featuring attractions for young and old, including a noontime parade of re-enacting fife-and-drum corps and others. Many of us had a chance to see at least part of the parade.

The next ERA presentation was the ever-popular "Edmund Rice 101" delivered by Michael Rice, covering the basics of Edmund's life in England and America, including the current state of knowledge of his birth and parentage.



After that talk, Guy Gettle gave a presentation on the historical and cultural background behind the settlement of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, covering the major players in the English colonial enterprise.

The final talk of the morning was given by Michael Rice on the descendants of Stephen Rice of Conway, MA, covering several generations beginning with



Stephen, who was in the 6th generation and still lived in Massachusetts (albeit in the western part of the state). Successive generations migrated further to the west. One son of Stephen was Henry Freeman Rice who was the first major of Carson City, Nevada, and supervisor of the Carson City Mint.



Standing Top Row: Craig Phyfe, Carol Rice, Guy Gettle, Michael Rice, Brian Rice, David Rice, Margaret Stehle, Perry Bent, Deborah Hurtig, Barbara Durfee, Amy Roth, Bill Amidon, Carleton Procter.

Seated bottom row: Kathy Bond, Sue Phyfe, Linda Rice, Fran Rice, Lucinda Harding-Jones, Kathy Jenkel, John Chandler, Kevin Mullen, Sue Mullen.



The attendees gathered for group photos and then broke for a buffet lunch, after which we were treated to a double-barreled keynote address by a husband-and-wife team. The first (and main) part was a talk by local historian Jane Sciacca on the experiences of Sudbury in the Revolutionary War



and the role of Rices in the war. The second part was a discussion of the hydrology of the "ever-flowing spring" at the site of Edmund Rice's second homestead, given by Jane's husband, Tom. Both parts were well received and triggered interested questions from the audience.

After a brief break, President John Chandler called the annual business meeting to order at 2:50 pm. Reading of the minutes of the last meeting was omitted, as those minutes had been vetted and published in the fall newsletter, available online.

Michael Rice gave his Treasurer's Report for the fiscal year, September 1, 2024, till August 31, 2025. Total Income \$11,852.31, Total Expenses \$ 3,551.59, Overall Total \$ 8,300.72.

Explanatory notes included the observation that some of the income was interest on a Certificate of Deposit earned the previous year but not paid or reported until maturity this past year. Also, reunion expense totals are split as usual between advance payments accounted in the fiscal year just ended and final payments to be registered in the next fiscal year. He also gave a report on disbursements of books in the past year: 9 items were purchased, and 3 were awarded as door prizes.

Next, the membership report was presented by Kathleen Bond: Active members: 287, Annual Members: 120, Paid up through 2025: 32, Paid up through 2026: 3, Life members: 167.

John Chandler announced that the following deaths were reported in the past year, including some rather tardy reports: Keith Capen Allen, Doris Austin, William Drury, Joan Rice Franklin, Betty Gilmore, Carlene Gnath, Edward G Rice, James Rice Jr, Rufina Delizo Rice, and Bertyne Rice Smith. He called for a moment of silence in remembrance.

The target dates for the 2026 reunion are September 25-26, 2026. The location is not yet decided, but a committee has been formed to investigate the possibility of holding it on the west coast.

Katrina Rice Schmidt has now definitely retired as Newsletter Editor. Thanks are due her for her long (and extended) service. No successor has stepped up, but there are some good prospects.

John Chandler reported that the Nominating Committee had prepared a slate of candidates for officers and directors for the coming year and opened the floor for further nominations. No additional nominations being made, the slate was presented as is: For President John Chandler; for Vice President Brian Rice; for Vice President for Arrangements Carleton Procter; for Treasurer Michael Rice; for Secretary Kathleen Bond; for Historian John Chandler; and for Directors Guy Gettle, Kevin Mullen, David Rice, Doyle Rice, and Timothy Sanford. It was moved, seconded, and passed unanimously to elect the slate.

John Chandler noted that he had reported on the status of the DNA projects in his presentation in the morning and opened the floor for any questions, but there were no questions.

John Chandler had also reported on the state of the family database in the morning, but some of the numbers are repeated here: as of August 22, the database had 328,567 persons, an increase of 6,047 from last year at the same time. Of this total, some 12,569 persons are either new and tentative or have new or updated information not yet fully checked out. Meanwhile, the updated 6-generation

database is on-line, and the 9-generation database is available for purchase through the Book Custodian.

According to tradition, door prizes were awarded to the attendees who were the oldest and youngest and who had traveled the farthest to reach the reunion. (It should be noted that there was a tacit assumption that the distance should be measured from the attendee's home and not count any side trips along the way.) In keeping with a new tradition begun last year, the winners were offered a choice of prizes. Last year it had been a choice between a 9-generation database and a pizza. This year it was a choice of any item in the Book Custodian's inventory. The winners were: oldest, Margaret Stehle; youngest, Kevin Mullen; and farthest (from Livermore, CA), David Rice.

Thanks are due to Carleton Procter for organizing another successful reunion. With no further business being raised, the meeting was adjourned about 3:45 pm.

The detailed content of all the Saturday presentations can be found at: <https://www.edmund-rice.org/library.htm>

ERA Database

Our computer database has been and will continue to be essential for DNA studies for Edmund Rice descendants and the descendants of other early Sudbury families. We need your continuing support. If you have not submitted your family line to us, why wait any longer? Have Questions? Contact our Historian at: john.chandler@alum.mit.edu

Nine-Generation Rice Report Available on USB Flash Drive

Your Board of Directors (BoD) agreed that we would offer the nine-generation report to our members (only). The BoD approved a charge of \$10 plus \$5 shipping and handling postpaid for a USB flash drive containing the documents. Please order from the Treasurer by sending a request for the USB flash drive, your name and mailing address and a check or money order for \$15 to:

Michael Rice
201 Old Post Rd.
Wakefield, RI 02879-3908

The BoD placed three conditions on the distribution of the report:

- 1) The information is copyrighted by the Edmund Rice (1638) Association and is restricted to the personal use of association members.
- 2) The USBs will be available only to Association members who agree to its terms of use.
- 3) The Association master database is an ongoing effort through September 2024. If you find any documentable errors, please let us know!

Membership

New Annual Members

Terry Martin DeWitt, Evans, GA
Tammy Marie Hoerning Haefer, New London, WI
Susan Lee Ternberg Phyfe, Shawbury, MA
Frances Dee Scally-Rice, Livermore, CA

New Life Members

Debra Georgantis-Miller, York, PA
Parrish Anthony Rice, Waltham, MA

Lost Members*

*includes cousins whose email addresses bounced back in the last emailing

Peter A Bundgard, Washington, MS
Barbara B Carlson, Providence, RI
Marcia Fielder, Muscatine, IA
Susan Ellen Gould, Tennessee Ridge, TN
Beatrice Hites, San Marcos, TX
Nancy Jean Iadeluca, Coventry, RI
Elizabeth D Long Johnson, Ashburn, VA
Susan Kuzmak, Edmonton, Alberta
Rebecca Lynn Millis, Centerville, VA
Ruth Saulnier, Timberlea, Nova Scotia

Remember to Renew Your Membership!

We want to stay connected! Please send in the membership form (last page of this newsletter), with your annual dues or consider a Life Membership.

Registration for the Annual Reunion includes a one-year membership.

Life Membership

Consider a Life Membership. By paying one single payment of \$300.00 you will never have to worry about remembering to pay your annual dues!

Memorial Gifts

Consider donating to the Edmund Rice (1638) Association in memory of a loved one, or consider a legacy gift, a planned future donation, given through a will or other form of designation

In Celebration

Happy Birthday, dear cousins! We hope you have many more!

OCTOBER

C. Whiting Rice, Franklin, MA
Katherine Truesdell, Twentynine Palms, CA
Parrish Anthony, Waltham, MA
Geneva M Garrett, Santa Anna, TX
James H Tyler, Dewey Beach, DE
William W Rice, Parkville, MO
Joella Schultz, Tucson, AZ
Dennis H Rice, East Douglas, MA
John B Davidson, Lunenburg County, Nova Scotia, Canada
Sheree K Brown, Northampton, MA
Jeffrey M Rice, Wayland, MA
Rita V O'Connell, Hyde Park, MA
Robin Pewtress, Boise, ID
Carol Kosicki, Holliston, MA
Christina Estabrook Allen, Lexington Park, MD
William Roger Ames, Worcester, MA
Parrish Anthony Rice, Waltham, MA

NOVEMBER

David Wingate Rice, Livermore, CA
John Parker, Newton, MA
Sandra Hewlett, CG, Phoenixville, PA
Elizabeth Johnson, Ashburn, VA
Heather J McPherson, Indianapolis, IN
William S Miller, Norman, OK
Jeanette Ockunzzi, Niceville, FL
Roger A Rice, Holden, MA
Bradford Rice, Westborough, MA
Edmund C Rice, Wayland, MA
Charlene K Keith, Keene, NH
Elizabeth Smith, Rockport, MA
Paul D Rice, New Berlin, IL
Kent Baker, Menomonee Falls, WI

DECEMBER

Gail Nettles, Seneca, SC
Martha Wood, Lexington, MA
Doyle Rice, Jackson, MI
Donald C Rice, New York, NY
Thomas B Rice, Seattle, WA
Donna Barnes, Ortonville, MI
Julie A Rice-Rollins, Oklahoma City, OK
Jean Drury Groves, Springfield, VA
Paul W Piatkowski, Fischer, TX
Brian C Rice, New York, NY
Beth Ann Perry, North Ridgeville, OH
Thomas H. Hillery, Henderson, NV
Blake J C Rice, Los Angeles, CA
Adam Boyce of Reading, VT

Obituaries



Dale Christopher Gunn November 1, 1943 — January 4, 2025

Christopher Gunn, 81, a longtime resident of Hudson, MA for nearly 40 years, passed away unexpectedly in Concord, MA on January 4, 2025.

Dale was a life member of the Edmund Rice Association and active in the association. He served as Vice President for Arrangements for six years and as a director for five years before that. Dale made significant contributions to genealogy and uploaded almost 300 cemetery photos to Findagrave.

Born on November 1, 1943, in Fall River, MA to Kenneth Colin Campbell Gunn and Dorothy Jeannette Gunn (Bangs), Dale grew up in Concord, MA alongside his brother and sister.

From a young age he had a passion for learning and a wide range of interests. He enjoyed caddying at the Concord Country Club, building model airplanes, and playing hockey during his youth. In high school, Dale pursued photography, learned to play the guitar, skied, and studied Russian. He graduated from Concord-Carlisle High School in 1961.

After high school Dale embarked on an adventurous drive to New Laguna, NM where he worked at his grandparents' general store before returning to attend Lehigh University in Pennsylvania to study engineering.

Following college, he assisted his father in founding Parametric Industries, a semiconductor business in Winchester, MA, until he was drafted into the Army. Dale attended Officer Candidate School in Augusta, GA where he earned the Commandant's Award for Academic Excellence. He served as a captain in the Signal Corps, spending two years overseas in Germany and one year in Vietnam.

In 1970 Dale married Juanita Peitzker of Germany and together they had two sons.

Dale had a distinguished career as a software engineer and pursued numerous hobbies throughout his life. He obtained a pilot's license, was a member of the Civil Air Patrol, rode motorcycles, and explored many parts of the United States. In retirement, Dale dedicated himself to genealogy and was referred to as "Genealogist Genius" by his family for his dedication and discoveries.

Dale is survived by his sons Philip Gunn and Darren Gunn, both of Albuquerque, NM, his granddaughter Sophia Gunn of Albuquerque, NM, his brother Colin Gunn of Marblehead, MA, his sister Barbara Conn of Wolcott, VT, his nephews Ian Murphy of West Tisbury, MA and Tristan Murphy of Wolcott, VT, as well as four cousins: Karen Brecht of Mesquite, NV, Beverly Bangs of Concord, MA and Harwich, MA, Lorraine Bangs of Concord, MA, and Linda Cantillon of Littleton, MA. He was predeceased by his ex-wife, Juanita Gunn (Peitzker), and his niece Amelia Gunn.

Dale was deeply loved by all who knew him. He will be remembered for his gentle and kind spirit, which left an indelible mark on everyone whose path he crossed.

Concord's Town Flag was flown at half-staff in honor of Dales faithful service in the United States Army. May he Rest in Peace.

Carlene M. Dexter Gnath July 2, 1935 - October 6, 2024



Carlene joined the Edmund Rice Association in 2017. After a brief decline in health, Carlene M. Dexter Gnath left this world peacefully surrounded by her children at the Henry Ford hospice home on Oct 6, 2024, at the age of 89. She was born on July 2, 1935, to Carl C Dexter & Arlene Rice Dexter in Leslie township.

Carlene was preceded in death by her parents, Carl & Arlene Dexter, siblings Clare Dexter & his wife Marion, Carl Dexter Jr, Delilah Dexter Moody, daughter June Harkness McDade, and nephews Rick, Wes & Rocky Dexter. Also passing before her were husbands Ivan (Pete) Harkness, Robert (Bob) Hess and Herbert (Herb) Gnath.

Surviving Carlene are her remaining siblings: sisters Blanche (Harry) Rhines, Shirley Dexter and brother Paul (Anita) Dexter. Also, sister-in-law Sandy Hobbs Dexter of TN and brother-in-law Stu Moody of PA, her children, Gaylene (Steve) Harkness

Johnson, Gale (Karen) Harkness and Joyce (Claud) Harkness Leach.

Her grandchildren are Melissa Waldron Judd, Claud John (Mandy) Leach, Matt (Niki) Johnson, Mike (Cassie Vogt) Johnson, Amanda (Basil) Shattuck, Bert "Adam" (Autumn) Hofmeister.

Her great grandchildren: Stormy Judd Kruscke, Patience Judd & Billy, Dekota Judd, Skylar Johnson, Austin Granish, Ashlyn Johnson, CJ Leach, Dillion Leach & Emma, Savannah Leach, Toby French, Tillie, Basil Jr, Ellie & Elliot Shattuck, Isaac & Wyatt Vogt.

Her great-great grandchildren: Foxx Kruscke, Rowen Kruscke and Kennedy Johnson and many beloved cousins, nieces, nephews and friends.

Carlene's parents settled in Leslie and she attended the Leslie schools.

Carlene was a homemaker when her children were young. She later worked as a clerk at the Gambles hardware store on Main St in Leslie for a few years. She opened a daycare in her home when her kids were grown. She had 6 2 & 3 yr old local kids she watched for several years. She loved having young kids to watch grow and take care of again.

She was very industrious and productive throughout her life. She was a good cook and baker. She was always planning various events, potlucks, gatherings with family & friends including bonfires / hot dog roasts, weekend campouts in the back yard, family reunions and other special occasions. She was known for sending greeting cards that included a "hug coupon" to dozens of families and friends each year. She was a letter writer to many most of her life and loved getting letters back.

She enjoyed sewing, crocheting, tole painting, rug weaving, snowmobiling, traveling, all kinds of musical events, cooking / baking, vegetable gardens and preserving the food she grew, her friends at the Crouch Senior Center in Jackson, and lending a helping hand to those who needed it.

Carlene at the age of 89 still lived alone in her home, mowed her 1-acre yard and kept it looking great. She had a raised bed garden box and grew her own vegetables this year. She still drove and traveled whenever the opportunity arose. She loved spending time with her family and friends. She will be missed so much!

Edward Gray Rice April 9, 1932 - January 7, 2022



Edward Gray Rice passed away on January 7, 2022, near his longtime home in Palo Alto, California. Edward was a Edmund Rice Association life member since 1985.

Ed was born on April 9, 1932, to his parents, Clarence Lyman Rice and Ruth Scheibler Rice, in Belmont, Massachusetts. He attended Belmont Public Schools, graduated from Williams College in Williamstown, Massachusetts with a bachelor's degree, and earned a Master of Science degree in Biochemistry from Tufts University in Medford, Massachusetts in 1956.

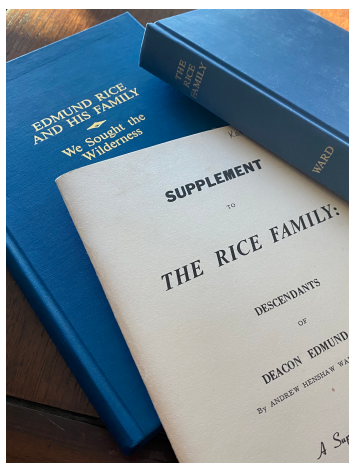
Until his retirement in 2002, Ed enjoyed a long and distinguished career in the pharmaceutical industry, during which his groundbreaking work was recognized with several patents. Throughout, Ed was well-regarded by his colleagues for his intelligence, generosity, and sense of humor.

Ed was a true polymath, and enjoyed scientific, musical and artistic pursuits throughout his life. His boundless knowledge of classical music was reflected in an extensive and unparalleled library of LPs and CDs and shared through the finest audio equipment. He thoroughly enjoyed photography, both taking photos and developing them in his home darkroom. He also played the recorder, made his own block prints and assisted his wife, Verne, over the many years during which she produced hundreds of hand-silkscreened calendars in the family garage on Ross Court.

He is survived by his loving wife of fifty-four years, Verne Spitz Rice, and by his children, grandchildren and great-grandchild: Edward "Ted" Rice, his wife Alysia, and their children, Colin Rice and Avery Rice, of Concord, New Hampshire; Abigail Rice of Palo Alto, California; Alison Rice, her husband Geoffrey Conner, and their daughters, Isabel Conner and Hannah Conner, of Madison, Wisconsin; Robert Rice, of Florida; and Emily Gray Rice and her husband, Ricky Axtman, of Concord, New Hampshire, and their daughters, Sophia Axtman, her husband Craig Levy and their daughter Ruth Levy of Medford, Massachusetts, and Phoebe Axtman of Concord, New Hampshire.

Ed was a devoted friend, beloved for his attentiveness, dry wit and humor, and voracious intellect. He will be missed by all.

Rice Books Available



The Rice Family, by Andrew Henshaw Ward [5\$]

Hard-cover reprint. New, unused. A genealogical history of descendants of Deacon Edmund Rice who came from Berkhamstead, England, and settled in Sudbury, Massachusetts, in 1638. Includes a soft-cover supplement (1967) containing additions and corrections. 379 pages.

The Rice Family, Supplement 2 (Part 1) [7\$]

Supplement Number 2 (Part 1) to *The Rice Family*, compiled by Margaret S. Rice (1983). Hard-cover reprint. New, unused. Additional lines of descent through the first eight generations, which were unknown at the time of publication of *The Rice Family* and the 1967 supplement. 224 pages.

The Rice Family, Supplement 2 (Part 2) [\$8]

Supplement Number 2 (Part 1) to *The Rice Family*, compiled by Margaret S. Rice (1985). Hard-cover reprint. New, unused. A continuation of *The Rice Family Supplement 2 (Part 1)* from the ninth generation to the present (1985). 720 pages.

Edmund Rice and His Family and We Sought the Wilderness [\$5]

Two manuscripts in one binding. Hard-cover reprint. 1986. New, unused.

Edmund Rice and His Family, by Elsie Hawes Smith (1938) A historical narrative about the early days of the Rices. Contains much genealogical information, as well as being a charming story.

We Sought the Wilderness, by Rev. Clayton Rice (1949) A historical narrative based on those Rices who pushed Westward to the prairies after short stays in New Hampshire and Vermont. 357 pages.

A Genealogical Register of Edmund Rice Descendants [\$15]

Published by the association in 1970. A continuation of A.H. Ward's Rice Family (1858) and the supplement to that book, bring it up to date at the time of publication. 1594 pages. *This book is out of print but is available for purchase on USB drives - Association members only.*

Sudbury 1890-1989: 100 Years in the Life of a Town, by Curtis F. Garfield [\$10]

Published by Sudbury Historical Society and Porcupine Enterprises in 1999, Sudbury, MA. ISBN 0-9621976-3-7. 242 pages.

Heartbeat of History: A Collection of Short Stories from the Saltbox House, by R.M. Rasey-Simpson [\$5]

Published by Sharpe & Company in 1999, Sanborn, NY. ISBN 0-966789-2-9. 182 pages.

Mail your check/money order made payable to: Edmund Rice (1638) Association, Inc. send to:

**Michael A. Rice
201 Old Post Rd
Wakefield, RI 02879-3908**

Edmund Rice's Descendants – Stories of our Ancestors

The Shark Story by George A. Rice

Envisage, if you will, a long low room unlighted by natural light except through two hatchways, reached by two steep flights of stairs - companionways - more ladder than stair - one at either end - between decks on the Dredger Viva; the ceiling formed by the main deck, always wet from spray, fog or dripping debris piled on it; the floor wet from it's morning scrubbing, never completely dried out, lighted day and night by two huge whale oil lanterns; populated by twelve Swedes, two Harvard sophomores, about a dozen rats and several million cockroaches; at present all hands asleep in tightly drawn canvas hammocks, each man's head towards the center of the room, his feet lost in gloom and mustiness between the knees which supported the main deck.

I was awakened by the scuttling of the cockroaches, fleeing the approaching dawn, dropping with a peculiar rustling sound, like the first big drops of a thunder shower, onto my hammock, my body, my face – everywhere. Sleepily, annoyed, I resolved that that very day I would batten down the hatches and flood everything with live steam, then we would have peace again - (for a few days).

Kicking one edge of my blanket loose I turned on my face and slid to the floor successfully landing on my feet. My early efforts at this trick had resulted in landing on the back of my neck with an inverted

hammock above me. Getting in was worse. I used to sit on deck smoking until the rest were snoring, before I dared attempt it. A hammock stretched tight, at the height of one's shoulders, is capable of more gyrations than a bucking horse. You fold in the edges of your blanket to form a sort of sleeping bag, give a prodigious jump, hit your head against a beam with a sickening thud and drop back to the floor. Next time you jump a little easier.

However, I had not only mastered my exit but my entrance. I now could walk up to a hammock stretched to the height of my shoulders, fold the edges of my blanket in to form a sort of sleeping bag and with one swing land on top of the outfit without disarranging my bed, whence I would work down between the blankets. It is fanciful, even now, to think of my early efforts to go to bed in a sea hammock.

A dig in the ribs aroused Al my roommate in college, whose father, owner of this dredger had devised the scheme of our spending a summer on the Viva as our initiation into the mysteries of marine construction. Without a word we stripped off our underwear. We had adopted the usual marine custom of using our underwear as pajamas for fear the crew would think us inexperienced in sea affairs. No doubt they thought us hardened seafarers after this evidence of sophistication.

Once on deck we filled our lungs with the glorious Long Island Sound morning air, hopped onto the bulwark, and into the sea. It was our custom to swim towards the bow and back to the stern where we could get onto the deck again by means of a rope hanging from the hawser hole. If it was a warm, sunny morning like this one, we often swam around the dredger again. The only other possible way of getting aboard was by the anchor chains that hit the water about fifty feet from the bow and stern. It was possible to cross one's legs over them and by pulling with one's hands gradually progress to the boat. It was hard on the cuticles, however, and after having tried once, was left severely alone.

Al began amusing himself by doing porpoise-like diving stunts but I, being a poor swimmer, started on my slow journey. I had rounded the bow and was halfway to the stern on the other side when I saw the triangular fin of a shark, gently gliding along through the water not fifty feet away.

The summer before I had worked on a fruit liner going to Jamaica and had become acquainted with the appearance of a man-eating shark's fin. I knew this was a big fellow. I also realized that he was stalking me or at least had me under observation. No doubt, I looked very appetizing to him. The thought sent a shudder down my spine. I could feel his innumerable triangular teeth closing on my leg, and nearly sank, paralyzed by the thought. A mouthful of salt water started my limbs to working again and I struck out vigorously for the rope, now in sight. I thought of shouting to my roommate, but he was not in sight and despaired of making him hear. As I began to draw away the shark began to turn also in a long sweeping curve which reminded me that the darky boys in Jamaica, when they fought a shark, depended upon the fact that the shark could not turn short on account of his long stiff backbone and always stayed near his body but away from his head. When caught as I was, they avoided his rush by quick short dives, for the shark strikes his prey only on the surface of the water. Hence, they were expert swimmers, as much at home in the water as on land, carried knives in their teeth, pursuing not being pursued. There was nothing in the recollection that lifted my heart or inspired my muscles. Perhaps the mental picture of the quick dive one made as the shark rushed on him made me think of diving under the dredger. A glance up at the black wall above me, knowing as I did, that more lay beneath than above the water dispelled any illusion on fact of my ability to perform that feat, even under the compulsion of a pursuing scourge.

The shark was now traveling in the same direction as I was, still holding aloof but much nearer and apparently making up his mind to dash in and finish me. I seemed to make no progress at all, really. I suppose I never swam as fast before, but the ease and speed of the shark and the suspense made every second seem an hour. My mind was flooded with recollections.

Henri Bergsons' simile of a mind to a river was totally inadequate unless you pictured your river as a Niagara Falls rushing at hundred-fold speed. Suddenly out of the kaleidoscope of useless, disconnected recollections of past experiences, popped one, useful and recent. Since, I have often thought of the play of mind in an emergency like that, it would take me a day to write down in words what passed through my mind. It's like a person in a hurry pawing over the contents of a drawer looking for a lost article. Everything passes under view regardless of system or order. With sudden elation I visualized a possibility of escape. Yesterday morning while swimming by this very spot the ship's cook had dumped on my head a bucketful of potato peelings. Yesterday morning, baptized in garbage, I had been filled with supreme disgust. Now by a mere turn of fate this same experience lifted my heart to the acme of hope. In the agony of imminent death, there came from my throat a weird cry startling enough to rouse from his early morning lethargy our Swedish cook and bring him to the rail, potato and knife still in hand. He took in the situation at a glance and in true nautical manner began to act without trying to say a word. I have often noticed that a sailor at sea has very little to say, though when on shore he seems to be garrulous enough.

Letting go both knife and potato at the shark, he followed it by a huge quahaug shell from the deck which caused the intruder to shy off a bit and postpone momentarily his push at his prey. I have no doubt it saved my life, for I used the moment of diversion to grab the rope and start for the deck. Then, the shark seeing his quarry leaving the water in spite of a rain of shells - or because he found them only duds, made his lightning like dart and turned on his side displaying just beneath my quivering body five feet of dental magnificence. He bit off the end of the rope which had been anchored to make it easier to climb and sent me plump against the stern of the boat. However, though my foot touched the water the shark was in no position to take advantage of that fact. So, hand over hand up the rope with muscles tense with excitement, mind smug while the shark raced back and forth underneath like a dog who has treed a racoon. Now a new race was on. I had to find Al, get a rope to him and get him aboard before the shark discovered him, for our marine friend seemed peeved at being bilked and now contemptuous of John's bombardment. "Throw your garbage overboard", I called, "maybe he is hungry" and I sped up to the deck, hesitating only long enough to grab a rope from the after dory.

"Al, there is a shark near the stern. Come in". Fortunately, Al had fooled around so long before starting to swim around the dredger that he hadn't yet reached the bow, and we got him out without the shark discovering him. Later, we had reason to be thankful for this. In the following days when that shark stalked the boat, as a coyote would a hen house, we found that the shark starting fifty feet from the stern could beat us to the bow no matter how hard we ran. A splash in the water anywhere about the boat was like rubbing the genie's lamp. The blunt gray nose rose to the surface before the circling eddies were obliterated by the waves. Often, we could see him lying in the shadow of the boat, like Micawber waiting for something to turn up. Our only gun had been lost the week before. Al and I had been rowing to Coterie in a light cedar gig to get some fresh supplies when a brace of ducks went over. Al stood up and let go both barrels of his 10-gauge shotgun at once. The next instant, I had a fleeting glimpse of him sitting on the surface of the water, the gun still pointing at the ducks and the smoke lazily rising from the barrel. Then the water closed over all. The boat upset. When we had righted the boat, splashed out enough water to get in and dive, we had drifted so far away from the spot that we never located the gun.

One of the crew, called Charley has often regaled us with long stories of his experience as a whaler. In these stories he had figured as a superman driving his harpoon with relentless accuracy and prodigious strength, matching successfully his superior sagacity with the shy cunning of the narwhale. The blacksmith made him a harpoon out of an old drill. Charley found fault with the equipment and speared the bottom of the ocean with monotonous regularity.

The shark seemed fond of garbage and greedily received all offerings. We fed him a loaf of bread with a pound of "rough on rats" as a filler. He didn't eat the garbage the next morning, but he seemed to swim twice as fast and loved us all the more.

Now this shark had got to be a nuisance. We were dredging out a channel in which the sand was interspersed with boulders. We were using the kind of a steam bucket that opened in the middle, dropped, closed the two jaws and arose theoretically with a couple of tons of sand. Now these pesky stones had a way of getting between the jaws of the bucket and when the bucket was lifted the sand all ran out leaving a miserable little stone between the jaws. To obviate this difficulty one of the crew rode the bucket and signaled the engineer as to the position of the stones then turning rapidly make a jump for a small boat nearby. The shark had become quite interested in this proceeding. He didn't interfere. He just sat and watched but some-how it seemed to make the deckhand who rode the bucket nervous and he offered his resignation, and nobody volunteered to take his place. We decided that we could no longer ignore the shark, besides Al and I needed a bath, the rest of the crew never bathed, they just changed their clothes.

Al had a great scheme. I am glad now it was his scheme as it was his father's boat, and I wasn't to blame for what happened. We had just received a huge hind quarter of meat, supposed to be beef, but suspected of being horse or mule. For my part I thought it rhinoceros with the hide on. The blacksmith made a huge fishhook, and we cheerfully sacrificed about twenty pounds of meat as bait: We attached one hundred feet of chain to the hook and made it fast to a steam winch and fixed a roller over the stern so we could facilitate the shark's entrance to our habitation. None of us had ever entertained a live shark before and didn't know the etiquette of the occasion and so just took him in with a wholehearted welcome expecting him to behave like a gentleman. He didn't.

At first, we were jubilant. We dumped over the hunk of meat - chain, and a lot of garbage and the shark selected the meat, swallowing it with much gusto. We started the winch after giving him a moment to get the meat as far aft as possible and our catch ascended the stern. We were afraid that he would drop off the hook for he was considerably bigger than we had suspected. In the few minutes following we wished he had. All the way up he seemed too surprised to struggle but when he hit the deck he got into action: The first flap of his tail flattened out a row of fire buckets. The next wrecked our light cedar boat, turned upside down on the deck, the next took off a piece of the rail and smashed a two-inch bulwark as if it had been hit by a pile driver. The engineer thinking he had too much chain drew him up close to the winch and so gave him a new field for destruction. Everything within reach of his tail was being pulverized. Everyone had a different scheme pointing to his quick dispatch. Yet he still lived and pounded as vigorously as ever. Finally, the blacksmith arrived with a sledge and pounded his head in. Later when someone had cut his spine with an axe, he became less restive and began to show signs of the gentlemanly behavior we had so confidently expected of him.

Towards evening before the final obsequies were pronounced, I measured him and knocked out one of his teeth for a souvenir. He was eighteen feet three inches long. Al figured a man could lie down comfortably in his stomach or even sit up if he so desired. I had been near enough to trying it, so that speculation didn't interest me.

A Harvard professor later told us that this shark was a West Indian variety "never found outside of the tropic zone".



Kathleen H. Bond
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PLEASE CHECK YOUR CARD'S EXPIRATION DATE!

The dues year is September 1st to September 1st each year. Dues rates are per person; there is no discount for a spouse or children. The Board of Directors voted to insert the "Additional Voluntary Contribution" line in an attempt to offset the erosion of our treasury due to the current low interest rates. Additional contributions are appreciated.

The schedule of dues is as follows:

Under age 80	\$20.00
Age 80 and above	\$10.00
Life membership (in a single payment)	\$300.00

Annual dues are payable by September 1 st :	\$ _____
Additional voluntary contribution:	\$ _____
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You may send this form and pay your annual dues via PAYPAL - **OR** - by Check/Money Order made payable to Edmund Rice (1638) Association, Inc. Please send check/money order with this form to:

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