

THE JEDEDIAH ANDREWS HOUSE
(Mr. William Jost)
1760

The snug little white house at 312 Dodge Avenue has been occupied in late years by the Jost family. For the past hundred and fifty years the place has been known as the Jeddy Andrews house. This is due to the fact that the property has been in the hands of Captain Jedediah Andrews and his descendants for the greater part of that time.

It is recorded in Dodd's East Haven Register published in 1824 that this property was owned originally in 1715 by John Luddington and the vicinity was then known as Bridge Swamp. The records reveal the place was later occupied by James Luddington, a son of John Luddington. It further appears that the younger Luddington sold the house to Captain Jedediah Andrews. Captain Andrews who was born in 1751 obtained his rank in the local militia which put up a stubborn resistance to the British at the time of the invasion in 1779. While the exact date is not known of the erection of the Andrews house, it is quite evident from its lines it was built well before the Revolutionary War. At that time Dodge Avenue was then known as Jeddy's Lane due to the fact it led down past Captain Jedediah Andrew's house.

It is understood that Capt. Andrew's house was a cosy little red homestead back in those stirring days. At that time there were no other houses in sight of the Andrews house snuggled down in the old apple orchard.

It is interesting to note that Captain Andrews led a party of Patriots through the early morning mist up the east slope of Raynham Hill and surprised a British officer and two soldiers who were stationed on a high prominence as lookouts. The Andrew's sheep had been killed by the British and these three soldiers were roasting one at the time they were surprised and killed by the little band of Patriots. Their bodies were later buried near the corner of what is now Munn Road and Burr Street.

Captain Andrews had a son Jedediah and two daughters Abigail and Sailtrue, all three going thru life in single blessedness. Jeddy was for years the sexton of the Old Stone Meeting House. Uncle Jeddy as he was known, was really one of Nature's freaks, less than five feet high, short legs, very long arms, but with the head and body of a six footer, quick as lightning, never still, and working from sun-up to sun down with the energy of a Trojan.

The property remained in the Andrews family until after the Civil War. The records state that William Jost bought the house from his father John Jost on May 21, 1887 and the latter bought it from William A. Woodward on May 5, 1885.