

A SPEER ANCESTRY

The Direct Lineal Descendants From
John Speer To Richard Donnelly Speer

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FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

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DEDICATION

This Speer Ancestry is dedicated to all the members of the tenth and eleventh generations of this Speer family in America.

Family is the operative word here. It means, in one sense, consanguinity but perhaps more importantly it says something about a relationship held together by warmth, keeping in touch, and love. These new generations have learned the real meaning of family and, I believe, they have learned it from their mother and father.

In return for learning this lesson I have this to say:

Thank you for being and

I love you all.

Your devoted father,

(Or grandfather or uncle as the case may be)

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A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

ILLUSTRATIONS

The following list is an index of the likenesses or other important documents that have been selected for inclusion in this history. In the Introduction I promised some pictures that might "project reality and warmth into the cold facts---". Look at the likenesses carefully and try to place each person in his own environment and in relation to his profession, his family and the world around him. All are reproductions from photographs from life except Joshua Kennerly and Henry Clay which are reproduced from photographs of a painting. The dates given show when the photograph was taken. In the case of Henry Clay, it is believed the painter (Paul Trebilcock of No Chicago) used photographs taken earlier.

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A SPEER ANCESTRY
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PREFACE

The history of the world could be written in the stories of migrations. Not the kind as with many birds but the more permanent kind engaged in by humans. Most emigrations are prompted by natural catastrophes, decreasing opportunities for subsistence, political and religious persecution or war. The avoidance of all of these, to one degree or another, forms the goal of the emigrant. His ideal and objective is to protect himself and his family from the vagaries of nature, to be able to provide food, shelter and clothing in exchange for his work, to be free from constraints that limit his ability to socialize and to worship and give thanks to his God in his own manner and to live his life in peace.

The outstanding example of emigration in modern times is the discovery and development of what came to be the United States of America. Its greatness stems - according to the historians - from the polyglot backgrounds of its citizens and their zeal to live out their ideal in this new land of opportunity. The genealogy that follows concerns one family that emigrated from Great Britain into America. The original progenitor of this family obeyed the dictates of the Bible and was "fruitful and multiplied" into many generations of families and individuals. This accounting concerns itself with the direct ascendants of the compiler and makes no attempt to chronicle all the branches of the descendent tree. Others in the greater family have devoted themselves to delineation of as many branches of the tree as is possible to discover. They have done this task in a remarkably complete and authoritative fashion; a task for which they are to be commended and admired. Future generations will have them to thank for their labors in the interest of "family."

In 1936, while driving north from Florida with my mother and father, we detoured into northwestern North Carolina to satisfy my father's desire to visit the scenes of his ancestor: Aaron Speer of Yadkin County. We were en route to the Yadkin County Courthouse where my father anticipated finding records of his roots. About five miles east (as I now recall) of Yadkinville, the County seat, I was idly looking out the car window when I spotted the name WILLIAM SPEER on a mailbox! In a startled voice I called out to my father "Look! There is your name."

A SPEER ANCESTRY FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

Of course we stopped, drove in the yard of this farm of William Speer and approached the back porch. Responding to father's knocking, an elderly gentleman, not unlike my grandfather in appearance, came to the screen door but declined to open it to a stranger. My father explained who he was and after mentioning a number of ancestral names such as Aaron, Aquilla, Barzilla and Joshua, our host let us in and we sat at the kitchen table discussing our antecedents. Mr. Speer was finally convinced of some kind of family relationship for, after all, how many people can have those four names in their history! I think the final convincer was when my father mentioned that many of the women in the family were very well educated and that our host must have had an aunt who taught in and later was president of a Normal School for women in Carolina. He happily agreed and even supplied the name (which I no longer remember). After a while he took us out to the family burial plot some three hundred yards from the house in a grove of unattended trees and showed us the grave markers of many of the early family members. Some of the markers dated from the early 1700s.

It was on that day that my personal interest in family history began. From my father, while he was still alive, I obtained all the records that he had concerning the Speers. From that day at the old family farm in North Carolina I have always wanted to assemble the variety of information into something readable. Due to the pressures of two wars, moving back and forth across the country a few times, a couple of careers and seven children I never seemed to find the time to carry out my desires. But now, nearly half a century later, I am finally devoting the time and attention this effort deserves. It has occurred to me with great regret and something of a shock that no one seems to get interested in his genealogy until those with information in their memories have had their abilities dimmed by time. In our younger years we are fully absorbed in creating genealogy and have no thoughts of documenting it.

I am setting down what information I now have for the benefit of those generations currently building and for those yet to come.

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This document could never have been prepared without the help of my brothers and sisters and the many others of the extended family who made their contributions. Thanks are also due to the volunteers of the Genealogy Library of the Church of Latter Day Saints of Santa Barbara.

Special thanks are offered to Mrs. Louise Spear Shelton, Marietta, Georgia for her efforts in organizing a "Speer-Spear" Gathering at Barren Lake Lodge, Kentucky in August 1984. It was at this meeting that I was able to meet many Speers (and Spears) to exchange information of interest and to achieve an exhilaration in observing the great interest in our mutual ancestry.

All of us in the extended Speer family owe a debt of gratitude to three whose efforts, thought and care have produced a wealth of factual material indispensable in organizing and clarifying the family lines back into the seventeenth century:

Mrs. Frances Harding Casstevens of Yadkinville, N.C. for her efforts in gathering, publishing and making available to others a wide-ranging collection of data from her own research as well as material submitted by other Speer researchers.

Mrs. Virginia Metz of Clearwater, Florida for the many years of searching, compiling and sharing of information on the various families of Speers.

Mr. Virgil B. Long of Seymour, Indiana for his careful research of family matters all the way back to our first immigrant ancestors

A SPEER ANCESTRY FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

INTRODUCTION

This compilation of people, places and stories has been assembled for the eleventh generation of my family in America. In this they will recognize that they have descended from independent minded men and women who had sound values and were never in fear of criticism for espousing their beliefs and causes. If one's country of origin is believed to be a large factor in molding character and attitudes then the youngest generation of this family must be well endowed with independence of spirit, tenacity, thrift, perseverance and a deep religious feeling irrespective of congregational affiliation. A favorite motto of William Sheppard Speer was indicative of these noble characteristics: "Yes! Push On". It is not without a considerable dash of truth that the Latin inscription across the banner of the family emblem translates as: "WHILE I LIVE, I HOPE". Today's generation of youngsters have an enviable heritage of Scotch, Irish, and (way, way back) German blood with some English and Welsh added for spirit.

So many generations of this family have left their footprints across this nation that we can all say, "I am an American." They were colonists for a hundred years before our Declaration of Independence; they were wilderness tamers; they were openers of the way to the West; they were the pioneers and settlers of our vast mid-continent. In later years one of them played a part in bringing into being the concept of a Constitutionally mandated public education. The Speers and their many collateral cousins have left their mark on a trail that began in Kent and Somerset Counties, Maryland through Surry and Yadkin Counties, North Carolina and on into Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas and Arkansas.

In this book are as many facts as are known to the compiler concerning each of the straight-line ancestors. The facts are not complete and never will be due to the incursions of time and the results of both natural and man-made disasters - disasters, that is to genealogical record keeping. There are, however, many official records - deeds, births, deaths, marriages - as well as two autobiographical sketches, both written at the end of the nineteenth century. From these documents

A SPEER ANCESTRY FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

much information has been entered into this effort, however, most of the other facts have had to be gleaned one at a time from other sources, much of it coming from gracious and sharing cousins. The task is not finished. The early years, especially, are open to scrutiny and possible correction. I have taken the course of using what is available and setting it down as part fact and part postulation in order to have for our heirs as complete a narrative as possible. It is believed to be the better course to do it this way rather than delay publication waiting for confirmations to arise in the future. So much valuable family history has been lost to us all because a compiler had put aside whatever he had collected while awaiting confirmation of research. And our sources of valuable information often reside in unknown places; to succeed, we must find them and set them down. The following piece, copyrighted by The Norman Rockwell Museum, pictures the researcher's dilemma.

MEMORIES

Tucked away in a special place in the attic,
are mementoes of years gone by. She
remembers a life rich and full, days of
laughter and love. Now she is alone with her
thoughts, and memories of a joyful past.

Family Group Records and other data compilations are seldom exciting and can never bring out the personalities and the ambiance of the ancestors shown. To make this document more readable and to provide some provocative insights into forbears as people, there have been included a few intriguing stories.

Each of the ancestors is treated in terms of his own Family Group Record and a narrative concerning his life and times. The narrative form attempts to expand on the bare bones facts of the Record. Included at the end of the document is a Picture Gallery which may be of interest. In looking at the pictures, it is hoped the images will project reality and warmth into the cold facts of both the Record and the narrative.

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

THE SPEERS FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

A SPEER ANCESTRAL LINE

JOHN	ca 1640 - ca 1680	Arrived from Ireland to Kent then Dorchester Counties, Md
ANDREW	ca 1660 - 1750	Somerset County, Maryland
HENRY	1686 - 1753	Somerset County, Maryland
AARON	1734 - 1815	Somerset County, Maryland and Surry County, North Carolina
AARON Jr.	1765 – 1816	Surry County, North Carolina
JOSHUA KENNERLY	1794 - 1859	Williamson and Maury Counties Tennessee
WILLIAM SHEPPARD	1822 – 1916	Giles County, Tennessee and Topeka, Kansas
HENRY CLAY	1849 – 1936	Topeka, Kansas, Chicago Illinois and Redlands, Ca.
WILLIAM WALTER	1876 – 1950	Chicago, Illinois and Laguna Beach, California
RICHARD DONNELLY	1912	Evanston, Illinois and Santa Barbara, La Jolla, and San Diego, California

**A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD**

PEDIGREE CHARTS

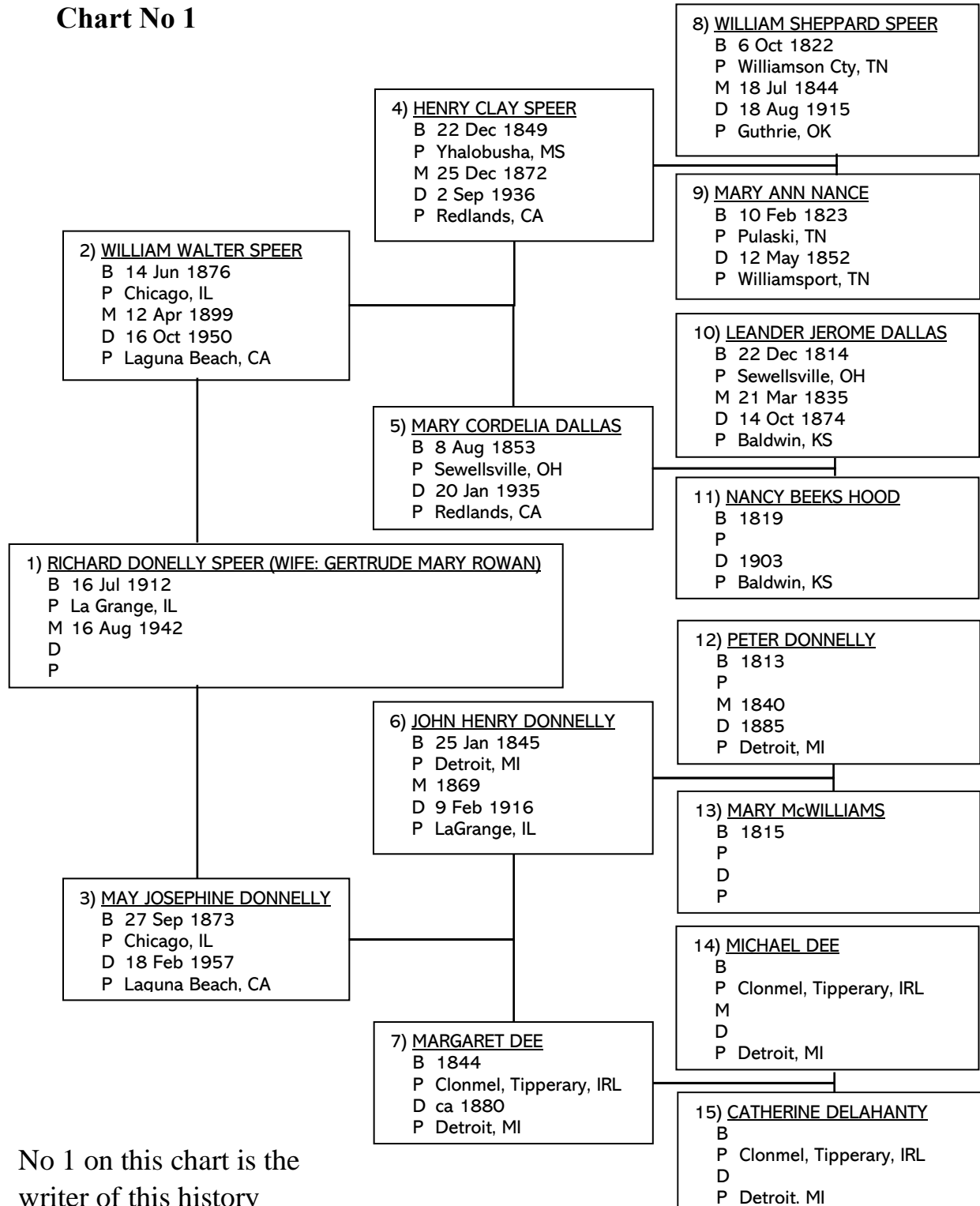
RICHARD DONNELLY SPEER

TO

JOHN SPEER

A SPEER ANCESTRY FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

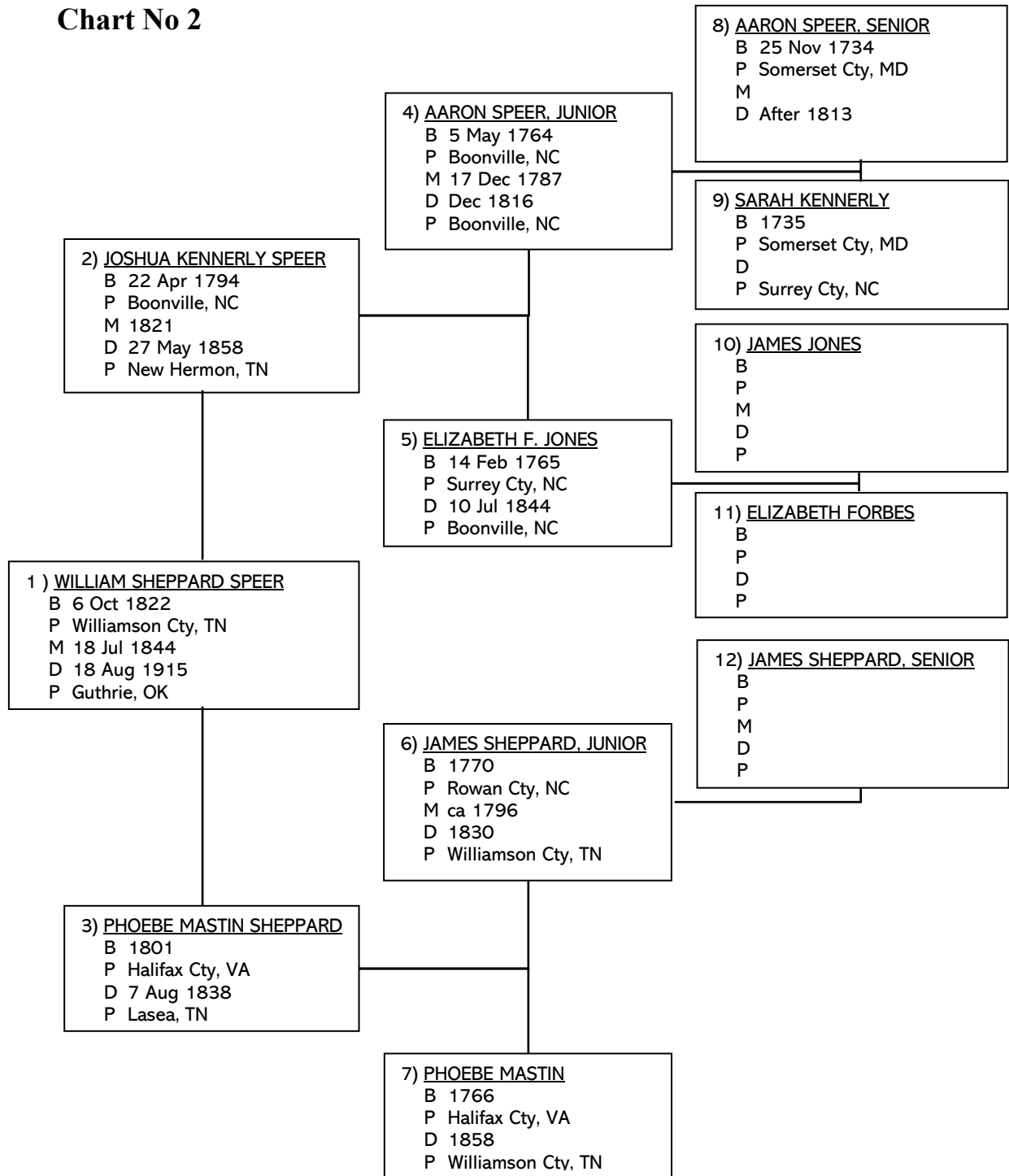
Chart No 1



No 1 on this chart is the
writer of this history

A SPEER ANCESTRY FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

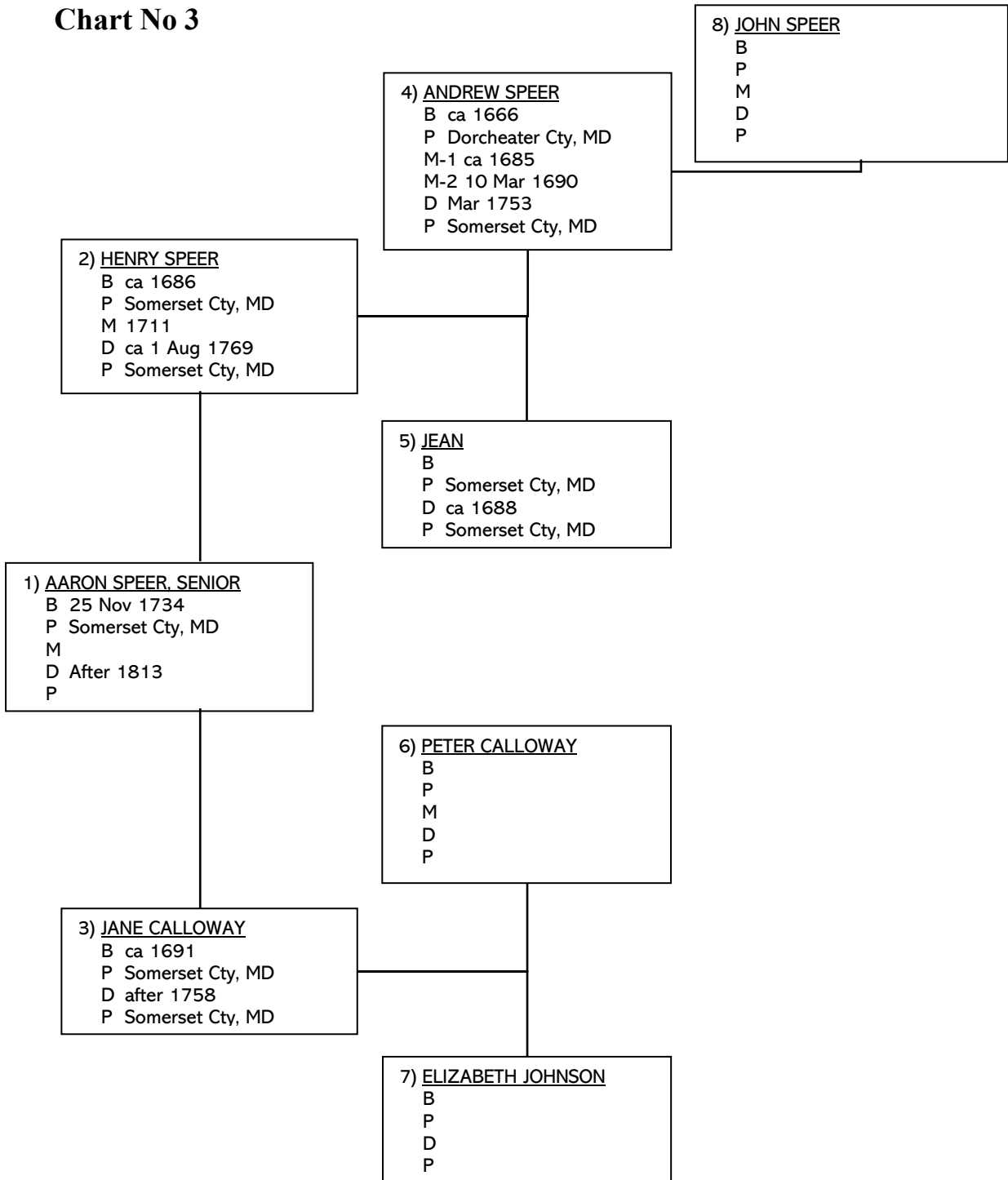
Chart No 2



No 1 on this chart is the
Same as No 8 on Chart 1

A SPEER ANCESTRY FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

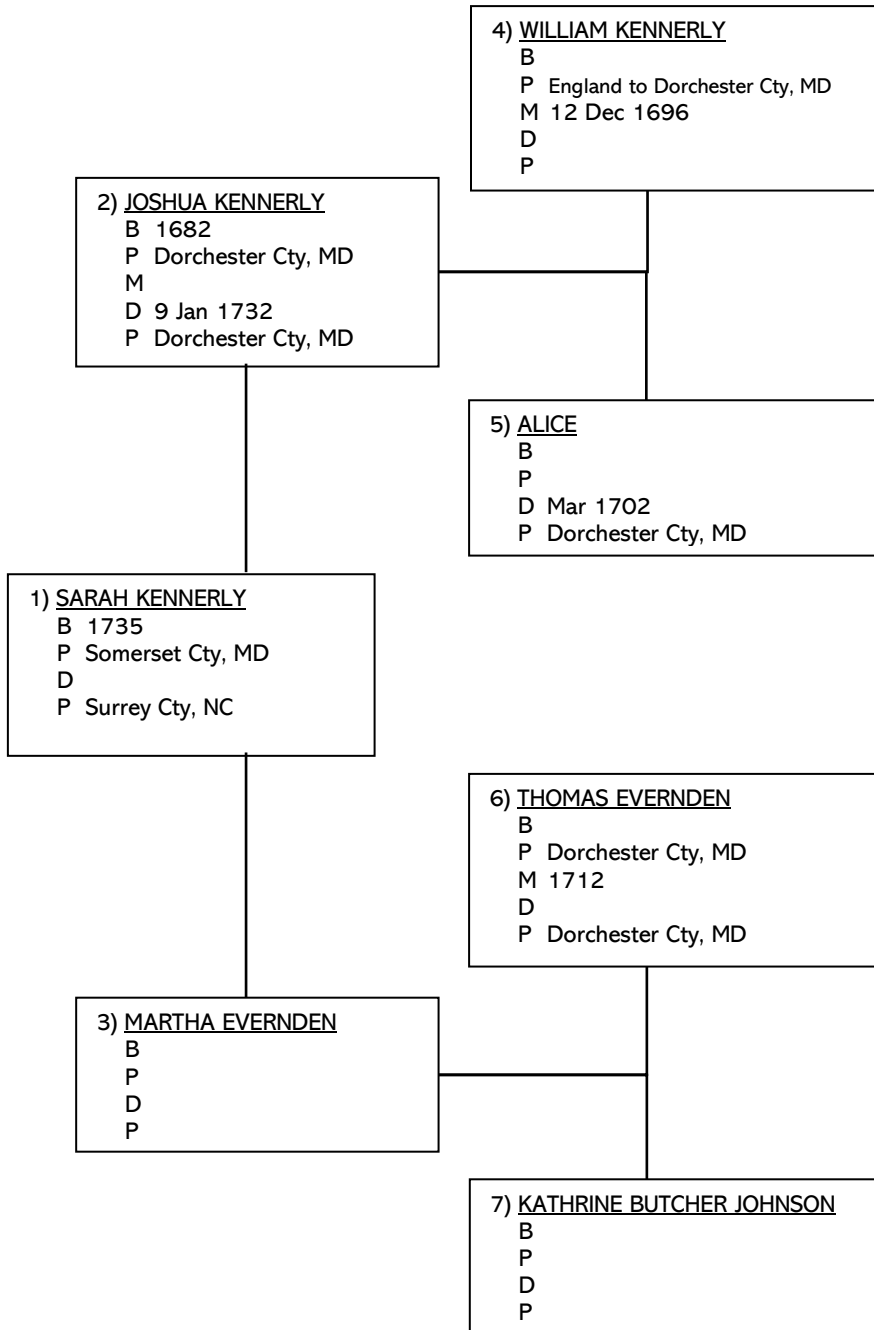
Chart No 3



No 1 on this chart is the
Same person as No 8 on
Chart 2

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

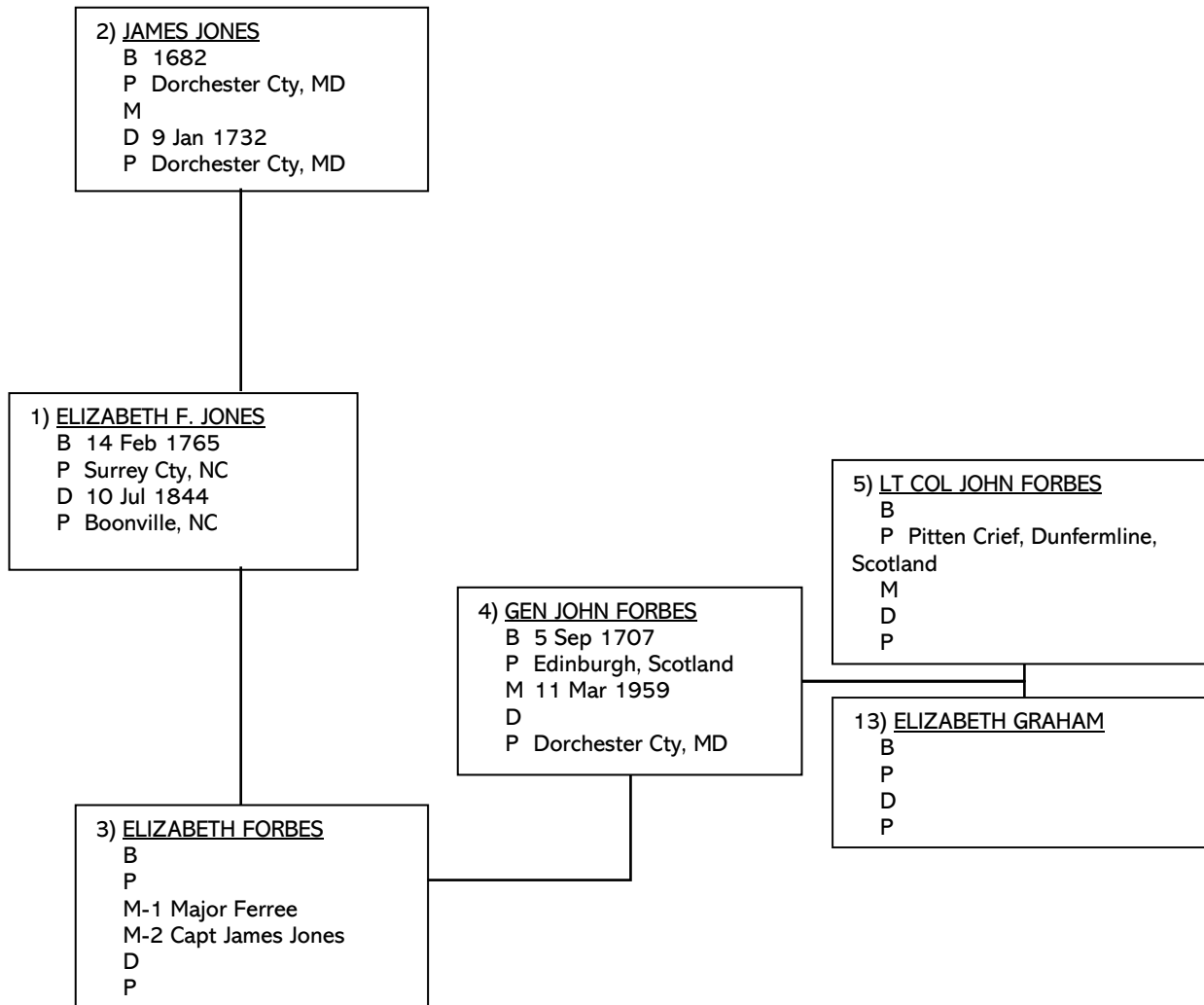
Chart No 4



No 1 on this chart is
the same person as
No 9 on Chart 2

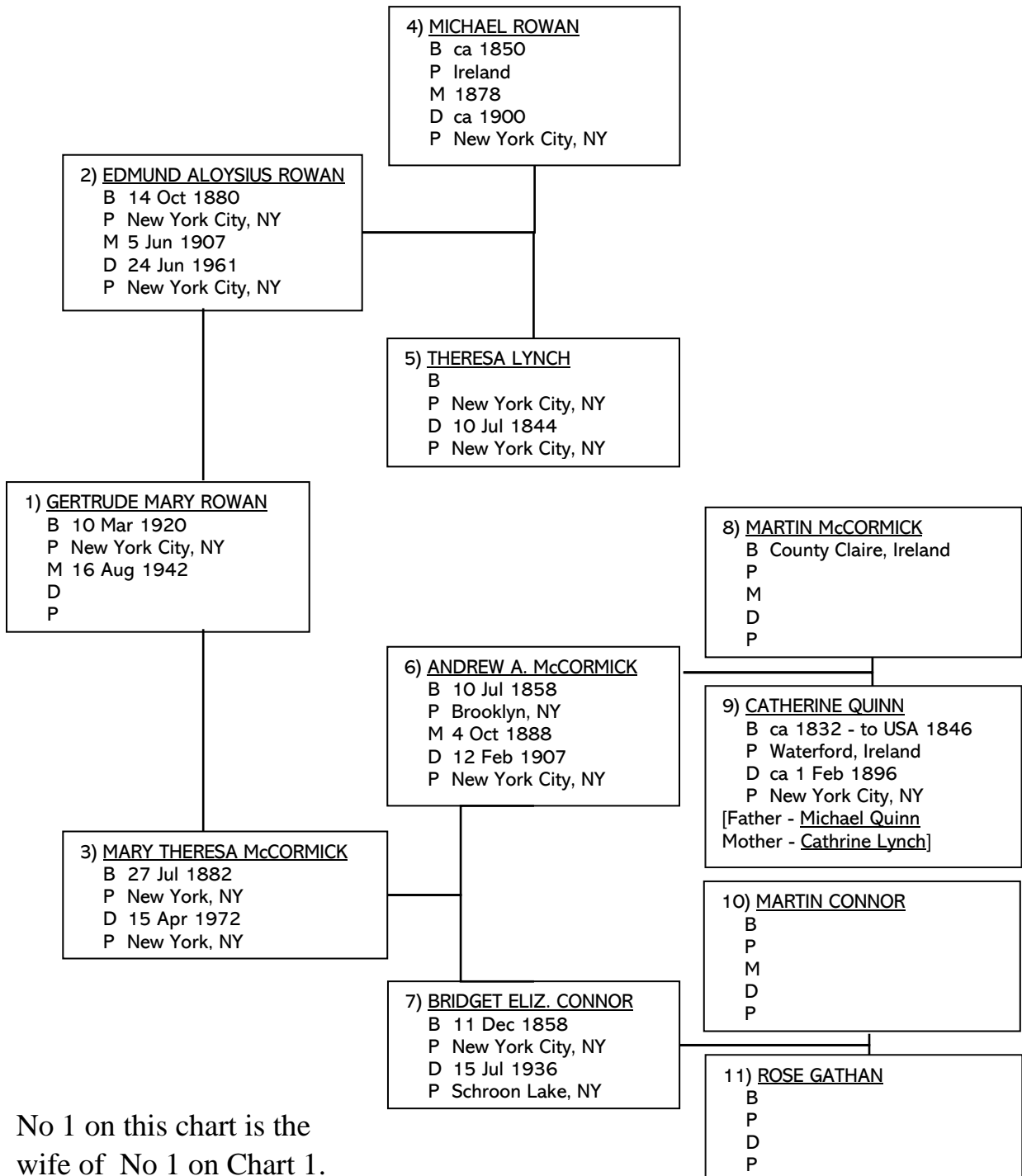
A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

Chart No 5



No 1 on this chart is
the same person as
No 5 on Chart 2.

Chart No 6



No 1 on this chart is the wife of No 1 on Chart 1.

BACKGROUND

BACKGROUND

Northern Ireland and the western Scottish lowlands were racially intermixed throughout earlier centuries. The Celts had invaded Scotland and subdued the Picts nearly a thousand years before the time of Henry the Eighth. Since then families had migrated one direction or the other across the North Sea channel under the pressures of religious persecutions, politics, economics and warfare. The trip was not an arduous one - only some 35 miles from Carrickfergus in Ulster to Portpatrick in Scotland. Some Irish families settled into Scotland and some Scot families remained in the Irish Counties of Antrim, Down, Tyrone and Donegal. In the last half of the seventeenth century during the periods of heavier migrations westward, the Scots brought their ministers and presbyters with them, establishing in Ulster the basis for a Protestant majority in these Counties which continues to this day.

Jean Calvin, French theologian and reformer, was living in Geneva, Switzerland in the time of Elizabeth, daughter of Henry the Eighth. The doctrines of Calvin emphasized the supremacy of the scriptures in the revelation of truth, the omnipotence of God, the sinfulness of man, the salvation of the elect by God's grace alone, and a rigid moral code. Calvin's theology spread into the rest of Europe and up into the far reaches of Scotland where they were espoused by John Knox, a dour yet charismatic preacher on good terms with Mary, Queen of the Scots. Knox's evangelistic spirit attracted many Scots who were opposed to the religious oppression of Mary, a Catholic, and the excesses of Rome. The wave of Protestantism started by Martin Luther had rapidly encouraged the free-thinking Christians of Europe to publicly speak out about and to put into practice new avenues to salvation. As a result many of the standard Roman Catholic dogmas and customs were now being considered not only irrelevant but completely non-essential to achieving Heaven.

John Knox believed in an organized church administered by elected lay leaders whom he called Presbyters, a word taken from the Greek meaning Elders. His Scot followers were thus known as Presbyterians or, after 1643, Covenanters. Through the years the Presbyterian Christian denomination came to be the religion of choice among the Scots in spite of the strong political pressures of Mary of Scotland, Elizabeth of England, James VI of Scotland (later known as James I of England)

and Charles I of England. In spite of, and perhaps because of, the political and religious persecution by first the Catholic Monarchs and later, the Archbishops of the established Church of England, the Scot Presbyterians grew in numbers and influence. But not all were able to manage their lives under these English tyrannies. Many fled to Ireland in the 16th and 17th Centuries.

Since Elizabeth I the Church of England was imposed by force on the Irish populations, the greatest successes occurring in Ulster partly because of the Protestant influence of the Scot Presbyterians in Ulster. It is ironic that they, too, in addition to the Catholics of the rest of Ireland, were targets of Elizabeth's Protestant zeal to bring all of her subjects into the established Church. Presbyterian persecution was increased in the time of Charles I under the direction of Archbishop Laud in 1637. One of the results of Bishop Laud's heavy-handed activities was a strengthening of resistance to the tyrannies affecting the Presbyterians. They promulgated, in 1638, a National Covenant and later, in 1643, a revised statement of solidarity called the Solemn League and Covenant. These documents constituted guidance for their flocks and were intended to defend and extend Presbyterianism against the proselytizing efforts of the English Monarchy.

Under Charles II, now some twenty years after the savagely repressed Irish rebellion of 1641 and ten years after the beginning of the Cromwell regime during which there were more expropriations of Irish lands, the Irish Catholics received special leniency while the Ulster Presbyterians were ever more pressed. The emigrations from both Ireland and Scotland began again. In 1662 the Crown established the Church of England as the official and only authorized church throughout England, Scotland, Ireland and the colonies. Dissenter's resistance to religious persecution was strong but many of them were crushed economically if not in their beliefs.

Charles II introduced a new Act of Conformity which compelled every clergyman of whatever faith to profess before his congregation his acceptance of the Prayer Book introduced by Edward VI, and to take an oath that the Scottish League and Covenant was illegal and impious. In addition to this Act of Conformity, Parliament passed the Test Act in 1673 which was soon being enforced in Ireland as well as other parts of the English kingdom. This provided 1) that civil and military officers take an oath of allegiance to the Crown and acknowledge the supremacy of the King as head of the Church, 2) receive the

sacraments according to the rites of the Church of England and 3) declare against transubstantiation. This restrictive legislation was considered necessary to enforcement of the dictates of Henry VIII and the current ruler Charles II because at this time the Presbyterian leaders were, in fact, ministers of the Church of England with strong Presbyterian (i.e. Calvinistic) views and beliefs. Enforcement of these Acts was only nominal for the Celtic Catholics in Ireland but severe for the Presbyterians of Ulster. The same Acts were enforced in Scotland, thus closing the door on the traditional Irish-Scots escape route. The only way open to the Presbyterians and other dissenters to seek religious freedom was westward - to America. During this same period indentured servants and other types of prisoners formerly sent to Barbados were now, under the reigns of James II and Charles II, being shipped into the Crown Colony of Virginia.

Groups of dissenters, including the Presbyterians from Antrim, were also emigrating to America in the last third of the 17th century. They came to Boston, New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Jamestown and Charleston. It was at some time during the reign of Charles II that a Scot Presbyterian minister - a Covenanter - assembled his flock and, together with his own family, left their homes in Ayrshire, Scotland and headed for County Antrim, Ulster. This Covenanter was Andrew Speer. Within a few short years one of his sons decided that the vicious and often fatal suppression of religious and personal freedom in Ireland was no different than in Scotland. This son, named John Speer, sailed for America in the early summer of the year 1665 arriving in Kent County, Maryland.

JOHN SPEER

JOHN OF KENT COUNTY

Preacher Andrew Speer's flight from Ayrshire to Antrim was not without good reason. Not only was he searching for the freedom to express his religious views but also the opportunity to live by his strict moral code inculcated by John Knox. Another reason was that Andrew had relatives in both Antrim and Tyrone who had managed to survive quite well through all the persecutions. One relative was John Speer of Drumbannoway, another was Thomas Speer of Desertoghill and also Thomas, father of a different John Speer of Balnasaggart. Some of the descendents of these Tyrone branches came to America in later years. They settled mainly in Pennsylvania and New York.

While Preacher Andrew of Ayrshire apparently remained in Ireland near the town of Strebaul in County Antrim, a grandson of John Speer of Drumbannoway fathered a boy named William who came to America, arriving at Christianbridge on the Delaware River on 3 September 1772. [This was actually at Fort Christina, a little below the present Wilmington, Delaware. This fort had been established in 1639 to protect a Swedish colony there. It was so named in honor of Queen Christina of Sweden.] William was 25 years old at the time. He stayed in Pennsylvania only a few miles north and west of Fort Christina for almost a year then went to South Carolina. Most probably he went south along the coast by boat thus skipping North Carolina entirely for they had no serviceable port in that state until later when the port of Wilmington was created. He served in the Revolutionary Army and remained in South Carolina until his death on 17 April 1830. His sons William and Alexander lived long and distinguished lives. From this branch of the Speer family tree of Scots-Irish Presbyterians are descended most of the illustrious Speers of Georgia: Emory Speer, youngest member of the 47th Congress and later U.S. District Judge, Savannah, Georgia; also D. N. Speer, Georgia State Treasurer and later President of the Exposition Cotton Mills, Atlanta; also Alexander M. Speer of Madison, Georgia, a Judge of the Supreme Court of Georgia. Many of the Georgia Speers are also descended from Arthur Middleton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. William Speer (to America in 1772) had four half brothers named Joseph, John, James and Alexander. These names stand out as familiar and oft-repeated names in Speer genealogy. Another standout trait is that, as far as can be determined, all of the Speers who came to America from Ireland were Presbyterians.

From among the four families listed above, many distinguished themselves in the service of the church and mankind including: John Speer, born in Pennsylvania in 1817, the pioneer editor of Lawrence, Kansas. His grandfather, also named John, came to South Carolina from Antrim, settling with other "Covenanters" there. One of the sons of John (1817) moved to Pennsylvania and from there spread out into the newly opened West.

William Speer, born 1822, Presbyterian minister and missionary. This William is the great-grandson of James Speer who came from County Antrim to Lancaster, Pennsylvania in 1759. The early part of William's life was spent as a missionary to China. After living in China and ministering to the Chinese for many years, he was called home to serve on the Board of Missions of his Church, locating in New York City. At this time he became aware that the thousands of Chinese imported to build the Central Pacific Railroad were now back in the area of Sacramento and San Francisco. He determined to continue his missionary work among his beloved Chinese, now out of work and living in a desperate situation. He took passage around the Horn, settled in San Francisco and continued his great work.

Robert Elliott Speer (1867-1947) of New York City, a well known Presbyterian preacher and a very active member of the Presbyterian Board of Missions. His name appeared with regularity in the newspapers across the country, ranking almost as prominently as a preacher and evangelist as Billy Graham of our own time.

There was also an Englishman - not related to the men described above - named George Speere who came to Boston, Massachusetts (Dorchester) from Yarmouth, England in 1642 at the age of 33 and who later settled in Braintree, Mass. All the early New England Speers descend from him.

But all these men were not the Speers of our own ancestry except as they are related back in Ireland. The John Speer who was the progenitor of the Maryland-North Carolina family line in America was no doubt a cousin of these men whose roots go back to Drumbannoway, Desertoghill and Balnasaggart as well as well as being the son of Andrew Speer the preacher from Ayrshire. Andrew's son named John came to Kent County, Maryland in the summer of 1665 - the first known Speer in America of the "Maryland - North Carolina" branch.

It would be foolish speculation to here connect the John Speer of Kent County to the Andrew Speer of Somerset County by simply making the statement that a relationship exists. We know there was a John Speer in Kent County at that time; and we know that Andrew Speer was in Somerset County about a generation later but these two facts have not been brought together to show a relationship exists. At this time we have no documentary evidence to prove a connection even though a fair postulation can be made that Andrew of Somerset was a son of John and that Andrew, coming of age, struck out on his own to claim and work land of his own on the Nanticoke River some 50 miles south of Kent County. But history isn't written this way it is based on facts backed by documentary or testamentary evidence, both of which seem to be missing in this case. Research on this point is badly needed as well as the obvious need for research in Ireland to make the connection that spans the Atlantic. Nevertheless, this writer believes there to be sufficient evidence to show a reasonable family connection between John of Kent County, Maryland and Andrew of Somerset County.

From official Maryland records we know that John Speer arrived in the summer of 1665 indentured for his passage and that, further, he transferred his right to claim 200 acres in the colony of Maryland to a John Dunstayne, the consideration being the 200 acre land grant in exchange for passage from Ballyshannon, County Donegal to Kent County, Maryland. It is quite possible this arrangement was made at Lord Baltimore's own estate headquarters in Donegal whence John Speer had travelled from his home in County Antrim. (The name Baltimore being the name of the Irish estate granted to the Calvert family.) It is also highly probable that the John Dunstayne mentioned in the Maryland land records was the Captain of the ship that left the principal port of Donegal (Ballyshannon) that summer of 1665 carrying other Maryland colonists. A 200 acre grant was the common way in which Lord Baltimore attracted colonists. In the case of the colonist who had no passage money, the grant was due the ship Captain as payment for transport.

John Speer's voyage terminated in Kent County, Maryland, on the eastern shore across the bay and a little north of the colonial capital of St. Mary's City. It was here that John Dunstayne appears in the land records as selling his (formerly John Speer's) 200 acre claim to William Smith who, the records show, already owned 50 acres in Dorchester County known as Smith's Range and 1000 acres in neighboring Somerset County. Smith picked up his new claim in Dorchester County and named it Fishing Point.

My thesis is that John Speer left his home in Antrim for reasons unknown (and here unimportant) in early summer 1665, made his way to Donegal where he made his arrangements to become a colonist. He obtained his passage to America in exchange for his right to a free land grant of 200 acres there. He made this deal with John Dunstayne, the Captain of a ship bound for Maryland.

Now picture John Speer, probably in his late twenties or early thirties, arriving in the New World without much in the way of assets, with no wife or children and anxious to escape some burden back home in Ireland. [That burden was most likely the effect of primogeniture.] He has no way of sustaining himself now except to make a deal with Dunstayne and Smith to go to the location of the land grant and work the land for Smith on a "shares" basis. He takes up the difficult life of clearing the land and starting up a working farm. He stays with this land even though he is not the legal owner but bound to the land by the deal with William Smith. He marries the daughter of another colonist nearby and they produce a son whom they name Andrew in honor of John's father. Human nature being what it is and life in the colonial eastern shore being lonely and isolated, this was no doubt a "common law" marriage, not a religious based marriage. It was a marriage of convenience and may never have been blest by an ordained minister or registered by the local officials. When the son Andrew came of age (and there were no doubt other sons one of whom may have been named Moses) he applied for and obtained a land grant of 200 acres which he named Donegal in recognition of his father's point of departure from the Old World. Andrew had another, later, grant which he named Ballyshine - a corruption of Ballyshannon, the name of the port on Donegal Bay from which his father had sailed.

The story of Andrew is fairly reliably known and proceeds from here based on the extensive work of various Speer researchers. John Speer, however, remains an anonymous person with no land, no blest marriage and no official reason why his name should appear in the colonial records. The rigors of his life no doubt did him in before his time and he passes from the scene without further ado yet leaving his heritage in the presence of a son named Andrew.

So that is the story of John Speer who surfaces in Kent County in 1665 then disappears from the records. The final part of my postulation is that John did have that son named Andrew who is the same person as the Andrew who surfaces in

Somerset county in 1685 with a land grant. There are two salient points that seem to give validity to this thesis:

- 1) The chronology is right for Andrew's coming of age and obtaining his grant in 1685 and
- 2) The proximity of the Smith grant where John lived and the grant of Donegal awarded to Andrew.

[An interesting point in connection with proximity of land grants is that Aaron Speer Sr. (grandson of Andrew) who lived at the Donegal grant married Sarah Kennerly who lived at the Kennerly family holdings at Fishing Creek grant on the Little Choptank River in Dorchester County. Could this be William Smith's original grant which he named Fishing Point? Could Fishing Creek be an extension of or a part of the original Fishing Point where John Speer lived? The Kennerly and Speer families are known to have both lived in this Dorchester - Somerset area for years and were well acquainted with each other. The co-incidences here are too strong to be ignored!]

This is not an unreasonable postulation for events of 300 years ago. It is validated in part by official records and in part by observation and understanding of the needs of humans to live their lives in concord with the constraints of the era in which they lived. In my own view, it is a sufficient and compelling basis on which to proceed with this family history and here tell of the second generation of the Maryland-North Carolina branch of the Speers in America.

We were neither the first nor the last to arrive - the New England Speers came here in 1642 and the Pennsylvania - Georgia Speers in 1771. Our second generation predecessor, then, is Andrew Speer of Somerset County, Maryland, son of Immigrant John Speer and grandson of Preacher Andrew Speer of Ayr, Scotland.

[NOTE: The existence of ANDREW SPEER as the Presbyterian Minister who left Ayr, Scotland about 1660 with his flock and family has recently been discovered by researcher Virgil B. Long. The Chapter JOHN OF KENT COUNTY has been edited to reflect this important facet of SPEER genealogy.

ANDREW SPEER

FAMILY GROUP RECORD

ANCESTOR

ANDREW SPEER

Born	ca 1666	Dorchester County, Maryland
Marr (M1)	ca 1685	Somerset County, Maryland
Marr (M2)	10 Mar 1690	Somerset County, Maryland
Died	Mar 1753	Somerset County, Maryland
Bur	Mar 1753	Somerset County, Maryland
Father	John or possibly Moses	
Mother	Unknown	

ANCESTOR'S WIFE – M1

JEAN or JANE

Born		
Died	ca 1688	Somerset County, Maryland

ANCESTOR'S WIFE – M2

PRISCILLA WALLER

Born		
Died	ca 1761	
Father	Thomas Waller	

CHILDREN – M1 (JEAN)

HENRY

Born	1686	Somerset County, Maryland
Married	1711	Jane Calloway
Died	before 20 Jun 1764	

Andrew Jr.

Born	10 Jul 1688	Somerset County, Maryland
Died		

CHILDREN – M2 (PRISCILLA)

Mary

Born	20 Sep 1692	
------	-------------	--

Moses

Born ca 1695

Joshua

Born ca 1698

Jacob

Born ca 1700

Some questions have been raised as to whether the last three persons mentioned as children of Andrew and Jean are properly ascribed to them. In this document they will continue to be listed here until further definitive information is obtained.

ANDREW OF MARYLAND

In the preceding sections the historical events of the seventeenth century have been outlined that seemed to have a bearing on the impetus for English, Irish and Scot citizens to turn from their homeland and head out across the Atlantic for a new land free of religious intolerance. This social pressure was felt not only by the Presbyterians but by many other folks: Puritans, Quakers, Mennonites, Moravians, Huguenots, Baptists and all the others loosely grouped as "Dissenters." A second reason for travel to America in this century was the granting by the King of England large tracts of land to found colonies based on commercial enterprise coupled with the easy availability of free labor, i.e. indentured servants. A third reason for migration westward across the sea was the combination of the customs of large families and primogeniture. If you were the eldest son your inheritance was assured but the rest of the sons had a more difficult time establishing themselves on a piece of land to provide their family with a rudimentary living.

America held out promises of a new life free from much of the oppression then existing throughout Europe. Availability of free land was a happy bonus. The Pilgrims and Puritans from England established religious-based colonies in New England; Dutch Puritans and other "Reformed" groups as well as commercial interests found their way to New York; Huguenots from France, Moravians from Germany and Switzerland as well as Quakers and Mennonites from various places in western Europe clustered into Pennsylvania; people with diverse religious views came to Maryland under the protection of Lord Baltimore, a Catholic. [It is interesting to note that of all the original colonists into Maryland, only 20% were Catholic.] The first Lord Baltimore held high office under James I of England and received from him not only his peerage (Baltimore was located in County Donegal, Ireland) in 1624 but also a grant of proprietary land bordering on the Chesapeake River. He named this grant Maryland in honor of the mother of James I - Mary Queen of Scots. [The Maryland Historical Society believes Maryland was so named in honor of Queen Henrietta Maria (1609-1669) the wife of Charles I.] Before Lord Baltimore could organize a colony to settle his land he died and the grant was inherited by his son Cecil Calvert, the Second Lord Baltimore.

The Calvert family were Catholic and very sensitive to the persecution of the previous monarchs, especially the immediate predecessor of James I - Elizabeth.

One of the primary principles of the founding of Maryland was that no colonist was to be persecuted or harassed on account of his religious beliefs. This remained in effect until the death of the sixth and last Lord Baltimore in 1770 when proprietary ownership ended. There is no evidence that religious tolerance ended at this same time - only that it was no longer the law of the land.

While the Calvert family originally owned outright the entire grant of Maryland, they made many grants themselves – usually of 200 acres – to the colonists who had come over with the Second Lord Baltimore in 1634 as well as to others who arrived during subsequent years. One of the late arrivals was John Speer. He arrived in Maryland in the summer of 1665.

It is believed that Andrew Speer was born in Dorchester County, Maryland. His grandfather is thought to be Andrew Speer, a Scot Presbyterian minister who had fled the severe religious persecution under Charles II, landing in Antrim then moving westward into Tyrone where there were other Speers, descendants of whom are still to be found in Tyrone. A number of old family documents indicate that the first of the Speer line came to America through Jamestown, Virginia although no official records have been found that substantiate this.

Andrew grew to manhood, it is believed, on the William Smith grant of Fishing Point and that he was barely 20 years old when he set out to make his fortune in the new world on the eastern shore in what is now known as Somerset County. It is not known at this time that Andrew was the only Speer in Maryland then. It is more likely that he had a brother named Moses although no trace of this Moses can be confirmed other than rather vague references in old family papers. These references to Moses as being the Speer progenitor in America are a part of rather old oral history that has never been otherwise documented. It is possible, even quite probable, that Moses did exist but, again for lack of documentary evidence, there is the presumption that he may have died early in his life. It is interesting to note, and this is a plus factor in the premise of the existence of Moses, that the name was carried on through a number of subsequent generations of Speers both in Maryland and in North Carolina.

Andrew, like his father before him, was of the Presbyterian faith. There being no church organizations holding strict Calvinistic views in Maryland at the time, he undoubtedly worshipped at Stepney Parish Protestant Episcopal church, not far

from his land holdings. This is where his marriage records are to be found. Andrew's devotion to God, and his striving for salvation in the manner of the "reformed" congregations was continued as a family tradition through many generations to follow. It matters not whether his heirs allied themselves with others of similar mind but who called themselves Baptists, Quakers or Disciples of Christ. Each of these denominations had many fundamental views and beliefs in common, e.g.

Faith in Jesus Christ as Lord Savior

The Bible as primary source of what is true and right

The loving concern of God for every human being

Direct and constant fellowship between God and every believer

The responsibility of every Christian for his faith and his life (the priesthood of all believers)

Eternal life with God in the "communion of saints"

They also affirm there are only two sacraments established by Christ: the Lord's Supper and Baptism although the methods used in partaking of these sacraments may vary e.g. immersion versus sprinkling. They all believe the Bible is sovereign in matters of faith and conduct. They are true Protestants in the original meaning of the word - they read the Bible and protest (that is, "bear witness to") their private judgement for which each man is directly responsible to God. This is the religious heritage that was inculcated in each generation of Speer children and passed on through the years.

Andrew Speer received a grant of 200 acres of land near the Nanticoke River in Somerset County sometime between 1680 and 1690. (Notwithstanding, the official survey date for this tract is 17 Oct 1696.) This tract was known as "Donegal" in the official records and is located along Barren Creek which runs due east out of the Nanticoke River just a few miles south of the present Delaware state border. The property was close to Worcester County (then) and across the river from Dorchester County where he had grown up and where the Kennerlys lived. The Nanticoke River was (and is) the line between Somerset and Dorchester Counties. This was also the locale of the Nanticoke Indians. It appears from the early records of land grants that there was a custom of not only describing each tract by measurements, landmarks and boundaries but also by name. It is not known whether the name Donegal was conferred on the tract by Lord Baltimore's agents at

the time of the original grant or by Andrew himself. This tract was later inherited by Andrew's son Henry who, in turn, signed it over to his half-brother Jacob.

Andrew prospered sufficiently to marry a neighbor girl named Jean [Jane?] in 1685. They had two sons - Henry, born about 1686 and Andrew Jr. born 10 July 1688. Shortly after the birth of her second child Jean died.

On 10 March 1690 Andrew took a second wife - Priscilla. She is believed to be from the Waller family of Somerset County and the sister of Thomas Waller. From land and church records of the time it is known that Andrew and Priscilla had at least four children born variously between 1692 and 1710. The first was Mary, born 20 September 1692. There is some evidence that there were at least three sons whom they named Moses, Joshua and Jacob. There is also some evidence in land records that there was a Priscilla Speer; the dates involved here indicate that she was most likely the daughter of Andrew and Priscilla.

Andrew, as well as the other immigrants into Maryland, lived in a type of Swedish log cabin built of squared logs with notched ends. The technique for this kind of dwelling was learned from the local Indians who had learned it from the Swedes who had colonized parts of Delaware and Maryland. History of the area tells us that the Delaware Colony, begun near what is now Wilmington was a combined Dutch-Swedish effort under Peter Minuit the former governor of New Amsterdam. This colony did not prosper because there were not enough settlers to ward off the political aggressions of the English colonists. New Sweden then moved north and consolidated itself around Newcastle and Tinicum Island near Philadelphia, leaving the Maryland section clear for Lord Baltimore's colony. The north-south boundary line between the two areas remained in doubt until properly surveyed by the well-known team of Mason and Dixon at the time they established the southern boundary of Pennsylvania in 1767.

We also know that while there were Indians in the area of Maryland, those who were there got along with the immigrants without cause for enmity or fighting. All of the new settlers farmed their land for subsistence crops. It was a difficult life - clearing the land by the ancient method of "slash and burn" then coaxing their crops into existence. Farms were strictly family enterprises. There were some slaves in the area but few settlers had the cash to purchase a slave even if such were permitted by the morality involved. English money was in circulation -

brought over by the colonists - but any reasonable quantity of it was hard to come by for the average settler-farmer. The primary trade item was tobacco; it became their export "money crop".

After establishing his new homestead in the New World, raising a family and acquiring some land and a modicum of material possessions to leave to his children, Andrew died. His death took place some time before March 1753 according to probate records of Somerset County. A probated will attributed to "Andrew" was most probably made by this Andrew's son, Andrew Jr. who, by this time, had dropped the "Junior" because his father (Andrew Sr.) had died prior to the making of this mentioned will. Andrew's wife Priscilla died about 1761. Andrew did not leave a will, but his oldest son Henry was legally awarded possession of the family grant of Donegal - 200 acres. Henry disposed of this tract to Jacob Speer, his half-brother, on 16 March 1753. Andrew's place of burial is not known but it is most likely to be on his original grant land or at the church where he was married - Stepney Parish, Somerset County.

HENRY SPEER

FAMILY GROUP RECORD

ANCESTOR

HENRY SPEER

Born	ca 1686	Somerset County, Maryland
Marr	1711	Stepney Parish, Somerset County, Maryland
Died	ca 1 Aug 1769	Somerset County, Maryland
Bur		
Father	Andrew Speer	
Mother	Jean	

ANCESTOR'S WIFE

JANE CALLOWAY

Born	ca 1691	Somerset County, Maryland
Died	after 1758	
Father	Peter Calloway	
Mother	Elizabeth Johnson	

CHILDREN

Henry

Born		
Marr	1756	Sarah Shores
Died	12 Mar 1773	

Robert

John

Born	15 Feb 1723	
Marr		Elizabeth (Parents of Levi and Levin)

Jacob

Born	3 Mar 1725	
Marr		Elizabeth
Died	10 May 1802	

Mary

Born 25 May 1727

Married Oct 1757 John Shipton (Baltimore)

Sarah

Born 20 May 1729

Andrew

Born 3 Dec 1731

Marr Betty (Parents of Leah Speer Flinn)

Moses

Born 1 Jun 1733

Aaron

Born 25 Nov 1734

Marr Sarah Kennerly

Died after 1813

Jean (?)

NOTE: Mentioned in will but not church or Callaway records. This Jean could possibly be Henry's sister who, at the time Henry made his will, was without means of support in her sunset years.

HENRY OF SOMERSET COUNTY

Henry Speer, the eldest son of Andrew and Jean, was born in Somerset County, Maryland about 1686. No record has been found of his exact birthdate but this date has been constructed from known dates concerning his father. It is thought to be accurate within two years. His mother's name was Jean and her family name is not known. She was the first wife of Henry's father, Andrew. There are some indications that Henry's father was named Moses but this has not yet been proven. The strongest evidence is that his father was indeed Andrew with the possible premise that Andrew had a brother named Moses.

Somerset, an original county, was created in 1666. The county seat is at Princess Anne. In 1742 Worcester County was created from the eastern portion of Somerset County with the county seat at Snow Hill. These counties remained with virtually the same boundaries until 1767 when the running of the Mason and Dixon Line gave some of the northern portion of the counties to Sussex County, Delaware. In 1867 Wicomico County was created from portions of Somerset and Worcester Counties. Salisbury is its county seat.

Henry grew up in the comparative wilderness area of Somerset County, living on his father's grant of 200 acres. He and his younger brother Andrew, born 10 July 1688, helped with the family chores, improving their land. They may also have been helpful in extending and enlarging their log cabin for in a very few years they were to have three more brothers and at least one sister.

Henry's mother died sometime in 1688 - probably right after the birth of her second child - Andrew. When he was about four years old Henry had a new mother - Priscilla Waller.

When Henry was 25 years old he married one of the daughters of a prominent County family - Jane Calloway, daughter of Peter Calloway (born ca 1649 in Somerset County and died ca 1719) and Elizabeth Johnson (born ca 1653) whose banns of marriage were published 26 March 1667 at Princess Anne in Somerset County although they were not married until nearly four years later. It is believed Jane was born in 1691. They (Henry and Jane) were married in the Protestant Episcopal Church in Stepney Parish, Somerset County in the year 1711. Henry

Speer and Jane Calloway had known children as taken from Calloway family records as follows:

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Birth</u>
Thomas	ca 1718
John	15 Feb 1723
Jacob	3 Mar 1725
Mary	25 May 1727
Sarah	20 May 1729
Andrew	3 Dec 1731
Moses	1 Jun 1733
Aaron	25 Nov 1734

The birth years as shown here may be open to rational skepticism in any attempt to explain why these two apparently had one child in the first seven years after they were married and then five years later had another then had a succession of six more children. It is thoroughly possible there were early children who died at birth or shortly thereafter but there is no record of this circumstance. The list of Henry and Jane's children as compiled from a combination of records leaves many questions unanswered and the whole truth has escaped the inquirers. One researcher feels that the Thomas shown here was actually the son of Robert who was the first born of Henry and Jane. Land records of the area indicate that the eldest son of Henry and Jane was indeed Thomas. In any event, we are not primarily concerned with either Thomas or Robert but rather with Aaron who, with family and cousins, came to North Carolina at the age of 36 and is a direct ascendant of the writer of this document .

Henry's first son (if indeed it was Thomas) was named in honor of Henry's step-mother's father, Thomas Waller. Son Henry Jr. lived in Worcester County, married Sarah Shores and they had William, Henry, John and four daughters. They all moved to Surry County in 1771. Thomas moved to North Carolina in 1771. He also had a son named Thomas who died in 1797. Henry's son John lived in Worcester County and had a son named Levi. Jacob farmed his inherited land until 1771 when he sold it and moved with others of his family into Surry County. Jacob had a son William who served in the Revolutionary War. Daughter Mary moved to Baltimore County right after her marriage to John Shipton. Henry's son Andrew, named for his grandfather, settled in Surry County after 1771; he had a son named

Richard who moved on into Kentucky where he got land grants then later moved into Ohio; another of Andrew's sons, Robert, was killed in the Revolutionary War and his two daughters Rhody and Ann were legally bound over to (i.e. adopted by) his brother Andrew. Henry's son Aaron married a neighbor girl, Sarah Kennerly, and later moved with others of his family to Surry County, North Carolina.

Henry's father Andrew died intestate some time before the fifteenth of March 1753 and the tract of land originally granted to Andrew known as Donegal became the property of Henry as the eldest son and heir-at-law. It is believed that because Henry was now nearly 60 years old and had developed his own farm elsewhere and was in no real need of this tract, he decided to pass it along to his son Jacob. This transaction is dated 16 March 1753. Jacob had acquired other land in Somerset County. In 1756 he was granted a 66 acre tract called "Mount Charles" and in 1761 a 37 acre tract called "Buck Hill". Henry deeded in his will half of the Donegal tract to his own eldest son Robert's eldest son Thomas and Jacob, each owned half of Donegal after Henry's death . The deed leaving this property to Thomas was dated 20 June 1764; it was witnessed on the same date then recorded on 10 July 1764.

It is evident that Henry died prior to 1 August 1769 but the exact date is not known. His wife is believed to have died some time after 1758. They both died in Somerset County and their graves are believed to be either on their grant property or possibly in the churchyard where they were married - Stepney Parish.

A final note on Henry: his will of 19 July 1758, probated 7 Aug 1769 shows Andrew as Executor and a 200 acre part of Donegal to Andrew, his son. There was also a bequest of a cow to "my well beloved daughter Jean". This is the only known reference to Jean. There is, however, a distinct possibility that this Jean is a sister of Henry named for her mother Jean. If she is not a sister but in fact a daughter, then the question arises of why she was not included in the Calloway family records concerning Henry and Jane Calloway. To add to the ambiguity concerning Henry and his children, there exists an indenture [a recorded contract for the sale of Donegal] between Henry Spear and Levin Fletcher which states in one place that a Thomas Spear was the eldest son of the Senior Andrew and in another place that this same Thomas is the eldest son of the eldest son of Henry. This researcher believes the four words "the eldest son of" was a duplication on the part of the person who wrote this record and that the word "grand" was omitted

where Thomas is referred to as eldest son of Andrew. If this is accepted, then Thomas must be added to the list of Henry's children, which would then make at least two children omitted from the Calloway records. Lack of clarity on these points indicates further deep research is required to sort out the facts. But neither Jean nor Thomas are moot for this particular family history as indicated on in the list of Henry's above.

NOTE: The descendents of Henry's son Jacob have been researched by Virgil Long of Seymour, Indiana. The descendents of Henry's son John have been researched by Mrs. Louise Shelton of Marietta, Georgia.

AARON SPEER, SENIOR

FAMILY GROUP RECORD

ANCESTOR

AARON SPEER, SR.

Born 25 Nov 1734 Somerset County, Maryland
Marr
Died after 1813
Bur
Father Henry Speer
Mother Jane Calloway

ANCESTOR'S WIFE

SARAH KENNERLY

Born 1735 Somerset County, Maryland
Died Surry County, North Carolina
Father Joshua Kennerly
Mother

CHILDREN

Amelia

Born ca 1753 Worcester County, MD
Marr 9 Jan 1773 John Van de Veer
Died 1835

Henry

Born ca 1758 Worcester County, MD
Marr Rachel (Hudspeth?)
Died ca 1815

Mary

Born ca 1760 Worcester County, MD
Marr 12 Dec 1786 Pat Stuart McGee

Aaron Spencer

Born 5 May 1764 Worcester County, MD
Marr 17 Dec 1787 Elizabeth Forbes Jones
Died Nov 1816

Joshua Kennerly

Born ca 1767 Worcester County, MD
Marr Ruth

Margaret

Born ca 1770 Worcester County, MD
Marr 10 Jul 1790 William Stevens

Note 1: A descendant of Aaron's son Henry has researched his line and still lives not far from the original family homestead – Mrs. Frances Casstevens, Yadkinville, N.C.

Note 2: Worcester Cty. Created 1742 from eastern Somerset Cty.

AARON SENIOR OF SOMERSET COUNTY, MARYLAND AND SURRY COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA

In 1770 Aaron Speer Senior and his brothers John, Jacob, Andrew, and Thomas made a decision to clear out of Maryland and seek their fortunes elsewhere. The protection of their freedom of religion was soon coming to an apparent end by the impending death of the sixth Lord Baltimore and their entire futures were in jeopardy. The seeds of discontent with the British administration of its American colonies had long ago been sewn and revolutionary talk was in the air. The French and Indian wars had quieted down on what was then the edge of the western frontier; many religious groups from Pennsylvania were beginning to move into North Carolina, especially the western sectors. All of these portents seemed to the Speers to hold promise for achieving two of their most strongly held moral principles: freedom to worship following their own convictions and release from the threat of war.

Aaron, the eighth and last child of Henry Speer and Jane Calloway, was 36 years old at this time. He had been born in Somerset County, Maryland on 25 November 1734. Aaron had grown up on his father's farm and had been able to acquire grants of his own in both Somerset and Worcester Counties. On the death of his father in 1753 he did not share in the inheritance, at least as far as the family lands were concerned. About the time of the death of his father, Aaron married Sarah Kennerly, the daughter of a Somerset County neighbor, and began farming in Worcester County. Some members of Sarah's family had left the Maryland area and settled in Philadelphia where their descendants still live.

Aaron and Sarah had six children when they decided to leave Maryland and go to North Carolina. They set about their preparations, selling some of their belongings and their lands that year and in 1771 they moved their family and all their possessions to the then Surry County, now Yadkin County, North Carolina. They stopped their travels when they were safely south of the Virginia border and still somewhat east of the Smokey Mountains and about 30 miles west of what is now Winston- Salem.

There must have been more than thirty Speers who made this journey - men, women and children. It is not known who instigated this hejira or in exactly what

order they left Maryland. Perhaps the bulk of them may have travelled together for safety and mutual comfort. Their search for a peaceful life is characterized by this quotation:

Peace is not the absence of conflict.
Peace is the ability to cope successfully
with conflict, without using violence.

It is conceivable that they left the Nanticoke area by boat across the Chesapeake then up the Potomac a ways before taking to the roads. They may have travelled west and a bit south to intersect the old wagon road from Pennsylvania and thence on to their destination. This old road led them directly into Surry County where they met many Quakers who had traversed the same route from their original Pennsylvania settlements. The Quakers had settled in various parts of the county and had established their meetinghouses in a number of localities. While the Speers were not of the Quaker faith, they did feel a strong religious tie to these people who were so strict in their reverence for God and so strong in their pacifistic views. The Speers no doubt felt that these were the kind of folks they would like to live among. So they settled in, took over some land, cleared it and (after while) applied to the authorities that governed this colony for legal recognition of their land in terms of land grants. Most of the Speer land grants were dated between 1778 and 1789.

From a map of the early land grants and purchases of Yadkin County we can see that the Aaron Speers, some of their children as well as most of the cousins they had travelled with settled within easy distances of each other in all parts of the county. Some settled in the vicinity of what was to become Boonville and others to the east near Yadkinville. We also see that the Aaron Speers took up land near many of the families who were later to figure in the lives of their children. Aaron purchased a piece of land in 1782 near the future site of Yadkinville. He had also acquired a land grant near Boonville in 1792. This grant land was destined to grow into "the family homestead" for it was passed down through the generations of Speers. It also is the site of the family burial plot. Aaron Spencer had land near his father and also in the general vicinity of Yadkinville. Nearby were land holdings of his brothers Henry and Joshua Kennerly I. Five cousins were also represented in this same area: Adam, Andrew, Jacob, John and Levin - all Speers.

The six children of Aaron and Sarah, all born in Worcester County, Maryland, travelled as a family into Yadkin County but it wasn't long before each of the children was of marrying age and would set out on his own to build a new family unit. They are here listed:

Amelia, born about 1753, who married John Van der Meer on 9 January 1773. Amelia and John moved into Kentucky before the turn of the century.

Henry, born about 1755, who married a neighbor girl named Rachel. It is believed her family name may have been Hudspeth.

Mary, born about 1758, who married Pat Stuart McGee on 12 December 1787. Nothing else is known concerning this child.

Aaron Spencer (Jr) born 5 May 1764 who married a county neighbor, Elizabeth Forbes Jones on 17 December 1786.

Joshua Kennerly, born about 1767, named for his mother's father. This same name will be found in later generations of Speers. He moved with his family to Speers Ferry, Virginia in 1800.

Margaret, born about 1770, who married William Stevens on 10 July 1790.

One of the sons of the Joshua Kennerly Speer listed above, was named Michael. What is known of Michael is that he is the apparent beginning point of the Speer lineage outlined so carefully and in great detail, albeit spottily in error, by Dr. Rollo Speer of Iowa. Another of the sons of Joshua Kennerly Speer I was Robert who, with his father, left their North Carolina heritage to go West and settle land of their own in the wilderness area of Kentucky. They had, no doubt, been greatly influenced by Daniel Boone whose home was not far from the Speer holdings. It was before the turn of the century they went west toward Kentucky, following the route usually taken by Daniel Boone, going as far into the Appalachians as the Clinch and Holston Rivers. They didn't remain long because the local Indians were giving trouble to all the Virginia and North Carolina settlers who were coming into their valleys. In 1800 they went a second time into what is now Scott County, Virginia where Joshua established himself on the eastern bank of Copper Creek near the Clinch River not far from the present town of Clinchport. Joshua and his

son Robert farmed the hilly land above the river. In addition to farming, they ferried travelers and their goods across the Clinch as they made their way along the Kentucky Trace, an alternate crossing to the Wilderness Road. Tradition has it that Joshua ferried Daniel Boone across and back many times. In addition, most of the Speers who migrated west in subsequent years would come to visit Joshua and his family, resting there briefly before going on. The spot where Joshua and Robert operated their ferry came to be officially known as Speers Ferry, Virginia and is still to be found on many detail maps of the area.

Before leaving the subject of Robert Speer, there is a humorous story concerning him that cannot be left untold. Robert, born in Surry County, North Carolina on 21 July 1787 gained quite a bit of notoriety during his long lifetime. He was known throughout Virginia as Colonel Robert Speer because he had served in the militia under Capt. Jeremiah Skelton during the War of 1812 but he was known and loved locally as "Uncle Bob." The records of the Virginia Assembly show that he was elected from his district in 1834, in 1836 and again in 1850. Tradition has it that he was again elected to the legislature when he was 90 years old! (The date would be 1877.) In 1936, as mentioned in the Preface to this volume, I was in Speers Ferry, Virginia and spoke to an older man who had known, or at least, had known about Col Robert Speer. I asked where he had lived. "Over that hill there" came the quick reply. He then explained the origin of the name of Speers Ferry; it had been named by Robert's father, Joshua Kennerly Speer, because it was the site of the ferrying operation conducted for many years by the Speer family. When I inquired how long Uncle Bob had been dead the man said just "Oh, quite a long time." He apparently didn't know exactly when he had died but volunteered the information that Uncle Bob had died on his 102nd birthday. [The fact is that he died 24 November 1890 and is buried in the Stewart Cemetery in Clinchport, Virginia.] And here is the rest of the story as told to me that day at Speers Ferry:

"All the folks from here and around gathered on Uncle Bob's 100th birthday for a huge celebration. There was plenty of good farm food and beer and moonshine whiskey. Well, it was such a good party that all the neighbors gave him another big shindig on his 101st birthday and again on his 102nd. Uncle Bob was having a great time with all his friends, even including racing their horses around an impromptu track. Uncle Bob had got himself "all drunked up", fell off his horse,

hit his head and died!"

Few details have been found concerning the lives of Aaron and Sarah. She apparently died somewhere around 1800 or possibly before. It is known that Aaron left Surry County, North Carolina sometime between 1800 and 1810 and moved to Kentucky. It is probable that he had gone to live with his daughter Amelia who had moved to Henry County, Kentucky. It is believed that Aaron served as Chaplain to the troops who were stationed nearby. There exists a letter written by Aaron to his son Aaron Jr. in 1813 from Henry County. It is believed Aaron may have died shortly thereafter.

NOTE: Continuing research into the last years of Aaron Speer Senior is being conducted by Virgil Long of Seymour, Indiana.

AARON SPENCER SPEER

FAMILY GROUP RECORD

ANCESTOR

AARON SPEER, JR.

Born	5 May 1764	Worcester Cty, Maryland
Marr	17 Dec 1787	Surry Cty, North Carolina
Died	15 Dec 1816	Surry Cty, North Carolina
Bur		Frazier family cemetery 2 miles south of Boonville, NC
Father	Aaron Speer, Sr.	
Mother	Sarah Kennerly	

ANCESTOR'S WIFE

ELIZABETH FORBES JONES

Born	14 Feb 1765	Surry Cty, North Carolina
Died	10 Jul 1844	Surry Cty, North Carolina
Bur		Speer family cemetery, Boonville, N.C.
Father	James Jones	
Mother	Elizabeth Forbes	

CHILDREN

Sarah Laura (Sallie)

Born	25 Dec 1788	Surry Cty, N.C.
Marr	24 April 1808	Jacob Dobbins
Died	1875	

Elizabeth (Betsy)

Born	14 May 1792	Surry Cty, N.C.
Marr	3 Dec 1813	James Patterson
Died	1876	

Joshua Kennerly

Born	22 Apr 1794	Surry Cty, N.C.
Marr	1821	Phoebe Mastin Sheppard
Died	27 May 1858	

Nancy Jones

Born	30 Sep 1796	Surry Cty, N.C.
Marr		Unmarried
Died	11 Feb 1882	

James Jones

Born	9 Mar 1798	Surry Cty, N.C.
Marr	25 Sep 1820	Elizabeth Hadley
Died	3 Feb 1853	

William Henry Asbury

Born	31 May 1800	Surry Cty, N.C.
Died	22 Feb 1819	

Aquilla

Born	11 Nov 1804	Surry Cty, N.C.
Marr	19 Sep 1824	Elizabeth Ashby
Died	10 Oct 1888	

Aaron Burr

Born	10 Feb 1802	Surry Cty, N.C.
Died	16 Mar 1802	

Lemuel Jones

Born	12 Mar 1803	Surry Cty, N.C.
Died	27 Mar 1803	

AARON SPENCER OF SURRY COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA

Aaron Spencer Speer Jr. was born on the eastern shore of Maryland on the farm granted to his great grandfather Andrew by the second Lord Baltimore. He was born on 5 May 1764 - his father: Aaron Speer, his mother: Sarah Kennerly Speer. In 1770, when young Aaron was six years old and soon to migrate into a new and unsettled area the political managers of the Colony of Carolina saw fit to accommodate the rising tide of immigrants by creating new counties out of old. This action was a continuation of "county creating" that had been going on since the original seaboard county of Albemarle was divided into three precincts in 1671. One of the newly created counties where a number of families from Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia were soon to settle was Surry - named for Lord Surry who had vigorously opposed taxation in the colonies.

The various Speer families who came to northwestern North Carolina took up land principally in the southern portion of Surry County which, in 1850, was divided in half, the southern half being called Yadkin County for the river that forms its northern and eastern borders. It was an area of many creeks and streams draining the watershed of the Brushey Mountains. Some of the Speer families settled in the locality later to be known as Yadkinville, others a little to the northwest near what became Boonville. In addition to the presence of generous water supplies, another consideration of the colonists was the existence of a very old wagon road that lead into the area from Virginia and Pennsylvania. This well-travelled road crossed the Yadkin River at Shallowford, just east of Yadkinville.

It was during the early growth period of the Colony of North Carolina that its demographic character was formed. There were Scots-Irish Presbyterians coming into the Carolinas as well as great numbers of Friends, Moravians and Baptists. (The members of the Society of Friends derived their pseudonym "Quakers" from the observation that they "quaked in the presence of God.") These groups from Pennsylvania, Virginia and Maryland migrated into Surry County during the last third of the 18th century and established themselves, their churches and their lifestyles which left a lasting imprint on the area. It was their pacific nature and the high ethical and moral standards that characterized the settlers of northwest North Carolina.

Young Aaron Jr. was seven years old when his father and mother brought him to Surry County along with his brothers and sisters. The year was 1771 and homestead lands were available for the asking. It was an area with few colonists and not many Indians. Each piece of land was in a virginal state and had to be cleared of brush, rocks and trees before farming could commence. In addition, and of first priority, was the building of a house for the family. Their first house was a log cabin made in the same style his father had learned in Maryland. They were of squared logs with ends notched both for stability and to allow each log to nest close to the one underneath. The walls were then chinked with clay and grasses to make the house secure against the wind and the rain. The fireplace was constructed of field stones. There are examples of the type of home young Aaron Jr. lived in still standing and restored to original condition in Surry County. The Reid-Spencer home on River Road in Boonville was built in the late 1700s; the restored Matthews cabin in Smithtown is another early example. This type of log cabin was used until a lumber mill was established and stout boards became available for siding and flooring.

Helping his father with clearing their land and building their house was Aaron's boyhood activity. He learned to live "country-style" and apparently enjoyed the life of the landsman for he stayed on at this same farm for the remainder of his life. His book-learning took place at the fireside. There were no formal schools in the area at the time he was growing up so he was taught by his mother and father. We know his father could both read and write because he was an avid Bible reader and was also a preacher of Bible truths. So it is a sure thing that Aaron Jr.'s lessons in morality, philosophy and Christian ethics came directly from the Bible taught by his father. It may well have been the only book the family possessed for a long time.

Aaron Jr. learned his lessons well. He became so imbued with the Biblical teachings that he heeded the admonition to spread the gospel so that all may learn and live by the great truths it contained. He was convinced that everything needed for personal salvation was presented in the pages of the testaments and he set about telling everyone who would listen what he himself had learned. He became a preacher in the Old Baptist Church. Family records show him as a member of the Primitive Baptist Church but this designation did not come into use until about the time of the Civil War.

Aaron grew to manhood in the company of brothers, sisters and many cousins, uncles and aunts who lived nearby. He also knew, worked with and socialized with the neighbor families of his community. Some of these families, as does Aaron Jr., still have descendants living in the county. Some of these families Aaron Jr. grew up with in their pioneer community are: Dobbins, Ferree, Hutchens, Kimbrough, Edelman, Hadley, Hudspeth, Steelman and many others too numerous to mention.

There are many records of land grants as well as purchases made by Aaron Speer in what is now Yadkin County but it is difficult to sort out which were the property of Aaron Jr. and which belonged to his father Aaron. We do know, though that Aaron Jr. eventually came into possession of his father's original grant near the present town of Boonville. This same property was later taken over by Aaron Jr.'s son Aquilla and it remains in the hands of the Speer family to this day. Not far from the original cabin of Aaron Sr. lies the family burial plot in which are interred many of the Speer descendants. Aaron Jr. is buried there beside his wife.

When Aaron Jr. was 23 years old he married a local girl - Elizabeth Forbes Jones, the daughter of James Jones. She was the grand-daughter of General Forbes, commander of the British Army against the French and their Indian allies. In 1754 General Forbes marched against Fort Duquesne from which he scattered the French and the Indians; he then changed the name of the place to Fort Pitt. On this expedition George Washington, then a Lieutenant Colonel, served under General Forbes. After the capture of Fort Duquesne, Forbes set out with his army for Philadelphia but died en route from the rigors of a winter campaign. He had a daughter named Elizabeth who had married a Major Ferree (from Surry County!) of General Forbes' staff. Ferree fell mortally wounded in a skirmish with the Indians. His widow subsequently married their good friend and Surry County neighbor James Jones. From this union they had a daughter named Elizabeth Forbes Jones who later became the wife of Aaron Spencer Speer. They were married in Surry County 17 December 1787.

Their first child was a girl, born 1789 whom they named Sarah but was usually called Sallie. She married Jacob Dobbins, another neighbor, on 24 April 1808. They lived on their farm where she died about 1875.

Their second child was also a girl, Elizabeth after her mother and grandmother but everyone called her by the diminutive Betsy. She was born in Surry County in

1792. When she was 21 she married James Patterson and shortly thereafter they moved to middle Tennessee. She died in Nashville in 1876.

Aaron and Elizabeth's third child was a boy whom they named for a brother of Aaron - Joshua Kennerly. He is the great, great grandfather of the compiler of these sketches and will be discussed in greater detail in the following section.

Nancy was the next child, born 1796. Nancy never married, having been blinded at the age of twelve. She lived with her parents until her mother passed on then lived the rest of her life with her younger brother Aquilla. She was well known and respected locally for her activities as a preacher in the Old Baptist Church as well as for her outstanding abilities in making lace. She was affectionately known among her many nieces and nephews as "Blind Aunt Nancy." She died at the age of 80 and is buried near her father in the family plot at their farm two miles south of Boonville, North Carolina.

Aaron and Elizabeth named their fifth child James Jones in honor of his maternal grandfather. He was born on 9 March 1798. He grew up on the family farm. As a young man he indicated he wished to follow in the footsteps of his father and become a Baptist preacher. He was received into the faith of his father and grandfather and remained an active preacher the rest of his life. On 25 September 1820 he was married to a local girl, Elizabeth Hadley, the daughter of Simon Hadley whose family traces their ancestry back to a Hadley who was Lord Mayor of London in 1300. The Hadleys had come to America and into Surry County for the right of freedom of religious expression - they were devoted Quakers. Elizabeth Hadley's brother Spencer moved to Marshall County, Iowa and became a successful farmer and land owner. Many other Quakers followed him there from Surry County. James Jones Speer and Elizabeth Hadley had six children:

- 1) Aquilla Sheppard born 12 September 1821 and died 12 August 1897. He married Caroline Reece.
- 2) Barzilla born 18 April 1823 and died 25 March 1901. He married Susan Woodruff.
- 3) Priscilla born 10 November 1826 and died 14 June 1906. She married Radford Tyson Hall.

- 4) Mary Evaline born 29 December 1828 and died 16 April 1899. She married Robert B. McGuire.
- 5) James Jones Jr. born 29 August 1833 and died unmarried 16 February 1870.
- 6) Joshua Kennerly III born 7 January 1831 and died 9 March 1909. He married Elizabeth Disborgh.

The next children of Aaron and Elizabeth were boys: William, born 31 May 1800, was studying for the practice of medicine when he died at the age of 18, and Aquilla, born 11 November 1804. Aquilla grew up with his sisters and brothers on the family farm which he was later to inherit. On 19 September 1824 he married Elizabeth Ashby, daughter of William Ashby and Annis Whitehurst of Virginia. Aquilla and Elizabeth Ashby had six children:

- 1) William Henry Asbury - 6 July 1826 - 31 August 1864. He was appointed by the Superior Court as a Justice to take the list of taxable property for the Jonesville (Surry County) District in 1851 immediately following the formation of Yadkin County. He represented the 44th District in the North Carolina legislature for the years 1856 through 1860. He later was a Lieutenant Colonel in the Confederate Army - the 28th North Carolina Regiment and was killed in action at Reams Station.
- 2) Nancy Jane, named for "Blind Aunt Nancy", was born 8 October 1828. She was a well educated woman and became a teacher and later Director of Rockford Female Seminary. Like the rest of her family she was a devout Christian. She died of consumption on 22 January 1857.
- 3) Aaron Clinton, 25 January 1831 - 1 February 1856, was a graduate of and, later, a teacher at Normal College. He moved to Nashville, Tennessee where he was a teacher and the Editor of the Tennessee Patriot. In 1852 he joined the Christian Church. In the same year he married his cousin, Miss A.H. Speer and moved to Boonville, Missouri where he was the Publisher of the Boonville Missourian. He later opened a school in Independence, Missouri. In 1855 he returned home to his father and mother and died in Boonville, North Carolina of consumption.
- 4) Annis Mellisa born 23 May 1834 was named for her grandmother. She was a graduate of Greensboro Female College. She died on 23 April 1858.
- 5) Sylvester T., born 2 February 1837, was the Sheriff of Yadkin County 1862-1864. He was elected County Commissioner of Yadkin County 1870 - 1872.

6) James Monroe born 9 March 1843 was married to Selena Dozier on 20 March 1867. He lived the life of a farmer in Yadkin County and lived all through the Reconstruction days, dying at the age of 85 on 23 March 1928.

Aaron and Elizabeth had two other boys, both of whom died in infancy. They were Aaron Burr (10 February 1802 - 16 March 1802) and Lemuel Jones (12 March 1803 - 27 March 1803).

Aaron Speer, Jr. pursued an active life in his community as preacher, teacher, farmer and father. He raised seven children who were, like their father, a credit to their heritage. He died somewhat prematurely at the age of 51. His widow remained at the family homestead until her death on 10 July 1844 at the age of 89. She is buried in the Speer family plot two miles south of the present Boonville. He is buried in the Frazier family plot a few miles to the west.

NOTE: Complete genealogical information on the descendants of James Jones Speer has been researched by his great grand-daughter Mrs. Virginia Ruth Metz of Clearwater, Florida.

JOSHUA KENNERLY SPEER II

FAMILY GROUP RECORD

ANCESTOR

JOSHUA KENNERLY SPEER II

Born	22 Apr 1794	Surry Cty, N.C.
Marr	1821	Maury Cty, Tenn
Died	27 May 1858	New Hermon, Bedford Cty, Tenn
Bur		New Hermon, Tenn
Father	Aaron Spencer Speer	
Mother	Elizabeth F. Jones	

ANCESTOR'S WIFE – M1

PHOEBE MASTIN SHEPPARD

Born	1801	Halifax County, Virginia
Died	7 Aug 1838	Lasea, Maury Cty, Tenn
Bur		Lasea, Tenn
Father	James Sheppard, Jr.	
Mother	Phoebe Mastin	

ANCESTOR'S WIFE – M2

MARGARET DIXON

Born	1812	
Died	8 Jul 1855	
Bur		New Hermon, Tenn

CHILDREN – M1 (PHOEBE MASTIN SHEPPARD)

William Sheppard

Born	6 Oct 1822	Williamson Cty, Tenn
Marr	18 Jul 1844	Mary Ann Nance
Died	18 Aug 1915	

James Campbell

Born
Marr M2
Died 1884

Maury Cty, Tenn
Euna Nichols

Nancy Kimbro

Born 29 Jan 1829
Marr M1
Marr M2
Died 22 Dec 1885

Maury Cty, Tenn
Dr. Sam Wade
Col Anderson Searcy

Phoebe Cornelia

Born 18 Jan 1827
Marr 10 Feb 1842
Died 20 Mar 1914

Maury Cty, Tenn
John T. Derryberry

America H.

Born
Marr M1
Marr M2 3 Jul 1852

Maury Cty, Tenn
Aaron Clinton Speer
A.E. Tatum

Ephraim Aquilla

Born 7 Aug 1838
Marr M1
Marr M2
Died 26 Aug 1893

Henriette Lyon
America Martin

CHILDREN – M2 (MARGARET DIXON)

Sallie

Marr W. J. Atkinson

Margaret Adaline

Marr John Kirby

Clarinda

Marr Frank Rowlett

Miss Johnnie
Marr

Unmarried

JOSHUA KENNERLY II OF TENNESSEE

Elder Joshua Kennerly Speer is widely remembered over middle Tennessee as the pioneer of the "Reformation" in that section. His character was a symmetry, the excellency of dignity and the purity of godliness. He joined the Old Baptist Church in 1822 but later on went with Mr. Alexander Campbell in the "Reformation" movement. He was ever a glad, grateful man, rejoicing in the prosperity of others, "glad always when crops were bounteous and provisions cheap that the poor might have bread". Not having faith in riches as an essential factor of happiness but of strong conviction that a trade and a good education, the more of it the better, are good things to give the children; he was a preacher for thirty-two years. A man of fortune and of large heart, it may be said of him as of the Master whom he loved and served, "He went about doing good". He died in 1858 leaving as an heirloom to his family a reputation that at once is an honor to them and to Tennessee. He was born in North Carolina 22 April 1794, the son of Aaron Speer who was born in 1766 and died in that State leaving four sons: James, Aquilla, Joshua K. and William and three daughters, one of whom fell blind at fourteen years and went by the name of "Blind Aunt Nancy" - she was a genius in knitting lace and lace curtains. She died at age 80, an earnest, zealous Christian, unmarried. Joshua K. Speer's mother was originally Elizabeth Jones, grand-daughter of General Forbes, the hero of Fort Duquesne in 1758 and under whom Washington served as a colonel after Braddock's defeat.

Joshua Kennerly Speer of Tennessee had an uncle and a nephew who were given the same name. To keep these three Speers sorted out the subject of this sketch will be known as Joshua Kennerly Speer II. He was born 22 April 1794 on his parent's farm near Boonville, North Carolina in what today is Yadkin County but then was a part of Surry County. His boyhood in this lightly populated area, at that time not far back of "the frontier", was without notable events. He had schooling of sorts at home from his father and mother. [Tax-supported schools were not in this area until 1845.] His daylight hours were no doubt spent at work on the farm. Joshua Kennerly was the oldest boy in his family and was certainly in line to take over the family farm; but his mind and heart had turned to the mysteries of the Lord and his brother Aquilla eventually inherited the farm in Boonville.

Joshua Kennerly's parents were devout Baptists. He accepted the teachings of his father but could not understand Baptist theories concerning predestination and election. He searched for light from all whom he thought were able to give him help. He held long and interested interviews with the prominent Baptist preachers concerning his faith. They tried to satisfy his mind but were unable to do so. He doubted the whole system of the Baptist faith. Some of his preachers told him that his doubts were strong evidence that he was one of the elect. However, this did not remove the doubts from his mind.

Joshua Kennerly left home at the age of 24, crossing the Clinch River at Speers Ferry, Virginia where he visited cousins. He followed the Kentucky Trace and the Wilderness Trail through the mountains and on into Tennessee, once a part of North Carolina but now a newly created State. He settled near Franklin in Williamson County. This put him in an entirely new environment. He thought that he might find comfort and further instruction with respect to his religious life. By nature he was pious and humble. He wanted to do the will of God but did not know how to begin it. He had never read the Bible! It did not occur to him to read the Bible for instruction. He began reading the New Testament and he soon saw the light. He was baptized by Elder J. J. Trott, a Disciple of Christ, however he identified himself with the Baptist Church of his community. It did not occur to him that he could be a Christian without belonging to one of the established denominations. He knew that they were wrong in some respects, that they taught much error but he attributed this to the frailty of man.

It was during this period of his life that he met a young lady who had come over the mountains with her family from Virginia and settled into Maury County, Tennessee. They were married in 1821 when she was 20 years old. Joshua Kennerly's wife was Phoebe Sheppard, the daughter of James Sheppard Jr. and Phoebe Mastin of Virginia parentage. Phoebe died in 1838 shortly after her last child, Dr. E. A. Speer was born. She was a very religious woman, domestic and aggressive. Her favorite song began with these lines:

If life's pleasures charm you
Give them not your heart
Lest the gift ensnare you,
From your God to part,
His favor to seek, His praises to speak.

Fix here your hope's foundation.

Whatever company she was in she was sure to give the conversation a religious turn. She was for three years a member of the Old Baptist Church but ultimately went with her husband in "The Reformation" which began as a separate organization about the year 1827. She died as she had lived, a godly woman, in faith triumphant.

Of the Sheppard family the origin is traced no further back than to Virginia. They spell the name variously: Shepherd, Shepperd, Shepard, Sheppard. The following letter, written to a son of Joshua Kennerly II throws some light on the history of this family:

Mr. Wm. S. Speer
Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Sir,

Yours of March 6th received. I am nearly as badly lost in ancestry as yourself. My father, David Sheppard, was born in Virginia, on the Potomac, about 10 miles below Alexandria. He enlisted in 1812, was at the burning of the Capital and surrendered to the British. He was about 18 years old and being thoroughly disheartened and disgusted, he left Virginia immediately on his release and made his way through the wilderness to Kentucky, settling near Lexington. He left parents, brothers and sisters in Virginia but never heard from them from that day until now, except in one instance as follows: In 1862 we were living near Danville, Kentucky; father and mother both very old. An Indiana regiment on its way to the front encamped one evening in a field near our house. (I was away at the time and had not seen my parents for a year.) Two brothers named Bates, Captains in this regiment, came walking up the avenue towards the house to apply for lodging during the night. Mother ran out and embraced one of them thinking it was myself the resemblance was so strong. Explanations followed. Their father, Bates, was from Virginia where he had married a Miss Sheppard and moved to Indiana. Father took the train next day for Indiana and found his sister after 50 years! She, too, had lost all trace of the family. My father, David Sheppard was a millwright; his father was a miller and ran large mills near Alexandria. Both were Quakers. My father died in 1864. My mother was a

Stevenson, both at Hagerstown, Maryland and is still living near Danville, Kentucky, 83 years old. There are several Sheppards in Knoxville. They came from the east and do not resemble the Virginia Sheppards. There is one Joseph Sheppard at this place [Knoxville] a master machinist in the Virginia and Georgia shops who resembles our family. He, too, has lost his ancestry who were Virginians. I think your ancestor James Sheppard from the same line as my father, probably a brother, uncle or cousin. The fact of an inclination to stray off and lose themselves is the strongest evidence to my mind.

Very respectfully,
(signed) Edw. S. Sheppard

Phoebe Sheppard Speer's father, James Sheppard Jr., married Phoebe Mastin in Halifax County, Virginia and settled on the Yadkin River, North Carolina. About the year 1815 he moved to Warren County, Tennessee where he purchased 5,000 acres of land on Hickory Creek, a small tract of which is now in possession of his grandson Milton Gwyn. The town of Viola stands on the original tract. James Sheppard Jr. addicted himself to taking an occasional spree, told his boys to have a good time for he had plenty of money. They took him at his word and drank, danced, indulged in horse racing and in the course of a few years their property melted away; but during his lifetime they did not suffer as he always set them up again.

He (James Sheppard Jr.) moved next to near Riggs Road in Williamson County, Tennessee where he died. His will was probated 16 October 1828 leaving an immense estate of lands, negroes and money to his nine children, four sons and five daughters: Austin, Andy, James, William C., Elizabeth, Polly, Patsy, Sallie and Phoebe, the wife of Joshua Kennerly II. Of the sons, the two oldest, Austin and Andy, married sisters, the former, Rachel, the latter Nancy Cunningham before the family left North Carolina. The third son James Sheppard III lived in Dallas, Texas and married Nancy Alford. The fourth son and youngest child, William C., died in Columbia, Tennessee leaving by his first wife, nee Polly Riggs, several children and by his last wife, Mrs. Parthenia Thevenot, several other children the youngest of whom, Dr. William C. Sheppard, was among the eminent dentists of Tennessee. Of the daughters of James Sheppard Jr. , Elizabeth (Betsy) married Ransome Gwyn of an old and distinguished family in Wilkes County, North Carolina. The Gwyns are Welsh and settled at Jamestown, Virginia in 1610. In 1611 one of them

went to explore the coast of Chesapeake Bay and happening to stop on a small island at the mouth of the Piankatank River which flows through that portion of Virginia now called Mathews County. While there admiring its beauty and fertility he saw a lovely female enter the water and start for the island. But the distance was too great for her to reach her landing. Seeing her about to sink, he plunged in and brought her to the safety of the land. He inquired her name and why she came to that strange place. She replied "My name is Pocahontas. I came here to worship the great spirit of my fathers. But, sir, as you have saved my life and in consideration of this favor, in the name of my father the king of this country, I make this island yours." It was thence called Gwyn's Island. It contains 2,000 acres and 200 inhabitants, nearly all related to the Gwyns though the name is now extinct on the island.

Joshua Kennerly II had chosen the life of a preacher and, as was common among those spreading the Gospel of a new Christian set of beliefs, his life was not an easy one. He travelled not only within his own county but throughout the neighboring districts. Very few people today can realize the hardships that were endured by preachers of the Gospel in the nineteenth century. Besides the transportation difficulties of the day there were two very formidable obstacles: the uncaring world and the established religious denominations. These enemies are found today in many communities, but they are not so prejudiced and bitter in their persecutions as they were in the earlier days of "The Restoration" movement. It was unpopular to proclaim "the ancient order." Oftentimes the one who proclaimed the gospel had to suffer persecution. Those who preached at that time came out of some well-established denomination. When one came out of a denomination and began preaching the gospel, he lost the friendship of all his acquaintances and incurred the enmity of the denomination from whence he came.

He began his preaching ministry on the fourth Lord's Day in November 1823. He was identified with the Baptists at that time. But he was not trying to preach what the Baptists believed but what little he knew of the Bible. He wanted to honor God and teach His truth, even though he knew very little of it at the time. He became a reader of *The Christian Baptist*, published by Alexander Campbell, and this led him to preach with more clarity the truth as revealed in the New Testament. It was difficult for him to banish from his thoughts the confusion of religious error that he had learned. He continued to preach, and was among the first in the State of Tennessee to come from the Baptists and preach "the ancient order

of things", i.e. the message of the Biblical stories and the strictness of Calvinistic thought as laid down by the Campbellites (Disciples of Christ).

He set his heart to the task of teaching his neighbors, and all who would listen to him, the will of God. He was a successful preacher and had a wonderful influence over his hearers. He had entered the evangelistic field and preached in Northern Alabama and Middle Tennessee whenever opportunity was offered him.

It was during these years that Joshua Kennerly II was raising a family - he and Phoebe had six children. They were all born in Maury County, Tennessee.

William Sheppard was their first born. He is the great grandfather of the writer and will be treated in detail in the following section.

James Caswell became a fine dentist and eventually moved back to the Appalachians - to Coeburn, Virginia - not far from the ancestral home in North Carolina.

Nancy Kate who married Dr. Sam Wade and lived in Paducah, Kentucky. On the death of Dr. Wade she married Col. Searcy.

Phoebe Cornelia who married John T. Derryberry (b. 27 Feb 1820; d. 4 Mar 1900) and went to live in Columbia, Tennessee.

America H. married her cousin Aaron Clinton Speer at an early age. Death took her husband after a short marriage and she then married Mr. A. E. Tatum.

Ephraim Aquilla their last child - he married Henriette Lyon.

Shortly after the birth of her last child Phoebe Mastin Sheppard Speer died in Lasea, Maury County, Tennessee at the age of 37.

Within two years Joshua Kennerly II had re-married and started a new family. His wife's name is Margaret Dixon and their children were:

Sallie who married W. J. Atkinson.

Margaret Adaline who married John Kirby.

Clarinda who married Frank Rowlett.

Miss Johnnie who remained a spinster.

Joshua Kennerly II had switched his creed from the Baptists to the Disciples of Christ in 1832. He felt much more comfortable with his association with the Christian Church (these names are today used synonymously) and he expanded his ministry in scope, understanding and zeal to bring the Bible message to all who would listen. He became more active in this work, travelling throughout his state and into neighboring states. He also became more adept at preaching and was very persuasive. He was positive in nature and preached the gospel in a direct way. There was no misunderstanding him. He had but little education from books but he became quite familiar with the teachings of the Bible and had the gift of expressing himself with clarity and force. He had sympathy for those he thought in error and, with his power of presenting the truth with clearness and his power of exhortation, he won many to Christ. In 1848 we find him teaching clearly the duty of members of the church. He wrote to the Editor of The Christian Magazine and said:

For three months I have been trying to bring about a better state of things in the churches where I have labored by teaching the disciples what the scriptures demand them to do and what they forbid their doing as members of Christ's body. As the course most likely to insure success in this, I have laid great stress on personal and family culture. I am perfectly convinced that, if a member of the church will not try to add to his faith all that is commanded (see Pet. 1: 5-7) he should be removed from the community. Again, if a member who is at the head of a family will not read to (if he can read), and offer prayer to God in his family, he should be excluded.

This shows that Brother Speer saw the need of teaching the word of God in the family.

The following information concerning Joshua Kennerly II has been excerpted from "The Gospel Advocate", a periodical publication on the Disciples of Christ and is on file at their Historical Society in Nashville, Tennessee. With the exception of the final paragraph the quotation continues to the end of this section.

In 1850 we find him [J. K. S. II] preaching at Cathey's Creek, Dunlap, Liberty and Mount Horeb. In giving a report of his work for 1849, he gives the

number of additions to these churches, which amount is above three hundred. He held a meeting at Totty's Bend and baptized 18 in July of that year. In August of the same year he held a meeting at Lynnville, Tenn. and baptized 29. He preached a week at Weakley's Creek and baptized fifteen. He held a meeting at Lasea in 1849 and baptized fifty. In 1850 we find him doing evangelistic work in Giles and Lawrence Counties. In these counties he established many congregations. We find him also preaching in Wayne, Lewis, Maury, Hickman and Lincoln counties. He established churches in all of these counties that year. In 1852 we find a record of his work published in the Christian Magazine. In his report he says: "I had the good fortune to plant a church at Williamsport, Maury County, Tennessee last year (1851) numbering thirty-eight members. Several have been added to this congregation this year (1852)". There are very few congregations in Maury County that have not felt the influence of Brother Speer.

In 1855 we find him living in Rutherford County. He held a meeting for Rock Springs Church, in that county, beginning on July 13, 1855 and continuing for one week, in which there were forty additions to the church. In making his report to The Gospel Advocate he says, "Let us thank God and take courage." He preached monthly for the Rock Springs Church during the year 1855 and there were fifty-three additions to the church that year. On December 27, 1855, he reported to the Gospel Advocate that he had just closed a meeting at Brawley's Fork (old Brother Calvin Curlee's earthly home) with seventeen additions. He also reported that he had fifteen additions at Cripple Creek, in Cannon County, and fifteen at Millersburg, Rutherford County. He closes his report to the Gospel Advocate as follows: "As ever, your brother in the best of all labors on earth, J. K. Speer."

In 1856 he visited his old home in Yadkin County, North Carolina. He had a brother living there at Yadkin Institute. He preached there and baptized fourteen and planted a church there. He says that he preached "three times in the meetinghouse in Rockford, and three times in the Courthouse in Yadkinville to very large congregations who seemed to be anxious to learn the gospel plan of salvation more perfectly. Never did I see a people more ripe for reformation than they are at this time in North Carolina. I believe we ought to send one or more to preach the gospel there." This report was made to the Gospel Advocate in 1856. His meeting at Yadkin Institute was held in the early

spring of that year. Again, we find him visiting Yadkin Institute in September of the same year. In making his report of this visit he says: "I am happy to say that I have found the disciples here walking in truth. They have met every Lord's Day since they first became a congregation last Spring. I have added nine to their number since my arrival." A later report shows that nineteen were added to the church and that he preached at five other places in the state. He reported that he had preached at Dobson, Surry County, North Carolina and found there two ministers - one a Baptist, the other a Methodist "both of high standing in their respective churches, and of fair abilities both natural and acquired. After hearing me three times the Baptist minister most freely gave up his humanisms for the truth, and after hearing four more discourses the Methodist made the good confession and was immersed in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins; with these I gained fourteen others, thus planting a church in Dobson of sixteen members, with two of as good preachers as are to be found in that region. Thus you see I gained thirty-five in all."

We find Joshua K. Speer in 1857 living in Lavergne, Tenn. and a member of the Board of Trustees of Franklin College. This shows that he was in high standing and in great favor with Tolbert Fanning. He was interested in the education of the young people of his country. He was especially interested in preparing young men to preach the gospel. In giving his report for the year 1857 in *The Gospel Advocate*, we find him at McMinnville, Tenn. in a week's meeting in which there were twenty additions to the church. That year he preached at Lynnville six days with seven additions. He reports holding a meeting at New Hermon where he labored with Brother D. Lipscomb in a meeting and baptized nine. He was associated with Dr. T. W. Brents in a meeting at Liberty, with twenty-five additions. At Ebenezer he joined Brother D. Lipscomb and Brother T. Fanning in a pleasant meeting, with twelve additions. This year he had one hundred and thirteen additions to the congregation at Rock Spring, in Rutherford County. No preacher labored more abundantly than did Brother Speer. This year he lived at New Hermon, in Bedford County, Tennessee. This congregation is one of the oldest congregations in the state.

Brother Speer died at his home at New Hermon May 27, 1858. A visit by representatives of the Church of Christ to his tomb in the little cemetery near

the New Hermon church house revealed that, according to the record on the tombstone, he died in 1859. This is an error, evidently placed on the stone some years after his death. The Gospel Advocate bound volume of 1858, page 256, gives a report of his death. The Millennial Harbinger of 1858, page 540, gives a brief report of his death. These evidently record the date of his death correctly; hence, the date on his tombstone is an error.

Joshua's second wife (she is shown on their grave marker as his "Consort") was 18 years his junior and outlived him by 27 years. She is buried by him in the church cemetery in New Hermon and is memorialized with him on a common obelisk grave marker.

Joshua Kennerly Speer II gave his life for his belief in God and the Bible. He was an illustrious and charismatic man who followed life's highest calling. He is a man of whom all his descendents can be justifiably proud.

WILLIAM SHEPPARD SPEER

FAMILY GROUP RECORD

ANCESTOR

WILLIAM SHEPPARD SPEER

Born	6 Oct 1822	Williamson Cty, Tenn
Marr	18 Jul 1844	Pulaski, Giles Cty, Tenn
Died	18 Aug 1915	Guthrie, Oklahoma
Bur	21 Aug 1915	Summit View Cemetery, Guthrie, Okla
Father	Joshua Kennerly Speer	
Mother	Phoebe Mastin Sheppard	

ANCESTOR'S WIFE

MARY ANN NANCE

Born	10 Feb 1823	Pulaski, Giles Cty, Tenn
Died	12 May 1853	Williamsport, Tenn
Bur		Williamsport, Tenn
Father	Col Joseph Nance	
Mother	Eleanor Black	

CHILDREN

Charles A.

Born	19 Dec 1845	Giles Cty, Tenn
Marr		Mary Flynn

Alex C.

Born	1 May 1847	Giles Cty, Tenn
Marr	3 Feb 1876	Sue Cloud
Died	27 Nov 1937	

Henry Clay

Born	22 Dec 1849	Near Oakland, Yalobusha Cty, Miss
Marr	25 Dec 1872	Mary Cordelia Dallas
Died	2 Sep 1936	

Mary Phoebe

Born	3 May 1851	Richland, Holmes Cty, Miss
Marr		Nelson McGinley

CHILDREN – by his second wife – Euna Echols - 1854

Jacob C.

Born 25 Aug 1854

Marr Lettie Templeton

CHILDREN – by his third wife – Martha Fielder - 1857

William C.

Michael Sheppard

WILLIAM SHEPPARD OF TENNESSEE

William Sheppard Speer, abbreviated to Wm. S. Speer by which he is more generally known in the South and West as a teacher, preacher and author, was born in the southeast corner of Williamson County, Tennessee on Sunday morning 6 October 1822. He was the son of Joshua K. Speer and Phoebe Sheppard, daughter of James Sheppard Jr., a wealthy trader, farmer and merchant who died March 1830 at the age of 60; he was the wealthiest man of his day in Williamson County but few of his numerous descendents have much property. William Sheppard Speer was named by his mother in honor both of her youngest brother William Clinton Sheppard and of her husband's brother William, and the name Sheppard for her father. His mother always called him by his middle name - Sheppard.

Between the ages of six and twenty-five William Sheppard went to school some twelve years, to 35 teachers in all including the professors in Bacon and Bethany Colleges. Bethany College was a newly established college founded by Thomas Campbell who also established the Disciples of Christ religious group. Campbell had been a Presbyterian minister who became dissatisfied with some of their teachings and broke away to establish a church with no hierarchy and with dogma based strictly on the Christian principles taught by the Bible. William Sheppard, following in his father's footsteps, joined the Christian Church as organized by Thomas Campbell's son Alexander. He joined in 1839 and preached the lessons of the Bible as put forth by the Christian Church from 1842 to 11 December 1866.

William Sheppard married in Giles County, Tennessee on 18 July 1844 a "lady of the best domestic blood" - Miss Mary Ann Nance. She was born 10 February 1823, a daughter of Col. Joseph Nance, a wealthy farmer and cabinet maker of Giles County. Her mother, nee Eleanor Black, "was a marvel of industry, domestic management and thrift." Mary Ann's sister married her cousin Dr T. G. Black, an eminent physician of Clayton, Illinois who died in 1885, a very wealthy man of prominence and influence. Her youngest sister Tabitha of Nashville, the widow of Mr. Sam Wadley, a merchant and farmer of Giles County, Tennessee but who died at Ft. Smith, Arkansas, has three beautiful and accomplished daughters Effie, Mary and Julia and a son Samuel Blevins Wadley, one of the foremost young business men of Nashville. Mary Ann's five brothers are: 1) James W. 2) William 3) Thomas 4) Jefferson and 5) Samuel Nance. Mary Ann Nance Speer received a

splendid education at Franklin, Tennessee in the school of the well-known Prof. F. Fanning. She was a lady remarkable for the purity of her sentiments, the delicacy of her tastes, the refinement of her manners, her prudence, good sense and religious devotion. She died of consumption at Williamsport, Tennessee 12 May 1852. By his marriage with Miss Nance, William Sheppard had four children:

Charles A.	born	19	December	1845
Alex C.	born	1	May	1847
Henry C.	born	22	December	1849
Mary Phoebe	born	3	May	1851

Of these, the first two were born at Col. Nance's house, Giles County, Tennessee, the latter two in Mississippi - Henry Clay near Oakland, Yalobusha County, and Mary Phoebe at Col. Elias Taylor's house near Richland, Holmes County. All these joined the Christian Church in their "teens".

Mary Phoebe is the wife of Nelson D. McGinley of Topeka, Kansas and had ten children, one of whom (Edith) died at age four or five. The other children are:

Nelson Irving	
William DeLoss	
Elmore Edwin	
Sheppard Jerome	
Mary Phoebe	(named for her mother at the request of her mother's father)
Emily	
Henrietta	
Grace	(a name chosen by her grandfather Wm. S. Speer in gratitude to God for all blessings received and hoped for in the life to come)

Henry Clay married Miss Mary Cordelia Dallas, the brilliant daughter of Dr. Jerome Dallas of Baldwin City, Kansas. Henry Clay is the grandfather of this writer and as such will be treated more fully in the following section.

William Sheppard's son Alex C. was a telegraph operator, Postmaster and fruit farmer of Benton, Arkansas. At age 15 he accompanied his father to Zanzibar,

"seeing the wonders of the Lord in the deep, and the wonderful scenery and people of that far away country. He married the beautiful Miss Sue Cloud 3 February 1876 - they had eight children:

Henry Ephram	born	8	November	1876
Susanna Eliza	born	8	September	1878
Alex C. Jr.	born	21	September	1880
William	born			
William Sheppard	born	4	October	1882
Louisa	born	6	October	1884
Jane Gracie	born	29	August	1886
Name unknown				

The names of the children of William Sheppard's son Charles A. are unknown. The last time William Sheppard saw his son Charles A. he was President of a Temperance Society in southwestern Missouri.

By a subsequent marriage (in 1854) William Sheppard had a son, Jacob, born in 1854.

William Sheppard had two brothers, one of whom - Dr. J. C. Speer - was a gentleman of many splendid accomplishments and widely known as a dentist of high reputation. Dr. Speer's daughter Inez, a beautiful and travelled lady, was the wife of Tom H. King, planter and stock raiser near Belmont, Gonzales County, Texas. They have two daughters Mary Amanda and Nellie.

William Sheppard's other brother was Dr. Ephraim Aquilla Speer of Readyville, Tennessee. He studied medicine at the University of Nashville and served three years as an assistant surgeon in the Confederate Army. He married first Miss Elizabeth Henrietta Lyon in Rutherford County; they had eight children:

Thomas J.
Alex C.
James A.
Wilburn
Austin Flint
Nannie Phoebe

Myrtle
Jennie

William Sheppard said of these children: "Myrtle was probably the most beautiful of them all; her figure is a marvel of perfection." Their mother died 26 August 1883. Again quoting William Sheppard: "It is alike creditable to her and to him that during a married life of 23 years not a cross word passed between them - the highest mark of a finished gentleman." Dr. E. A. Speer married Miss America Martin of Rutherford County, Tennessee in 1885.

William Sheppard Speer's sisters are:

Cornelia - "the happiest of her father's children" married Captain John T. Derryberry of Maury County, Tennessee and had fourteen children:

Marshall W.	- died March 1882 while serving in the Army
Christopher Columbus	- merchant of Nashville married Mary Timmons and had four children.
America Virginia	- the wife of G. B. Lockridge, farmer
Leman	- dentist and farmer, married Mary Amos and had five children
Mary Margaret	- the wife of S. T. Hardison with two children
Huthon	- merchant, music teacher, unmarried
John B.	- farmer, married Mary Tatum, lives Comanche County, Texas, one child
Phoebe C.	- wife of M. C. Kinnard, farmer
Alphonso	- farmer, married Lizzie Brown, two children; married second Jennie Bells of Vesta, Tenn. 29 Aug 1887
Ephraim A.	- farmer, music teacher, drummer
Jefferson Davis	-
Wilburn	-
Connie	-
Ross	-

America - wife of A. E. Tatum, Comanche County, Texas; they had four children:

Ada Phoebe	born	21	August	1868
Joshua Campbell	born	29	March	1871
Sallie Leona	born	29	November	1874
William Sheppard	born	13	April	1876

Nancy - "a lady of wonderful fortitude, very beautiful and of gracious disposition", married Dr. Sam Wade. By this marriage she had four children:

Nannie Kate	- wife of A. B. Sowell, merchant of Paducah, Kentucky, four children
Gertrude	- wife of W. C. Harrison, merchant of Columbia, Tenn.
Carrie Daisy	- teacher
Daisy	-

William Sheppard Speer also had four half sisters: 1) Sallie (Mrs. W. J. Atkinson), 2) Margaret Adaline (Mrs. John Kirby), 3) Clarinda (Mrs. Frank Rowlett) and 4) Miss Johnnie, musician.

As a teacher of common schools in the country, William Sheppard was a success for those times although he felt he had studied too many branches to be more than a "smatterer" in any. Nevertheless, he was a man of learning, a master of no specialty but rather a man of general education. From November 1842 he taught school off and on, in all about 25 years, by his own reckoning. He taught in Hardeman, Maury, Hickman, Rutherford and Shelby Counties, Tennessee; Yalobusha, Carroll and Holmes Counties, Mississippi; in Bowling Green and Louisville, Kentucky; in Washington County, Pennsylvania; in Posey County, Indiana; in West Plains, Missouri; in Douglas and Davis Counties, Kansas and in Independence, Polk, Scott, Hempstead, Pope, Conway, Sevier, Dorsey, Grant, Randolph and Faulkner Counties, Arkansas. In 1871-1872 he was Principal of Free Public Schools of the City of Marshall and of Harrison County, Texas under appointment from State Superintendent Col. J. C. DeGress. In 1877 he conducted

with brilliant success three Kansas County Normal Institutes, 4 weeks each at Beloit, Jewell Center and Smith Center. During the succeeding winter he was Principal of the Junction City (Kansas) Normal School.

William Sheppard's long teaching career was paralleled by another career - teaching the Word of the Lord. He was earning his living in the schoolroom but his years as a preacher were perhaps even more important to him. He was raised as a Primitive Baptist but as a young man received the guidance from his father that the will of the Lord was entirely contained in the Bible and the Christian Church seemed to be the best approach to personal salvation. Like the Primitive Baptists of the Appalachian region William Sheppard and his father agreed with the Disciples of Christ that no church should have a hierarchy, that there should be no human innovations, that the Lord's Supper must be celebrated and that baptism of the believer was necessary for redemption. Perhaps the main difference in views was that the Baptists believed in ordination by the local churches and the Disciples held that every true believer was a Minister of God. They both believed in the divine inspiration of the Scriptures, the need for man's redemption from sin and the ultimate triumph of the Kingdom of God.

William Sheppard began his ministry under the banner of the Christian Church and continued to preach his beliefs for many years. In 1846 he was preaching and gathering souls for Christ in Giles County and Maury County, Tennessee. As he moved about in his teaching career he kept up his evangelistic work wherever he went. In 1849 he was teaching and preaching the Gospel in Oxford, Mississippi. By 1855 he was sending back to his church's founder, Alexander Campbell, glowing reports of conversions in Mt Sterling and other communities in Illinois. Later in the same year he was on a preaching tour with his father in Rutherford County, Tennessee and ten years later he was still travelling and preaching The Word but this time in Indianapolis with his cousin, Joshua Kennerly Speer III. In his own words, he retired from his ministry the following year - 1866.

While teaching and preaching in Holmes County, Mississippi in 1852 he persistently and openly avowed his anti-slavery sentiments. This espousal of a Christian cause forced him to flee to the North - Tennessee, to be exact -the place of his birth. His first wife, Mary Ann Nance, died shortly after their arrival in Williamsport, leaving William Sheppard with four small children - ages 1 to 7. He remarried two years later. This second marriage did not last for shortly after the

birth of a son, Jacob, the son and his mother left for Ft. Worth, Texas. In 1855, just at the time of his second marriage and while residing in Rutherford County, he founded and taught at Zimmerman Institute in Millersburg, Tennessee. By 1861, again teaching in the South where the slave question was soon to create a national disaster, he was forced to flee north to escape the punishment due an ardent "Union Man" and abolitionist.

Under appointment from President Lincoln in 1862-63 he was United States Consul at Zanzibar charged with watching over U.S. trade relations with the Sultan. His reports went directly to Secretary of State Seward, who later achieved popular notoriety for "Seward's Folly" - the purchase of Alaska.

In addition to William Sheppard's activities as a teacher and preacher, he managed the time to be a writer and editor. In 1860 he edited the Shelbyville (Tennessee) Expositor and in 1866 for a brief period the Leavenworth (Kansas) Conservative. During 1880, 1881 and into 1882 he compiled the "Encyclopedia of the New West"; in 1882 and 1883 he wrote "Louisiana Biographies." In 1885 he published "The Law of Success". In addition to these works he wrote "Sketches of Prominent Tennesseans" and "Sketches of Prominent Georgians". He was also the author of "Speer's Rhyming Speller" and "The Man Who Arrives". The former book was intended as a teaching aid and was inspired by the success of the Eclectic Readers put out in 1836 by William Holmes McGuffey. McGuffey was a dour disciplinarian and teacher of moral philosophy which he had based on his Scottish Presbyterian (i.e. Covenanter) religious views. McGuffey taught in Paris, Kentucky and later at Oxford, Ohio. It is doubtful that he and William Sheppard ever met unless it was at their publishers in Cincinnati. As to Speer's Rhyming Speller, the original, hand-written version still is in existence but no evidence has been found that it was ever published. In 1864, after returning from Zanzibar, he wrote and published a 100 page tract entitled "Notes on Things That Are Wanting in the Congregations of the Reformed" which, on withdrawing from that denomination, he wished he had not written and ordered his agent in Cincinnati to destroy the 600 copies then on hand.

The last years of William Sheppard's life were devoted to compiling information on his family. He wrote many letters to his cousins, nieces and nephews to get information. Some of the family data that he collected appears in the preceding pages. On 6 May 1909 (he was then 87 years old) he wrote his

nephew, Dr. J. C. Speer of Coeburn, Virginia that he had turned over all his papers to his niece, Kate Wade Sowell of Paducah, Kentucky. That letter was posted from Lancaster, Texas.

Another letter of interest is one from Aquilla Speer to his nephew William Sheppard Speer which tells a little of his opinion of older brother Joshua Kennerly Speer II. It is reprinted here:

Esteemed Nephew:

Your letter of 26th ultimo was received February 2 and it was very pleasant to read a letter from you - it was truly like good news from a far country. You speak so kindly of your dear father, my esteemed brother. It was said of him when he was in this country, 1854, that he was one of the ablest preachers ever here. [Yadkinville] Brother J.K., when he was a young man was a great favorite among his acquaintances and was spoken of as very intelligent. I would go with him to school 3 miles when I was only 9 years old. He was a great hunter, killed deer, turkey and other game. My great grandfather's name was General Forbes. My great grandmother Forbes (nee Jones) died at grandfather Jones' and she, grandfather and grandmother Jones are buried within a half mile of where I now live.

You say in your letter you think I am of a sunny disposition. I always tried to make my visitors feel at home and I love to play with children yet. I know your father was ever light-hearted and cheerful. As to the Speer family my father Aaron Speer died when I was in my 12th year so I never heard him say much about them.

Your Uncle,
A. Speer

NOTE: This letter is not dated but it is believed it was written when Aquilla was about 75 years old!

One of the last paragraphs of William Sheppard's autobiography is of interest because it seems to shed light on early family history. However, the story it tells should be accepted with careful skepticism; it sounds too much like a fanciful tale

made up to intrigue the reader and add color and mystery to Speer antecedents. It is quoted here:

"The Speers are of Irish extract. The original progenitor of the Speer family [in America] was a member of the Irish parliament who having, in the heat of debate killed a fellow member by hitting him on the head with a blackjack bottle of whiskey, fled the country in a Baltimore packet and settled in Maryland. One of his descendents married Elizabeth Jones, a grand-daughter of General Forbes by whom he had issue, Aaron Speer, Surry County, i.e. father of Joshua Kennerly Speer."

William Sheppard's cousin, Joshua Kennerly Speer III, had this to say about him. These words were written in 1905.

"Cousin William S. Speer, son of Uncle Joshua, is about 84 and almost in the prime of life in his studies. He is a thorough scholar, a great Bible student, a fine learner, and in his younger days counted one of the most eloquent and brilliant readers. An educator by profession, a lawyer, a United States Consul but above all a believer in the writings of Moses and the Prophets as interpreted by Jesus and His apostles, and therefor is waiting as I am for the return of Jesus to Jerusalem to restore the twelve tribes of Israel to the land promised of God to Abraham, and through that restored Kingdom to bless all Gentile nations and thus bring in the day of righteousness seen by all the Prophets when Christ will be personally reigning on earth and sin and death shall be no more."

William Sheppard Speer died in his 93rd year at the home of his daughter Mary Phoebe Speer McGinley in Guthrie, Oklahoma. He is buried in Guthrie. He had led a long and full life doing what his Calvinistic conscience drove him to do - teach others the way to salvation of the soul, and the earthly and heavenly rewards of leading a moral and spiritual life. Like his father, he, too, is an ancestor of whom all Speer descendents can be justifiably proud.

HENRY CLAY SPEER

FAMILY GROUP RECORD

ANCESTOR

HENRY CLAY SPEER

Born	22 Dec 1849	Near Oakland, Yalobusha Cty, Miss
Marr	25 Dec 1872	Baldwin, Kansas
Died	2 Sep 1936	Redlands, California
Bur		Redlands Cemetery, Redlands, California
Father	William Sheppard Speer	
Mother	Mary Ann Nance	

ANCESTOR'S WIFE

MARY CORDELIA DALLAS

Born	10 Aug 1853	Sewellsville, Ohio
Died	20 Jan 1935	Redlands, California
Bur		Redlands Cemetery, Redlands, California
Father	Leander Jerome Dallas Nancy Beeks Hood	

CHILDREN

Henry Dallas

Born	7 Dec 1873	Topeka, Kansas
Marr	20 Aug 1896	Elizabeth Stanton Moss

William Paul (Walter)

Born	14 Jun 1876	Junction City, Kansas
Marr	12 Apr 1899	May Josephine Donnelly

Edna

Born	21 Dec 1877	Topeka, Kansas
Marr		Robert Ninion Dow

A SPEER ANCESTRY FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

HENRY CLAY OF TOPEKA, KANSAS

It was during one of the first of many preaching tours of his father that Henry Clay was born. His father was preaching in the countryside while teaching at a school in Yalobusha County, Mississippi. His father was 27 years old when Henry was born near the town of Oakland. Henry's brother Charles A. was four years old and his brother Alex C. was just two. The year was 1849. The new baby was named for the illustrious American statesman and Secretary of State, Henry Clay. Young Henry was destined to follow in his father's footsteps as a teacher.

Henry's father persistently and publicly aired the abolitionist views of his conscience and his church concerning Slavery. The people of Mississippi could not accept this aspect of biblical teaching and soon told Henry's father that he had better leave the South. He took his wife and family north to where he had been living when he married - Williamsport, Tennessee - in 1852. Not long after re-settling there Henry's mother died of consumption. Henry was but two and a half years old at this time and his baby sister - Mary Phoebe - not quite one.

Henry's father re-married briefly, then went on his way, resuming his calling as an itinerant preacher and teacher. The care of four small children was incompatible with his peripatetic lifestyle and chosen calling. This part of Henry's life is not well known. It is believed Henry spent most of his growing years in and around Leesville, Indiana as well as in Topeka and Lawrence, Kansas. It is not known where he attended primary or secondary schools. What is known is that Henry, his brothers and sister lived with Mrs. Elizabeth Faler for quite a while both in Indiana and in Lawrence. Mrs. Faler moved from Leesville to Lawrence where Mr. Faler died. Mrs. Faler must have taken the Speer children with her at this time. It seems clear that, while in Indiana, Mrs. Faler knew not only William Sheppard Speer but also his cousin, Austin G. Speer of Leesville. After Mr. Faler had died, Austin G. married Mrs. Faler and they moved to Yates Center, Kansas, some 50 miles away, where they died and are both buried in the Kalida Cemetery. [Austin G. Speer was a great-grandson of the Andrew Speer, born 1731, who was a brother of Aaron Speer, great-grandfather of William Sheppard Speer, In addition, Austin was a

A SPEER ANCESTRY FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

grand nephew of Leah Speer Flinn of Leesville as well as being an uncle of Rollo Speer.]

From 1855 on Henry saw little of his father - only on those occasions when he would return to Leesville or Lawrence for a visit. From a review of the amount of travelling done by Henry's father during this period of time, and the number of times he left the children in the care of a friend, it would seem that Henry and his brothers and sister grew up without much parental care. It might be said that Henry's father was a much better teacher and preacher than a family man. By the time the father went to Zanzibar his oldest son Charles was 17 and presumably had struck out on his own. Henry's brother Alex - age 15 - went to Zanzibar with his father as Consular clerk while Henry and Phoebe were left in Lawrence with Mrs. Faler.

Lawrence, Kansas was first settled by a group of 29 who had come out from New England. They decided to name their town in honor of Amos A. Lawrence, a wealthy industrialist and leading supporter of the New England Emigrant Aid Society. By January of 1861, on the eve of the outbreak of the Civil War, Kansas was admitted to Statehood. Lawrence by then had a population of 9,000 (out of a total of 107,000 in the state) and wielded considerable political influence. Lawrencians held the highest offices in the state legislature, Mr. Lane and Mr. Pomeroy of Lawrence were the first U.S. Senators while Dr. Robinson, one of the early town leaders, became the first Governor of Kansas. The first Lieutenant Governor was Joseph L. Speer, also of Lawrence. The city narrowly missed becoming the state capital.

On the 21st of August, 1863 William C. Quantrill in command of a troop of irregular Confederate soldiers swept into Lawrence and began an orgy of murder, pillage and wanton destruction which in little more than four hours left the city in ruins. With a kind of grotesque chivalry the raiders spared women and children but shot down every man they encountered: one hundred forty-three, dead, thirty wounded. Seventy-five businesses were destroyed and nearly one hundred houses. In this connection, Rollo C. Speer - descended from Andrew (born 1731) - in a letter to William W. Speer dated June 3, 1936 told of this raid:

A SPEER ANCESTRY FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

“Margaret Hill McCarter's book "A Wall of Men" tells the story of how the Lawrence men stemmed the tide of slavery in Kansas; John I. Speer is a character in that historical novel.

I sang when a boy "Old John Brown had a Little Indian" little realizing that I sang about the Speer family. This line of the song is a reference to White Feather the Delaware Indian who was at the river at Osawatomie when Quantrell's men were crossing on their bloody mission to sack Lawrence. Swift of foot, he outwent them to Lawrence and warned John Speer. He and his wife and little William were saved but John M. and Robert Speer (18 and 19 years old) were shot in the streets during the raid. John I. Speer died as recently as 1906 in Denver and is buried in Lawrence. Your grandfather [An error - reference should be to "your father", i.e. Henry Clay Speer] knew him at Lawrence when he [HCS] was teaching at Eudora and at Baldwin.”

Note: John I. Speer is believed to descend from the William Speer who came to America on September 3, 1773 landing at Christiana, Delaware.

From this letter it would seem that Henry and his father were not the only Speers to live in Lawrence. They had been preceded there by at least a few years by John I. Speer and other members of that family. John I. Speer was a pioneer editor in Lawrence and his brother Joseph L. Speer was the first Lieutenant Governor of Kansas. John and Joseph had come to Lawrence from Medina, Ohio 29 September 1854 and promptly established a printing business. While there is the possibility that young Henry Clay may have lived for a time with these distant cousins no references to this have been found.

In any event, Henry chose to follow in his father's footsteps as a teacher. Henry had earlier become a member of the Christian Church but did not become a preacher as his father and grandfather had been. Henry took up the teaching profession at an early age.

While teaching in Baldwin City, Kansas Henry met the daughter of a prominent physician of Baldwin - Mary Cordelia Dallas. She had made the move from Sewellsville, Ohio with her family in 1859 - she was six years old when they

A SPEER ANCESTRY FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

arrived in Baldwin. She received most of her education from Primary Grades on at the first school of higher education to be established in Kansas - Baker University. Her father, Dr. Leander Jerome Dallas was not only a physician but a devout Methodist who contributed greatly to the earliest development of Baker University. Mary Cordelia was the eighth person to graduate from Baker and was the only person in the graduating class of 1872. Henry and Mary Cordelia were married in Baldwin on Christmas Day, 1872.

Henry picked up a love of writing from his father who was a compulsive and prolific writer. Although nothing remains of Henry's writings, he was for many years the Editor of the Western School Journal which he had founded. Henry's accomplishments in his early years were many. He had a number of positions as teacher and at age 31 he ran for and was elected to the post of State Superintendent of Public Instruction. He served his State in this capacity from January 1881 through the year 1884. Kansas had only been a State for 20 years when he took office and the population was growing rapidly due to the recently completed railroads through the State. The rails were bringing in thousands of new Americans from the ports along the eastern seaboard. The immigrants brought their children with them and they - as well as their children - needed a general education. The Federal Land Ordinance of 1785 reserved lot 16 of every township established on Federally granted lands. This lot was to be used for primary public schools. Land for industrial and agricultural education were additionally provided to the States under the Morrill Act of 2 July 1862. These two Acts were the cornerstones of the constitutional guarantees of public education for all citizens. While in the Office of Superintendent of Public Instruction Henry greatly expanded Kansas' implementation of these Acts by moving to build one room schoolhouses throughout the State. These rural schools became the backbone of free public education in America.

On another educational level, the University of Kansas had been established 12 September 1866 as a "land grant" college as authorized by the Morrill Act.

The challenge in Kansas, and in all the new States, was to provide the "little red schoolhouses" so all settlers could have the education guaranteed by the Constitution. The building of schools throughout the State was too much for the treasury of the new State so they turned to municipal bonds for their source of

A SPEER ANCESTRY FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

income. As Superintendent, Henry was responsible for the creation of the network of Township District schools throughout the State. To this day, a large oil portrait of Henry Clay Speer, Superintendent, hangs on the wall of the building housing the Kansas Department of Public Instruction in Topeka.

During his four years with the Office of Public Instruction, Henry came to realize there was a widespread need for investment funds to be applied to municipal projects, in addition to schools, such as water and sewer systems and other large scale public utilities. After completing his two terms of office with the State, he established the Investment Bank of Topeka in 1885. After four years of very successful operation in Topeka, Henry moved his company to Chicago, the business and financial center of the mid-west. The name of the company was also changed - to H. C. Speer & Co. The name of the company was again changed when Henry took in as members of the firm his son William Walter and his son-in-law Robert N. Dow. Thereafter the company was known as H. C. Speer & Sons Co. In 1895 it was located at 237 La Salle Street; in 1899 at 226 La Salle Street then for many years in the First National Bank Building, again on La Salle Street. It was the oldest private municipal bond house in the city of Chicago.

The depression of 1906 devastated the nation and put thousands of people and firms out of business. H. C. Speer & Sons was severely hurt during this time and Henry withdrew from active administration of the company, leaving most day-to-day operations in the hands of his son William Walter. Later on, Henry assumed the position of Chairman of the Board while W.W. became President. After 1906 Henry seems to have been specializing in obtaining business for his company in the newly populated areas around Guthrie, Oklahoma and Fort Smith, Arkansas. He and his son-in-law Robert Dow made many trips to these areas and established offices in both these cities.

It was during this same period that Henry and his wife moved in with their youngest child Edna and her husband, Robert N. Dow. These two families remained together for the rest of their days: in Chicago on 101st Place, Beverly Hills, at Henry's cottage on Portage Lake near Onekama, Michigan and lastly in the Dow home in Redlands, California.

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Henry Clay's first child, Henry Dallas Speer, was born in Topeka on 7 December 1873, and named for his father and his maternal grandfather. Henry Dallas married Elizabeth Stanton Moss in Chicago on 20 August 1896. Henry Clay's second child was William Walter, born 14 June 1876 in Junction City, Kansas. This child was originally named William Paul but while a young man he substituted the name Walter for Paul. Henry Clay's third child and only daughter, Edna, was born 21 December 1877 in Topeka. She married Robert Ninion Dow, a banker from Wisconsin, in 1903. They lived on the far south side of Chicago for many years. In 1925 they moved to Redlands, California.

Henry Dallas Speer graduated from the University of Chicago and soon went to work for Harold Swift at their packing plant at the Chicago stock yards. Henry advanced through the years to become head of the sheep and lamb department by the time of his retirement. He then moved to South Laguna, California at which place both he and his wife died. They are buried in the Redlands Cemetery near the graves of his mother and father, Henry Clay and Mary Cordelia. Henry Dallas and his wife Elizabeth had but two children: Stanton and Dallas. Stanton married Marjorie Schnering who, with her brother Otto, was co-owner of Chicago-based Curtiss Candy Company. Stanton worked for the candy company for a while then set himself up as a peanut broker supplying Curtiss Candy with their entire requirement for peanuts. At one time Stanton took a flyer and attempted to corner the chicle market but just when he thought he had succeeded William Wrigley dumped a large quantity on the open market leaving Stanton holding the bag for future deliveries of enormous quantities of chicle. At this point, Curtiss Candy, best known for their Baby Ruth candy bar, suddenly went into the business of selling gum! Stanton spent the war years, 1942 - 1946 in the Army Transportation Corps working with the French and German rail systems. On his return he resumed his prospering peanut brokerage. He sold their house in Evanston, Illinois and moved to Barrington, Illinois where he began raising Arabian horses. On his retirement he and Marjorie moved to Escondido, California where he continued to raise and show his Arabians. Their only son, Stanton Jr. lives in Rancho Bernardo and is very successful in the field of real estate financing. Stanton and Marjorie both died in Escondido and are buried in Redlands near his mother and father.

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Henry and Elizabeth's other son, Dallas, (a family name on his mother's side) grew up on the south side of Chicago as did his brother Stanton. With war clouds on the American horizon and all of Europe locked into a deadly struggle, Dallas signed up with the U. S. Army Signal Corps to become a flyer. He was stationed and trained at Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas in 1917 and 1918. Dallas remained at Kelly Field as an instructor until, after considerable badgering on his part, he finally got on the list for shipment overseas. The Army's reluctance to send him into combat right after training stemmed from their rule that pilots must be at least 5 feet four inches in height - and Dallas was only five feet three! He was sent to Camp Vail, New Jersey (now Fort Monmouth) in late summer 1918 for shipment overseas. But the Army retained him at Camp Vail as a final check-out instructor until November when he was put on orders. Before he could leave, the war in Europe came to an end. After his release from service he bought a Curtis-Wright "Jenny" from war surplus stocks and began barnstorming around the country. Dallas took this writer on his first flight in 1920 over La Grange, Illinois. Dallas met and married Ruth Melvin and she thereafter accompanied him on his barnstorming tours - travelling from town to town taking up passengers for a fee. She preceded him into each locality to put out advertising and to drum up local interest. After a number of injury-free crashes and some emergency landings in farm pastures Ruth convinced Dallas to give up this life and settle down. Dallas agreed. However, it is not surprising that his idea of "settling down" was to take a job with the Curtiss Candy Co. flying around the country dropping parachute-wrapped Baby Ruth candy bars on the surprised townspeople gathered below. After a few years of this work Dallas succumbed to Ruth's further pleas and took an inside job with Curtiss Candy where he used his skills at time study, operations efficiency and inventing. He devised a new system for high speed wrapping of candy bars which is still in use today. During these peace-time years of 1919 - 1941, Dallas enthusiastically kept up his military association as a Reserve Officer so that when he was recalled to active duty in 1941 as a Colonel in the Air Force. He was soon promoted to Brigadier General. During the war he commanded a Group in the South Pacific. After the war he returned to Curtiss Candy for a while then retired and moved near his brother Stanton in Escondido. Both Dallas and Ruth died there. They also are buried in the Redlands Cemetery.

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Henry Clay and Mary Cordelia's second son they named William Paul although in later years the Paul was dropped in favor of Walter. There is no record that the name was changed legally - it apparently was adopted into everyday use. William Walter is the father of the writer and as such will be treated in detail in a following section.

Their third child was a girl whom they named Edna. With her two brothers she grew up on the south side of Chicago. She had been born in Topeka, Kansas but came to Chicago with her parents when she was a young girl. These three children grew up in an environment of education and Christian morality although none of them demonstrated unusual piety during their adult years beyond fairly regular church-going. The extensive and dedicated zeal to teach the ways of Christ as told in the Bible seems to have gone into an eclipse with this generation. Edna met and married a Scotsman from Wisconsin whose father was a man of fairly substantial means who owned small town banks and had other investments in the area north and west of Milwaukee. His name was Robert Ninion Dow - an Americanized version of Dhu, the name his grandfather arrived in America with. On the death of his father, Robe (as he was called) inherited a small bank in Lake Ripley, Wisconsin. Shortly after he and Edna were married he joined Henry Clay Speer in his bond business in Chicago and was associated with Henry Clay in school bond enterprises in Arkansas and Oklahoma. Robe and Edna Dow lived with her father on the near south side of Chicago but shortly after World War I the two families moved to Beverly Hills, a suburb of Chicago, buying a house on 101st Place. Robe withdrew from H. C. Speer and Sons about this same time and thereafter put his energies towards his various entrepreneurial activities. At about this same time he sold his interest in the bank in Lake Ripley. Edna, meantime, was kept busy taking care of her mother and father as well as her two children: Janet and Robert Speer Dow. About the year 1910 her father, Henry Clay, had obtained a small piece of lakefront property on Portage Lake, just north of Manistee, Michigan, where he built a summer cottage to which he and Mary Cordelia would retreat during the summer months - April to October. They grew their own food, raised chickens and lived a beautifully companionable life together. During school vacations Robe and Edna would take their two children to Portage Lake to visit the grandparents for

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the summer. It was during these summer vacation periods that the Dow children and the Speer children became close playmates and friends.

In 1925 Robe and Edna decided there was no particular reason for them to remain in Chicago so they sold their house in Beverly Hills and moved to Redlands, California with their children and her mother and father.

Robe and Edna's children were Janet and Robert Speer Dow. Janet married Bailey Cook, the son of a rather well-to-do family from Los Angeles. Bailey worked for many years for the shipping and food processing firm of Castle and Cook. On his retirement they moved to Salem, Oregon. Robert married Carol Sperry of Pasadena. They had three children: Helen Candace, a teacher, married, divorced, remarried and living in South Lake Tahoe, California, Roderic Sperry, architect, married and living in Rocklin, a suburb of Sacramento, and James Robert, dentist, married and practicing in Anaheim, California. Bob worked for many years for Cannell and Chaffin, the top quality furniture store of Los Angeles; they lived in Arcadia. Carole died in 1984 and Bob still lives in their home in Arcadia.

Mary Cordelia Dallas Speer died in Redlands, California on the 20th of January 1935. Her husband, Henry Clay Speer notified his children and other relatives by letter dated 24 January 1935. It is quoted here verbatim:

My Dear Friends,

I am advising you of the death of my companion of 62 years last Sunday, 20th instant, after a brief illness in the course of which her great heart gave way without distress as she smiled upon her first born son Henry.

This house is that of my daughter who, with her husband R. N. Dow, have shared their home with us some ten or twelve years. In October Henry and his wife came in with us for the winter, and in December came W. W. and his wife from Chicago to hold reunion with us for the holidays. It was one grand celebration for the Speer

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family under the happiest conditions - voted by all of us as the happiest Christmas of our lives.

There is no sting in this death - not a single thing to regret except her own feeling that she didn't like to be sick and have to be waited on, just another unselfishness on her part. From 1853 (August) to 1935 (January) is a long span of life, and my own life from 1849 (December) to 1935 a little longer. She had outlived all the others of her family, father, mother, brother and sisters and I have one brother living. So we count ourselves among the entitled and expected to go forward in natural order into the new and abundant life which our Lord promises to those who believe in Him. And she has gone ahead with a great happiness of a season in which she had her very own and their mates present with us and word from every grandchild and great-grandchildren in good health and sending us greetings. It has all been too wonderful for anything but elation of spirit and we are sure she has ended this life enjoying all that happiness.

A life, a mind, a heart, a conscience, a love a faith such as hers leads us into the beatitudes; and I think we all feel the triumphant victory inspiring us.

I know I shall be lonely even with love surrounding me - but I shall not be alone! And I shall find something to be and to do, trying to be worthwhile.

I send you love and greetings,

H. C. Speer

Eight months later Henry Clay Speer followed his wife in death. The attending physician told the family that there was no medical cause of death - he just died of a broken heart.

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WILLIAM WALTER SPEER

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FAMILY GROUP RECORD

ANCESTOR

WILLIAM WALTER (PAUL) SPEER

Born	14 Jun 1876	Junction City, Kansas
Marr	12 Apr 1899	Chicago, Illinois
Died	16 Oct 1950	Laguna Beach, California
Bur		Lot 14, St Dominick Sec., Holy Sepulchre Cemetery, Orange, California
Father	Henry Clay Speer	
Mother	Mary Cordelia Dallas	

ANCESTOR'S WIFE

MAY JOSEPHINE DONNELLY

Born	27 Sep 1873	Chicago, Illinois
Died	18 Feb 1957	Laguna Beach, California
Bur		Same as above
Father	John H. Donnelly	
Mother	Margaret Dee	

CHILDREN

Josephine

Born	Jul 1900
Died	14 Apr 1901

Paul Dee

Born	2 May 1902	Chicago, Illinois
Marr M1		Helen Carr
Children	Paul Dee Jr, Michael Carr	
Marr M2		Mary McGinnis

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Margaret

Born 10 Mar 1905 La Grange, Illinois
Marr Curtis Blair Woolfolk
Children Blair, Nancy, Margot, William

John Henry

Born 10 May 1906 La Grange, Illinois
Marr M1 Janet Ifeld
Children Ross Donnelly
Marr M2 Gertrude

Helen

Born 15 Jan 1908 La Grange, Illinois
Marr Dale McCutcheon
Children Ann

William Walter

Born 24 Dec 1909 La Grange, Illinois
Marr M2 Yvonne Rutledge
Children William Walter III

Richard Donnelly

Born 16 Jul 1912 La Grange, Illinois
Marr 14 Aug 1942 Gertrude Mary Rowan
Children Mary Elizabeth, Eileen Elizabeth, Richard Donnelly, John Rowan,
Patrick McCormick, Kathleen, Christopher Rhein

Evans

Born 9 Feb 1918 La Grange, Illinois
Marr Elizabeth Mercer Peck
Children Dee, Patricia*, Pamela* (*Fraternal twins)

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WILLIAM WALTER OF CHICAGO

William Walter began life in a Kansas prairie town with the imposing name of Junction City, not far from the geographical center-point of the United States. His father was teaching there and his grandfather was Principal of the Junction City Normal School. The date was 14 June 1876 - a date later to be known as Flag Day. The following year the family moved back to Topeka where William Walter grew up. When he was 13 years old his family moved to Chicago, living first on the near south side then later in a house near the University of Chicago.

His youth was spent in the normal activities for the day. He was sent to Kenyon Military Academy in Gambier, Ohio and then to the Harvard School for boys in Chicago. As a young man he even had one of the early versions of the bicycle - the kind with the six foot diameter front wheel with the one foot rear wheel. He had met May Donnelly, later to become his wife, and went courting on this bicycle. There is an amusing story to tell of his courting days: he frequently rode the elevated railway to get to May Donnelly's house. May had a small white dog that had an annoying tendency to shed his short white hairs on William Walter's blue serge suit. On the way home on the "L" he would sit quietly plucking the small hairs from his suit while the astonished passengers, unable to see the hairs from a distance, thought him to be a bit daft - the kind of person who didn't have both oars in the water! Despite this, William Walter and May Josephine Donnelly were married on the 12th of April 1899. They set up housekeeping in Chicago. William Walter had already started on his lifetime career working for his father as a dealer in municipal bonds.

The exact date of birth of their first child is not known, estimated to be July 1900. She was named Josephine in honor of her mother. She died nine months after her birth, sometime before the 15th of April 1901. She is buried in Lot 154, Block 22 in Mount Olivet Cemetery, Chicago, Illinois, the deed to which plot was purchased by William Walter from Patrick A. Feehan, Archbishop of Chicago on 16 April, 1901.

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In the Fall of that same year May was pregnant with her second child. He was born 2 May 1902 in Chicago. He was named Paul Dee, first name in honor of his father's original christening name and second name for his mother's mother Margaret Dee.

May and William Walter decided that they should move out of the city into one of the growing suburbs. He had \$7,500 to put into a house of their own and if they were to have a family they should also have a house and generous yard for the children to play in. They searched the various suburbs for a place they could afford, finally settling on a three bedroom house at 225 South 6th Avenue, La Grange. They remained in this house until the summer of 1924 when they exchanged it for a beautiful brick house near the campus of Northwestern University in Evanston.

Paul Dee grew up in La Grange, attending the Cossett Avenue school and later the Lyons Township High School. He was something of an independent youth. After graduation he attended the University of Michigan where he was a member of Alpha Delta Phi fraternity. In the Spring of his senior year he got into trouble with the authorities for infraction of rules. He left school then returned to Chicago and attended Northwestern University Law School. At this time his father's business was in great financial difficulty and he quit school to work in the office helping his father. He shortly resumed his law studies, working in the daytime and going to Kent College of Law at night. He graduated and later passed the Illinois Bar. While Paul never appeared in court as a practicing barrister, he applied his legal training to excellent use in pursuing his primary business - municipal bonds. He combined these two skills very profitably for the rest of his working life.

Paul married Helen Carr of Aurora, Illinois, his father's private secretary. While it may have been looked upon originally as an unusual arrangement, it turned out to be an excellent marriage that was only terminated by Helen's death from cancer nearly fifty years later.

Paul and Helen had two children - both boys. The first, born in Evanston, they named Paul Dee Jr but always called him Pete. Pete graduated from Stanford and soon signed on with the Navy as an Intelligence Officer. When he was stationed in

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London he met and married Patti Pascoe. After they had returned to the United States the marriage began breaking up and they were subsequently divorced. They had one daughter, Caroline. Pete continued with his Navy career which took him not only to London and Washington, D.C. but to Iceland, Korea, Hawaii and Japan. While in Korea he met, and later married, an enterprising young woman - Yang-Ye Im - who returned with him to Chicago after he terminated his twenty year career in the Navy. During the time Pete was in the Far East he pursued his academic career, obtaining a Masters Degree and starting on his Doctorate which he later continued to pursue at Northwestern University in Chicago. They now live in Winnetka, Illinois.

Paul and Helen's other child was named Michael Carr Speer. He grew up to be an intellectually gifted young man, exercising his curiosity in many fields. He attended Pomona College and Stanford where he received his MA degree. He later returned to Stanford where he completed his work for a Doctorate in Metallurgical Engineering. Michael married Mariel in Palo Alto, California but the marriage did not last. There was a son by this marriage, Charles, who was endowed with the same caliber of intellectual capacity as his father. Charles proved this by graduating with honors from California Institute of Technology and is now studying for his Doctorate at Cornell University. In the meantime, Michael, who was raised a Catholic, embraced the Subud branch of the Muslim religion. While living in Washington, D.C. and working with the National Science Foundation he applied for a job in his specialty field and was asked to go to Oklahoma for ostensible further interviews. Having been lured there by false promises, he met a tragic and mortal fate at the hands of a murderer who used Michael's identity to start a new life.

Paul Dee was an astute business man, recognizing and seizing opportunities as they surfaced, and an excellent financial manager. He prospered throughout his business career. In 1942, with his country at war, Paul decided to join the Navy. This decision was not taken lightly for it meant he would have to resign his position and sell his shares of H. C. Speer and Sons. He obtained a direct commission in the Navy as a Lieutenant and was sent to Quonset Point, Rhode Island for indoctrination training.

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On completion of service at Quonset Point Paul was assigned to the brand new carrier Franklin and left for the Pacific war zone. While in the combat zone and after several battle encounters his ship took a kamikaze attack and suffered considerable damage. They were ordered to return to Seattle for repairs. The entire crew was re-assigned to other duties; Paul was assigned to the Navy's Desert Training Center. When repairs to the Franklin were complete and she was ready for sea, Paul might have returned to his ship but declined and took up his option to remain where he was. It was a fortunate decision for the Franklin was attacked again and this time sunk with the loss of over 700 men.

An interesting sidelight on the matter of Speer military service appeared in a 1942 issue of the house magazine of the Chicago Athletic Association, of which both William Walter and Paul Dee were long time members. It is quoted here:

SPEER FAMILY GOES ALL OUT FOR WAR

"William W. Speer, whose membership dates from 1916, and Mrs. Speer are proud of their family representation in the war services - three sons in the Army and two sons in the Navy. Lieutenant Paul Speer, a CAA life member, is stationed at the Naval Air Station, Quonset Point, Rhode Island; Second Lieutenant John H. Speer is in training with the Army Air Corps at Miami Beach, assigned to Charleston, South Carolina; Officer Candidate William W. Speer Jr. is with the Armored Force at Fort Knox, Kentucky; Second Lieutenant Richard D. Speer is in the Signal Corps at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey; Ensign Evans Speer is a member of the Reserve Medical Corps at Northwestern University; a son-in-law, Dale D. McCutcheon, is in training at Miami Beach in the Army Air Corps, assigned to Bolling Field, Washington, D. C.; and nephews (sons of the late Henry D. Speer) Lieutenant Colonel Dallas M. Speer is with the Army Air Command at Wright Field, Ohio, and Captain Stanton H. Speer is in the Army Air Corps at Seattle Washington."

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William Walter and May were extremely proud of this family effort. They displayed in the front window of their house in Laguna Beach the customary blue star for each family member in service - they showed five stars in all! May also had made a gold and white enamel pin showing the five stars for her five sons in service. They were additionally rewarded and blessed when all five came home after the war.

On completion of his war service Paul remained in California with a membership on the Los Angeles Stock Exchange. He joined A. C. Allen & Co. as a municipal advisor and underwriter notably buying, selling and financing toll bridges and ferry systems in Oregon, Washington and Florida. He remained there until 1948 when he returned to his home turf of Chicago as a municipal bond underwriter specializing in large construction projects. In 1952 he established his own business - independent consultant in municipal finance. His consulting firm grew and prospered through the years when he sold it, retaining a consulting position with the new owners. He retired for good in 1982 and established his home in Palm Springs, California. He still lives there, across the highway from his favorite golf club - the Thunderbird Club - where he plays golf nearly every day as he approaches his 83rd birthday.

The next child of William Walter and May was their first of two girls; they named her Margaret after the child's maternal grandmother. Margaret was born 10 March 1905 at the family home in La Grange. When Margaret was 14 years old she contracted a severe case of pneumonia which developed into pleurisy. The approved medical treatment of the day included keeping the lungs well drained of fluid. This necessitated insertion of a tube into the lungs and coming out her side to accomplish the drainage; she lived with this tube for many months until she was cured. Margaret (and her little sister Helen) went to Saint Mary of the Woods Academy in Terre Haute, Indiana for one year then to Chicago Latin School until transferred to the Sacred Heart Academy in Lake Forest. There she met many fine girls who were her friends for life. On completion of schooling she met and married a stock broker, Curtis B. Woolfolk, who had grown up on the south side of Chicago. Curt worked as a stock broker at the time. They were married in her parent's home in Evanston. The date was an ill-starred one - 27 October 1929 - the

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first day of the Great Depression during the early part of which stock values took record falls. Many people had their life investments completely wiped out. Curt survived the crash and remained as a broker for a number of years.

They had four children: Blair, Margot, Nancy and Bill. Blair married a lovely girl from the North Shore and became a stock broker like his father. After some years he found himself in trouble with his employers and customers for some of his business activities which were less than ethical. No one in the family has seen Blair for many years. Margot married a doctor and went east to live; they are currently living in a beautifully remodeled Reconstruction Era home in the old part of Charleston, South Carolina. Nancy married an Army Officer and after a dozen years divorced him and moved to Redlands, California where she met a most charming and companionable Air Force Colonel stationed nearby - Wallace Carter. They married and are living in Redlands. Bill grew up, for the most part, in Redlands, went to High School there then took a year at the Jesuit operated University of San Diego. He didn't stay too long for lack of motivation. Not long after returning to Redlands he met and married a fine young woman with three children from a previous marriage. He and his wife Jackie moved to Hines, Oregon where he took a job with the Union Pacific Railroad. Most recently they have been operating their own inn in Ontario, Oregon with Bill continuing his job with the railroad.

In 1958 Margaret and Curt moved to Redlands, California for reasons of Curt's health. He worked there as a stock broker until his death in 1960. Since about the time of their move to Redlands Margaret suffered from increasingly severe migraine headaches; no amount of medical examination or treatment seemed to improve her condition. In 1982 she moved out of her house and into a convalescent home where she died on December 1, 1982. Along with many other Speers she is buried in the Redlands Cemetery.

The next child of William Walter and May was named John Henry; he was born 10 May 1906 in La Grange, Illinois in the family home as were all of May's children. Jack grew up in the post-war era of Prohibition and changing values, morals and customs. Those were the days of the big bands, night clubs, speakeasys, the Charleston and Al Capone beer. Gin and whiskey, smuggled in from Canada,

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were also plentifully available if you knew the right person. May never left Evanston for the summer until she had laid in a plentiful stock of good Al Capone beer for the older children in the hope they would stay away from the "rot gut" hard liquor which often contained methyl alcohol. In spite of his mother's precautions, Jack once managed to get hold of a bad batch and suffered temporary blindness.

Jack attended the University of Chicago for a year where he was a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity, as had been his uncle, Henry. He then took a job with an import-export firm and was sent to Shanghai, China for two years. While there Jack led the typically high life of the American young bachelor in one of the world's great cities. On the return voyage he met Janet Ilfeld of Las Vegas, New Mexico whom he later married. The marriage did not last but they had a son, Ross Donnelly Speer, named for his two maternal grandmothers. Ross inherited considerable money from his grandmother and later from his mother and is, in addition, successful in his own right as a municipal bond broker. He lives in Rancho Bernardo with his third wife.

Jack entered military service in 1942, serving in the Air Force in Charleston, South Carolina, the Azores and South Dakota. After his wartime service he remained in the Air Force. He married a second time to Gertrude who now lives in Escondido, California. Jack died of emphysema at the Air Force Hospital, Scott Field, Illinois and is buried in the military cemetery at Rapid City, South Dakota.

A year and a half after the birth of Jack, and still living in La Grange, William and May had their next child - a girl they named Helen. Like her older brothers and sister she grew up in a small town knowing everyone and everyone knowing the Speer children. She has many happy memories of this period. When she was still quite young - just entering school - her mother's father returned from Alaska a sick man. It was arranged for him to live out his days in a convalescent home in La Grange. Helen used to visit him regularly so he could tell her stories and drill her in her ABCs and reading. He died there in 1915.

As a youngster Helen's bedroom was at the back of the house, her window looking out over the roof of the back porch below. One summer day after she had

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been sent to her room for her afternoon nap, finding she could not sleep in the heat, she removed her clothes and crawled out the window onto the roof of the porch. The roof had recently been repaired with a fresh coat of tar. Helen delighted in wallowing in the warm, semi- liquid tar and in smearing it all over her body. When her mother found her she got quite a scolding as well as a lard and turpentine bath. Her brothers promptly nicknamed her "tar baby".

Helen was 15 when the family moved to Evanston and she was enrolled in the Chicago Latin School then later sent to Sacred Heart Academy in Lake Forest. She matured in the same environment of the Prohibition era as Paul, Margaret and Jack but was a little too young and much too ingenuous to get caught up in that crazy world. An example is the time her date took her to a large gathering at the Coliseum in Chicago. A very nice looking man asked permission to dance with Helen -the man had introduced himself as Mr. McGurn. When Helen returned to the table she told her escort what a lovely and charming man he was; her escort then explained to Helen that was "Machine Gun" Jack McGurn, a notorious Chicago gangland leader. Helen's reaction was unsophisticated embarrassment mixed with a bit of fear! They soon left the party. Helen, Margaret, Jack and Paul informally established themselves - at least as far as the younger brothers were concerned - as a kind of team into which "the worms", as we were called, were not invited! The age differences made this rather inevitable. While Helen's younger brother Walter was only a year younger he was never able to break into this sibling circle no matter how hard and how long he tried. The two other younger brothers - Dick and Evans - viewed the four oldest as a sort of second family, completely divided as they were by age and a disparity of interests.

About 1930 Helen met Dale McCutcheon, Advertising Manager for the now defunct but then thriving weekly magazine "Liberty". After obtaining a church dispensation concerning his previous short-lived marriage, Helen and Dale were married in the family home in Evanston. They lived in Winnetka, just north of Evanston. After a sometimes stormy marriage of some 15 years, they were divorced. They had a daughter named Ann who stayed with her mother.

Helen subsequently left the Chicago area where she had spent her life thus far and moved to San Francisco with Ann. During the next dozen or so years in San

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Francisco, Helen became something of a recluse, seldom seeing her brothers Paul and Evans who were trying to help her out of her solitary life, although she did talk to them regularly by telephone. During this time Ann met and married Kent Alderman, a young lawyer then working for the IRS. They were married in a beautiful Catholic ceremony with the reception at the Presidio of San Francisco. A few years later Kent left his job in San Francisco and he and Ann moved to Salt Lake City. Combining his legal education with his tax experience, Kent is now firmly established in his chosen city.

With the marriage of her only child, Helen began coming out of her solitary life - she even took an apartment in Salt Lake City for a while then moved to La Jolla, California. Helen had spent a year or more in La Jolla as a child so she was not unacquainted with that beautiful village. In 1919, when Margaret was so sick with pneumonia, her father sent the family nurse, Mary B. Evans, to La Jolla along with Helen, Walter, Dick and Evans - the four youngest children of William and May. We had relatives living there - Aunt Ada, our grandmother's sister. Aunt Ada had a son who became quite well known in later years as a sculptor - Merrill Gage whose works grace a number of public buildings in Southern California. He was also selected to work on the world famous monument to our Presidents created by Gutzon Borglum on a rocky hillside in South Dakota.

Helen is still living in her own condominium on La Jolla Boulevard two blocks from the ocean.

William and May had their next child as a kind of Christmas present - he was born the 24th of December 1909 at their house in La Grange. The house had been enlarged to accommodate the growing family and there was still lots of room for the outdoor playthings for all of them. A large tree in the front yard could handle a swing as well as a good-sized tree-house. As to a name, fathers, mothers and other relatives had been honored and now it was time to pass on father's name - this boy was named William Walter Speer Jr. He was informally called Walter to avoid confusion with his father.

He attended the same primary school as his older brothers and sisters but when it came time for High School the family had moved to Evanston so Walter went to

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Evanston Township High School, graduating from there in 1927. He then attended Kenyon College for two years, associating himself with Psi Upsilon fraternity. This is the same school in Gambier, Ohio that his father had attended as a young military cadet at age 13. The college portion of the school is one of the oldest in Ohio and maintained a high reputation for all around academic excellence. At the time Walter went there enrollment was limited to 250 students, many of whom came from the Cleveland area. Walter did not excel in anything except perhaps socializing and he terminated his enrollment after two years for lack of a definitive motivation. He worked in Chicago for a time then entered law school at Kent College of Law, graduated, passed the Illinois Bar Exams and was admitted to practice. He had just entered on his profession when the demands of the war intruded and he was drafted.

Being a graduate lawyer he was quickly sent to Armored Officer Candidate School and then assigned to the 14th Armored Division at Fort Knox, Kentucky. He was sent to the European Theatre as a member of this division serving in the forward combat zone. At this time, 1944 and 1945, the Army was experiencing heavy losses of supplies due to thefts from the "Red Ball Express", the nickname for the motorized supply line from the beaches to the front lines, and other serious crimes in the rear areas. Walter was transferred from his combat Division to the Seine Base Section with duty station in Paris. During the last year of the war he was a prosecutor for many General Court Martial cases. And, needless to say, he enjoyed the duty in Paris whose delights just couldn't be suppressed even by a war. He knew his way around to some extent because he had been there a dozen years previously with his younger brother, Dick. At the termination of his military service he returned to Chicago.

Prior to going overseas Walter had met a girl from southern Illinois and they married the day before he left for Germany. He dutifully signed over most of his Army pay in the form of an allotment to her while he was away. On his return to Chicago she was waiting for him not with open arms but with a summons for a divorce! His older brother Paul, being a lawyer and well acquainted with the law in Illinois, rammed through a divorce in record time with no alimony or other compensation for her. That was Walter's cue to head west, which he did, arriving at

A SPEER ANCESTRY FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

his parents house in Laguna Beach, California for a short stay. He explained to them that he wanted to go to northern California to check on a town called Crescent City. It seems another lawyer whom Walter had known in Paris had told him that Crescent City was ripe for a young lawyer - there were two large businesses there, lumber and fish canning, and only one lawyer in town and he was looking forward to retirement. Walter went to Crescent City, liked what he saw and has been there ever since.

He prospered as a small town lawyer to the extent that he was able to indulge his favorite pastime of golf as a part owner of the local course. He built his house right on the course so life wouldn't be too difficult! One of his cases in the local court was handling a divorce for Yvonne Rutledge. They got to know each other and decided that as long as she was now divorced they should marry each other. They have two children: Dodie, the daughter of Yvonne from her former marriage, and William Walter, Jr whom they call Bill.

In 1978 Walter was encouraged to run for Judge of the Superior Court, an election which he won handily. He remained a Judge until 1982 when he had a stroke and had to resign. He has since had another partially debilitating stroke, as a result of which he rarely leaves the house any more. They still live on the edge of the golf course but he is unable to play.

The next child of William and May was another boy and the writer of these sketches. A brief biography of him will be found in the next section.

When she was 44 years old May and William had their last child. The date was 9 February 1918 and the war was still on. The baby was premature by two months and weighed only three and one half pounds. Today a premature baby of that weight can be successfully cared for in a specialized intensive care nursery utilizing sophisticated equipment and highly trained nurses but at that time there was little hope. The attending physician, believing that this baby had no chance, turned him over to the family resident nurse, Miss Mary B. Evans, known to the entire family affectionately as Evie. For the next three days there was no sleep for Evie as she nursed this child lovingly and professionally until he was able to sustain himself, take nourishment and slowly become acclimated to life outside the

A SPEER ANCESTRY FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

womb. He owes his life entirely to the ministrations of Evie. In recognition of this, the child was named for her: Evans Speer.

Due to his poor start in life Evans has always been of slight build although this never set him back from accomplishing whatever he set out to do. He was six and a half years younger than his next older brother and this difference in ages necessarily made him more like an only child than the youngest of seven (living) children. He never had the companionship of older brothers or sisters. He was closely watched over and guided by Evie who, quite naturally, had a close relationship with him. It was she who had encouraged him into becoming a doctor.

Evans spent his formative years in Evanston, attending the Orrington school then Haven Jr High and Evanston High School. He had done very well in school so he was sent to Exeter Prep School then on to Harvard. His medical training was taken at Northwestern University with internship at Evanston Hospital. During his internship he married Elizabeth Mercer Peck.

During his senior year of medical school - 1944 - he elected to join the Navy under a program which paid for his continuing education and certain expenses as an intern. Early in 1945 the Navy ordered him to terminate his intern program and report to Camp Pendleton, California for indoctrination and further assignment. He was assigned to a Navy unit located in China. After arrival in Shanghai he went inland attempting to catch up with his unit which in the meantime had been pulled out. He was then ordered to return to San Francisco for further orders; these new orders assigned him as medical officer for a destroyer division, i.e. four destroyers, one medical officer. After the peace treaty with Japan had taken effect, he was re-assigned to a mine sweeper clearing the harbors of Japan. On his release from active duty he settled down to private practice in Seattle, joining three other doctors in operating a general clinic. The clinic prospered, grew in size and scope and Evans and Betty settled into a lovely life.

The year 1950 came along and with it the Korean War. The Navy advised Evans that in accordance with the original agreement to support his final year in medical school he was to serve for 18 months but he had served only 17 of those 18 months! He was recalled to active duty to fulfill his obligation. He was sent to

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China Lake, California for more than a year attending to medical needs of the dependents living there. By the time he got out and returned to his clinic in Seattle his partners had replaced him and an offer was made to buy him out. With this kind of hostile environment, Evans took the offer and went to San Francisco where he went to work as a member of the Permanente Foundation, the organization that provided all the professional medical personnel for the Kaiser hospitals.

Evans and Betty bought a beautiful home in Hillsborough and devoted themselves to raising their family of three girls: Pat and Pam (twins) and Dee. After a dozen years in this location Evans was transferred to the Kaiser Hospital in San Jose and they changed their residence to Saratoga to be closer to his work. In both of these roomy homes Evans and Betty were always generous with their hospitality, entertaining their brothers, sisters, nieces and nephews on many occasions.

Evans retired from medical practice in 1984 and, like his brother Paul, was able to spend more time at the practice of golf.

All during the growing years of their children William and May provided a comfortable upper middle class environment. First it was the home in La Grange. The house on 6th Avenue was, by today's standards, a big old fashioned two storied house that had been periodically enlarged to accommodate the growing family. Not that each child had his own room! Whoever heard of this with seven children? But the dining room was big and there were a succession of servants to help out. Out behind the house was a large garage - it seemed more like a former stable and perhaps it had been. In it were the family cars. There was a Hudson Super Six and from time to time a Cadillac but always an Abbott Detroit Electric for May. She was a progressive individual who had learned to drive early on. It may not have gone very fast but it was reliable, quiet and luxuriously appointed. Fine plush upholstery, curved plate glass windows and two cut-glass flower vases attached to the upright door pillars. The motive power was a big bank of wet-cell batteries packed in the area called today "the trunk." To make it operate, the batteries had to be plugged in to the charger each night.

A SPEER ANCESTRY FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

William was one of the founding members of the La Grange Golf Club, a sport which he enjoyed for many years. The older children enjoyed the facilities of the club as well as their father. Many evenings were spent there at dinners and special festivities, enjoyed hugely by the entire family. William and half a dozen of his cronies customarily gathered on Saturday nights for a long round of poker first at the Speer house then each of the others taking turns at hosting the game. The children were not welcome at these gatherings - neither were the wives who remained discreetly in the background.

During the war years, 1916 - 1918, William headed the local efforts of the War Bond Drives. He was quite busy at this and the town responded patriotically and munificently. The large gatherings for this type of event were always held at the Elks Hall on 5th Avenue in the center of the village. May was forever busy either with church work or other charity activities. The whole family was on the go all the time - following the example of their parents.

During these war years the municipal bond business was apparently prospering for in 1922 William and May set out on a Mediterranean cruise scheduled to last nine months. In the middle of the cruise William learned that his business had been sabotaged by one of his senior colleagues and he and May had to cut short the cruise and return to Chicago to re-build the business.

About the year 1919 William bought the property next to his father at Portage Lake, Michigan and put up a summer cottage for his family. It was an "Alladin" house - each piece pre-cut and marked with a numeric code for assembly according to the plan. William hired two carpenters from La Grange to go to Michigan and put it all together with the assistance of local laborers. It did finally get put together but not easily. As May watched the carpenters assembling the pieces and parts she would decide that this room should be a little larger and that closet should be over here. The result was that additional lumber had to be bought and after it was all finished there were all kinds of pieces of lumber lying around with their numerical code markings still showing proof that changes had been made. But it was a great house for a big family and it was certainly thoroughly enjoyed each summer.

A SPEER ANCESTRY FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

William was a generous father - he provided for his children everything they needed and much of what they wanted in addition. But he was not particularly giving of himself. I never felt close to him and didn't really know him. Perhaps the older brothers and sisters did. He always seemed to have other things on his mind: his business, his poker games at his downtown club, his outside activities but not me. May was quite different but I never felt I knew her, either. The result was that I grew up something of a loner; Walter was two and a half years older and reaching out for the older sibling circle, Evans was six years younger and in another world.

May was a devout Catholic and brought up her children in the faith. While William was not a Catholic, he was the driving force to be up and about on Sunday mornings so the children wouldn't be late for Mass.

In 1924 they sold their home in La Grange and moved to the North Shore - Evanston. William commuted to work either on the electrified North Shore Railway or on the Northwestern Railway. When Dick was a sophomore in high school he was given a Ford Model A roadster (complete with rumble seat) with the understanding that he would deliver his father to the rail station on his way to school and pick up his father again at 5:48 each evening. This was a grand arrangement for both.

In 1937, with all the children out of the nest and fairly much on their own, William and May sold the house on Noyes Street and moved to a stunning apartment on the fourth floor of a six floor building across the street from a park. William and May had been going south for most of the winter for a few years since William had retired: Biloxi, Mississippi, Sebring, Florida or to California. They moved from their apartment after two years and stayed at the Homestead Hotel while in Evanston with summers at Portage Lake and winters somewhere south. In the winter of 1942 they stayed at the Vista del Arroyo in Pasadena until January 1st (that was when the rates changed upward) and moved to the Laguna Beach Hotel. After some time the Manager quietly suggested to them that the Marine Corps was soon to take over the hotel and the smart thing to do would be to buy a house if they wanted to stay in Laguna. They took the advice, bought a small house there and remained in it until death overtook them both.

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

Although he had grown up in a religious environment fostered by his father and grandfather, William had never been a Catholic like May. He did, however, make a deathbed conversion - much to the spiritual equanimity of May.

On 16 October 1950, after more than 50 years of married life, William died in the hospital in Santa Ana, California and was buried in Holy Sepulchre Cemetery in Orange. His wife May died at the age of 81 and is also buried in the Holy Sepulchre Cemetery in Orange, California.

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

RICHARD DONNELLY SPEER

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

FAMILY GROUP RECORD

ANCESTOR

RICHARD DONNELLY SPEER

Born 16 Jul 1912 La Grange, Illinois
Marr 16 Aug 1942 The Bronx, New York
Died
Bur
Father William Walter Speer
Mother May Josephine Donnelly

ANCESTOR'S WIFE

GERTRUDE MARY ROWAN

Born 10 Mar 1920 New York, NY
Died
Bur
Father Edmond Aloysius Rowan
Mother Mary McCormick

CHILDREN

Mary

Born 11 Apr 1945 San Francisco, California
Marr M1 19 May 1965 Richard DeSantis
Children Shawna Michelle, Anthony Perry
Divorced Jul 1976
Marr M2 S. C. Raboy

Eileen

Born 15 Jul 1946 Pasadena, California
Marr 3 Feb 1968 Donald Paulson
Children Amy, Sarah
Divorced Jul 1979

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

Richard Donnelly

Born 14 Jun 1948 New York, New York
Marr 6 Jun 1970 Maureen Donovan
Children Brendan Keith*, Anne Marisa*, Owen Francis
*Natural siblings adopted 23 May 1980

John Rowan

Born 18 Sep 1950 Fukuoka, Japan
Marr 17 May 1980 Deborah Hays
Children Lauren Elizabeth

Patrick McCormick

Born 19 Apr 1956 Ft. Belvoir, Virginia
Marr 9 Feb 1980 Kathleen Nance
Divorced Feb 1985

Kathleen

Born 1 Mar 1959 The Hague, Holland
Marr 3 Jan 1981 Clinton Rhein
Children Daniel Ian

Christopher Rhein

Born 22 Nov 1960 Tucson, Arizona

**A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD**

THE FOLLOWING THREE FAMILY GROUP RECORDS PERTAIN TO

GERTRUDE MARY SPEER

WIFE OF

RICHARD DONNELLY SPEER

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

FAMILY GROUP RECORD

ANCESTOR

MICHAEL ROWAN

Born	ca 1850	Ireland
Marr	1878	New York, N.Y.
Died	ca 1900	New York, N.Y.
Bur		Calvary Cemetery, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Father	Unknown	
Mother	Unknown	

ANCESTOR'S WIFE

THERESA LYNCH

Born		New York, N.Y.
Died		New York, N.Y.
Bur		Calvary Cemetery, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Father	Unknown	
Mother	Unknown	

CHILDREN

Edmond Aloysius

Born	14 Oct 1880	New York, N.Y.
Marr	5 Jun 1907	Mary McCormick
Died	24 Jun 1961	

Joseph

Born		New York, N.Y.
Marr		Cora Cook

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

Sarah (Sallie)

Born 12 Oct

New York, N.Y.

Marr

Leo McLaughlin

Francis (Frank)

Born

New York, N.Y.

Marr

Unmarried

Ambrose

Born

New York, N.Y.

Marr

Unmarried

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

FAMILY GROUP RECORD

ANCESTOR

EDMOND ALOYSUIS ROWAN

Born	14 Oct 1880	New York, N.Y.
Marr	5 Jun 1907	New York, N.Y.
Died	24 Jun 1960	New York, N.Y.
Bur		Calvary Cemetery, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Father	Michael Rowan	
Mother	Theresa Lynch	

ANCESTOR'S WIFE

MARY THERESA MCCORMICK

Born	27 Jul 1881	New York, NY
Died	15 Apr 1972	Bronx, N.Y.
Bur		Calvary Cemetery, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Father	Andrew A. McCormick	
Mother	Bridget O'Connor	

CHILDREN

Edmond Michael

Born	16 Aug 1908	New York, N.Y.
Marr M1		Margo Willis
Marr M2	8 May 1952	Eileen Boyle Willis

Joseph Andrew

Born	7 Sep 1909	Schroon Lake, N.Y.
Marr	28 Jan 1940	Mercedes Diestel

Mary Virginia

Born	8 Dec 1910	New York, N.Y.
Marr	8 Mar 1933	Chester Joseph Diestel

Note: Joseph and Virginia married brother and sister

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

Aileen

Born 3 Aug 1912 New York, N.Y.
Died Jul 1915 Schroon Lake, N.Y.

John Gerard

Born 30 Jan 1914 New York, N.Y.
Marr 1 Dec 1944 Eleanor Klemm

Francis Aloysius

Born 5 Aug 1915 New York, N.Y.
Marr 28 Jun 1938 Eleanor Davies

Elizabeth

Born 8 Jan 1917 New York, N.Y.
Marr Unmarried

Rose Roberta

Born 22 Jan 1918 New York, N.Y.
Vows Feb 1943 Entered the religious life
Sisters of Mercy, Burlington, Vt

Gertrude Mary

Born 10 Mar 1920 New York, N.Y.
Marr 16 Aug 1942 Richard D. Speer

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

FAMILY GROUP RECORD

ANCESTOR

ANDREW A. McCORMICK

Born	ca 1855	Brooklyn, N.Y.
Marr	4 Oct 1880	New York, N.Y.
Died	Feb 1907	New York, N.Y.
Bur		Calvary Cemetery, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Father	Martin McCormick	
Mother	Catherine Quinn	

ANCESTOR'S WIFE

BRIDGET CONNOR

Born	ca 1856	New York, NY
Died	Aug 1932	Schroon Lake, N.Y.
Bur		Catholic Cemetery, Schroon Lake, N.Y.
Father	Martin Connor	
Mother	Rose Gathan	

CHILDREN

Mary Theresa

Born	27 Jul 1881	New York, N.Y.
Marr	5 Jun 1907	Edmond A. Rowan
Died	15 Apr 1972	

Richard

Born	1 Jan	New York, N.Y.
Marr		Isabelle Dewhurst

Elliot

Born		New York, N.Y.
Marr		Dolly

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

Isabel

Born

New York, N.Y.

Marr

William Roy Williford

Edith

Born

New York, N.Y.

Marr

Unmarried

Ruth

Born

New York, N.Y.

Marr

Dudley Joseph Weiner

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

RICHARD DONNELLY OF LA JOLLA

PREAMBLE

An autobiography must contain the history of events in a person's life as well as his feelings and reactions. These two parts seem to be essential to an understanding of the individual concerned. It's easy for me to document the historical portion of my life by simply recalling the names, places and dates and putting them down more or less in order. But this doesn't make for very good reading. In the first parts of this family genealogy I have avoided both lists and charting in favor of a narrative form which is amenable to story telling. It is in the stories that the reader can focus the spotlight on personality and character.

When it comes to writing about oneself I have chosen the poorest author in the world. I'm sure everyone else in the world knows me better than I do. Anything I write is going to be subject to a selective memory and is sure to omit comments on myself which I would prefer not to remember or those characteristics which I might consider unimportant but others may differ. In addition to the predicament of memory, the modest person, which I would like to think I am, is in no position to tell of his really good points. Not wanting to put myself down by such omissions, I have to let others tell about me: the good, the bad and the indifferent.

In the following pages you will find my life mostly in terms of the chronology of events although I have tried to introduce myself on a more personal basis from time to time. Section III is devoted entirely to characteristics and thoughts about myself. I am sure much has been omitted. Children and grandchildren are thus presented with the opportunity to tell their own thoughts and feelings concerning their parents and grandparents when they themselves continue their own family genealogical history.

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

Right here I should say to my grandchildren and their children two things I have told repeatedly to my own children:

THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT

and

YOU WILL NEVER GET A NO UNLESS YOU ASK
AND IN THE ASKING YOU MAY GET A YES

A SPEER ANCESTRY FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

PART I – The Growing Years

The cooling ocean breeze is coming in, around and over the rocks at The Cove in La Jolla. The rocks are all brown from the onslaught of the waves mixed with the residue of kelp that had been smashed over the rocks since time began. The narrow strip of sand is there to rest and play on. The soft spots of the larger rocks have been worn away so that there are child-sized caverns in them - wondrous places to hide while the imagination is conjuring up pirates and swordplay and handsome heroes.

This is how it was when I played at The Cove in 1919. And this is how it is today as I sit on that strip of sand remembering days gone by. The breezes are still blowing and the rocks with their walk-through holes are still there and the whole scene is still playing host to children of all ages.

When I was seven years old I - along with my brother Walter, my cousin Bob Dow and our family nurse - would go to The Cove for an afternoon of play. We often ate our lunch there and afterwards go on an adventurous climb into the rock caverns with the breaking waves sprinkling us with the salty water mixed with kelp leaves. The kelp that would wash up on the sand was, to us, a marvel of nature. It was all brown, slippery and soft to the touch. We had a game of trying to find the longest and biggest specimens - longer today than yesterday. Our record haul was a piece over fifty feet long and larger in diameter than a man's arm! Now that was a BIG hunk of kelp by anyone's standards so you can guess what our imaginations could do to it in the re-telling! I am sure we rivalled the best fish story - the kelp getting bigger each time the experience was told.

I was living hardly two blocks from The Cove in a cottage that my father had rented in La Jolla in order to send part of the family away from our house in La Grange where my sister Margaret was recuperating from a severe case of pneumonia complicated by pleurisy. He had heard about La Jolla from his mother who had a sister living there - our Aunt Ada - and also from his own sister Edna who had planned on taking her children - Janet and Bob - out there for the winter and possibly longer. So there were quite a few of us there then. Living in our

A SPEER ANCESTRY FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

cottage were our nurse, my sister Helen, my brother Walter and the baby of the family, my brother Evans. For the rest of us, Evans didn't count for much because he was just a year or so old! He was no fun at all while we were playing at the beach.

La Jolla was a very quiet place then with only a few thousand people. We had a neat little cottage with white clapboard siding and small rooms. It was located next door to the village Fire Department on Herschel Avenue half a block up from the main street - Prospect Avenue. The Cove was just down the slope beyond Prospect. The Fire Station that we knew was later moved up one block on Herschel to a new building and today they have abandoned even that building to the use of the life guard crew to store their boats. Our cottage is no longer in its place either - it's gone now and the lot under it, as well as the Fire Station lot -are now just ignominious parking areas.

That cottage was the scene of lots of happiness as well as some pain and frustration. This latter part appeared in the form of Chicken Pox that I contracted while there. It was something of a family record-breaker because our nurse - Evie - counted 104 pocks on my body as well as inside my mouth, ears and nose.

Chicken Pox, the cottage and The Cove - those are the kinds of things youthful memories are made of. I don't have any recollections of the important things in life. But maybe I really do. Weren't those the big, important things in life then? I think they were. I have heard some people claim they remember most things from cradle days on but I don't fall in that group by any means. Experiences that were stored in the mind to be recalled are genuine memories. Experiences that were created in the memory bank through pictures or someone else's words are not real memories - they are something planted there by an outside stimulus and not through a personal experience. That's how my memory works, anyway. I remember very little of my youth that wasn't helped along by old photos or family oral tradition. So, I really can't say much more about La Jolla.

But there are genuine memories of the trip out there from Chicago. We went on the train - the Santa Fe. It seemed to take forever but each day was another day of fun and play. As we passed through farmlands Evans (could it have been Evans? I

A SPEER ANCESTRY FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

am not sure because he was not yet two years old) was watching the farm animals as we passed by, noting especially the cows. Evie explained to him that was where we got the milk we drank. He also noticed the windmills that proliferated on the passing scene. They also were explained to him as a means of pumping water from the well. In a brilliant moment of deduction Evans associated the cows with the windmills and thereafter referred to each windmill as a "milkfan." That word became a family amusement for quite a long time.

Another memory of the trip was eating meals in the Harvey House. I think we had a dining car hooked on for a while but during the last half of the trip we "ate out" so to speak. The train would stop and all the passengers would get off and make a dash for the Harvey House Restaurant. I remember getting off for lunch at Albuquerque, New Mexico and seeing the Indians lounging around the station plaza and offering their wares for sale. They had baskets, pottery, serapes and beautiful turquoise jewelry. I suppose the prices were very attractive but what did a kid know? That was a fascinating scene and I was considerably intimidated by the appearance of the Indians. I was sure I would be scalped if I got too near one. That trip also introduced me to the peculiarities of the Spanish language and especially the pronunciation of the letter J! We had already passed through La Junta, Colorado and were headed for El Cajon and La Jolla. It made me want to pronounce our summer months as "Hewn and Hewlie." But then, what did a kid know!

I know the classic way to begin any autobiography is at the beginning - the moment of birth, that is. But I think it quite fitting to begin this document in the same place where it ends - La Jolla, California. I am living here now although not at the same Herschel Avenue address as I lived in 1919. One good reason for not being on Herschel Avenue is that the lot where the cottage once stood is now empty and valued something like a half million dollars. So I live with my loved and loving wife in a two bedroom apartment near the ocean where we can feel and smell the same ocean breezes as I did when I was seven years old. It came about incidentally that the same sister who lived in our cottage on Herschel Avenue so long ago also lives here in La Jolla. There must be some truth in the remark that sentimental humans yearn to return to their roots. I visit The Cove from time to

A SPEER ANCESTRY FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

time and watch the sea gulls gliding on the air currents high over that tiny sand beach. The brown rocks are still there. The kelp is still there. The imagination of youth is re-activated. It is comforting to know that there are things and places in this dynamic world that have not changed.

La Grange, Illinois is where it all really began - at 225 South Sixth Avenue in the house where I was born. My mother had had four children born in this house and there was no reason to make my birth an exception. I was tended to not only by my mother but also by our family nurse who lived with us. My inquiries have not disclosed that there was anything unusual about my birth or about my infancy. There is really very little to tell about this part of my life. Just a case of "more of the same" I suppose. Perhaps that accounts for an attitude I seemed to have in later years that I was determined that those whom I would meet would remember that I had passed this way.

We lived in a large frame house with a large garage on the back of the lot. I'm sure it must have been a stable when it was first built. My mother kept her electric cars in this garage - always in the right hand stall so the wires could reach from the car batteries to the charger mounted on the wall. Her car was always hooked up each night to get a rejuvenating jolt of electricity. On the street behind us lived a group of families with a fascinating collection of names - they had no relationship to each other, just happened to live near by. The names were: Lemon, Orange, Black, White, Grey, Blue, Green, and Purple. A colorful neighborhood! Johnny Innes and Stanmore Wilson lived on Seventh Ave. Johnny was my brother Walter's best friend. Stan is best remembered by this story. We were playing softball on the open lot next to the Congregational Church, Stanmore was playing Catcher, the batter wound up to get a healthy crack at the ball and the bat knocked out a couple of Stan's teeth. We found the teeth in the dust around home plate and were commiserating with Stan when someone suggested we rush Stan and his teeth down to Dr. Lemon, the local dentist, and see what could be done. It seemed a foolish thing to do but not having much in the way of an alternative, that is just what we did. I think we ran all the way - about three blocks - and told the dentist of Stan's dilemma. Dr. Lemon cleaned up the teeth, replaced them in Stan's mouth and there they remained for as long as I knew Stanmore Wilson.

A SPEER ANCESTRY FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

The folks next door to us were very close family friends. There were two families living in the same house, Uncle Frank and Aunt Polly Gambrill and her sister Aunt Nonie and Nonie's husband Uncle Seeley along with their daughter Ione. That was about the only time in my memory that two families co-existed in the same house on a happy basis. Ione taught school in Riverside and wasn't home much of the time so my recollection mostly concerns the two couples who were my parents age. Seeley was a road salesman covering the central mid-west for his firm. His trips kept him away much of the time. He was a big, bluff sort of guy who smoked cigars incessantly. He was never a huge success financially but earned enough for them to have a care-free life in La Grange. His wife was Aunt Nonie, a tall statuesque woman who seemed to enjoy a fine sense of humor and a keen zest for life.

The other couple next door, Frank and Polly, were the ones I remember the best for they were very outgoing and lots of fun to be with. Frank, too, was a road salesman; he travelled for Spiegel, May, Stern & Co., a large mercantile house in Chicago that operated a retail store just west of The Loop and enjoyed an enormous wholesale business throughout the mid-west. Today that firm is known as Spiegel's - a large catalogue store. Frank seemed to be nominally successful, especially in selling Chatham blankets. In fact, he sold so many Chatham blankets that that firm offered him many opportunities to come over with them and sell for them exclusively. With each overture came offers of larger and larger salary and commissions. Frank kept turning down these handsome offers on the grounds that he didn't really need more money and was very happy and satisfied with his comfortable life in La Grange; taking a job with Chatham would have meant a permanent move to New York. Finally, the financial rewards were so enticing - far beyond anything Frank and Polly had ever dreamed of - that he took the offer on the condition he would only work for them for two years. They moved to New York where they lived in an expensive residential hotel on Madison Avenue. Aunt Polly, in keeping with their new financial status and address, bought herself an ankle length mink coat. Whenever she wore it into the dining room for their dinner, she always had the waiter bring her an extra chair for her coat. Polly had another dining habit that was somewhat surprising. At the end of the meal she would scoop up the remaining rolls, butter, celery and olives to take home with her. It didn't

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bother her one whit that she wrapped it all up in a linen napkin that also went home with her. Frank and Polly stayed in New York for their two years then returned to La Grange to settle in to a nice retirement. Polly was an avid golfer. She and my father were among the leaders in establishing and nurturing the growth of the La Grange Golf Club. She played often each week throughout the year. She was still playing golf in her later years - long after we had moved to Evanston.

Probably my strongest and most exciting remembrance of these two wonderful couples from next door were the annual visits of the four of them at Christmas. Uncle Frank was always our Santa Claus. As children, none of us wanted to accept the demise of the myth and that it was really Uncle Frank underneath all those whiskers and that marvelous red suit with his black boots. While the Speer children were safely corralled in the living room, Frank would sneak over to our house across the snow covered lawn and come in to the kitchen by the side door. Once there, he and my father would "have a nip" to fortify themselves for the ordeal ahead. Most of our presents had been stacked under the tree but two or three special ones were always placed on a chair designated for each child. Frank would settle himself in a chair convenient to the tree and then start passing out the presents. He made a wonderful and suspenseful little speech with the handing over of each present. In spite of the excitement of hearing "Santa" speak to each person present as he handed over the gifts, we children could hardly contain ourselves waiting for a gift to be in our hands so we could tear off the wrappings. These Christmas sessions lasted a couple of hours with all the kind words spoken by "Santa" with each gift for each of the seven children and seven adults present. This, of course, was just too much for "Santa" and his helper - my father - so periodically they would repair to the pantry for another quick bracer. I can assure you that by the time all the presents had been handed out my father and "Santa" were feeling no pain at all. But we children never had any realization why "Santa" would call those frequent recesses from his chores. The day was a joyous one for all of us. We had been to Mass earlier and now had the whole day to open our presents and enjoy the largesse of our mother and father and wonderful neighbors.

On some Christmas holidays my father would invite his mother and father to join in the happy times. The invitations would usually include my father's sister

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Edna with her husband and their children Bob and Janet as well as father's brother Henry, his wife Elizabeth and their two boys Stanton and Dallas. I cherish a photograph showing three generations of Speers taken on December 25, 1920 on the occasion of one of these get-togethers. There is my father standing at the end of the row looking across the assembled group (that was his customary pose in family photographs); Helen and my mother are decked out in their furs; grandfather is holding baby Evans; Paul and Jack lounging against the house as they express confidence in the future; and there I am in the front row center complete with Buster Brown collar and buck teeth.

And, of course, there was Geiger's. Geiger's was a favorite "sweet shop" most of La Grange patronized. They made their own ice cream and candies and served a drink called a "phosphate." When we were feeling flush, we would order one and blow the whole five cents on a single item. But they were delicious. The drink was really nothing more than a spoonful of fruit topping for ice cream mixed by the fizzing soda water from the tap. My favorite was pineapple - which was really a dumb choice because the fruit invariably got stuck in the straw and no amount of sucking would dislodge it. My sister Helen would sometimes take me down there for a treat. To get the humor of this story you have to know that both Helen and I stammered - I worse than she. On one trip to Geiger's it took us about fifteen minutes to buy ten cents worth of candies. I spoke first: "Gu- guh - give m-m-mmme t-t-t-two s-s-cents of juh-juh- jelly b-b-b beans." Helen: "N-n-n-not th-th-those th-th-th- things. T-t-try th-th-ese." [That is the way the conversation went and I can tell you that even today I hate to write of this because I am still super sensitive about stammering. I only fall into it today when I am overtired and over-anxious. I was effectively cured when I went to the Goodman Theatre School - but that is another story.] So, down there at Geiger's Helen and I were having quite a time spending our money. When we had made our selections the clerk, who had been solicitous but silent all this time suddenly said: "Is th-th-that all?" He, too, was a victim of stammering. It was all very serious at the time but as you re-tell the story verbally, it comes out as very funny. [Except to me, of course.]

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Love is a big part of living. You can tell that I am aware of this from the Dedication Page as well as how I have tried to conduct myself as a father. An autobiography cannot be called complete without telling of one's loves.

My first love was Jane Wilder. We were both shamefully precocious as evidenced by a photograph taken of the two of us having "tea kettle tea" while seated at a tiny table drinking from tiny cups. We were, I think, four years old! Jane's mother and my mother were close friends. They lived a couple of blocks away from our house and I would be taken there often to play with Jane. I suppose the most exciting thing that ever happened at these play days was our little tea parties. After all, we were only four!

I had another, well-remembered love in La Grange. This was much later when Jane was in my past. Her name was Louise Cullinan. She, too, was from a large family and Catholic. Her father was an executive in a General Electric plant in La Grange. About the time I was eight years old he was transferred to New York City as President of Graybar Electric, the marketing subsidiary for GE. Louise and I had a very nice eight-year-old type relationship and we were madly in love. Just before her departure from La Grange my mother arranged a party for my friends - sort of a farewell for Louise. It was held at our house. There were all manner of games and refreshments. A game of "Spin The Bottle" was organized and was enjoyed by all - especially Louise and I. By the time that game was over everyone's adrenaline was flowing and I decided I knew a game to top it all - Post Office. I have never heard of this game being played at a youngster's party since my own days so I had better explain. The trick in this game was to deliver a letter to another player in the game, the player, however, must announce the type of postage being used. A penny postal could win you a hand holding moment, a straight letter meant a big hug, and a special delivery was the ultimate - a kiss. You better believe that Louise got a grand special delivery from me. That wasn't the last time I saw Louise. It was nearly ten years later in Yonkers, New York. Walter and I were in New York and about to start out on a six week cruise of Europe. But that, too, is another story.

In 1922 my Father and Mother embarked on a long cruise of the Mediterranean scheduled to last nine months. It is hard to realize today how anyone can spend that much time on one cruise but the itinerary was extensive and leisurely and, of

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course, no airplanes. They visited the Azores, Madeira, Portugal, Spain and all the countries bordering the northern shores of the Mediterranean. They came home with a beautiful souvenir photo album of all the places they had been visiting. We children marveled at the unusual sights in the photos that illuminated the stories of each place as related by Mother and Father. They brought home many gifts for all of us. Among other things I got a real French beret. That was an unusual headpiece for my peers to accept so I rarely wore it. Another item which I never found the right circumstance to wear was a very heavy woolen cape - blue with a scarlet red lining and a silver clasp at the neck. I never figured out whether it was supposed to be for an Italian Carabinieri or a Paris policeman. One item, which they sent home by mail, was a round, shallow bowl-shaped hand woven basket which arrived in a cardboard box labelled "Church Seat." Evie had fun imagining this basket being used by some peasant when he had to sit on a hard bench in a rural church. But which way was up? Sink your rear end into the bowl configuration? Or up the other way and let your weight squash the basket? We didn't get the right answer until mother came home and explained that it was just a simple peasant basket that happened to get mailed home in a box that formerly contained a toilet seat made by the Church Company. Small wonder that Evie thought it was a seat for use in church!

Mom and Pops didn't get the opportunity to enjoy the entire trip. They had to come home about the time they arrived in Beirut which was the half way point. One of the senior officers of his company had taken advantage of Pop's absence and made off with his customer records and half the office staff. This necessitated closing the business or struggling along and rebuilding. The later choice was made and it wasn't long before the business was on its feet and prospering again.

In the summer of 1924 the family moved to Evanston, Illinois - a fine, big brick house at 629 Noyes Street just across Sheridan Road from the campus of Northwestern University. I wasn't at all concerned with the move because I and most of the rest of the children were "up at the lake." We had a cottage on Portage Lake ten miles north of Manistee, Michigan. We were in the middle of an enclave stretching along the south shore of the lake and situated on a point of land about half way between the ship channel leading into Lake Michigan and the eastern end

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of the lake where the town of Onekama was located. To the east of us and sharing our driveway was my grandfather's cottage which he had built some years before and he had lately winterized, at least sufficiently so he and Nonna could stay there until Thanksgiving before moving back to Chicago. Grandfather's property had a wonderful artesian well which he shared with us. The water was cool, clear, tasty and never-ending. In fact, it ran the entire winter through a diversion pipe leading to the shore of the lake. He also had a small plot behind the house where he and Nonna grew their table vegetables. Overlooking the garden was a chicken house which gave them their fresh eggs and occasionally a dinner.

On our side of the driveway we had our house, a garage with an attached ice house and large flower gardens which my mother and her helper Stanley cultivated with outstanding results. We always had large containers of fresh flowers in the house. Some years later the garage was converted into a guest house and additional rooms added on. A new garage was built near the back of the property line which could accommodate three cars but some of this space was used for a laundry. Adjacent to this garage my father had erected a very high swing, trapeze and ring set. This was a favorite play area for all of us. This was where my brother Walter dared me to learn to do the "Baby Drop" from the trapeze - a maneuver where you hung by your knees with the trapeze swinging then at the crucial moment let go your knees and execute a half turn in mid air en route to the ground! Another scary (for me) trick was to get the swing - with its 20 foot long ropes - swinging so hard that the seat and its passenger would be higher than the top crossbar at which point gravity took control, the ropes went slack and the passenger dropped straight down until the slack was taken up with a sudden jolt. From the top of your swinging arc you could see across the roof of the house and out to the lake.

Most of my time was spent in water oriented activities. We had a dock that extended out into the lake from the driveway which afforded the opportunity for both swimming and boating. The dock was always built out to the edge of the "drop-off" where the sandy shallow shoreline area took a dramatic plunge to become deep water. Stanley, our general factotum, took the dock out in the Fall and stacked the posts and boards along the shore then the first family members to arrive each summer had the task of putting in the dock. My favorite assignment

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was to use a water drill to assist in sinking the posts. Lengths of garden hose were attached to the well system and a six foot section of pipe was attached to the end. The force of the flowing water dislodged the sand sufficiently to allow the older brothers and Stanley to pound in the posts with a maul. At the end of the dock was an enlarged area with a seating arrangement. This was a fine vantage point to watch the dramatic display of the Aurora Borealis that occurred many nights during the summer. It also made a fine diving platform. One summer we arrived from Evanston in mid afternoon on a warm June day and scampered upstairs to get in our bathing suits in a race to see who would be first in the water. The dock was already in so I ran as fast as I could to the end and made a fine dive into the water only to discover that the dock wasn't out its full length and I dove right into the sand in waist deep water! I was rescued, carried up to the house in a dazed condition and laid out on a bed. My father insisted that the best remedy for my malady was a drink of Scotch whiskey - a tumbler full! I guess that was the day I learned to like Scotch. Needless to say it was a rapid recovery and I remain convinced that Scotch can cure whatever ails you!

There was a lot of boating in addition to swimming. We had at various times, an aluminum rowboat, a canoe, an outboard speedboat (with a 16 HP motor - sounds tiny but it was a good deal in those days) and a Snipe class sailboat. I spent a lot of time with that speedboat. One summer I treated it to a first class overhaul. I scrapped and sanded the hull then started the re-painting task. I finally applied 7 coats of tung oil varnish each coat except the last getting rubbed down with rotten stone and oil. The bottom had such a hard finish you could bounce a hammer off it and not leave a mark. All my hard work paid off in winning ways - I won nearly every race that summer. I sailed a lot, too, even on days when no one else would venture out in the strong wind. A favorite sport was to deliberately dump the boat then stand on the centerboard to right it. It also meant a lot of bailing but then what else was there to do on a windy, rainy day? Evans took over the sailboat when I wasn't at the lake. In spite of his young age he was the winningest skipper on the lake.

At least once each summer we would have a family picnic on the shore of Lake Michigan along a stretch of sand beach that was some three hundred yards wide.

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That meant a lot of carrying of items from the car to our picnic site. The older boys would bring along some home brew they had obtained from someone in the backwoods, put it in a gunny sack and anchor it in the shallow water to cool. It was mighty fine beer - even my teetotaling mother approved of it. The younger boys were in charge of scrounging for the makings for a big campfire. There was always driftwood to be found on the beach. After the meal we all toasted marshmallows amid a great to-do about the relative merits of lightly browned versus blackened.

On those really terrible days with rain and chill and dark skies we would gather around the dining room table to play "Thirteen Up." (Hoyle calls it Canfield.) With upwards of a dozen players all playing on the same stacks in the center of the table it got pretty wild. My sister Margaret usually won - she was the fastest with the cards.

We moved to Evanston in the summer of 1924 and that Fall I went to school five blocks from home - at Orrington School, then into Boltwood Jr. High. I only stayed at Boltwood for one semester - it burned to the ground one night. The Evanston High School was brand new and wasn't anywhere near capacity so I happened to finish Junior High in the High School building. I went there for the required length of time and graduated in June of 1930. Nothing very memorable occurred during this period. I was on the track team (440), worked for the city two summers as a playground supervisor, worked one summer on a farm in southern Illinois driving a tractor, worked one summer as a painter on a gas reservoir where we worked from a skinny platform 200 feet in the air [the only reason I got the job was that my predecessor had fallen off the day before], and then if there was still time before school started I went up to the lake.

I learned to dance right after moving to Evanston. I went to Jessie Pocock for lessons. She was well known on the North Shore and anybody who was or wanted to be somebody had taken lessons from Jessie Pocock. I came across someone not long ago who had taken dancing from Jessie. Our Wednesday afternoon sessions were held in the big ballroom of the Evanston Woman's Club and every two weeks the boys in the group were invited to the Fortnightly dances at Roycemore - an exclusive girls school just three blocks from home. I met some wonderful girls there and dated many of them throughout my high school years. One girl I met

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there started out as something of a wallflower when she was a sophomore but by the time I had introduced her around to my friends at Evanston High, she suddenly blossomed into an outgoing, fun girl whom all my friends wanted to date. Theoretically we were going steady but that was mostly on my part - she dated others all the time. This was an understanding between us: that "steady" was not a good thing and playing the field was much better. Her name was Millie Lawrence. After High School, I went off to Ann Arbor, she went to Sara Lawrence outside New York and I saw little of her after that.

I had three special friends with whom I played most afternoons after school: Herb Lundahl, Ed Lewis and Dave Danforth. Herb retired as a VP of Security First National Bank in Los Angeles; Ed established and operated a very successful building cleaning and maintenance company in San Francisco and made his home at Stinson Beach, Marin County; Dave followed in his father's footsteps to become the North Shore's most successful Ob-Gyn specialist. We had another pal - Bunny Davis whose half sister is Nancy Reagan's daughter. This gang often went to Herb's family's summer cottage on Pistakee Bay, not far north of Evanston, during Easter vacations and occasionally right after Christmas when the lake was covered with ice. We drove cars out on the lake just for the thrill of it. It was a pretty scary thing until I found out that two inches of ice would support a team of horses. Never did fall in or you wouldn't be reading this now.

Most of my peers were Junior members of the Evanston Country Club which was situated right in town despite its name. They had a fine building with a huge dance floor, tennis courts which were flooded in winter for ice skating, and bowling alleys in the basement. I became a Junior member despite the fact my father was not a member; I paid my dues out of my allowance. I spent a lot of time there at the dances. It was a popular place for individuals in our set to host dancing parties, especially during the Christmas holiday season when there was a party there every night. Formal dress was required. Imagine me in white tie and tails going out every night. That was an era when that sort of thing was done. Watch an old movie of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers on late, late TV and you will get an idea of what it was like. We danced until one then went on somewhere else for snacks. The "somewhere else" was often to "No Man's Land." This was a strip of

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geography lying between Evanston and Wilmette that somehow never got included in either town's boundaries and therefor the legal restrictions were fairly wide open, for instance, no curfew. If you ever wanted to find an old friend at night, just search the eating places in No Man's Land and you were sure to find him; they stayed open until all hours. From that standpoint it was like Montparnasse in Paris. It is said that if you sit long enough at one of the sidewalk cafes there you will see everyone you ever knew.

Speaking of Paris, Walter and I went there in the summer of 1928. One June evening the family had gathered on the sunporch to while away the time before dinner was announced. Pops put down his paper and said to me and to Walter: "How would you boys like to go to Europe this summer?" We weren't sure just what was coming next so we both gaily allowed as how that would be some kind of fun. He then pulled an envelope out of his pocket and said: "All right. Here are two tickets for a six week tour ending up in Paris. The tour leaves in two weeks." And that is all there was to it - no preamble, no discussion, just the tickets. Needless to say, we took the offer and left Chicago a few weeks later on the first leg of our tour.

Remember I mentioned seeing Louise Cullinan again? I met her again at her house in Yonkers; Walter and I had been invited out to visit as old family friends. We stayed for dinner and had an enjoyable time but there were no games of Post Office. That evening we went out to a snack bar for something to eat. There were Louise, Walter and I and two or three of Louise's brothers and sisters. Someone bought a copy of the first issue of Ballyhoo magazine - very fresh and funny. It was very popular and a bit racy for the times (not at all pornographic or off color as you will find today); it was so "fresh" it came wrapped in cellophane! The biggest surprise of the evening came not long after we arrived at the Cullinan's: two of the Cullinan kids were also going to Europe but sailing on a different ship. But not Louise - she was too young! I really was, too, but then you don't look a gift horse in the mouth. We ran across the Cullinan's later at a monster party in someone's Paris hotel room. Being very young and the only one likely to keep his senses, I acted as bartender. That's where I learned how to open champagne bottles - I had a lot of practice that night.

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Just before time to sail for home I went off alone to Holland while Walter was still partying in Paris. Somehow he lost his money and his watch the night before taking the boat train for Boulogne where he was to join me. I had gotten on in Rotterdam with our joint passport; how he had gotten even this far I didn't know. Walter, now safely aboard but almost broke, explained to me that he had had to go see a distant cousin of ours who worked in the Paris branch of the National City Bank of New York and borrow \$25.00 from him so he could get out of Paris and on the boat train. We talked it over, pooled our money and counted a grand total of \$32.00. Our dilemma was that we had to decide whether to save the entire amount and try to get back home on what we had or to have a good time on the boat and go as far west of New York as we could on whatever was left over. It wasn't difficult to choose the latter. After getting through customs in New York we each put on our best clothes, held out a minimum for changes and shipped the rest to Onekama. We then took a bus to Patterson, New Jersey, then a local bus to the edge of town on the highway west where we began our long hitch-hike toward home. Getting rides was not difficult for we were wearing our best clothes and looked sharp and not at all as if we intended to hijack someone. I think we got about as far as Utica, New York when our funds were about to give out so we wired home for help - a choice we had hoped to avoid in the interest of sparing Pops a heart attack. When we got the money we continued on our way, heading for Buffalo where we took the night boat to Detroit and then back to the highway for home, family and a good swim in the lake. We got as far as Ludington, Michigan, some 45 miles from home as darkness overtook us so we phoned for a rescue. Margaret and Curt came to pick us up and drive us the rest of the way to the lake.

I'm sorry that neither Mom nor Pops were there to join the rest of the family in the fun we all had in the re-telling of our "adventures" in Europe. Along with the stories we had to tell we also had a present for everyone. The laughter and good times lasted until three in the morning. Walter and I were very close as a result of travelling together for those six weeks - a closeness that was never recaptured. The next morning we seemed to go back to our accustomed sibling rivalry instead of the companionship we had enjoyed on the trip.

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But all these good fun times had to come to an end when we went off to college. Pops wanted me to go to Wharton School of Business - then an undergraduate department of the University of Pennsylvania. I had no particular motivation for going to college anywhere but I was smart enough to know that it was the best thing to do. I opted for some place closer to home so I went to the University of Michigan for a year and a half in the Engineering School. I went home after coming to the realization that I was getting B marks in Differential and Integral Calculus with hardly even studying -if it's that easy, what's in it? Besides, like I just told you, I didn't know why I was in college. If you don't know why you are doing something, why do it? So, I came home.

Pops had a long talk with me and explained that we were in the middle of a severe financial depression and he didn't want me out looking for a job that might deny a family man a chance to earn a living. I never felt the depression at home - we seemed to live just as we always had - very comfortably. My father's business - Municipal Bonds - was one that can prosper in a depression. What money didn't vanish in the stock market went scurrying for a safer haven - bonds. It was during one of these chats that Pops made the startling (to me) remark that at least 85% of American wage earners got into their present jobs by default; that is, they did not set out to be in that job or profession and arrive there as a result of a plan! The ultimatum was that if I didn't know just what I wanted to do I had to go back to some kind of school or travel.

Walter told me about a school in Chicago that I was bound to like - classes in the mornings and fool around all afternoon. It was at the Chicago Art Institute's Goodman Theatre School. That suggestion started me off on the next ten years of my life. I enrolled and went there for a year. I enjoyed it, worked hard, learned a lot and found out from one of the instructors that just about the ultimate in theatre schools was the Yale Drama School. That sounded good to me; I proposed it to Pops and he made it possible. I went to New Haven for three years and came out of there with lots of knowledge, some good experience and a reputation that mirrored that of the school excellent.

Going to Yale was a good experience for me; it prepared me for a lot of things; it opened my eyes to a whole new world. My ten years in theatre work was an

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enjoyable time in which, by and large, I was able to support myself even though some months were mighty slim. But in time I came to realize that it was not the life for me.

Now that I have gotten past my school years let me go back and speak about some reflections on those years. You may discount them as adult reflections but the basis for it all rests in the impressions I received but perhaps never formalized or expressed during those years.

For one thing, I am ever so grateful that I took four years of Latin in High School. I know it isn't even offered these days and that is a shame. It has, for me, formed the basis for an intimate understanding of the English language. I love our language. I have a comparatively large vocabulary which I use in every day practice. I do not delight in using those funny, obscure words that are thrown in just for the effect but do enjoy using words that precisely tell what I want told. Our language has many synonyms but the trick is to pick out the correct one for the precise meaning. I enjoy listening to Bill Buckley not only for his points of view but mostly because he manages to be exact in his choice of words. [I admit that some of the time he uses obscure words just for the fun of it. He must go on the philosophy "If you can't convince them, confuse them."] I think the study of Latin has formulated this view for me. It supports not only our own language but all the Romance languages. It makes the understanding of French, for instance, much easier when you are able to relate French words back to their Latin roots. I had a wonderful experience in Brussels when Walter and I were there. We went to a local theatre performance in the Flemish language. Flemish is a glommed up mix of French, English and Dutch, which in turn is a derivation of twelfth Century low German. It seemed every third word was pure English and a like proportion was pure French. Somehow I managed to get the drift of the story line by relating back to Latin roots.

I am very proud of the fact that all of our children have grown up with good vocabularies - greatly in excess of those of their peers.

Another reflection is that not everyone should go to college. There are many higher professions that do not require the academics of higher learning. Many of

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our most successful salesmen (and women) have not been thrown off track by being overburdened with classical learning. Most technical specialists do not require the cushion of the classics - and this refers not only to the manual trades but to such sophisticated activities as computer programming. Programming requires, for the most part, an in-born ability to perform logical sequencing, not a knowledge of history or the heroes of yesteryear.

Schooling at all levels should be the keystone to building on our own inner desires to "become" something that has appealed to our fancy. Evans was the only one of my six brothers and sisters who knew at an early age what he wanted to become. I constantly deplore the fact that I never had a defined goal so that I could work towards it. Everything I have ever done has been as a result of falling into it. I had a psychiatrist tell me that some years ago and I was incensed at his remarks but now, 30 years later, I must shamefacedly admit he was right. I am apparently the kind of person who would rather walk through any old open gate than pick out a gate that relates to a life plan or a confirmed desire.

Is this the section for "True Confessions?" I hope not. I have put these things in here because it seems to me that they are all contributing factors in building what I am today - for better or for worse.

While at Yale I apparently caught the fancy of our professor who taught directing and was invited to come with him and his select group to open a new summer theatre in Cohasset, Massachusetts. I was Production Manager - responsible for everything having to do with the mounting of the play. We put on a new play every week which meant new scenery, props, lighting, the works. We had a resident company of actors and some visiting stars. Among them were Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Ethel Barrymore, Broderick Crawford and Humphrey Bogart just to name a few. The latter two were not stars then. The fact is that I was making more money at that time than either of them. At the end of one summer season Bogart left us and promptly got cast in the part of Duke Mantee in the New York production of "The Petrified Forest". His well deserved rise in the world of film is history. There were many others I worked with in Cohasset, some went on to solid careers in the theatre and films while others faded out of sight.

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I spent four summers in Cohasset, two between sessions at Yale and two while I spent the winters in York, Pennsylvania as Director of the Community Theatre there. After leaving York I returned to New York where I had a variety of theatre jobs over the next few years and some non-theatre jobs. In the Fall of 1936 (I believe) I was working at Macy's as a Christmas extra and it was there that I met my future wife. On Christmas Day I took the train for Miami Beach where I worked in a theatre until Easter time. Mom and Pops had been wintering in Sebring, Florida so they came over to pick me up and take me back to New York. It was on this trip we went to Yadkinville and to Speer's Ferry, Virginia.

After nearly ten years of schooling and working in the theatre I decided that this was not the life for me. I knew I would never be a crashing success because I lacked an essential characteristic - an ego-centered personality. I seemed to want a more stable and family oriented life.

I returned to Chicago and promptly got a job as a floor service manager at Goldblatt's main store on State and Jackson. After a break-in period I was assigned as Service Manager of the Toy Department for Christmas. One entire floor of nothing but toys and kids and mothers. I think Joel Goldblatt figured that anyone who can do that and come out sane was worth keeping on. I was given the Main Floor - consisting of 26 merchandising departments to service with about 60 or so in sales and another dozen stock room men for whom I was responsible. It was a fascinating experience. I must have done well because after the war when I visited there Joel Goldblatt offered me the Store Manager job at the Lawrence Avenue store. I didn't take it because Gert and I were on our way to California and a new life.

One of my stockroom men was Charlie O'Reilly who had formerly been a dance marathon contestant, a grueling and exhausting way to make a buck! Charlie talked to me about the draft which had recently been instituted by President Roosevelt explaining that I would be a lot better off if I got into an outfit I knew about than if I took my chances in the draft. That sounded good to me - anything would have sounded good because I had draft number 86 in my local district and the Draft Board had deferred the first 80 men already! I signed on with Headquarters Company, 131st Infantry Regiment of the Illinois National Guard. I

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later found out this company had an average educational attainment of the 5th grade! The First Sergeant - Charlie O'Reilly - was a first grade drop-out; the chief Technical Sergeant had gotten as far as the third grade. There was one other college fellow in the outfit and we took a terrible amount of hazing and razzing from the rest of them.

Our Division was called into Federal service in February, 1941 and sent to Camp Forrest Tennessee in March. Our first efforts were devoted to cleaning up the place to make it militarily livable after the building contractors had left. We built duck-board walks between each of our buildings and hauled away rocks and leftover pieces of wood. One morning a Sergeant had a group of us lined up for work detail and he asked if anyone knew how to drive. I allowed as how I could drive. The Sergeant then pointed to a wheelbarrow and said I was to drive that while the others picked up rocks and loaded it up for me. The others took great delight in giving me the biggest loads they could pile on.

We went on maneuvers in Arkansas and Louisiana that summer and early Fall. When we returned to Camp Forrest I learned that the Army was no longer drafting men over 28 and that anyone who had attained 28 could put in for release from active service. I wasted no time in getting out and returning to Chicago. That was October 1941. Pearl Harbor Day was 6 December 1941 and the U.S. was now in the war for real. The last thing I wanted to do was go back to the crazy outfit I had just come from so I tried to get in to the Navy, the Coast Guard, the anything. No such luck. In January I was recalled and sent back to Camp Forrest. There had to be some way out so I put in for Officer Candidate School and was accepted for a class starting in April at Fort Benning, Georgia. In the meantime my outfit, the 131st Infantry Regiment, was sent to Fort Brady, Michigan to guard the Soo locks. They stayed there the entire war. I guess that was my ironic punishment for trying so hard to get out of the 131st. But the Infantry was not for me - before going to Ft. Benning I was switched to the Signal School at Fort Monmouth solely on the basis that I had operated telephone switchboards while a Private!

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PART II – Realization Of Growth

The year 1942 and beyond were years of discovery for me just as 1492 was a year of discovery for Christopher Columbus. There was a major world-encompassing war going on and my country was a part of it; I was about to get married which would pave the way for what I have always considered my "career" - fatherhood; and as I learned later, America, and indeed the world, would change irreversibly with the advent of new life styles, new moral and ethical values, conflicts leading to political terrorism and bloodshed allegedly justified by religious tenets. That "God is on my side" is a noble thought but when that view is held by two opposing factions there is bound to be an unrelenting pressure of idealism that can only grow to become fanaticism. A fanatic, by definition, is an irrational creature. Irrational actions do not lead to constructive change but to destruction. Living in these times has been a challenge to find a balance between fending off deterioration and promoting personal lifestyles based on sound values. I think this has been the challenge of being a father.

During the time I went to Officer Candidate School at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey I went to New York City nearly every weekend to see the girl I had met five years earlier in men's underwear (that was the section we both worked in at Macy's, not how we were dressed.) In the weeks that followed we grew closer and the inevitable came about - we decided to be married as soon as possible. Her father did his best to dissuade us but, as usual, he lost. The banns were announced in Gert's church, St. Phillip Neri on the Concourse in the Bronx, and we were married a month after I was commissioned a Second Lieutenant. My brother Paul was Best Man and Gert's sister Virginia was Matron of Honor. Paul and I both wore our uniforms at the marriage Mass which took place on a Sunday at the regular 9 AM Mass. This was a special dispensation given us because it was wartime, in other times Catholic marriages were never solemnized on a Sunday. There was a reception for families and friends at the Rowan house from which we departed for a short stop at the Plaza Hotel where my mother and father were staying then off on our honeymoon cruise - across the Hudson River on the Weehawken ferry! We stayed a few days at the Molly Pitcher Hotel in Red Bank,

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New Jersey then into rented rooms on the third floor of a large house on the Navesink River. Later we moved into an apartment (if you could call it that) over the garage behind a funeral home in Red Bank. Oh, yes, I almost forgot that we had a room-mate there - a night duty nurse. When the Fall winds were blowing the whole garage structure would sway and Gert would run for the only place she felt safe - the bathtub!

After commissioning I was assigned to a group that was to form the Signal Company of a new Division - the 102nd Infantry. We prepared ourselves with lesson plans, training schedules and the like then went off to Camp Maxey, Texas to await the arrival of our draftee recruits. In the Signal Company we had one Captain, two First Lieutenants, fourteen Second Lieutenants and 300 soldiers. In about a year I was a First Lieutenant and Commanding the Company. I remained with this same company throughout the war.

Gert and I started this phase of our life living in a furnished room in Paris, Texas, the nearest town to Camp Maxey, and taking our meals at a boarding house along with a dozen other newly married Second Lieutenants and their wives. We didn't care much for the southern cooking we experienced so we ate mostly chicken gravy and wonderful biscuits with honey. We soon found a two bedroom cottage that we rented for \$35.00 a month and set up housekeeping. We had nothing to start off with so it was uphill all the way; but who thinks of that as a problem when you are first married? We had a wonderful learning experience living there - we got to know each other and where the loving compromises had to be made. We both learned that basic lesson for happy married living - perhaps that is why we are still married after 43 years.

My Division left Camp Maxey for stationing at Camp Swift, Texas so Gert and I moved to Austin for a while. After more training and slimming down the Division to its authorized strength, we were moved to Fort Dix, New Jersey to prepare for overseas shipment. I left New York for Cherbourg in late September 1944 and Gert went to San Francisco to live with her sister Virginia who had an apartment right outside the perimeter of The Presidio.

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I have never been in the habit of telling war stories and I don't intend to begin now. I was overseas a bit over a year - none of that time exactly enjoyable, returning to the States in September of 1945.

At this point I must go back in time to tell something of family - or the beginnings of a family at least. My going overseas just at the time I did was very inopportune to say the least. Gert was pregnant and was facing the prospect of having her baby while I was away. So she wouldn't be alone we decided she should go to San Francisco where she could stay with her sister Virginia and also have access to the military facilities at The Presidio. And that's how it came about that Gert was in San Francisco when she had our first child - Mary - born at Letterman General Hospital. On the day Mary was born I was busy greeting our Russian counterparts whom we met at the Elbe River. The day was 11 April but I didn't get the Red Cross notification until the next day so for many years I thought Mary's birthday was the 12th of April. I was thrilled at the thought of seeing Mary and couldn't wait to get home.

When I told Gert the approximate date of my arrival she returned to New York to wait for me. My ship arrived in Boston and we were hauled immediately to Camp Miles Standish for discharge from the Army. The first thing I did when I got to the camp was to go to the Snack Bar and scarf down two big hamburgers with milkshakes! Believe me, that snack ranked very high among all the gastronomic enjoyments of my life! After meeting in New York, we took a plane for the West Coast. It was her first airplane ride and she was very nervous. After we were airborne and cruising along smoothly I told her that was all there was to it and she immediately calmed down and has enjoyed flying ever since.

While we were living in a trailer in Burbank we were blessed with the arrival of Eileen who was born in Pasadena Woman's Hospital on 15 July 1946 - the day before my 34th birthday. Having one daughter was great but now having two was even better. As of this writing we have lived in California nearly twenty years, off and on, and are very proud that our first two children are California natives - real Kalifornia Kids.

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My work situation in California didn't pan out too well so we went to New York to see if we could improve it. We lived in an apartment in Brooklyn, I sold life insurance, and soon we were again parents - this time our first boy, Dick. With the arrival of each new child and the realization of increasing responsibilities, and now with a family of five to support I looked around for income - present and retirement - that was not going to depend on my poor salesmanship. I didn't have a very good track record up to this time in the earnings department and Army pay and retirement pay looked very inviting. Those were the chief reasons I went back to the Army - present and future financial security. I've got to admit that that is one thing I really succeeded at. The pay was never grand but neither did it tend to disappear during hard times; and military life was very good living, most particularly during our overseas tours. As far as retirement pay is concerned, it is very pleasurable to shake hands with the Postman every month!

My first duty station in 1948 was a great break for me; we were living in a fourth floor walk-up in Brooklyn when I was assigned to Ft. Jay, Governor's Island, New York City! Across the street from our apartment was a nice playground where Mary and Eileen used to play. After a play session Gert would climb the four flights of stairs carrying Dick, or laundry, or groceries while the two girls struggled up the stairs. Mary was always first up but Eileen, being only two at the time, had a hard time negotiating the stairs. Gert was busy with the baby so she would call encouraging words to Eileen from the top of the stairs. Eileen would appear about a half hour later crying and exhausted.

The following year I was assigned to Kyoto. When I was posted for Japan we five left New York for Fort Monroe, Virginia so Gert and the children could stay with Virginia and Chet for a while. Concurrent travel was not available - I had to go to Japan, get military housing then send for her. I was fortunate enough to be assigned to the 58th Signal Battalion in Kyoto, one of the great garden spots of Japan.

When Gert arrived I went to Yokohama to meet her, Mary, Eileen and Dick as they arrived on the President Wilson. We had to wait until 11:30 PM to take the night train to Kyoto - it was a six hour train ride with arrival before six AM. Much to our surprise we were met at the Kyoto station by a happy group of Officers and

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wives who escorted us to the Myako Hotel - a former luxury hotel now operated by the Army. The organizers of the group were Ida and John Gerstner who became our lifelong friends. After a short stay in the hotel we moved into our three bedroom quarters in the Army compound right across from Wink and Sherm Randa who also became lifelong friends.

When Dick was a year and a half old he became very sick with a mysterious viral infection that didn't respond to any of the medicines the Kyoto Army Hospital administered. The doctors were in touch with Tokyo General who sent back to the States for a new medicine just being tried by the Army. It was flown to Kyoto and given to Dick as a last effort. The medicine was just the right thing for he came around miraculously and much to the astonishment of the medical staff. The medicine, then new and nearly untried, was aureomycin, now a common antibiotic.

Altogether, our stay in Kyoto was a happy one although much too short. Gert and I were on our first overseas assignment together and in a beautiful spot at that. We made many friends and found good companions for the children among our Army neighbors. Kyoto is a great place to enjoy sightseeing and we did a lot of it, increasing the enjoyment of our stay there.

But it was not to last. In March I was transferred to the 24th Signal Company of the 24th Infantry Division located in Kokura. This was a truly rotten and ill-prepared Signal Company for two reasons: 1) I had used the 24th as a dumping ground for all my misfits and incorrigibles from the 58th and 2) no one in the company knew the first thing about communications under field conditions. They had suffered from the laxity that grew during the occupation years and the lack of dedicated Signal Corps Officers and NCOs. I started a training program that took the men into the field on a regular basis and away from the barracks and the musimays [a Japanese word meaning "girl-friend"] but corrupted in meaning and spelling by the GIs. There was a lot of grumbling but the men came to realize I meant to shape them into a good communications company. Along with the heavy program of field activities I took advantage of the fact that I had an excellent mess crew. We were feeding not only my own company of 225 men but all the raggle-taggle small units attached to the Division making a mess hall count of over 400. Uniform discipline and a great mess are two of the most important items in

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building a successful unit. Another thing I did was to convene the top three grade sergeants and assure them that the basis for all discipline rested with them. They knew what I was talking about because my plans were based on age-old military truths. Whenever soldiers got out of line, the sergeants took the first disciplinary steps. For example: one morning I inquired why a certain private was not in morning roll call. The answer was a contrived but plausible remark that he had slipped and fallen off the back stairs of the barracks and had to be taken to the hospital. I knew - and the sergeants knew I knew - that he had not really fallen anywhere but had been given a lesson in military discipline and behavior by a sergeant.

The training I had begun to put in effect was forcefully proven in very short order - on the 26th of June 1950 to be exact. That was the day the North Korean communists invaded the south of Korea. My Division, the 24th, was selected to send over a Battalion of Infantry with their supporting artillery to oppose the communists. Within 24 hours General McArthur realized that would not be enough so the entire Division went over to Korea as fast as possible. We were selected for two reasons: 1) our commander, General Dean, had recently returned from Korea where he had been Military Governor during the occupation since the end of the war in 1945 and knew the land and people very well, and 2) being on the island of Kyushu, we were the nearest.

The abrupt transfer of my unit, the 24th Infantry Division, to Korea rudely upset many lives and plans for the future. Perhaps no family was more upset than ours because I was leaving her behind to fend for herself in a military camp that was now all but deserted as she prepared for the birth of our second son. Military hospital facilities nearby to Kokura were entirely dedicated to the wounded coming in from Korea and there was no room for pregnant dependents. She went to Kobe for a while in hopes the British hospital there could accommodate her but that, too, was soon too crowded with casualties. She went back to Kokura and through the generosity of the staff of the Army hospital in Fukuoka she was admitted to await the coming of Jack. She was in a regular hospital room but just outside in the corridors was a never-ending stream of casualties lying on litters on the floor. Not a happy place to be but she busied herself with comforting the wounded as best she

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could. After Jack was born they returned to our quarters in Kokura where she enjoyed the services of our three maids. Even she will admit that the period beginning then was an easy life except for the worries of her husband being less than an hour away by air and in the midst of a war. She knew many Air Force pilots so from time to time I would receive home baked goodies flown over especially for me. I, too, knew a few pilots who gave me periodic opportunities to fly back to Kokura for short visits before anyone missed me. The first time I came home was probably the most traumatic for Gert. When I had left in June my hair was beginning to turn grey and when I arrived home again for a short visit in October I was wearing my combat clothes, carrying my carbine and generally dirty and disheveled. The remarkable thing, though, was that my hair had turned white, living proof that I was thoroughly scared most of the time in Korea. Gert got a terrible shock!

Again, no war stories, except to say that none of us ever thought we would return to safety alive, but some of us lucky ones did. The ground we held in Korea rapidly shrank from most of South Korea to a thirty mile perimeter around Pusan. By this time many more troops had been committed and we had sufficient strength to move north again.

I was with the 24th Signal Company until about Thanksgiving when I engineered an opportunity to get a promotion and move to the 10th AA Group where I was responsible for all communications within the Group which included three Battalions of 90mm AA guns (but now being used in their ground role), five Battalions of 50 caliber automatic weapons, and the Army's only rocket battery. Much to my surprise I discovered that the Group's combat role was as artillery support for the 1st ROK Division, Korea's best by long odds. I stayed with the 10th Group for the rest of the time I was in Korea, returning to Japan where I again met Gert who had stayed in our quarters in Kokura while I was away. It was now the end of June 1951 and I had been in Korea for exactly one year.

I was given the choice of going back to the States or remaining in Japan; I took the latter course and have never regretted it. We had enjoyed our life in Japan and were now looking forward to more of the same. I picked an assignment in Yokohama where I was Executive Office in the Signal Section there. We had a

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very nice set of quarters and two maids for ourselves and four children. The Officers Club in downtown Yokohama was grand - they served the best French onion soup I have ever eaten anywhere. Their dances, Sunday buffets, and other social gatherings were good relaxation. While living in Yokohama we had our tenth wedding anniversary which was celebrated with a great dinner party for 24 of our friends at the Tokyo Officers Club.

We lived in Yokohama for a year and a half, returning to the States just before Christmas 1952. We stayed in Laguna Beach for a short while awaiting assignment. My orders came and I was told to report ASAP to the Office of the Chief Signal Officer in Washington, D.C. Again this was non-concurrent travel so Gert lived in a cottage next to my mother in Laguna Beach while I went east to find a house to live in. I bought a house in Falls Church, Virginia in a newly developed area called Pine Spring. We found great neighbors there who were mostly of our own age and financial circumstance. Directly across the street lived a young Navy Officer named Vance Cox (later a three star Admiral) whose hobby was painting - we still treasure the small painting he did for us of our house.

My Pentagon assignments were both very interesting; the first was as an Inspector General for the Signal Corps during which time I travelled as a member of a team inspecting and reporting on every Signal Corps installation in the United States. This meant a lot of travelling; I was away from home 65% of the time! My next duty was as one of three Special Assistants to the Chief Signal Officer - General O'Connell. I wrote many of his speeches and position papers as well as help prepare the initial paperwork for the acquisition of Fort Huachuca for the Signal Corps. My very close and much admired working colleague was Harold Silverstein, then a GS-16.

When my three year tour was nearing its end I had a close friend in the Officer Assignment branch who was most helpful in obtaining a plum assignment for me - the Military Assistance Group that supported the Defense services of the Netherlands government. Our duty station was in The Hague where we lived from June 1956 until July 1959 when we went to Fort Huachuca, Arizona.

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PART III – Results Of Growth

Did you ever hear anyone use the expression "Those were the good old days"? I have; and I have concluded that most of those who say that are deluding themselves. I prefer the saying "There's no time like the present." I think this is a wonderful time I am living in.

During the years from 1942 to 1952 I seem to have undergone a kind of transformation of outlook and personality that resulted in my being happier, more contented and with more of a defined reason for being. This didn't come about all of a sudden like I awakened one morning to a whole new outlook. It was a slow process of learning and realization; it was an assignment or a re-assignment of values to each of the things that touched my life. It was a process that was slow, subtle and usually something of which I was unaware until much later. I never was the kind of person who would say in the morning "Well, today I am going to set about learning how to do thus-and-so." Being that regulated is foreign to my nature. But I did learn something about peace and contentment and what some of the things were that made life otherwise.

Somewhere along the line I decided not to let things worry me or disturb my new equanimity if the source of a potential worry was something over which I had no possible control. I learned to identify the ubiquitous "they" and reduce "them" to something I could come to terms with. When I came in collision with forces or situations or people over which I had no control I learned I had to re-shape myself a little bit to minimize any adverse impact. Do you call this running away, or hiding, or playing ostrich? I don't think so. I view it as not letting someone else ruffle my feathers when I seem to be able to do it so often and so well to myself. It seems to boil down to my having a great respect for placidity. I like to plan things in advance, thinking out the pitfalls so things will move along smoothly and not drop in a hole (which, of course, would ruffle me no end!) So, there you have the metamorphosis that changed me into:

don't worry

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make a plan
don't let someone else upset you
develop a personality
recognize the sentimentality in you
express the delight you take in your children
realize the value and necessity of family love
take time out to smell the roses.

And don't tell me anything about "the good old days." The days of my youth and most of the time before thirty-five or forty were pretty crummy in retrospect. There doesn't seem to be much good about any of those days. I wasn't too happy, I was a loner much of the time, and I never knew family closeness. I don't blame anyone else. It's just that I didn't know I wasn't happy nor did I understand what one could do about it.

Today I am much happier than yesteryear. I am content but not to the point of detriment, I hope. It would be interesting to know what went on that brought about these changes. Here are some of the things that occurred to me in the years of change:

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I had been through two wars and seen first hand the senselessness of killings in the name of political supremacy

I learned to value and appreciate a "good" person by understanding that not everyone in this world had learned lessons of humility and morality

I learned to respect the rights of others, especially their property rights, and I became very sensitive and protective of my own property rights

I learned to appreciate and understand the dedication, devotion and

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individual personality of my wife

I achieved a certain amount, a limited amount, of financial security
which was just enough to remove one of the constant worries of
life on a fixed income

I watched and admired our children growing up in good health and
understood that I could say that I had achieved happiness within
the definition of Dr. Mortimer Adler: that I was living a moral
and just life whether I knew it or not

#

So there you have it. One of our children asked me, when we were discussing my planned effort to write something of my life for our children and grandchildren, if I would please consider that even more than dates and places the thoughts and feelings of my life might be more interesting. In retrospect I think that was very fair and certainly an obvious requirement in a larger genealogy if I was to avoid leaving descendents with no real knowledge of their parents. Actually, I knew very little of my own parents and this section, as well as the other remarks dwelling on feelings, is an attempt to correct that for future generations.

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PART IV – Living The Good Life

Arrival in The Hague, Holland marked the twelfth different locality we had lived in since we got married, representing more than twenty different houses, apartments, bungalows or furnished rooms. It's no wonder that as the children were growing up they got restless feet every three years for this was the nominal extent of a military tour of duty.

Preparation for the trip was somewhat difficult because Pat was born in April and we were to leave in June. In order to get passports processed on time we had to take the baby as well as the rest of the family down to the Pentagon for photographs when he was only weeks old and Gert wasn't very well at the time either. But we had to do it and we did. It was an exercise typical of the Army saying "It doesn't make sense; it's just policy."

We - Gert, Mary, Eileen, Dick, Jack, Pat and I - had boarded a Military Transport DC 6B at La Guardia in New York about seven one evening and headed east over the ocean. Mary was quite nervous about being over all that water and I was showing my usual signs of trepidation about flying in general. Rather than infect anyone else with our fears we sat together in abject consolation. It was a ten hour trip and it didn't help one bit that Mary and I were seated in the very last seats where both seats and aisles got narrower to accommodate to the configuration of the fuselage. Right behind us were the two bathrooms. All night long the passengers from the forward section of the plane created a constant stream of humanity, each person jostling my shoulder as he went by. Result, no sleep for the weary.

We landed for re-fueling in Shannon, Ireland and I had never seen a more welcome sight. It was seven AM and the grass beneath and all around our plane was emerald green, the hills in the distance were green, the uniforms of the Aer Lingus stewardesses who greeted us were also green. Everything was green except their hair - red, of course.

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We all piled out for a stretch and a look at the duty-free shops. Gert and I sat down for a cup of coffee and much to our surprise (and pleasure) we discovered we had inadvertently ordered some of the famous "Irish coffee." It was laced with Irish whiskey and thick cream. We were too soon on the plane again and winging towards Rhein-Main airbase, Frankfurt, Germany where we touched down about ten in the morning. We immediately went to the Air Force temporary guest quarters intending to stay a few days to get over the effects of the ride and see some of the sights. No sooner had Gert gotten some freshly washed baby clothes hung on a makeshift drying line in our room than the chap I was replacing showed up with the greeting that we were leaving at once for Holland. It seems that he had brought the General's plane to come pick us up and the plane had to depart again that day for somewhere else and there was no time for any delay. Gert did put her foot down but military necessity overruled her.

In The Hague we were put up on a temporary basis in a small hotel on the edge of the city. It was a nice accommodation with plenty of room for all of us. Our first day there we had to go to a reception dance - dress blues and all. Not easy (I had never worn my dress uniform before and Gert had a tough time finding all her proper accessories) but we made it and had a great time. A few days later Dick and Jack were playing in the yard of the hotel tossing things at each other. Dick called out: "Here, Jack. Catch!" Jack was only six and not quite quick enough - the brick being tossed hit him on the head at the scalp line opening a big gash and releasing lots of blood. Fortunately for Jack, the man I was replacing was with us. He knew the city and just what to do in a medical emergency; he got us to a hospital in good time and the repair was made in spite of profuse bleeding.

We soon moved into a house in the village of Voorburg, a suburb of The Hague but we didn't like it very much and after a few months we were able to get an apartment a block or so from my work and in a very nice building. Because there were a lot of rather well-to-do seniors living there the temperature of the apartments was kept at about 67 degrees. Now that doesn't sound like much to an American but it was very warm by Dutch standards. We had to get used to wearing warm underclothes and lots of wool sweaters and jackets.

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At the end of July I enrolled the girls in the Sacred Heart Academy in The Hague. It was primarily for Dutch girls but the sisters operated a section of the school as an international school taking in the children of the various embassy personnel and oil companies located there. The language of instruction was French and the sisters advised me in advance that after October 15th no native languages were allowed – only French. Mary and Eileen got some heavyweight tutoring from their father (who hadn't spoken French since University of Michigan days). Eileen took it in stride but Mary cried bitterly every afternoon and evening. *La plume de ma tante* struck her as being totally ridiculous. But they did go to that school and their next three years of learning was in the French language. If you couldn't ask to go to the bathroom in French that was too bad. But recesses were another matter - they played with the Dutch girls as well as the international group and perforce learned the Dutch language as well. The Dutch they did learn was what I called "gutter Dutch" - the typical language of youngsters at play. Not infrequently at the dinner table one of the girls would use an idiomatic or slang expression they had learned playing with Dutch kids in the street much to the embarrassment of the maid. The girls weren't really aware of exactly how it translated and had said something not usually acceptable in polite conversation.

Mary and Eileen learned both French and Dutch very well and Eileen has since used her French to good advantage on a number of occasions in her business. When the girls had secrets between themselves which they didn't want others to hear they chatted in French when out of the house. Mary finished her schooling in The Hague by going to the International School there for her last year, a fine school, good academics and small classes. Dick and Jack had not done well at all in the Dutch public school so we talked the nuns into taking them on also at Sacred Heart. It was a while before either of them realized it was really a girls school. So now when any of the four of them have to list schools they attended they have to write in "Le Demi-pensionat du Sacre Couer de la Haye." The reviewer of records can't figure that one out so it is usually skipped over. They went to school and back on the trolley, a rickety old thing but only half a block from the apartment. In fact, they went all over town on the trolleys in The Hague. (By the way, did you know there are only two metropolitan communities in the world that have a "The" in their name? The Hague and The Bronx!)

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Around the corner from where we lived was a short street that had a number of antique shops and auction marts. Gert and I spent a lot of time there looking for items for our house. It was there that we got quite a bit of the furniture we still have today; at this point in time, however, we don't have much of it left - the children have it now and revere it not only for its intrinsic value but perhaps even more because it is something they grew up with. Among other things we bought a beautiful dining room table and six Victorian chairs to go with it. Those six chairs are now family heirlooms; we gave one to each except to Dick, who will someday get a handsome Victorian chair. I mention the chairs because they have all been recovered in needlepoint which Gert and I did in the past few years. They are very handsome and will likely be passed on down to other generations as they come along. There is another item I should mention here. The girls were emerging teenagers at this point and their mother suggested strongly that what every girl wants is a full length mirror. We found one at an auction shop that had rather uneven reflecting qualities but did have a handsome gilt frame. The afternoon we bought it I carried it home and just propped it up in the hallway before installing it in the girl's room. I didn't have time to monkey with it because we were expecting a friend over for dinner - a charming Baron who lived next door. This man was an art connoisseur who had found a number of Rembrandt's and bought them from an unsuspecting second-hand dealer. He also had a number of old Chinese four-fold screens which had insets of intricately carved ivory worked into the elaborate designs - very handsome and now quite valuable since he had restored them. He had also cannibalized ivory pieces from other screens beyond rescue and which he displayed in a stunning manner. He took a large, low coffee table, had the edges built up and installed a glass covering. Under the glass and nestled in folds of black velvet he placed his ivory pieces and other valuable and cherished art. Altogether it made a remarkably aesthetic conversation piece. When he came into our apartment he noticed the mirror and quickly turned it over so he could examine the back. His front view of the mirror made him suspect it was quite old and when he dug a small nail out of the back his suspicions were confirmed - he had dug out a handmade nail. He told us the mirror was about a hundred-fifty years old and was probably made during the time Joseph Bonaparte was governing Holland in the name of his brother Napoleon, about 1810. We have many other items we are

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extremely fond of although perhaps not as unique as the mirror which we had bought at auction solely to satisfy the girls' need for a full length looking glass!

While in Holland Gert and I did a lot of travelling, I throughout the country visiting their Army installations and the two of us throughout Europe and twice to England. For the most part the trips were made in our car. We visited the Gerstners in Boblingen, Germany, we went to Munich, Florence and Rome on another trip, and took the whole family camping a number of times, once as far south as Barcelona. We had excellent Dutch camping gear and stowed it all plus our clothes in a small luggage trailer I had had built then painted the same color as our big Ford station wagon. The big problem with travelling with children (it all gets multiplied when there are five children) is controlling the teasing and scrapping. I solved that by stopping at the first Army PX and buying a dozen comic books and throwing them all in the back seat - it kept them quiet for days. We cooked our breakfasts and suppers by our tent at the camping grounds but at noontime I would stop in a town and dispatch the girls to the food store to buy bread, wine and soft drinks then pull off to the side of the road in a quiet spot and have our lunch off the back gate of the station wagon. At one of our noonday stops in a French village I went in to the store with Mary and Eileen just to see what I could see - also to hear how the girls were managing their spoken French. While in there I noticed a rather large bundle of raffia; I bought the whole bundle (much to the amazement of the shopkeeper) and threw it in the back seat for the kids to play with. That was an even better buy than comic books because that kept them busy the rest of the trip! When we came to Montpellier (a very ancient city now proclaimed by the French as their nougat capitol) Gert and I decided that we had had enough of camping and one star hotels so we stayed at a gorgeous three star hotel. I pulled the car with its little trailer into the porte-cochere and out popped three bellboys to take the luggage. The rear seat door opened and out fell not just the four older kids in rapid succession but a ton of comic books and a bushel of raffia all over the manicured gravel driveway. I pointed out the correct overnight bags to the porters and we all trooped into the lobby and off to our rooms. It was a bit mortifying to go into this beautiful hotel looking as rumpled and dirty as we were and Gert carrying a very wet baby. After we had bathed and put on our best clothes I still couldn't convince Gert to come down to the dining room for dinner so we all ate in our rooms. The

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following morning as we were preparing to leave, it developed that there were no more diapers for Pat so Gert fashioned one out of a hotel towel and off we went. We had that towel for a number of years and every time it surfaced the older children would tease their mother that she was a snitcher of hotel property.

On another trip with the whole troop we had been visiting in Paris, left there in the early afternoon and stopped for the night at Orleans. The next morning I was working at our Coleman stove putting together bacon and eggs for all of us when the stove quit working. No amount of tinkering would get it going so we had cool coffee and some bread then I went into town to get another camp stove - I ended up with a propane unit and it worked like a charm the rest of our stay in Europe. The following day was cold, a little rainy and altogether uncomfortable as we pulled in to Lourdes so we went right to a hotel. Two days later we headed east and stayed in a nice hotel in Perpignan on our way to Carcassonne (said to be Europe's last remaining medieval walled town) and to Barcelona where we found a nice camping plaza outside of town. It wasn't as nice as I had thought at first because as Dick and I tried to pound in the tent stakes we discovered we were pounding them into solid rock! But we persisted with metal stakes and got the tent up. Gert declined to stay in the tent with the discomfort of the chill and the rain so we scouted out a small hotel in the little town nearby where she could stay with the two girls and Patrick, the baby. Dick, Jack and I returned to our tent to tough it out. In the middle of the night the tent came down around us, the stakes not holding in the rock. We grabbed a few clothes, left the tent and the rest of our belongings right where they were, lying in a heap, and went to the hotel to join the rest of the family. As I went into Gert's room where she and the baby were sleeping in a huge bed the maid was scurrying about re-making the bed because Gert complained that she didn't enjoy sleeping in a wet bed -blaming all her discomfort on the baby! As it turned out it wasn't the baby's fault at all but a leaking hot water bottle the maid had brought to warm Gert's feet!

A few days later in Barcelona we set something of a sales record. We had gone to a shoe store to get one of the kids reshod and came out of there with twenty-two pairs of shoes! Talk about "Make my day" - that really made it for some poor shoe clerk! In a different store in Barcelona I stopped in to get a box of Kleenex that

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costs us about 20 cents in the PX. The clerk told me it was \$1.25 so I left without a purchase!

On another camping trip we had driven to some place in northern Germany where the Army was setting up a new Girl Scout camp that I had gotten our girls into. The rest of us left for the south and we had gotten all the way to Switzerland when I got a message through John Gerstner that our girls needed us back at their camp. We hustled north again to see what kind of calamity had befallen them. There was no calamity at all - they just couldn't take military discipline and do-it-for-yourself routines the Sergeant in charge of the camp had instituted. Besides, they hated the food and when told they had to eat everything on their plates they rebelled by quietly wrapping unwanted food in their napkins! This "stuff it in the napkin" trick they tried at home when we occasionally left them with "Mary the maid" when we went off alone. But there they didn't get away with it because Mary the maid was Polish and she had endured the war with very little to eat so she made our kids eat everything that she prepared for them. It was an unhappy time for them because they hated Mary's cooking.

Back in The Hague we did our ordinary and perishables shopping right nearby but when we needed paper goods, breakfast food, toilet articles, canned goods and auto repair we went to the PX and commissary in Bonn, Weisbaden or Frankfurt. Items we brought home in quantity were Corn Flakes, Wheaties, Kleenex, toilet paper. (Ever been to England and used theirs? I'm convinced that is the origin of the reference to the British having a "stiff upper lip!") We used to buy each of those items by the carton. I can recall exiting from the check-out line with a cash register receipt seven and a half feet long!

There were no US military facilities in Holland and the few of us who were stationed in The Hague with MAAG were required to wear civilian clothes at all times except when making a formal visit to a Dutch military unit or when attending official military or Embassy functions. This meant wearing my "blues" four or five times a week attending the many late afternoon and evening reception functions we had to go to. By the time I came home to the US my "blues" were worn out and my regular green uniform was still brand new. After many of these functions we went out somewhere for supper - I didn't consider sherry and finger food quite adequate.

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Sometimes we went with friends and sometimes with our children. One of our favorite eating places was called Chalet Suisse where we could get wonderful fondues. We also took the children there for regular dinners. The waitress would bring our order to us on a huge platter with the meat items in the center, the five or six vegetables around that and ringing the whole platter was a low wall of mashed potatoes decoratively placed there using a pastry tube. Classy eating. Eileen learned of the existence of filet mignon here.

Probably our favorite family meal was Sunday breakfast. I did most of the cooking for these; each person could have whatever he ordered - any kind of eggs, waffles, pancakes, bacon, sausage, fruits, toast, biscuits, whatever. When we were camping it was another matter, you ate what was put out. The favorite family entree was a couple of cans of Dinty Moore stew that had been augmented with potatoes, a carrot, some celery and whatever other fresh vegetable we could find at the kiosk in the camping plaza. The kiosks were a great addition to the camping places because they stocked not only the fresh local vegetables but such things as milk, eggs, bread and the other staples. The camping areas were very well maintained, usually had running water for every few tents (this was before the days of the RVs) and the European tents tended to be small. In a few places we found you could shower for 25 pfennigs for each three minutes - too bad if you ran out of coins. I took the older children to the Worlds Fair in Brussels when it was there. While preparing supper one evening I spotted four young friends of ours from Germany as they got out of their Volks: four youngsters about twenty and tents and all their other camping gear were inside that VW! I called to them so they came over and had our tasty Dinty Moore stew in exchange for a few bottles of beer which I helped them with.

Camping was fun for all of us mostly because I had organized the chores so that everyone had an assigned job to do. Dick and Jack and I put up the tent, Gert and one of the girls were taking care of the baby, the other girl spread out our sleeping bags. Along with superintending the tent job I set up the cooking arrangement and fetched water and the like. When the tent was up we all spread out to make friends among the other campers. Every camper would put out his national flag at his tent site so we all knew what we were getting in for. We had not only an American flag

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but a Dutch flag and sometimes even an Irish flag. It was easy to get acquainted this way. These camping expeditions were educational as well as being a great contribution to family solidarity.

It was not unusual for Gert to be in a pregnant condition not long before moving on to our next military assignment. It was the same thing as we neared the end of our tour in Holland!. Kathy was born on 1 March 1959. The delivery was very difficult and Gert was in labor overly long. I was in the delivery room holding her hand all the time. It is not necessary to get too graphic here so I shall only say that Gert had transfusions of eleven pints of blood during and after delivery and I was enormously relieved that she came through the ordeal successfully because the doctors had told me they had some grave doubts. Kathy was carried to a side table immediately after cutting the umbilical cord, there she was bathed and wrapped in pre-warmed blankets then returned to her mother to hold. The worst was now over.

Gert had a large room in Johannes de Deo hospital in The Hague. It was in this room that we held a party a few days later in honor of Kathy's baptism. John Gerstner had come up from way down in Germany and other friends of ours were there for the baptism which took place in the chapel of the hospital.

We brought Kathy home to a handsome antique (1810) crib where she was attended for about six weeks by her own nurse. We had two other servants at this time so Gert and I took off for Rome by ourselves. We left our car somewhere north of the Alps and took the train south through the mountains to Florence. Three days wasn't nearly enough to even get acquainted with that beautiful and historic city but we tried. In Rome we stayed in a new, small hotel near the Vatican and were shown through St Peter's by Father Mitrie whom we had met in Germany through the Gerstners. No problem with language - he had taught school in New Orleans and had been a substitute priest for military Chaplains on a number of occasions. He got us seats at a Sunday Mass that were only a few yards from Pope John XXIII as he celebrated. We also saw many of the other traditional spots of Rome, some under the aegis of Fr. Mitrie and others on our own.

We returned to The Hague all too soon and prepared to wind up affairs so we could be going home the end of June. One thing this necessitated was getting

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remedial reading lessons in English for the three oldest! They were variously from the fourth to the eighth grade in school but were still at the reading level they were at when they had left the States. With Mary and Eileen reading at about fourth grade level it was obvious they would have a tough time as they entered high school. Every evening for six weeks I took them out for reading lessons. Their spelling (in English) was also atrocious - and still is for the most part.

When I got the news that I was to be assigned to Fort Huachuca I sent for information concerning the schools. There were on-post schools through the eighth grade but the high school students were bussed to Tombstone, Arizona. Mary was extremely upset by this announcement and when I got past her tears and anger this is how she very succinctly explained her feelings: "Who wants to go through life telling everyone you graduated from Tombstone High?" Incidentally, Mary has since gone on to get a Masters degree from Pepperdine University.

By the time we arrived in Ft. Huachuca, however, the local high school in Sierra Vista right outside the Fort had become accredited and the post students were going there. On the first day of school Mary and Eileen were waiting for the school bus and chatting in French about the neat looking boy who was also about to board. They continued their secret conversations in French all the way to school and as they stepped off the bus the boy who was the chief subject of their remarks addressed them IN FRENCH! Totally embarrassed was not the way to begin a high school career!

We came home by ship, arriving in New York harbor on a hot day the end of June. We were met by Virginia and Chet and taken right to their quarters at Fort Totten where we enjoyed a short stay before heading west in our car and trailer. We visited in Rocky Mount, N.C. a few days then headed west with the intention of camping all the way. That first night we discovered that tenting in Europe is one thing and tenting in the USA is another. We camped a couple of nights then gave it up as a bad job. The driving days were not long because the car was full of people, the weather hot and tempers short. Along about two thirty or so the kids would start looking for motels with swimming pools which, in their book, was the chief criterion. As we neared Ft. Huachuca we found ourselves in Douglas, Arizona and Gert had had enough of driving for that day so in spite of my protestations that it

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was only 45 miles further, we stayed overnight in Douglas! Arriving on the post we were met by the man I was to replace and taken directly to our quarters which he had readied for us. We had quarters on Henry Circle, otherwise known as Fertility Row because you couldn't get assigned there unless you had five or more children. In an idle moment later on I counted 64 children in the twelve sets of quarters there. Our next door neighbors were the Rheins. When she saw us arrive she promptly took charge of the baby, Kathy, to relieve Gert of that burden. Little did baby Kathy know that some years later Claire Rhein would be her mother-in-law!

My job at Ft. Huachuca - the U. S. Army Electronic Proving Ground, to use its official title - was Deputy Chief of the Electronic Warfare Department where we engaged in studies and tests concerning EW tactics and equipment. It was fairly routine work although the subject - EW - was fascinating. Two years after I first arrived I was transferred to a really unique job - Orientation Officer; I was in charge of all VIP visitors to the Proving Ground and as such arranged their briefings, official visits with the General and the Departments, and their social or leisure hours.

The years at Ft. Huachuca were growing years for all of us. We had good-sized quarters adjacent to wonderful neighbors, the RHEIN (Family), and in general realized all the benefits to be had from peace-time military life. One summer Ann McCutcheon, my sister Helen's daughter who was just the age of Eileen, came to visit us and had a summer she has never forgotten. The change from being in an only child household to being just one of many children in the same family came as a revelation that she had to take her turn at dishes, watching the baby, making beds and ironing clothes. She insists she liked it. And there were plenty of young boys around. When word got out that there were not two but three girls about the same age in one house, the front porch was never empty that summer. The boys flocked around like bison in the rutting season. Periodically I would have to chase them all home.

Six months after our arrival in Ft. Huachuca Gert was pregnant with Chris. Neither of us had really planned for this one and I, for one, was very concerned about the odds on having a healthy baby. We had had such blessings in the six we

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already had that I felt very strongly about this. As it turned out all went well and the baby was born healthy and more or less on time on 22 November in Tucson. He was baptized with the name of Christopher and a middle name to honor our friends from next door - the Rhein family.

After two years of living on the post in Government quarters Gert and I decided that the children needed the benefits of education to be found in a larger community so we bought a house in Tucson and lived there while I commuted the 85 miles each way in the VW Bug I had brought back from Holland. Schooling was an improvement for them: the girls went to Bishop Salpointe High School and the youngers went to a good grammar school just blocks away from the house. I stayed in the BOQ on the post those nights I had to chaperone the entertainment of VIP visitors; I drove the 170 mile round trip about three times a week. I was up at 5:15 and back to bed about 9:30 on those days. This didn't leave me much time for the children but I did what I could.

As Orientation Officer I was in charge of the activities for Armed Forces Day. In May of 1963 I planned a rather large celebration including static exhibits of sophisticated communications and electronic warfare equipment as well as a big parade to include many foreign flags and the flag of every state in the Union appearing in the order of their admission as a state. I had also arranged for the Sierra Vista High School band to augment the Army Band. School busses were to pick the Band members at the school and bring them to the Parade Ground but one of the busses never showed up. After frantic calling I set out for the school to bring back as many as I could carry in my VW - other parents had also brought groups. I made quite a spectacle as I arrived on the Parade Grounds. I drove onto the field and stopped right in front of the grandstands to disgorge my load of eleven kids complete with their instruments! Our arrival drew a big hand from the crowd.

Tucson was a good place to live. It was the kind of place where you could drive up to Mount Lemon and go skiing then, returning to town, you would have to put on the air conditioner in the car. On one trip to Mount Lemon we loaded the bumpers with snow chunks and brought them home to play with while enjoying the hot sun and the pool. We lived just a few blocks east of the University - practically downtown they say today. But then the population was only about 75,000 while

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today it is a third of a million. All the new developments at that time were on the east side of town with a few in the hills to the north; the El Con Hotel was fairly far out and surrounded by housing developments. There were occasional large tracts of undeveloped land owned by Howard Hughes who chose not to do anything with them.

Towards the end of 1963 I re-examined my status in the Army and decided that I should retire. I was 51 years old and the prospects of getting a job after retirement at that age would soon drop dramatically; activities in Viet Nam were heating up and I felt I had done my duty in two other wars. I retired in January 1964. I was immediately offered a job as a civilian in charge of the radio station in DaNang, Viet Nam at quite a good salary. Gert convinced me, however, that the boys were just at the age where they needed their father around and going off to Viet Nam would be very counter-productive. By the end of Spring I was offered a job with Philco in Washington, DC which I took. I went east, took an apartment at 700 South Courthouse Road, Arlington and phoned Gert to bring the troops along as soon as school was over. It was while here that Jack took over a newspaper route of 450 customers. It wasn't as bad as it sounds because much of the route was in large apartment buildings. Nevertheless it was a real chore - especially on Sundays.

The apartment was really a bit too small for us so when the lease was up I bought a nifty house in an older section of Alexandria - 305 Myrtle Avenue, to be exact. We were now the owners of two houses again. The first time we had two houses was when we went to Holland. I rented the Pine Spring house to Sherm and Wink Randa while we were gone with the thought in mind that we might be re-assigned to the Washington area. That didn't come about so I sold it as soon as we returned to the USA. Then when we left Tucson for Arlington we kept the Tucson house, rented it and bought the one on Myrtle Avenue. That didn't hurt a bit because the economic times were inflationary just then and I got back all we paid and then some.

It was while living on Myrtle Avenue that Chris learned to smoke - and also not to! He had gotten hold of some cigarettes and matches and went under the porch next door to experiment. We found him under there sick as a dog and twice as green! I believe he hasn't smoked again to this day.

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Dick and Jack were registered at the Christian Brothers High School but after a few months of getting rapped with a ruler for minor infractions they were transferred to Alexandria High where they enjoyed life much more than before. Jack was on the Crew there, rowing on the Potomac. He said no one dared fall in for fear of some weird infection from the polluted water. Dick finished up high school there then went on to college at Babson Institute in Wellesley, Mass. Mary had not come east with the rest of us this time. She stayed behind to continue at the University of Arizona and later to get married. Eileen drove east with Holly.

Holly, whose parents lived in Phoenix, had a sad and traumatic family background and we took her in as our own. She lived with us for more than a year while trying to get her head together - she succeeded to some extent. After holding down a responsible job with the Welfare Department in Baltimore she took a job with the USO and went to Viet Nam. Over there she fell in love with a Colonel who finally told her he was married and had no intention of marrying her. This put Holly's mental and emotional equilibrium back out of balance and she soon returned to her parent's house. It wasn't long before she decided she couldn't manage the wrenchings of her emotions and took her own life.

We had another live-in visitor there in Alexandria - Patty Rowan - daughter of Gert's brother John and his wife Eleanor. Patty wanted to broaden her horizons so it was arranged that she leave her home in Schroon Lake, New York and come to the big city to live with us. She went to modeling school then took a job as an airline hostess. It was very enjoyable having her with us in spite of the fact that we already had six of our own children there and Holly. One more makes no difference. We had many hours of family fun with so many people present. The older kids didn't go out too much because they thought it was more fun to stay home and play family games. One of our favorites was a word game called Probe. We each played with a light-hearted vengeance while honing competitive skills. That game was the cause of one of our beautiful 75 year old Victorian chairs getting broken. Eileen had a date with a big, burly football player and we played our game at the dining room table with all of us there. He got to laughing so hard he leaned back too vigorously and snapped the back of the chair to bits.

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Another recollection of life in the Alexandria house was of setting up my electric trains all over the sun room. It did crowd things a bit but that seemed to be one of the enjoyments of the Christmas season. There were many other action toys all over the place anyhow.

After living there about 15 months my company - Philco-Ford obtained a new contract to support Signal Corps activities at Fort Huachuca and I got myself assigned to this contract. It was very opportune for me because we had kept the Tucson house while in Washington and it was there for us move back into with no hassles. I flew out early, the boys drove our car and Gert, Eileen and Kathy flew out when the Alexandria house was turned over. Eileen was in terrible condition for the flight because her well-meaning cousin Pete Speer had taken her out the night before on a round of pub crawling. Their cause for the big celebration was her birthday!

It was good to be back in our own house but the family fun times were not as great as they were while we were at Pine Spring or Alexandria. Partly because the kids were getting older and seeking out their own lives. Eileen went to the University of Arizona, Mary had married and moved to Utah somewhere, Dick was back in Massachusetts going to Babson, Jack and Pat went to Tucson High and Kathy and Chris went to an excellent near-by grammar school. My job went from good to bad to worse over the course of two years when finally Philco lost its contract with the Army. They had piled more and more responsibility on me and I wasn't clever enough to know how to escape the excessive burden. The entire activity under that contract petered out and I was out of work. Through contacts I had made at the Arizona Employment Office I found out about a job with a company in Santa Barbara that was building over-sized cargo planes called Guppies. I was flown out for interview, we reached a mutual agreement and I started to work for them in Production Control. Gert and the troops came out after our Tucson house was sold. That was the last house we were to own.

Of course it would have been economically advantageous to have put the proceeds from the Tucson house into some sort of residential property in Santa Barbara but by the time we knew for sure which end of town we wanted to live in the down payment money had somehow disappeared. We rented from then on. It

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hasn't been all bad - Gert has been a whiz at finding places we could afford and which seemed to suit our purposes. But it seems that every time we got hold of a new place and fixed it up the landlord would see it and decide to re-assess its rental value upward. We lived in six different houses and one apartment in ten years. Each of these moves we made ourselves with the help of friends and sometimes with help from students, priests and brothers from Saint Anthony's. With a good crowd the move goes rapidly. I generally stayed at the departing house supervising that end with Gert at the new place telling which room got what furniture. The last place we lived in before coming to San Diego was a small cottage. Before moving any furniture we invested in \$250.00 worth of wallpaper and with some friends we re-did the entire cottage in less than a day. When the furniture arrived - mostly with the help of Eileen's friends from Honeywell - the move was helped along with some strawberry soda, beer and our player piano. One chap found Wabash Cannonball among our rolls and played it over and over. That piano is a great party starter.

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PART V – A Time Of Change

Santa Barbara! Beautiful Santa Barbara! This is a city with a mixed Mexican and American heritage. It also is a city of influential Italians whose forebears settled Goleta Valley with their homes and vegetable farms. Today the city itself is about 85,000 people and so is the adjacent Goleta Valley, still an unincorporated area of the County. The city is managed under a "slow-growth" policy that varies from "no growth" to "very little growth" depending on the electorate. The great majority of growth since 1945 has taken place in Goleta with some "clean" industries and thousands of tract houses - a veritable bedroom community. We decided against living in Goleta and we have ever since lived in Santa Barbara itself - on one occasion living in a house literally downtown.

I didn't foresee it when we elected to come to Santa Barbara but the years there have turned out to be ones of great change for all of us. It was while here that the second half of our family matured and set out on their own leaving the two of us to re-adjust to living alone with each other just as we did in 1942. Each of our living accommodations in Santa Barbara got progressively smaller than the previous one until by the time we left we were living in a one bedroom cottage. My "career" turned out the same way - it just got smaller and smaller and less and less lucrative. In addition, it changed from professional to service oriented in just a few years.

These were the primary, or external changes that were taking place: learning to accept the results of a program designed to "kick them out of the nest" when they seemed ready for it; re-learning to deal with reliance on each other during the stressful and sometimes downright traumatic happenings in our children's lives; coming to terms with a shrinking income. But there was one thing that didn't change during this period and that is our attitude towards the children. We believe that our parental and familial support of our children never wavered during this time. Then and now we did our best to educate them to deal with their futures out of their own resources. We were supportive in almost anything they elected to do. I suppose they seldom realized that while we let them out on a long leash we could always jerk it tight if need be. And I did just that periodically. "But Dad, why do

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you have to do that?" No reason child - it's just because - "I'm your father." When they needed us for re-enforcement of their own life-decisions we tried our best to be there with loving encouragement, advice or comfort.

Marijuana was a problem for most youngsters during the 70s. All of ours had a go at it at some time or other. Chris had his turn at too early an age. Chris parlayed his innate skill at entrepreneurship and money-making into becoming a dealer for his friends. He seemed to be able to find sources for "the good stuff" and spread it among his acquaintances. He got used to having a pocket full of money. (And to think I was giving him an allowance all this time! It should have been the other way around.) Chris got his first paying job at age 11 through his ability to perform magic. He demonstrated magic tricks in a novelty store on State Street and also sold the rest of the line the store carried. Some of them were on the immorally suggestive side although not outright pornographic. We knew this, talked to him about it and helped him put that sort of thing in its proper place in his life and not to turn that direction for his own "kicks." Later Chris developed a knack for selling hi-fi equipment, even building his own speaker sets.

Kathy was maturing in her very quiet way. We seldom got a complaint out of her - she was straight down the line all the time. She was a good student and spent much more time on homework than did Chris. That aggravated her when he would come up with better grades. Pat was having a great time at La Cumbre Junior High and at Santa Barbara High. They were both good schools with a broad mix of ethnic backgrounds. SBHS drew on all of Santa Barbara plus Montecito for its students. The result was a mix of every social and economic level as well as ethnic groups. Pat graduated and went off to San Jose State University. Kathy and Chris followed him in the same track: Adams, La Cumbre Junior, SBHS then San Jose State. They both got tired of hearing teachers say "Oh. You're Patrick's sister (or brother)". Sometimes it was favorable to have him as predecessor brother and sometimes it wasn't. You could always tell by the teacher's inflection whether or not it was going to be favorable or not. Jack, in the meantime, had stayed in Tucson where he went to the U of A for a year then after a succession of menial jobs he started selling Rainbow vacuum cleaners. His boss had given him 30 days to shape up or ship out. For 29 days he did very poorly and was waiting for the

A SPEER ANCESTRY FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

sack but that night he made a good sale and in that sale he really found out what it meant to "close" a sale. From then on he did well, so well, in fact that the boss opened up another agency in Albuquerque and sent Jack up there to be the Manager. Murphy's Law was operating because Jack had gotten promoted out of his skill and did not do too well as a Manager. Then one night he had a bad auto accident, totalling his car and nearly totalling himself. After some recuperation in an Albuquerque hospital he came to Santa Barbara for some R & R and TLC. In time he was able to hold down a job again - a job which eventually took him to the Bay area, marriage to a wonderful girl - Debbie - and then on to Sacramento where he now lives.

In retrospect, Santa Barbara has meant different things to different people. For me it wasn't all smooth and easy for I had to constantly re-adjust to a changing life style - no year was like the one before as the three youngest themselves were growing, changing and maturing into young adults. Perhaps I never would have made it through those years had I not known a good doctor who kept prescribing Valium to fortify my coping ability.

By the time Gert and I were alone again we promptly moved into a beautiful two bedroom, two bath apartment on Micheltorena Street across from a large park. What luxury to have - after many years - each a bathroom of his own! It was at this time that we started giving away our furniture for the youngest to start up their dorm quarters or their "bachelor pads." This program seems to be continuing to this day.

One fine day I said to Gert that I really should find something to do for this day. She said "Why don't you make us some bread?" It struck me as a fairly ridiculous thing for a person to say but I did get out a book, read it and did what she said - I made some bread. The results, after some modifications to include whole grains, wheat germ and whole wheat flour, were so good that I have been making that formula ever since. The children have all had it and they got to liking it so much that I now share my efforts with them whenever we see them. I even shipped two loaves to New Hampshire once but it turned into a disaster. In my haste to get the loaves to UPS I packed them a bit too early (before all the warm moisture had been allowed to escape). They arrived in good time but Dick and Maureen had gone off

A SPEER ANCESTRY FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

on a three day week-end so by the time they got back and unpacked the bread it was all moldy! Nowadays the only ones who get it are those who live nearby or come to visit.

On another occasion when I was scratching for something non-physical to occupy some time, Gert suggested that I try needlepoint. Again I had a strange initial reaction but then I remembered Rosey Greer - he was into knitting and needlecraft and he was a macho type second to none. I first made a tiny thing just to get used to the stitches then made a very handsome beach scene which I had mounted into a circular mat in a rectangular frame. It still graces our dining room wall. Having attained some order of confidence, we both together started out on a huge task to needlepoint backs and seats for our six Victorian dining room chairs. At Gert's suggestion they were each done with a different floral pattern. They now belong to the children. Four have been delivered and we are still using the two that really belong to Kathy and Chris. But there are seven children and six chairs! To solve this dilemma we did the back and seat for a stunning Victorian lady chair we had previously earmarked to go to Dick. Gert finished the back and I am still doing the seat - adding a few stitches from time to time as I feel like it

The apartment on Micheltorena Street was a grand place to live and - when we moved in - was certainly something we could afford. After we had gotten two rent increases and the building was sold and we were due for another we thought it prudent to look around again. Gert noticed an ad in the paper for a Custodian for the Santa Barbara Woman's Club and included in the compensation was a cottage on the grounds. We applied for the job and got it. It is a good thing because our apartment soon went up in rent to \$800 a month! The cottage was in a shambles when we first saw it but we quickly fixed it up into something quite livable thanks to a lot of energy contributed by our friends.

Eileen and her two girls were living in Carpinteria and they were frequent visitors. On a less frequent basis we entertained each of the children - and occasionally all of them at once. Our little side yard patio was a nice place to gather. More than once we had fun time games of Trivia out there.

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

After about three years in the cottage I decided that I had had about enough of getting up and doing what someone else had prescribed for me. I had been working since one summer on the farm when I was fourteen years old - that made nearly sixty years of working doing what someone else thought up for me. I was tired of it. I explained this to Gert and she readily agreed that we should leave this job and the cottage.

Shortly after our big decision we were spending a week in San Diego on vacation. We were driving from North Island where we were staying at the Navy Lodge up to see my sister Helen in La Jolla. As we came around Turquoise Street onto La Jolla Boulevard we saw an apartment complex that was unusually well cared for - lots of green grass and well manicured shrubs. We liked the looks of it and to make a story short, we took an apartment there. That was 15 September 1984. We went back to Santa Barbara, resigned from the Club and 30 days later moved in to our new apartment where we still are.

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

EPILOGUE

You might ask if I miss working. Well, I certainly do not. In fact, I love not working. I love sitting at the breakfast table until I have finished the morning paper. I love the times when I get to chat with Gert without pressures to be doing something else. I love the opportunity to "do as the spirit moves." I find myself as busy as I have ever been and I don't mean just doing dumb "make-work." I am still doing Dick's needlepoint, and baking bread which I share with my sister Helen or with a neighbor or with Mary or Chris when they come down. I go to Computer Interest Group meetings to exchange information and find out what is new. I am a member of the San Diego Genealogical Society. I have written and make many copies of my family history to be distributed to cousins, nieces and nephews. I am now nearing the end of my own portion of the family history which will be sent off to all our children. I correspond with a few of my "shirt-tail" cousins who are also interested in the Speer genealogy. Next week is my seventy-third birthday. I am busy. I am happy. I am contented. The computer that this document was generated on was given to us by our children to help insure that we keep up with the times and thereby stay young. It calls to mind another of my philosophies:

YOU CAN'T TURN BACK THE CLOCK
BUT YOU CAN WIND IT UP AGAIN

**A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD**

**APPENDIX I – ENGLISH REGNAL YEARS AS THEY PERTAIN
TO THIS FAMILY HISTORY**

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

ENGLISH REGNAL YEARS
AS THEY PERTAIN TO THIS FAMILY HISTORY

HOUSE OF TUDOR

MARY I	1553 – 1558
ELIZABETH I	1558 – 1603

HOUSE OF STUART

JAMES I (Also known as James VI of Scotland)	1603 – 1625
CHARLES I	1625 – 1649

COMMONWEALTH PERIOD

THE LONG PARLIAMENT	1649 – 1653
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PROTECTORATE

OLIVER CROMWELL	1653 – 1658
RICHARD CROMWELL	1658 – 1659

HOUSE OF STUART

CHARLES II	1660 – 1685
JAMES II	1685 – 1688
WILLIAM III AND MARY II	1689 – 1694
WILLIAM III	1694 – 1702
ANNE	1702 – 1714

HOUSE OF HANOVER

GEORGE I	1714 – 1727
GEORGE II	1727 – 1760

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

APPENDIX II – DOCUMENTATION LIST

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

LIST OF DOCUMENTATION USED IN COMPILATION OF
FAMILY HISTORY OF RICHARD D. SPEER AND NOW IN HIS
POSSESSION

<u>Document</u>	<u>Form</u>
<u>Ltr</u> Henry Clay Speer to son William W. dated 11 Sept 1898 from Pittsburgh, Pa. re WW's forthcoming marriage	Orig
<u>Ltr</u> Miles O. Sherrill, State Librarian, State of North Carolina to Kate Wade Sowell dated 20 April 1909 from Raleigh, NC replying to her inquiry re James Sheppard	Copy of typed orig
<u>Ltr</u> James Sheppard Jr. to his daughter Elizabeth (Betsy) and her husband Ransome Gwyn undated but written before 15 Oct 1828 (when he died) re instructions to sell the farm	Orig
<u>Ltr</u> Kate Wade Sowell to "Cousin Henry" (Henry Clay Speer) dated 14 May 1909 from Paducah, KY re James Sheppard Jr. and other family genealogical questions	Orig also env with stamps
<u>Ltr</u> Wm. Sheppard Speer to grandson William W. Speer dated 26 Aug 1895 from Mansfield, Mo. replying to ltr of WWS, includes a covering note	Orig also env w/stamp
<u>News clipping</u> undated re WWS becoming Chairman of H C Speer & Sons	Orig clip

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

<u>Document</u>	<u>Form</u>
<u>Post Office Dept Warrant</u> to the Treas. of the U.S. to pay to Wm. W. Speer the amount of fifty cents, dated 29 Aug 1895 showing address of WWS	Orig
<u>Note</u> H. C. Speer to Wm. W. Speer dated 12 April 1899 sent to Crescent Hotel, Eureka Springs, Ark (honeymoon address!) showing business address of HCS as well as residence address of WWS re wedding gift of \$500	Orig typed & signed also env w/stamp
<u>Ltr</u> Mary Phoebe McGinley to her father Wm S. Speer dated 6 Sept 1902 at Columbia, Tenn. re her visit to her mother's grave (mother was Mary Ann Nance who died at Williamsport, Tenn 12 May 1853.)	Printed version
<u>Notation</u> May D. Speer to her oldest son Paul D. undated but estimated about 1930 re her ancestors (very faded)	Orig typed also newly typed copy
<u>Ltr</u> Rollo Speer to Wm. W. Speer dated 3 June 1936 from Ottawa, KS. asking for info and also telling of other Speers (At this time Rollo was Vice Chancellor of Ottawa Univ)	Orig typed
<u>Ltr</u> William Speer to John A. Speer dated 3 Dec 1869 from Abbeville District, S. C. re his Speer antecedents (Envelope shows the ltr is from the family history of John A. Speer Judge of the Civil Court of Appeals of Ft. Worth, Texas and given by the Judge in 1949 to W. C. Speer of Indianola, Miss.)	Copy – typed

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

<u>Document</u>	<u>Form</u>
<u>Ltr</u> William S. Speer to his grandson (un-named) dated 28 January 1904 (no postmark) re early Speers in America (included in a packet with ltr above)	Copy – typed
<u>Ltr</u> Dorothy (unknown) to Mike (unknown) dated 23 April 1960 being a cover ltr for a six page enclosure concerning Speers in Ireland	Copy – typed
<u>Ltr</u> HCS to his children (Henry, Edna and WWS) dated 24 Jan 1935 from Redlands, CA announcing death of his wife	Orig
<u>Note</u> Mary Speer to her father RDS undated from Los Angeles, CA telling of the location of the graves of his mother and father	Orig
<u>Deed</u> from Catholic Bishop of Chicago to WWS dated 16 April 1901 conveying burial plot in Mt Olivet Cemetery (Used for WWS's first child Josephine)	Orig
<u>Authorization</u> of Board of Health of the City of Chicago, Ill. dated 21 March 1873 to remove the remains of Dee Arthur Donnelly who died 20 March 1873 at 240 Maxwell St, Chicago at the age of one year, cause: Scarletina, to Detroit, Mich. (He was the older brother of Mrs WWS, nee May Josephine Donnelly)	Orig
<u>Notice</u> of permission for burial in a single grave at Mount Elliott Cemetery, Detroit, Mich to John Donnelly dated 22 Mar 1873 for internment of Dee Arthur Donnelly	Orig

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

<u>Document</u>	<u>Form</u>
<u>Translation</u> of reply of Sultan of Zanzibar to two ltrs of WSS dated 31 Oct 1862, the translation being dated 4 Nov 1862 re Sale of Munitions of War (Original of this copy was forwarded to Wm Seward, U.S. Secy of State)	Orig Copy
<u>Draft</u> of Report #29 of WSS to Dept of State dated 15 Nov 1862 re "Frauds Upon the Revenue."	Orig
<u>Draft</u> of Report #30 of WSS to Dept of State dated 16 Nov 1862 re "Suspension of US Trade at Zanzibar" and WSS's decision to leave his post	Orig
<u>Ltr</u> Mary Cordelia Dallas Speer (wife of HCS) to unknown friend dated 7 May 1896 from Chicago, Ill being an abbreviated bio for inclusion in alumna data of Baker Univ.	Copy of orig
<u>Ltr</u> Mrs WWS to Baker Univ being a clip from a newsletter re Baker alumna	Copy of printed clip
<u>Worksheets</u> of Richard P. Brown, Dir Alumni Relations, Baker Univ (Lawrence, KS) assembling info on Mary Cordelia Dallas Speer	Copies
<u>Pg 66</u> of Roster of Graduates of Baker Univ showing Mrs HCS as sole graduate of Class of 1872, also includes brief bio data	Photocopy
<u>Photo</u> portrait of Mary Cordelia Dallas Speer provided to Baker Univ for Alumna Records	Photocopy

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

<u>Document</u>	<u>Form</u>
<u>Manuscript</u> of book "The Rhyming Speller" by WSS undated from Guthrie, OK (This is the hand written version by WSS completed about 1880 - there is no evidence of its publication in book form) (The paper is extremely dry and brittle but the ink is still very legible)	Orig
<u>Manuscript</u> of "Autobiographical Sketch" by William Sheppard Speer undated but believed to date from about 1900 - the paper is brittle but the ink and the excellent penmanship is still readable for the most part	Orig
<u>Report</u> of Joshua Kennerly Speer III undated but with pencilled notation by WWS that the document was written in 1905 - it was apparently printed by the old Ditto process from typed pages	Copy

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

APPENDIX III – PICTURES

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

INDENTURE - Sale of Donegal

The illustration on the next four pages is a typed version of the hand-written record in the Maryland State Archives, Annapolis, Maryland and a photocopy of the record. This indenture testifies that the granted land "Donegal" was originally granted to Andrew Speer by Lord Baltimore and now it is being sold to Levin Fletcher. This transaction occurred on the 10th of July 1764. The record copy was written and signed by a court appointed scribe. The mark just to the right of the Thomas Speer signature indicates that Thomas did sign the original document - either by a mark or in his handwriting.

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

This Indenture made the twentieth day of June Anno Domine One Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty-four between Thomas Speere of Somerset County and Provinces of Maryland of the one part and Levin Fletcher of the same place of the other part witnesseth that whereas his Lordship by his grant under the great seal of this Province did grant unto Andrew Speere all that part or parcel of land called Donegal in the County and Province [one word unreadable] will appear and whereas the said Andrew Speere being seized in fee of the said land at the time of his death and dying intestate - Thomas Speere being the eldest son of the said Andrew became heir-at-law to said land and the said land not being devised to any person by the said Henry Speere last will and testament the said land became the right of inheritance to the said Thomas Speere he being the eldest son of the eldest son of the said Henry, now this indenture further witnesseth that the said Thomas Speere for and in consideration of the sum of ten pounds current money of Maryland to him in hand paid by the said Levin Fletcher before the investing and delivery of these presents the receipt whereof the said Thomas Speere doth hereby acknowledge and thereof and from [three words unreadable] and discharge the said Levin Fletcher his heirs [three abbreviations unreadable] firmly by these presents and for divers other good causes and considerations him thereunto moving [?] hath given granted and bargained sold alienated insofar conveyed and confirmed and by these provisions doth give grant (5 words unreadable) and confirm unto the said Levin Fletcher his heirs and assigns forever a part of the said tract of land called Donegal beginning at the end of forty-two [] on the north four degrees west line (of the courses of said land) thence north four degrees West one hundred and fifty] to the end of said line from thence south sixty-four degrees west one hundred and sixty [] from thence by and with the same [] line of the said tract of land eighty-six [] and from thence with a straight line to the first beginning as above mentioned containing and laid of for one hundred acres of land to the same more or less with all and singular the benefits and improvements to the same belonging or anyways appertaining and also their remainder or remainders revision or revisions right estate or interest of and in to all and singular the premises to have and to hold the aforementioned one hundred acres of land or more if he the said Thomas Speere hath a right to more being part of that tract called Donegal unto him the said Levin Fletcher his heirs and assigns forever and the said Thomas Speere for himself, his heirs and assigns the said land and premises unto him the said Levin

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

Fletcher his heirs and assigns will warrant and forever defend against him the said Thomas Speere his heirs and assigns and from all and all other persons whatsoever claiming the same in testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my seal this day and year for to have written on the last of the foregoing Deed it was thus endorsed

[Signed] Thomas Speer [Seal]

Signed sealed and delivered in the presence of us [here three names unreadable] So be it remembered that the day and year first within mentioned personally appeared before us being his Lordships Justices assigned to keep the peace of the said County the within named Thomas Speere party to within Deed and did acknowledge the land and premises herein mentioned to be the right and property of the within named Levin Fletcher his heirs and assigns forever.

Received July 7th of Levin Fletcher four shillings

July the 10th day anno domine one thousand seven hundred and sixty-four

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

This Indenture made the Twentieth day of June Anno Domini One thousand Seven hundred
And Sixty seven Between Thomas Speer of Somerset County and Province of Maryland of the One part
And Lewis Fletcher of the same place of the Other part Witnesseth that Whereas the Deed
by his Grant under the Great Seal of this Province of Old Grants with Andrew Speer all that tract
or parcel of Land called Donegal in the County of Fairfax Patent well known and to have the said
Andrew Speer being seized in fee of the said Land at the time of his death and dying intestate
Henry Speer being the eldest son of the said Andrew Speer his sole and Lawful Heir and the said
Land not being devised to any Person by the said Henry Speer last will and testament the said Land
became the Right of Inheritance to the said Thomas Speer he being the eldest son of the eldest son
of the said Henry Now this Indenture further Witnesseth that the said Thomas Speer for and
in consideration of the sum of Seven pounds Current Money of Maryland to him in hand paid by
the said Lewis Fletcher before the executing and delivery of these presents the Promise being of the
said Thomas Speer doth hereby acknowledge and thereof and from his right, Right and discharge the
said Lewis Fletcher his heirs &c. & Assigns fully by these presents and further Other Good Causes
and Considerations here shewen to Making both Given Granted Warranted Sold Allocated
In fee Simple Conveyed and confirmed and by these presents doth Give Grant Sold Allocated In fee Simple
and confirmed unto the said Lewis Fletcher his heirs and Assigns for ever a part of the tract of
Land called Donegal Beginning at the End of a forty two foot pole on the North side of the
West Line of the Course of said Land thence North four degrees West One hundred and fifty
Pole to the End of said Line for thence South forty five degrees West One hundred and fifty
Pole from thence by and with the same bearing Line of the said tract of Land lightly the pole
And from thence with a straight Line to the first beginning in Above Mentioned Containing
and said off One hundred Acres of Land to the same Use - Save with all and
Singular

Illustration 1 Indenture – Sale of Donegal 1764

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

After the death of the said Thomas Speer to the same belonging or any way appertaining and also the
 Remainder or Remainders Residue or Residues Right Estate or Interest of in and to all and singular the
 Premises to have & to hold the said One hundred Acres of Land or more if he the said Thomas Speer hath right
 to more being part of that tract called Dunningale unto him the said Lewis Fletcher his heirs and Assignes forever
 and the said Thomas Speer for himself his heirs & Assignes the said Lewis Fletcher his heirs and Assignes forever
 the said Lewis Fletcher his heirs & Assignes will warrant and defend against him the said Thomas
 Speer his heirs & Assignes and from all and all other persons whatsoever Claiming the same in
 Testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Seal this day and Year first above written
 Signed sealed & Delivered by the said Lewis Fletcher his heirs and Assignes the said Thomas Speer
 In presence of us the said John Baird Notary Public that the day and Year first within mentioned
 David Bell Esquire & Robert Bell Esquire appeared before us being his Lordships Justices assigned to keep the peace for the
 said County the within named Thomas Speer Party to the within deed and did acknowledge the said Lewis Fletcher and Assignes
 therein mentioned to be the Right and Property of the within named Lewis Fletcher his heirs and Assignes forever
 the said Lewis Fletcher from Phillipps Sh. by for a Citation from the said
 the within deed
 of Joseph Allen Notary
 July the 1st day Anno Domini 1788 the said Lewis Fletcher his heirs and Assignes forever
 the said Lewis Fletcher the within written deed in and to be here by amongst the Records of the Court of which the
 said Lewis Fletcher the within written deed was accordingly recorded amongst the
 Records in Lib C fol 222 the said day of the said Month of July 1788
 David Bell Esquire
 Robert Bell Esquire
 Joseph Allen Notary

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

WILL – HENRY SPEER

This Will was made out on 19 July 1758 and probated - i.e. made of official record - after the death of the testator, Henry Speer.

The Will is shown both as a typed version and as a photocopy of the record as found in the Maryland State Archives, Annapolis, Maryland

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

In The Name of God, Amen. The 19th day of July in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and fifty-eight Henry Speer in the County of Somerset, Province of Maryland, planter, being very sick and weak in body yet of perfect mind and memory, thanks be given unto God, therefor calling unto mind the mortality of my body and knowing that it is appointed for all men to die, do make and ordain this my last will and testament, that is to say, principally and first I give and commend my soul into the hands of God that gave it and for my body I commend to the earth to be buried in a Christian like and decent manner at the discretion of executors, nothing doubting that at the General Resurrection I shall receive the same again by the mighty power of God and as touching such worldly estate wherewith it has pleased God to help me with in this life I give and devise of the same in the following manner and form. Imprimis, I give devisesa unto my well beloved son Andrew Spear my dwelling plantation being in Somerset County the said land being known by the name of Bille Shine [a corruption of Ballyshannon] all the said land on the north side of the branch with all the rights, members and appurtenances therunto belonging to him, his heirs and assigns forever, there being one hundred acres in the said tract. Item: I give to and bequeath to my son Andrew Spear part of the tract of land called Donnegall [sic] containing two hundred acres lying and being in Somerset County to begin at a marked red oak on the north side of the said tract of land and to have his land on the north side of the said tract to him, his heirs and assigns forever. Item: I give and bequeath unto my well beloved daughter Jean Spear a bed and cow called Dark and her [unreadable word] , Item: I give and bequeath to Jean my beloved wife all my moveable estate for her support as long as she liveth and at her death to my son Andrew Spear. Said one shilling apiece to all the rest. Item: I likewise appoint my son Andrew Spear my only and sole executor of this my last will and testament and I do hereby utterly disavow and revoke all and every other former testaments wills and legacies executed by me in any ways before that time named willed and bequeathed. Confirmed this to be my last will and testament in witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal the day and year above written, signed, sealed and published and pronounced as his last will and testament in presence of us the subscribers viz.

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

John Wales Cornelius English [Signed] Jacob Giles	Henry	H	Spear	[Seal]
				his mark

On the back of the foregoing will was this written viz.

On the seventh day of August one thousand seven hundred and sixty-nine came John Wales and Jacob Giles, two of the subscribing witnesses, and made oath on the Holy Evangelis of Almighty God that they did see the testator Henry Spear sign and seal the within will and heard him publish, pronounce and declare the same to be his last will and testament and that at the time of his so doing he was to the best of each of their apprehensions of a sound disposing mind memory and understanding and that they subscribed their names as witnesses to the said will in the presence of the said deceased and they also made oath that they believed they did see Cornelius English sign his name as a witness to the said will in the presence of the said deceased.

Sworn before Thomas Holbrook Deputy Commissioner, Somerset County.

Editor's note: The name Speer has been written exactly as found in the records. It is believed, however, the spelling Speer was used by Henry and the Spear version was due to the transcriber of the record. The mention of "daughter Jean" is the only place this person has been found. It is regrettable that Henry failed to mention his other children by name in this will. Note that the will was made of record 11 years after it was written. The implication here is that in spite of Henry "being very sick and weak of body" his death most probably occurred in July 1769. Note also what appears to be Henry's middle initial "H". This is not his middle initial but rather his mark "H". This is an implication of Henry's inability to write.

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

In the Name of God Amen the 19th Day of
July in the Year of our Lord one Thousand Seven hundred and
fifty eight ¹⁷⁵⁸ Henry Speer in the County of Somerset and Province of
Maryland Planter being very Sick and Weak in Body Got off his
mind and Memory thanks be given unto God therefore calling in
mind the mortality of my Body and knowing that it is appointed in
all men to die do make and Ordain this my last Will and Testament
that is to say Principally and first I give and recommend my Soul
unto the Hands of God that gives it & for my Body I recommend it to
the Earth to be buried in a Christian like and Decent Manner at the
Discretion of Executors nothing Doubting but at the General Resurrection
I shall revive the same again by the mighty power of God and re-
touching such worldly Estate wherewith it hath pleased God to bless
me with in this life I give devise of the same in the following maner
and form - I give & devise & bequeave unto my well
beloved Son Andrew Speer my Dwelling Plantation being in
Somerset County the said Land being known by the name of
Bills Shonne all the said Land on the North Side of the branch
with all the Aits members an appertances thereunto belonging
to him his ars and as sines for ever there being one hundred Acres
in the said Tract. Item I give to and bequeave to my son Andrew
Speer part of the Tract of Lands called Dore Goall containing two
hundred Acres lying and being in Somerset County to begin at a
marked Red Oak on the North Side of the said Tract of Land and to
have his Land on the North Side of the said Tract to him his ars and
as sines for ever. Item I give and bequeave unto my well-beloved
Daughter Jean Speer a hood and a low called Duck and her Increase.
Item I give and bequeave to Jean my well beloved Wife all my
movable Estate for her Support as long as she liveth and at her
(Death)

Illustration 2 Will - Henry Speer 1758

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

Death to my Son Andrew Spear I do give nothing aparts to all the rest
I have I likewise apent my Son Andrew Spear my only & sole Executor of
this my Last Will and Testament and I do hereby utterly Disavow
Disallow & revoke all and every other former Testament Will and Legacies
Gave by me in any way before that Time named Willed and bequeathed
Confirmed this to be my Last Will and Testament in Witness whereof I
have hereunto set my hand and Seal the Day and Year above written
Signed Sealed and Published & pronounced as his Last Will and Testament
in presence of us the Subscribers Viz. -

John Wales
Cornelius English
Jacob Giles

Henry ^{his} Spear 
mark

On the back of the foregoing Will was this Written Viz!
On the 17th Day of August One thousand Seven hundred and Sixty
Five came John Wales and Jacob Giles two of the Subscribing Witnesses
and made Oath on the Holy Evangelis of Almighty God that they did
see the Testator Henry Spear sign and Seal the within Will and heard
him publish pronounce and Declare the same to be his Last Will and Testament
and that at the time of his so doing he was to the best of each of their
Apprehensions of a sound Disposing mind Memory and Understanding
and that they Subscribed their Names as Witnesses to the Said Will in
the presence of the said Deceased, and they also made Oath that they
believed they did see Cornelius English sign his name as a Witness to
the Said Will in the presence of the said Deceased.

Sworn before Tho. Holbrook Deputy Coroner
of Somerset County
6. Examined

In the Name of D. D. d.

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

JOSHUA KENNERLY SPEER

He was born as the third child and the first son of Aaron Spencer Speer and Elizabeth Forbes Jones on 22 April 1794 and died 27 May 1858 after an exhausting but fulfilling life as an itinerant preacher. It is estimated that this likeness of him was done when he was about 46 years old - in 1840. It is apparently a drawing or painting which has been photographed for publication in the journals of The Church of Christ, Nashville, Tennessee. The whereabouts or even the existence of the original is unknown. In his face I can read the determination to succeed in his chosen work of bringing the word of the Lord to all who would listen. He travelled extensively in this work - from North Carolina to Indiana - and the primitive means of transportation at his disposal was no deterrent to his will to succeed. He was a hard-driving, charismatic person. His discerning eyes and firm set of his jaws tell of his absolute conviction of the message he was bringing and his total dedication to his work.

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

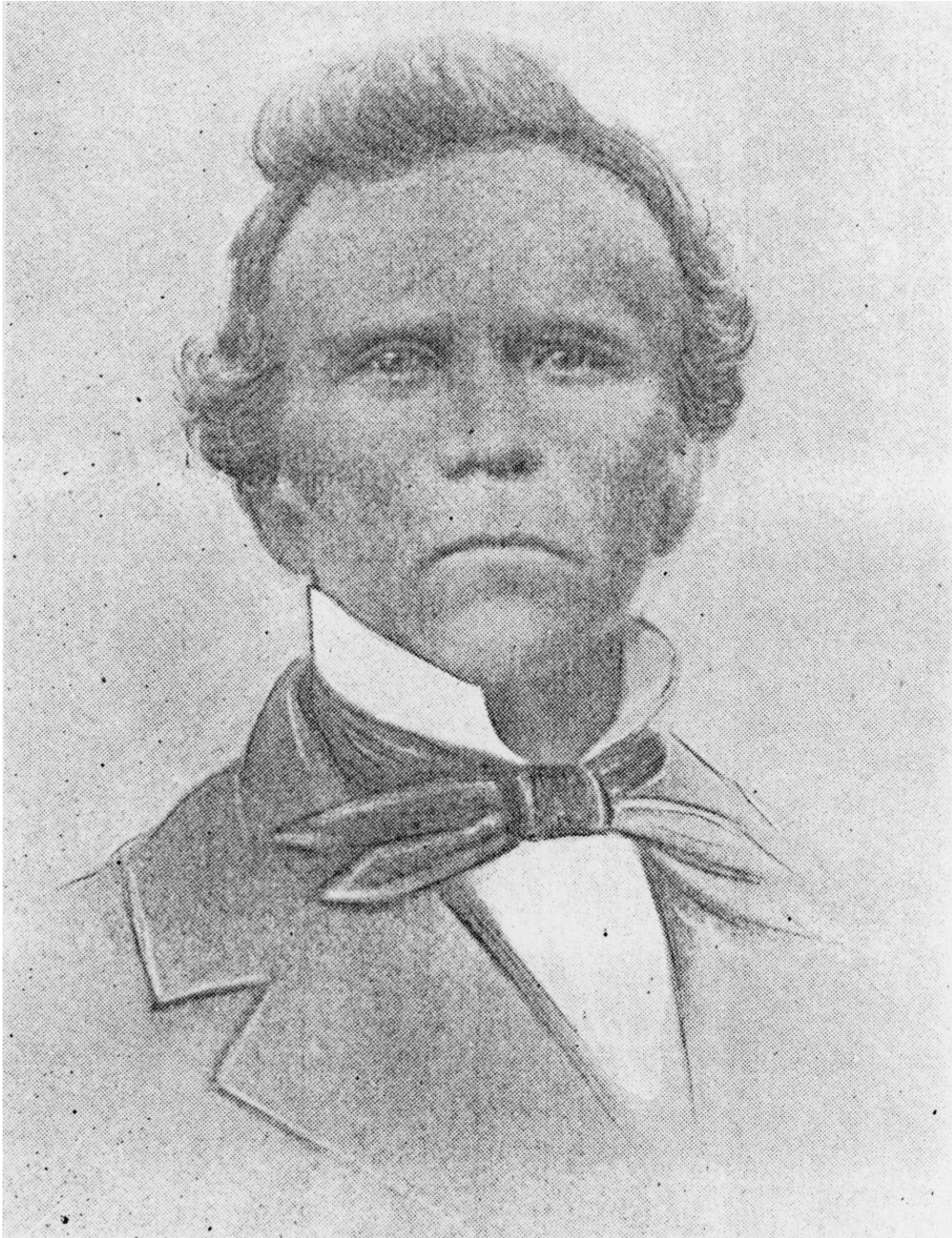


Illustration 3 Joshua Kennerly Speer II 1840

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

WILLIAM SHEPARD SPEER

This photograph was taken in Guthrie, Oklahoma, some 20 miles north of Oklahoma City and nearly 200 miles south of Wichita, Kansas. Although he was born in Tennessee and spent some of his life in Kansas it seems he spent the rest of the time travelling - not only to far -away Zanzibar but to many localities in Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Missouri and Indiana.

It is known that he made a number of trips to Guthrie where his daughter Mary Phoebe McGinley lived and also to Benton, Arkansas where his son Alex C. Speer lived. This photograph appears to date from about 1890, when he was 58 years old. It could be somewhat later because he shows a Speer trait of keeping his facial appearance at somewhat less than his real age. His facial characteristics are not dissimilar from those of his grandson William Walter Speer at about the same age. Another Speer trait are his short, square hands.

He has the same intelligent look as his father with similar searching eyes. His appearance as well as his pose are indicative of his pedagogical background. Posing with papers in his hand is intended to show his love of writing. He not only wrote a number of published books of an educational or biographical nature but he was also a compulsive letter writer.

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD



Illustration 4 William Sheppard Speer ca. 1890

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

HENRY CLAY SPEER

This is a photograph of a very fine oil painting done by an acclaimed portraitist of Chicago. It is believed the artist used a number of photographs to create this image of the man at an indefinite age. The portrait was done after the death of the subject.

It is a good likeness in general although I do not remember him like this and it is difficult to analyze the painting for personality because it was filtered through the eyes of the portraitist who must have been very selective of the features to be shown.

My own impression of my grandfather is of a warm, quiet, caring, confident man. I had many good times with him fishing. On Portage Lake we fished for perch and bass; on Bear Creek, way back in the woods behind Mrs. Peach's cabin, we fished for rainbow trout. He taught me the art of dry fly casting and I have failed his efforts by never fishing again - not for lack of enjoyment but rather lack of opportunity. We sat together on the ground in his garden carefully and lovingly cultivating the vegetables he was growing there.

I have often wondered if he would have had a more fulfilling life if he had stayed with teaching and not ventured into the business world. His gentility, innate kindness and intellectual capacity were better suited to academia.

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

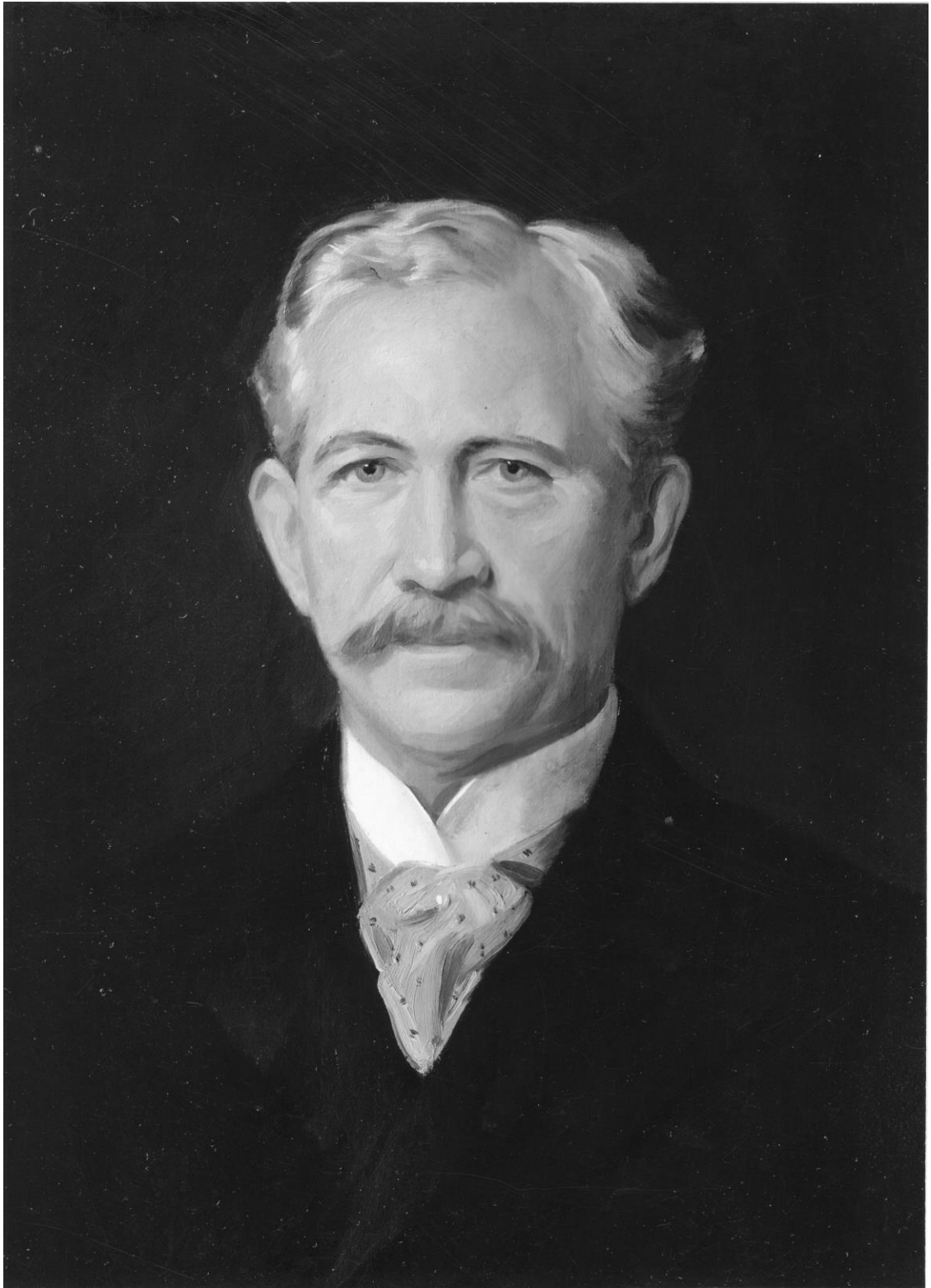


Illustration 5 Henry Clay Speer ca. 1935

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

MARY CORDELIA DALLAS SPEER

This photograph is included here chiefly because it came to me from outside the family archives. It was taken not long after graduation and perhaps shortly after her marriage. In any event it shows that she really didn't change much in appearance through the years. She always exhibited what you see here - pride in herself, great intelligence, and an independence of spirit and mind.

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD



Illustration 6 Mary Cordelia Dallas ca. 1871

A SPEER ANCESTRY FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

The date of this photograph is not known although it is estimated to have been taken about 1920 when she was 67 years old. This photo matches my recollection of her quite accurately. She was sensitive, discerning and very intelligent. Her physician father was a co-founder of Baker University in Baldwin, Kansas and she was an early graduate of this Methodist church sponsored institution; in fact, she was the eighth person to graduate from Baker University and the only graduate of the class of 1872.

She was a religious person - as was her husband - although they did not attend services on a regular basis. When they did go to church it was - in their later years - to an Episcopalian church. She was quiet, well-read and an easy person with whom to hold a sprightly and often challenging conversation.

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD



Illustration 7 Mary Cordelia Dallas Speer ca. 1920

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

WILLIAM WALTER SPEER

At age 12 he was sent to Gambier, Ohio to a military academy - Kenyon - which was an old, well established church- sponsored seminary with a Military School for young boys and a College for older boys. This photo was taken at age 13. Just at this time the family moved to Chicago, after which and he was sent to the Harvard School for Boys.

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD



Illustration 8 William Walter Speer 1889

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

Even at this early age there is a physical resemblance to his father and his grandfather. Beyond that, because of the classic studio pose, there is little that points to personality or character definition. This photograph was taken in 1898 when he was 22 years old and just before he married. The one unique thing about this likeness is that there is no indication that in later years he would be quite bald. His beautiful head of hair belies the future. All his male children inherited his tendency to male pattern baldness - including this writer.

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD



Illustration 9 William Walter Speer 1898

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

WILLIAM WALTER SPEER
with wife MAY JOSEPHINE DONNELLY SPEER
and four children

This photograph is easy to date: it was taken in the early summer of 1908. Both the mother and father are handsome people and it is no wonder that all their children are respectably good-looking.

The children in this photograph are identified as follows:

PAUL is standing next to his father

MARGARET is seated next to Paul

JACK is seated at his mother's right and

HELEN is sitting -on her mother's lap

It is a beautiful memento in spite of the poor condition of this 78 year old photograph.

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD



Illustration 10 William Walter Speer with wife May and four children 1908

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

WILLIAM WALTER SPEER
and family gathering

This formal photograph was taken at the side of our house in La Grange, Illinois at Christmas, 1920. The 20 family members shown here are identified as follows, counting off from left to right:

WILLIAM WALTER SPEER, protectively and proudly overlooking the group for whom he was host this Christmas Day
MARGARET SPEER WOOLFOLK, eldest daughter of WWS
DALLAS SPEER, son of Henry Dallas Speer and nephew of WWS
JANET DOW COOK, daughter of Robert Dow and Edna Speer Dow and niece of WWS
HENRY DALLAS SPEER, older brother of WWS
RUTH SPEER, wife of Dallas Speer
HELEN SPEER McCUTCHEON, second daughter of WWS
ROBERT DOW, husband of Edna Speer Dow, sister of WWS
ELIZABETH STANTON MOSS SPEER, wife of Henry Dallas Speer
RICHARD DONNELLY SPEER, son of WWS and writer of this history
STANTON SPEER, son of Henry Dallas Speer
EDNA SPEER DOW, sister of WWS
ROBERT SPEER DOW, son of Robert Dow and Edna Speer Dow & nephew of WWS
MARY CORDELIA DALLAS SPEER, mother of WWS
MAY JOSEPHINE DONNELLY SPEER, wife of WWS
HENRY CLAY SPEER, father of WWS
WILLIAM WALTER SPEER Jr., son of WWS
EVANS SPEER, fifth son of WWS (in grandfather's arms)
JOHN HENRY SPEER, second son of WWS
PAUL DEE SPEER, eldest son of WWS

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD



Illustration 11 William Walter Speer and family 1920

A SPEER ANCESTRY FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

By all standards this is a remarkable photograph of a family group - no one is making faces and everyone has his eyes open! There is the host - my father - in his characteristic pose of casting a visual net over the assembled group. He looks taller than he really was – 5'8" – as were most of the Speer men; exceptions were Dallas, not quite 5'4", his brother Stanton who was 6'2" and my brother Jack who grew to almost 6 feet. My sister Margaret is wearing her glasses which she wore throughout her life, eager and full of humor. Dallas was our flying cousin - he was an aviator during World War I and went barnstorming right after. My cousin Janet was and is a beautiful lady, well poised. Uncle Henry was a very pleasant fellow, well educated at the University of Chicago and a business success by dint of steady, honest work. He retired to South Laguna, California where he tended his beautiful rose garden. Ruth Melvin Speer, wife of Dallas, had plenty of "street smarts" in spite of limited formal education, she was of great help to Dallas who was ever the dreamer. My sister Helen was a beautiful girl, well educated but totally lacking in "savvy" until later in life. My Uncle Robe – at least in this picture – demonstrates that "dour" always goes with "Scot"! And then Aunt "Bessie" - she finally rebelled at her nickname, which she had always hated and asked to be called Elizabeth. She was very warm, friendly and sociable.

In the front row center, which is where he always likes to be, is this writer, buck teeth and all. His parents were very patient about this because he went to an orthodontist for ten years! In "bobbing for apples" at Halloween time I was about as effective as a chipmunk! We had a moralistic book called "The Book of Goops" in which the annoying habits of children were exposed and taken to task in a light-hearted manner. The page for me included the rhyme:

Mary Carey Cory Call

Hear her cry and hear her bawl.

It seems I could - and did - shed copious tears at the slightest provocation. The classic story about this concerns the day I came running home crying and yelling - when asked why I was crying I replied "Helen almost hit me!"

In the back row is Stanton - big, tall, brash, confident and successful. In front of him is Aunt Edna, my father's sister who was gentle, smart and a good manager.

A SPEER ANCESTRY FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

Next to me is my cousin Bob Dow with whom I had many pleasant days up at the lake. One summer Bob acquired a Model T Ford which we once used to go picking cherries at ten cents a bucket. I doubt if we made gas money.

Behind Bob are my grandmother and grandfather, a dear and loving example for all of us. Next to Bob is my own mother - a wonderful, active and knowledgeable person. Among other activities she was a gardener. She could coax a rose out of a rock. We had stunningly beautiful flower gardens at our summer place in Michigan which she planned and supervised with Stanley and Herman doing the stoop labor. She was always busy with some kind of activity - more often than not a charitable cause. This photograph shows the evidences of the goiter which she later had operated on by Charles Mayo at his clinic in Rochester.

Next to his mother is Walter, half hidden. In this picture he appears to be something of a wimp but this was not the case. He was really very feisty and never at a loss for words. He later became a lawyer - of course, what else! He was also a fairly good golfer, as are his three brothers seen adjacent to him. Evans, the baby of the family, is in his grandfather's arms. Perhaps that was the last time he ever had to be held up to the light for he completed medical training and spent his life as a physician. There is Jack with his glasses on to remedy a life-long affliction of poor eyesight. Jack was a pleasure-loving, socially oriented person who was living and working in Shanghai, China when he was 22 years old! He had such a broadening experience there I guess he never got over it. Paul is shown in a characteristic pose - sure, confident in his abilities and fully ready to be a big grown up man. Shortly after this photograph he was a student at the University of Michigan. Paul has always had a very strong protective feeling about his brothers and sisters and was always ready to help.

This photograph is a remembrance of family and is a very dear possession. I grew up with all of these people and I cherish their memory. The sad note is that today - sixty-five years later - there are only seven left of this original twenty. Nevertheless, I am mighty thankful for the seven survivors for in a few short years there won't be any left to tell the stories. And that's the whole point of genealogy!

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

WILLIAM WALTER SPEER
and MAY JOSEPHINE DONNELLY SPEER

These are studio portraits of my mother and father taken, I believe, in 1920.
They are very good representations and show them as I knew and loved them.

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD



Illustration 12 William Walter Speer and May Donnelly Speer 1920

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

APPENDIX IV – LOCALITIES OF RICHARD DONNELLY

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

LOCALITIES LIVED IN BY RICHARD D. SPEER

In reading the section on Richard Donnelly Speer it might be helpful to know the exact locations of the subject during each period of his life. The following list shows those locations with certain events that transpired at each particular period.

La Grange, Illinois 225 So 6th Ave.	Starting 16 July 1912 Born
La Jolla, California Herschel Avenue	During 1919
La Grange, Illinois	Until 1924
Evanston, Illinois 629 Noyes Street	Until Sept 1930
Ann Arbor, Michigan 1000 Hill Street	Sept 30 - Feb 32 Student Univ of Mich.
Evanston, Illinois 629 Noyes Street	Feb 32 - Sept 33
New Haven, Connecticut	Sep 33 - Jun 36 Student Yale Univ
Cohasset, Massachusetts	Summers 34 – 37 Summer theatre
York, Pennsylvania	Sep 36 - Jun 38 Director Comm Theatre
New York City 320 East 53rd St	1936 – 1940 Intermittent
Chicago, Illinois	Sep 40 - Feb 41
Camp Forrest, Tenn	Feb - Oct 1941 Military service

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

Evanston, Illinois	Oct 41 - Jan 42
Camp Forrest, Tenn	Jan 42 - Apr 42
	Recalled
Fort Monmouth, N.J.	Apr 42 - Oct 42
	Commissioned July
	Married August
Camp Maxey, Texas (Paris)	Oct 42 - Feb 44
Camp Swift (Austin)	Feb 44 - Aug 44
Fort Dix, N.J.	Aug 44
European military service	Sep 44 - Sep 45
	Mary born S.F. Apr 45
	Discharged Boston Sep 45
The Bronx, N.Y.	Oct 45 - Dec 45
Burbank, California	Jan 46 - Feb 47
	Eileen born Jul 46
The Bronx, N.Y.	Feb 47 - Mar 47
Brooklyn, N.Y.	May 47 - Mar 49
	Rejoined Army 48
	Richard born Jun 48
Kyoto, Japan	Mar 49 – Mar 50
Kokura, Japan	Mar 50 - Jun 50
	John born Sep 50
	Gertrude until Jun 51
Korean military service	Jun 50 - Jun 51
Yokohama, Japan	Jun 51 - Dec 52

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

Falls Church, Virginia 405 Pine Spring Road	Jan 53 - Jun 56 Patrick born Apr 56
The Hague, Holland 59 Louis Couperisplein	Jun 56 - Jul 59 Kathy born Mar 59
Fort Huachuca, Arizona Henry Circle	Jul 59 - Jan 61 Chris born Tucson Nov 60
Tucson, Arizona 2046 E. Fourth St.	Jan 61 - Apr 64 Retired Feb 64
Arlington, Virginia 700 So Courthouse Road	Apr 64 - Apr 65
Alexandria, Virginia 305 Myrtle Ave	Apr 65 - Jul 66
Tucson, Arizona 2046 E. Fourth St.	Jul 66 - Sep 68
Santa Barbara, Calif 6 different houses, 1 apartment and 1 cottage (ea from 2 mos to 2 yrs)	Sep 68 - Oct 84
La Jolla, Calif 612 Carla Way	Oct 84 to present

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

APPENDIX V – INDEX OF LOCATIONS

A SPEER ANCESTRY
FROM JOHN TO RICHARD

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