

September, 2003



**Inside this issue:**

History Committee Report	1
Honoring Our Heroes...New Additions	2
Living Was Full...Old Spainhour Section	3
In Memory of Family & Friends	4
“Measuring America”	4
Tribute to a Missouri Coaching Legend	7
New Arrival!!	7
Shopping In The “Old Days”	9
Letters Home	10
Board Members/Officers/Contacts	13
Related Families..Spotlight on Helsabeck	14
From Your Editor	15
Family Photos	16

## From the History Committee

**At [www.muttenzdescendants.org](http://www.muttenzdescendants.org):**

In the June Newsletter, I encouraged you to revisit our web site. I want to repeat that invitation for those of you who have not yet done so. Below is a brief status-report on most segments of the site.

**Genealogy Information System:**

All the genealogy information we have collected over the past 15 years is now included in the online system where it is readily available to our members. New information is regularly added to the online files as it is received from contributors or gathered from our own research. Database search reports now require only a few seconds. New additions are outlined in the site’s NewsRoom.

**Scrapbooks:**

There are new pictures in each of our online scrapbooks. In each case, the most recent pictures are at the top of the panels --- so you can browse the newer ones first.

In the “Times of Our Lives” Scrapbook: Check out the baby pictures --- two of our newest Muttenz Descendants --- and the announcement of the marriage of Dr. Andreas Spaenhauer (son of Peter & Corry) at St. Arbogast Church in Muttenz on September 6.

**History Exhibits:**

A new exhibit entitled “Solomon Spainhour & Family” has been posted. It includes pictures of Solomon, wife Maria Conrad, and the Spainhour Mill which once stood along the Little Yadkin.

Part Four of the History Exhibit entitled “A New World Adventure” deals with the migration of family members from Pennsylvania into the New River Valley of Virginia. Additional information about the New River settlements has been gathered and work is in process to more fully detail what we have learned about this migration by our family ancestors.

**Discussion Forum:**

All of the old bulletin boards have been cleared and two new ones created. One board is dedicated to announcements regarding MDI activities. The Main Bulletin Board is now open to all visitors --- no registration is required.

**Library:**

Thanks to continuing support from members, particularly Nick Hennessee in North Carolina, published family member obituaries are now available on

site. There are seventeen so far this year.

**How You Can Help:**

Our web site is now prepared for expansion --- if you have any of the following --- please allow us to add a copy to our collection --- and remember --- this includes all of our many interconnected families.

1. Pictures of Family *Faces* or *Places* for our scrapbooks
2. Copies of wills, birth records, marriage records, obituaries, land records, etc.
3. Family history stories of any type
4. Family census records
5. Histories of counties or towns where family members have lived.

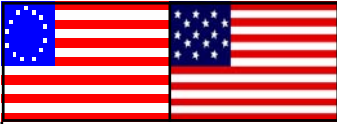
-----James Spainhour

“Every part of this Earth is sacred to my people. Every shining pine needle, every sandy shore, every mist in the dark woods, every clearing and humming insect is hol in the memory and experience of my people”

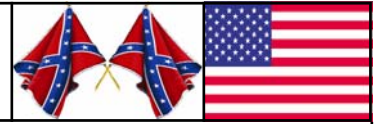
—Chief Seattle

“An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.”

—Benjamin Franklin



# Honoring Our Heroes



This section of our newsletter will be dedicated to honoring our Military Heroes, by maintaining a permanent list of names. We begin by listing all known who served in the military of our country, beginning with the War of the Revolution, with details of their service, as known. All the persons below will only be listed by name and war in which they served except new additions will include details the first time they are printed. We hope this will help those of you interested in joining some of the historical societies and it may also give you information that you may not have had on an ancestor. Full information as below is, or soon will be available on our website. Names are alphabetical by spelling of last name, then first name, then by war.

The flags above represent the flags that have flown over wars in which we have had family members participate. From the

left, the "Betsy Ross" flag representing the War of the Revolution, the flag of 15 stars that flew at the time of the War of 1812, the crossed Confederate Battle Flag from the Confederate States of America (CSA), and the current U.S. Flag representing the Federal Army of all wars during and since the War Between the States (Civil War). Let us honor them all. Many of them made the supreme sacrifice while supporting our country and fighting for what they believed.

Below you will find the listing that we have to date on the Spainhour and related family heroes. Please send us information on your family that does not appear below, or contact me to correct errant information. If you would like to add a Peacetime soldier, please feel free to do so. Remember to include all information.

Name	War	Name	War
Helsabeck, Carl N.	WWII	Spainhower, James	WBTS-USA
Helsabeck, Glen W.	WWII	Spainhower, James H.	WBTS-CSA
Helsabeck, H. Fred	WWII	Spainhower, John C.	WBTS-CSA
Helsabeck, John Henry	WWII	Spainhower, John Henry	WBTS-CSA
Hilsabeck, Frederick	Amer. Rev.	Spainhower, John W.	WBTS-CSA
Hilsabeck, Jacob	Amer. Rev.	Spainhower, Lot L.	WBTS-USA
Kiger, Fred Oliver	WWII	Spainhower, Marquis D. L.	WBTS-USA
Kiger, Robert Walter	WWII	Spainhower, Robert	WBTS-CSA
Moore, Robert a.	WWII	Spainhower, Rufus	WBTS-CSA
Moser, John Michael	Amer. Rev.	Spainhower, Samuel	1812
Moser, William	WBS-CSA	Spainhower, William	WBTS-CSA
Spainhour, Fred Odell, Sr.	WWII	Spainhower, William M.	WBTS-USA
Spainhour, Hershel	Span. Amer.	Spainhower, William M.	WBTS-USA
Spainhour, Allen	WBTS-USA	Spanhauer, Christian	WBTS-USA
Spainhour, Charles E.	WWI	Spanhauer, J. Jacob	Amer. Rev.
Spainhour, David	1812	Spanhauer, Werner	Amer. Rev.
Spainhour, Dempsey	Korean	Spoenhauer, Heinrich	Amer. Rev.
Spainhour, Early	WWII	Spoonhour, Clarence	WBTS-USA
Spainhour, Henry	1812	Spoonhour, David	WBTS-USA
Spainhour, Howard	WWII	Spoonhour, Jacob	WBTS-USA
Spainhour, J.A.	WBTS-CSA	Spoonhour, Solomon	WBTS-USA
Spainhour, Jacob	WBTS-CSA	Spoonhour, Solomon	WBTS-USA
Spainhour, Michael	Amer. Rev.	Spoonhower, Benjamin	WBTS-USA
Spainhour, Robert	WBTS-CSA	Volck, Andreas	Amer. Rev.
Spainhour, Sanford E.	WBTS-CSA		
Spainhour, Solomon	WBTS-CSA		
Spainhour, Solomon	WBTS-CSA		
Spainhour, Thamer Elmo	WWII		
Spainhour, Troy Leroy	WWII		
Spainhour, Walter J., Jr.	Vietnam		
Spainhour, William	WBTS-CSA		
Spainhour, Harrison	WBTS-USA		
Spainhour, Robert D.	WWII		
Spainhour, William W.	WBTS-CSA		
Spainhoward, Daniel	WBTS-USA		
Spainhower, C.T.	WBTS-CSA		
Spainhower, Clarence L.	WWI		
Spainhower, Clayton Marqui	Vietnam		
Spainhower, David	WBTS-USA		
Spainhower, Eugene E.	WBTS-USA		
Spainhower, George E.	WBTS-USA		
Spainhower, Henry	WBTS-USA		
Spainhower, Henry C.	WBTS-USA		
Spainhower, Isaac H.	WBTS-CSA		
Spainhower, Jacob	WBTS-USA		
Spainhower, Jacob Peter	WBTS-CSA		



Troy Leroy Spainhour , WWII  
(18 Jul 1910-30 Nov 2000)  
(Oscar Lee, John Henry, Martin Thomas, Johannes, John Jacob, Werner)

## New Additions to Military Heroes List

I received an e-mail from Joe Spainhourd who asked that we include his late father on our list of Heroes....we're more than happy to do that for you, Joe!

Spainhourd, Carl— Chief Petty Officer, WWII, South Pacific. Served in the "CBs", or Construction Battalion, from Bedford, Indiana. Born 16 June 1920, died 6 July 1984.

## Mystery Relatives

If you have old photographs that you have inherited and you don't know who the people are, take a digital photo of them, scan them, or mail them to me (I will return them right away), and I will print them in the newsletter, so perhaps somebody else will be able to identify them for you.

# “Living Was Full and Good In Old Spainhour Section”

Reprint of a Winston-Salem Journal and Sentinel article from Sunday, July 27, 1958

Written by Martin Howard, Journal Farm Editor

THE FIRST SUMMER a boy works in tobacco is probably the longest one of his life. Nothing can so slow down the wheels of time as the gummy harvesting of green leaves under a sweltering sun. For many, that first experience is enough.

Not for Arthur Clark Hauser of Old Spainhour Mill Road in Forsyth.

“I’ve made 53 consecutive crops of tobacco”, he figured up last week. “That ought to be long enough for any man to quit—but here I am still at it.”

Fact is, Art Hauser is an old field-tobacconist of the first water, still likes his chew at 68 (and knows how to “twist up a good one with honey” if the need arises), and just wouldn’t care for any other type of farming.

His father before him, the late Alexander Hauser, was of the same stripe of farmer. And a couple of other Hausers before him.

## The Pretty Side

“There are some pretty things about tobacco farming, too”, he added. “Upland or bottomland, a field of good tobacco is a fine thing to see. Most of our tobacco is nowadays grown on bottomland—makes a heavier crop and turns out what the market wants. But that old upland leaf, though smaller and thinner, had a silky texture and heady aroma hard to beat.”

And, of course, one of the pretty things about tobacco, in the grower’s view, is that rare good sale.

There was, for instance, that single barning from the Jack Sapp crop in the Big Barn Field of the Hauser farm back in 1919.

“That one barning weighed out 1,040 pounds of cured leaf at market time,” Hauser recalled, “and it sold for an even dollar a pound.”

## Yield Double

In more recent years, he has thought nothing of making 2,000

pounds per acre—which often taps the buyer’s till in the high \$70’s per hundredweight.

The Hauser farm lies in Old Richmond Township, the heart of historic tobacco country—Tobaccoville to the east, Stokes County to the north, the Yadkin River to the west.

“I live as far from Winston-Salem as a fellow can go” Arthur Hauser likes to say, “without getting out of Forsyth.”

This section today is made up of many farms, small and middlesize and big. But in the early days of settlement it consisted of several large plantations. Of these, the Spainhour Plantation occupied a vast acreage—“pinned down at the northwest corner”, as some described it, “by the joining-stob of Forsyth, Stokes and Surry.”

When Mr. and Mrs. Hauser observed their golden wedding anniversary a few days ago, a half-century and more of this history was bound up in their memories. From them and the generations of each family before them much of this rich rural history derives.

## Old Spainhour Mill

The Old Spainhour Mill on the Little Yadkin, built by Mrs. Hauser’s Grandfather Billy Spainhour and his brother Austin before Civil War days, was a local point of the community.

Folks brought their corn and small grain there for meal and feeds. They hauled their logs there to be ripped into lumber by the water-driven “up-and-downer”. If they had neither grain to grind nor logs to saw, they frequently turned up anyhow—to sit on the loafing bench and catch up on neighborhood news.

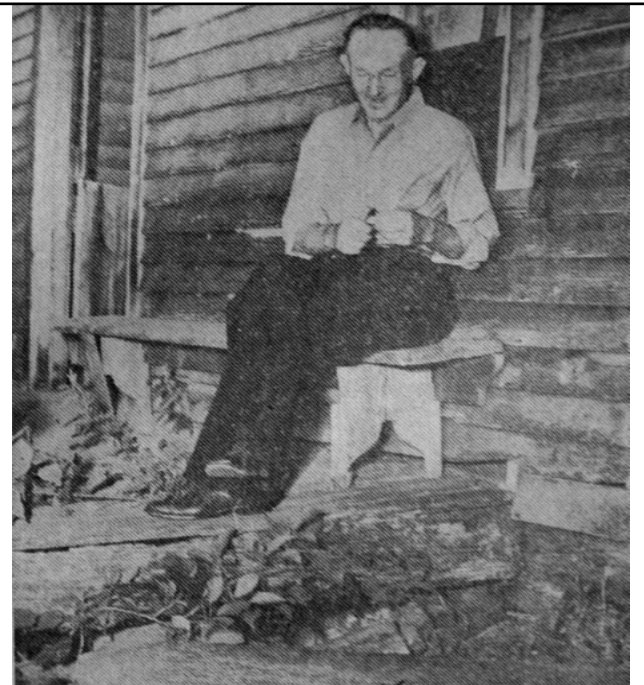
A mile downstream was the old swimming hole for women and small children. A mile above the mill was the deeper hole favored by men and boys.

But if attention to needed grist and lumber formed one phase of township life, and story-swapping and swimming two others, all three were merely some of the more leisurely aspects of the section’s life of those times.



All Staff Photos by Martin Howard

For more than a century, folks of the general area brought to this Old Spainhour Mill on the Little Yadkin their corn to be ground, their logs to be sawed, their neighborhood news to be swapped—until a flood knocked it out some years ago.



Arthur Hauser likes to settle down occasionally on the mill’s long-used “loafers’ bench” and cut off a chew to feed his memories. “Never got a chance to use this bench enough”, he claims.

( Continued on Page 5)

# "Measuring America"

*Browsing through a local bookstore some weeks ago, I came across a new book written by Andro Linklater entitled "Measuring America". Normally I would have ignored such a title; but someone had laid the book face down, and my eye was drawn to a comment about the book by David McCullough, author of "John Adams" --- "This is the way history and the adventure of ideas should be written."*

*That was enough to inspire my parting with the \$26 purchase price. The story does indeed center on an adventure of ideas. It has been both enjoyable and educational reading. Below is my personal summary of a small portion.*

--- James Spainhour

## As it was in the Colonies:

The American colonies, of course, adopted the system of lengths and weights in use at the time in England --- but in reality, almost no unit was the same from one colony to the next.

A Virginia farmer, such as Thomas Jefferson, measured his crop in hogsheads. A Virginia hogshead was larger than a New York hogshead, but smaller than one from Maryland --- and all were different from the Brewer's hogshead used to measure hops.

An Innkeeper was required by law to sell beer inside his hotel using the wine gallon --- which was smaller than the beer gallon to be used when selling beer outside his hotel. That confusion, however, was small compared to the quarts, gallons, and bushels used for measuring corn and flour. Because of various quirks in the English legislation --- there were eight different sizes for these units --- and each container could be filled level with the brim or heaped above it (as the custom of the local market might dictate).

While calling for the adoption of a system of uniform weights and measures, President Thomas Jefferson summed up the situation in the early United States as follows:  
*"8 gallons make a measure called a firkin in liquid substances, and a bushel, dry. 2 firkins or bushels make a measure called a rundlet or kilderkin, liquid, and a strike, dry. 2 kilderkins or strikes make a measure called a barrel, liquid, and a coom, dry, this last term being antient (sic) and little used. Two barrels or cooms make a measure called a hogshead, liquid, or a quarter, dry." ....But no one of these measures (Continued on Page 12)*

## Donations Are Both Welcome And Necessary

Our thanks to all of you who have made recent donations.

We all have our favorite charities that we help support as we can, and we all have our limitations, but let us not forget our own family organization, without whose help we cannot continue our committee research as effectively, nor share it with you via the Newsletter and the Website.

Of course we also have expenses tied to the John Jacob cabin...insurance, maintenance, etc. and general costs of the operation of Muttenez Descendants, Inc., such as costs of printing and mailing newsletters, costs of the website, professional and governmental fees, etc. All officers, directors and committee members donate their time and services.

Please be generous in your contributions and don't forget possible bequests so that your generosity may continue.

## Don't Forget the Website!

Don't forget to visit our website often. James has been working very hard, along with Steven, Jerry and others, to make it better than ever! There are lots of plans for new presentations and new items are being added all the time!

You will need a password to enter the database portion of the site. You may receive that by e-mailing the database manager at the link on the site.

If your newsletter is late, fails to arrive, you misplace it, or just want to give somebody else a copy....and you have a computer, or can borrow a friend's, go to the website, to the "Library" section and find the section on "Newsletters"...they're all there from September, 1992! Just print out a copy! While you're there, take a look around....do you have something to add?

## In Memory of Our Family & Friends

**Dolly Shore**, 93, Yadkinville, passed away June 18, 2003. Born in Yadkin county to Virgil **Miller** and Collie S. Shore. Ms. Shore was preceded in death by a brother, Hubert Frank Shore, and is survived by a brother, Calvin Rufus Shore, two nieces and a nephew.

**Jeffrey Kent Shore**, 43, formerly of Boonville, passed away June 23, 2003 at his home in Farragut, TN. Born to Alvis Keith and Margaret **Prim** Shore of Boonville, he was preceded in death by his grandfathers, Alvis Shore and Lloyd **Prim**, but survived by his parents and his grandmothers, Hazel Prim of East Bend and Kate Shore of Boonville. He is also survived by his wife, Alison and children Lindsay and Travis Shore of Boonville, a sister, two brothers and several nieces and nephews.

**Esther (Leona) Shore**, 94, Yadkinville, passed away July 7, 2003. Born in Yadkin County February 19, 1909 to David and Esther **Hudspeth** Shore, she was preceded in death by ten brothers and sisters. She is survived by several nieces and nephews.

**Calvin Rufus Shore**, 91, Hamptonville, passed away July 16, 2003. Born in Yadkin County on July 19, 1911 to Virgil and Collie Shore. He is survived by his wife, Pauline **Vestal** Shore of Hamptonville and children Margaret (Ralph) **Prevette** of Hopkinsville, KY, Lowell Shore and Norene (Ronnie) **Vanhoj**, Hamptonville.

**Fred Allison Spainhour**, 61, Winston-Salem, passed away August 23, 2003. Born in Forsyth County January 23, 1942 to Charlie and Mary Evelyn **Southern** Spainhour, he was preceded in death by his parents, three brothers and a sister. He is survived by a daughter, Renae Fogle, a son, Randy Spainhour, three grandchildren, four brothers and three sisters.

Our thanks to Nick Hennessee for sending us obituaries from Winston-Salem papers for family & related family members...Editor



# “...Old Spainhour Section” (Continued)

## The Serious Side

There was farming to be done. There was schooling for the children.

There was church to go to on Sundays and prayer meeting night, midweek.

There were cooking and housework to be done, and the girls in each home to be taught these arts.

Folks in the Spainhour section, mostly of Moravian stock, were pretty strict about these four things.

“Tobacco was the big crop”, Arthur Hauser explains. “Corn and forage and garden produce and fruit and livestock were largely for home use.”

Corn, he said, was usually “just planted and left to do what it would.”

It did all right, usually, unassisted. If a farmer felt uneasy lest his cribs might fail of filling, he sometimes sidedressed the field of corn “between knee and waist” (referring to height)—and harvested his 50 bushels per acre without trouble.

Hay was no problem either. The meadows grew up thick and green of their own accord.

But tobacco, now—that was the Golden Crop, the source of livelihood, the occupation that required savvy handed down from father to son and pridefully improved upon by each in turn.

“You didn’t tell another man how to grow his tobacco”, said Hauser. “If he was capable of growing it at all, he’d do it his own way. If he wasn’t capable, no use to tell him, anyhow.”

Perhaps a major factor in good tobacco production in this section has been the lay of the land, a series of winding ridges and valleys. The Little Yadkin, which winds down from its headwaters on the Sauratown, is fed by a network of branches, all in turn feeding into the big, yellow Yadkin.

## Most Have Both

Upland and bottomland naturally are shared by most of the section’s farmers.

If the bottomland farmer of Tennessee has traditionally “looked down” on his neighbor of the rocky slopes above him,

Northwest Forsyth farmers have valued both.

“It’s true, of course,” says Hauser, “that bottomland is richer. Why, it’s got its own original soil and all that’s washed down to it from above. It’s more valuable today, but our upland used to turn out mighty fine tobacco.”

Partly because of these up-and-down natural divisions, in fact, the fields of the original farm are still designated by such names as Turtleback, Red Ridge, Oat Piece, Fred’s Bottom, Jim’s Bottom, Big Bottom, Three Corner Bottom, Big Barn Field.

Mrs. Hauser, whose father was John W. Shamel, attended the 40-pupil one-teacher, one-room Donnaha School, which stood in front of the site of the Old Richmond Courthouse.

## School Days

She walked the two miles, morning and evening. On bad days, her father pulled her aboard his saddle horse with him and made the going and coming less tedious.

Among her teachers, she remembers best Arthur Hendrix.

Among her recollections of those school days, the one that stands out:

“We had to learn spelling. We had to learn writing. We had to learn arithmetic. Spelling was both a serious drill and a pleasantly exciting contest—in class, we formed lines and tried to ‘spell each other down’. We had frequent spelling bee community nights. Often, we’d have the Big Bees, with other schools pitted against us.”

Arthur Hauser attended the Hauser School, similar to that at Donnaha, which stood on a rise about one mile from the Old Spainhour Mill.

Arthur Hendrix also taught there, one year or another. Other teachers Hauser recalls include Miss Fannie Tise and Seton Hauser.

## Subscription School

And if some children of the area didn’t get enough of the Three R’s during the six-month winter term, a teacher might be

(Continued on page 6)



Her daughters say Mrs. Hauser can still work them down, even since her golden wedding anniversary. She favors some modern conveniences but insists on keeping her faithful wood range in use—“If you’ve got wood, might as well use it!”



Mrs. Mildred J. Rierson, daughter of the Hausers and well-known businesswoman and rural leader, gives granddaughter Sherrie Gale a look at old Dutch pitcher and baking “dirt-dish.”

## Family Lands Project

We need volunteers to help us with our Family Lands Project...locating and documenting sites of our ancestors farms & lands. Please contact a Board member and **get involved!!!**

# “...Old Spainhour Section” (Continued)

invited in to work up a ‘subscription summer school’—that is, enough parents subscribed and paid fees for their children to make up a full class.

Mrs. Mildred J. Rierson, daughter of the Hausers (and now a proud grandmother in her own right), knows well enough what store her parents set by schooling.

By the time she came of school age, the Old Richmond School had been built (in a location miles distant from the old courthouse site), to consolidate the district’s one-room schools. The newfangled schoobus eliminated the necessity of walking miles to and from. But one day, Mildred was either a mite late in starting to the bus stop or dawdled a little too long gossiping with her girl friend. The bus left her—and so she had to report to her mother.

## “You Know the Road!”

Mrs. Hauser was not impressed, “You know the road to Old Richmond School. Get to walking!”

It was—and is—13 miles from the Hauser home to Old Richmond School. Mildred got as far as Tobaccolville, not quite half way, where fortuitously a car from the school gave her a ride the rest of the way.

“But it sure was enough to give me a good lasting idea of what walking to school meant”, she comments today.

The sole church for many years in the Spainhour-Hauser community was Mount Pleasant Methodist church, which continues to be one of the main churches of the township. With its beautifully steepled front and well-kept graveyard, enhanced by the towering blue outlines of Pilot Mountain some miles away, it is one of Forsyth’s most striking rural churches.

In pre-War days, it was attended by the Negroes of the community as well as the whites.

Northwest Forsyth women have a wide reputation for their cakes and pies.

How did Old Richmond women get to be such good cooks?

“Well, said Mrs. Hauser, “if we are good cooks, I guess it’s because we were taught to work hard at the job.”

She herself still cooks her meals on a wood range, still prefers iron pots and skillets. In fact, she still bakes her pies on occasion in old fashioned earthenware “dirt-dishes”—which hark back to the Dutch cookery influence of the early Moravian settlers. [Editor’s note: In this case the word “Dutch” is derived from the word “Deutsch”, meaning German, as in the Pennsylvania Dutch, or Pennsylvania Germans.]

## Community Oven

In the early days, there was a big outdoor community Dutch oven at Tobaccolville. Housewives prepared their pies in the earthen dishes, carried a supply of them to the community oven for baking.

But whether they use earthenware or plain tin-pan, Old Richmond cooks still know how to put the goodness into them—as anyone who attended last week’s Grange picnic at the Old Richmond Grange Hall well knows.

Evidently the good cooking and bountiful board still practiced traces back to early generations. Mrs. Hauser’s Grandfather Shamel fought through the Civil War to Winchester, where he was captured and sent to a prison in Ohio. Throughout his active soldiering, his letters home, still preserved, bear the refrain of hunger—actual hunger, sharpened by nostalgic memory of his accustomed well-fed lot back home.

## Food Shortage

A final letter from prison describes a tragic shortage of food, and the comment: “I would be so grateful even for such scraps as used to fill our swill bucket.”

The packet of food which his wife promptly directed to him arrived too late. He had died in prison camp.

The Hauser farm community still thrives in part on tobacco production. While Arthur Hauser himself has retired, and keeps his hand in with only a fraction of an acre, scores of fields—planted by owners or tenants—continue the Old Richmond tradition of fine tobacco.

Poultry also has added significantly to farming income. But the newer factor which has brought real prosperity to this corner of the county, and has multiplied its families and attractive modern homes, is the off-farm job opportunities afforded by Winston-Salem industries.

“Most of our residents today”, Mrs. Rierson explains, “are part-time farmers. Many of the larger land-owners have sold small tracts along the highways to younger couples, who have full or part-time jobs in town but prefer to live in the country. Such steady income accounts for new and remodeled homes and all the conveniences to be found in town. But for many, farming still provides the bulk of income.”

The net result of which is that Northwest Forsyth folks enjoy a secure and independent and leisurely way of life, which—combined with their heritage of good-neighborliness and excellent tables—might make the eyes of any 320-acre Iowa cornhog-cattle farmer pop with envy.

This article was taken from a scrapbook of newspaper clippings kept by my mother, Agnes Elizabeth Collins Spainhour.

I remember as a child visiting with Nellie & Arthur, their house up on a hill, with a huge weeping willow which we used to play under.

I’m sure my mother kept this article because she knew the Hausers, but also for another very special reason... the little girl, Sherrie Gale Rierson, in the photo on page 5 was her first grandchild also! Sherrie Gale is the daughter of Barbara Ann Spainhour & Julius Clark Rierson, who had two more children, Cynthia Ann and Anthony “Tony” Clark Rierson.

Mildred Rierson was the owner of the well-known restaurant, the Polli-rosa, in Tobaccolville. Many thought the restaurant was named after the television show, Ponderosa, but it was actually the first name of her grandmother... Polly Spainhour Shamel (Nellie’s mother) and the name of her husband’s grandmother, Rosella Hauser Rierson. **Turn to pages 8 & 9 for more interesting information on this family, Old Richmond, and country stores.**

## Life in the 1500s??

Most people got married in June because they took their yearly bath in May and still smelled pretty good by June. However, they were starting to smell so brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hid the body odor; hence, the custom today of carrying a bouquet when getting married.

Houses had thatched roofs—thick straw—piled high, with no continuous wood underneath. It was the only place for animals to get warm, so all the dogs, cats and other small animals (mice, bugs) lived in the roof. When it rained it became slippery and sometimes the animals would slip and fall off the roof; hence the saying, “It’s raining cats and dogs!”

Those with money had plates made of pewter. Food with high acid content caused some of the lead to leach into the food, causing lead poisoning and death. This happened most often with tomatoes, so for the next 400 years or so, tomatoes were considered poisonous.

Bread was divided according to status. Workers got the burnt bottom of the loaf, the family got the middle, and guests got the top, or “upper crust”.

# Tribute to a Missouri Coaching Legend

Kirkville Daily Express & news, Tuesday, Oct. 3, 2000-Page 9

## KHS Legend Spainhower Dies

**By Bud Schrader**

*Express Sports Editor*

This Homecoming week at Kirkville High School figures to be more emotional than most.

John Spainhower, 79, the most successful athletic coach in Kirkville High School history and the person for whom the football field is named after, died this morning at the Twin Pine Adult Care Center in Kirkville.

Spainhower began coaching football, basketball and track at Kirkville High School in 1948 after graduating from Stanberry High School in 1940 and playing two seasons as a quarterback for Northeast Missouri State University, graduating from the school in 1947.

He compiled a football record of 111-64-11 in his 20 years of coaching football at Kirkville. He had undefeated teams in 1950, 1954 and 1957. His teams won seven North Central Missouri Conference titles: 1950, 1953, 1954, 1956, 1957, 1958 and 1963.

His basketball teams did even better, qualifying for the state tournament on four different occasions and winning seven NCMC titles. He finished with an overall record of 235-80 in basketball.

He was appointed the school's athletic director and transportation director in 1969.

Spainhower was a person who enjoyed coaching and every aspect of the profession, but knew when it was time to leave.

"It was time for me then to get out of coaching," he said in a 1993 interview. "If you don't enjoy coaching, then you shouldn't do it.

"But I really missed the camara-

derie of the players. I used to be able to see each kid in high school and could tell what he [was] capable of doing and give him advice."

Former Kirkville High School coach and athletic director Ron Miller played for Spainhower from 1952-55.

"He was very fair," Miller recalled. "You knew where you stood with him."

The dedication of Spainhower Field was Sept. 19, 1981 and several of his former players were on hand for the ceremony, held before Kirkville played Columbia Rock Bridge in football.

There was an inscription on that official program that summed up Spainhower the best:

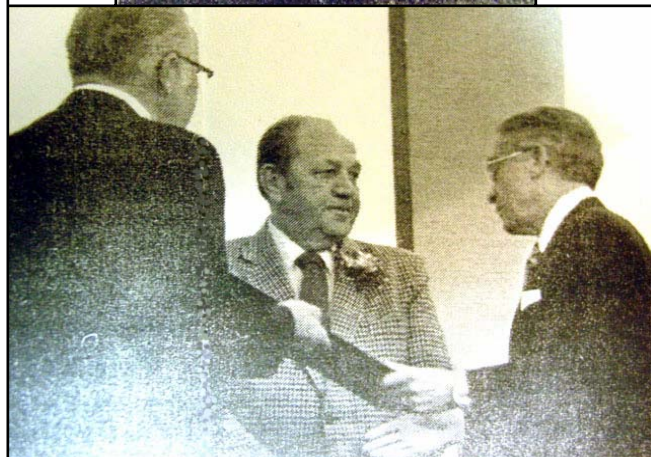
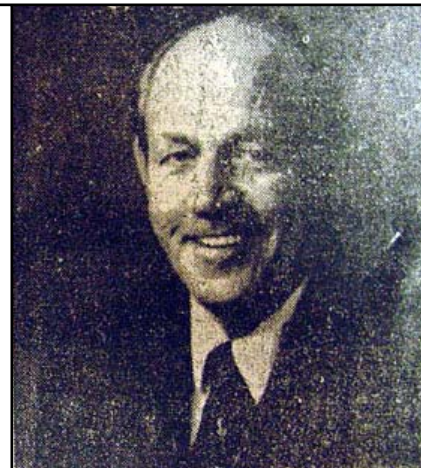
"This is the dedication of a beautiful stadium to a man who, by his contributions, has demonstrated the belief that athletics provide an unequalled opportunity to build character, to instill the values of respect, honesty and fairness, to live up to and strive for greater potential, and to be humble in victory and proud in defeat.

"The athletic program teaches an attitude of mind; that any youngster who participates is better prepared to meet any challenge as a competitor.

"These are the attributes in which John Spainhower believes and that is why he has influenced the lives of so many young people of this community."

He is a member of the Truman State Athletic Hall of Fame and the Missouri High School Football Coaches Hall of Fame.

Spainhower is survived by his wife Thelma "Punky", of Kirkville; a son, Craig, of Turner, Oregon; and daughter, Suzy Thompson of Macon.



John Spainhower, pictured in the middle receiving his Truman State Hall of Fame plaque in 1985. Pictured at left is former Bulldog athletic director Kenny Gardner and at right is former NMSUP President Charles McClain. Spainhower died this morning at Twin Pines Adult Care Center.

Hello Everyone,

I hope this finds you all well.

I'm sending this most impersonal email to tell you that Sarah Elizabeth Spainhower was born Tuesday, 24 June 2003, at 9:06 am (as predicted by those who know how to predict such things). She weighed in at 7 lb 10 oz, and is 19.5" long (as measured from the tip of the snout to the fork of the tail for you who fish, or from head to toe for you who don't). She is a keeper by most regulations. She came into the world in a quiet fury, we got in at 8:00 am, she got out at 9:06 am-same day. I am still amazed. Mother and daughter are now resting comfortably at home. I don't have any pictures to send or post yet, but maybe soon.

## New Arrival!!!

The message to the right was received by James Spainhour from Myron & Lisa Spainhour who live in Tallahassee, FL. Both are civil engineers. Myron has a consulting firm and Dr. Lisa is on the faculty of Florida State University in Tallahassee. They have two other children, Daniel & Jacob. James says, "Myron has been very helpful from time to time, as his schedule allows, in development of the web site." Congratulations to Myron, Lisa, Daniel & Jacob from us all!



1870 Polly Tharral Sr

cr

April 1 <sup>st</sup>	To 10 gds Calico	\$1 45	
"	" 1 Spool cotton	65	
"	By Cash Paid	\$1 70	\$1 50
April 19	By Cash Paid		21
			<u>\$1 70</u>
July 13	" 2 lbs Coffee @ 30¢	60	
"	" Green Pepper	10	
"	" Brown Sugar	30	
" 27	" Cr By 11 1/2 lbs Apples @ 6¢		69
"	" " " 8 1/2 " Berries @ 8		76
"	" " " 20 1/2 " Block Jews Harps	10	
August 6	" Cr By 21 lbs Apples @ 7		1 47
" 11	" 1 Milk Bucket	75	
"	" 8 lbs Sugar @ 16 2/3¢	1 33 2/3	
"	" 1 Bottle Ink	10	
"	" 2 Box Matches @ 5¢	10	
"	" Cr By Fruit		75
"	" Cr By Jews Harps returned		10
" 13	" Cr By Fruit		1 00
Sept 18	<sup>10</sup> Bal on Sole Leather	\$ 2 04	
Oct 21	<sup>25</sup>	5 42	\$4 77
"	To 1 Bunch Cotton	1 75	
Nov 28	" Bal on Crp Trimmings	95	
"	" 1 Sack Salt	7 17	
"	cr by due bill	3 00	
		<u>\$10 17</u>	5 40
Nov 28	Bal on Trimmings	95	
"	" To 3 lbs Sugar @ 16 2/3	50	
Dec 9 <sup>th</sup>	cr By 2 lbs Butter @ 25¢	\$1 45	50
"	cr on Trimmings		95
			<u>\$1 45</u>
Mar 15 <sup>th</sup>	Bal on Calico for Emma	14	
Dec 22 <sup>nd</sup>	To 2 lbs Sugar " @ 18¢	36	
"	" 1 1/2 gds Ribbon @ 15¢	22 1/2	
		<u>72 1/2</u>	72 1/2



# Shopping In The “Old Days”

While doing the story on the Spainhour-Hauser family, I remembered that I had the original of the ledger that you see on page eight (opposite). This and other pages of an old ledger that had fallen apart were graciously given to me by Stephen Bolejack a couple of years ago. If you remember from the Spainhour-Hauser story, Polly (Spainhour) Shamel was the mother of Nellie Shamel Hauser. This particular page doesn't indicate the ledger's origin, but others of the pages do, stating simply, in script at the top “Old Richmond NC”.

I thought you might find the prices of the various items interesting, as well as the fact that the family bartered for a good deal of their goods. That was fairly common in the country, but was especially so after the War Between The States as their Confederate Dollars were worthless and gold was hard to come by. Also, still mourning the deaths of many loved ones, and for political reasons many were hesitant to accept the “Yankee Greenbacks”; therefore, barter was a way to fill one's needs when cash was short or non-existent, and it made a lot of economic sense. If you will notice, the date of the ledger page is 1870 and covers the entire year, including an old entry transferred from another account, from March, “Emma's” account, where apparently Polly picked up the 14-Cent tab for Emma's calico.

After remembering, and then finding this ledger, my sister, Barbara Spainhour, told me that she thought perhaps she knew where this old store was located...so off she went to visit it's owner, Ruth Hicks. The old store is located in Donnaha, the original site of Old Richmond. It is located about 25 miles north of Winston-Salem, near the right side of Highway 67, just before the bridge that crosses the Little Yadkin, and moves you from Forsyth County into Yadkin County.

Visiting with the owner and explaining her quest, she was loaned an old photograph of that store, taken at an unknown date. The store is on the left of the photo and the part that survives is the part with the false-front. Through the generous loan, and Barbara's efforts, you see the photo below. Note the man on the rare, white mule and the cows eating hay in the background.

We're not positive, but relatively sure, this is the store where Polly had her account in 1870.

My thanks to Barbara, Stephen and Ruth for their assistance with this story. I will also reprint other family ledgers from the “Old Richmond Country Store”, as we shall call it, as space permits.

If anybody can shed more light on this store and its location, whether in fact the store in the photo was the same store that stood in Old Richmond in 1870, we would be delighted to hear from you, to set the record straight if our assumptions prove to be incorrect, or to confirm them if they are correct.



## Trips into Town

Reprinted with permission of Patsy Moore Ginns  
From “Rough Weather Makes Good Timber-Carolinians Recall”  
© Patsy Moore Ginns.

Published by The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill

You'd come to town occasionally. We were seven miles from Murfreesboro, and we'd come to town, maybe every, oh, I don't know, a few times a year. But we had country stores we could go to for the necessities. So we didn't have to come to a village like Murfreesboro so often because we could go to these stores and pick up—we'd carry chickens and eggs, meat, and trade for the things that we needed. We didn't have to have but very little money.

Now, the men would go to the store on a day when it was rainy, or something like that, that they couldn't work in the field. Why, they would gather at the store. And they would really have a lot of fun just visiting with each other.

Well, they'd have the staples that we'd need at the country store. And they would carry some dry goods, they would call it, and some yard goods. And some shoes. They carried most of the things that you'd need for everyday living.

Kerosene. That was very important because that was the only means of lighting that we had in those days, was using kerosene in lamps and lanterns. And we had open fireplaces. And they served for the heat and light, too, in a good many cases because—unless they tried to read, they wouldn't have the—that is, you wouldn't spend that much money unnecessarily. You would do without it unless you were reading because you'd have enough light from the fireplace. Used that kerosene just when you really needed it.

Kerosene cost about ten or twelve cents a gallon. And that was a lot of money then. Expensive light....

These country stores, they would be a place to trade their produce—chickens, eggs. They'd take out goods in exchange. They didn't have money. A dress length or several gannons of kerosene. A new axe head or an axe handle. Salt. Sugar. I remember very well going to the store with my mother in a horse and buggy and we'd always carry everything we needed to exchange for produce. We didn't need the money, actually. That wasn't the important thing. The important thing in those days was to grow produce enough to exchange for the things you needed.

CHARLES L. REVELLS, SR., 1900  
Hertford County

Patsy Moore Ginns is descended from Werner, through John Jacob, Johannes, Charles Spainhour, Sr. and his daughter Mary Elizabeth, who married Lucian Moore. She has taught school in NC, SC & Alaska and has won awards for her short stories & children's poetry. She lives in King, Stokes Co., NC

# Letters Home

## A Collection of Family Letters from the War Between the States

Camp near Richmond  
June 13<sup>th</sup>, 1862

Dear Father,

As we have not written for several days for want of time, I suppose you will not refuse to hear from us. We are all well and doing as well as could be expected, and I hope this may find you all well and getting along very well with your work. We have had very hard times here for the last few days. On last Saturday we marched down to the battle field and lay there that night, and the next day (Monday) we went on picket and just as it commenced raining we were ordered to advance on the Yankee's pickets. Just as we started out through the woods and swamps it rained as hard as ever I saw, and the bushes were about waist high and as thick as they could stand. We went on about two miles when the Captain and eleven of us got right among the Yankee's pickets and fired on them, and they returned the fire but their balls all went too high. Our boys killed a Yankee Colonel's horse, and heard another Yankee holler that he was shot and he ran and left his gun and cap. But we soon found out that we were there, only eleven of us, where there were Yankees plenty; but they seemed too scary to do much damage. They would shoot and run. But we found they could take us all prisoners if they found out there were but a few of us, and we turned back and aimed to go back to our line, but got bothered and traveled around and around for fear of falling in the hands of the Yankees. But as it happened it got light and we saw where the sun was just before sundown, and then we knew our course and got in about eight o'clock. The company nearly all got bothered, but the most of them got in before we did. John Estes and another young man came in up near Richmond last night. Our third Lieutenant, orderly sergeant, assistant Commissary of the regt., and one private have not got in yet, and fear never will. Guess they are either killed or taken prisoners. It is a wonder more of us did not get taken for the rain and the thick bushes bothered us till there were not more than 15 or 20 together in any place; but the Yankees are so scary to stand the balls of our men. The first I heard when we got to the picket lines was the Yankees hollering, "Run boys, run, for the enemy is right on us!" I did not get to shoot at them for when we first came up to them I could not see them, but when we turned to the left I saw a number of them, but we thought they were our own men, and the Captain stepped out in front of them and waved his hat, and told them not to shoot our own men and to fall in on the left, and some of them started, but soon found out that we were not their men, and turned and ran and hid themselves behind trees. Rufus burst a cap at one but his gun was wet and did not fire. It was said that this was done to draw the attention of the Yankees while General Stuart went around in the rear of McLendon's army. He started on Thursday and got around on Sunday. He took 100 wagons, 275 mules and horses, and some guns and knocked a train off the tract and burst the engine. I will put a piece in my letter that was written about him speaking of him as if he were a missionary. He went out up at Ashland and came around down here below. He has done a good thing for the South.

It is not thought that there will be a general engagement here any time shortly. We would be glad to hear from home often, and hear how you are getting along with your work, how crops look, and so on. I received a letter from William the other day and will answer it in a short time. We are now back at our tents near Richmond, and get meat, bread, and peas, plenty, and can get milk at twenty cents a quart, butter \$1.00 per lb., but I can assure you there is but little butter eaten.

I must close for this time,

Yours truly,

J.C.S.

(P.S.) If our Company had all been with us last Sunday no doubt but what we would have taken several prisoners. Our Regiment did take three that day, one Captain acting as Major that day and two privates.

The ten dollars you sent by me I gave to Rufus tops off the Georgia bill, I think he passed it, and the Tennessee he could not pass, but sold it for three dollars and a half,--but he has had no chance to send it home.

John C. Spainhower

---

Camp near Richmond, Virginia  
June 25, 1862

Dear Brother,

As I have an opportunity of dropping you a few lines perhaps for the last time, I will write a few lines. If we stay here long enough there are strong indications of a battle here today or tomorrow. The cannons have been firing all day, and are still firing occasionally. I have heard some four or five since I have been writing. Last Saturday evening we had a double quick, to the battle field, but did not have anything to do. There has been skirmishing here every day for two weeks, but has been some heavier today than common. No doubt but what before this reaches you we will be in a fight, but it seems like our men are all certain of giving the Yankees a good brushing, though many of us will doubtless fall in the action. But I hope we may gain the liberty for those who live to see it. It is reported that Jackson and Stuart are going to attack them in the rear and our forces in front. There are more men here than you ever saw, and are still coming in this morning. I saw Vance's Regiment and five others come in. I saw Lafayette, Estes and several other boys that have been down on the battle field since I commenced writing. There was some fighting down there but we were not in it. But I expect that we will get in tomorrow.

We are all well and hope these few lines may find you all well. I would be glad to hear from home soon. Tell S. M. Parkes that I have not heard from him since I left home. Write soon.

Yours truly,  
John C. Spainhower



Camp near Richmond, Virginia  
July 18, 1862

Dear Father,

This leaves us well and getting along about as usual. Times are very dull here since the fight. The Yankees are being still to some extent. We have no news of interest that I now recollect. Our Regiment is like a passel of lost sheep since Col. Stokes died, for they all thought there was not such a Colonel in this world. Captain Brown is now acting Colonel. He has now gone to N.C. after conscripts. Father, I heard you are coming out to see us soon. I should be very glad to see you out here, and if you should bring a box or any things, I would be glad for you to bring me two pair of socks as mine were destroyed while gone in the battles. Also if you can, get a good pair of homemade shoes, if you can get them from the shoemaker in Morganton, I will pay you for them. Also if you bring a box we would not object to you bringing us anything that will do to eat, for our fare is not as good as it used to be, owing I suppose to the large amount of troops near here. A few gallons of honey, a few old mountain cheeses, etc. would be very acceptable, and any thing you see else to bring. I would not care if you were to bring the old trunk with the things in it, for the place I occupy needs it.

As Rufus has written as much as he intends to, I will try and add a few words although it will be but little as I just wrote a few days ago, and have just been lying here in camp ever since that.

I heard today that Hemphill has gone on home from Petersburg, but I cannot say how true it is, but if he has he will be there some time before this comes to hand. I have not seen him since the day of the last fight, and have not heard from him but once since he left here but just received a letter yesterday that has been ... (illegible) ... James Estes, and I suppose put in the office at Richmond. I do not know where he is gone to the Regiment wherever it is. It was close to us when we were down on the marsh, but I do not know where it is now. I saw Colins boys here and Turner down there. I have clothing yet, as much as I brought with me, besides a pair of pants and a short coat which I drew; without it is the white yarn socks which I wore so near out I threw them away after I came back off that march. Now I must stop.

Yours truly,

John C. Spainhower

---

Editor's Note: The above letter was the last letter John C. Spainhower ever wrote to his family. He died August 9, 1862 of disease. The rest of our letters are from John 's brother, Rufus. Rufus enlisted May 31, 1861 at age 21. He endured the war and the loss of his two brothers and many friends and he was present at the surrender at Appamattox Courthouse, Virginia

---

[Undated Letter]

[Evidently sometime before John's enlistment in May, 1862]

Mother,

I have no idea that we will remain here until you receive this little note. We will be apt either to fight either on this side of Fredericksburg, or else retreat there without fighting. Mother, I will be pleased if John can remain at home, though I fear that he will have to go. If he does I hope he can come here.

I do not mind being in the army myself, but I hate for my friends to be in it. I know you have need of John, and if you can keep John, perhaps you had better.

Yours truly,  
Rufus A. Spainhower

---

[Undated]

[Apparently, from content, written between the date of James' last letter, September 4, 1861, and his death, October 18, 1861.]

Dear Father,

I sent a letter to you a few days ago, at which time James seemed to be improving, but ever since yesterday morning he has been getting worse, and is now very bad. His doctor has but little hopes of his recovery, and several elegant judges of typhoid fever have visited him this evening and consider him very dangerous, but he says he does not fear death; but I hope he will get well.--but if he dies I will take him home if I can get a furlough from the Colonel and money enough to bear my expenses, though none of us have received our money yet. But I can borrow. His bowels are in very bad condition, being very sore, and nothing passes through him but blood. I feel tolerably well tonight--better than I have for any night for the past week.

I have had two hard chills since I wrote to you, and James had one last evening at the same time that I had mine, but I have taken quinine enough to stop mine. I am able to be about except when the chill is on me. Suffer no uneasiness more than you can help, for he is as well attended to as he could be at home. It is getting late and I must close. I will send this to Richmond by Brother Anderson who is here with us tonight and will start there in the morning.

Your affectionate son,  
R. A. Spainhower

P.S. I will write again when he changes.

Dear Father and Mother,

After writing to you last night I informed James of it, and he said he wanted me to say to you both, that if you ever wanted to see him alive to come immediately, but Mrs. Jarvis and other friends say that you cannot possibly get here before hi death. She thinks he will die very soon, but if you wish to start you will be apt to meet me on the road with him without a very great change takes place.

R. A. Spainhower

# "Measuring America" ....Continued

is of a determinate capacity".

## Units of Measurement

The units of measures with which we are all familiar were originally derived from the human body --- its dimensions and its capacity for various activities. An inch was the width of a finger -- four barleycorns made a finger --- four fingers made a palm --- four palms made a foot -- six palms made a cubit -- four cubits made a man's height. Note that the foot contained 16 fingers or 16 inches --- but you could also divide the foot by thumbs rather than fingers --- there were 12 thumbs per foot. But real fingers and thumbs come in different sizes --- so the actual measurements using these rulers --- also varied. Cloth was measured in ells -- which was either the width of the loom on which it was made --- or it was the distance from one's chin to one's wrist --- because the easiest way to measure cloth is to hold it under your chin and stretch your arm outward.

Distances over land might be measured in English bowshots (how far an arrow could fly) or French houpees (how far a shout could be heard) --- or in American Plains Indian horse-belly views (how far a person could see when crouched below a mustang's belly .... about two miles).

A perch (also called a rod or a pole) which was used to measure land area was defined in terms of the land's capacity to support human life -- so a perch used in measuring poor land

was longer than the perch used in measuring more fertile ground. The amount of land that could be worked by one man in a day was one daywork and an acre was the area that a team of oxen could work in a day. A bushel was the amount of seed which was needed to sow an acre --- so its volume varied along with the size of the acre --- and with the type of seed being measured.

The general concept was that an acre of land --- or a bushel of something --- should always have a standard price -- so for better land --- or for more expensive grains --- one would use a smaller measure. After all -- a bushel of oats -- from which one can only make porridge -- obviously needs to be larger (cheaper) than a bushel of wheat --- from which one can make both bread and beer!!

## Land Boundaries:

In England and in its colonies --- all the land belonged to the King. Families were only allowed to own the use of the land. The general practice was for the colonial settler to select the land he wanted first, then have it measured -- and registered -- in terms of its butts-and-bounds or metes-and-bounds. This procedure, of course, often generated land holdings with very irregular shapes (which only the very best of surveyors could measure) -- and often there were areas of "unclaimed" space between registered holdings.

After the Revolution, the land belonged to the various states --- so a settler would first pay the State Treasurer for the land he had selected and obtain a receipt. Next he took the receipt to the County Land Registrar --- who issued a warrant. Next he took the warrant to the County Surveyor --- whose job was to walk over the land and make a note of its boundaries. The Surveyor then gave the purchaser a certificate describing the property in terms of its metes & bounds. Finally, the settler took this descriptive certificate to the County Land Registrar who then, and only then, issued a deed to show that the purchaser indeed owned the land. But maps were often poorly drawn and the surveyors were often incompetent. As a result, land claims were often forgotten, predated, etc. --- enabling

much fraud and corruption.

The existing system strongly favored those land speculators who had the money to hire lawyers, land-jobbers, etc. -- and they wanted to maintain this advantage. Those various governmental bureaucrats whose jobs depended on recording and maintaining those complicated tract registrations obviously also did not want the system to change. Now, since most of the land speculators were also governmental officials; it is easy to understand why changing the system was not going to be easy.

## The English System of Fours:

What began the change toward a more uniform system of weights and measures? In England of 1538, King Henry VIII took possession of 400 Roman Catholic monasteries. These monasteries had been acquiring land for centuries, and this land --- almost half a million acres --- was to be put up for sale for cash --- which Henry needed to pay for the defense of his realm. Note that the concept for an individual having real ownership of the land is beginning to creep into the picture.

Accuracy of measurement was critical to make King Henry's idea into a practical endeavor --- and this required a set of standards for the lengths to be used. The Roman mile was 5000 feet. In 1595 England established the mile at 5,280 feet. Why the difference? It made land surveying much easier. A mile was now exactly eight furlongs or 320 perches. A daywork was now 4 square perches -- an acre was 40 dayworks or 160 square perches and one square mile contained 640 acres. How long was the standardized perch? --- 16 1/2 feet.

The yard is a more useful unit of distance for measuring land -- so we note that 4 perches is 22 yards --- so an acre (160 square perches) is a plot 4 perches (22 yards) wide and 40 perches (220 yards) long. This system of fours was very practical because it is relatively easy in the field to double or halve a distance --- and then repeat that step to multiply or divide by four.

## History Repeats :

Once the United States had won its war of independence -- the new Republic now had the problem of how to pay for the costs of that war. The solution --- just like Henry VIII's --- was to sell land. The first problem is that the United States had no land -- it all belonged to the states. The western boundary of Virginia, for example, was considered to extend to the shore of the Pacific Ocean. First then, the states had to agree to cede lands to the federal government.

Thomas Jefferson agreed that Virginia would lead the way in this --- but not until there was an agreement that the land was to be accurately measured first --- before any sales or settlements would be permitted. Jefferson knew that without that agreement, political insiders and their land speculators would make all the profits and the government would get little.

The book presents a detailed discussion of the political battles Jefferson fought on this policy for almost 25 years. Robert Morris was Superintendent of Finance in the Continental Congress. He was a Philadelphia merchant, one of that State's wealthiest citizens, and a dedicated land speculator. He owned about one million acres in Virginia --- all of which he bought with military warrants which he had purchased at minimum cost from Revolutionary veterans. In response to Jefferson's calling for a common currency for all the United States, Morris proposed a system based on a tiny fraction of a penny. Since Morris was also responsible for the new nation's mint, this would be very profitable. Jefferson thankfully was able to block this plan.

## Gunter's Chain:

King Henry's standardized perch became 16 1/2 feet. It



# “Measuring America” ....Continued

was measured with a stick (rod or pole --- and often called by these names) or perhaps with a cord (rope). But these rulers had a tendency to be less precise than desired because these rulers would change with humidity and age.

Into this picture now comes a Welshman named Edmund Gunter. He was born in 1581 and was sent to Oxford University in 1599 where he was to be educated as a priest for the Church of England. Gunter, however, found numbers more interesting than religion; and although he remained at Oxford until 1615 --- supposedly studying religion. In this time he preached only one sermon. It was well remembered long after his death because it was so bad.

What really interested Gunter was the application of mathematics to the real world --- ratios and proportions were his passion. In 1623 Gunter published a book --- unfortunately in Latin --- but he was finally persuaded to produce a version in English. In this book he described several new instruments that he had designed for measuring land. One of these was a chain of 100 iron links marked off in groups of 10 by brass rings.

Gunter's chain could be draped over a man's shoulder --- so it was much easier to carry than the pole or rod and it would not warp. It also would not shrink and stretch as the cords always did --- so measurements using it were much more accurate. Each of Gunter's links was just a fraction under eight inches long. Ten links were just short of six feet eight inches. That doesn't seem to make much sense --- but when you note that the complete chain of 100 links is 22 yards or four perches (poles) long -- and notice that an acre is 10 square chains --- its mathematical ingenuity can be appreciated. It blends the practical system of fours and the easier mathematics of the decimal system --- which was first described in 1785.

To illustrate: I want to buy a 50-acre farm along the bank of a river. To make the math easy -- this farm should be a rectangle running back from the river for one mile (320 poles or 80 chains) --- so the surveyor can multiply the 50 acres by 160 square poles per acre then divide the area of 8000 square poles by the length of 320 poles to calculate the necessary width as 25

poles. Alternatively the surveyor could multiply the 50 acres by 10 square chains per acre then divide the area of 500 square chains by the length of 80 chains to calculate that the rectangle's width should be 6.25 chains, i.e. six chains and 25 links. (or, if you prefer 137 yards, 1 foot, and six inches). The chain's advantages when the lengths and widths involve fractional poles --- and when the farm is not an exact rectangle, are obvious.

## The Point of Beginning

Now imagine that we are standing on the bank of the Ohio River in northeastern Ohio --- just outside the border of Pennsylvania --- on September 30, 1785. For practical purposes all the new nation's citizens currently live east of this spot. All the land between here and the Mississippi River to the west --- have now been ceded to the United States government, and will be put up for sale --- just as soon, that is, as it can be measured and mapped.

The man speaking to us is Thomas Hutchins -- the first Geographer of the United States. He drives a stake into the ground, and tells us that from this point of beginning, he and his survey teams will begin the measuring and mapping the western wilderness. He emphasizes that his survey teams -- to insure accuracy -- will make their measurements using Gunter's chain.

From that initial stake in the ground, a grid was eventually laid out westward to the Pacific Ocean, north to Canada, and south to Mexico --- an area of more than three million square miles --- and it represented a concept of land ownership without precedent in world history.

Where is that stake today? -- beneath a concrete dock of the S.H. Bell Company in the town of East Liverpool, Ohio -- just below where Pennsylvania Route 68 becomes Ohio Route 38. There is a sign along this road with a heading "The Point of Beginning". It goes on to say: "1112 feet south of this spot was the point of beginning for surveying the public lands of the United States."

## Board Members/Officers/Contacts

**Linwood Davis**, 930 Arbor Road, Winston-Salem, NC 27104 336-725-0445

**James D. Spainhour**, 1210 Francis Drive, Arlington Heights, IL 60005-2208 847-392-9638

**Michael Dee Spainhour**, 334 King Arthur Drive, King, NC 27021 336-983-2629

**David W. Spainhour**, 8000 Strupe Farm Road, Tobaccoville, NC 27050 336-969-6585

**Wilma Harvey**, 5625 Reynolda Road, Winston-Salem, NC 27106 336-924-2660

**Francis Spainhour**, 1951 Tobaccoville Road, Rural Hall, NC 27045 336-969-5736

**Jack White**, 210 Harmon Court, Kernersville, NC 27284 336-993-4645

**Nick Hennessee**, 3400 Paddington Lane, Winston-Salem, NC 27106 336-765-7343

**Stephen Spainhour**, 1207 W. Northwood Street, Greensboro, NC 27408 336-272-3966

**Lisa Newsome**, P.O. Box 1051, King, NC 27021 336-983-2272

**Steve Spainhour**, 1900 Apple Ridge Court, Richmond, VA 23229 804-288-3346

**Judy S. Bodenhamer**, 2921 Wickford Drive, Kennesaw, GA 30152 770-419-9310 (Home) 770-514-9938 (Fax)  
e-mail for newsletter: myway@mindspring.com

Please make donations payable to **Muttentz Descendants, Inc.** and mail directly to Treasurer, Lisa Newsome.  
Please address queries as follows:

>Regarding delivery, change of address or additional addresses to Wilma Harvey.

>Information to be included in newsletter to Judy Bodenhamer.

>Website queries or information for publication on website to James Spainhour.

All other queries should be addressed to our President, Francis Spainhour.

# Related Families...Spotlight on Hilsabeck

Jurg Frederick Hiltzbeck  
by  
Joseph K. Hilsabeck

As the wind blown ship tossed and listed from side to side, the voices of the crew were shouts of sighting Cape Henlopen and Cape May! The excitement of passengers, below deck, began to stir. Their summer crossing (8 to 12 weeks) of the great expanse of water between Rotterdam and the New World of the Americas was long and seemingly endless. Their entrance into Delaware Bay finally broke the strength of the rough seas and brought great relief to crew and passengers alike. Captain Richey piloted the Beulah up the mouth of the Delaware River. To the passengers, this new land was strange, raw, green and obviously void of any familiar life signs, but there was hope, there was life and there was much hard work ahead! The 102-mile upriver journey from Delaware Bay to the Port of Philadelphia gave everyone time to reflect upon their new founded country. The ship arrived at the Port of Philadelphia on Monday, September 10, 1753. Upon its arrival the passengers disembarked the ship and were ushered to the Court House of Philadelphia where they took the oath of allegiance under the presents of Joshua Maddox, Esquire. These were prosperous times. Philadelphia was the Pennsylvania colonial capital with an expanding population of 19,000 people. It was the largest city of the American Colonies. So, at age 23, Jurg Friederich Hiltzbeck with determination and conviction began his life in the waning days of summer 1753.

Frederick Hilsabeck was born March 5, 1730 in Heidelberg, Inderpfalz, Germany an area on the Neckar River, just off the Rhine River. Because he could not read or write his surname in the New World seems to have picked up numerous spellings, Hiltzbeck, Hulsebeck Hoelsbeck, Hiltzebeck, Hitzbeck, Helsabeck and Hilsabeck with the final surname spelling of Hilsabeck / Hilsabeck. It is not know why Frederick came to America. He most likely came for either religious reasons or for a chance at new prosperity. It is also not know if there were any family ties in Philadelphia.

The earliest record of the Hilsabeck surname in America appears with the penning of the will of one John Hilsabeck, on October 13, 1722 and executed June 10, 1723. The will does not indicate John's age or where he is from. It does list his wife, Anna Margaret and two married daughters, Elizabeth Gulden and Anna Margaret Knight. There are no sons mentioned in the will. This Hilsabeck family was in America some 30 years before the arrival of Jurg Frederick Hilsabeck. It is not know if John and Jurg were related. It is with great hope that further records will appear to help resolve this question.

Frederick had the religious conviction of a Lutheran and ties to the German Reformed Church in Philadelphia. It is believed that he worked in the Germantown area of Philadelphia, beginning with his late summer arrival in 1753. It is also believed that his trade at the time was that of a blacksmith, as this trait would have afforded his living in the Philadelphia area and not the other family trait of farming. Just a little over three years after his arrival, on May 26, 1757, church records show Frederick entered the Augustus Evangelical Lutheran Church in Vincent Township and was greeted by his awaiting bride Catharina Bertsch (Parsin, spelling from German Church Records) and Pastor Hartwich.

Catharina Bertsch / Pertsch, the daughter of Jacob Bertsch / Pertsch, came to the New World some time between 1734 and 1750. One record shows her birth taking place on January 13, 1734 in Scherze, Pfigsten, Germany and yet another states that her birth date as being around Pentecost, 1734. Further records need to be found to substantiate Catharina's

exact birth month and day.

Frederick and Catharina continued to live in the Philadelphia area. From all records gathered, it appears that they had at least 7 children. On March 3, 1758, at the age of 24, Catharina gave birth to their first child Maria (Mary) Magdelen. Mary was baptized on May 28, 1758 in the German Reformed Church, Germantown, Philadelphia. Both parents were present along with sponsors John Zumbro and Mary Magdalene Schick. Jurg's strong family ties and convictions to his faith soon gave the family joy with the birth of their second child Frederick Hilsabeck, born September 24, 1760. Young Frederick was also baptized in the German Reformed Church with the sponsors this time being his parents. This happy occasion took place on November 17, 1760. On April 13, 1762 it is assumed that Frederick was still living in the Philadelphia area as he is mentioned as a witness at the wedding of Catharina Barbara Pertsch and Johann Gris (St. Michaelis and Zion Congregation Church records).

It is obvious that Jurg Frederick Hilsabeck was a hard working and prosperous man, for his work efforts afforded him an eventual move to the colony of North Carolina. It is not know exactly when he and his family made their move to North Carolina, but their plan must have taken some time an a considerable family effort to save money to support the long trip of some 496 miles from Philadelphia to Surry County, North Carolina.

Frederick Hilsabeck first shows up in the 1771 Tax Lists in Surry County, North Carolina. By this time Catharina had had at least 3 more children: Jacob born 1763 (Jacob's statement from September 12, 1832, Revolutionary War Record gives his birth date as, June 9, 1763 and a letter from the Moravian Archives lists Johann Jacob's birth on July 7, 1763); Catharina Anne born July 2, 1766 and Elizabeth born October 13, 1768. It is not know where these births took place. Births are from the Records of the Moravians, Bethania, North Carolina.

At age 37, Jurg's life, in Surry County, seemed to be settled and the family continued to grow with son Henry Hilsabeck being born on February 1, 1772 and another child Susannah born April 16, 1776.

The struggles for freedom were felt in Frederick's family. His son Jacob became a Patriot volunteer, on October 10, 1777 at the young age of 14. Jacob entered the service of the South Carolina militia under the command of General Rutherford and went off to fight in the war.

Back home life continued to prosper. Frederick's working trade, while in North Carolina, was that of farming. On December 10, 1778 Frederick obtained a land grant of 250 acres next to Parker Creek, which was at the property line of Jacob Lask. The following year, 1779, he added an additional 100 acres to his property on the North Fork of Parker Creek. The Hilsabeck family in Surry became well established. Frederick was a prominent part of the community with occasional jury duty and involvement in community affairs. By 1781, son Jacob, home from the war, married Eva Maria Fiscus, a young girl from Rowan County, North Carolina. Two additional family marriages also took place. Daughter Mary Magdalene married Christian Shauss and oldest son Frederick also married.

Yes, the outlook on life seemed to be wonderful in 1790. The marriage of Frederick's youngest daughter Susannah took place in March 1791. She married Jacob Myers with her brother-in-law Frederick Shouse as the bondsman and Mary Brooks the witness. But events in life do not always last. February 4, 1792 the *Records of the Moravians, Bethania Diary* record that Hilsabeck's home and all of the family belongings were lost in a fire. This was very sad news but community ties were strong among these people. The Moravian brethren and neighbors came to help in building a new dwelling and providing assistance to Hilsabeck



## Spotlight on Helsabeck...Continued

family. The warm summer months of 1792 brought happiness back into the air. In mid July, youngest son Henry married Aleyse Childress. Family and events seem to be on the recovery.

Sometime between 1792 and 1799 Jurg Frederick Hilsabeck had a falling out with the Moravian community and thereby removed himself from their affiliation. Frederick gave his son Henry 60 acres of land on Muddy Creek near Bethania in 1798. In July of the following year, it is apparent that Jurg's health was failing. Family and friends were summoned on August 9, 1799 to help draw up Frederick's last will and testament. Present were: the recorder, Marty Childress, Daniel Shouse, sons Jacob Hilsabeck and Henry Hilsabeck and wife Katharina. Jurg Frederick made Daniel Shouse and son Henry Hilsabeck the executors of his will. Frederick's will mentions his living children: Jacob, Henry, Mary Magdalen, Catharina, Elizabeth and Susannah. It is from this record that we are able to determine that there were only 6 children living at the time of Jurg Frederick Hilsabeck's death and that son Frederick had died, as he is not mentioned in the will.

On September 1, 1799 Jurg Frederick Hilsabeck passed away at the age of 69 years 5 months, 27 days. The following day, September 2, 1799, at the request of his children and relatives one of the Moravian brethren held funeral services for Jurg's burial on his farm. Frederick's wife Catharina appears to be living with her son Jacob in 1800 and 1810 census and most likely died sometime between 1810 but before 1820. It is presumed that she too is buried along side Jurg Frederick in the family farm grave.

Many thanks to my cousin, Kirk Helsabeck, of Tacoma, WA for this wonderful article on the Helsabeck Family in America. There are still Helsabeck families in Heidelberg. Photos of the Nekar River and the city, taken from the castle that sits atop the hill overlooking it, and a view of the castle from the street below are included for your enjoyment. These two photos were



## From Your Editor

My many thanks to James Spainhour, my late mother, Agnes Collins Spainhour, Barbara Spainhour, Ruth Hicks, Stephen Bolejack, Patsy Moore Ginns, Kirk Helsabeck, Joe Spainhour, Nick Hennessee, Myron Spainhour and both the Helsabeck Website and Muttentz Descendants Website for the information contained in this newsletter. I couldn't have done it without you! And also my special thanks to Wilma Harvey for printing & mailing the newsletter.

Now, to my readers....I need your assistance as well. I have had many wonderful compliments on the newsletter, both directly & indirectly. You all enjoy reading the many stories and seeing the photographs that bring our family(ies) past together with our present. Please share your stories with me.

'Tis not an easy task to pull together an interesting and informative newsletter for our readers. As you have probably noticed, I try to follow a couple of general "themes", and as you can see today, I used bits of several persons' information to follow a couple of stories through to fruition. Surely you have stories, photos, newspaper articles, etc. that we can use...and who knows how they may align with one of the "themes"...if not immediately, then in a later edition? Do not feel that you must put together an entire article...just send me what you have and I will see how it works into other information and/or photos that I receive. We want to hear your stories too!

We don't just want names and dates in our family histories, though they certainly are important, but it's the sto-

generations to come. Just think, if the people whom we have seen and read about today had not left a trail we wouldn't have been able to enjoy and appreciate the information that we have.

So, go through that old photo album, those old scrap-books, and share those things with all your family!! And don't forget the current happenings...marriages, anniversaries, births and other achievements. We want to preserve the present while continuing to discover the past.

Also, as a member of the Board of Directors for Muttentz Descendants, Inc., I would like to say that we have a wonderful group of people who work hard to discover, and preserve, our past records, lands and buildings. We strive to keep the family history interesting and make it "come alive" for all of you. And we are most interested in any assistance you can provide....from information of your own to volunteering to assist with a number of projects that we have embarked upon. We have several exciting things "in the works", and the more help we have the sooner they will be realized. Some projects, such as the Family Lands Project, require some interesting research to discover just exactly where certain lands were. The old deeds refer to "a large red oak" or a "fencepost" and are difficult to identify in today's world, but we're working on that, especially with regard to whether the current King Central Park was actually a part of John Jacob's original land. Research amongst the Moravian Archives in Winston-Salem to locate marriages, deaths and memoirs would be wonderful! Or if you're in another state, research on the family in your area will add greatly to our knowledge.....**GET INVOLVED!!**



# MUTTENZ DESCENDANTS, INC.

1951 Tobacoville Road, Rural Hall, NC 27045

*A not-for-profit tax-exempt corporation  
portraying and honoring the frontier heritage  
of Muttenez descendants and their neighbors.*

**Postmaster:**  
**Please deliver before October 2, 2003**

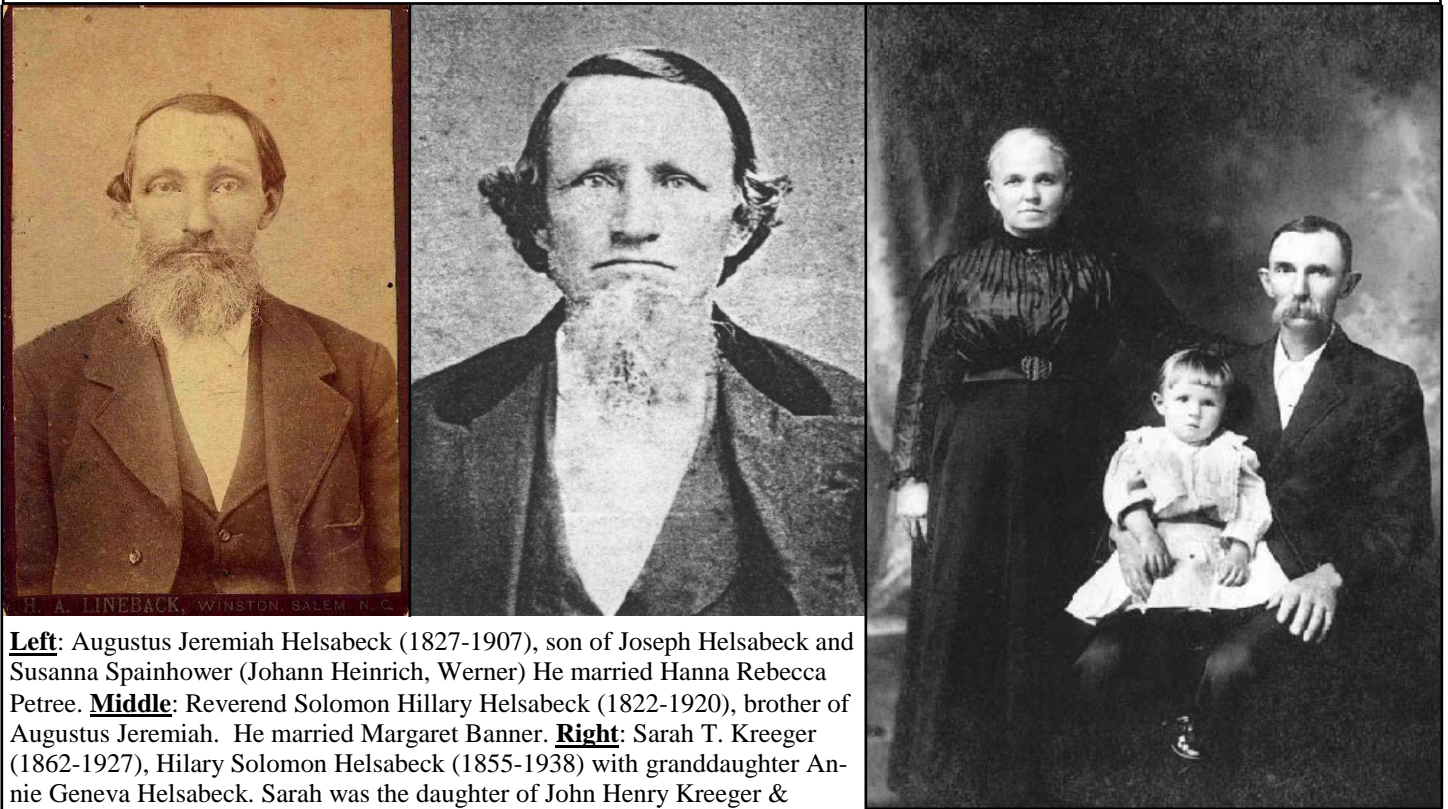
Distribution Manager:

e-mail: ellenjh@aol.com

**Return Address**

5625 Reynolda Road  
Winston-Salem, NC 27106

## Family Photos



**Left:** Augustus Jeremiah Helsabeck (1827-1907), son of Joseph Helsabeck and Susanna Spainhower (Johann Heinrich, Werner) He married Hanna Rebecca Petree. **Middle:** Reverend Solomon Hillary Helsabeck (1822-1920), brother of Augustus Jeremiah. He married Margaret Banner. **Right:** Sarah T. Kreeger (1862-1927), Hilary Solomon Helsabeck (1855-1938) with granddaughter Annie Geneva Helsabeck. Sarah was the daughter of John Henry Kreeger & Leanna G. Speas.