



Muttenez Descendants, Inc.

Family Newsletter



Spring 2009

Muttenez Descendants, Inc. Calling All "Cousins"!!! Come Visit with us for the 3rd Annual Heritage Day Celebration! Saturday August 22, 2009

Muttenez Descendants, Inc. is again sponsoring a "Heritage Day" celebration. Think of it as a mini-reunion with food and fellowship and some history thrown in for good measure.

Our 3rd Annual Heritage Day will be held Saturday August 22, 2009 from 10:00 a.m. until 3:00 p.m. at King Central Park in King, NC. BBQ w/fixins and hot dogs (by David and Charles Spainhour and crew), beverages and dessert will be served for lunch at no charge (donations will be greatly appreciated).

Solid Rock Quartet will provide a musical concert after

lunch. We will have Jericho and his pony cart again for the young and young at heart.

We will again have time to recognize and pay tribute to recent deaths and celebrate new births. Please contact us with any birth or death information that you would like recognized so that we may prepare ahead of time.

Also, for the out-of-towners, we still have numerous day-trip destinations to explore. Pilot Mountain and Old Salem are two sure wins. Also, there is Castle McCulloch in Jamestown and Carowinds in Charlotte.

If you've never ventured

back to your roots or it's been a while since you've been here, please make the effort to come. You'll be glad you did!

Muttenez Descendants, Inc. is a non-profit organization founded in 1996 to preserve and present the history and heritage of the immigrants who came to America from Muttenez and Canton Basel in Switzerland or from the nearby areas of the Rhineland north of Switzerland.

We endeavor to extend relationships with descendants of these immigrants who settled locally.

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WILL BE BACK!!

News In A Flash!

If you have any questions or suggestions regarding Heritage Day or Muttenez Descendants, Inc. in general please feel free to email MDI president, Verna Brewer, at vernabrewer@aol.com **OR** if you would like to receive future updates and news between newsletters please send your email address to vernabrewer@aol.com.

FROM The History Committee

@ www.muttenzdescendants.org

The story below was written by Joseph Felix Spainhour. It appears to have been written sometime in the early 1930's. Joe's stories are first-person accounts of important parts of his life, and the life of the times. A couple of paragraphs have been moved to be in more chronological order, a few typographical errors have been corrected, some punctuation has been adjusted, and some paragraph breaks have been eliminated to save space.

CHILDHOOD ----- Chapter One

I was born on a farm in Burke County, twelve miles north of Morganton, and a half mile east of the Perry Cross-Roads, on the olde Wilkesboro Road, June 7, 1850. When I was two years of age my father moved to the Spainhour farm on Simpson Creek.

My father was Michael Spainhour. My mother's maiden name was Lettie Estes. There were born to them ten children: James Henry, Martha Elizabeth, Rufus Atkins, John Cornelius, William Robert, Julius Noah, Joseph Felix, Mary Selina, Eliza Emma, and Margaret Ann. Julius and Noah died in infancy. Julius died before I was born. I was the youngest boy.

My grandfather and grandmother Spainhour were educated in the German language, and the German language was spoken in their family exclusively until their older children were grown. These children found it difficult, when they were with the young folks of the neighborhood, to speak English, so they agreed that anyone of them who spoke a word in German at home, except to their father and mother, should pay a fine. In a year or more

the father and mother allowed them to use the English in talking to them, and the German language

was dropped altogether. Some of their old German books remain in the family.

My father and mother had but limited education, and yet my father was the most inveterate reader I ever knew. No matter how hard he worked during a day, he would read until nine or ten o'clock at night, every night. He and my mother lived much alone in the later part of their lives. Father would lean his chair back against the wall on one side of the fireplace and read. Mother sat on the other side of the fireplace in her low chair and worked. Father always read by firelight, and from time to time my mother would replenish the fire by throwing on it a stick of "rich" pine wood.

Father took two weekly papers. Those were the Biblical Recorder and the New York Day Book. He never took a daily newspaper, and I am not certain that there were any dailies in his time. He read his newspaper as he read a book -- never leaving the first page until he had read all that it contained, and so through all the pages until he had finished the last page. If he ever commenced to read a book he would read it through, whether it was interesting or not. I remember that when I was a child, he spent the evenings of several weeks in reading Josephus, the history of the Jews, in a book of many, many pages.

Father and mother were deeply interested in the education and moral training of their children. The older children, when they had completed what education they could get in the little schools within reach of home, were sent away to schools where they might do more advanced work. I never remember my brothers, James and Rufus, in my childhood, except when they would be at home from school for the summer vacation. They would then help us with the farm work and

blister their hands. I thought it was great to be able to blister one's hands and tried hard to blister mine, but I never succeeded.

My parents were not only interested in our education, but they were equally interested in our moral training. They took us every Sunday to Sunday School, and as often as there was preaching at Smyrna we were there.

In my childhood I often heard of an occurrence of the time when my oldest brother was small. My father, who held some county office, was keeping a negro boy of about the size of brother James, until the day of sale when he was to be sold for debt. At that time it was customary, whenever there was a log rolling, house-raising, wheat harvesting or threshing, to have whiskey. Several neighbors were helping father harvest. Brother James and the negro boy had to carry the water and the whiskey jug for them, and when the workers started home at night James and the negro were both so drunk that they had to be carried home. Father and mother agreed that night that not another drop of liquor should ever come into their house as a beverage.

Father told his neighbors the next day that he had furnished the last whiskey that he ever intended to furnish. Some of them said, "You will never get your work done then." He told them that what he couldn't do himself he would leave undone -- that he would not destroy his children to get his work done. This agreement that he and mother made that night I think was kept the remainder of their lives. When I came along I never saw a drop of whiskey in the home; furthermore, the whole neighborhood had abandoned the use of it as I grew up.

For a number of years my father was tax collector of Burke County. I have heard him say that when he was tax collector he knew every man in the county.

When I was about four or five years of age the Western

Railroad was being built. My father took a thousand dollars in stock, and worked it out in Catawba County. On one occasion he took me down there. Up to that time I had thought that we lived right in the center of the world. I was surprised when I got to Catawba and night came, to find that the horizon looked to be the same distance away on all sides, just as it had looked at home.

As a child I loved dogs and mules. When I was too small to work I would run from the house to the field, when the horn blew for dinner, just to get to ride a mule back to the barn.

Once, when I was put on a mule at the barn, to ride fifty yards to the wagon, the mule started in the opposite direction. I was not large enough to guide the mule. I undertook to get off, but my foot slipped inside the trace-chain and I hung there by my leg with my head almost on the ground. This frightened the mule and it commenced jumping around and around, with me swinging, head down, hanging by one leg. Fortunately the strap or string which held the chain to the hip strap broke, and let me fall. But for this breaking at that juncture I would probably have been killed.

At another time, when our corn was being gathered, I was allowed to go along. I was always with the team when father would allow me to be. When the wagon-bed was filled, my father picked me up and placed me on top of the corn, so that I might ride to the barn. There were four mules to the wagon, and Bill Shuffler, hired man was driving. He had to drive across a branch on a plank bridge. Just as he went down

on this bridge, I fell off of the wagon and came down between the fore and hind wheel. I remember my father picking me up, and that my mouth and nose were bleeding. He carried me to the house.

I think that I must have been hard to keep at home. I remember that brother Bill once had me with him in the creek, right where it is now crossed by the highway. I fell and was being swept under the bank by the current when he caught me by my hair and pulled me out. Had he not been there I would have been drowned.

I loved a dog, and was eager to possess a gun. Later, when I was large enough to do either, I always preferred to hunt rather than to work.

Before the Civil War, when I was about eight years old, my father drove to Georgia with a number of boxes of tobacco to sell. He took me with him. On the trip we camped three miles below Marshall, in Madison County. The river was on one side of the road and the mountains on the other. We were driving two mules. They were tied at night to the rear of the wagon. Some time during the night the halters were cut and the mules were stolen. As soon as it was light my father built a fire and told me to stay by it until he came back. He discovered that the mules had been taken toward Marshall. I stood there by the fire while he was gone, and thought I could see bears and other wild animals in the mountain.

About nine or ten o'clock he came back with the mules. He had met them above Marshall coming back toward our camp. We got our breakfast, hitched our team and started. When we had gone about two or three miles we came to a farm house. A man came out and hailed us, and wanted to know if we had lost any mules. We said, Yes, but that we had gotten them back. This man said, "I've got two mules

here in my lot that are not mine. They were placed here last night." We went on and met two men about a mile from this place who told us that they had two mules stolen the night before, and that they were out hunting them. Father told them what he had just heard and that he supposed that they were their mules that were there in the man's lot. They seemed pleased and went on, and I suppose got them.

We went on through a part of Tennessee and down into Georgia, to Milledgeville. There I saw my first railroad and train. There we sold our load of tobacco, and returned home, reaching there on a Sunday. The trip had taken about a month.

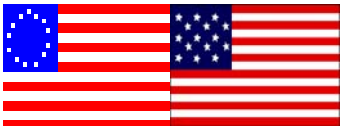
In addition to showing me that the world was a great deal larger than I had ever had any idea that it was, my father taught me as we went along or after we made camp something about the use of figures. He showed me by writing with a lead pencil on the wagon bed, what figures were, and what fractions were; for example how it took two fourths to make one half, and four fourths to make a whole number. During these years just before the Civil War there was no school except for a short time in the winter. To attend this we had to walk three miles.

Another trip that I made in my childhood during the Civil War was to Saltville, Virginia. I was wild to make this trip, as my father and a man who lived at that time at Piedmont Springs, above Smyrna, were planning to make a trip together in a four horse wagon. I had an idea that they would allow me to do the driving. But for some cause they only took a two horse wagon. I got much of the driving of it to do, but did not enjoy it as I would have if we had taken four horses.

We must have been about two weeks on the trip. About the only thing I remember

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Honoring Our Heroes



This section of our newsletter is 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. Those who rendered patriotic service during the American Revolution are also listed with a "PS". They furnished goods to the Continental Army or the militia. 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.

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. To the right 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.

New Additions to Military Heroes List

W. Erwin Spainhour

Captain US Army

Vietnam

Kenneth Clyde Watson

US Army

WWII

Kenneth Gary Watson

US Army

Korea

Foy Odell Moorefield

US Army

Korean War

Rober Lee Spainhour

Pvt. US Army

324th Infantry Regiment

WWI

Buried in Belleau, France

William McKinley Spainhour

US Army

WWI

NAME

WAR

Brown

Stacy US. Army-Korea-Vietnam

Butner

Henry Wolff (General) WWI

Dyar

Annette

WWII

Paul

WWII

John "Jack"

WWII

Wilmer Eugene

WWII

Hauser

Oliver Wilson

Korea

Denson Gray, Jr.

WWII

Willie Junior "Jeff"

WWII

Helsabeck

Billy B., Sr.

WWII

Carl N.

WWII

Glen W.

WWII

H. Fred

WWII

John Henry

WWII

Kenneth O., Jr.

Vietnam

Kenneth O., Sr.

WWII

Richard E..

Vietnam

Theodore L., Jr.

WWII

Hilsabeck

Frederick "PS"

Amer. Rev.

Jacob

Amer. Rev.

Keiger,

J. Lee, Jr.

U.S. Navy

Kiger,

Ellis E

WWII

Fred Oliver

WWII

Robert Walter

WWI

Roger W

WWII

Willis M "Wick"

WWII

NAME	WAR	NAME	WAR		
<u>Marshall</u> T. Wayne, Esq.	Desert Storm	Hershel	Span. Amer. WWII	John C.	WBTS-CSA
<u>McGee (MaGee)</u> Harmon	Amer. Rev.	Howard	WBTS-CSA	John Henry	WBTS-CSA
Bobby Gray "Crow"	Korea	J.A.	WWII	John W.	WBTS-CSA
<u>Moore</u> Robert A.	WWII	Jack Bryan	WBTS-CSA	Lot L.	WBTS-USA
<u>Moorefield</u> Foy Odell	Korean War	Jacob	WBTS-CSA	Marquis D. L..	WBTS-USA
<u>Moser</u> John Michael	Amer. Rev.	John Martin, Jr.	Korea	Robert	WBTS-CSA
William	WBS-CSA	Kenneth Hinkle	WWII	Rufus	WBTS-CSA
<u>Newsom</u> C. Newell	WWII	Martin Thomas "Tom"	U.S. Army	Samuel	1812
Dale	Korean	Michael	Amer. Rev.	William	WBTS-CSA
Elmer Pearson	Span. Amer.	Michael Reed	U.S. Army	William M.	WBTS-USA
Jacob Calvin, II	Amer. Rev.	Ralph Alexander	WWI	William M.	WBTS-USA
Nicky	Vietnam	Ralph Alex., Jr.	WWII	<u>Spanhauer</u> Christian	WBTS-USA
Theodore Windsor	WWI	Richard P., Maj.	U.S. Army	J. Jacob "PS"	Amer. Rev.
Thomas Turner	1812	Richard	USAF	Werner "PS"	Amer. Rev.
<u>Portaro</u> Daniel Alan	Vietnam	Rober Lee	WWI	<u>Spoenhauer</u> Heinrich	Amer. Rev.
Sam Anthony	WWII	Robert	WBTS-CSA	<u>Spoonhour</u> Clarence	WBTS-USA
<u>Shore</u> Ezra Eugene	US. Army	Robert D.	WWII	David	WBTS-USA
Floyd Granville	Korea	Sanford E.	WBTS-CSA	Jacob	WBTS-USA
James Henry	WBTS-CSA	Solomon	WBTS-CSA	Solomon	WBTS-USA
Thomas E.	WWII	Solomon	WWII	Solomon	WBTS-USA
<u>Spainhouer</u> Freddie Philmon	WWII & Korea	Thamer Elmo	WWII	<u>Spoonhower</u> Benjamin	WBTS-USA
<u>Spainhour</u> Allen	WBTS-USA	Troy Leroy	Vietnam	<u>Tesh</u> Clyde Aaron	WWII
Byron	WWII	W. Erwin	Vietnam	<u>Tuttle</u> Michael	Vietnam
Carroll D.	WWII	Walter J., Jr.	WBTS-CSA	<u>Volck</u> Andreas "PS"	Amer. Rev.
Charles E.	WWI	William	US Army	<u>Watson</u> Kenneth Clyde	WWII
Charles Joseph	WWII	William Alton	WWI	Kenneth Gary	Korea
Charles T.	USAF - WV	William McKinley	Vietnam		
David	Air Nat Gd	William S.	WBTS-CSA		
David H	1812	William W.	WWI		
David Lee	Vietnam	<u>Spainhourd</u> Carl	WWII		
Dempsey	USAF	<u>Spainhoward</u> Daniel	WBTS-USA		
Early	Korean	<u>Spainhower</u> Eugene Beverly	WWI		
Edwin S.	WWII	C.T.	WBTS-CSA		
Fred Odell, Sr.	WWII	Clarence L.	WWI		
Harold	WWII	Clayton Marqui	Vietnam		
Harrison	WBTS-USA	David	WBTS-USA		
Henry	1812	Eugene E.	WBTS-USA		
		Everett J.	WWII		
		George E.	WBTS-USA		
		Henry	WBTS-USA		
		Henry C.	WBTS-USA		
		Isaac H.	WBTS-CSA		
		Jacob	WBTS-USA		
		Jacob Peter	WBTS-CSA		
		James	WBTS-USA		
		James H.	WBTS-CSA		



Honorariums and Memorials

"In Memory Of" and "In Honor Of" Donations:

Joyce C Stein

Francis & Leotta White - In Memory of
Fred Harrison White, Jr.

Shirley E. Bracey

Randolph & Sally Spainhour

Thomas W. Marshall

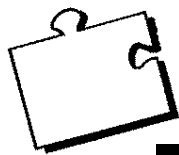
Richard & Carolyn Hunt



In Memory of Family and Friends

Merritt, Miss Martha Louise, 89, of Winston-Salem died Thursday April 8, 2009 at Clemmons Nursing and Rehab Center in Clemmons. She was born March 18, 1920 in Winston-Salem, the daughter of the late Harvey Joel Merritt, Sr. and Desdemona Shore Merritt. Miss Merritt was a member of First Baptist Church for over 70 years where she was a member of the Elizabeth Barnette Sunday School Class. She was a 1937 graduate of RJ Reynolds High School and a 1941 graduate of Salem College. She taught school at Sedge Garden Elementary School and Bolton Elementary School for 42 years. In addition to her parents she was preceded in death by her brother, Harvey Joel Merritt, Jr. Survivors include her sister-in-law, Mildred H Merritt of Winston-Salem; two nephews, Robert Joel Merritt and wife Ruth of Wilmington, and James Richard Merritt and wife Jennifer of Lexington; two great-nieces, Michele Maxwell and husband Brian of Durham and Amy Griffiths and husband Matt of Wilmington; one great-nephew, Robert Joel Merritt and wife Alice of Wilmington; and four great-great-nieces and nephews.

Editor's Note: Martha Merritt and her cousin Katherine Shore were instrumental in the introduction of Betty Hennessee to Edith Spanhauer of MuttENZ, and their resulting pen pal relationship inspired Edith to propose the Spainhour International Reunion in MuttENZ in 1990 followed by the Winston-Salem reunion in 1995.



MuttENZ Descendants, Inc. Database Needs Your Help!



How many of you like puzzles? When you think about it....our family tree is one BIG puzzle.....and since there are new pieces being "born" and existing pieces "fading away", the big picture is constantly evolving. The best we can hope to accomplish is to snag a "snapshot" of what our lineage is at any one particular time.

Here's where you come in. We need for everyone with internet access to log on to www.muttENZdescendants.org and visit the Yadkin Valley database. If you've never been online it's very easy to do. Instructions on

how to obtain a password are there and easy to follow. We need you to log on and find yourself in the database..... then look and see what's missing. Do we have all of your family? Are your siblings all there? What about your grandparents?

We need everyone's "pieces" in order to put the puzzle together. And don't forget - the current generation's information is just as important because it too will be history one day.

Help us put the branches and leaves on our family tree so our puzzle pieces are not lost.

The History Committee @ www.muttENZdescendants.orgcontinued from pg. 3

definitely about the road was that it went through Watauga County, and camped near Philip Shulls on Watauga River, the second night. It was necessary then to make this trip to get salt for family use, as none could be had in the country.

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2009

When I was a boy of about ten or twelve years, I went to school

for awhile to Miss Mattie Parks, who taught in an old house near where Mr. Lingerfeldten lives. John Perry was also a student there, and he and I were great cronies. I went home with him one night to spend the night.

We went by the Cross Roads, and there was a free school being taught there. School was out and all had gone home. John and I

decided to go into the school house and look around. In there we found a little metal ink stand, with a cap that screwed on, and a pen, probably of tin, which one could reverse and carry in his pocket. We decided to take these things. We pocketed them and left the house. Then one of us, I have forgotten which, suggested that we put them back and we did.

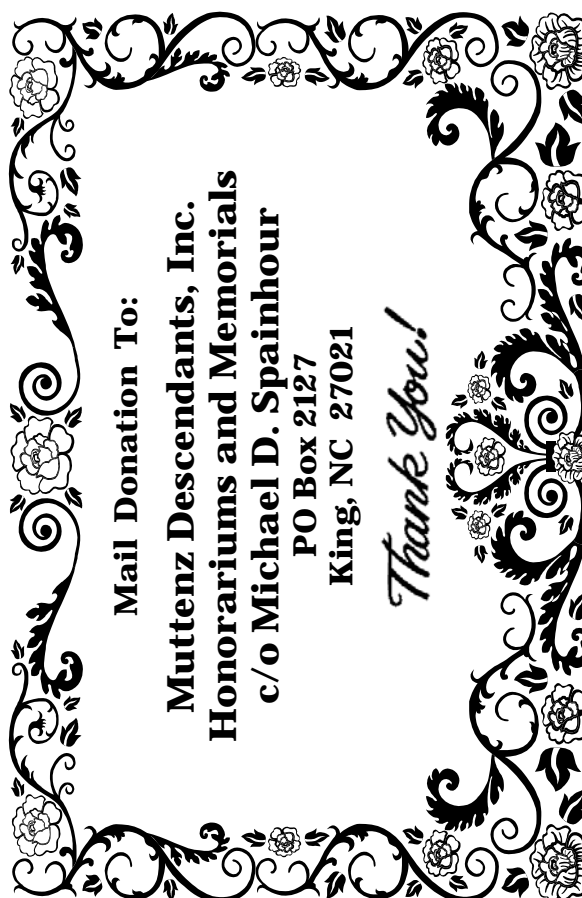
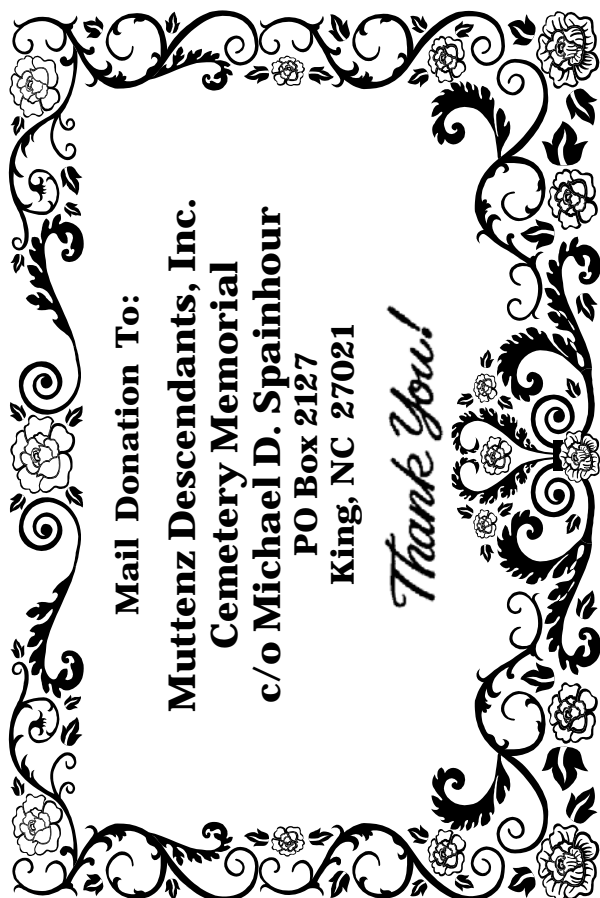
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of Muttenez descendants and their neighbors.*



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