



Summer 2009

Last Call! Make Plans Now to Come Visit with us for the 3rd Annual Heritage Day Celebration! Saturday August 22, 2009

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.

There will be a table for display of family photo albums, scrapbooks, etc. Please bring and share your family history.

We are hoping for another record turnout this year. In an

effort to make sure we have enough seating space, we would like to ask that all local folks that will - please bring a lawn chair.

Below is a tentative schedule of events:

- 10-10:30 Visiting and registering.
10:30 Welcome, Prayer, Memorials and Births since last year.
11:00 Homeland History-Muttentz, Switzerland, pictures and music.
11:30 Our Yadkin Valley in 1752
12:00 MDI Projects
12:30 Barbecue Lunch, Homemade Desserts
1:30 Concert by Solid Rock Quartet

If you would like to bring a homemade dessert, please contact Bonnie Speas at 336-377-2345.

If you will be visiting us from out of town and may need hotel accommodations, we have an Econolodge in King. Their number is 336-983-5600. There is also a Holiday Inn Select in nearby Stanleyville (about 7 miles south of King). Their number is 336-767-9595.

Also, for the out-of-towners, we still have numerous day-trip destinations to explore. Pilot Mountain and Old Salem are two sure wins.

Many of the nearby settlements such as Bethabara and

Bethania are continually adding to their strategy for conservation and preservation of history and genealogy. Also, there is Castle McCulloch in Jamestown and Carowinds in Charlotte.

If you are a Spainhour descendant and 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!

Help us be prepared!

If you plan to attend the mini reunion Saturday August 22, 2009 from 10:00 am - 3:00 pm at King Central Park in King, NC Please let us know by choosing one method below:

By Email: vernabrewer@aol.com

By Phone: 336-985-0286 or 336-287-8414

By Mail: (Hurry!)

Verna Brewer PO Box 2255 King, NC 27021

Please provide the following:

Number Attending Names

Addresses

FROM The History Committee

@ www.muttenzdescendants.org

In the previous Newsletter, you read chapter one from the life of Joseph Felix Spainhour.

Chapter two describes his teenage years during the Civil War. To make chapter two more meaningful, some notes are being added. This chapter will be included in a future newsletter.

Below is chapter three - which describes his journey from North Carolina to Kansas.

LEAVING HOME --- Chapter three

At the close of the Civil War almost every home in the South was broken up, people had little left but their land and very few horses and mules, and so it was with great difficulty that they were able to cultivate the lands. There was little or no opportunity for a young man to educate himself, there were no schools and no money if there had been schools.

I had a cousin, Lerkin Estes, who had gone west to Kansas, before the war and had accumulated quite a little fortune. In January 1867 he came back to Caldwell County to visit his mother and other relatives. With another cousin of mine, Felix Estes, who was two or three years my senior, I went to visit him. He gave us a very glowing description of the West, particularly of Kansas, telling us that any young man who would behave himself and work could make thirty or forty dollars a month out there, and if he wanted to, could get into a good school.

This description made us boys wild to go, as we could not, at the best, earn anything here and could not get in school, but we knew our parents would oppose it; so on Sunday, January 8, 1867, Felix and I decided that we would go west, and without consulting our parents we agreed to meet at Rocky Springs Church in Caldwell County. This we did, and after preaching service we went to see our cousin Larkin Estes, who again gave us every encouragement to go and told us that he would let us have twenty-five dollars each to start on, saying that was all he had with him. Neither of us had a cent. My father had given me a little lot of put in corn. I had gathered and sold the corn, but

had not got pay yet. It amounted to twenty-three dollars, and brother Bill collected it and paid it to him before he left and I paid him the other two dollars in Kansas.

I had ridden from home on a little gray mule of my father's, and Felix had ridden a mule belonging to his father. Reuben Phillips agreed to accompany us to Johnson City and bring back the mules. So just after dark on Sunday night, January 8, 1867, we started up Johns River on mule back. The only baggage we carried was an army blanket apiece. (Men wore them then instead of overcoats). We stopped at the head of the Globe and got our suppers.

After getting our suppers we mounted our mules and started, and went through many snowdrifts during the night; we crossed the Blue Ridge through Coffey's Gap and got down on the Watauga River to an old man Wagner's, afterwards called the Old Sheriff Beard Place, about sun up where we stopped and got breakfast and our mules fed. After we had eaten breakfast we started but had gone but a short distance when we came to a ford of the Watauga River which was frozen over. Our mules refused to go on the ice, so we turned Philips back with the mules and Felix and I went from there to Johnson City afoot.

We walked all day in the rain, and spent the night with a man by the name of Gragg, who, I think lived at the edge of Tennessee. Gragg had a little boy about four or five years of old who brought chips and threw them on the fire, and when they did not all go into the fire to suit him, he said, "D--n the chips", and his mother hearing him said to his father, "Just listen how Danny can cuss." I understand that several years ago Danny was shot off a stolen horse. Our night's lodging cost us twenty-five cents apiece.

We left there the next morning and walked to Johnson City, where we took the train and went to an uncle's, the father of J. L. J. Estes, who was once the Register of Deeds of Burke County. This uncle lived only a little way from Knoxville, Tennessee. We spent a week with him. He had a son, about Felix's age, to whom Felix persuaded to sell a

horse he had, and go with us west. When our uncle found out what was afoot he became furious but he found out that I had nothing to do with it. He took us to the station about five or six miles away on the next day. On the way he told me that if I ever came through that country again to stop and see him, that he would be glad to have me, but he told my cousin, Felix, that he was not a gentleman and that if he ever came again not to stop, that he would not be welcome.

We went from there to Nashville, Tennessee. When we got to Nashville the train for Louisville, Kentucky had just left, so we had to wait several hours for another train. When we walked into the depot a lady and gentleman passed us and walked out, I presume to a hotel to await the next train. As they went out the door, I saw them drop or throw down a little paper. After they were gone I walked to the door and picking up the paper, found it to contain two tickets to Louisville. We never saw the couple again, but we used the tickets to Louisville.

We got to Louisville after dark and found a lodging place. We were given a room where two men were sleeping. They got up in the morning before we did and one of them took my hat and left me, in its place, a little cap with a button on its top.

After crossing the river to Louisville to New Albany, we bought tickets to Jeffersonville, a station only about six miles distant. We were out of money but thought maybe the conductor would not put us off, anyway we would stay on until he did put us off. So when the conductor came around after we left Jeffersonville, he said, "Boys, you have passed Jeffersonville, and that is where your tickets called for." We told him that we knew that, but that we were out of money and wanted to go to

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Pender High School Selects New Principal



John Robert "Rob" Spainhour

Excerpts from articles by Chelsea Kellner of Star News Online and by Erin Smith of Bladen Journal

Whether Rob Spainhour is preaching from the pulpit or presiding as principal, the newly named head of Pender County High School has always had a passion for education.

"I like to have a school where students really do feel like someone is paying attention to their potential, and we provide different avenues to get to that potential," he said.

The Pender County Board of Education had to act fast when their original appointee for principal, former teacher and basketball coach Ron Coley, dropped out in early April for personal reasons.

The board named 29-year education veteran Spainhour as the school's principal. Spainhour is currently a part-time Episcopal rector and full-time principal of East Bladen High School where he was named Bladen County Administrator of the Year in 2008.

He has been principal at East Bladen for the past four years and has seen many challenges and positive outcomes when it comes to student test scores.

"Test scores have risen and East Bladen was the eighth most improved out of 66 schools in the state," said Spainhour.

In January, test scores rose 25 to 35 percent and the dropout rates have decreased, according to Spainhour.

The school has added such programs as curriculum coaches, pairing up classes, intensive remediation and many other things to help students and faculty, said Spainhour.

The athletic department has also had two state championship girls basketball teams and the varsity football went to the state play-offs for the first time in 35 years. Pender County Schools superintendent Allison Sholar said Spainhour's dedication to the success of each student

makes him a good fit for the school.

"This student - centered approach is a key ingredient in the school district's mission to prepare globally competitive students," Sholar said.

Spainhour will assume his new role July 1st for the 2009-2010 school year. But because of all the positives Spainhour has brought to East Bladen High, he will leave behind a strong and solid school. Good teachers, good coaches and good administration can only mean that East Bladen High will continue to succeed. That, in and of itself, is the legacy Spainhour will leave.

The job offer from the Pender school board came shortly after Spainhour was hired for Sunday services at St. James Episcopal church in downtown Wilmington.

"For me, it gives me energy and rounds out my week," Spainhour said. "It takes a lot of energy to be an administrator, so I think I need that for balance."

Spainhour holds a bachelor's degree in history from the College of Charleston, a master's in secondary administration from The Citadel in Charleston, SC, and a master's in divinity from Trinity Episcopal Seminary in Ambridge, PA.

Area Day Tripping

If you're in the mood for a hike or a picnic visit **Pilot Mountain** (that's Mt. Pilot to all you Mayberry fans!). Pilot Mountain is one of the most distinctive natural phenomenons in the state of North Carolina. The Saura Indians called it Jomeokee which means "the great guide" or "pilot". It rises over 1400 feet to a majestic granite "knob". Pilot Mountain is part of the Pilot Mountain State Park which extends to the Yadkin River. Jomeokee Trail leads around the base of the "knob". The Ledge Spring Trail follows the base of a ledge and is a popular retreat for rock climbers.

Learn more at.....

<http://www.ils.unc.edu/parkproject/visit/pimo/home.html>



Edith B. Spanhauer of MuttENZ Honors Memory of Family and Friends

Many of the American cousins that participated in our first inter-continental family reunion in MuttENZ in 1990 will remember Margrit Schmid-Wirz as a charming hostess.

This is to announce that Margrit, after having been in and out of the hospital for some time, was moved into a nursing home in MuttENZ just a couple of weeks before, on April 11, 2008, her soul moved on. Margrit was in her 95th year and blessed with a remarkably clear mind up to her life's end. Margrit and I have been very fond of each other and she was a real enrichment to my life. The picture below is my favorite picture of Margrit. I took it at a luncheon outing.

Margrit Wirz was born in Moscow, Russia on June 18, 1913. Her grandfather Wirz of Gelterkinden (15 miles north of MuttENZ) had followed the call of a friend to help him build up a ribbon mill in Moscow. On a home leave, he found his later wife in Basle and took her back to Moscow. Also, Margrit's father, born in Moscow, found his wife in Basle.

When, after the outbreak of the Russian Revolution, life in Moscow had become too dangerous

and uncomfortable, mother Wirz took her little Margrit of about 4 and little baby son on an adventurous trip across Europe at war, back to Switzerland to stay and live with her parents in Pratteln (neighboring town to MuttENZ), where Margrit eventually went to school.

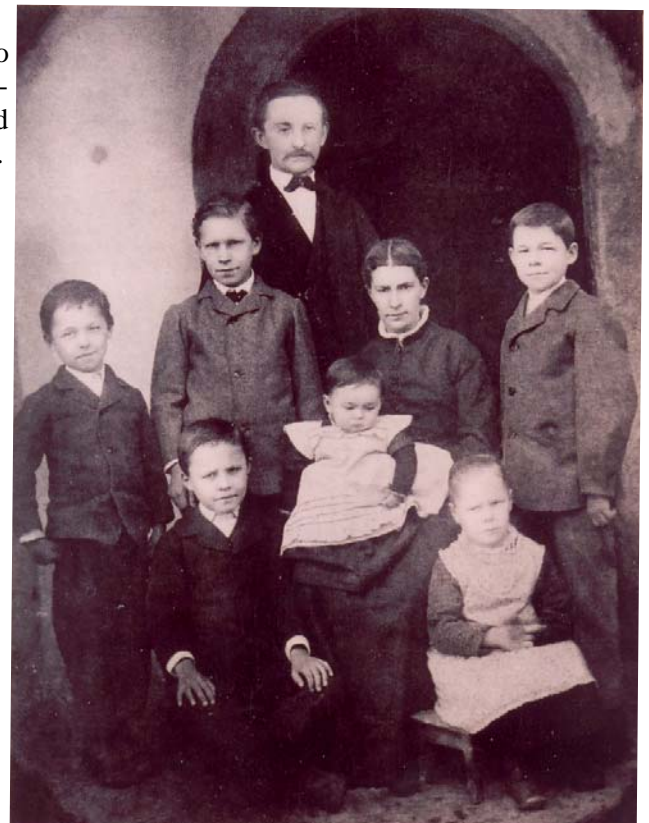
Father Wirz stayed behind in Moscow to "hold the fort". Yet, being classified as a "Bourgeois", he was deprived of food ration cards. Devoted staff members and the remaining house maid shared their small rations with him. After a couple of years, when the situation had become hopeless and unbearable, father Wirz gave up and, half starved, joined up with his family in Pratteln. After recuperation, he built that neat house in MuttENZ in which some of you were welcomed by Margrit in 1990 and beyond. She had lived there the rest of her life and raised her own family in it. Before she got married to Otto Schmid, she was a devoted and much loved kindergarten teacher.

Now with Otto Schmid, a doctor in chemistry, Margrit got linked with the Spanhauer clan.

Otto's mother, Marie

was a born Spanhauer single sister of five brothers, of which the first-born was my grandfather, Daniel. The group photo below is a family picture that was taken in 1888 outside the Spanhauer farmhouse kitchen door. It was made and sent to Dr. James Spainhour (dentist) in Lenoir, NC who had offered my great-grandfather Daniel to come over and cultivate his farm. In the end, Daniel decided against leaving his own more or less prosperous farm in MuttENZ. Marie Spanhauer, Otto's mother, is the earnest looking girl in the front row.

Margrit is survived by her two daughters and one son as follows: (dau) Barbara Senn-Schmid (widow) with four children and one grandchild. (dau) Sabine and Peter Fumasoli-Schmid with three sons. (son) Dr. Leonhard Schmid with one son. Margrit is also survived by a sister-in-law, Frida Hugenschmidt-Schmid age 95.



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Indianapolis. He replied, "You can't do it. We stop a few miles from here to get wood for the engine and you must get off." So when the train stopped he came and put us off in the snow, which was then about fifteen inches deep. We waded out several feet from the train and waited for it to pull out so that we could get on the tracks and follow it. The conductor stood on the steps and when the tender was almost loaded with wood he said to our great joy, "Come on boys and get on, and I will take you to Indianapolis." Needless to say, we thanked him. We got to Indianapolis a little after dark, the conductor said to a porter, "Here are two boys out of money. Take them over to the hotel and tell the proprietor to give them a bed." This the proprietor did. The next morning he asked us where we were going. We told him that we were going to Winamac, Indiana. He said, "How are you going?" We replied that we were going to walk. "You can't walk without something to eat. Go in the dining-room there and get your breakfast." This we did, and a good hearty meal it was, for we hadn't had any supper the night before.

After breakfast we walked out to the station again, where we got into a conversation with a young man who was a night watchman there. He was turning the gas lights out, and we told him where we were from and where we were trying to go, and that we were out of money. He gave us two dollars, saying that was all he had, but told us that he would go with us to see the Superintendent of the road, and that he thought the Superintendent of that road would give us passes to Winamac. He walked with us, or rather we walked with him, for some distance, I should say at least four or five blocks to the office and he said to the Superintendent, "Here are two boys out of money who want to go to Winamac. The Superintendent asked us a great many questions as to where we were going and why we were leaving the South, and finally he told us that he only controlled the road to Kokomo, but he gave us passes that far and directed his stenographer to write a note to the Superintendent at Kokomo and ask him to "Pass these boys on the Winamac." We

thanked the old gentleman and our young friend as well, and returning to the station took the train to Kokomo, which we reached in the evening. After some trouble we found the Superintendent of the other road who was a rough, uncouth and profane man, but after cursing and talking as ugly as he could he gave us passes to Logansport, which was twenty miles from Winamac. In Logansport the two dollars our young friend had given us bought our tickets to Winamac.

My cousin Felix had an uncle living one mile from Winamac and right near the railroad on the Tippecanoe River. He told the conductor who his uncle was and that we were going there. The conductor replied, "I know him. He lives just below the bridge, and I slow down there at the bridge. Just after we get across the river if you boys will come I will let you off and you will be but a couple of hundred yards from his house." This we did and got to the uncle's just about daylight and were given a very warm welcome together with a warm breakfast.

The snow must have been twelve or fifteen inches deep, and everyone in that section of the country traveled on sleights. The Tippecanoe River was frozen over and the ice was so thick that it would hold up a team, and the snow on the ice was broken and packed for miles and miles, for the river was used for a public road, and all during the night we could hear sleigh bells going up and down.

After remaining about two weeks, I borrowed ten dollars from Mr. Estes, the uncle, and leaving Felix there, went to Neoga, Illinois where I had an aunt whom I had never seen, a sister of my father, who married Joshua Miller and left North Carolina before I was born. My aunt was very glad to see me as she had not seen anyone from this country since she left. She and my uncle told me many interesting stories of their trip to Illinois. She said they married against the will of my grandfather and particularly of my grandmother, and that at that time they had a little two horse wagon and two small horses and only a small amount of money. But they decided to go west.

They left without her even going back home after their marriage; they loaded all of their belongings into the wagon and started for Illinois, which was then the Far West. She said that they were six months on the road, often having to stop and wait for days for streams to run down so that they could ford them, for there were no bridges, and only very poor roads, and that it was more than a year after they left home before she ever heard from any of her people. She and my uncle had three children, all of whom were married, only one of them living near the old folks.

It was now March and the snow which has covered the whole earth had about melted. While my aunt and uncle seemed pleased to have me, I felt the necessity of going to work, as I was in sore need of clothing. So, I went out on two or three occasions to find work, but failed. Finally a neighbor of my uncle told me that he would give me eight cents a cord to chop wood for him. So I got an axe and went at it. It was a new business for me, and I found that it was all I could do to put up one cord of wood a day. I stayed with this job until sometime in April when I was down to Neoga, which was three miles from my uncle's, and found a farmer who lived about four miles south of there who offered me fourteen dollars a month and board to go with him and work on the farm. He was a Irish Catholic by the name of Mitchell. I stayed with him something over a month and did farm work. He owned a large farm and had a great deal of stock. He worked me early and late, but I preferred it to the chopping wood.

I was plowing one day when I looked across the prairie and saw two men coming toward me. I could not imagine who in all the world could have any business with me, or could want to see me. When they came closer I recognized them as my old neighbors and friends, J.S. and R.L. Patton, who had left home before I did. This was three o'clock in the afternoon. I was hired and had to keep going, so they walked around me all the afternoon, and we decided to go farther west. I had ten dollars, they both were broke. The man I was working for owed me two dollars more, and it is still due, as he refused to pay unless I would remain with

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Russell B. Spainhower - Living Among the Stars

Russell Blaine Spainhower was born on September 16, 1890 in Tobaccoville, NC to parents Oliver Calvin and Mary "Hauser" Spainhower. At the age of thirteen, Russ moved to California with his father Oliver, brother Oscar, and two sisters Nellie and Myrtle. At some point Oliver, Nellie and Myrtle returned to North Carolina and settled in Forsyth County. Myrtle Blanche Spainhower married H. Francis Snow and made her home in Winston-Salem. Nellie Leota Spainhower married Walter Thomas Strupe and made her home in Bethania.

Russ and his brother Oscar remained in California. Oscar chose a career with the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power and soon garnered the position of chief operator. He purchased an orange grove and a home in an exclusive neighborhood with neighbors the likes of comedian Bob Hope.

Russ settled in a tranquil little town north of Hollywood called Lone Pine and developed the town into a virtual offshoot of the movie industry. Lone Pine is located approximately thirteen miles east of Mount Whitney. Between Lone Pine and Mount Whitney lies an area called the Alabama Hills that was a favorite shooting spot for many western movies. A skilled director could turn the Alabama Hills into any known mountain range in the world. Due to the area's versatility, hundreds of movies were filmed in the vicinity of Lone Pine. Being a local who knew the lay of the land extremely well, Russ Spainhower was often called upon to aid the film crews in locating "just the right spot".

Originally, a rancher named Al Gallaher supplied the film companies with everything from horses to cattle. Then in the early 1930's Mr. Gallaher relocated to Callistoga and Russ Spainhower stepped in and made his livestock available for use. Even his home, the Anchor Ranch, can be seen as a backdrop in many westerns and even in the television series, Bonanza.

His invaluable knowledge of the area and his ability to make available everything from livestock to location garnered Russ the title of "Mr. Movies" among the locals. In some cases Russ even provided extras. Leroy Cline was seventeen when he was hired by Russ as a horse wrangler in 1930 and continued working as a wrangler for over 30 years.

Russ' wife, and daughters, Jean and Joy even occasionally provided on-site schooling for children in the cast.

Russ embodied the term "jack of all trades". He nurtured the relationship between the movie industry and the town of Lone Pine. A lack of

available water had resulted in a waning agricultural industry causing the local residents to view the movie business as an alternative source of income. Even town facades were modified on occasion to produce a desired backdrop. These working relationships made Lone Pine a desirable location for filming because of the reduction in costs.

As an added enticement, Russ built an old-timey western street called Anchorville on a portion of his Anchor Ranch. The movie companies paid Russ a handsome fee for use of Anchorville and for Russ' consulting role as an informal technical director.



Legendary actor John Wayne chats with his pal Russell "Russ" Spainhower on the set of "Tycoon" filmed in 1947..

By working for many years on various movie sets, Russ developed friendships with many of the era's biggest stars, John Wayne being one of the most notable. The photo on page 6 was taken during a break on the set of "Tycoon" filmed in 1947.

Russ' ability to sell the directors and producers on the idea of filming in the Lone Pine area resulted in a movie heritage of museum quality.

The Beverly and Jim Rogers Museum of Lone Pine Film History houses props, film, and artifacts that document the 80+ years of movie history filmed in the Lone Pine area

In 1949 Russ Spainhower, Bruce Morgan, Henry Olivas and others assembled and trained a 20-mule team hitch for the Centennial Celebration to commemorate the Death Valley 49'ers. After the 1849 California Gold Rush established gold

mines in Death Valley, the 20-mule teams became the regional standard in transportation.

Russell "Russ" Spainhower was memorialized in 2007 when the Lone Pine Park and Little League Field was renamed the Russ Spainhower Park and Little League Field.

Russ' family line is as follows: Russell Blaine, Oliver Calvin, William, Joseph, John Jacob, Jacobus Wernhardt.

Author Mary "Spainhour" Knight - Brings to Life Her Ozark Mountain Ancestors



Mary N. Spainhour Knight, a Pine Bluff, Arkansas native is a published author of four works of fiction with a fifth work in progress. It all started when she had her first book "Chlora" published. The official release date was 11-14-05.

"Chlora" had been a long time coming. For years Mary was haunted with the storyline of Chlora. Once Mary retired and was able to devote time to the project, she sat down, pen in hand, and as both tears and words flowed, she began to witness each new character come to life.

Mary had spent many years researching the lives of her ancestors who made their home in the Ozark Mountains. Her great-grandfather,

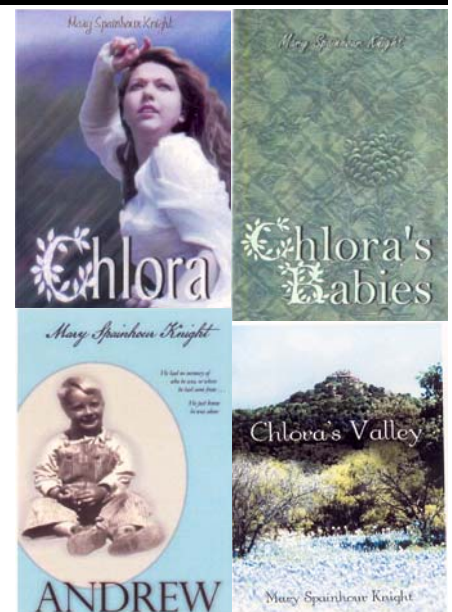
Joseph Warren Spainhour, and his family traveled in 1860 in a covered wagon from their home in Salem, Indiana to northern Arkansas where he later married and raised his own family. Mary took her genealogical foundation of facts and figures of her ancestors' legacy and embellished it with thought, feeling, humor and emotion and "Chlora" was born.

One book led to another and as the storylines matured and evolved some took on a life of their own and spun-off into sequel novels. To date we have "Chlora", "Chlora's Babies", "Andrew", and "Chlora's Valley". Mary is in the process of composing her fifth novel which will be titled "Markana" but the characters of this story are new and separate from the characters in the "Chlora" series.

Mary says she has been contacted by devoted followers who are upset that Mary has abandoned Chlora and are eagerly awaiting a new Chlora installment.

Mary says she can write anywhere and any time. She writes whenever an idea comes her way. She can be in the kitchen, the garden, or even in dreamland. No matter where she is when inspiration strikes, she has to write it down.

As a child Mary attended school in Dumas, Arkansas located in Desha County where she still has connections with friends and family.



Her late parents, James Archie and Lela Markana (Hilburn) Spainhour were longtime residents of Dumas.

Mary hopes all her readers enjoy the delightful series of books that has transpired through "Chlora". She is positive that her readers will enjoy the many triumphs and identify with the painful days that Chlora experiences. Only time will tell whether there are any more aspects of Chlora waiting to be written.

"It was like a tape recorder.....I always say that I didn't write these books.....I think the good Lord wrote them through me."

Mary's family line is as follows: Mary, James Archie, Alva Lawrence, Joseph Warren, Edgar Emmanuel, Johnathon, John Jacob, Jacobus Wernhardt.

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him for the month. We stayed there that night, and the next morning walked up to my uncle's about seven miles away. They gave us rations enough for one day, and with that we started out to walk to Missouri.

We went from Neoga along the Illinois Central to Mattoon, and from there we followed the St. Louis Alton Terra Haute railroad toward St. Louis. We counted the cross ties for four days, doing our own cooking and sleeping on the prairie wherever night overtook us. The spring had opened and the weather was fine. By this time we had become pretty well acquainted with the schedules of the various trains on that road, and had spent less than one dollar of the ten dollars which I had. We decided that we would take the train at Hillsboro and ride to St. Louis, Missouri, but just as we got in sight of the station the train pulled out.

An old gentleman by the name of Watson, who owned a steam grist mill near the station, offered us one dollar a cord to chop wood for him. After some consultation we decided to abandon the trip to St. Louis for the present and take this job of chopping cordwood. It was late in the evening, so we went up into the town of Hillsboro and bought a dozen apples and some other delicacies which we had not been using for several days. We slept in the hay mow that night.

Early in the morning we went with Mr. Watson, after we had bought an axe apiece, a water bucket, and some other things necessary for housekeeping, about three miles on what was known as Bay Creek, where we found a little log shack, one half of which had been floored with rough lumber, making a puncheon floor, the other half of which was still bare earth. The shack had no chimney, so we built a fire and did our cooking on the un-floored part and slept on the floor. We were told that we could chop anything we found but that all wood for which we would be paid must be split so as to measure eight inches or less. There were many elm trees there and they chopped like chestnut, and we spent several days chopping before we undertook to split them.

Finally we borrowed an iron wedge, made a maul, and tried to split these elm logs, which were only four feet long. We found that this could not be done, for when we drove the wedge in, water poured out, but the log did not even crack. So we had lost several days there because we were unable to split the logs of elm.

The old house we lived in had been previously occupied by other wood choppers. The only thing we knew of them was that when they vacated they left the itch, which we took, and as the weather got very warm, found it very annoying, so we drew straws to see who should go to Hillsboro, three miles away, for medicine to kill the itch. The lot fell on R. L. Patton. He went to a doctor in Hillsboro and got some medicine, a red precipitate, which did the work.

When harvest time came, I quit chopping wood and hired to an old man by the name of Short, who lived in the neighborhood, to work in the harvest field. It rained at noon one day; so two other hired boys and I, together with Buck Short, son of the old man, took a carriage and went over to this Bay Creek to go in bathing. We met John and Logan Patton there. They were still chopping wood, and had come out to the creek to take a bath. When we started back home we came to a little restaurant by the road kept by an old gentleman who sold what he called cider. We four boys bought a gallon of it, and all got drunk. When we got back to the old man Short's, the old man looked at us rather severely, but said nothing. That night we were deathly sick for most of the night, and although the next day was beautiful and a fine day for harvesting wheat, there was nobody able to go to the field. This was the only time I was ever drunk.

At the close of the harvest season I decided to go on to Kansas. I took the train and went to St. Louis and there took "Deck Passage" on a Missouri River steamboat for Kansas City. The boat left St. Louis at about ten o'clock on a beautiful moonlight night, and at about one or two o'clock in the morning turned into the Missouri from the Mississippi where it ran on the trunk of a large tree which came up through the front part of the boat, having

struck above the water. This made it necessary for the boat to return to St. Louis for repairs. On reaching St. Louis the next day, all passengers were notified that their fare would be returned to them if they wished to secure other means of transportation. I took back my fare, which was six dollars, and decided to take a train and go as far as my money would hold out. The six dollars paid my way to Jefferson City, the capital of Missouri. I got off the train at about three o'clock in the afternoon and started out to find work. I walked about three or four miles into the country where I found a man who offered me seventy-five cents a day and board to go with a threshing machine. I drove the threshing machine for him for two weeks. Leaving him, I took the same three o'clock train, having enough money to pay my way to Warrensburg and fifty cents more, which I paid that night for a bed in a hotel. The next morning I got up early and started afoot up the railroad looking for work. I had not gone far until I met a man in a wagon who offered me one dollar to go out on the prairie and work for him that day in the hay. I told him I would be glad to do so, but that I had had no breakfast. He replied that he and another young man were boarding themselves and putting up prairie hay, and that if I could eat their cooking, they would give me breakfast. As I had eaten nothing since my dinner the day before, their cooking tasted good.

This was Saturday. In the evening I went home with one of the young men and spent the night, and he paid me for that day's work one dollar in dimes. On Saturday morning he told me that he was going fifteen miles up the railroad with the wagon, and that he would be glad to give me a ride, but that fifteen miles, he said, would leave me about four miles from the railroad. I accepted this offer preferring to walk four miles rather than fifteen, and on the way I sold him a book for thirty-five cents which had cost fifty cents. I left him about two or three in the afternoon, walked over in sight of the railroad, and paid a man thirty-five cents for my dinner, and I remember that I was given, among other things, cold apple pie. I went on to the railroad, near which I paid fifty cents for a bed in which to sleep that night. Monday morning I started up the railroad, and after walking until nine o'clock without

breakfast, I came to a little restaurant where I bought some cheese and crackers. These made me sick, and never, since that time, have I cared very much for cheese and crackers. I walked most of the day up the railroad track toward Kansas City. Late in the afternoon an old gentleman in a wagon, driving a beautiful pair of horses, drove up beside me and asked me to ride with him, which I gladly did, and I told him as we went along that I was out of money and was hunting work. He said that he would like to have a hand, but that he was "afraid to hire one of you tramps, for you stay a while, then steal a horse and run away." I replied that I did not intend to steal a horse; he said that he didn't suppose I would say so if I did. When we got up to the town, he showed me where he lived and said if I did not get a job before the next day to come up and maybe he would give me one.

A railroad was being built near this town, and there I was offered a dollar a day, but I was told that I would have to wait a month for my pay, that they kept all men a month behind. This didn't suit me, as I wanted to go on to Kansas; so turning back from this party, I met two men and the younger one told me that if I would go home with him he would give me seventy-five cents a day and board if I could windlass dirt out of a well. I agreed to this. He was a young man recently married and had a little two-room house but one bed. I slept on a pallet in the kitchen. He wanted me to help him dig a well. He had to haul his water for nearly a mile.

I windlass dirt out of a well, or rather two wells, for he tried two before getting water. I stayed with him two weeks. He was a nice man and his wife was a fine little woman. They insisted that I stay with them, and offered me twenty-five dollars a month. The work he had did not appeal to me. I decided to move on. It was now the last days of August. I told him goodbye after supper and walked back up to the depot and took the train at about eleven o'clock to Kansas City. I got into Kansas City, and then across to Wyandotte, which is just inside the state of Kansas, early in the morning. I

had then five dollars and ten cents. I got on the train without buying a ticket, and when the conductor came around I told him that I had but five dollars and wanted to go to Ogden. He replied that five dollars would only pay my way to Topeka, that the fare to Ogden was nine dollars and ninety cents. He did not tell me whether he would put me off at Topeka or allow me to go on, but stopped several times and asked me questions; he wanted to know where I was from, and when I told him North Carolina, he wanted to know what county, and the counties adjoining Burke County.

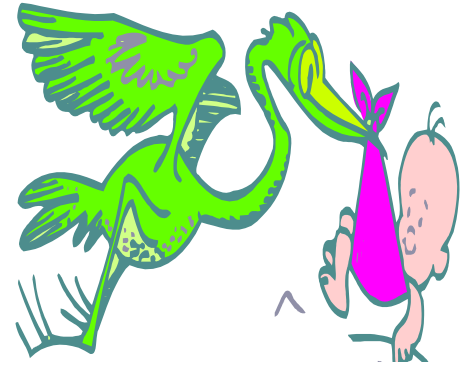
When the train passed Topeka, he said nothing but allowed me to remain on the train. The train stopped for dinner at Manhattan, Kansas at about two o'clock. I had eaten nothing that day and had ten cents, with which I could have bought a small lunch, such a tempting pie, but having told the conductor that five dollars was all that I had I was afraid that if he saw me eating he would think that I had lied about my money, so I did not purchase. When the train pulled out he told me that the next station was Ogden. I thanked him, and found afterward that he himself was a North Carolinian -- and that was why he asked me about counties adjoining Burke. I got off at Ogden about three o'clock in the evening.

My cousin Larkin Estes seemed glad to do what he could for me after I got to Kansas. He had been in Kansas some ten years or more before I went, and it was said that he had courted a young lady in Kansas and was engaged to be married to her and she being a Roman Catholic, selected a Catholic Priest to marry them.

When the ceremony was being said, the Priest undertook to pledge him if they had any children to raise them in Catholic faith. Cousin Larkin said, "No, I will not do it." The ceremony stopped and they were never married. He afterwards married another woman. I found Felix Estes whom I had left in Winamac, Indiana, there, and had been there for two days.

- James Spainhour

Stork Report!



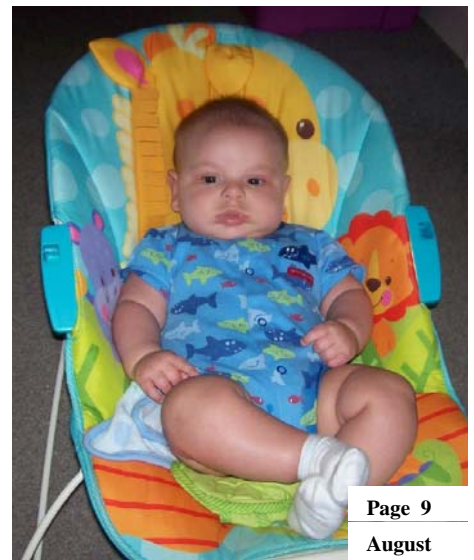
Introducing

Jacob Owen Spainhour

Jacob Owen Spainhour was born March 6, 2009. He weighed in at 7 lbs, 11.2 ozs. His parents are Joel and Michelle Spainhour.

Jacob's paternal grandparents are Robert and Faye Spainhour.

Jacob's family line is as follows: Joel, Robert, William Ernest, John Henry, Martin Thomas, Johannes, Johann Jacob, Werner.



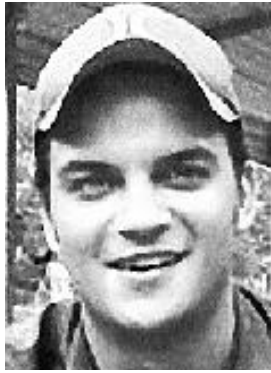
In Memory of Family and Friends

HAMILTON - Martha Spainhour Hamilton, 78, of Ripley, WV passed away April 23, 2009 at CAMC Memorial Hospital following an extended illness. She was preceded in death by her husband, Harold C. Hamilton of Grantsville; parents, John M. Spainhour, Sr. and Mildred M. Spainhour; and a sister, Mollie Selbe, all of Charleston, WV. She is survived by her daughter, Roberta M. Roth and husband, William, of Charleston; grandsons, Jeremy M. Smith of Blacksburg, VA, and Daniel S. Taylor of Charleston; and brothers, John M. Spainhour, Jr. of Ripley and Charles T. Spainhour of Aiken, SC. Martha graduated valedictorian of Charleston Catholic High School with the class of 1948 and was a graduate of the St. Francis School of Nursing. She received her bachelor's degree in nursing from Catholic University of Washington, DC. She served as administrator of nursing at Calhoun General Hospital, St. Mary's and Cabell Huntington in Huntington, and Pleasant Valley Hospital in Point Pleasant. Martha was a loving mother, caring grandmother, sister and daughter. She will be sadly missed by all who knew and loved her. Interment was at the Bethlehem Cemetery in Grantsville.

PRIDDY - Ella Newsome Spainhour Priddy, 84, went home to be with our Lord Jesus Christ on Monday, July 20, 2009 after a short illness at Universal Health Care Center. She was born January 26, 1925 in Tobaccoville, NC to Jasper Walter and Cora Lee Manuel Newsome. In addition to her parents, she was preceded in death by both of her husbands, Omar Wilson Spainhour, Sr. and Elmer H. Priddy; all her sisters and brothers; two daughters; and one son. Surviving is her loving son, Omar Wilson Spainhour, Jr. of King.

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NEWSOME - Robert Benjamin Newsome, 23, died unexpectedly Sunday, July 19, 2009. "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away.



Blessed be thy Lord." He was born October 17, 1985 in Forsyth County to Robert Wayne and Elizabeth Faye Spainhour Newsome. Along with his parents he is survived by a sister, Stephanie Faye Newsome, a brother, Eric Wayne Newsome, maternal grandparents, Robert Dee and Faye Spainhour, several aunts, uncles, cousins, many friends, and his beloved pet "Rocky". He was preceded in death by paternal grandparents, Ollie Ray and Stella Newsome, and a step-grandfather, Carston Newsome. Funeral services were held Friday, July 24 at Slate Funeral Home in King, with Pastor Johnny Bowen officiating. Burial followed in the King Baptist Mission Cemetery.

NEWSOME - Thomas E. Newsome of Rural Hall, NC son of the late Oscar and Mary Newsome passed away on Tuesday, June 9, 2009. He was born June 24, 1938 in Rural Hall, NC. He was a graduate of Lenoir Rhyne College and spent most of his life as a Labor Relations Director in the trucking industry. He is survived by his long time and loving life companion, Vi Nichols; sister, Mary Ann Tuttle; children, Beth (husband David McKnight and daughter Sophie), David, Mike, Carol, and Paul Newsome.

DOUB - Roumell Flynt Doub, 80, passed away on Wednesday, April 29, 2009 at Kate B. Reynolds Hospice Home. Mrs. Doub was born February 22, 1929 to the late Ralph and Mary Flynt. In addition to her parents, she was preceded in death by her husband, Roger Frederick Doub; a daughter, Patricia Doub; infant twin brother and sister; and two other brothers, Allen

and Dewitt Flynt. She is survived by two sons, Donald Doub of Winston-Salem, Mark Doub and wife, Cathy of Pfafftown; and a daughter, Sandra Doub Ragan; two sisters, Betty Ann Barker and husband, Kenneth of Raleigh, NC and Alice Adams and husband, Bob of Bethania, NC; two brothers, George Flynt and wife Betty of Richmond, VA and Jimmy Flynt and wife Anne of Walnut Cove, NC; three grandchildren, Eric Ragan, Elton Doub and Adam Doub; seven great-grandchildren; and a host of nieces, nephews, and friends. Mrs. Doub was a life-long member of Bethania Moravian Church. She retired after 29 years of service with the Winston-Salem school system (Northwest Junior High School Cafeteria). She was a loving mother, grandmother, sister and friend and will be greatly missed. Funeral services were held Saturday, May 2, 2009 at Bethania Moravian Church with the Reverend Wayne Byerly and Reverend Jerome Liven-good officiating.

FULK - Dianne Snow Fulk, 49, of Pinnacle, NC passed away unexpectedly Wednesday, June 17, 2009. Dianne was born in Stokes County on November 5, 1959, the daughter of Betty Wilson Snow and the late Lester Kenneth Snow. She was a member of Hope Community Church of Winston-Salem. Dianne was a 1978 graduate of South Stokes High School and was a private duty CNA. She is survived by her husband, Keith L. Fulk; a son, Kenneth Fulk; and a daughter, Hannah Fulk, all of the home; her mother, Betty W. Snow of King; and a brother, Terry Snow and wife Joan and their daughters Tara, Whitney, and Tatum Snow. A memorial service was conducted Saturday, June 20, 2009 at Hope Community Church with Bishop Paul Lanier officiating.

Send obituaries to:
newsomes@windstream.net
or mail to: Lisa Newsome
PO Box 1051 King, NC 27021

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Spainhour, Francis	1951 Tobaccoville Rd, Rural Hall, NC 27045 PH#336-969-5736
Spainhour, James D.	1430 Downington Rd, Clemmons, NC 27012 PH#336-766-3549
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Newsome, Lisa

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e-mail for newsletter: newsomes@windstream.net

Honorariums and Memorials



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

John Shore

R. Alexander & Ellen Spainhour

John & Anna Marie McGee

Greta Spainhower DeHart
In Memory of spouse
Barton DeHart

Supporting MDI With Donations

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

We all have our favorite charities we help support and we all have our limitations, especially in the midst of the current economy, but let us not forget our own family organization, without whose help we cannot continue our committee research as effectively, nor be able to share it with you via the Newsletter and the Website.

Of course, we also have expenses of the John Jacob cabin.....cabin maintenance, insurance, cemetery restoration and upkeep, etc. and the general costs of the operation of Muttenez Descendants, Inc., such as costs of printing

and mailing newsletters, maintaining the website, professional and governmental fees, etc.

Muttenez Descendants, Inc. is a 501c3 non-profit organization which means your contributions are tax deductible. All of the 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.

THANK YOU!



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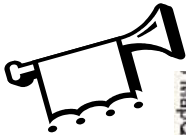
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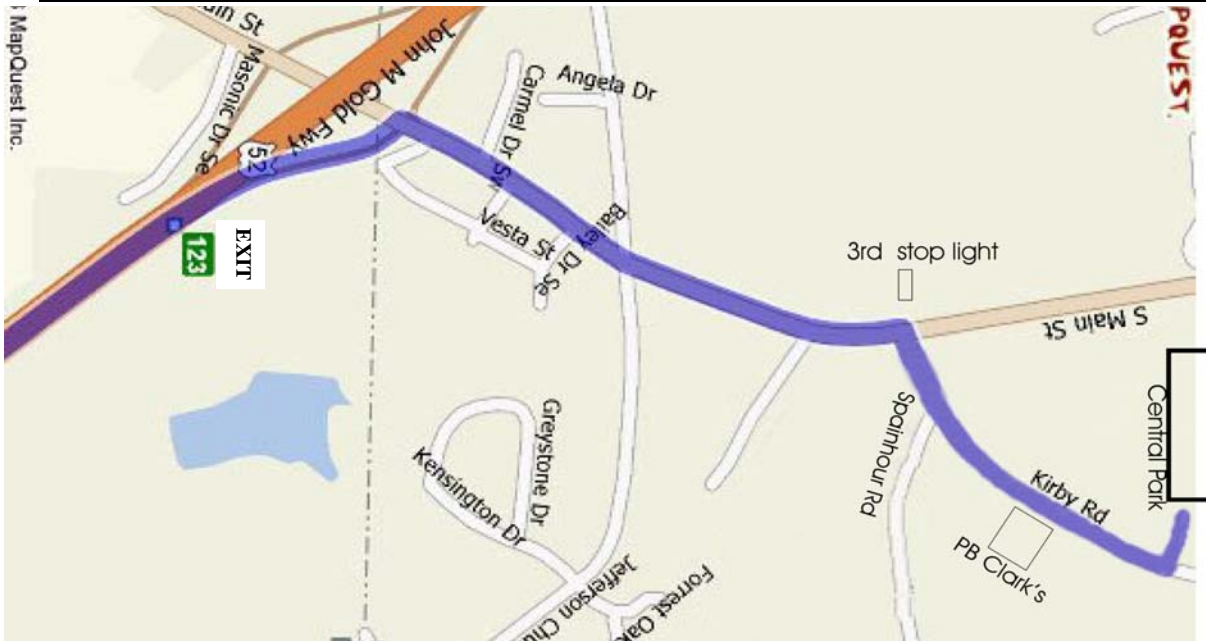
*A not-for-profit tax-exempt corporation
portraying and honoring the frontier heritage
of Muttenez descendants and their neighbors.*



Final Call! 3rd Annual Heritage Day Celebration!



Looking forward to a
humdinger of a time!



Hope to see everyone there!

Hwy 52 North to King-Tobaccoville exit #123
Right at light at end of ramp
Go thru next light (Jefferson Ch Rd on right)
Turn right at next light (Kirby Rd) - BB&T on right
Go approx 1 mile to King Central Park entrance on left

Hwy 52 South to King-Tobaccoville exit #123
Left at light at end of ramp
Go thru next 2 lights (Jefferson Ch Rd on right)
Turn right at next light (Kirby Rd) - BB&T on right
Go approx 1 mile to King Central Park entrance on left